

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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### SCANDAL ON THE BRAIN.

Of all the many maladies  
And many human ills,  
That rack the frame and fire the blood,  
In spite of drugs and pills,  
The one that takes the deepest root,  
And gives the greatest pain,  
And makes the patient venomous,  
Is scandal on the brain.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, seeking spot and stain,  
Those are sore and rabid signs of scandal on the brain.

There's Miss Fitz Fry, the dear good soul,  
She never thinks of self,  
But keeps a record of her friends,  
Quite handy on the shelf,  
And when she's nothing else to do,  
She takes the volume down,  
And enters all the scraps and bits  
Of gossip round the town.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

Some people dress and go to church,  
With faces long and prim,  
And meekly say their morning prayers,  
And sing the Sunday hymn.  
But just as soon as church is out,  
Some shady nook they gain,  
To save their minds and treat their friends,  
To scandal on the brain.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

Says Sam to Moe, oh, have you heard  
The strange and shocking news,  
How Mr. Mill and Mrs. Mill,  
Have taken separate beds,  
And how the awful Fatigue Gale  
Was seen—now don't you tell,  
Out walking with a married man,  
I know him very well.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

And there's so much horrid talk,  
About that Nancy Boggs,  
They say she really went to ride  
With Ebenezer Noggs,  
And when the young man started off,  
To leave the forward Miss,  
The neighbors heard a faint report,  
It must have been a kiss.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

Now don't you think last Monday night,  
When I went out to walk,  
I met Ned Huntley's wife, and we  
Had such a splendid talk;  
She told me all about the fair,  
And I told her, you see,  
The awful case about the Elites,  
That lived at No. 3.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

And these you'll find where'er you go,  
That some will talk and pry,  
And seek to have a finger in  
Some other body's pie.  
But never mind, they're sure to feel  
Themselves the sharpest pain,  
When suffering with the dread disease  
Of scandal on the brain.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

SYMPTOMS.  
Now when you see a person nod,  
And wink, and whisper sly,  
About what "they say" mighty "they,"  
And end it with a sigh,  
Just set the man or woman down  
As rabid, for 'tis plain,  
They've got the most malignant type  
Of scandal on the brain.

Chorus—Biting, biting, trying, prying, &c.

How DOES DOG MAD—Nine-tenths of the people are in ignorance in regard to the premonition of madness in dogs. One of the earliest signs of madness in dogs, and one which should always arouse attention on the part of those in charge of dogs, is a scintillation combined with fidgetiness. When it mags rabies (madness), the dog retires to his bed for several hours, and may be seen curled up, his face buried between his paws and breast. He shows no disposition to bite, and will answer to the call, but he answers slowly and sullenly. After a while he becomes restless, seeking out new resting places, and never satisfied long with one. He then returns to his bed, but continually shifts his posture. He rises up and lies down again, settles his body in a variety of postures, disposes his bed with his paws, shaking it in his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest, and then rises up and bundles it all out of his kennel. If at liberty, he will seem to imagine something lost, and will eagerly search around with strange violence and indecision. The dog should be watched. If he begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies in bed, and if his countenance is clouded and suspicious, we may be certain that madness is coming on.

What is dat, Sambo, what goes from leading to New York without movin'?"  
"Me gives dat up, Pompey."  
"Why, gosh, is a railroad?"

### [From the Delaware Gazette]

Sauce for Goose not Sauce for Gander.

Geese are said to gabble—whether there is reason in their noise or not we leave to others to determine.

Riding in a railway car we could not help hearing a gentleman remark that competition of a new road did not seem to hurt the old one. The gentleman addressed did not appear to pay any heed to the remark, but said the "strangest thing to him was that these fellows" (meaning the owners of the railroads) "should be permitted to refuse to allow a man to ride inside of their cars because his skin was black—they had just as much right to object to a Jew." "Yes," was the reply, "they will not be allowed to carry on at the rate much longer. Some of them ought to be made to go down South."

