

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY APRIL 6, 1864.

NUMBER 24.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

We do not believe that even in this age of cheap publications any work can be more valuable than the terms of the Scientific American at \$3 per annum with 25 per cent discount for clubs of 10 to 25. There is not an article in the paper which does not receive a share of its attention. It contains official lists of patent claims, important notices, practical recipes for domestic purposes and has long stood both in this country and in Europe, as the highest authority in the mechanic arts. There is not an article in the paper which does not receive a share of its attention. It contains official lists of patent claims, important notices, practical recipes for domestic purposes and has long stood both in this country and in Europe, as the highest authority in the mechanic arts. There is not an article in the paper which does not receive a share of its attention. It contains official lists of patent claims, important notices, practical recipes for domestic purposes and has long stood both in this country and in Europe, as the highest authority in the mechanic arts.

Old Things Become New.

The undersigned would like to inform his old friends, and to rest of mankind, that he has lately returned from the service of the country, and again re-opened his OLD ESTABLISHMENT. ED. T. FLORENCE'S SALOON, which has been a source of amusement, as well as a meeting place for all mankind, and which has been a source of amusement, as well as a meeting place for all mankind, and which has been a source of amusement, as well as a meeting place for all mankind.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL—EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBLED, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-net operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Circular of instruction once only, and you will understand it perfectly. A Lady has just written to me that she is making as much as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better than anything ever offered. You can make money with it home or abroad—on steam boats or railroad cars, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will give you a hand-some income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifle is necessary to start with. There is scarcely one person out of thousands who ever pays any attention to advertisements of this kind, thinking they are humbugs. Consequently those who do send for instructions will have a broad field to make money in. There is a class of persons in the world who would think that because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they try no more. The person who sees feeds in the one that keeps on trying until he has something that pays him. This art cost me one thousand dollars, and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of me will do the same. One Dollar sent me will insure the prompt return of a card of instructions in the art. The money will be returned to those not satisfied.

Address: WALTER T. TINSLEY, No. 1 Park Place, New York. Oct. 21, 1863.—Sm.

IMPORTANT TO LADIES.

Dr. Harvey's Female Pills have never failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health, when suffering from spinal affections, prolapsus Uteri, the whites, or other weakness of the uterine organs. The pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress—the same time they act like a charm by strengthening, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing on the monthly period with regularity, so that no matter what causes the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time; as miscarriage would be the result. Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1. Dr. Harvey's Treatise on Diseases of Females, pregnancy, miscarriage, barrenness, sterility, reproduction, and a course of Nature, and especially the Father's Private Medical Adviser, a pamphlet of 64 pages sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage. The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed, and prepaid by Dr. J. BRYAN, M. D. General Agent, No. 76 Cedar Street, New York. Sent by all the principal druggists. Nov. 25, 1863.—15.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY. Office on Main St., 2nd Square below Market. TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discounts unless permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor. The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square twelve lines three times, \$1.00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3.00 One year, 12.00

Proceedings Democratic State Convention.

ELECTION OF CHAIRMAN OF THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

The following nominations were then made for Chairman of the State Central Committee: William L. Hirst, William Bigler, C. L. Ward, Wm. H. White. Mr. Wallace declined and Mr. Bigler's name was withdrawn. Mr. Wallace, in declining, said: I am thankful to the gentleman who has placed me in nomination, for the honor he has conferred upon me. I feel my inability and want of experience to sensibly to permit me to remain a candidate. The gentlemen already in nomination are all of them better fitted for the responsible and arduous duties of leader in the approaching campaign, than I have the vanity to suppose that I am. My highest ambition is to be an ardent foot-soldier in the coming contest, in which I trust we shall win the trophies of a vindicated Constitution and a restored Union. I withdraw my name from the contest. I am also instructed by Governor Giesler to say that he is not a candidate for the position of Chairman of the State Central Committee. Mr. McCalmont, said that the reason urged by the gentleman, was not of sufficient weight to justify his declination. As a Senator at Harrisburg and a lawyer, his ability was well known. Mr. Wallace then temporarily declined the honor of a nomination.

FIRST BALLOT.

