

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[\$2.50 in Advance, per Annum.]

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1865.

NUMBER 41.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY,
Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.
TERMS.—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents
in advance. If not paid till the end of the
year, Three Dollars will be charged.
No subscriptions taken for a period less
than six months; no discontinuance permit-
ted until all arrearages are paid unless at
the option of the editor.
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
TEN LINES CONSTITUTE A SQUARE.
One Square, one or three insertions, \$1 50
Every subsequent insertion, less than 13, 50
One column—one year, 50 00
Administrators' and Executors' notices, 3 00
Transient advertising payable in advance,
all other done after the first insertion.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid;
For cash thus paid is money lent,
On interest four-fold paid.

Go then and take the papers,
And pay to-day not pay delay,
And my word for it is interest,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was dying off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force,
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Baked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her debt next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

'Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels,
And pay the printer now!
She slept and slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike,
As 'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a coat that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due;
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

A Point of Order.

One of the members of the Lower House of the Legislature of New York, rejoiced in the name of Bloss. He had the honor of representing the county of Monroe, and if his sagacity as a legislator did not win for him the respect of his associates, his eccentricities often ministered to their entertainment. One day, in the midst of a windy harangue that had become intolerable for its length and emptiness, a "gassy" member from the metropolis stopped to take a drink of water. Bloss sprang to his feet and cried:

"Mr. Speaker, I call the gentleman from New York to order."

The whole assembly was startled and stilled; the member from New York stood agape, with the glass in his hand, while the Speaker said:

"The gentleman from Monroe will please state his point of order."

To which Mr. Bloss, with great gravity replied:

"I submit, sir, that it is not in order for a windmill to go by water."

It was a shot beyond wind and water; the verbose orator was confounded, and put himself and glass down together.

As Irish glazier was putting a pane of glass into a window, when a groom who was standing by, began joking him, telling him to put in plenty of putty. The Irishman bora the banter for some time, but at last silenced the tormenter by—

"Arrah now, be off wid ye, or else I'll put a pain in yer head widout any putty!"

"You'll have to bear the responsibility," said a mother to a bright-eyed young daughter of her acquaintance, who thought of marrying without the maternal approbation. "I expect to bear several, ma," said Fanny.

"I wonder what makes my eye so weak," said a top to a gentleman. "You needn't wonder, they are in a weak place," replied the gentleman.

The National Monument at Gettysburg.

The design by James G. Patterson, Hartford, Conn., was accepted by the Board of Managers, for the monument at Gettysburg. It is to be executed in marble or bronze.—The following is an "artistic description" of the monument.

The superstructure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal twenty-five feet square at the base, and is crowned with a gilded statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, with her left she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory has been won.

Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing WAR, HISTORY, PEACE and PLENTY.

War is personated by a statue of an American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle which this monument is intended to commemorate.

History, in listening attitude, records with Stylus and tablet, the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead.

Peace is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories.

Plenty is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldiers' crowning triumph.

The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined.

The main die of the pedile is octagonal in form, paneled in upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal base, bearing upon its face, in high relief, the national arms.

The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with the States whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg.

It is stated that Home, the Scotch American medium, has been requested to leave France and never return to the country. It seems that the Emperor, one evening recently, expressed to Mr. Home a wish to see Louis Philippe, to which Mr. Home, having consulted "the spirits," replied that Louis Philippe consented to "manifest himself" to the Emperor, provided the latter would go with Mr. Home, into an adjoining corridor, without any light. The Emperor accordingly went, with Mr. Home, into the corridor specified, and had no sooner entered it than he received a smart slap on the cheek. The reception of the slap was certain, but the question of "who gave the slap" is one to which it is difficult to give a certain answer. The Emperor greatly displeased and not quite so firmly convinced of the reality of "spirit hands" as he had been accused of being, felt sure that the blow had been administered by the "medium." Mr. Home, of course, asserted that he had done nothing in the matter, and that the slap had been given by the late head of the House of Orleans. But despite all that Mr. Home could say, the Emperor persisted; it is said, in regarding the outrage as the act of that gentleman, and caused it to be intimated to him that the French Empire could very well dispense with his presence.

