

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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The Real Issues.

The future of the opposition to the Democracy is taking form rapidly in the present. The Loyal Leaguers will certainly be picked from place to place in 1868, even though they should remain in the mean time on such rigidly good behavior as to escape that fate at the hands of Mr. Johnson. The natural life—or, we should have said, the unnatural—of that party, finds, therefore, its extreme limit in November, 1868, with the very strongest presumption that it will before that have been put to a death, which, provided it be not deferred too long, the world will certainly not consider untimely. Like a shattered comet, that omen of evil to mankind may be expected, therefore, to leap before long from its socket, and rush in whirling fragments through political space without orbits, without order—dangerous eccentricities of our system.

The central mass of Black Republicanism will retain the disintegration of the whole a certain attractive power. Some of the parts will doubtless be drawn off to the grand movement of the Democracy; but the greater number will be attracted into the wake of the remnants of abolition. The radicalism which we may expect to constitute the nucleus of the reconstruction of Black Republicanism, is, consequently, a subject, at this moment, of important study to the observer of the political firmament. Mr. Wendell Phillips, it is true, has, for the moment, given up his clutch upon the body of that party; but he has done so, be it understood, as an unavoidable preliminary to seize it in a firmer grasp. The leading spirit of the old and dead crusade of the fanaticism he represents so well, he will be also the leading spirit of the new and living crusade which he has to enter on in his speech at Boston.

The policy of the radicals is sketched out very clearly in certain editorials of the Black Republican press, read under the light and warmth infused into them by the last lecture of Mr. Phillips. The fundamental principles underlying the new crusade, the same as those that underlie the old, involve direct hostility to the Government of our fathers. General considerations point plainly to the conclusion that the Black Republicans, in conceivable as the impudence of such a fact may appear to be, are eminently a party of class. The aristocracy of the South they struck at because it stood with its basis of color between them and the working classes of the North! And that champion of the dignity of the white, being, as the radicals would now have things, powerless, oh how lovely are the swarthy lips and kinky curls of miscegenation! The blending of races will be confined within the limits of the social equality which those radicals preach; and, once accomplished, will thus have separated our society into the copper colored working classes and the white children of that poor pride which appears to be in the vulgar conceptions of New England, the highest ideal of aristocracy!

Mr. Wendell Phillips is no leveler. Far from it; his speech at Boston shows him to be in harmony with that impudent vulgarian of his followers, who proud stomachs grandeur! "The South standing on the pedestal of State rights, ruled the country," said Mr. Phillips in his lecture at Boston, "by negroes and poor whites in one hand, and, as John Randolph said, by white slaves in the other—the Democratic party of the North!" Whether Mr. Randolph ever used the terms or not we do not pretend to ask; but certain it is that the leader of the Radicals of the North has accepted the definition of the working classes of this section as "white slaves!" "Caste," he repeats, "with the three-fold whip of the slave, the poor white, and the Northern slave," ruled the Federal Union. "The Northern slave," quoth he, "the white slaves," saith the apostle of the dignity of labor, the preacher of the rights of all! But times change and men change with them. The white slaves of the North it becomes expedient to make to the black slaves of the South, so that Mr. Wendell Phillips and all his followers shall walk abroad as exulting as so many rascally Mandarins! Only think of the moral alchemy that hopes to convert the base blood of your sniveling roundhead into the generous and lofty graces of an autocrat!

But the design of the radicals on our system of government extends beyond the impudence of making it a thing of classes. In common with all other shades of Black Republicanism, they have been seen in their presses, their pulpits, their legislation, to be determined enemies of the principle of universal suffrage. Their history for four years has proved them to have been intriguing for the revolution of this Government from one of divided authority to one of despotic centralization. And Mr. Phillips' speech declares open war against the rights of the States. "There is," he says, "no crisis in the declaration of either the States or the

ional law that can cripple the indestructible nature of State sovereignty. That is the normal line that runs through every act and every address of President Johnson." Again he says: "Putting that aside, education, labor, property, marriage, locomotion, citizenship, suffrage, every single point that determines the condition of the man, the State, the sacred, indestructible, unapproachable State, still keeps folded in her bosom!" And the Radical protest against that association of a distinct provision of the Constitution, shows evidently that the new movement of Black Republicanism will be one of an attack upon the form of our Government, even though Mr. Phillips, in bitter disappointment that the South takes her place in the Union of our fathers, had not asked: "What one principle has she disowned? [What one element of strength has she parted with in political affairs?]"

