

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

H. B. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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A PSALM OF OIL.

Tell me not in mournful measure,
Oil is but an empty show;
For 'tis earth's deep hidden treasure,
And a pump will make it flow.
"Oil is greasy," "Oil doth smell bad!"
So say those who have it not;
So of old, the poor fox felt bad,
When the grapes he had not got.
Not to stay at home and grumble
Is the way to make your pile,
But in hearty rough and tumble
Dig and bore till you "strike it."

Rods are long, and wells are sinking,
And the earth full of holes,
Shows the signs of constant drilling—
Shows the faith that fills our souls.
See at Oil Creek how they rally,
See in Mecca's mad domain,
In the Allegheny valley,
All have oil "upon the brain."

Trust no agent's specious story,
Go yourself and get a lease;
Drill—drill deep in search of glory,
Find it when you find the lease.

Hire of greenhorn's oft remind us
We, perhaps, by patient toil,
Can, departing, leave behind us
Quite a striking "show of oil."

Such a show as that another
Boring after without luck;
Some fathers and fainting brother
Seeking, may keep up his luck.

Let us, then, be busy boring
With the means at our control;
Keep on drilling, keep exploring,
With a pump in every hole.

SHORT FELLOW.

Advertising for a Wife, and What Comes of It.

The Toronto Leader gives the particulars of a matrimonial romance in which a Vermont preacher, as the main character, the disengagement of which was, however, anything but romantic to him. It seems that a farmer in Mohr's county, Illinois, named W., had advertised in a Chicago paper for a wife, which was replied to by a dashing young law student of Toronto, ripe for fun, under the name of Helen Christopher. A warm correspondence ensued, "Helen" imitating the hand and style of a lady anxious to make a good match, and describing herself as an orphan of respectable family connections, and of means residing in Toronto. The correspondence was finally broken off by W.'s neglect in paying his postage, which in Canada amounts to something, and he married some one in his own neighborhood. But the sequel certifies the pith of the story, W., a father a minister in Vermont, and a widower, by some means got hold of "Helen's" letters to his son, and being struck with her style wrote to her with a view of marrying her himself. He told her that "I am a minister of the gospel, an unmarried, buried a nice little wife years ago, and have no children to tax the attention of a companion. My family is provided for and off my hands. I think sometimes of discontinuing preaching, and of retiring to private life. My age people judge to be thirty-five though I am older. I am about the middle size of men, though not large; have perfect health, and a fair position in society. My complexion is dark, with dark eyes and hair; hair not tinged with grey in the least. What makes my complexion still darker, I wear a full beard and moustache."

And queried:
"May I ask my little girl (if I may be allowed to call her so) if you are a Christian? if you can sing and play on the melodeon? if you have good health? What is your complexion?"

Helen promptly replied, and an animated correspondence ensued, resulting in the reverend inviting himself to visit Toronto to obtain an interview with his fair correspondent. This was rather more than "Helen" desired, and thinking it impudent to bring the old man on foot's errand some six hundred miles from his "local" habitation sent him a note over another name, pretending to have accidentally found one of his letters, and to be a rival of his for the affections of Helen, and threatening him with castigation in case he should make his appearance in this city.

Rev. J. W. wrote again to Helen, disclaiming any wrong intention, and asking if his rival should exercise any control over such a lady. She then replied that he might come, when he responded that he would be there on the 9th or 10th of May, when he expected to meet his "little girl," this dear old Helen. He arrived on the day appointed, and sent his "little girl" a note, describing

sent him, which was the portrait of a prominent actress. But the eyes of a large party of "Helen's" acquaintances, who had been let into the secret, were upon him. He appeared sadly disappointed, being fidgety in his movements, casting wistful glances at the passers by as he promenaded the streets whilst his tormentors, for such they were, could scarcely contain themselves. They were at his side at the postoffice, on the street, and even talking with him in the hotel.

