

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum]

VOLUME 15.

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NUMBER 29

A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBAG, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-trap 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 high as TWENTY DOLLARS SOME DAYS! giving instructions in this art. Thousands of Soldiers are making money rapidly at it. It is a thing that has better than anything else 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 passing it, not only because it will yield handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifling 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 this world who would think he because they have been humbugged out of a dollar or so, that everything that is advertised is a humbug. Consequently they go no more. The person who succeeds is 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 to 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 yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from spinal affections, proflaps, 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 much from 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, Retention, and abuses of Nature, and emphatically the ladies' 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 J. BRYAN, M. D.—General Agt., No. 7 Cedar street, New York. Sold by all the principal druggists. Nov. 25, 1863.—1y.

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS.—Warranted infallible. Can be relied on! Never fail to cure! Do not hesitate! As speedy relief! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without cessation! Upward of 500 cases the past month—some of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless on the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown. Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pills. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and a speedy cure in all cases of Gonorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as Urinary and Venereal Discharges, the whites, nighty or Involuntary Emissions, Incontinence, Genital Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness or loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and necessitate the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhoea, Gleet and Stricture, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box. Sold by all the principal druggists. Price \$1. They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of the money, by J. BRYAN, M. D., No. 7 Cedar street, New York. Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send free to all the following valuable work, in sealed envelopes: THE FIFTIETH THOUSAND—DR. BELL'S TREATISE on self-abuse, Premature decay, Impotence and loss of power, seminal diseases, seminal weakness, nighty emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage. Nov. 25, 1863.—1y.

STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY,
Office on Main St., 3rd 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 six months. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless by 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, 8 00

Choice Poetry.

ABOLITION COMMANDMENTS

1. Take heed that Sambo ever be The god to which thou bowest the knee.
2. To every soldier grant permission To vote the ticket—Abolition.
3. Imprison him who can not feel That war is for the nation's weal.
4. The *habeas corpus* act suspend, Let no one for its rights contend.
5. Enact conscription laws, for fear The people will not volunteer.
6. Bring back the South by force of arms And confiscate their blacks and farms.
7. Regard as nothing but pollution The teachings of the Constitution.
8. Let men of peace be termed "traitors," And "Copperheads," and "Union haters."
9. Let greenbacks legal tenders be, And bless the maker, Salmon P.
10. All suits by martial law be tried, And civil courts be set aside.

"Life-Long Democrats."

From the days of Judas Iscariot to the present period, love of money has induced more degradation and crime than any other one passion. And those known to be subject to this all powerful influence, have been used more frequently by tyrants to accomplish their oppressive purposes, than any other class. The more powerful and brilliant the intellect, the more debased and corrupt it becomes when once the slave of this sordid passion, and the more dangerous an engine of oppression.

Mr. Lincoln was not inaptly styled the greatest and noblest man of his day. The love of money was his ruin. For gain he would turn his back on his most devoted friend, and not hesitate to do him injury. For gain he would persecute his greatest benefactor. His shameful and infamous course toward the Earl of Essex—the man to whom he owed more than all others—was a striking illustration of his mean ingratitude and selfishness. As Macaulay says of him, his distinguishing attributes, next to his intellect, were "coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. His desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles and patronage, were the objects of his life."

If Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have manifested skill and tact in any one thing of policy, it has been in availing themselves of the inordinate desire for money and place, which has distinguished many of those who have lent themselves to further the wicked schemes of the Administration. It is a sad proof of the depravity of the public men of the present day, to find among the most subversive tools of the Black Federal dynasty, men who once were prominent leaders of the "State rights" party, and who like Bacon, have, to gratify their sordid appetites for gain and place, sold themselves to the basest purpose.

And right good use has Mr. Lincoln made of these "life-long Democrats." If any vile purpose, any gross usurpation of power, any outrage upon the rights of a State, a town, city or individual citizen, had to be accomplished, to vile, so startling and outrageous, that decent Republicans shrink from it, forthwith the President would whistle for his new converts—his new pack—and, with responsive howls and bounds, they would leap into his presence, ready to do his bidding and throttle and destroy whatever and whoever he pointed out.

If it was deemed necessary, as in the case of New Orleans, to subject non-combatants to the most degrading servitude, to insult ladies, to invade the sanctity of churches and destroy the liberty of conscience, one of the "life-long" pack was selected, who had been howling all his life for State rights and constitutional liberty, and against Federal usurpation. Ben Butler was the fittest agent for this job, and all he asked or obtained was "profit and place."