The radicals will repeat frequently to-day the life awaiting the resurrection of Black Republicanism. The present power of that party will break before long into fragments, and be reconstructed on the general plan indicated in the Boston lecture of the arch-abolitionist. The overriding of the rights of the States, the enforcement by sectional agitation of negro-suffrage, the equality of the white and the black to the extent of miscegenation among the working classes constitute the basis of the succession to Black Republicanism with, in the dim distance, New England blazing in all the glories of My Lord Wooden Nutmegs, His Grace the Duke of Shoddy and His Serene Highness Praise-God Barebones! The foreshadowing thus given us in the speech of Mr. Phillips, of the underdone and the outspoken views of the next form of living opposition to the Democracy, serves as an indication of the future points of defense in the policy of the party which, in all those chopplings and changings of the revolutionary storm that threatens the spirit and fame of our government, stands ever ready to do woman's duty within the grand old citadel of the Constitution.—N. Y. Daily News.

Brick Pomeroy Struck Peter Oilum.

Peter, you are the Pete for me. Else why? Mr. Moses smote the rock, and exceeding much of the oil reared forth. And I am rich oilso. To find so much grease doth well agree with me. I skinned from a garret upon the oil region. Ever since I became born, my poverty has been hard to be borne. I have suffered—I have been bored by creditors. My credit was run into the ground. People thought me rich meanwhile, and a very mean while it was, too.

They thought I had plenty of money, so they wanted pay down for what I had bought. Not wishing to humor people, albeit something of a humorist, perhaps, I will not purchase many things. I leased, I bored, I bought it. Veni, vidi, vici. Oil! Hei! Greas! Oil! Well that ends well! I bored, and it came. I drilled a hole through a rock, and have already been rewarded with so much of the fuel being prepared for the final conflagration, that I fear the last bolt will end in as great a fizzle as did the Dutch Gap Canal. And now I am rich—more rich than any man or any other. I have lots of money now—when I have no use for it. What a queer world.

Nothing like oil. Folksay, 'Hallo, here's Honourable Mr. Brick, just struck a fortune. Duced fine fellow, Mr. "Brick." Three months since I was plain "Brick." It's all owing to Petroleum. And now for a splurge. Brown stone house on Fifth Avenue, with brown stone front, designed by old Brown himself on both ends of it. Red horses with green tails, pink eyebrows, blue eyes, chocolate-colored ears, frizzled mane, and matchless style. Yellow wagon with black sides, purple blinds, and brown top, all clam shell. Ethiopian driver, with kids, soferino stockings, magenta hat-bands, and false teeth on gottapereha base. And a sixty-four Ethiopian, with bronchial drawers, that modestly may not be shocked by looking at the legs thereof. And a library devoted to redbacks and even "greenbacks," "darn the expense," quoth I. And I'll have a park in the woods, and a bathing tub full of oil in chutch, and a buffalo to steak from—and oysters as large as Lincoln's majority, and bonus with round toes and square heels; and a seat in some fashionable church, and new hoop skirts for all my hired girls, and I will employ so many niggers to wait on me, that, oil! I'll have to do will to be happy. Oh Pete! let me kiss you for your Ma!

And I'll lay a bed mornings, and sit up all night, and bore my friends oil day, till they can't bear it. Talk about honest industry, sawing wood for the dust, opening oysters for the shells, blacking boots merely to see your face in them, and being honest forty years waiting for some rich man to adopt you. Played. Petroleum is the boy. And now I'll live high. Out of my house, vain pomp. Away from the cold cuts, crackers, cheese, mush boiled, No. 5 mackerel, warmed soup, and brilliant appetites. I've struck Pete.

A young man was recently tried in Paris for seducing a young woman away from her family by means of the use of mesmerism, and was sentenced to twelve years imprisonment at hard labor.

A young lady, on being asked if she intended wearing that finger-ring to church, said she didn't intend wearing anything else. If she kept her word, she must have had a

A DAY'S HOUSEKEEPING.