Not finding his "little Helen," he concluded to leave town, but "she" determined he should not go until he had learned a lesson. With his party of friends he appeared at the station, and stepping up to the reverend gentleman, as he stood on the car platform, he held out his hand shouting, "How are you W.—? How are you Miss Helen Christopher?" Mr. J. W., became pale with rage, stamped his foot on the planks, and, with uplifted hands, exclaimed, "You vile rascal, how dare you play me such a trick?" Just then the train started, amid the shouts of the merry young fellows for W.—and Helen Christopher, bearing off the discomfited foolish old lover, a sadder and wiser man, and who will probably never get a wife by advertising.

The Tribune on Secession.

The New York Tribune is desirous of having a rebel leader put to trial for treason before the Court, in order to get a decision as to the right of secession. What decision Mr. Greeley desires or expects we can judge from his record. He holds to the right of secession:

"If the cotton states shall become satisfied that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless."—Tribune, Nov. 9, 1860.

He favors Southern secession:
"If the cotton states insist and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union we think they should be allowed to do so."—Tribune, Nov. 25, 1860.

He says force would be wrong:
"Any attempt to compel them by force to remain would be contrary to the principles enunciated in our immortal declaration of Independence—contrary to the fundamental ideas on which the human liberty is based."—Tribune, same date.

He will resist coercion:
"We must ever resist the right of any state to remain in the Union and nullify the laws thereof—to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter. Whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to get out, we shall resist all coercive measures to keep it in. We hope never to live in a republic whereof one section is pinned to another by bayonets."—Tribune, same date.

He finds a precedent for secession:
"If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British empire of three million of colonists, in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five million of Southerners from the Union in 1861."—Tribune, December 17, 1860.

He agrees to "forward" secession:
"Whenever it shall be clear that the great body of the Southern people have become conclusively alienated from the Union, and anxious to escape from it, we will do our best to forward their views."—Tribune, Feb. 23, 1861.

We would quote more, but these are enough—too much. They show that the Tribune led off in advocating secession from the very day after Lincoln's election, till the week before his inauguration, and many abolition journals held to the same views. A beautiful record this, for the leading "Union party" organ—which has never retracted one of the above opinions; but holds them ready to be used in future, should that party fail to hold power, and the sixteen-starred flag of 1866, again be hoisted by the negro-equality party.

Was it any excuse for Greeley that the present Chief Justice, Chase, and Secretary of State, Seward, had, as Senators, voted for a proposition favoring a dissolution of the Union, or that Abraham Lincoln, as a member of Congress, had made a speech from which we quote:

"Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that may suit them better."

"This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it—any portion of such people that can revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this; a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with, or near about them, who may oppose their movements."—Congressional Globe, Jan. 12, 1848.

Noos, Jr., speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says, "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

He was a poetical chap who described ladies' lips as the glowing gateway of beans, pork, sour kront and potatoes.

THE HOME CALL.

Bring home the battle-flags, all stained and torn
With bursting shell and grimy battle smoke,
The flags that through the fierce fight ye have borne
Amid the hissing lead, the sabre's stroke,
And place them on each waiting armory wall,
That they may speak of the great past to all.

Bring home your muskets, stand them one by one
In the vast arsenals, and then leave them there,
The glorious work which called them forth is done,
The din of war is no more in the air;
The battle-echoes fade and fade away,
And Peace is dawning on a broader day.

Bring back the cannon, let the spider spin
Her thin load web within them where they stand,
No more their throats shall wake with dreadful din
The drowsy hamlets of our wide-spread land,
Or cast them into bells that ne'er shall cease
To fill the air with sweet toned notes of peace.

Bring home the leathern knapsacks ye have borne
With bending backs along the dusty ways,
The mounted cross-bells ye've so proudly worn;
A new light shines from brighter, happier days,
The cloud of war is swiftly passing by,
And once again the sun shines in the sky.

Bring back your swords, and lay them by at home;
Ah is it not a proud a noble thought
To know your children in the years to come
Shall point to these and say, "Our fathers fought!"
Bring back your swords, and hang them on your wall,
To grasp again whenever your country calls.