In a moment after the last speaker, who was Rev. Mr. C., commenced to speak of his scholars. He was, therefore, a school teacher, and a school keeper. A few days after this conversation, Rev. Mr. C. indited the following note:—

May 1, 1865.  
Sir—Your favor is received. You have certainly been misinformed. I never allow my pupils to suffer from prejudice, and if you suppose he will suffer from this because he is from the South, I can assure you that you may dispense with your fears. The fact of his being backward and very tardy at learning, need be no impediment. He will be received into my school, and as kindly treated as though he belonged to my own household. Indeed, I am not sure that his being from the South will not ultimately make him much more popular than he would be if he were from the North. Because there is an openness and candor about the Southern people connected with their generosity that always secures them the esteem of their comrades. Send the youth on, and receive my sincere thanks for the interest you have manifested in behalf of my school.

Respectfully, yours, &c.,  
C., Principal.

In a few days Rev. Mr. C. received a reply to the above letter as follows:—

"Rev. Mr. C., Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 10th of May is received. I am glad to find you so liberal toward the Southern people. I hope you will find the young man, whom I shall send on in about a week or ten days, or as soon as I can get him ready, far more apt at learning than you expect. I did not, however, think of mentioning to you one thing, but I presume it will make no difference at all, viz: that the young man is black, of African descent, but very genteel. I will hurry him on.

Respectfully,  
D.,

May 20, 1865.

Mr. D., Dear Sir—I am utterly confounded at the receipt of your insulting letter, of the 29th inst. I wish you to know, sir, that my school has not been disgraced by the admission of negroes. Why, sir, it is composed of the sons of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighborhood, as well as from abroad. It would be an insult to them to introduce a negro; the result would be the loss of all my scholars and the ruin of my school. Indeed, sir, I fear you have done me already an irreparable injury in letting it be known in your neighborhood that a negro could be introduced to 'Equality Seminary.' Sir, you will not send him here. I am too indignant to write more at length.

Respectfully,  
C., Prin.

May 27th, 1865.

Rev. Mr. C.—Dear Sir—I hope you will excuse the blunder I made. I did not intend to insult you, indeed, sir. But as I heard you express very liberal opinions with reference to the introduction of black persons into the street railway company's cars, and learned from your conversation that you kept a seminary for boys, I supposed you were as liberal with your own affairs as you were with the business of other people. I could not suppose that you were ignorant of the popular fact that the 5th street railway had permitted negroes to ride in their cars until they found the whites had abandoned the line; and seeing this, the negroes abandoned it too, declaring they would not ride in cars that were shunned by the "white trash" of Southwark. So the company were finally compelled, after suffering a great loss, and their stock had sunk far below par, to exclude the negroes.

Indeed, sir, I did not inquire about the color of your scholars. They might have all been black for what I knew. I had no idea that a man—a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour—could be so inconsistent as to wish to force an injury upon other people's property what he would not endure himself.

Hoping that you will attribute my blunder to my life in the country, and an inability to properly appreciate the sincerity of talk in railway cars, I remain

Yours truly,  
D.

P. S.—My poor colored boy has been freed, and I hoped to give him a little advantage in education before sending him adrift in the world.

Some of our boarding-house keepers are said to have adopted the plan of laying an extra fork across the plates of delinquent boarders, on the principle that, in such cases, they like to have one "fork over."

"What a fool!" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff Davis, "of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught."

Jump Cooke & Co. are out in a pamphlet attempting to convince people that a national debt is a national blessing. If they are right why should not an individual debt be an individual blessing?