FROM A SINGLE MAN'S DIARY.

The ponderous old time-piece that stood on a small wooden shelf between my aunt Rachel's kitchen windows had just struck ten.

I sat there just where the moving maple leaves interposed a canopy of emerald shade between the pages of my book, and the fervid heat of old Phoebus, regaling myself with a capitially flavored cigar and indolently watching my rosy little aunt as she tripped hither and thither, busier than any bee that ever lost his wits in an acre of clover blossoms. Ever since I could remember, she had made a business of spoiling me, and it was the greatest luxury I knew of, to escape from the heat and turmoil of the great city where I was beginning to practice law, and spend a week with this most favorite of aunts; notwithstanding she invariably considered it her duty to lecture me roundly on my single blessedness, and to recommend all the parricidal females of her by no means limited acquaintance, to my bachelor consideration.

"Now, there's no use teasing me, aunt Rachel," said I emphatically tossing my cigar out into a bed of glowing sweetwills, "I've no intention of falling in love with any of your red handed country divinities, whose accomplishments are confined to pink and work bed quilts, and—"

"Philip! I'm astonished at you," ejaculated my relative. "Let me tell you, young man, the art of housekeeping is not to be undervalued. Now there's Hepsibah Warren—the nicest girl in the neighborhood—the very person to suit you, my boy."

"She needs to be a nice girl, with that hideous name fastened to her for life," said I, shrugging my shoulders; but aunt Rachel went on, pretending not to hear the ungracious remark.

"Philip I should be perfectly happy if I saw you the accepted lover of Miss Warren."

"I'm afraid you're not destined to the enjoyment of perfect happiness just at present, then, aunt Rachel," remarked I demurely. "Me falling in love with a girl girl named Hepsibah!"

Aunt Rachel could not help laughing at the horrible grimace I made, even as she hurried away to answer an imperative knock at the front door. I settled myself comfortably back in the rock chair, and prepared—alas! how little do we penetrate into the dim mysteries of the future!—for a morning of peaceful reading and reverie.

In a minute aunt Rachel came back flushed and anxious.

"Such a pity, Philip; old Mrs. Holden on the hill has been taken suddenly ill, and they've sent for me. The other neighbors all live at such a distance, and I've had a good deal of experience in these sudden attacks, but—"

"Well, why don't you go?"

"For the good old lady stood before me, twisting her apron in the direst agony of perplexity."

"That's just the question for a man to ask! when you know that your uncle has four hired hands in the field, and dinner hasn't looked at! Peas to be gathered, potatoes to be washed, kitchen fire to be kindled, custard pies to be baked—"

"I'll get the dinner, aunts. Go and put your bonnet on," quoth I, with the headlong courage that belongs only to total inexperience.

"Nonsense, Philip!" she said, laughing in spite of her trouble; "you get the dinner, indeed; I should like to see you do such a thing."

"And why not?" demanded I, with a cool impudence which evidently inspired my aunt with a sort of belief in me. "You seem to think that it requires the intellect of Milton and the generalship of Napoleon to cook a dinner!"

"I could not be at home by the time to dish it up," mused my aunt, evidently considering the feasibility of the whole scheme.

"Of course you could not," echoed I, beginning to feel rather anxious than otherwise for an opportunity of distinguishing myself in the sphere of domestic life.

"Well, Philip," said my aunt, suddenly coming to a decision. "I believe I may trust you. But, my dear boy, remember that the fire must be kindled at eleven precisely. Pull some nice fresh pees in the garden—And, Philip, you might cut a little asparagus, and be sure the custard pies go into the oven when the fire is hot. They are on the kitchen table now, all ready."

"It's all right, aunt Rachel," responded I.

"And Philip, be particularly careful to keep the garden gate shut—those pigs of farmer Ropley's are in the road again this morning."

"I won't forget."

"Now can you tell me what you intended to do first?" said aunt Rachel, at the close of a volley of directions.

"Put the garden gate into the oven when the pigs are hot—pull some nice fresh pees—kindle the asparagus at eleven precisely, and eat up the peas the moment they are baked," answered I with bewildering volubility.

