

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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QUOTE POETRY.

THERE'S DANGER IN DELAY.

A Call to Freemen.

Up, Freemen! Up in Freedom's cause! Why sleep the People's powers, While rights, thro' struggling ages won, Are fleeting with the breath of time? Our rights our brave forefathers forced From tyrants' greedy sway. Are fast returning to their grasp— There's danger in delay.

Impression of Gettysburg.

After spending some days in Gettysburg and the hospitals around it, during the week following the great battle which occurred the first three days of July, I wish to put upon record some thoughts which were deeply impressed on me there. The awfulness of war, in its attendant results, is beyond description. The most vivid imagination in its picturing comes short of the reality, and words seem feeble to convey any adequate conception of the facts.

The surgeons' operating-tables are in full view, and human limbs are lying about them, so that you can scarce pass near without stepping upon them. But you are not here to look on such scenes as a curious spectator. Take your soap, water, and sponge to cleanse their festering wounds, your lint, bandages, and plaster to bind them up, your cordials to strengthen the fainting; and as you kneel on the ground beside them and commence your toil, speak to them of home, wife, children, or mother; point them to Jesus, and whisper words of comfort or exhortation; and you will find much to deepen your conceptions of the dreadful results of war, and not a little to cheer your heart in the sustaining power of piety. If you labor among the rebel wounded as I did part of the time, your heart will bleed for the unwilling victims of this unnatural war.

As you pass from one to another, washing their wounds and administering some cordial or food, you will hear such petitions as these: "Do write to my dear wife, and tell her I die among strangers, but they treated me kindly." Will you write to my mother and tell her that I trust in Jesus. Her Jesus?" "Oh, sir, can you get one brief message to my wife Sarah?"

Such scenes I passed through, until exhausted with toil and sympathy, I sank down upon the earth; then again toiling and resting until called away by other duties. And all this suffering and sorrow occurs not only here, but upon other battle-fields, because wicked men chose to rebel against a good government, rather than seek in constitutional modes the removal of their fancied wrongs.

The value of religious reading for the army is receiving new illustrations daily and on every battle-field. Men lying without covering, food, or medical care, I saw again and again reading the Testament or tract, in apparent forgetfulness of their suffering. Glad you are able to read yet, and my poor fellow," I say. "Yes," they respond, "it is a great comfort. I bless the man that gave me this. Have you any tracts or books for me?" Said a chaplain to me who has been in the service from the opening of the war. "Thousands will bless the Tract Society for bringing comfort to those who have now passed away. I have been repeatedly on battle field, men dead and cold holding open in their hands and before their now glazed eyes the tracts of your Society. Their spirits passed away as they read the words which pointed them to the Saviour of sinners." Oh for means to fill the camps and hospitals with the words of life!

Heavy Thinking.

"I'll tell you what, a man does a good deal of heavy thinking before a battle." So said a young man in my hearing. I had noticed his dress, the number of his regiment on his cap, and formed my conclusion of him, though I did not know his name. His language was correct. He talked like any other man earnestly, readily, and without an oath. We have been almost tempted to feel that soldiers might, any must, swear. He did not. He did not drink. His clear eyes and clear skin, steady tones and pure breath proved it.

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Blessed is he who has only this thinking to do whose soul is in peace. In the prospect of the battle, and the excitement and stir, there is little time for the great preparation. A man should live as he wishes to die. It is best to die a Christian, it is better to live a Christian, and it is hard enough then to keep right. Even then, in so solemn an hour as that before a battle, there will be enough heavy thinking to do; but the soul will be at peace.—Christian Banner.

Union League Secrets.

A correspondent of the New Hampshire State Sentinel, who assumes to have penetrated the odious mysteries of the order, sends the following as a portion of the instructions given to the initiated: When you first see a member, present your left hand and say: "How are you Major?" Answer—"Comfortably well." "Are you a member of our Union League?" Answer—"Prove me!" "How shall I prove you?" Answer—"By positions." Here comes to what might be called a command, for the person asking the question above set forth, says: "Take position and I'll call them." The person who answers the question then raises his left hand perpendicularly over his head, at which time you say "Washington." He then drops his arm to a horizontal position, and you say, "Jefferson." He then drops his left hand on the left thigh and you say, "Jackson." He then raises his left hand on his breast, and say, "Union." He then joins the thumb and third finger of his left hand; at this time you must also join the thumb and third finger as he does; then both of your hands meet, and you put your thumb and third finger inside his and you say League. All this is done in a shorter time than I can tell you.