A vote was taken as follows: Wm. L. Hirst, 29 C. L. Ward, 51 Wm. H. White, 44 W. H. Wallace, 1

SECOND BALLOT.

Wm. L. Hirst, 23 C. L. Ward, 54 Wm. H. White, 42 William Bigler, 1 The name of William H. White was withdrawn.

THIRD BALLOT.

A third ballot was ordered. The result was as follows: C. L. Ward, 85 Wm. Bigler, 1 Wm. L. Hirst, 38

Mr. Ward was declared elected Chairman of the State Central Committee.

On motion of Mr. Hirst, it was made unanimous.

It was moved to adjourn until half past nine this morning. Disagreed to.

Judge McCalmont moved to adjourn until nine o'clock this morning. It was disagreed to. Ayes, 26; noes not counted.

Mr. Monahan moved that when the Convention adjourn it be until quarter past eight in the evening. It was agreed to.

The resolution from the Pennsylvania Club was received and accepted.

Convention then adjourned until quarter past eight in the evening.

FIRST DISTRICT.

Elector—William Loughlin. Delegates—Samuel G. King, Dr. George Neimann.

State Committee—Lewis C. Cassidy, Joseph Megary, George A. Quigley.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Elector—Edward R. Helmhold. Delegates—William M. Riley, G. W. Irwin.

State Committee—Charles M. Leisnering, Dominick Matter, Frederick E. Brown.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Elector—Edward P. Dann. Delegates—Wm. Caris, Simon Arnold.

State Committee—R. J. Hemphill, Charles Backwater, Philip H. Lutz.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Thos. McCullough. Delegates—William W. Burnell, Isaac S. Cassin.

State Committee—Peter Armbruster, A. R. Schofield, Richard Simpson.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Edw. T. Hess. Delegates—H. P. Ross, Charles W. Carrigan.

State Committee—Chas. Yanzant, H. W. Dittman, J. D. Miles.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Philip S. Gerhard. Delegates—J. D. Sides, Perry M. Hunter.

State Committee—A. L. Rahe, James F. Kline, Jacob Daneshower.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—G. G. Leiper. Delegates—John H. Brinton, John C. Beatty.

State Committee—Dr. E. C. Evans, Dr. W. D. Downing, George W. Weaver.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Michael Selzer. Delegates—J. Glancey Jones, Wm. Rosenthal.

State Committee—Michael P. Boyer, Jonathan See, Geo. Smith, Jr.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Patrick M'Avoy. Delegates—George Sanderson, Henry A. Wade.

State Committee—R. F. Fahdy, A. J. Steinman, S. H. Reynolds.

TENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Thomas H. Walker. Delegates—Francis W. Hughes, Dr. C. B. Glattinger.

State Committee—A. Wilhelm, F. P. Dewesa, James Ellis.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—O. S. Dimmick. Delegates—Philip Johnson, Carleton Burnett.

State Committee—H. B. Beardsley, A. G. Broadhead, J. C. Samuel H. Neimann.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.

Elector—A. B. Dunning. Delegates—Charles Dennison, A. J. Garretts.

State Committee—E. W. Sturdevant, Daniel Rankin, John Blanding.

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Paul Leidy. Delegates—John F. Means, David Lowenberg.

State Committee—Harvey Sickler, Geo. D. Jackson, C. S. Russell.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Robert Swinford. Delegates—Hamilton Africks, Thomas Bower.

State Committee—Solomon Malick, E. S. Doty, A. Patterson.

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—John Abl. Delegates—Peter A. Keller, H. D. Egoit.

State Committee—John F. Spangler, J. A. Blattenberger.

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Henry G. Smith. Delegates—Henry J. Stable, B. F. Myers.

State Committee—Wm. P. Schell, J. McDowell Sharpe, Lewis Leichty.

SEVENTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Thaddeus Banks. Delegates—R. Bruce Petriken, Daniel M. Dull.

State Committee—James D. Rea, Jas. F. Campbell, Joseph W. Parker.

EIGHTEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—Hugh Montgomery. Delegates—J. H. Orvis, Stephen Pierce.

State Committee—Miles White, Huston Heppburn, S. R. Peale.

