

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 13.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY JUNE 12, 1861.

NUMBER 23.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY,
Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.
TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid
within six months from the time of subscrib-
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
within the year. No subscription taken for
a less period than six months; no discon-
tinuances permitted until all arrearages are
paid, unless at the option of the editor.
The terms of advertising will be as follows:
One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00
Every subsequent insertion, 25
One square, three months, 3 00
One year, 30 00

Choice Poetry.

THE DRUM.

("O wie ruft die Trommel so laut!")

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BURCKERT.

'Tis the Drum that calls aloud!
In the fields heard its call,
And I rose and quitted all,
And I turned a dejected ear
To what heart and hope held dear,
Nor a backward glance allowed—
For the Drum,
For the Drum it called so loud!
Tears have dimmed my mother's eyes,
And my father vainly sighs;
"Faither, Mother, cease to plead—
But one sound my ears now heed,
And I burn to join the crowd
With the Drum,
With the Drum that calls so loud!"
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!
At the hearthstone—in the seat,
Where I used my love to greet!
Pale she sits and cries with woe,
"Sweet thou—wilt thou from me go?"
"Must, to thee my heart was vowed—
But the Drum,
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!"
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!
From my comrades in the fight
Comes to me a last good night!
And I know death's greeting well,
Bursting from the fiery shell,
While in dust my ear is bowed,
Though the Drum,
Though the Drum still calls aloud!
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!
Earth has not a louder sound
Than the Drum on battle ground,
And its voice is Honor's breath,
Though it calls to blood and death,
And a soldier's gory shroud,
For the Drum,
Oh! the Drum it calls so loud!

Whistle Your way Through the World.

Solomon when he became used up, when his running gear was given over to rheumatism and gout, said all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Solomon couldn't whistle. If he could have pecked his lips into a vent-hole for a regular whistle, he would not have felt so unconsciously blue as to condemn the good things of this world as vanity.
The man who can whistle and sing is snug in boots. Let care, age, poverty, and a cart-load of ills overtake him, and if he can whistle his way through the darkest hours of his troubles, go on his course rejoicing, and eventually turn up a trump of the first water.
Folks who can whistle, and do not are mean, avaricious and unhappy. Judas Iscariot was not a whistler. We'll venture to assert that the owners of those wretched death-traps, the tenement houses up town, can't whistle, and that no man ever heard them attempt it. There is too much genial outspoken goodness in a genuine whistler, to suit the disposition of a mean man—That's so. If you are trading with a man and he whistles jovially over his business he won't cheat you. He can't do it. He thinks too much of turning his tune to bother about turning the tables on you. See too, with the woman who is about her daily task singing. She makes her house a paradise of good dinners, cosy comfort and white curtains. Nothing will go wrong with her. If she is vexed, she will sing off the vexation. If she is possessed of vanity, she will sing away all the worse part of it, and sing the other into a species of lovable pride. There are no squalling babies, cross cats, snarling dogs, buttonless shirts, and mutton bone suppers, in the house presided over a woman who sings at her loil.
Singing men, too, are worth treble those who go about their work morose and grouchy and moody, as if they were going to bury their nearest friend. The Yo-heave oh of the sailors, accomplishes as much in hoisting the anchor, as their muscle. There is a world of strength to that same 'Yo! heave, ho!'
The 'Albany Times,' in referring to the science of whistling says: "Whistling is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care and supplies the place of sunshine. A man who whistles has a good heart under his shirt front. Such a man only works more constantly. A whistling cobbler will earn as much money again as a cordwainer who gives way to low spirits and indigestion.—Who ever heard a whistler among the sharp practitioners of Wall street? We pause for an answer. The man who attacks whistling, throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob Jane of her roses.—Angus of his meadow larks. Such a man should be locked up."
Therefore, take heart. Methusalem was a whistler and whistled his age out nine hundred years. Solomon couldn't whistle, sang only with his styles, and therefore soon pegged out. The man with a light heart and thin pair of breeches, is always whistling.

Letter from a Volunteer.