If citizens were to be arrested and imprisoned for exercising liberty of speech in States not subject to martial law, and exiled to foreign countries, another of the "life-long" pack, who had distinguished himself at Fredericksburgh by the bloodiest slaughter known to the world, was chosen. Breckinridge was the man; all he asked or obtained was to retain his commission and pay, which should justly have been taken from him the day after his shameful defeat.

If it was necessary to cite Scriptures for lawlessness, crime and fraud, if Divine authority was essential to keep up the war fever, fill the pockets of Shady, and enrich

Black Federal contractors, another of the "life-long" pack was whittled up. "Scripture Dick" was selected. All he asked or obtained was a few crumbs from the leavings of his masters. Crumbs had been his feed for years from his old friends, the "State rights" party, and, for crumbs, he was willing to cite Scripture against them.

So with the "life-long" Andrew Johnson—now Prince of Tennessee. So with Brough of Ohio, and his predecessor—the "life-long" David Tod—Honest Davy. And so, too, with thousands of others of less note, but equally as hungry and ready "to bite and bark" wherever and whenever it may be required by their masters.

One of the most servile, as well as the most sagacious of the "life-long" pack of "life-long" is the gallant Brigadier-General Judge Advocate Holt, a native of Kentucky, and a student of that truly great man and friend of "State rights"—John Rowan. At an early age he moved to Mississippi, and remained there long enough to make a large fortune. He then returned to Kentucky to vegetate. All this time he boasted of his devotion to State rights.

In the canvass of '56 he was induced to take the stump for Buchanan and Breckinridge, and to hear his speeches on State rights and Federal usurpation, one would have supposed an orator of '98 had arisen and was expounding the resolutions of Jefferson and Madison. His speeches were republished all over the Union. He wanted office and emolument. Mr. Buchanan made him Commissioner of Patents. He removed to Washington. Money, money was his passion. Still, like Lord Bacon, his intellect was brilliant. By chance he got into the Cabinet—first, Postmaster General for a while, and then Secretary of War for a "few days." A more subversive minister to the powers then resigning, was never seen. He took sides with Mr. Buchanan on the Leecompton question, and kept sides all the time just as long as "thrift would follow lawning."

The Black Federalists came into power. A practical exercise of "State rights"—rights that General Holt had always advocated as sacred—was about to occur. The General deserted his principles, deserted his friends and took sides with his old foes. It paid—He wrote letters to Kentucky, and made speeches in Kentucky for Lincoln, his employer. It paid. He told Kentuckians that Federal soldiers would not disturb "a flower or blade of grass in their gardens."—Would protect their property—would regard their rights. He was paid to tell them so. He exhorted Kentuckians to "work at the pumps" to save the old ship Constitution. And when the Confederate troops came into the State the General left for Washington. It would not pay to stay in Kentucky, but it did pay to go to Washington.

It became necessary for some "life-long" member of the old "State rights" pack, to howl for the proclamations of Mr. Lincoln issued in January, 1862. General Holt howled. Forgetting his State rights doctrines—forgetting that Kentucky, which "worked at the pumps" at his bidding, denounced the proclamations as gross outrages—forgetting that he owed to Mississippi for his early success—he still howled. It paid to howl.

It was necessary to damn General Fitz-John Porter in order to save a pet of Mr. Lincoln—General "Quarters-in-the-Saddle" Pope. To do this many unscrupulous and lawless acts were indispensable. Mr. Lincoln whittled up his Judge Advocate—Gen. Holt. Porter was damned. Holt did it, and, in the performance, also damned himself. But what mattered? It paid. Now Brigadier General Judge Advocate Holt proposed a system of "Military Justice" to expedite the infliction of punishment on offenders against his master. We suppose it was in view of this that he has been made Brigadier as well as Judge Advocate, and we suppose, moreover, that some new outrage upon States or citizens is to be perpetrated, and that the General will be called upon as a "life-long" to do it.—N. Y. Daily News.

DESTRUCTION OF A RAILROAD BRIDGE.—On Friday afternoon last the railroad bridge over the Lackawanna at Scranton, was destroyed by fire, thus interrupting the business of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western R. R. very materially. The passenger train of the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg, we learn was on the Scranton side. Hence we had no mail here that evening from the cities. This latter effect, however, was soon remedied by running another train up to that point. The bridge was a wooden one, covered with tin, and we should suppose would be replaced by an iron structure, as more in accordance with the progress of the age. The origin of the fire is unknown.—Luzerne Union.

A Bill has been introduced into the U. S. Senate by Mr. Sherman to establish in the Treasury Department a Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs, to be under the control of a Commissioner at a salary of \$4,000, a chief clerk and two clerks of each class. It is intended to be self-supporting. In other words it is to be kept up by stealing plantations—the private property of Southerners in rebellion—and then selling negroes to work on them, compulsorily, for their boarding and clothes. Of course it will be a grand success, and Sambo will enjoy freedom in its most extended sense.