Light and Growth.—Light is just as essential to a child as to a plant. When the latter is kept in the dark, it soon loses its shape, flavor and color—becomes etiolated or blanched, slender, and weak. Deprivation of light has a similar effect on the human frame and is naturally more marked and more disastrous in childhood than in maturity. Light evidently aids the development of the different parts of the body, and the occasional exposure of its whole surface to the action of the solar ray is very favorable to its regular conformation.

Dr. Guthrie says: "We have a great many things taught in the schools now—physiology, philology, craniology, geology; and what the better is a girl for it all when she becomes a tradesman wife? She cannot darn her stockings, bake her bread, boil a potato, or light a fire. When I see a servant making two or three attempts to light a fire, I am tempted to say, My good friend, let me try and do it for you. I do not, remember, despise those oliges; but I am for stitching, baking, and boiling."

A soldier in New York, named Charles B. Hudson used the following language: "Abe Lincoln is killed, and I'm d-d glad of it." A military court sentenced him to fifteen years in the Albany penitentiary.

Wanted by a bachelor jeweler—a wife with a neck of pearl, ruby lips, "brilliant" eyes, golden hair, a silver tongue, and a perfect jewel of a temper.

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

There are some who write, talk, and think so much about vice and virtue, that they have no time to practice either the one or the other.

Time is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth.

Temperance Lektur by J. Billings.

"Be ye temperate in all things."
MY FELLOW BEINGS:—How are you?—How is your wife and interest family? My object in addressing you at the present juncture, is to impress upon your minds, the fatal necessity of temperance—not exclusively a whiskey temperance, not a jamakaram temperance, but also, that kind of a temperance which should prompt a man to go alo in awl things that air disposed to be slippery. Bee yee temperate in cloths and patient leather, for verily I say unto you, that a man can get drunk on broad cloth and lie buses, sune az he kan on gin and merelasses.

Secondly—Bee yee temperate in affeekshen. Dont go in to fitz over a rat rartier because he haz been bred so fine that you kant see the last three inches or hiz tail in a klondy da without the ade of a looking glass. Dont luv a hoss so much that you have to give yure noat for him, and aint never able to tak up the noat till it spoiles.—Dont fall in luv with every woman you see, and kant slepe, unless you hav yure bedrome shingled with fotografs or painted girls, with pewter eyes, and pudding baggs full of black tow, and ded rats on the back of their head; and biawl means dont get on such a load of religin az will make you round shouldered, before you git half wa to heaven.

Thirdly—Bee yee temperate in anger, that eats like rust—in luv that feeds on the hearts marrow—in ambishun, that envys the thrones of the gods—indeparsa, that mildews the soul—in hate, that begets, and suckles revenge—in cenere, that folters and faints not, on the trail of a brasher.

Fourthly—Bee yee temperate in pollytricks terbacker, and petroleum—dont vote, chew, nor bore, tow excess, and if you du strike ile, strike from the shoulders like a man, and dont set up for a nabob until awe the sink of the greasy gits out of your clothes.—N. Y. Mercury.

FATE OF REPUBLICS.—Justice Story, in his "Commentaries on the Constitution," alludes to the downfall of Republics, and furnishes the following food for the digestion of the people of to day. Is it too late for the lesson? Perhaps not:

Many reflections crowd upon the mind at the moment, many grateful reflections of the past and many anxious thoughts of the future. The past is secure. It is unalterable. The seal of eternity is upon it. The wisdom which it has bestowed, cannot be obscured, neither can it be debased by human infirmity. The future is that which may well awaken the most earnest solicitude both for the virtue and permanency of our republic. The fate of other republics, their rise, their progress, are written but too legibly on the pages of history, if indeed, they are not continually before us in the startling fragments of their ruin. Those republics have perished; and have perished by their own hands. Prosperity had enervated them; and a venal populace consumed their destruction. The people, alternately the prey of military chieftains at home, and ambitious invaders abroad, have sometimes been cheated out of their liberties by servile demagogues sometimes betrayed into a surrender of them by false patriots; and sometimes they have willingly sold them for a price to the despot who has bidden highest for his victims. They have disregarded the warning voice of their best statesmen, and have persecuted and driven from office their truest friends. They have listened to the counsels of fawning sycophants or base calculators of the wise and good. They have revered power more in its high abuses and summary movements than in its calm and constitutional energy when it dispensed blessings with an unseemly but liberal hand. They have surrendered to faction what belonged to the common interests and rights of the country. Patronage and party, the triumph of an artful popular leader, and the discontents of a day have outweighed, in their view, all solid principles and institutions of government. Such is the melancholy lesson of the past history of republics down to our own.