CAMP CURTIN, June 3, 1861.

Friend Jacoby,—Camp incidents and camp letters, it may be, are becoming stale as news, in your place, as there have already been a number of letters published in the different Columbia county papers, besides there have been a number of your citizens visiting us, who, doubtless, posted you in all that transpires here; but I believe I have not seen a letter yet in your columns, and if you think this worthy of a place you are at liberty to lay it before your readers.

Affairs in Camp Curtin are pretty much the same as when you left us last week.—The Companies have been nearly all inspected by the examining surgeons, and most of them are already sworn in. The physical examination is very rigid; none but perfectly sound men being retained, and all under the standard height (5 ft. 4 1/2 in.) are also rejected. Many a good fellow is compelled to leave the ranks because he, perhaps, be a little too short, and there being quite a number in the "Guards" who come pretty close the mark, you had better believe there was a considerable of uneasiness felt by us until we were inspected.—But we did finely, only three being rejected, while some companies were reduced one-third,—the "Montour Rifles," of Danville, lost twenty three men from their ranks.—It seems rather unjust to refuse men who have sacrificed their interests, and the comforts of home, and have so patriotically responded to the call of their country, but it is undoubtedly for the good of the cause and the men concerned that such is the case; for if a man is not capable of enduring the service, he had better remain at home, because he would be doing himself injustice and at the same time embarrass the service. Governor Curtin visited the Camp recently, and told the soldiers that he intended to make this reserve corps of the State the best equipped and drilled army that was ever set on foot in the United States, and that he would spare no expense to procure the most modern and effectual weapons of warfare to accomplish that end.

We were much gratified on Saturday to welcome among us the recruits from Columbia county, under the care of our young friend R. B. Ricketts. They were met at the Harrisburg Depot by a large number of the "Iron Guards," who marched them into Camp with file and drum. The recruits are all fine young fellows, and we feel proud of them: they were all examined the same day and all passed; they are in good spirits and seem to be quite as much at home in camp as the rest of us. They are not yet mustered into the company but will be soon.

It was entirely gratifying to witness the manifestations of joy exhibited by all in the company on last Tuesday, when we were sworn in. It was an event that we had been looking forward to with anxiety, for we felt that we were not truly soldiers until we had taken the oath of allegiance. The solemnity of the occasion was duly felt by every one: on being drawn up into line, the mustering officer requested all who were not willing to take the oath to step out, but not a man stirred from his position; then, with heads uncovered and hands uplifted, every man took a solemn oath of allegiance to the Constitution of the State of Pennsylvania, and the Constitution of the United States; and that he would faithfully discharge the duties of a soldier of the Pennsylvania State Reserve Corps for the term of three years or the continuance of the war unless sooner discharged. During the administration of the oath the utmost silence prevailed; but when it was ended there was an outburst of applause, and three hearty cheers for the "Stars and Stripes."

I am happy to inform you that our regiment is at last formed, and that to the complete satisfaction of the "Iron Guards."—It will probably be the first regiment of the Reserve Corps. I believe the election of officers took place yesterday morning, and the selection was an admirable one. The companies composing the regiment are as follows: Cumberland Guards, of Cumberland County, Captain Totten; Honesdale Guards, of Wayne County, Capt. Wright; Susquehanna Volunteers, of Susquehanna County, Capt. McCauley; Monitor Rifles, of Danville, Pa., Capt. Manley; J. D. Cameron Infantry, of Middletown, Captain Rehner; Iron Artillerists, of Lebanon county, Captain Lantz; Washington Rifles, of Franklin county, Captain Dixon; Union Guards, of Snyder county, Captain Rouse; and the Iron Guards. We are not exactly certain what position in the regiment the Iron Guards will hold, but we will certainly have one of the most important. The officers of the regiment are: Colonel, W. W. Ricketts, of the Iron Guards; Lieut. Colonel, Capt. Lantz, of the Iron Artillerists; Major, — Matthews, a gentleman not connected with any of the companies, but who has been holding a prominent position in this Camp; Quarter-master, Major McCoy, the present Quarter-master of Camp Curtin; Adjutant, Lieut. Harding, a Lieutenant in one of the companies forming the regiment. The Sergeant Major, and Quarter-master's Sergeant have not yet been elected. The Officers and the Companies are of the best in the Camp; the J. D. Cameron Infantry is a splendidly uniformed company, that was uniformed by the son of the Secretary of War—Mr. J. D. Cameron—whose name it bears. An effort is being made to get the Bloomsburg Brass Band into the regiment as regimental band, understanding that they are willing to go. The Iron Guards were