### A Narrow Escape.

"One morning," says the author of "Adventures in Australia," "when I went to look for my horse, he was no where to be found. I put my saddle on my head, and tracked him for some miles; it was evident the beast had been travelling away in search of grass. At length, when about to give up in despair, having quite lost the track on stony ground, I came upon the marks quite fresh, in a bit of swampy ground, and a few hundred yards further found him rolling in the mud of a nearly dry water-hole, as comfortable as possible. I put down the saddle, and called him. At that moment I heard a loud roar and crash behind me, and I rushed at a terrific pace, a black bull, charging straight at me. I had only just time to throw myself on one side flat on the ground as he thundered by me. My next move was to scramble among a clump of trees.—The bull, having missed his mark, turned again, and first reloaded himself by tossing my saddle up in the air until, fortunately, it lodged in some bushes; then having smelt me out, he commenced a circuit round the tree, stamping, pawing, and bellowing frightfully. With his red eyes, and long, sharp horns, he looked like a demon.

I was quite unarmed, having broken my knife the day before; and my pistols were my holsters. My only chance consisted in dodging round the trees until he should be tired out. Deeply did I regret having left my faithful dogs behind. The bull charged again, sometimes coming with such force against the tree that he fell of his knees; sometimes bending the saplings behind me which I stood, until his horns touched me. There was not a branch I could lay hold of to climb up.

How long this awful game lasted I know not; it seemed hours. After the first excitement passed off, weariness took possession of me, and it required all the instinct of self-preservation to keep me on my feet. Several times the bull left me for a few seconds, following his malignant discontent, but before I could pass over to a better position he always came back at full speed.—My eyes grew hot and misty, my knees trembled under me, I felt it impossible to hold out till dark. At length I grew desperate, and determined to make a run for the opposite cover the moment the bull turned to the water-hole again. I felt sure I was doomed, and thought of it till I grew indifferent. The bull seemed to know I was worn out and grew more fierce and rapid in his charges; but just when I was about to give up, I heard the rattle of a horse's hoof along the rocks above, and a shout that sounded welcome to my ears.—Then came the barking of a dog, and the loud report of a stock-whip; but the bull, with his eyes fixed on me never moved.—Up came a horseman at full speed; crack fell the lash on the black bull's hide; he spirted the blood in a long streak. The bull turned savagely to charge the horseman.—The horse wheeled around just enough to buffet him—no more; again the lash descended, cutting like a long, flexible razor; but the mad bull was not to be beaten off by a whip. He charged again and again, but he had met his match. Right and left, as needed, the horse turned again. The stockman shouted something, leaped from his horse, and strode forward to meet the bull, with an open knife between his teeth. As the best lowered his head to charge, he seemed to catch him by the horns; there was a struggle—a cloud of dust; a stamping like two men wrestling. I could not see clearly, but the next moment the bull was on his back, the blood flowed from his throat, his limbs quivered in death."

Who makes money in Oil.

The following humorous oration on this subject, from a hotel proprietor in the oil regions, is too forcible and true to be lost:—

"Why haven't I made money in oil?—some are out on it and nothing else.—They are intended for it; what sort of a man is it that makes money in oil?—I'll tell you. One of your learning, ripping sort of fellows such as will go their whole pile on any kind of a band—men that will look at a piece of ground, scrape it with a stick, smell the end, swear there's oil there, and slap down a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the counter and have a deed signed before the owner knows where he is.—That's your sort that makes money in oil, or else burst up higher'n the crows fly.—Now I never could risk my bottom dollar on spec, and balance overlasting poverty against a pile of greenbacks. Chance! Of course I had chance. In 1860 I was owner of wells, and the oil gushed out of them like grasy Niagara. Then the market was overstocked, oil went down to thirty-five—fifteen cents a barrel—yes, ten cents! Men who agreed to find barrels for half the oil threw up the contract. A man perhaps stays with me; says in the morning, 'Major, I'm dead broke, give me thirty dollars and I'll give you an oil well.' Then I'd see some of my children run half frightened to death into the next room, and hear it holler: 'Mother! Mother! father's buying another oil well!' Then there'd come a rap—rap—rapping on the rartition from inside, and that bargain would be broke off—in a hurry. So then I came over here.—This tavern's my oil well, gentlemen, and the bar-room's my derrick."