That is a physician in Newburyport who has attended at the births of three thousand children.

Mr. Lincoln's War Speech in 1848.

The following is Mr. Lincoln's only speech in Congress, in 1848, in which he discussed the message of President Polk and the war with Mexico. Persons anxious to jump with the administration may perhaps get light, in the darkness with which arbitrary arrests and the suppression of free speech have enshrouded them, on the question what sort of talk Mr. Lincoln will permit to be uttered concerning himself.

Let him (the President) answer fully and candidly. Let him answer with facts, and not with arguments. Let him remember he sits where Washington sat; and, so remembering, let him answer as Washington would answer. As a nation should not, and the Almighty will not, be evaded, so let him attempt no evasion, no equivocation.

But if he cannot or will not do this—if, on any pretense, he shall refuse or omit it—then I shall be fully convinced, of what I more than suspect already, that he is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to heaven against him; that he ordered Gen. Taylor into the midst of a peaceful Mexican settlement purposely to bring on a war; that, originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war and, trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory—that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that charms to destroy—he pulled into it, and has swept on and on, till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where. How like the half insane mumbling of a fever dream is the whole war part of the late message!

All this shows that the President is in no wise satisfied with his own position. First, he takes up one view and, in attempting to argue us into it, he argues himself out of it, then sizes another, and goes through the same process; and then, confused at being able to think of nothing new, he snatches up the old one again, which he has some time before cast off. His mind, tasked beyond its power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease.

Again, it is a singular omission in this message that it is nowhere intimated that the President expects the war to terminate. At its beginning General Scott was, by the President, driven into disfavor, if not disgraced, for intimating that peace could not be conquered in less than three months.—But now, at the end of about twenty months—during which time our arms have given us the most splendid successes—every department, and every part, land and water, officers and privates, regulars and volunteers, doing all that men could do, and hundreds of things which had never before been thought men could do—after all this, this same President gives us a long message, without even intimating, as to the end, he has himself even an imaginary conception. As I have before said, he knows not where he is. He is a bewildered, confounded, and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show there is not something about his conscience more painful than all his mental perplexity.

An Honest Deacon.

Deacon N was an honest old coddler, a kind neighbor, and a good christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the full extent; but lacking the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow," and almost every Sunday, at dinner, he would indulge in his favorite elder brandy to such an extent that it was with difficulty that he reached his pew in the broad late noon of the pulpit, and between the minister and the village squire. One Sunday morning the person told his flock that he should preach a sermon touching many glaring sins so conspicuous among them; and he hoped they would listen attentively and not flinch if it happened to be severe. The afternoon came and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who after well opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice, with the question, "where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N, his face red from frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked up to the parson, and replied in a trembling and piping voice, "Here I am."

Of course a consideration was the result, of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard and closed by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits, if he would seek salvation and flee from the coming wrath. The deacon then hid a bow and begged himself.

"And now," asked the preacher in his loudest tones, "where is the hypocrite?" A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon this and that man, but the most glances seemed directed to the squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shot was aimed, and raising once more, leaned over his paw to the squire whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him: "Come, squire, why don't you get up? I did when you were called on."

Was the Democratic Candidate Elected Last Fall?

Almost every unbiased and fair man in the State of Pennsylvania, was satisfied, after the gubernatorial election last October, that the Hon. George W. Woodward was fairly and honestly elected Governor of this State. But, through a system of political finesse, such as has never before disgraced us as a State, the result was declared otherwise. The open declaration of Secretary Stanton, that he sent more men into the State to vote than made up Corbin's majority, we have never seen denied; while the bare fact that Judge Woodward received 251,171—a larger vote by thousands than any Democratic candidate who was elected had received for 20 years, and that, too, before civil war had desolated the land and thinned the ranks of the voters—was evidence conclusive that the voice of the people had been stifled at the behest of the new tyrant, "military necessity." The difficulty, however, of getting at the facts tangibly and in a specific manner, in the courts, was apparent, and the present Executive was inaugurated. We mention these matters, of recent history merely as preliminary to the following:

There lives in the city of Philadelphia, a highly respectable man by the name of John Bull Robinson—a plain and unlettered man, but truthful and honest. He has published a pamphlet of sixteen pages, in the form of an address to the people of the United States, on the frauds committed on their elective franchise, and on kindred topics, which has been sent to us.