NINETEENTH DISTRICT.

Elector—John M. Irvin. Delegates—C. L. Lambertson, James K. Kerr.

State Committee—R. B. Brown, R. L. Cochran, J. D. Gill.

TWENTIETH DISTRICT.

Elector—Joseph M. Thompson. Delegates—T. B. Searight, John Latta.

State Committee—H. P. Lard, J. B. Nassom, E. S. Roddy.

TWENTY-FIRST DISTRICT.

Elector—Eriastus Brown. Delegates—William A. Galbraith, Wm. A. Wallace.

State Committee—Benj. Whitman, T. J. Boyer, A. M. Benton.

TWENTY-SECOND DISTRICT.

Elector—James P. Barr. Delegates—Wm. D. Patterson, Samuel P. Ross.

State Committee—Francis R. Sellers, Jos. R. Hunter, Andrew J. Baker.

TWENTY-THIRD DISTRICT.

Elector—Wm. J. Keotz. Delegates—J. A. McCullough, F. H. Hutcheon.

State Committee—E. S. Golden, James Braden, Wm. H. Magee.

TWENTY-FOURTH DISTRICT.

Elector—W. Monigomery. Delegates—R. W. Jones, S. B. Wilson.

State Committee—William Swan, Charles Carter, and D. S. Morris.

The "Border Babes."

The New York World says, "the letter we published from Winchester, Va., yesterday, will be read with curious interest throughout the country, as it proves what has long been suspected that guerrillas fighting and scouting from both armies has degenerated into organized brigandage. It is now well established that the late raid upon the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was committed by a gang of freebooters under command of one Major Harry Gilmore. The band has been outlawed by the rebel military authorities, and is composed indiscriminately of deserters from both armies. When robbing Union families they claim to be guerrillas; and when they make a descent upon a rebel community they are "Jesse Scouts," or raiders, and they rob both parties and claim the protection of both. In Virginia these rogues have a splendid country (for their purpose) to operate in. Between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry on the North and Woodstock and Front Royal on the South, and from the Blue Ridge on the East to the North mountains on the West, they have for their operations an intricate network of roads, which they scour at night with all the impunity of infallible familiarity and impervious disguise. Gilmore the leader, is a man of good family and has been well educated. A romantic interest is sought to be attached to his name, which the deeds of himself and gang do not warrant. They are simply thieves without courage or gallantry, and both the confiding armies should unite to rid the seat of war of these "border babes," as they call themselves. The "Dick Tarps" and "Jack Shepherds" of English criminal history will never be tolerated by Americans North or South."

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the down ones light!"

Some people were hit when a patriotic clergyman recently said, "Shoddy comes from the devil, and those who supply Shoddy to our gallant Soldiers go to the devil."

OLD ABE writes to some clergymen of the West that, "it is not the intention of the government to run the churches." The old joker evidently thinks that the churches are a sort of fire machines.

"You may talk as you please of the Golden Age and the Iron Age," said a shoddy contractor, "but give me the Age of Steel!"

Why ate stais like towdies who keep late hours? Ans.—Because they sein-til-late in the night.

The literary style of asking for a slice of ham at dinner is, "If I thank you for an elegant extract from Bacon."

The right man in the right place—a husband at home in the evening.

THE PERSEVERING BACHELOR.

Mr. Peter Robinson was a bachelor, stout, rosy, and almost forty. Peter had never loved but once, and the adoration of his heart had been bestowed upon Miss Lucy Popperton; but, alas! Peter had failed to express his passion at the proper moment, or, in other words, had not come to time; and one day his heart was lacerated by receiving an envelope of cards announcing that the delightful Lucy was about to become Mrs. Jemmerston Crooks.

It was a terrible blow to Peter, but he staggered up from it, and still loved the object of his early passion—at a distance. Mrs. Jemmerston Crooks revelled in the details of matrimony, leading Fashion, her husband, and Peter—at a distance—by the note, for five years, at the end of which time Mr. Jemmerston Crooks chose to depart for another sphere, leaving Mrs. Jemmerston alone to mourn his departure.

