W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.] .

Truth and Right-God and our Country.

STAR OF THE NORT

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Ireland's Appeal to the Fenlans.

All you who love your native land Erin, the brightest spot on earth, 'Come jein us as every heart and hand To free the land that gave you birth. The day, the hour has come at last; The Fenian spirit is aboard-'Arise and strike! Revenge the past ! Strike toryour homes, your faith, your God

Let him who halts renounce his share In Emmett's blood forevermore ; Let him conless his craven fear-Deny the name his father bore. And when the victory is won, And centuries of wrong redressed, Erin will blush that such a son Was nurtured at her bleeding breast.

'Hark, to the cry ! Freedom or death !! Can Fenians hear that shout, and pause Nor dedicate their latest breath In such an hour to such a cause ? 'Come to the resche, one and all-The God of battles he your trust, 'Obey your bleeding conntry's call-Tread the oppressor in the dust.

The lyrant's heel is on her breast, He mocks her groan with fiendish scorn How long O Lord ! shall the oppres'd Be with this mighty anguish torn ? Shall Erin longer bear the rod ?

The Troubles of a Merchant. Mr. Frazier sat reading, in his counting-

room. He was in the midst of a piece of "What ails my little Maggie ?" interesting news, when a lad came to the "Oh, pa ! pa !" sobbed the child, clingdoor and said-"Do you want a boy, sir ?" ing to his neck, and leaning her wet face Without lifting his eyes from the paper, close to his. Mit. Frazier answered "No," to the appli-

cant, in rather a rough way. Before the lad had reached the street, conscience had compelled the merchant to lis ten to a rebuking sentence.

"You might have spoken kindly to the poor boy, at least," said conscience. "This AWAR is an opportunity."

Mr. Frazier let the paper fall before him, and turned to look at the lad. He was small and slapped me so hard. Oh, pa !" And -but cleah. The merchant tapped at one the child's wail broke out again, and she of the windows of the counting-room, and clung to his neck, sobbing. the boy glanced back over his shoulder .-A sign from the 'merchant caused him to before ?" asked the father.

return. "What did yot say just now ?" "Do you want a boy, sir ?" The lad repeated the words he had spoken, hesitating ly, a few minutes before.

Mr. Frazier looked at him with a suddenly awakened interest. He had a fair girlish face, dark brown eyes and hair, and though ately.

slender and delicate in appearance, stood erect, with a manliness of aspect that showed him to be already conscious of duty in the world. But there did not seem to be much of that stuff in him that is needed for

the battle of life. "Take a chair," said Mr. Frazier, an involuntary respect for the lad getting possession of his mind.

The boy sat down, with his large, clear eyes fixed on the merchant's face. "How old are you ?"

the boy.

"What splendid eyes," said the merchant cions darling-the apple of his eye-had unkind repulse. to himself. "And I've seen them before, been left to the tender mercies of hired dark and lustrons as a woman's."

Away back in the past the thoughts of ble for him to have any right of observation. Mr. Frazier went, borne on the light from He had often feared that Maggie was negthose lustrous eyes, and for some moments lected-but a suspicion of cruelty like this slight opportunity for doing good been neghe forgot the present in the past. But when never came into his imagination as possi- lucted. he came back into the present again, he ble.

"Oh. Edward !' fell from her lips, in a "What is the matter, darling ?" he said, quick surprised voice, for she was strongly as he caught the weeping one in his arms. agitated. He advanced, not speaking until he had taken her hand.

'Florence, I never thought to see you thus,' he said in a calm, kind evenly enough voice to perceive the deep emotion "Jane," said Mr. Frazier, looking at the that lay beneath. He said it looking down nurse and speaking with some sternness of into the dark, soft, brown eyes. 'But manner, "why is Maggie crying in this think there is a providence ic our meeting," manner." The girl was not excited but he added.