"Philip!" groined aunt Rachel, in despair.

"Never mind, aunts, it's all right. There's a little confusion of ideas in my brain just at present, but they'll all settle after a while. Don't be nervous."

And I banded the shawl round my unwilling relative's shoulders, and

it would not be best to allow her half a second for sober reflection!

I sat down on the doorstep, thinking it was a very nice thing to be a housekeeper. "Now, if I was a woman," soliloquized I, "I should be tearing around the house knocking down chairs and flinging up dust with a broom until ice wouldn't cool me! As it is, I don't see but that I keep house very nicely with no fuss at all."

I lighted my cigar, balanced myself in a comfortable position, and waited for the old clock to fire the signal gun for my attack on the back kitchen cooking stove.

One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven!

"Now then," quoth I, "for victory or death!"

Confound that fire—it wouldn't burn in spite of my coaxing, and chips and blowing and puffing. My eyes smarting with smoke—my nostrils tinged with ashes—but the fire declined to blaze.

I sat down and contemplated it malevolently. For a minute or two I had a wild idea of getting a conflagration out of my aunt's stock of lucifer matches, and cooking the dinner thereon at all hazards; but with sober second thought came a bright idea—charcoal!

Of course! What a blockhead I was not to think of it before!

I jumped and dived into the sooty recesses of aunt Rachel's charcoal barrel with an alertness that surprised myself.

"Let me see what next?" pondered I meditatively. "Ah! the peas were to be put in when the oven was hot. Well, if the oven isn't hot now it never will be, so here goes!"

I had always supposed a pie to be a solid substance. Consequently when both the villainous compounds "keeled over," and discharged their sticky contents over my coat, trousers and white Marseillaise vest, I was—just a little taken by surprise.

"Well, here's an interesting state of affairs!" I exclaimed, setting down the empty crust, and viewing my drenched garments through which the clammy liquid was slowly penetrating to the very skin. If this is housekeeping, I wish I was well out of it! One thing is pretty certain—I must get my peas and asparagus boiling, before the fire all burns out, as I've put every lump of charcoal into the stove. Revising my toilet can wait—dinner can't!"

I caught up a tin pan and knife, and made a frantic rush for the garden. The asparagus was easily found and cut; but I was no botanist, but a city lawyer, I could not decide which were peas, and which something else!

Finally I hit on a truly ingenious expedient of pulling up by the roots every bulbous plant which I conjectured might be the vegetable in question.

"Round, white—possibly turnips—certainly not beets. Yellow, spindling—oh, carrots to be sure. Phew, what a smell of garlic; by the powers it's an onion I've got hold of! O, here's the fellow—round and red as sure as I'm alive. Nothing like perseverance!"

While I dug briskly away at my hard won treasure, whistling "Dixie" with all my might a sepulchral grunt close to my ear made me start convulsively and drop my knife.

"I won't try to smooth over the matter. I'll confess at once that I did mutter one or two naughty words under my breath. But who wouldn't when all of Ripley's pigs were running wild over aunt Rachel's darling garden? I had unwittingly let the gate open, and here was my exceedingly great reward!"

"Mrs. Sedley at home?"

"Here was I in full shirt after a drove of pigs, my trousers besmeared in my hand, and the perspiration rolling down my face in torrents, accosted by a lovely girl, with cheeks like fresh damask roses, and the purest of white muslin shawls."

"Is Mrs. Sedley at home?"

"No—yes," I answered looking uneasily around, as the last of my four-legged enemies scampered through the gate. "That is, she isn't at home just now, but I expect her very soon. Won't you walk in?"

Why did she hide that cherry mouth in her handkerchief so often? why did the hazel eyes dance so roguishly as she walked by my side to the house? It certainly made her look very pretty, but still I resumed a Byronic air, and conversed in sentimental nothings—which made her laugh more than ever.

I showed her into the sitting room and withdrew to secure my peas and asparagus. As I came in from the garden, some good angel prompted me to take a sly peep at my uncle's "hired hands," kept hung up in the back porch.

Great Jupiter! if I had been one of our colored population, my face couldn't have been more grimy with charcoal dust and ashes, save where the perspiration had coarsed through it in mimic rivulets. I took one moment's council with myself, then walked up stairs, washed my face, brushed out my curls attired myself in a white linen suit, and came down again.