The pamphlet has no merits of style, but it contains some curious arithmetical statements concerning our actual and possible votes last Fall, which we should lay before our readers, had we the space at command. However, Mr. Robinson writes, his cyphers well. He has put the official figures into every form, conceding to the abolitionists more than they have a right to claim, and throwing all doubt into their scale, and yet these figures prove a majority for the Democratic ticket of more than 40,000 votes. Some views that he takes, result to a much larger majority, but he can't make the figures tell the lie by which the abolitionists hold power.

It is the universal conviction of the Democracy of Pennsylvania, that they gave their ticket a majority last Fall, and that they were cheated in the proclaimed result. But this opinion, though held in ever part of the State, rests on the observation of individual, and not on collected proofs. Mr. Robinson's figures prove the soundness of the opinion, and show what the proofs, if they were gathered together, would necessarily establish.

His pamphlet is intended for a campaign document, and will be furnished on order, directed to himself, at 10 cents a copy: \$5 for 100 copies; \$30 for 1000 copies. He is the corresponding secretary of the General McClellan Club, of Philadelphia.—Luzerne Union.

Why Children Die.

One reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with food and choked with physic, slashed with water, enfolded in hot rooms, steamed in bed clothes. So much for in-door. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the cold months, only the nose is permitted to peep into day-light. A little later they are sent out with no clothing at all on the parts of the body which need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare heels, gird middle, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the other part of the body. A stout strong man goes out in a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick double soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant flesh, blood, bone and constitution, goes out with shoes as thin as paper, cotton socks, uncovered to the knees; neck bare; an exposure which would enable the nurse, kill the mother outright and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which, a dozen years later, would be considered downright folly. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it on the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it. And to draw comfort from the presumption that he had set agency in death of the child is a profanation.

"Union Leagues" composed of negroes, are being organized in Philadelphia. Petitions to the State Legislature "asking that body to take such action, previous to adjournment, as will give the colored people of Pennsylvania the right to vote, and all the privileges of other citizens." The infatuation of the Abolitionists on the nigger question will be noted in ages to come as one of the evidences of insanity of a large portion of the people of the present day.

Judge BARRETT, of the Court of Oyer and Terminer at New York, charged his Grand Jury on Thursday that the epithet "secessionist" as applied to a person was libelous. Reference was made in the charge to the course of certain newspapers in making free use of the phrases "traitor" and "secessionist" against those who differ with them in "political opinion."

A Yankee Hotel in Dixie.

When Gen. Banks' army moved up the Shenandoah valley from New Market, Quartermaster Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of Cochran's New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn, an account of injuries he had received. Soon after our departure he made application at a lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed in true Virginia style that she did not board "Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you won't board me I shall keep a hotel in your barn; but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies," and he hobbled back to the barn.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work at once. Taking a revolver, he shot madam's finest young porter, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apary and "took up" a hive of bees and transferred the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked a pail of milk from her ladyship's cows; then going to her servant's house, he made a requisition for a quantity of fresh corn-dogs that had been prepared for the supper. The addition of those articles to his extraordinary rations placed him far beyond the point of starvation. True to his Yankee instincts, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the new hotel across the way, at which she became especially indignant; but Oliver was as happy as a lark, and for the time almost forgot his injuries. Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders, and in due time a sheep and another young porker and a second hive of bees were gathered under the roof of his "hotel," and furthermore, a cock remained to proclaim when the morning dawned. By this time her ladyship thought she "could see it," and sent for Oliver, who as promptly as the nature of his injuries would permit, reported at her door.

"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that it would be cheaper for me to board you in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and room free."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, removing his cap and bowing politely, "but I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel in stopping at any seashore in Virginia, at the same price you will tolerate be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as it comes too late;" and he hobbled to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking and boarding every sick and straggling soldier that came along seeking frequent requisitions upon her for supplies. Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but it learned her a valuable lesson and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, she evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

Chinese Fortune Tellers.

These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city, wherever there is the least available space. A mat is spread on the ground with a stick at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune teller and his client—kept in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper, with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a row of sixty or more small paste-board envelopes, each with a single character, or division sentence. A little board printed white, for writing on, and the ink-stone and pencil, are at hand and ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him squats down on his heels outside the enclosure pays the cash (half a farthing,) and tells his story—what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man who unravels it and writes its contents on the board. The door of the cage is then opened, and the man marches forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitorially, he picks one out and puts it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are put into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the contents are also written down; from these two inscriptions the consultant's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbitrator of fate, incapable of error, or divination sentence. A little board printed white, for writing on, and the ink-stone and pencil, are at hand and ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him squats down on his heels outside the enclosure pays the cash (half a farthing,) and tells his story—what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having done, he hands it to the man who unravels it and writes its contents on the board. The door of the cage is then opened, and the man marches forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitorially, he picks one out and puts it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are put into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the contents are also written down; from these two inscriptions the consultant's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbitrator of fate, incapable of error, or divination sentence.