An intelligent vote is to be respected, where the ballot does the people's will as lightning does the will of God: hence Massachusetts makes intelligence the basis of her vote, whatever she may recommend for others. In Oawesty, Salop county, Eng., the following election scene lately transpired: First Free and Independent Elector—"How d'ye? Which way d'ye going to vote? Second, ditto—"I dunna know" we ana had the orders yet. I'll tell 'e when we han."

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REMARKS UPON WOMEN.—If you don't marry them they dispise you. If you do they abuse you. If you don't let them have their own way, they hate you. If you do they ruin you. If they see a better looking fellow than yourself, and take a fancy to him, why, ten to one, they run away from you. Get married! Not if I know.

"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller.

"Where do you rain from?"

"Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan.

"Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."

It is the ordinary way of the world to keep jolly at the helm and wit under hatch.

SPEECH OF GOV. PERRY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Deprecations of the weakness of the Confederacy.—Eulogy on President Johnson as a Southern Man.—Treason to the State as well as to the United States.—Praise of General Lee and the Southern Soldiers.—Arbitrary Proceedings.

MR. CHAIRMAN: This public meeting of the citizens of Greenville is one of deep humiliation and sorrow. A cruel and bloody war has swept over the Southern States. One hundred and fifty thousand of our bravest and most gallant men have fallen on the fields of battle. The land is filled with mourning widows and orphans. There is scarcely a house in which there has not been weeping for some loved one lost. Three thousand millions of dollars have been spent by the Southern States in carrying on this war. And now we are called upon to give up four millions of slaves, worth two thousand millions of dollars more. Our country has been ravaged and desolated. Our cities, towns and villages are smouldering ruins. Conquering armies occupy the country. The Confederacy has fallen, and we have been deprived of all civil government and political rights. We have neither law nor order. There is no protection for life, liberty or property.—Everywhere there is demoralization, rapine and murder. Hunger and starvation are upon us. And now we meet as a disgraced and subjugated people to petition the conqueror to restore our lost rights! Such are the bitter fruits of secession!

How different, Mr. Chairman, in tone, spirit and character, was that meeting of the citizens of Greenville, just five years ago, in this same building, which inaugurated this most fatal, bloody and disastrous revolution. Then all was joy, hope, excitement and confidence. Seated in my law office, looking towards this court house, I saw a crowd of persons rushing in, composed of college boys and their professors, merchants, mechanics, doctors, lawyers and idlers from the hotels, with a sprinkling of farmers and planters. Soon I heard the public speaking commence, and the air was rent with the wild and rapturous applause to the excited audience. The more extravagant denunciations of the Union, the louder were the shouts of applause. I repeated, in my heart, the memorable words of Christ: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" My mind was then filled with the worst forebodings as to the future, I thought I foresaw all the evils which have since befallen our beloved country. But my political influence was gone, and my voice was powerless to stay the angry and excited feelings of my fellow-citizens.

How was it, Mr. Chairman, that the Southern States failed in their rebellion? It is true the contest was a most unequal one, eight millions of persons fighting against twenty-two millions! The one having neither government, army, navy or manufactures; and the other having all these, with an influx of foreigners and Southern negroes to increase their strength. The Southern people are an impulsive, enthusiastic people, but they want the energy and perseverance of the people of the North. I said to my friends, at the beginning of this war, that my greatest apprehension was, that our soldiers would get tired of the war and quit. I did not believe it possible to hold in subjection eight millions of people, scattered over such an immense territory as composed the Southern States, if they were disposed to make any and every sacrifice, as the Dutch republic did in their war of independence. But, sir, the great cause of our failure was that the heart of the Southern people never was in this revolution! There was not a State, except in South Carolina, in which there was a majority in favor of secession! Even in South Carolina there were many districts in which one-half of the voters did not go to the polls.