John C. Breckinridge and Colonel Ward Taylor, and Captain Wilson, aids to Jeff Davis, two soldiers and a negro, arrived at Cardenas, in an open boat, on the evening, from the Florida coast. Breckinridge was accompanied from Cardenas by a Spanish officer, charged by the Governor of Cardenas to present him to the Captain General.

### The Battle-Field.

Is there anything so terrible as the picture these few words brings to our mind?—Is there anything so appalling as the great rivers of blood and the masses of human bodies crushed, mangled, dead, and dying? Imagine yourself marching onward and onward in full life and vigor—picture to yourself the dazzling magnet of glory which draws you on, causes your heart to leap with the ecstasy of victory, your pulse to cease beating and your respiration held by the force of excitement. Imagine yourself unable to speak, reason, or think of anything but the loved ones at home—happy in their unconsciousness—and of the triumph towards which you are marching, and then find yourself suddenly falling, crushed and crushing men under you, hoarse tramping over you, your bones sore and broken by the horses' hoofs. Think how your eyes would start from their sockets as in your agony and terror you fought the air, ground your teeth, and stifled, and moaned, and rolled from side to side for help or relief; but no help or relief. List to the gurgling death-rattle of the dying, and the falling of the dead. List to the terrific roaring of the cannon, the unwavering whizzing of shells pitilessly pursuing with rapidity of lightning their course of sure destruction.—Horse and rider inextricably entangled, cries for help commingled with your own; but no help. Again, list to the shouts of victory; list to the ringing bazza of the prisoners and see them pressing forward with enthusiastic energy—while you are lying helpless and prevented from mingling your shouts of joy with theirs. Oh! How grand is victory! how grand is helplessness, when helplessness is caused and earned by the enthusiasm of valor! with what a glow does the half-worn frame renew its pristine vigor as the shout comes home on the air "they fly! they fly!"

Then now to the bereaved at home, to the many widows, to the many fatherless and brotherless, to the thousands thrown upon the wide world without a protector, without a shelter. Know that the glad bells are but a death-knell to many whose souls are filled with darkness and gloom, to many who sacrificed their earthly all on the Altar of the Country. Think you will the future of our brave heroes bring unalloyed joy to those whose brave and dear ones will never return? Oh! the misery, the wretchedness, the onerous loneliness is too awful to contemplate. Who is now to care for those who by their noble sacrifices so dearly bought the victory and crowded the country with peace and joy? Shall it not be our duty and pleasure to lend a helping hand to the noble work? Let us all by our individual aid endeavor to calm the aching void by keeping up the devotion and veneration from the doors of our country's martyrs. Let us all with our accord, rise up, and with eager hands and willing hearts comfort and care for them. Let it not be said of one of us—that we have had no share in restoring peace, union, and concord to our troubled country.

THE BURNING OF RICHMOND.—LETTER FROM GENERAL EWELL.—The connection General Ewell had with the late disastrous fire here does not seem to be fully understood. The following is from a letter to a friend in this city, just received from him. He is still in Fort Warren:

Remember how hard I tried to organize a constabulary force in Richmond. I knew nothing of the firing of the arsenal or cutting the engine hose. These were the work of unauthorized persons or incendiaries. I had no force to stop the plundering which was going on all night. I used couriers and policemen of my staff trying to prevent disorder and violence. Several fires were kindled before we left, and an attempt to burn Mayo's bridge frustrated by the daring of the engineer officers, who, at great risk, removed burning canal boats from under it. What I did was in obedience to positive orders that had been given me. Looking with General Kershaw, towards Richmond, we saw building after building, at a distance from the river, ignites, evidently set on fire. I feel this matter very deeply. I see myself unjustly blamed. I did not exceed, but fell short of my instructions. Yours affectionately,

R. S. EWELL.

The question is a plain one General Ewell, after taking every precaution in his power to prevent mischief did what every Soldier is bound to do—obeyed orders.—They were, it is true, outrageous, but for them the Confederate Congress is responsible.—Richmond Republic, June 23.