at the same time, feel honored that we furnished the Colonel from our Company. He was elected without a dissenting vote. We will soon hold an election for Captain, when Lieut. Ent will undoubtedly be chosen to succeed Capt. Ricketts.

At present there are about three hundred men in Camp Curtin, and more companies are arriving almost every day. None have left for some time, but we expect our regiment will soon be ordered to another camp—probably to Easton—where we will be likely to remain all summer, passing the time in drill. We are all in good health at present, excepting two of our boys, one of whom is in the hospital with a touch of the measles.

We have lost from among us our young friend R. B. Ricketts, whom we expected would join our company—which was his intention when he came here. He was appointed by Seiler Adjutant of Camp Curtin, in the place of Adj. Case, who goes with our regiment. Bruce will fill the place as ably as "any other man" that could have been appointed.

The weather is getting quite warm here, so much so that it is unpleasant during the day for drill, and at night we can sleep more comfortably without our blankets than with them.

Yours hastily, S.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

Sketch of Col. Ellsworth.

Col. Ellsworth was born in Mechanicsville, New York, and lost his parents while still very young. He subsequently came to this city and was placed under the guardianship of some of his relatives, who placed him in an educational institution in the interior of the State. While yet young and at school, he manifested wonderful intuitive military tastes, and nothing appeared to give so much gratification as to get a party of his school-mates and put them through a course of training in the school of the soldier. His military inclinations were brought to the notice of some influential gentlemen, who at once proposed to secure for young Ellsworth a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point.

The measure was soon accomplished, and at the age of sixteen he underwent a preliminary examination, was accepted, and commenced his military studies. For awhile he made rapid progress, but suddenly he exhibited a restlessness that soon brought his cadetship to a premature close, but before he left West Point he acquired unusual proficiency in the manual of military exercise and the use of small arms.—He returned to New York, where he remained a few years, and about eight years ago he removed to Chicago, a stranger, penniless, with no recommendation or positive means of support. With a determination to be industrious, and to win his way by humble means to distinction, he soon achieved a distinguished position in that city. He subsequently prominently identified himself with the military of Chicago, and his early military tuition, added to that gained at West Point, soon enlarged itself to such an extent as to win the attention of his associates.

During the war in the Crimea, young Ellsworth was a constant reader of the reports of the proceedings of that eventful campaign, and his enthusiasm was aroused in reading of the bold and daring bravery of the French Chasseurs Zouaves, which led him to investigate their peculiar drill, with a view of forming a company of Zouaves in Chicago. He suggested his plan to various parties, who at first thought the plan impracticable. But an indomitable spirit like that possessed by Ellsworth was not one to succumb to small reverses, and he continued to advocate the organization of a Zouave corps.

He turned his attention, at the suggestion of some of his associates, to a military company of thirty or forty young men who appeared not to make much progress in their organization, besides having a company debt of several hundred dollars. Ellsworth presented his plan to this company; it was accepted, he was elected captain, the debt paid off, and the company reorganized under the name of the United States Zouave Cadets of Chicago. He at once applied himself assiduously to drilling his company in the French Zouave system. In the course of a year or so they arrived at such a point of perfection, both in the light infantry drill and the Zouave tactics, that many of their friends were anxious that they should visit the Eastern States to show what Chicago could do. Accordingly, in July of last year, they left Chicago on a pleasure tour to Detroit, Niagara Falls, Rochester, Albany, New York, Boston, West Point, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. In this city they were received with appropriate honors by the Washington Grays, and they gave an exhibition drill in the Fairmount Park before the Mayor and Common Council, a large number of military men, and at least ten thousand spectators, and their evolutions were pronounced unexcelled.