Once more Peter's heart sprang up from dust and ashes, and looked forward to the time when the allotted period of mourning should be over, and he could put forth the pent up agonies of five years, and ask compensation in the hand of the fair widow. "One year," thought Peter, "is surely enough time. I will give her one year."

Month after month rolled away until the tenth came, and Peter was determined to wait no longer. A sickish misgiving of the evils of delay drove him to precipitate the asking. He sought the widow in her home, and with all the ardor of a pent up love poured forth his tale. The widow heard him—heard him calmly unto the very last word, and then, with her delicately perfumed handkerchief pressed to her blushing cheeks by the whitest of hands, told Peter that he was alas! just one week too late; that she had only the week before promised her hand to Dr. Sickleback who had so faithfully attended her dear Jemmerston in his last hour; and oh, why did her dear Peter not speak before?

"A second time was Peter's heart torn into minute fragments; a second time he was sent into the world to admire—at a distance. Time sped on, and once more Peter began to encourage hope. Perhaps Sickleback might die; he certainly had an apple-tree look—and, sure enough, Peter's "perchance" turned out a certainty, and Dr. Theodosius Sickleback was within a short period of two years gathered to his fathers, and the fair widow Sickleback was once more a mourner. Peter had learned too bitterly the danger of delay to suffer any such cause this time between himself and success. He would not give the widow a year, nor yet ten months—nay, not even a year, but even at the third month he would go to her with his tale of love deferred; and so he did. We must transcribe the widow's own words when the question was popped: "Oh! Mr. Robinson, who did you no come before? You know my esteem for you—you know that I would have set aside all other offers for you; but oh! how can I tell you, that only last evening I promised Captain Hawkins! Poor, dear sweet Hawkins! he's your intimate friend, I know; I've heard him speak so highly of you! Oh! why did you not speak before?"

And so Mrs. Theodosius Sickleback was transformed into Mrs. Capt. Jonathan Hawkins; and Peter was once more left to admire—at a distance. Still Peter waited and hoped. Something might turn up, he argued and then he would not allow himself to be late. And something did turn up—the something being nothing more or less than the redoubtable captain, who turned up missing, having fallen overboard from the steamboat while out on a target excursion with his company and sunk like a stone, owing undoubtedly, to the ponderous nature of his responsibilities.

The suddenness of this exit, as Peter argued, must certainly act with depressing effect upon the widow, and he thought he would not give her time again to recover and be admired; still etiquette demanded that a little do intervene. Accordingly when the tenth day after the melancholy bereavement, Peter knocked at the widow's door, bent upon his errand to love, he rather chuckled to himself that he was taking time by the forelock. The business on which he came was quietly told, and once more the widow was in a torrent of tears.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson," she exclaimed, hiding her blushing face in her cambric, "why are you so unfortunate, and why am I? You know my esteem for you—but you are too late! You know Counsellor Ketcham?—my poor dear, dead and gone Hawkins' most intimate friend. He was with him you know, when he was called away, and was the first to communicate to me the awful intelligence. He was such a comforter, and I have promised to have him this day two months!"

This time Peter was crushed. He had no words to express his broken-heartedness but to rush from the house and go on, as before, adorning—at a distance. It was months before Peter even offered to encourage hope, and even then it flickered. One day he was walking in despondent mood through one of the upper avenues, when he heard a sudden shout, and started. From a half finished building just in front of him he saw, as he raised his eyes, a stout Milesian making gratulations in the air, from a height of three stories, in company with a coping stone weighing somewhat less than half a ton—the two

having slipped together from a scaffolding that height. He saw both Milesian and stone fall upon the head of two gentlemen passing, and the whole four were in an instant mixed in an inextinguishable mass. Like all other spectators, Peter rushed to the rescue only to behold, between sorrow and joy, the last gasps of Counsellor Ketcham and the gentleman who was walking with him and the perfect safety of the Milesian and the stone.

This time Peter would trust to no passing of time. Without an instant's delay more than to satisfy himself that life was extinct, he hailed a passing hack and then sped to the mansion of the widowed Mrs. Counsellor Ketcham. In words of the most delicate and endearing nature, Peter communicated his intelligence to the widow, and waited the result; and then, between her sobs and tears, he claimed her hand for the next set.