In the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea, where petroleum-springs are abundant, the inhabitants manufacture fuel by impregnating clay with the combustible fluid; this clods are afterwards burned on an ordinary hearth. The Norwegians have long economized the saw-dust of their mills, by incorporating with it a little clay and tar, and molding it into the form of bricks. In England much attention has been given to artificial fuel in many districts, but not with much success, owing to the want of a suitable combustible, which petroleum is above all others, best adapted to supply.

As eastern paper says: "At a hotel in Boston, the other night, stood a group consisting of Henry Ward Beecher, William Warren, the comedian, one of John Brown's counselors, Mr. Heller, the magician, 'Arthur Ward,' two army officers, and three Shoddy contractors. Near by was an organ

### Mystery of the Human Mind.

Issued from the wrist is that wonderful organ the human hand. "In a French book," says Sir Charles Bell, "intended to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length. The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are equal. It would have been better had he closed his fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tool, in all of which secure hold and freedom of action are admirably combined." On the length, strength, and perfectly free movement of the thumb depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given the special name Pollex, from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty; because of its strength, a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb is the special mark of the human hand, and particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand.

Conspicuous, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity; were the tips of the fingers and thumbs bony, instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now can take up what is small, soft and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair, so exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers. The nails are often of special service—perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose. Had they been placed on the tips of the fingers there would have been a loss of power; but their position ensures the highest efficiency.

An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts requiring quick and lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor of surprising rapidity to an ordinary observer, and the execution of performers on the piano forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; and to the nimble compliance of the fingers to accomplish the purposes of the prestidigitator are to be attributed those wonderful feats of jugglery which succeed in eluding the most penetrating glance in the rapidity of their execution.

SECRETS OF A GAMBLING HOUSE.—The Hamilton (Canada West) Spectator says that while the Chief of Police was searching for goods lately stolen from Messrs. F. W. Gates & Co., he discovered a "gambling den," the main room of which is described as follows:

There was the ball and cup apparatus loaded dice, some fifty samples of marked cards, and a lot of what we believe are called 'nest coin,' all used for relieving the verdant ones at fairs and other gatherings. But the great business of the establishment was transacted in what was called the card room. This room, on the second floor, about ten or twelve feet square and nearly papered, had a most innocent appearance, but upon examining the attic over it a system of telegraphs was found to be arranged, by which the unfortunate victims could, in a friendly game of chance, and with little danger of discovery, be most thoroughly and effectually robbed. The entrance to this loft was through a small door in the end of the building. The ceiling of the card room is covered with wall paper, and there are two small holes so neatly cut as to escape detection, except upon a most thorough examination. Immediately over the holes the confederate was placed, and so had a full view of the cards in the hands of the victims. At his hand was the handle of the telegraph wire, by working which a very noiseless, but very clever, sign was given about two feet from the floor of the wall."

It is not very creditable to the manhood of those persons who so persistently refused to go to the front and fight Gen. Lee and his rebels, to now demand that he be hung to indemnify them for their sacrifices in the cause of "loyalty." The true soldier never strikes a fallen foe, but the cowardly, stay-at-home, putting "loyalty"—whether editor or preacher—never strikes any other. Those who have lost, or suffered wrongs, are entitled to satisfaction and justice on their foes; but those who have shirked their duties and all the responsibilities of war—making money out of the necessities of the Government all the while—should hold their peace. Decency demands it.