They sat down and talked long together -talked over the things gone by, and of the causes that separated them, while their bearts beat only for each other-of the weary years that had passed for both of

them since then-of the actual present in their lives. 'I have a motherless child.' he said a

last-'a tende, little thing that I love, and to-day I find her body purple with bruises from the cruel hand of a servant! You have a noble boy who is latherless ; let me be to him a father. Oh, Florence there has been a dark void in our lives. A dark and impassable river has flowed between us for years. But we stand at last together, and if the old love fills your heart as it fills mine, there are golden days for us yet, in the

future. And so it proved. The lady and her son did not go back to England, but passed to the merchant's stately residence, she becoming its mistress, and finding a home there, and the boy a truer father than the one he had in former years called by that tinguished marks. He examined the other name,

"Do good as you have opportunity." Only Mr. Frazier loved that child with a deep a week before the lad's application to the tenderness. She was his all to love. Her merchant had this injunction been urged in mother, between whom and himself there his hearing by an eloquent preacher, and "I was twelve last month, sir," replied had never been any sympathy, died two the words coming to his thoughts led him years before, and since that time his pre- to call back the boy after his cold, almost

> Many times he thought of the incident afterwards, and of the small event on which such life-long issues hung, almost trembling in view of what he might have lost had that

Why the Freedmen will not Work. [From the Columbus (O.,) Crisis.] A Story of Real Life.

"What do you mean by such carelessness? exclaimed John Doring to his son William a lad of twelve years. "Take that !" he said, striking him a heavy blow on the side o the head ; 'and that, and that !' repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plough that was standing by his side. "Get up now and go into the house" continued the father, "and see you can't keep out of mischief for awhile

and stop that crying, or 1 'll give you something to cry for."

The boy started for the house, struggling to surpress his sobs as he went.

> "It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near by in a barn, and of course had seen

and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see these oats, now, that I've got to pick up, for that boy's carelessness;" and he pointed to a measure of oats which had accidentally overturned. "And it was for that triffe that you assaulted your child, and knocked him down !' re-

plied Mr. Hanford, in a sorrowful tone. Doring looked from the oats in surprise, and repeated:

"Assaulted my child and knocked him down ! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford ?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over the plough ?"

'Why-well-no. He kind a stumbled and fell over it,' doggedly replied Doring .-Do you go against parential authority ?-Havn't I a right to punish my own child? 'Certainly you have,' replied Mr. Hanford, in a proper manner, and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think a lather has a right to revenge himselt upon his child ?

'Of course not; but who's talking about evenue?

Well, my friend Doring, let me ask you another question: For what reason should a child be punished ?'

'Why, to make it better, and to do it good, quickly answered Doring.

"For any other ?" inquired Hanford Well, no, not that I can think of now, session and exercise of my best faculties, Wonderful Story of the Yield of the Idaho and when my sense of duty has been chas-Mines. tened and softened by reason and affection.

[From a Private Letter to San Francisco.] Ono Fino, October 3, 1865. DEAR SIR : Being idle to-day, I thought it

he time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another as 1 think but few would not be amiss to take up my pen to fathers and sons do. The poor boy never write a few lines, to let you know how blamed me for blighting so much happiness things progress here. I expect you have for him, and I have sometimes tried to think not heard of the recent rich discoveries in that his life has been made happier, on the this camp. A party that were prospecting whole, than it would have been had I not on the War Eagle Mountain, about one mile been taught my duty through his sacrifice. south of the Oro Fino, found one of the Still, neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to richest gold and silver ledges ever found

have you and your son William to pass anywhere; or, as they say, it is richer than through a similar ordeal.' anything we read of in the history of mines. 'I trust that we shall not,' emphatically It is close to the Empire ledge ; it is supposand gravely responded Doring. 'I thank ed to cross it. The Empire belongs to Col. you for your story, friend Hanford, and 1 Fogus. The new discovery is named the

I devoted myself to poor Charley from

shall my and pofit by it.' And he did profit by it, and we hope that wide. The Steam Navigation Company parent who is capable of striking his child have got into it, and have taken five tons of

in anger or petulence, that reads this sketch the ore to the Sinker mill and worked it trom life, will profit by it.