Colonel Ellsworth's name will go down to posterity as the founder, in this country, of the popular Zouave drill. At this time there are several thousand Zouave organizations in this section and the West, all dating their organization since the tour of the Chicagoans.

On his return home the young Colonel, of course, was much feted by his fellow-citizens. Among other persons who paid him

After the election Mr. Lincoln signified his intention of attaching Colonel Ellsworth to his person; and when, in February last, he departed on his journey to Washington, Colonel Ellsworth was invited to form one of the escort. He was one of the most useful of the party, and greatly facilitated the trip of the President elect. Colonel Ellsworth's accomplishments and military ability were urged upon President Lincoln as warranting his appointment to a high position in the War Department, and his name was mentioned in connection with the Chief Clerkship in that Bureau of the Government. The President subsequently appointed him to a Second Lieutenantcy in the regular army. At the first commencement of the difficulties between the rebels and the Federal Government, Col. Ellsworth sought and obtained permission to recruit a regiment for active service. He went to New York and commenced the organization of a Zouave Regiment from the members of the Fire Department. He sought his men from this class of citizens, not from any disparagement to the militia, but the thought that men accustomed to a rough life and exposed to hardships were best calculated for hard fighting, and all those privations which are indispensable from any active soldier's life. In an incredibly short time over one thousand noble fellows were recruited, who flocked around the young Colonel, fully confident he would lead them wherever duty called. On the day of the departure of the regiment they were the recipients of two sets of colors—one from the Fire department and the other from New York ladies.

Colonel Ellsworth's personal qualities, his dignified, yet winning address, and courteous manners, and his wonderful military ability, won for him a high reputation and many warm personal friends. Those who have been nearest to him appreciate and love him best. By some the impression was sometimes obtained that there was a degree of affection in his manner; but it was merely the result of a self-military training, which was misinterpreted.

It may not be amiss to mention at this time that Colonel Ellsworth has been engaged for the last two years to Miss Carrie Spafford, a young lady of seventeen, the daughter of Charles F. Spafford, a respectable resident of Rockford, Illinois. Miss Spafford was recently a student in the Carroll Institute, Brooklyn. The marriage would probably have taken place ere this but for the breaking out of the late war.—Col. E. was twenty-seven years of age.

THE ARMY SHYSTERS.

The Abuses in Feeding our Volunteers.

Yesterday morning a gentleman who had ample opportunities of judging the administration of the affairs of the Commissary of Camp Johnston, made some statements to us of so direct and positive a character, that we could not doubt their correctness; but, at his request, we went to Camp yesterday afternoon to see for ourselves. We are sorry to say that this Camp is in a disgraceful condition, and that if a reform of the grievances there is not immediately effected by "the powers that be," the entire command will be utterly demoralized. Already several companies have protested against turning out for battalion drill, and were got out with the utmost difficulty by the officers in command. This protest was based on the fact of the men being half starved, or fed on provisions that are positively not fit for men to eat, especially men who are expected to go through the severe ordeal of several hours fatiguing drill each day. The 14th and 15th regiments contain material for splendid troops, but unless existing wrongs are speedily righted, they will not be fit to take into active service.

It is of no use for officers to tell us that this or that official is to blame. For the present, we do not mean to put our finger on the guilty party, for we do not covet the spectacle of an army shyster hanging on the first limb in open day; but we do say that somebody is guilty of a crime equally black as treason itself—the crime of speculating on the necessities of patriotic soldiers—and that it is the solemn duty of those at head quarters to have the wrongs righted, even if it should be necessary to hang the