A trotting match between the mare Lady Emma, and the stallion George Wilson, for five thousand dollars, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at New York. The La-

### Negro Suffrage.

The great political battle of the time, and upon which will hinge the ultimate defeat of the Republican party, is yet to be fought, the issue being that of negro suffrage. In accordance with its traditions, in keeping with the record of its great leaders, and in consonance with the teachings and experience, the Democratic party will oppose in every sense the admission of the negro to either social or political equality with the white man.

While willing that the negro should enjoy the largest personal liberty consistent with his capacity to realize its benefits, and ready to grant him the privilege to earn his own way by whatever employment he may obtain, the Democratic party cannot ignore the fact that he is, by the unchangeable antagonism of race, and by his inferiority of intellect, debared from that full citizenship which would give him a share in the government of the country.

The people of this country will never permit the occupation of any of the offices within their gift by negroes, nor will they suffer those who are thus thrust from political consideration to have a voice in the selection of their rulers. Equality to the negro is a grand theory, but the practical operation of the equality system is a failure. Those who are now working so zealously to insult the reason and intelligence of the people by lifting a negro to a level with the white race, care as little for the welfare of the African as they have in times gone by for peace and amity between the North and the South.—Their motive is a selfish one, founded in error, and adhered to not from principle, but that to the last they may sow seeds of discord, from which will spring new disputes and new fratricidal conflicts. Out of these disputes and bitter conflicts the Republican hope to gain a longer lease of power, and gorge themselves with plunder. Political supremacy is the real object of this endeavor to thrust negro suffrage upon the nation. Without the negro vote in the Southern States, and in two or three of the great Northern Commonwealths, the Republican party cannot hope to win another election. Without the negro vote they foresee that their doom as a party is pronounced.

MR. C. L. VALLANUGHAM, in a recent letter to the Democracy of Lancaster in this State, in a manly way acknowledges his errors of judgment in regard to the rebellion, "pairing off with Mr. Seward" on that point; rejoices that slavery is destroyed and the Union saved; sees at present no reason why the Democracy should not give a cordial support to President Johnson in his efforts to restore the prosperity of the country, under the Constitution; and declares that without slavery the Southern States, with perhaps two or three exceptions, "will become more populous, prosperous and powerful than any other section."

HIGHLY GRATIFYING.—We are glad to be able to state that Major Jacob Wilhelm, of Clearfield county, Pa., has been released and discharged from custody by order of the President of the United States. The Major it will be remembered, was convicted by the Military Commission at Harrisburg and has been home on furlough, and in bad health.—Patriot and Union.

TENDER-HEARTED STANJON asked Gen. Halleck whether there were any cruelties practiced on the dear negroes at Richmond. The General replies that he knows not of any. Probably he will soon hear of some of the poor creatures having since been taken by force—necessity; and, forthwith, necessity will be arrested—we expect.

The Pittsburg Gazette is in favor of striking the word white out of the state Constitution. The matter will be brought before the next Legislature in the form of a proposed amendment. This is the first step towards striking out the white race altogether by amalgamation with the blacks.

The Cincinnati Times, (Republican) in an article on the negro suffrage question, says of the negroes of the South that "they are about as much like the free negroes of the North—we blush to say it—as an orang-utang to the trained monkeys of the mangaric."

Keep your mouth shut when you read, when you write, when you listen, when you are in pain, when you are running, when you are riding, and by all means when you are angry. There is no person in society but will find and acknowledge improvement in health and enjoyment from even a temporary attention to this advice.

A Western editor once apologized to his readers somewhat after this fashion: "We intended to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding; and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

The Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company having given \$50,000 for the foundation of a Pennsylvania Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan's Home, the State has added \$85,000, and this institution will soon be a fixed fact.

A TROTTING MATCH between the mare Lady Emma, and the stallion George Wilson, for five thousand dollars, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at New York. The La-

### How some Generals get Carriages.

[Correspondence of the World.]