Hear us for the Truth.

the people of America would have submit- silver as large as candle boxes, and hammer, ted to the insults, oppressions, usurpations it out like a wagon tire, and leave it all and extravagances heaped upon them, and shining with free gold. Three parties claim stood like fools to see their earnings mort- this discovery, and a battle is expected at gaged for generations yet to come, the any time-the Navigation Company hold world would have called him mad and spat the ground at present, and have three forts, in his face.

But the shuttle of time carried the woof of corruption and partisan extravagance through the warp of dishonest ambition till the land became spotted with blood and ed seventeen ox-teams several times. Ous ruins, and the earth filled with the victims of the other parties is backed by Robison. of meddlesome fanaticism. Our entire na. of the New York Company; they are tional debt five years since would not pay throwing up works also and prethe interest, for three months, on what we paring for the fight. The Navigation

Two-thirds the entire wealth of the country is to-day exempt from taxation, and the Republicanism which was to have so many dollars on them, then comes litigation blessings in its train, has singled out the There is another discovery on the same wealthy to be supported by the poor.

The holder of Government bonds sits in his easy chair, his slippered feet on silverplated fender-a choice cigar in his lipshere are streaks of gold in the hard roci he finest liquors on his sideboard-th richest dress on his person, his pocket ple- balf an inch thick. Colonel Fogus has just put men on the Empire and struck it richhoric with interest-bearing bonds. Every as the Poor Man's crosses the Empire. This hree months he goes to a bank and draws his interest. His notes are against is no exaggerated statement-it is all true. I am foreman of the Navigation Company the poor-not the rich. The tax-gatherer passes him by with a smile, to return and empty his tithes into where I have sunk two shafts, one hundred the rich man's pocket. By a wicked, unduful, unconstitutional act of a Republican Congress, sanctioned by a weak, truckling SOLDIERS VS. CONTRABANDS .- A number o President, the tich man is protected in idle. philanthropic ladies prepared for the neness, the poor man made his slave. The bondholder does not have one cent of taxes to pay on money so invested. He holds his millions, and the day laborer, the widow, the mechanic, the farmer, consumer pays

there; the five tons yielded over one ton of bullion. A man that stops in the house with me got four pounds of the rock and crushed it. He got eighteen ounces of dust Had any one told us ten years since that after retorting. They get blocks of native or breastworks, thrown up where meh lie on their arms, night and day, to protect the working party. They pack off the ore on pack mules, besides which they have load-

Poor Man's-it is from one to three feet.

men drove them off once, but they are back on the ground again. They say Robison will lay an injunction of three millions of mountain of a gold-bearing ledge four leet wide ; they have taken out two pans of decomposed quartz twelve feet down, and washed out eighteen dollars to the pan, and

now owe !

Forbid II, O forbid it, God ! Give Erin freedom or the grave.

'Come, every gallant heart and true. From every sea, from everp land } Pilgrims of freedom 'tis to you She lilts her iron shackled hand ; Come break her chain's, hfi up her head, 'O how the dust her beauty mars! 'Come, and revenge her mariyr'd dead And set her harp among the stars.

Revision of the Scriptures.

The "head men" of the party which em braces all the "isms" that now afflict our unhappy country, held a meeting at Chicago, Sanday evening, and resolved upon a new revision of the Scriptures. We live in an age of "progress." Our "glorious country" has outgrown the Bible of our fathers. The Constitution is being amended so as to conform to the new order of things. Why not the Bible ? One of the modern saints of the Republican party proclaimed several years ago the necessity of 'an anti-slavery Constitution, an anti slavery Bible, and an anti-slavery God." The Constitution being nearly fixed op so as to conform to their relestial ideas, it is proper that they now commence their raid upon the Bible.

The high priest who led off at the Chicago meeting styles bimsell "Rev T. J. Conapt."? The "reverend" speaker traced the history of our vernacular Bible and argued that this revision was by no means so infal- even. lible and sacred as its antiquity was apt to lead some persons to believe "but that being erroneous, it was not in reality the inspired work of God.