An Ingenious Device.

The following curious story is told of an old lady living in Buckinghamshire, England:—The husband of this ancient dame died without making his will, for the want of which very necessary precaution his estate would have passed away from his widow, had she not resorted to the following expedient:—she picked one of the property, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who on his arrival appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looking as much like a woman going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you half my estate, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor. The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different to that which she expected, and, but dared not negative the cobbler's will, for fear of losing the whole property, while the old rogue in bed, (who was himself the poor old shoemaker living opposite,) laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

How to Organize.

Whether the traditions and policy of this commonwealth are to be overturned; whether the ideas, modes of life, habits of thought and idiosyncrasies of our people are to be changed, is a matter which directly affects the life and property of every one of our citizens. Self-preservation is undoubtedly the first law of communities, as it is of individuals. And there can be no reason why Pennsylvanians should sacrifice any of our rights or interests, either material or moral, for the pleasure or profit of any other one of the once United States. That the coming election, if it be really an election, (that we will have the forms of one, we have no doubt,) will settle the status of Pennsylvania, and will determine, for ever her position and the degree of her power among the other States on this continent, can hardly be doubted. She has to choose, then, whether she will inflict on herself an alien and hostile yoke; whether she will submit herself to the bitter, contemptuous, arrogant domination of those who fancy that they are her superiors; or whether she will maintain that proud position of respectful dignity, of self-assurance and power, which asserts itself without dictation, and makes itself without imperiousness, which she bore of old. To Pennsylvania, then, the next Presidential election is not only important—it is critical—it is decisive.

Believing this, we have more than once implored the Democracy of the State to lose no time in putting themselves in a condition for the fray. We have preached until, perhaps, the lesson has lost its force by repetition—organize! organize! organize! And having done, so we propose to say a few words as to the manner in which organization may be made effectual. In the first place, then, the different kind of electioneering tools which are in the hands of the opposing political parties is especially to be noticed and acted on. It would seem evident that that kind of ordinary peaceful political association which would be efficient against an opponent having similar organization, would be utterly powerless against a party having its organization differently constituted. If, therefore, the political association which the Democrats have to oppose in the next election should be, for instance, societies or companies of armed men, the most enthusiastic quietists will see that, in order to give them any hope of success, the character of their own organizations must be vastly changed from the kind of assemblages which were wont to conduct a political campaign, when their adversaries were in the same guise as themselves. If each one of the Wise-Awakes, electing in 1856, had carried a Huckle, politics then would have assumed a different hue. If organizations for force are to be used in 1864, politics must now assume a different hue. It is quite perceptible that if the Allegheny or Lancaster County Abolition Delegations attended political meetings with muskets in their hands and cartridges in their pockets or boxes, that the Berks County, or the Northampton County Democratic Delegations would consider the propriety of being taught by their enemies. And thus the conclusion seems to be inevitable, that the character of the associations which are to be organized by the Democracy for the maintenance of their rights, must determined by the nature and character of those organizations to which they expect to be opposed. No party can successfully meet armed opponents with empty resolutions. Force must be opposed to force—arms must be met with arms. In the next place, organization to be effectual must be thorough—must be uniform. Its strength is measured by the power of resistance of its weakest part. It must pervade the State in one series of connecting links, from the waters of Lake Erie to those of the Delaware, so that every where Democrats will know their friends, can count their numbers, and can calculate the strength or weakness of their adversaries. So minute should be the blocking and warding off division of townships, that making all allowances, the chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee should be able before the first of November to tell off his fingers his forces, with approximate accuracy. Democrats should be made known to Democrats, so that the timid may be strengthened and the hesitating confirmed; in this way all the forces opposed to the present usurpation will be welded together in one cohesive, impenetrable body, and with undivided front be made available. In this compact form, unless passion has embroiled our people or palsied the noble instincts which once were theirs, they must prevail; but if, through fraud or force, they should meet with defeat, still they cannot be entirely vanquished, and enough brave souls will still cling together to guard the pure flame of liberty, and to hand it down undimmed when a generation more worthy of its possession shall have arisen.

A Burlington boy of seventeen married a girl of fourteen recently, and the brides mother, hearing of it went to the wedding, took off her bonnet and shawl, and gave both a sound thrashing.

An artist is not as strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

The Boston Post has detected philosopher Greeley in a situation. The object of his ardent attachment is Miss C. F. Farnell.

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