"Oh! Mr. Robinson," sobbed the widow, "how can you ask me such a thing? How could I know that you would be the first to bring me the awful news of my dear Ketcham's decease? You know how I esteem and respect you, but—but—I am already engaged!"

"Engaged!" shrieked Peter, "to who?" "I promised," responded the widow, between her sobs, "I promised a month ago, if anything happened, I would marry Col. Snapper!"

"You did?" shouted Peter, the whole aspect of his face changing in an instant from that of a fiend to a look of unbridled joy—"You did, and who are you engaged to alter that?"

"No one," sighed the widow. "Will you ask me such a thing?" said Peter. "I swear it," responded the widow solemnly. "And will you marry me after Snapper is gone?" "I will," said the widow. "Do you swear it?" asked Peter, fiercely. "I swear it," said the widow earnestly. "Then you are mine, charming Lucy! for the stone that ushered the Counsellor into the next world also took the Colonel—I saw it with my own eyes."

The next moment the widow was in Peter's arms, and they were married in less than a month. Much attention has been lately awakened in Rome by a portrait of our Savior which is fully described as authentic. It is copied from a cameo, which bears the following inscription: "Executed by order of the Emperor Tiberius, and given by the Sultan of Turkey to Pope Innocent VIII, in ransom of his brother Zozim, then a captive in the hands of the Christians." The portrait has been copied by M. Van Clet, a sculptor of Paris, and from its presumed genuine likeness, and the circumstances establishing the authenticity of the cameo, has created great interest in the religious and artistic world.

INDIANS IN HARRISBURG.—A delegation of twenty Sioux Indians from Minnesota, arrived in Harrisburg on Friday last and quartered in the court house where they were visited by a large number of citizens. They were fine specimens of the primeval sons of the forest. The appearance of several of them on the streets created quite a sensation, especially among the juveniles, who followed wherever they went. The delegation left for Washington, to have a "talk" with their "great father," the President, in relation to their affairs, and to receive money due them under a late treaty.

THOSE PERSONS, says an exchange, who have reached the age of forty-five years since the last draft, should if they desire to be exempt from military service, go before a magistrate and make oath to the fact, and have their names stricken from the enrollment lists. This course would save inconvenience to themselves and the draft officers.

DEATH OF A HOTEL KEEPER.—We omitted to state in our last that Mr. Samuel Wambold, for many years proprietor of the American Hotel, in this borough, died on Friday, the 18th of erysipelas. Mr. Wambold was a kind-hearted, worthy man, and a good citizen.—Lucerne Union.

BE VACCINATED.—The prevalence of small pox all over the country admonishes all who have not been vaccinated to have it done without delay. We learn of several cases in our midst, therefore this precautionary measure should not be neglected.—Democratic Standard.

Two Deacons were disputing about the proposed site of a new graveyard when the first remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second: "I will if my life is spared."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that he had six heads in his hat!"

If your husband chews, thank God that he doesn't smoke. If he chews and smokes thank God that he doesn't take snuff. If he does all three, thank God that he'll not live long.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

The First European Iron-Clad under Fire.

Since the French armor-plated batteries took part in the bombardment of Kinburn, no opportunity has offered to bring any of the European iron clad to trial by battle. But the floating batteries used at Kinburn would scarcely be ranked among iron clad ships now; and the first real trial of an armored ship in Europe took place during an engagement between the Danish cupola battery Rolf Krake and the Prussian land battery at Egermanal, on the 17th of February. The Rolf Krake was built at Glasgow in Scotland; she is covered with four and a half inch iron plates, is of twelve hundred tons burden, draws sixteen feet of water, and has two terreils or cupolas, carrying four sixty-eight pounder guns. Apertures at the top of the towers admit light and air; mechanical arrangements allow of the ship being lowered until her deck is only a few inches above the surface. An officer who was on board during the action writes: "We passed Holnaes without replying to the fire of the battery stationed there, and took up the position which had been designated. Here we anchored, with our broad side towards two fixed batteries and one moveable field battery, which opened upon a murderous fire with round shot, conical shell and shrapnel. A tongue of land prevented our seeing the bridge we had been ordered to destroy. The enemy fired very well. His fixed batteries were masked, and it is therefore impossible to say how much damage we did him; but I saw a couple of shells at a rifled gun that sent conical shot upon us from the heights, and when shelling off bombarded a mill and a house. We returned to Sonderborg, after being engaged an hour and a half. The Rolf Krake stood the trial well.