That his readers might have no doubt of the parpose of "the new revision," he quoted a passage near the close of the book of Job, not found in King James' eduion: "I li my land cries out against me, and alt its furrows weep; if I have taken its fruits

without pay and made its tenants sigh out their breath, let thorns come forth in place half of this country, and the punishment pression in the eyes, which seemed almost visited upon its people for their sin.

The old Bible is certainly no guide to wer, remain a class of "old fogies" in the volume, and to clamor for a return to the two or three bank bills. old institutions which Abolitionism has been

nearly successful in subverting. What the handing the note to the land. result of the conflict will be, remains with God and the people.

Tus following advice can be best appreyou cannot help it, il it sings in your head live " and will be heard, why then there is no other way than to put it on paper and send it to

the printer. But try to help it il you can .-

had a softer heart toward the stranger lad. "You should go to school for a year or wo longer," he said.

"I must help my mother," replied the boy.

"Is your mother very poor ?" "Yes sir, and she's sick." The lad's voice shook a little and his soft

woman's eves grew brighter in tears that filled them.

Mr. Frazier had already forgotten the again."

point of interest in the news after which his mind was searching, when the boy interhouest and useful lad. But you are not ed alive.

strong." "Oh, yes sir, I'm strong !" And the boy stood up in a brave spirit. The merchant looked at him with a stead ily increasing interest.

"What is your name he asked ?"

"Charles Leonard, sir." There was an instant change in the merchant's manner, and he turned his face so far away that the boy's eyes could not see | again." its expression. For a long time he sat still

"Is your father living ?" Mr. Frazier did not look at the boy, but still kept his face away. His voice was low, and not very ance.

"No, sir He died four years ago," "Where ?" The voice was quick and firmer.

"In London, sir,"

"How long since you came to America 23 ".Two years "

"Have you been in this city ever since ?" "No sir. We came here with my uncle. a year ago. But he died a month after our arrival."

There came another long silence in which the lad was not able to see the merchant's and in a lew words applied to the Southern again, there was such a new and kind ex- my son, Let us be thankful." to devour his face, that he felt assurance in

his heart that Mr. Frazier was a good man those in authority now. There will, how- and would be a good friend to his mother. "Sit there for a little while," said Mr. country, who will insist that this new revi- Frazier, and turning to his desk, he wrote a sion of the Scriptures shall not be adepted brief note, in which, without permitting the by the State, and who will adhere to the old lad to see what he was doing, he enclosed

"Take this to your mother," he said, paper,

yon ?" The little boy lifted to him an appealing look.

"Oh, yes. You shall have a good place. ciated by editors; Don't write poetry. If But stay, you have not told me where you "At No. --- Melon street."

"Very well." Mr. F. noted the street and number. "And now take that note to your

Mr. Frazier was profoundly disturbed :but even in his passion he was calm. "Jane," he said sternly, "I wish you to

the nursery from which the cries came.

"She has been naughty " was the an-

"No, pa! I ain't been naughty. I didn't

want to stay here all alone, and she pinched

"Has she ever pinched and slapped you

"She does it every day," answered the

"She said she'd throw me out of the win-

dow if I told ! Oh, dear ! Don't let her do

"It's laise," exclaimed the nurse passion-

"Just look at my leg, papa." The child

Mr Frazier sat down, and baring the childs

leg to the hip, saw that it was covered with

blue and green spots; above the knee there

were not less than a dozen of those dis-

nurses, over whose conduct it was impossi-

leg, and found it in the same condition.

said this in a hushed whisper, with her lips

"Why haven't you told me ?"

pale.

child.

it, papa !"

slose to her father's ear.

leave the house immediately." Mr. F. rang the bell, and to the waiter.

who answered it, said : "See that Jane leaves the house at once. I have discharged her. Send her trunk wherever she may wish it taken. Here is

the money that is due. I must not see her

As the waiter left the room Mr. Frazier hugged his child to his breast again, and rupted him. "I don't want a lad myself," kissed her with an eagerness of manner that said Mr. Frazier, "but may be I can speak was unusual with him. He was foud but a good word for you, and that would help quiet in his caresses. Now the sleeping you know. I think you would make an impulses of a strong heart were all awaken-

> In a small back chamber sat a pale, sweet faced, patient looking woman, reading a letter which had just been left her by the posiman.