Come home, ye veterans; welcome, welcome home!
"Come," say the lips of mothers and of wives;
Your children's joyous voices echo "Come!"
We thank the God of Battles for your lives;
And now the morning dawning on the night
Breaks in the future beautiful and bright.

THE TENDER PASSION.—Thackeray says that "when a man is in love with one woman in a family, it is astonishing how fond he becomes of every one connected with it. He ingratiates himself with the maids; he is bland with the butler; he interests himself with the daughters; he gives and lends money to the young son at college; he pats little dogs which he would kick otherwise; he smiles at old stories, which would make him break out in yawns were they uttered by any but papa; he drinks sweet Port wine, for which he would curse the steward and the whole committee at a club; he bears even with the cantankerous old maid-aunt; he beats time upon darling little Fanny performs her piece on the piano; and smites when wicked, lively little Bobby upsets the coffee over his shirt."

SWALLOWED A PIN.—Capt. C. C. Plotz, of the 143d reg't P. V., was summoned home last week by the alarm of his family at the fact that a little daughter had accidentally swallowed an ordinary sized pin. It gave her considerable uneasiness for some days, and fears were entertained of its lodging permanently. The child exhibited some symptoms of going into fits; but a day or two after the Captain's arrival, he had the satisfaction of seeing the pin pass from her. The little girl is now well as ever.—Luzerne Union.

A PLOT OF THE NEGRO SOLDIERS at Memphis, to murder every Confederate paroled prisoner there, was discovered and thwarted last week. Thursday night was the time fixed for the massacre, but white troops had been placed on guard, and when the negroes attempted to sally from their quarters, they met a determined resistance. In the fight which took place twenty of the negroes were killed and wounded. Since then they have been strongly guarded.—General Washburne has been superseded in command at Memphis by General John E. Smith.

"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." Now, doctor just look at my tongue—just look at it! look at it! "Now I say what does that mean?" "I think, that needs rest too." Exit madam, in a great excitement.

Schoolmaster.—"Bill Tomkins, what's a widow?"
Bill.—"A widder is a married woman what ain't got any husband, coz he's dead."
Master.—"Very well. What is a widower?"
Bill.—"A widderer is a man that runs arter widders."

Clement B. Clay was not captured with Jefferson Davis, but voluntarily gave himself up to stand trial on the charge of being implicated in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

Corry O'Lanus at the Oil Regions.

I have reached the land of oil, having taken a safer route than the Erie.
Pennsylvania is a good sized State, and it takes sometime to get there.
When you do get there you wish you hadn't come.
There is plenty of oil—and that is all except lots of people.

I am for "Snake Run," the most likely place for oil.
They call these places runs, because everybody who is after oil runs here.
Every man you meet is the President, director, or engineer of a petroleum company.
The natives, who are white people, and resemble country folks, live by selling land and greenhorns.

They have a system in both transactions. They double the price of land every morning.
If you know anybody who has got a few vacant lots that he wants to sell, tell him to bring them out here.
The folks are so busy looking for oil they haven't time to build houses, and everybody is afraid to put up a house for fear he might cover an oil well.
Consequently the hotels are a little crowded.

The Miggins Hotel, where I put up is much so.
Miggins, the proprietor, is the most accommodating man you ever saw. A city railroad conductor isn't a circumstance to him.
He has only six beds in his house, but he is always ready to take in everybody.

He took me in.
Also two hundred more petroleum pilgrims.
The sleeping accommodations are various. We go to bed in platoons.
When the first platoon gets asleep they are carefully taken out of bed and hung over a close line. The second platoon goes through the same process, until everybody is provided for.

Referring to sleep alone, I slept on the mantle piece with the coal scuttle for a pillow.
As I observed land is precious out here, I bought a lot ten inches by four, for ten thousand dollars, and commenced operations.
The next thing is to commence boring.
You want a sharp bore. A public lecturer won't do, neither will a skating gimlet.
I took a brace and bit and went in.
Got down about seven thousand feet in to the bowels of the land, when I came to an impediment.

Found that I had struck the pre-Adamite rock of the ossified strata of the Silurian formation.
This is geology, and you perhaps won't understand it, but I will explain it all in the paper to the Historical Society I am about writing.