Two Negro Stories.

A New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis Republican tells two negro stories, one is of a woman cook and man servant. The woman was upbraiding the man for not going into the army and thus fighting for his liberty, and finally she came down emphatically with the remark— "Was I a man, I'd be seed in sojer clothes afore you could say Jack Robinson. You, you're a disgrace to de color, and ought to be a slave forever. Go way, nigger, I've got a contempt for you!" The negro man evidently much taken down," but finally mustered a reply, which I think "will pass." "Look a heah, Hannah, sposin' you had two bills, a good one and a counterfeit, which 'en of 'em would you get rid of first?" "Why de counterfeit of course you fool," said Hannah. "Well, dar,'s just it—de white sojer is de good bill, and de black sojer is de counterfeit, and dey puts de counterfeit sojer in de front rank, and gosh killed off first! I doesn't go a sojerin, nehow?" Not bad logic that, which reminds me of the negro who went to a menagerie in which was a large baboon in a cage. The negro approached the cage closely, while the baboon went through several gyrations, such as nodding and shaking his head, holding out one of his hands for the negro to shake, etc., to the evident delight of both negro and baboon. Finally, baboon seemed so intelligent and "knowing," the negro addressed him some remarks, which the baboon only answered by a nod of the head. At this the negro was still more delighted, and broke forth with the remark—"You're right—don't open your mouth, kase if you spoke's a word, white man I have a shovel in your hand in less dan a minute!" Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what a little fellow told his teacher when he couldn't say his lesson.

The Price of Blood.

We daily hear such expressions as the following: "Well, if the war does go on, we are getting rich." "The country never was in a more prosperous condition." "Business never was brisker." "We are all making money." "This war has not hurt me any." "I don't see why men make so much ado in favor of peace," and others of like import fall from the lips of men who chatter loudly about "loyalty" war! war! "to the last man" and "the last dollar."

How thoughtless, how cruel, how craven-hearted indeed most men have become, who can talk thus whilst their neighbors, their friends, their brothers, and their country's woes stare them boldly in the face.— If they are getting rich it is by "coining money" out of the necessities which the calamities of war—cruel war—have brought upon their neighbors. If the condition of the country be "prosperous," it is that kind of prosperity which enriches the few at the expense of the many. However prosperous the country may appear, the nation is daily merging toward bankruptcy.

Men who are so careless as to boast of making money, now, whilst our mother earth is drunk with the life blood of our friends and our neighbors, freely poured out in defence, as they supposed, of our outraged laws, we can pity. They are but whored and hyena-like, are making common cause with the vultures who follow the track of our armies. The one fattens, the other coins money out of the mangled forms of slain veterans. The tears of bereaved widows, the silent moan of a heart-broken mother, and the wailing of the fatherless child, are so many sources of profit to these modern "Shylocks."

Attempts Ward on the Draft.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 7. As the undersigned has been led to fear that the law regulating the draft was not wholly understood, notwithstanding the numerous explanatory circulars that have issued from the national capital, she hereby issues a circular of his own; and if he shall succeed in making this favorite measure more clear to a discerning public, he will feel that he has not lived in vain:

1. A young man who is drafted and inadvertently goes to Canada, where he comes embroiled with a raw-bust English party, who knocks him around so as to disable him for life, the same occurring in a licensed bar-room on British soil, such young men cannot receive a pension on account of said injuries from the United States government, nor can his heirs or creditors.

9. No drafted man can claim exemption on the ground that he has several children whom he supports and who do not bear his name, or in the same house with him, and who have never been introduced to his wife, but who, on the contrary, are introduced with various mothers, and "live round."

AS IT HAPPENED.