"Thank God," she said, as she finished reading it, and her soft brown eves were lifted upward. "It looked very dark," she mormored, "but the morning has dawned

A light, quick step was heard on the stairs and silent-so long that the boy wondered. and the door wis pushed hastily open.

"Charles, dear." The boy entered with excited counten-

"I'm going to get a place, mother," he cried to her, the moment his feet were inside the door.

The pale woman smiled, and held out her hand to her boy. He came quickly to her. "There is no necessity for your getting a place now. Charles. We shall go back to

England." "Oh, mother!" The boy's face was all aglow with sunbeams.

"Here is a letter from a gentleman in New York, who says that he is directed by your uncle Wilton to pay your passage back to

Charles now drew from his pocket the note which Mr. Frazier had given him, and handed it to his mother. "What is this ?"? she asked.

"The gentleman who promised to get me a place told me to give it to you." The woman broke the seal. There were

three bank bills of ten dollars each enclosed and this brief sentence written on a sheet of

'God sent your son to a true friend .-"You'll try and get me a place, sir, won't Take courage. Let him come to me to-"womon

"Who gave you this ?' she asked. 'A gentleman. But I don't know who he was. He was a kind looking man, but he spoke rather harshly at first." 'Did you see what name was on the sign?' "I never thought to look,' replied the boy,

'I will write the gentleman a note, thank-

At a meeting of the planters of Marlboro' district, South Carolina, the following among other resolutions, was adopted :

"Resolved. That we, the planters of the district, pledge ourselves not to contract with any freedman, unless he can produce a certificate of regular discharge from his former owner."

Either the negro is free or he is not. It free, he requires no certificate of discharge rom his former owner to enable him contract for labor.

The Cincinnati Commercial, from whose leading editorial of Monday we extract the above, is virtuously indignant at the treatment of the negro, requiring him to produce a certificate from his former employer before he can be bired. In this practice the Southern planters but follow the lead of New England. In the cotton mills of Mass-

achusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and, we believe, of the other Eastern States, where Abolitionism had its growth, each female factory operative leaving without the consent of the mill owner, is debarred from procaring employment in other mills. The production of a certificate that she left with the consent of her former master is always required, and a failure to produce it, is a failure to get employment. No matter how badly she was used-no matter how deeply

she had been insulted, the certificate of her master alone can procure her employment, although without it she must starve. The mill owners all require this ; they entered into a combination of this kind many years since, and yet the Commercial, whose vision is bounded alone by the negro, loudly protests against a similar combination, when i

is really necessary to make them work, but has not one word to say in condemnation of a practice when against its own countrywomen, which is not unfrequently used by

her lordly master for the vilest of purposes. of wheat, and weeds in place of forage "- countenance. But when he did look at him England, if we will return. God is good, is the New England factory girl free or enslaved ?

A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN .- The Jackson

(Mich.) Cilizen tells a good story of a young man in that city who had a daughter "passing fair." The young man was assiduous in his attentions, and was a constant visitor. This notice awoke in the young lady's heart the tender passion, and in her dreams she imagined that she should become the wife of her Adonis. Matters kept on in the same old way. The young man continued his marked attentions, and people began to whisper among themselves, "A match, sure !" while knowing ones, with a solemn toss of the head, would remark, "What did I tell you ?" The young man went out to his, supposed charmer's house the other evening, for the purpose of taking tea. During the meal the mother of the girl asked.