The pretty girl hardly knew me; she couldn't hardly credit her senses, until I spoke, and told her of all my troubles.—Then how she laughed to be sure.

"Yes," said I, "I'm willing to confess that housekeeping is an art, and one which I don't possess. Only I must acknowledge that I shall be a little mortified when aunt Rachel comes home and witnesses my total

collapse in the kitchen."

Here the hazel eyes danced again. But I had secured a powerful ally.

"Oh!" said she, "I can remedy all that. Just you tell me where to find the milk and eggs, and I will make some custard."

I conducted her to the dairy department, and stood looking on in speechless admiration, while she drew off her gloves, rolled up her roughest, pearldest of dimpled arms, and stirred up spicy mixtures in blue earthen bowls, with a daintiness of manipulation that nearly drove me crazy. Then she sent me out after chips and had the fire all a crackling before I knew what she was doing. Then she washed the potatoes and put in the asparagus, and then burst into the sweetest peal of laughter that ever echoed in the rafters of that old kitchen.

"Why what on earth are those?"

"Beets, aren't they?"

"They are radishes!"

And then we both laughed until we had to lean against the dresser for support.

"Come," said she, "there's no help for it. We must go out and get the peas and some real beets!"

I never enjoyed anything half so much as that, nesting with a pretty face, all smiles and dimples opposite, and a white little hand wandering among green leaves, purely by accident, coming in contact with mine. Then the shelling was the most interesting business, and our mutual superintendence of the cookery, and the table setting. To be sure we broke one teacup in our zeal, but who cared for that!

Then her merry laugh at my absence of mind roused me once more to the fact that it was one o'clock, a superb dinner smoking on the table, Uncle Sedly and his "hands" approaching from one point of the compass, and aunt Rachel from the other.

"Now promise me one thing, Mr. Sedly," said the fairy.

"I'll promise you forty," replied I, energetically.

She blushed charmingly. "Don't tell them that I helped you. Let them suppose you a first class house keeper."

I assented, not at all unwillingly, just as my aunt Rachel crossed the threshold. She stopped short in astonishment at seeing that I was not alone, then a smile of recognition flitted over her face.

"Why, surely I can be mistaken—is it Hepsibah? My dear I'm so glad to see you Philip! This is Miss Hepsibah Warren?"

"Mr. Sedly and I are very well acquainted already, ma'am," said the young lady, demurely, her long eyelashes bridging the mischievous sparkle of these hazel orbs, while I called aunt Rachel's attention by my masterpiece of a dinner.

What a liberal meed of praise I received for it—how many undeserved compliments were paid me. I don't know which enjoyed it the most, I or my bright eyed companion. However I believe aunt Rachel began to suspect how matters were after a while, especially when she discovered the carede redbacks and the empty charcoal barrel!—She said not a word, however, only smiled roguishly to herself.

Well, all this happened three months since: I am really going to housekeeping now, on my own hook, and haven't a doubt but that I shall succeed admirably, partly as I have engaged Miss Hepsibah Warren as a life companion. I am quite reconciled to her name—it brings up before my mind's eye the prettiest vision of rose cheeks, dimples and satin braids of golden-brown hair, over an alabaster forehead, and I am ready to exclaim with father Shakspeare, "What's in a name? My little wife-elect never can think of our first meeting without a fit of merriment, but I don't object to that."

P. S. Aunt Rachel is delighted, and like a woman of sense, she never refers to that day's housekeeping. I have my suspicions that Hepsibah has told her the whole story but I'll find that out after we're married.

Can a Mother Forget?

Can a mother forget? Not a morning noon, or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and think of you as yet a boy—Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood.—They think of them, advise them, write to them, as though not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who is absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at farthest, she may just "have her own family there," and if you are there, look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and coffee which nobody but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother love, is telling beautiful:—"Moreover, his mother, made him a little coat, and bro't it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to sacrifice."

A mother mourning at her first-born's grave, or closing the eye of child after child, displays a grief whose very sacredness is sublime. But bitter, heavier than the death stroke is the desperation of a son who rashly over a crushed heart, into vices which he would hide from even the abandoned and vile.