Got a candle and went down to see about it.
I found a big Megatherium, about six hundred feet long, and wide, in a capital state of preservation.
I got him out and will send him along by express.

Went on boring through forty feet of sand stone.

Here encountered a strange smell of sulphur which alarmed the native who sold me the land, and to ease his conscience gave back half the money, and wanted me to stop boring.

Told him I was bound to keep on until I struck fire, or come out on the other side of creation. Bored on. Went through about sixty thousand feet more, when suddenly the brace and bit went in, and there was a grand report like that made by Butler's powder boat that didn't blow up Fort Fisher.

Things were slightly confused for awhile. A section of Pennsylvania went up, and I went up with it. I guess I must have come down again, as the next idea I had was finding myself comfortable, hang over the clothes line at Miggins Hotel.

An investigation into the matter showed that I had struck through into a gas factory in China, which had exploded at both ends of the bore, killing half a million of Chinese.

The casualties on our side were confined to one native and a small dog.
I haven't given up yet.
The folks here are very encouraging; they will stick to a man as long as he has a cent left, and I never new Miggins to turn a man out of his hotel to pay his bill.

A kind hearted chap offered me another piece of land, the size of a stove plate, within a mile and a half of a seven hundred barrel well, for the reasonable figure of half a million, and two-thirds of the oil.

I had calculated that boring for oil is not so profitable as bleeding the public I shall start an oil company on more liberal terms than any yet offered.
I shall be prepared to guarantee anything. The capital will be a million dollars, divided into two million shares, at fifty cents each.
Dividends of two hundred per cent. will be paid weekly, in addition to which each subscriber will be entitled to season ticket for Lanigan's Ball, a new hat, a farm near La Croese, and a ton of coal at market prices.
The "Scaly Run" Petroleum Company will be the biggest thing in oil in the market.
I am going to arrange the business as soon as my friends send me funds enough to pay my way back.

[From the Old Guard] The Republican a Disunion Party.

Why should we rejoice? If the surrender of Gen. Lee were the least proof that the South has been conquered or subjugated by the North, so far from rejoicing, it ought to cause, in the breast of every patriot, of every friend of liberty, the most painful sadness. But thank God, the event carries with it no such proof. The South is neither subjugated nor conquered. The defeat of all her armies would be far enough from amounting to subjugation. But if there is to be an end of bloodshed, then sincerely do we rejoice in the hope of seeing all the questions involved in the controversy settled by the exercise of reason and justice.

As to justice, the sword may establish nothing—it is often aided the wrong as the right cause. Witness the triumph of Russian arms over the holy cause of Poland; and of Austria over Hungary. What is the character of the man who rejoices in the murder and extermination of the Poles, and in the final triumph of despotic Russia over that brave people? As good, certainly, as that of the man who could rejoice at the thought of the subjugation of the South by the North. He is a wretch! a scoundrel, who is an enemy to the grand theory of government established by our fathers, and deserves to be executed by every friend of liberty and self government! We have no word but that of scorn for such a creature. He should have been born in Russia, or in some other hated spot, where the word liberty is counted as a crime; but while a love of truth, and a sense of duty, force us to this declaration, we are not without the hope that humanity and reason may now return to the Northern heart and brain. We speak of the masses of the people, and not of the leaders of the Republican party. Of these last we expect nothing but a lust of power, plunder and despotism. They wanted the war. Disguise it as they may—evade, cover up, and lie as they may—there stands the naked, shameful truth, that they wanted this war. Among the last words of Mr. Douglas in the Senate were these, (pointing to the Republican Senators.) "You want war!" If they did not, how easy to avoid it! The proposition of Mr. Crittenden, which was simply a re-affirmation of the ground on which the country had found peace and prosperity for half a century, if accepted by the Republicans, would have saved millions of lives, and a debt that no man can compute. Would have saved the anguish of many millions of hearts, which time can never heal. These fair and just measures of peace were sustained by the whole Democratic party in Congress, and opposed by the entire Republican delegation. A brief history of this struggle for peace on the part of the Democrats, and for war, on the part of the Republicans, will fasten the crime of all this bloodshed upon the Abolitionists.