When are you and ---- to be married ? and who live on your labor. It is for you and more so with the honest faced girl who hobbling on a crutch ! There are only two or three poets alive at mother." The young man leaned back in the chair ing him for his kindness, and you must take Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept to say whether the rich shall help pay the had cheated him. and cooly remarked that he had no idea of any one time. A great poet makes and The merchat did not resume his newspa- it to him in the morning. God is good to ke a child, and the tears also rolled dow debt towering over us, or whether you will 'Didn't you tell me that goose was youn marrying anybody, and that he and the marks an age, and poor poets, or those who per after that lad departed. For a time he us my son, and we must be obedient and Doring's cheeks. When he resumed Mr. leave a burden of taxation on your posteriyesterday ?' he exclaimed, striding up to the daughter were only friends. He said he think they are poets and are not, are as sat with his face so that no one saw its ex- thankful. ty forever .- La Crosse Democrat. Hanford said : girl wrathfully. menty as olackberries. Every hamlet has pression. If spoken to on any matter he supposed she understood it so all the time. Just a little before evening twilight fell, 'This is a humiliating narrative, neighbor 'To be sure I did.' The young lady said not a word, but rose up its postaster. O how much valuable white answered briefly, and with nothing of his word came up to the woman that a gentle-He who indulges his sense in any ex-Doring, and I would not have related it to 'You cheated me,' said Marks, 'it was and seized the teapot, which was filled with paper is spoiled by those who think they usual interest in business. The change in man had called and wished to see her. cesses renders himself obnoxions to his you had I not supposed that you needed the tough old gander.' hot tea, took off the lid, and threw its boilcan write poetry ! You may write a correct him was so marked that one of his partners 'Go and see who it is, Charles,' she said lesson which it contains. It is impossible own reason, and to gratify the brute in him 'You don't call me old, do you ?' a verse with fanifiess thyme, and there is not asked him if he were not well. "Feel a to her son. ing contents into his face, scalding him sedispleases the man, and sets his two natures asked. for me to give to you an adequate notion of verely and leaving an ugly mark. She then giam of poetry in it. Peetry requires a little dull," he evasively answered. 'Oh, mother! it's the gentleman who the suffering that I have undergone on at variance. 'No, I should think not,' he replied. oriously ordered him out of her sight .-peculiar faculty, the imagination ; you may | Before his usual time Mr. Frazier left his sent you the note,' exclaimed Charles. He account of my brutal rashness to my boy .-'No. I should think not, too. I am only and the store and went home. As he opened the "H--] hath no fory like a woman scorned." wants to see you." School teachers sometimes receive very But fortunately it has been overruled to my twenty, and mother told me the goose wa power of expression so to write prose as to door of his dwelling, distressed cries and sival Barke or Johnson, and after all make sobbings of a child came with an unpleasis an old saying, and this young man can 'Ask him to come up, my son,' she said. own good, and that of my family also. The junny excuses for absence of children from hatched just six months after I was born." attest its truth. A man's firm tread approached the door. remedy, though terrible, was complete, and recitations. The following is about as yourself ridicalous by trying your hand at ant sound upon his ears. He went up stairs New faces had met in the memory of the To remove stains from the character .-no other child of mine has ever been pun- | original as any we ever saw: Lawyers' months are like tumpike gate postiy. Write prose. with two or three long strides and entered past. ished by me except when I was in full pos. "Ceptathomdigintaters." Get rich. -never open except for pay

answered Doring, thoughtfully.

'And now, my friend,' kindly continued Hanford, 'do you suppose your treatmet to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affec-

tion towards you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you have suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating that no penitentiary convict can be submitted to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you alittle story. You know my son Charles?'

'The one that is preaching in Charles-

"Yes; and you have probably noticed that he is lame ?? 'I have noticed it,' said Doring, 'and asked

him how it happened, and he told me he got hurt when a boy.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Hanford, with emotion, the dear boy never could be made to say that it was by his father's brutality. But listen,' he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak.