"She was hulled sixty six times, each shot being of itself sufficient to sink a wooden ship. The towers were hit several times; sixteen shots went through the funnel, one through the steam pipe, two through the foremast, one through the mainmast, two through the mizen, and from sixty to seventy through the bulwarks, small boats, sails and rigging. The deck is torn up in many places, the tackle much cut, the three masts riddled; every vulnerable point was hit, and I should like to have seen any part of the deck where a man could have been stationed without certainty of death. We calculate that about five thousand pounds of iron were expended upon us, and you may suppose that we contributed our share.

"The noise was deafening, produced as much by our own fire as the missiles of the enemy, whose shells flew about in all directions. One, which burst directly over the tower in which I was stationed, sent in a shower of pieces, which set fire to two mattresses, damaged my frontpiece, grazed my leg, smashed my telescope and penetrated a coal lying by my side in half a dozen places. I am still deaf of one ear from the din—otherwise not much hurt. One man in each tower was also slightly wounded, and, curious enough, each in the left cheek."

The Prussians do not appear to have used such heavy guns as our monitors have had to face. The Danish monitor came well out of the engagement, but it is doubtful if she could have withstood the withering fire of the rebels at Charleston longer or better than the ill-fated little Keokuk.

THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD.—David Wills, Esq., of Gettysburg, the General Agent of Philadelphia, for the Soldiers' National Cemetery, gives the following interesting facts relative to the battle-field: All the bodies of our Union soldiers have been disinterred, and carefully buried in their appropriate places in the new National Cemetery. The total number thus removed and interred is three thousand five hundred and twelve. About one thousand of them are unknown, and one-fourth of the whole number belong to New York. Quite an amount of money was found on them, both in coin and paper, in sums ranging from the fraction of a dollar up to fifty dollars. All this money and these relics have been taken care of by the committee.

A traveller stopping at a hotel exclaimed one morning to a waiter, "What are you about you black rascal? you have roused me twice from my sleep by telling me breakfast is ready and now you are attempting to strip off the bed clothes. What do you mean?" "Why," replied Pompey, "if you isn't going to get up, I must have the sheet anyhow 'cause dey's waiting for do table cloth."

An Abolition sheet wants to know where are the Peace men going now? Well, if there is any truth in the words of the Son of Man, they are on their way to the "kingdom of heaven," where they will no longer be troubled by the followers of Old Abe Lincoln.

Is it not a disloyal practice for a man to allow himself to be elected Justice of the Peace? Couldn't some of our "loyal" Abolitionists of Hanover inform the public of the Lincoln administration on this subject?

The Constitutional Union, published in Washington, says: "The government can't make cents without making Copperheads." And it can't make Copperheads without having "sense" either.

A singular law exists in Utah Territory, granting to criminals under capital sentence, a choice of deaths. They may elect to be hanged, to be shot, or to be beheaded.

Mr. Lincoln doesn't say "God bless Abraham Lincoln," now. It's another kind of an expression.

How the Blacks Fight.

The Americans of African descent, who were engaged in the late Florida disaster, did not seem to come up to Abolition expectation. The correspondent of the New York Times giving an account of our defeat under Gen. Seymour, speaks thus disparagingly of contraband courage: "At the commencement of the fight the Eighth United States colored troops were supporting Hamilton's battery, but when their assistance became really indispensable, by some strange order they fled to the right in the rear of the battery, for the purpose of joining their right on the left of the Seventh Connecticut. At that particular time the movement was decidedly an error, for by carrying it out it left Hamilton's battery unsupported. In an attempt to enfilade the enemy on his right, Hamilton moved forward four pieces; but before he got into position, the rebels on that portion of their line had concentrated all their fire upon the Eighth U. S., who had again come up to his support. In twenty minutes Hamilton lost 41 men, killed and 40 horses. The Eighth also suffered severely."</