CHARLESTON, S. C., June.—On Tuesday, 21st of February, a negro soldier, accompanied by armed guards, came upon the premises for the purpose, as he stated, of taking the horses he might find. He was asked if he had any order or authority, to which he replied he had not any written order; none was necessary when impressing; but that he was directed verbally by the General himself, to enter premises and bring away horses. When it was stated that it was proper to have a receipt for the property, the soldier said he would not or could not give one; but if the owner would apply the following afternoon at the office of the provost marshal at the citadel, a receipt would then be given for the horses. The owner went to the citadel in the afternoon, and was told that an order had just been issued by the provost marshal to the effect that no more citizens could be admitted that day.

The next day, Wednesday, three white soldiers came for the carriage, which they said was wanted for General Schemmelfing. The horses, which had been taken away on Tuesday, were brought to the premises, the harness put upon them, and they were driven off with the carriage. The name of the owner, written upon a slip of paper, was furnished to one of these soldiers with the request that he would hand it to the proper officer, in order that a record might be made of the seizure. Having been disappointed in seeing the provost marshal Tuesday afternoon, the owner went to the citadel Wednesday morning, and having been told that Capt. Caldwell was the officer who had such matters in charge, application was made to him with a statement of what had occurred. Capt. Caldwell promised that he would see General Schemmelfing the evening of that day, with reference to the seizure of the carriage and horses, and the owner was directed to call the next day, Thursday. He did call upon Captain Caldwell, and was then told by him, that he had waited upon General Schemmelfing the evening previous, as promised, but the General's engagement prevented his speaking to him upon the subject. The owner subsequently called at the citadel, but has never been enabled to see Captain Caldwell, nor to learn what was the result of his interview with Gen. Schemmelfing, nor whether any proper record has been made of the seizure and removal of his property.

Within a few days after their seizure, the carriage and horses were put on board of the steamer Diamond, under the superintendence of General Gilmore, to whose use they were now appropriated, and they were taken to Hilton Head.

The horses were not impressed for military purposes, that is either for artillery or cavalry service, or for the use of field or staff officers of infantry, but were seized in a private stable, and with the carriage and harness were taken from the possession of a citizen and were appropriated to the private use, and for the comfort and convenience of first a Brigadier General, and shortly afterward of the Major General commanding the department.

The above facts are notorious in this city, and can be proved by numerous loyal citizens.

A singular phenomenon, in the shape of a lake of water, has made its appearance in Nittany Valley, Center county, Pa., about three miles from a small place called Horn-town, on the Hulesburg road, covering about one hundred acres of land, and varying in depth according to the irregularities of the ground, from ten to thirty feet, some say fifty feet. The water is said to come up with force. A subterranean stream has probably burst upwards. The water is said to fall a little during the day and rise during the night. It is certainly a great curiosity, and has been visited by a great many people.

A small boy heard a parson preach a sermon from these words, "Ye must be born again," which was frequently repeated during the discourse. The little hearer paid strict attention to all that was said, and particularly to the text.

After he returned he became melancholy. His father observed it and inquired the cause. The boy told him that the preacher said he must be born again.

"Well, my son," replied his father, "why do you cry about it?"

"Oh," said the boy, "I'm so afraid that next time I'll be a girl!"

A tall keen-eyed countryman stepped in to the court room at Detroit, the other day, during the progress of the railroad trial.—Stepping to a spectator, he requested that the prisoner might be pointed out to him.—The man accented being something of a wag, pointed to the jury. The fellow scanned the twelve with a distracting eye, and when satisfied with the scrutiny, turned to his informant and whispered: "well they are a hard-looking set, ain't they? I know by their looks they ought to go to the State's prison, every one of them."

"We see," says the editor of an exchange paper in Tennessee, "that the sheriff has advertised the Argus office for sale, during our absence. If the sheriff can sell it, he will surely do more than we could. Like a damp percussion cap, we think it will fail to go off."

A Trotting match between the mare Lady Emma, and the stallion George Wilson, for five thousand dollars, took place on Tuesday afternoon, at New York. The La-