We visited several of the "quarters" in camp yesterday, and wherever we went we heard the same tale and saw the same facts. The men do not get enough of food that is fit to eat to satisfy their hunger. We saw pork there which is positively enough to turn the strongest stomach, and yet men accustomed to good wholesome fare at home are expected to eat it five days out of seven! At one of the quarters, the cook had just cut into a piece of fat pork, revealing a rotten vein the size of a dollar, several inches deep, infecting the whole piece, and seriously affecting the stomachs of all who witnessed it! This company had for their supper last night only five loaves of bread, to be divided among seventy four men, (the officers dining out,) with neither meat or molasses—simply a small slice of bread each, with a cup of coffee. The loaves are issued for three pounds each, but of several weighed they lacked at least half a pound in every three loaves. Thus a company of 77 men, entitled, under the army regulations, to 87 pounds of bread, only receive 27 loaves of bread, purporting to weight, a moderate average, from what we saw, it will be seen that this company is wronged out of ten pounds of bread every day, which puts about 33 1/2 cents extra in somebody's pocket on each company, and on twenty companies this would foot up the handsome "profit" of \$6.66 2/3 per week! Now, it will not do for any army shyster to tell us that this is a mistake, an inadvertence, or even "a small matter," meriting their "silent contempt." It is a serious matter—a solemn truth—a damning fact—and if those at head-quarters do not promptly step in and at once reform these little abuses, or negligence, or whatever they may choose to call them, we will hold them responsible before a justly indignant public.

We do not exaggerate when we say that many of these poor fellows would have more than once gone hungry to bed, had it not been for the kindness of our citizens; and we say this upon the authority of just as good men as ever grasped a sword or kissed a piece of red tape. Indeed even an officer, with whom we marched in the ranks fifteen years ago, told us yesterday that he had not eaten meat for four days, because, it was not fit to eat, and, as his duties would prevent him from getting to town last night, he did not expect to get any supper. When such men as we know him to be, complain thus, truly there is cause for complaint.

In regard to the quality of the meat, we were informed that the quartermasters of these regiments are not to blame—that they must take such as is furnished them from the Commissary Department. If this be so, it throws that responsibility near enough to the doors of Gov. Curtin for him to see to it.—The army regulations require these supplies to be inspected by an officer of the proper department, and if the "whale-meat" now furnished the troops has met the approval of such an officer, the sooner he is discharged as an "incapable," or something worse, the better for the credit of our State and the Union, and the integrity of our armies.

We shall avail ourselves of an early occasion to refer to this subject again, when we may have something to say of army abuses in other directions.

GIVE THE CHILDREN FRESH AIR.

Some parents make the great mistake of keeping their children indoors during cold weather. Such a practice is pernicious in many respects. It enfleebles the bodies of children, renders them peculiarly liable to be attacked by colds of coughs. A child should have its feet well shod with socks and boots, its body well wrapped in warm clothing, its head and ears securely protected from the cold, and then be let loose to play in the keen, bracing, winter air. By this means its body will become robust, and its spirits be kept bright and cheerful; whereas, if a child be shut up in the house, it will become fretful and feverish and perhaps wind up with a severe attack of illness. The coroner's inquests in London daily show that every week, in that city, children are suffocated in bed, or under the shawls of mothers. They die, in consequence of inhaling their own breath, which is a compound of carbonic acid gas. They are in fact, in the same situation as a person who is locked up in a room, which is full of the fumes of charcoal. The children are gradually overpowered by the deleterious atmosphere, and die without a struggle, it being thought that they were in a sound sleep.

A little girl four years old was recently called as a witness in a police court, and in answer to the question as to what became of little girls who told lies, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

Some one blamed Mr. March for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that's just the difference between a man and a jackass—the jackass can't change his mind and a man can—it's a human privilege."

Whenever you drink be sure you have your nose above water.—Is Prentice's very excellent advice to wisdom.

An old bachelor is a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful! Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise, Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful, Courage forever is happy and wise; All for the best—if a man would but know it, Providence wishes us all to be blest; This is no dream of pundit or poet, Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!

All's for the best! set this on your standard, Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love, Who to the shore of despair may have wandered A way-wearied swallow or heart-stricken dove; All's for the best—be a man, but confiding, Providence tenderly governs the rest, And the frail bark of His creature is guiding Wisely and warily—All's for the best!