Napoleon was once asked by a lady what France needed for the education of youth; and the short profound reply was, "Mothers."

A lady, speaking of the gatherings of

Religious Intelligence.

The Episcopal Convention was thrown into another stew over a series of resolutions, introduced by Horace Binney, Jr., setting forth the great joy felt by himself and clique over the decease of the nigger. This question had been very summarily disposed of at another session, and it was hoped never again to be resurrected. But the true and sincere friends of the Church were mistaken in their men. They had hoped, may thought, that Binney & Co., being churchmen of the straight-laced school, had the interest of that great organization too much at heart to hazard its again being disturbed by their ill-timed resolutions. But their hopes were dissipated on Tuesday last—the day by the way had been set aside by the Convention as one of the thanksgiving to God over the return of peace. Mr. Binney arose during one of those momentary pauses that generally follows the vote upon some important question, and read what proved to be the nigger, hidden under a deal of unnecessary verbiage. We have said that the resolutions were worthy—they in fact acknowledged a little of everything, and there was much set forth to give thanks for, but we felt more than thankful to hear Mr. Binney wind up the harangue, and discovered that no one had been hurt.

We must inform the readers why our apprehensions were aroused. On Mr. Binney's taking the floor, and producing his yard and more of manuscript, the reporter of the New York Independent, a sapient youth with considerable more brass than brains, clapped his hands with an idiotic expression of joy, and exclaimed, "Now comes the fun." These church rowdies designate disturbing the peace in a religious council, "fun." It has proved a serious kind of enjoyment to all who have permitted this perplexing question to once engage their attention. Well, as the New York Independent man says, the fun commenced. Dr. Vinton, of New York, seconded the resolutions in a speech of ability, and withal eloquent. Gov. Hunt, of New York, replied to it in a statement-like effort, and made apparent the sophistries it covered, as well as the irregularities of the whole proceedings. Governor Hunt's speech was listened to with attention, and he went over the whole ground with a minuteness that was remarkable. He spoke also upon the merits of the case, and dwelt feelingly upon things as they *nono exist*.

Dr. Kerfoot followed him in a speech admirably suited to the occasion. He related in no braggart spirit what he had suffered at the hands of our late enemies. He told how he had been a prisoner in their hands, and how even then he had upheld his principles. In a voice of deep earnestness, he said: "My loyalty is ten times greater than that of any man who boasts of his lip upon this floor." He alluded also to the wrong committed in introducing such resolutions, and of the malicious spirit evinced in it by creating hostility for men whose love for the Church would not permit their violating their conscience in voting for what was intended as buncombe.

If the crowd who had been hanging around the doors of the Convention instigating those incendiary movements, had possessed the spirit of a dog, they would have sneaked away after such an expose.—But no, their ambition was to ravish the Church at whose altar they had solemnly sworn to serve God, and Him only. With all the insatiate thirst of gluttons they smiled at the good Doctor's home thrusts. What was concord, love or charity to them?

To have accomplished their purpose they would have permitted the disruption of the church. We honestly believe they would not have hesitated to have lew'd down the Temple of God itself, had it been a hindrance to the execution of their plans. They have dictated malign abuse of men of the same belief as themselves—they have scattered the same broadcast over the land, and grinned exultingly over the ruin it promises. These men are professors—they are wont to prate to us about charity and what constitutes Christianity, or what some of them style evangelical, vital party. These earnest laborers in the vineyard have not charity sufficient to allow even a reasonable difference of opinion. It matters not what the Scriptures may say—they have a more conclusive argument in the League's orders. The latter is the higher law—to obey its mandates they rush pell mell, heedless of reason and circumstances. The League ordains, but, happily, there is a God who overrules, and who, in this case, manifested Himself, and showed how insignificant are the machinations of men. Human weakness was never better illustrated than at

the Episcopal General Convention which met in Philadelphia, in the early part of October and is still in session, has made for itself a record which will forever resound to the credit, the harmony, and peace of the church. In spite of the persistent efforts of Horace Binney, Jr., Dr. Howe, Dr. Vinton, and a few other radicals, with whom politics was more important than religion; the convention as often as the point was raised, quietly voted down all political allusions, and put its seal of condemnation upon all political priests and all political preaching. Nothing of a secular or political character will appear upon its journal; and the great Bishop of Pennsylvania, in words of burning eloquence and power, exposed the difference between a Minister who preached the Gospel, and one who preached about slavery, or national political, or sensation topics.