Finding the Republican majority in Congress yielding in their determination not to accept the compromise as introduced by Mr. Crittenden, a proposition was made in the House of Representatives on the 27th of February, 1861, to submit the question to a vote of the people. The following were the resolutions embodying that proposition:

"Whereas, The Union is in danger; and owing to the unhappy divisions existing in Congress, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for that body to concur, in both its branches, by the requisite majority, so as to enable it either to adopt such measures of legislation, or to recommend to the State such amendments to the Constitution as are deemed necessary and proper to avert that danger; and whereas, in so great an emergency the opinion and judgment of the people ought to be heard, and would be the surest guide to their Representatives; therefore,

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That provisions ought to be made by law, without delay, for taking the sense of the people, and submitting to their vote the following resolutions: (Crittenden's) as the basis for the final and permanent settlement of those disputes that now disturb the peace of the country and threaten the existence of the Union.

Upon the proposition to submit the Crittenden compromise to the sense of the people, the following was the vote in the House of Representatives, Feb. 27th, 1861:
Yeas—Messrs. Adams, William C. Anderson, Avery, Barr, Bartlett, Coe, Coker, Bouligny, Harboon, Branch, Briggs, Bristow, Brown, Birch, Burnett, Horace F. Clark, John Cochrane, Cox, James Craig, Burton, Craig, John G. Davis, De Jarrette, Dimick, Edmundson, English, Florence, Fonke, Garnett, Gilmer, Hamilton, J. Morrison Harris, John T. Harris, Hatton, Holman, Wm Howard, Hughes, Jenkins, Kenkle, Lamborn, James M. Leach, Leake, Logan, McClay, Mallory, Charles D. Martin, Elbert S. Martin, Maynard, McClelland, McKent, Millson, Montgomery, L. B. Moore, Isaac N. Morris, Nelson, Niblack, Noah, Peyton, Phelps, Pryor, Quarles, Riggs, James C. Robinson, Rust, Sickles, Simms, William Smith, William N. H. Smith, Stevenson, James A. Stewart, Stout, Thomas, Vallandigham, Vasco, Webster, Whitely, Winslow, Woodson, and Wright—80. Democrats, 61; Americans, 19; Republicans, not one.

Nays—Messrs. Charles F. Adams, Aldrich, Ashley, Babbitt, Beale, Bingham, Blair, Blake, Bonifant, Burlingame, Braxton, Burnham, Butterfield, Campbell, Carter, Chase, Coburn, Clark, B. Cochrane, Colfax, Conkling, Conway, Corwin, Covode, H. Winter Davis, Daves, Daniel, Duell, Dunn, Edgerden, Edwards, Elliott, Ely, Elbridge, Farnsworth, Fenton, Ferry, Foster, Frank, French, Gooch, Graham, Grow, Hale, Hall, Helmeck, Hickman, Hindman, Hoard, William A. Howard, Humphrey, Hotchins, Irvine, Junkin, F. W. Kellogg, William Kellogg, Kayton, Kirtson, Killinger, De Witt C. Leach, Lee, Long-

Rice, Christopher Robinson, Royce, Scranton, Sedgwick, Sherman, Somes, Spaulding, Spinner, Stanton, Stevens, Wm. Stewart, Stratton, Tappan, Thayer, Theaker, Tompkins, Train, Trimble, Vandever, Van Wyck, Verree, Wade, Waldron, Walton, Cadwalader C. Washburne, Elihu B. Washburne, Wells, Wilson, Windom, Wood, and Woodruff—113. Republicans, 111; Americans, 2; Democrats, none.—Congressional Globe, page 1261.

Thus the Republicans, having a clear majority in the House of Representatives, refused to submit the Crittenden compromise to the sense of the people.