'When Charles was about the age of your on William, he was one of the most active and intelligent boys I had ever seen. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and progress. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent emper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates reason, duty and enlightened affection. 'One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I reated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few minutes ago. I struck him violently, and injured his left side so badly hat the result was, he was crippled for life."

said Mr Hanford, in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse. A period of oppressive silence followed.

which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford saving.

'When I found my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again. when something I saw in his face-his look. arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt.

'I am afraid that I am, pa,' he answered mildly clinging to my arm for support. Where ?' I asked in great alarm, for not-

withstanding my brutality, I fairly idelized the boy. 'Here,' he replied, laying his hand upon

his hip. 'In silence I took him in my arms and

carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active, glorious boy, that I had so cruelly struck down on that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth, a pale, saddeped little fellow,

him high interest. The bondholder pays no taxes. The bondholder builds no churches. The bondholder builds no school-houses The bondholder builds no roads.t The bondholder does not directly or indi ectly support the Government which thus favors him.

The bondholder does not help pay for boarding the thief who tried to steal from him, or the villain who tried to take his

The bondholder does nothing to build up a country, but like a great sponge, absorbs the earnings of his non-bondholding neighbors all over the country

Think of these things, brother workingmen. Think of these matters, young men of America. The Republican party by fraud, deceit and wickedness came int power. It toyed your liberties away added to your taxes. It ran the country i debt. It exonerated the rich from taxation. It has left a legacy of debt which will last six hundred and fifty years at the rate now going on.

Republicanism plunged the country in war, and now it calls upon the soldiers who have saved the country to pay its debts-to save it from thieves as they did from men old Marks, who prided humself upon never in rebellion !

The men who fought do not hold bonds. The bondholders are the loyal sharks who patted the joking President on the back and filled their pockets, the while laughing at his stories.

Soldiers who went to war had bounties. These bounties were raised by taxes -While soldiers fought, Congress raised money for them by running the country in debt, The men return from the war to find the ones who hired them to go exempt from taxation, and entire debt of the country

thrown upon the shoulders of those who suffered the most. And this is Republican equality.

Poor men-laboring men of America! It is for you to say whether you alone shall

All efforts to eat it were fruitless, it was pay the war debt, and support in idleness so tough ; and the next day he hastene those who fattened on your sons, fathers, down to the market, angry with himself

acter

on the first north extension of the Oro Fino feel aparl, on the ledge, finding it rich from five to ten feet wide.

groes at the Campbell Hospital, in Washington, D. C., on Christmas day, a sumptoous entertainment, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, which had the effect of sickening heartily the whole camp, a they are not used to such living. Like al savages, they gorged themselves. While these lazy and worthless contrabands were leasting, the white soldiers were nibbling a their hard tack and pork, no loyal temaler thinking of them. If they had been blackguards they would have been feasted to their heart's content; but they were no black, but white, and of course did no come within the province of the loyal phil anthropists. The 214th Pennsylvania vol unteers, feeling mortified at the idea of great preparations for the negroes and the totally gnoring of them, erected a Christmas tree, and hung opon it two cards, bearing the following inscription : "Soldiers' Christman Dinner," and "Dinner given to the 214th Pennsylvania Volunteers by the ladies of Washington." Near to these placards hong bits of mosty salt pork and hard tack. was really a most capital take off, and i would have been well for the negro philanthropists of our city to have paid the camp a visit. This landing and godifying the neg gto only adds fuel to the flame that will one day break out with great fierceness .- Con-

titutional Union.

character from his phiz.

A Goop story was told some years ago o

being mistaken in his judgment of a person"

He was in the Western Market one day

to get a goose for dinner. In looking about

he saw a lot before a young woman with

She's honest,' said Marks to himself, and

at once asked her if she had a young gooose

'Yes,' said she, 'here's as fine a one a

you will find in the market,' and she looked

up in his face with a perfect sincerity that

would have taken his heart, if he had no

already made up his mind as to her char

'To be surs it is,' and Marks took it

peculiar fine open countenance.

'You are sure it's young ?'