McClellan was a good commander, And his country's true defender; We all knew the Army loved him; Why the deed did they remove him? To Burnside then they gave command, Which cast a gloom o'er all the land. We marched to Rappahannock's shore, And sure we did but little more; The rebels were on Fisher's side, We met them with Kankee pride, Yankee canton roared like thunder, As if 't would rend the earth asunder, But aye, for all this thunder-tune, No victory there to call our own.— Burnside was not in the saddle, Therefore, we did soon alackadiddle, On Monday night we crossed the bridge, And took position on the ridge; Feels came down upon the river, Burnside then a trace flag giver. We passed over safe and sound, And put our brothers under ground. Burnside then encamped his forces, Two rivers' way he took courses. The weather soon began to freeze, We took it all with soldiers ease. Until Burnside aroused his spirit, I thought once more to try his merit; While doing all true soldiers could, He soon were sticking in the mud. The rebels say they flanked him out, We call it Burney's last retreat. They gave us old Joe Hooker next, Which some of our old soldiers vexed, And now we soon expect some fun, For this old Hook will never run. But like an old bull-dog he will fight, Whether 'tis wrong or whether 'tis right, After the Chancellorsville Fight. Now I must end since I've begun, By telling you what old Hooker's done, On a punkoon he crossed the river, And knocked the rebels all to siver; He handled 'em with his old steam wall, While doing this himself did talk. Standing there at the Chancellors House, He was knocked down as dead as a mouse. The rebels to kill him tried in vain, For this old Hook got alive again, And brushing himself all over neat, He made a nice and safe retreat. The rebels say they flanked him out, He didn't run fast and not very far, And now he is where the rebels are, And I expect to hear any day. That he has frightened the Rebels away. Now the good work which Hook begos, Old Meade has ended and well done. C. R. G.

The Arming of Negroes in Mississippi.

The Vicksburg correspondent of the Chicago Times writes: The return of the army from Jackson was the occasion of a remarkable exodus of negroes. There were few able-bodied young men, for the policy of making soldiers of them has made at least nine out of every ten as anxious to keep out of the way of the Yankees as are many of their masters. But all the old men and women, and young children in the whole region of country around Jackson—those who have been a burden upon their masters, and will necessarily be dependant upon our charity—accompanied the army on its return, in large numbers. Every species of vehicle, and an untold number of broken-down horses and mules, were taken into the service by these contractors enroute for Vicksburg. Their effects consisted of a wonderful quantity of old clothing and bedding, and dilapidated furniture, which they seemed to regard as of inestimable value. The transportation, however, was not sufficient for all, and hundreds, carrying as many as possible of the inestimable bundles, tramped along on foot. All seemed animated by a fear that our rear guard would overtake, pass, and leave them behind and such a straining of energies, and hurrying and busting, was never before known among the whole black creation.

What on earth are we to do with the immense numbers of them coming within our lines? is a problem which the future alone can solve. One thing, however, is certain: No matter how worthless or how incapable of self-support they cannot be permitted to starve, and whether collected in one locality, or so equally distributed as to give each township in the North its proportion of paupers, they will be supported at the public expense. There is another thing about this negro question which is even more certain than the other proposition. The minds of all of them are filled with the most extravagant ideas of the North. It is to them a country of ease and plenty and happiness, and say and do as you will, as soon as the military blockade is made less stringent, they will swarm upon you like the locusts of the east. Until I came down here, I believed that, even if emancipated, the negroes would remain in the South. I now know better. Not one in ten will remain here. They will go North, if they accomplish the distance on foot. They don't feel safe here, not even those whose owners are dead, and their fears impel them to go North. And then their extravagant ideas, as bright and glowing, as far as their own ease and happiness is concerned, as the warmest imagination of the Arabian Knights will never permit them to remain in the South after the road to the North is open.

GOVERNOR CURTIN CAN NOT SECURE THE SUPPORT OF EITHER HIS OWN PARTY OR HIS OFFICE HOLDERS.—Speech of Alex. Cummings, before the Republican State Convention, Aug. 5, 1863. Mr. Cummings is only one of the many formerly warm and influential friends of Curtin, who now are deserting him in the hour of trial when he most needs their support. So it is, Curtin has made a very unpopular Governor, even with his own party. Cummings is a leading Republican!

From the Army of the Potomac.