All's for the best! then fling away terrors, Meet all your fears and terrors in the van, And in the midst of your dangers or errors Trust like a child, while you strive like a man; All's for the best!—unbiased, unbounded, Providence reigns from the East to the West, And by both wisdom and mercy surrounded, Hope and be happy that—All's for the best!

A French and Moving Story.

Lefort was a man some forty years old, with an income of fifteen thousand francs, fond of pictures, and painting landscapes himself in a very remarkable manner. He lived in Rue de Provence, in an apartment in the third story, where he was often visited by his friend Decamps, the noble painter who has recently died in Paris, who was very fond of Lefort and of sitting to talk in his rooms. They passed long evenings in chatting and smoking together before an open window, which overlooked the vast gardens of the Hotel Lafayette and the Hotel Rothschild.

One day, Lefort arrived at the cafe with a long face and an air of great dissatisfaction. "What is the matter?" said Decamps. "The matter is, I am wretched at having to move from our apartment." "Are you going to leave it?" "Yes, my landlord wanted to raise my rent. I resisted—he insisted. I grew angry, and gave up the room. I am wretched now. You were so fond of these rooms." "Ah, well, take back your lease." "You are right, I will take it back."

The next day Lefort had still the long face and the grieved air of the previous day. He had wished to resume his lease. But it was too late. The apartment was let for a term of nine years. Lefort must move in the month of October. His landlord informed him, however, in an obliging manner, that the person who was to succeed him would not arrive from the country till the middle of November, and that he had all that time to seek an apartment to suit him; only Lefort must leave empty a part of the suit of rooms to store the furniture of his successor. Lefort consented to this joyfully, and the furniture of the new tenant was brought in.

Meantime Decamps, who saw him, still so sorrowful at having to quit his rooms, said to him one day: "There is perhaps some way to arrange with your new successor." "I do not know him; and don't wish to try to make a bargain." "Show me his furniture," said Decamps, "and I can guess what sort of a man it is." Lefort conducted Decamps into the rooms where the furniture of the new tenant was placed.

"Hum, hum," said Decamps on casting his eyes over the articles; "all this is simple, comfortable, in good taste, furniture for an income of twenty thousand francs, lately removed. It is the right sort of man—or rather it is a woman; here is a woman's furniture, this toilet, this wash table, this book stand of inlaid work."

"But the husband?" "I don't see any husband in the matter; no masculine furniture, a single bed, no bureau; we only want to know if she is a widow, a young girl, or an old maid." "How shall we find out that?" He opened the toilette table. There was a shell comb, to which was attached two magnificent hairs of golden blond.

"Good, this hair does not belong to an old woman; let us look farther. He perceived a portrait turned against the wall.—He turned the canvass.—It was the portrait of a woman, blond, very pretty, painted in 1825, by Horset.

"It is the portrait of the lady," said Decamps. "It is the portrait of a married woman; the dress indicates it. The woman was about twenty when it was painted.—She must be still very pretty. She is an intelligent woman, loving art, I judge by the selection of the books in the library, by the music on the piano. My friends, you will not quit this apartment."

"I must ask this lady to give it up to me, then." "No, you must ask her to share it with you. You must marry her." "You are mad; you are laughing at me." "I speak very seriously. Your furniture seems made to go with that of the lady.—The suite of rooms is too large for one of you alone; it is exactly what is wanted for you two."

"But I don't wish to marry." "You are wrong. You are forty years old; this lady suits you in every respect.—She pleases me, this woman, and I wish you to marry her. Let me manage." Lefort gave him leave. When the lady came from the country, she was surprised

and the portrait of Lefort hung up opposite her own.

"See, madame," said he, "what wonderful harmony between these articles of furniture. See how well the portrait matches your own. It is certainly the portrait of the man who should be your husband?"