Mr. Chairman, I will here frankly say, as I have often said during the past four years, that there was not a man in the United States who more deeply regretted the secession of the Southern States than I did at the beginning of the revolution; and there is not now in the Southern States any one who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do. Still, I know that we shall be more prosperous and happy in the Union than out of it. It has been too common, Mr. Chairman, to attribute the failure of this great revolution to the President of the late Confederacy. This, sir, is a mistake. The people were themselves to blame for its failure. They were unwilling to make those sacrifices which were essential to its success. Many who were most prominent in the movement never did anything for it after the war commenced. Instead of seeking their proper position, in front of the battle, they sought "bomb proofs" for themselves and their sons. There were others who got into "soft places and official positions," where they could speculate and make fortunes on government funds. In fact, toward the latter part of the war it seemed that every one was trying to keep out of the army, and was willing to pay anything and make any sacrifice to do so. When General Johnston surrendered his army, he had on his muster roll seventy thousand men; but only fourteen thousand were carried into battle! General Lee's army was in the same condition. Where were the absentees? At home, on furlough, staying over their families' heads, or

years of the war was there more than one-third of the army ready to march into battle! How was it possible for the Southern people to succeed, acting thus? Congress, too, Mr. Chairman, is greatly to blame for their exemptions. All between the ages of eighteen and forty-five should have been forced into the army and kept there. It mattered not whether he was doctor, lawyer, preacher, politician, editor or school-teacher; if an able-bodied man, he should have been sent to the army. But strange to say, the three classes of men who were mainly instrumental in plunging their country into this mad revolution were all exempted by Congress from fighting! I allude to the politicians, newspaper editors and preachers of the gospel. This was not fair. The man who gets up a fight should always take his share of it. It has been said, and repeated all over the Southern States, that the South has sustained a great loss in the death of President Lincoln. I do not think so. President Johnson is a much abler and firmer man than Lincoln was. He is in every way more acceptable to the South. In the first place he is a Southern man, and Lincoln was a Northern man. He is a Democrat, and Lincoln was a Whig and Republican. President Johnson was a slaveholder, well acquainted with the institution, and knows what is proper to be done in the great change which is taking place. President Lincoln was wholly unacquainted with slavery and Southern institutions. President Johnson is a man of iron will and nerve, like Andrew Jackson, and will adhere to his principles and political faith. On the other hand, President Lincoln showed himself to be nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter, ready to change his measures and his principles at the bidding of his party. President Johnson has filled all the highest and most honorable offices in the State of Tennessee, with great ability and satisfaction to the people. There is no stain or blot on his private character. The ablest speech ever delivered in the Senate of the United States, on the issue between the North and the South, was made by President Johnson. He voted for Breckinridge in the presidential canvass of 1860. Judging, then, from his antecedents, the South should have every hope and confidence in him. Mr. Chairman, the future to my mind, is not so gloomy as some would make us believe. I have no doubt that in ten years the Southern States will be happy and prosperous again, and we shall find that the loss of slavery will be no loss at all to our real comfort and satisfaction. The planter and farmer will find that his net profits are greater with hired labor than with slave labor. Every landholder can rent his farm or plantation for one-third of the gross proceeds. This is more than he now makes net after subsisting his slaves. In truth, very few farmers in this region of country make anything except by the increase of their slaves. These are divided among his children, at his death, and they pursue the same course of toiling and struggling thro' life, to raise negroes for their children. And thus the system goes on, ad infinitum, without profit or remuneration. The lands are worn out, and the country remains unimproved. If a planter or farmer is enabled to save anything after supporting his establishment, it is invested in the purchase of more slaves. Hence, increased wealth adds nothing to the enjoyment of life, or to the improvement of the country. The idleness and vagrancy of the negro in a free state may be a nuisance to society. It must be corrected in the best way we can. I have no doubt in nine cases out of ten freedom will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the negro. No one should turn off his negroes if they are willing to remain with him for their victuals and clothes and work as they have heretofore done. They have had no agency in bringing about the change which has taken place, and we should feel no ill will towards them on that account. Mr. Chairman, as much as we feel the humiliation and degradation of our present situation, and deeply lament the losses which have befallen the Southern States, yet we should be happy to know that this cruel and bloody war is over, and that peace is once more restored to our country. This is a great consolation amidst our wants, distresses, and humiliations. The husband will no longer have to leave his wife and children; the father and mother will not be called upon any more to give up their sons as victims to the war. It is to be hoped that in a very short time civil government will be restored in South Carolina; that law will reign once more supreme over the State, and that life, liberty, and property will be protected everywhere, as they heretofore have been. The resolutions submitted to this meeting express a hope, on the part of the people of Greenville, that the President will enlarge his amnesty proclamation, and grant a pardon to all who are liable to prosecution. The secession of the Southern States, was far greater and very different from a rebellion proper. It was organized by constitutional sovereign States, acting in their sovereign capacity, and not by unauthorized assemblages of citizens. Treason may be committed against the State of South Carolina as well as against the United States. After South Carolina left the Union all her citizens were liable as traitors, in the State courts, who took sides with the United States, and fought against her. If they were liable to be punished as traitors in the United States courts for taking side with the State, then all were