The question then reverted to the original proposition. It was not until Sunday, the 3d of March, 1861, the last day of the Thirty sixth Congress, that a vote was permitted in the Senate upon the plan of adjustment known as the "Crittenden compromise." That vote is given as evidence that the Republican Senators never intended that any plan of compromise should be adopted with their approval, but that their party doctrines and the supremacy of their party in the control of the Government were far superior to their desire for the preservation of the Union in peace and with the good will of all the States.

Upon the direct vote, taken March 2d, 1861, for the adoption of the Crittenden compromise, just as it was offered by the distinguished Senator from Kentucky, the following was the result in the Senate—yeas, 19; nays, 20.

Yeas—Messrs. Bayard, Bigler, Bright, Crittenden, Douglas, Gwin, Hunter, Johnston, of Tennessee, Kennedy, Lane, Latham, Mason, Nicholson, Polk, Pugh, Rice, Sebastian, Thomson and Wigfall—19; of which 17 were Democrats, and 2 Americans.

Nays—Messrs. Anthony, Bingham, Chandler, Clark, Dixon, Doxletta, Drake, Fessenden, Foot, Foster, Grimes, Harlan, King, Morrill, Sumner, Tan Evick, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson and Wilson—20; all Republicans.

It thus appears that all the Democrats and Americans present in the Senate voted for the Crittenden compromise, and all the Republicans voted against it.

Before this vote was given, as a last effort to avert the impending conflict, a Peace Convention, composed of delegates of several of the States, assembled in Washington at the invitation of Virginia, for the purpose of maturing some proposition which it was hoped would be acceptable to the dominant party. They agreed upon measures of peace, but, like all others, they were rejected by the Republican party.

The following letter, written by Senator Chandler, of Michigan, to the Governor of that State, exposes, as clearly as any language we could employ, the spirit which prompted the Republicans to oppose every possible plan of peace:

My Dear Governor—Governor Bingham and myself telegraphed you on Saturday, at the request of Massachusetts and New York, to send delegates to the Peace or Compromise Congress. They admit that we were right and they wrong; that no Republican State should have sent delegates; but they are here and can't get away. Ohio, Indiana, Rhode Island, are coming in, and there is some danger of Illinois, and now they beg us for God's sake to come to their rescue, and save the Republic from rupture. I hope you will send stiff backed men or none. The whole thing was gotten up against my judgment and advice, and will end in thin smoke. Still I hope, as a matter of courtesy to some of our erring brethren, that you will send the delegates.

Truly your friend,
Z. CHANDLER.
His Excellency, Austin Blair.
P. S.—Some of the manufacturing States think that a fight would be unjust. Without a little blood-letting this Union would not be worth a curse.

Mr. Douglas, in a speech delivered in the Senate on the 3d of January, 1861, said:
I fear from every indication that the Republican party is disposed to treat the matter as a party question, to be determined in a caucus without reference to the safety of the Union. The unity of the party is dearer to them than the unity of the States. The American people have not decided that they preferred the disruption of this Government, and civil war, with all its horrors and miseries, to surrendering one iota of the Chicago platform.

During the pendency of the peace measures, Senator Douglas also said:
The Senator (Mr. Pugh) has said that if the Crittenden proposition could have been passed early in the session, it would have saved all the States except South Carolina. I firmly believe it would. While the Crittenden proposition was not in accordance with my cherished views, I avowed my readiness and eagerness to accept it in order to save the Union, if we could only agree upon the terms of the Senator's declaration, that Senator Davis, when on that Committee of Thirteen was ready, at all times, to compromise on the Crittenden proposition. I will go further and say that Mr. Toombs was also.

And thus he placed the responsibility of the rejection of the measure:
I believe this to be a fair basis of amicable adjustment. If you of the Republican side are not willing to accept this, nor the proposition of the Senator from Kentucky (Mr. Crittenden), as a final settlement of the controversy, it is intended and sustained by the Republican members. Hence, the sole responsibility of our impasse, and the only difficulty in the way of an amicable adjustment, is with the Republican party.