The lady was sensible and kind. She was not angry, and laughed heartily, and as he was an intelligent man, *distingue*, a very good fellow with a small fortune, he was accepted. He married the widow and did not leave the rooms.

He never left them until last year at the death of his wife whom he adored, and whom he rendered happy till the last moment. Decamps remained their friend, and both, whenever they saw him, thanked him for having made the marriage of their furniture.

Can the Southern States be Subjugated by the North?

[From the London Times May 14.]

The news from America will possibly give some hopes to those who are anxiously longing for peace. There is at length a pause, produced partly by the unreadiness, and partly by the moderation of the belligerents. Though the patriotic zeal of the Northern States, and the determined energy of the South do not appear to have diminished, yet we may presume that the objects of the contest, and the means which must be used to gain them, are present to the minds of both parties. One cause of excitement is now taken away. The federal capital is safe in the hands of Northern troops. One party is no longer tempted to attack it, nor the other enraged by the fear of losing it. Communication by telegraph had been restored between Washington and the North. The city itself was held by 18,000 men; the neighboring positions had been occupied and strengthened, and Gen. Scott had no expectation of any danger. On the other hand, the Confederate States appear to have relinquished all designs of attack, if they ever entertained any.

The theory of State independence, which is acted upon by every State, small or great, makes the politics of the late Union shifting beyond measure. But, if we suppose Virginia is at heart with the Confederate government, and is acting for its advantage, it would seem that President Davis has decided on purely defensive operations. To interpose a great mass of neutrality between himself and his enemies is a master stroke of policy, on the presumption that he wishes to await them at home, to tire them out by forcing them to undertake expedition by sea at a vast expense—and to obtain time for the consolidation of the new republic before being called upon to defend any of its outlying regions. But if the bold schemes of the South are to be carried out, and the Palmetto flag is to fly over Flanuel Hall, then the position assumed by Virginia is the most troublesome than can be imagined.—The most likely solution is that the Confederate States, seeing their opponents thoroughly roused, and knowing that it will be impossible to hold their ground in the immediate neighborhood of the populous Northern States, have given up all idea to advance beyond the Potomac, and are studying to retain Virginia without having to fight for it.

The future course of the war is probably not known to the statesman at Washington themselves. To those, however, who look at things from a distance it appears as if States themselves were to be broken up, the counties assuming to themselves the same rights of sovereign power as have been arrogated by the larger divisions of the country. Virginia will probably suffer in this manner. Her immense extent, surpassing that of England and Wales, makes this event less to be dreaded by her patriotic citizens than if her area were less enormous; but, even so, the native State of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe will be sadly shorn of its dignity should the Western part, a rich and prosperous free soil region, fall off and cast its lot with Ohio and Pennsylvania. Unless the Federal government succeeds in coercing or coaxing the secessionists into renewed union this disruption of Virginia seems almost inevitable. This consideration perhaps, has had some effect on the prudent action of the State. The results we have yet to learn. Where events are influenced by ever changing circumstances, acting on wavering politicians and impetuous mobs, it is more than ever difficult to calculate the future, and it remains to be seen whether the government will carry on the war against the Confederates, or whether Mr. Lincoln, having redeemed some of his pledges and secured the capitol, will be inclined to moderate counsels. He no doubt has the chance of winning victories—and of requiring a character for energy and firmness. He may, not content with asserting the possession of the two little Northern slave States, inflict grievous injuries on the Confederates by blockading their ports, interrupting their cultivation, and even tampering with the slave population. But, on the other hand, it is more evident that a war for the subjugation of the South is an enterprise of as yet conceived the magnitude. In this case superiority of strength on the one side would be balanced by desperation on the other. The young lawyers, clerks and farmers who have hurried to Washington must be drilled and disciplined for a long war in a sparsely inhabited, unhealthy, and foodless country, where they will be engaged against an enemy hot-blooded, obstinate at all times, and roused to fury by the invasion of their soil. The occupation of what is geographically the largest half of the late Union will have to be accomplished by a militia stationed among a people who will look upon them as they look upon Indian savages. The only alternative is to enforce a blockade and to