or the other government. This would, indeed, be a most cruel and lamentable condition. Death was their portion, act as they might. To stand neutral they could not, and to choose between the State and the United States was death. Surely a principle so monstrous and absurd cannot be enforced. There were thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Southern States who deeply regretted the secession of their States, but after the State had seceded felt that their first allegiance was due to the State. But, Mr. Chairman, the secession of eleven or twelve sovereign States, composing one-half of the territory of the United States, was something more than a rebellion. It was legitimate war between two sections, and they acted toward each other, throughout the war, as recognized belligerents, and were so treated and recognized by foreign nations. Prisoners were exchanged between the two belligerents, and none were treated as traitors during the whole of the four years' war. Hundreds of thousands of prisoners were thus exchanged. The highest generals, as well as the humblest privates, were treated as captured soldiers by both governments, and exchanged. Surely a general officer who has been exchanged while this gigantic war was waging, cannot now be demanded as a traitor, tried, and executed as a traitor. There have been few national wars in Europe in which greater armies were carried into service and on the field of battle. In all history there is not a more perfect model of a pure and great man (save Washington) than Gen. Lee. That he should now be hung as a traitor would be an act of national infamy that would shock the whole civilized world, and render the name of the United States odious in history.

While I do not think, Mr. Chairman, that the whole people of the Southern States have behaved well in this war, and done their duty at home and on the field of battle, yet there is a very large proportion of them who have won immortal honors, and whose glory in war and wisdom in council will illustrate many bright pages in history.—They have been unsuccessful in their revolution, but this should not, and does not detract from their heroism and gallantry on the field of battle, or their statesmanship in the cabinet or halls of legislation. They will be remembered and honored as heroes and patriots, not only at the South, but in the North, too, as soon as passion subsides, and sober reason and calm reflection assume their sway over the public mind. I cannot, and would not, Mr. Chairman, ask my fellow-citizens to forget the past in this war so far as the North is concerned. There have been deeds of atrocity committed by the United States armies which can never be forgotten in the Southern States. But I do entreat them to become loyal citizens, and respect the national authorities of the republic. Abandon, at once and forever, all notions of secession, nullification and disunion. Determine to live and teach your children to live as true American citizens. There will be in the future, if there is not now, as much of pride and grandeur in the name of "American citizen," as there once was in that of "Roman citizen." The republic is destined to go on increasing in national power and greatness for centuries to come. As soon as the ferment of the revolution subsides, we shall be restored to all our civil rights, and be as free and republican as we ever were. There is no reason why there should be any sectional jealousy or ill-feelings between the North and the South. Their interests are dependent, and not rival interests; and now that slavery is abolished, there will be no bone of contention between the two sections. I thought Mr. Chairman, that when the Southern States seceded, there was an end to republican institutions, that the great American experiment was a failure, and that we should soon have, both at the North and in the South, strong military governments, which would be republican in name only. But, sir, my hope of republican institutions has revived with the restoration of the Union.—It is a crying shame to think that mankind free and enlightened, and not capable of governing themselves; that they must have a master, a ruler, in the shape of a king or monarch, to govern them, who may not have as much sense or virtue as the humblest of his subjects. If civil government is once more restored in the South, and the ship of state gets fairly under way again we may be assured of the perpetuity of republican principles. In all of the seceding States except South Carolina and Florida, provisional governors have been appointed with a view to the restoration of civil authority in those States. This has not been done in South Carolina, because the people have not yet given sufficient demonstration of their willingness to return to their allegiance to the United States. As soon as this is done by the people in their primary assemblies, a provisional governor will be appointed by the President, with power to call a convention of the State, for the purpose of reforming the constitution and abolishing slavery. When this is done and the Constitution approved by Congress, the State will be allowed to resume her position again in the Federal Union. The people will elect their members of the Legislature, and govern themselves as they heretofore have done. The military authorities will be withdrawn and civil government restored. In North Carolina all loyal citizens are allowed to vote for members of the convention, who were legal voters there previous