In view of this action of the united wisdom and piety of the Church, how contemptible appears the little clique of schismatics who would mar its harmony, prevent its joyful re-union, and destroy its ancient organization—how utterly insignificant abashed and ashamed must they feel, who followed the world, the flesh, the devil and the nigger, upon the plea of vital piety and conscience; standing before their respective communities, rebuked by their Bishop, and condemned by the considered and re-considered action of the Grand council of the Church.—Democrat.

It was hoped by the fanatical crowd that at the last pinch, for the sake of quiet the majority would cave; they presume their principles were like their own, convenient; but oh! how mistaken. The little army who proved so true to the Church and Christ, much preferred quiet but they were none the less determined pursue the right. The disorganizers fancied they had frightened the majority into their views, but the same body knew that the Chief Magistrate of the nation had undergone for months just such bullying. They were resolved, and when the vote came, it was as decisive as that taken week previous. The church again upheld its sacred character, and those who sought to debase it were discomfited and routed. Dr. Vinton pledged his word that, so far as he was concerned, no more efforts should be made in that line. We should think not. If those engaged in the last two raids have any shame left they will never again ask their constituents to return them to this body. As far as the delegation from this State is concerned, we can assure the Convention that it is the determination of the Episcopal Church in this section to supply their places at the next convention with better and holier men—William Weish and Dr. Har- excepted.

We admire pertinacity of purpose, but not when it is engaged in a diabolical crusade. We can appreciate a reasonable enthusiasm, when the object sought is worthy of that exertion; but we abhor the spirit let loose in the convention last week by men who seek rather to gratify their prejudices than serve their God. The most of those engaged in it were emigrants from the land of muscular christianity—that land where it was once fashionable to mob bishops, and where the Saviour of men is denounced as being an impostor.—The same land where God's truth is mocked, and where all the isms generated in hell have been east loo & to annoy the world.—Sunday Mercury.

The Episcopal General Convention which met in Philadelphia, in the early part of October and is still in session, has made for itself a record which will forever resound to the credit, the harmony, and peace of the church. In spite of the persistent efforts of Horace Binney, Jr., Dr. Howe, Dr. Vinton, and a few other radicals, with whom politics was more important than religion; the convention as often as the point was raised, quietly voted down all political allusions, and put its seal of condemnation upon all political priests and all political preaching. Nothing of a secular or political character will appear upon its journal; and the great Bishop of Pennsylvania, in words of burning eloquence and power, exposed the difference between a Minister who preached the Gospel, and one who preached about slavery, or national political, or sensation topics.

In view of this action of the united wisdom and piety of the Church, how contemptible appears the little clique of schismatics who would mar its harmony, prevent its joyful re-union, and destroy its ancient organization—how utterly insignificant abashed and ashamed must they feel, who followed the world, the flesh, the devil and the nigger, upon the plea of vital piety and conscience; standing before their respective communities, rebuked by their Bishop, and condemned by the considered and re-considered action of the Grand council of the Church.—Democrat.

The New York papers report the appearance of Cholera at Brooklyn. Vigorous sanitary measures are talked of, as they have been ever since its outbreak in the East, and nothing really done. Should not every town and village in the country at once clean up the streets and alleys, and burn decaying vegetable matter, and put the country in state of as complete purification as possible. The battle fields of the South are also fruitful of causes of sickness. Cleanliness is akin to godliness.

The list of English holders of Confederate Cotton bonds, which was published in this country, and declared by the shoddy organs to have been furnished by one of the departments at Washington, is declared by the English press to be bogus. Quite a number of prominent Englishmen, whose names are on the list, have denied, through the newspapers, that they held any of said bonds.

JUDGE WRIGHT, of Boston, says that out of 32,764 children in that city, under fifteen years of age, 1,800 are annually in some way disposed of as criminals. So it seems that the Solons of the "hub"