This settles the matter. We could have had peace, with the Union, and on pre-

war upon the Constitutional rights of the South for more than a third of a century. From year to year this party had been growing in strength and violence, until at last it elected a President pledged to carry out to the fullest extent its aggressive and murderous spirit. In a moment of alarm, and of well-earned alarm, the South demanded guarantees that their Constitutional rights should be respected. The Republican party answered only with sneers and threats. The deliberation of its delegates in Congress, and of its State Legislatures, resembled more the gibberish of a grinning match of gnomes than the councils of statesmen. Their whole spirit was embodied in these characteristic words:—"Without a little blood-letting the Union would not be worth a curse." They were the authors, and the sole authors, of the war. Every drop of blood that has been shed is on their guilty souls. The South wanted peace; and it wanted peace in the Union, on the basis of the Constitution as it was interpreted by those who made it, or as it had been administered from the foundation of the Government. A party had come into power, founded upon a "higher law" than the Constitution. The South had cause to be alarmed, and it had a right to demand guarantees that its institutions should be no farther warred upon. What an impudent, lying tongue, is that which declares that "slavery caused the war!" Slavery caused the war in no other sense than money in a man's pockets causes robbery. To be sure, if there had been no "slavery" there would have been no Abolitionists, just as if there had been no such thing as money, or its value, there never would have been a robber. In a legal view, the same morality and logic which justifies abolitionism justifies robbery. The South had the same right to take the best measures within its reach to protect herself from abolitionism that it had to provide against robbery. If there was no other way to guard its property but to resume the powers it had delegated to the Federal agency, its right to take that step is as clear as a man's right to protect his own life. An ignominy, or a rascal, may deny this proposition; but a wise man, or a statesman, never. But what the South had a right to do, and what was policy for her to do, may be very different things. The right of a State to resume its "delegated powers" for self-protection, is as clear as the sun; but policy, we think, would have, in the case of the South, led to the adoption of a different remedy. A very small portion of the North was really Abolitionized. The Democratic party was divided and demoralized by the long practiced selfishness and dishonesty of its leaders. It was on this account that a revolutionary and disunion northern party stepped into power. We say disunion, for the founders of that party had been open disunionists for a third of a century. While Jefferson Davis, and those like him in the South, were for the Union, these men were for disunion. The readers of the Old Guard are in possession of their full record on this point. But though they were politically in power in the North, they were, in reality, in a great minority of numbers. Had the South remained to fight her rights out politically, in the Union, abolitionism would, at length, have been driven to the wall, and disarmed of all its power for evil. And even now, we are persuaded that the shortest way for her to be revenged upon Abolitionism is to return straight to the Union, by every one of the seceded States passing repealing acts. This will place those States back in the Union without terms dictated by the Abolition administration. Then the administration will have a right only to appoint such federal officers as are authorized by the Constitution. If any others were appointed who dared to make their appearance in their midst, they would be amenable to the State laws, and might be punished according to their crimes against those laws. Let the South take this course, and the face of Abolitionism will be blanched with fright in a moment. Its heart will be seized with the most horrid fear. It would bring an end to the war, and then would commence the business of settling up the accounts of the war. An awful business to those who have carried it on. It will be their judgment day. And the Union—nothing is terrible to them as the thought of the restoration of the Union. They want a "new nation." That is what they call it. A new nation, wherein dwelt negroes and white men and women in beautiful and undistinguishable familiarity and equality. We had an illustration of the administration's fear of the old Union in the removal of Gen. Weitzel as commandant at Richmond. That officer was appealed to for permission to assemble the Legislature of Virginia, with the understanding that it wished to call a Convention of the people for the purpose of repealing the act of secession, and thereby placing that State fully back in the Union. For giving that permission Gen. Weitzel was speedily and wrathily set to one side, and a more pliant tool of northern disunion put in his place. These persons mean not to permit the Union to be restored; they dare not! A restoration of the Union will preserve the laws which they have outraged. The idea of restoring the Union is ten thousand times more hateful to the Abolitionists than to the secessionists of the South. While the party in power can prevent it, there will never be a return of the glorious old Union that was formed by our wise and patriotic forefathers.