to the secession of the State. The resolutions which I have had the honor of submitting in rapport to those adopted at Charleston, Columbia, Abbeville, and other places.—They simply express our willingness to adopt the terms of the President's proclamation, and to return to our allegiance. We likewise ask for the appointment of a provisional governor and the restoration of the civil authorities. There is nothing in these resolutions to which the most sensitive can object. If a man is in a loathsome dungeon there is no impropriety in asking to be released, no matter how guilty he may have been. Nor is there anything wrong in his promising to behave himself if restored to his liberty. The resolution likewise provides for sending some one to represent the situation of the country to the President.—This has been done in other States, and in other districts of this State. It may have some influence on the action of the Federal Government to have a free and full conference with the President in reference to the condition, wishes and feelings of the State. It is reported that President Johnson receives kindly all suggestions which are made in reference to the reconstruction of the States.

Gen. Harris and Professor McCullough.

The rebel General Harris and Professor McCullough arrived here last Monday, and are behind the bars at the Arsenal. Harris is a "jolly cuss," and is the life of the prison, he being an incessant talker, and having a plentiful supply of jokes, squibs and stories, which he rattles off on the slightest provocation, or no provocation at all. Harris and McCullough are allowed some privileges not enjoyed by those under sentence, and they make good use of them, spending a considerable portion of their time in the yard. Harris is forty years old, or over, of stout build, about five feet eight or nine inches, fair complexioned, dark brown hair rapidly turning gray, grayish whiskers, and has a scar on his nose made by a cut. He is dressed in a dark suit of clothes, of the fashion prevalent just before the war, and wears a Panama hat. McCullough is about 35 years of age, five feet five inches high, sandy complexion, dark hair, sandy whiskers, sharp features, Roman nose, weighs 135 or 140 pounds, and is of a nervous temperament. He dresses in dark pants, light gray coat, and gray shirt, and wears a straw hat. He professes to be at a loss to know why he is confined. He seems disposed to talk, but is quenched by the perpetual gabble of Harris. Harris takes things as they come, and never complains, but frequently says he would like to see his wife. Since he has been here he has expressed a desire to see no other person.

A day or two after Harris and McCullough arrived, Harris said he would like to know where he was. The reply made was that he was in the Penitentiary of the District of Columbia. Harris remarked in reply, "This is a d—d pretty place for a man to land after four years of revolution." He calls his prison the "Stanton House."

McCullough and Harris were in conversation a day or two since, when McCullough remarked that he did not know but that good would grow out of the rebellion, as it had learned the people North and South what kind of people they were, and that the European nations had no doubt learned how strong we were; he was not sure but that the rebellion had done good to the people individually. Harris said he did not believe a d—d word of it, for no good had come to him yet, and he thought he was as deserving of a share as any body else.—Washington Star.

Scene in an American Court.

There was a hush in the colic court room as the red-nosed Judge took his seat upon the bench, and in a pompous tone of authority shouted, "Bring the prisoner into court!" "Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was all a fire," said the prisoner. "We'll take a little fire out of you. How do you live?" asked the Judge. "I haint particular, as the oyster said, when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried." "We don't want to know what the oyster said, or the spirit of turpentine either. What do you follow?" "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when she ran over a little nigger." "Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?" "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table." "If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months." "I'm done as the beef-steak said to the cook." "Now sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going round the dock." "No, sir, I cant go round the docks without a coat, and I hant' go none." "Answer me sir! How do you get your bread?" "Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters." "No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?" "Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair." "How do you keep yourself alive?" "By breathing sir." "Order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?" "Pretty well, I thank you judge. How do you do?" "I shall have to commit you." "Well, you've committed yourself first, that's one consolation." The prisoner went out of court with a jerk, and was hastened to jail.—American Joe Miller.