A remarkable proceeding—A rebel Col. announces peace near at hand. WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Sept. 8, '63. From the New-York Tribune's correspondent with the Army of the Potomac we have the following, dated: HEADQUARTERS, Sept. 8, '63. Col. R. C. Hill of the rebel army, recently sent word across the Rappahannock, from Fredericksburg, that he would like to see an officer of our Army. The wish being made known to Gen. Custer, the General himself crossed. The motive of Col. Hill's request was to make inquiries respecting General Gregg, with whom he was once a classmate and intimate friend. Gen. Custer received a note from Col. Hill to Gen. Gregg, which was forwarded. Col. Hill remarked confidentially to Gen. Custer that peace was near at hand. This assertion was voluntarily made by two Rebel officers in the boat which conveyed Gen. Custer, and by others on shore.— On being asked the reason of their supposition they would not communicate it, simply reiterating their opinion. Col. Hill would not state what command he was connected with, but appeared to be a staff officer. At least 1,000 cavalry and infantry from the Rebel army thronged about the wharf as spectators when Gen. Custer landed. His reception by the officers was exceedingly cordial.

Notwithstanding these anticipations of peace, the Rebels expected another battle near Culpepper. They did not anticipate attacking us, but presumed that we, strengthened by conscripts, would speedily assume the offensive. Gen. Lee is yet in Richmond. Doubtless the consultation among the heads of the Rebel Government are earnest. Great amicability exists between our pickets and those of the enemy. Yesterday about 100 men belonging to both armies bathed together in the Rappahannock. T. M. N.

A VILE IMPOSITION.—On or about the 1st of September, a man calling himself Capt. Wallace came to this place, and going immediately to Mr. L. Myers's lively ordered eight teams to be sent to Kingston on the arrival of the up train, to receive 52 officers, who, as he alleged, were to arrive by said train. The teams were sent, and continued for a week to run to Kingston to meet the trains. He pretended to hail from New York and was connected with a large banking house there. Meantime he said that he had been promoted, since his arrival, from Captain to Lieut. Colonel and that he was acting only as agent and treasurer of the party of U. S. officers, who were on a furlough of pleasure, and who would be glad to get off with \$10 per day. Col. Wallace ordered his carriage for Troy for Prospectus Rock, for Harvey's Lake, and almost constantly his carriage, were seen rushing hither and thither, scattering the gravel and enveloped in clouds of dust. At Harvey's Lake he ordered a dinner for the whole party on Friday last; and to meet such a sudden demand upon their hospitalities, the lake, the pig sty, the turkey yard, the chicken coop, were all laid under contribution. But no officers with their families, or otherwise, have yet arrived. Last Thursday Mr. Myers broke off the lines of communication and scented the impostor. He offered a check of \$300 on the Drovers' and Butchers' Bank of New York, but on telegraphing the reply was "no funds." Col. Wallace is now under arrest, and it is to be hoped our authorities will make an example of him.

The following sentiment from one of Ohio's noblest most patriotic and worthy sons, is worthy of being printed in letters of gold. Read it: "COMPROMISE." "Not compromise! Compromise is the first law of combination—I had almost said of nature. It is the law of all society—all government—all united action.— Partners in business compromise—members of political, religious, charitable, useful societies compromise. Kings compromise with their subjects, or lose them. Wars end by compromise—the family circle is a compromise. Husbands compromise with their wives—fathers compromise with their disobedient children—and if our holy religion is true, God Almighty compromised with man when he accepted in his behalf the atonement of his son; and shall we refuse to do what reason, religion and all command?"—Hon G. H. Penleton.

LET FREEMEN REMEMBER That the country was warned for years that the triumph of the sectional, disunion, abolition party would give civil war and dissolve the Union. LET THEM REMEMBER that as soon as this abolition party came in power, the Union crumbled, and that while democrats were in favor of the Crittenden compromise, which the South promised to accept, the abolitionists were opposed to it and voted it down against the petitions, the protests and the votes of the democratic party—thus throwing us into this stupendous civil war.

LET THEM REMEMBER that the abolition designs of the party in power, were soon after developed, by trying to strike down the freedom of the press of speech and by the adoption of the universal emancipation and amalgamation policy. LET THEM REMEMBER that the party in power have plundered the government of millions upon millions of dollars, have made an odious and oppressive system of taxation, have burdened us with a most stupendous national debt, have created scores of new offices for the benefit of their favored partisans, have quartered troops upon us without cause, and have shown the most astounding profligacy and extravagance to enrich their own partizans at the expense of the country.

LET THEM REMEMBER that the party in power, after making the most solemn promises of free press and free speech, and keeping the motto standing in their papers, have since shown their disregard of all pledges, by trying to destroy by mobs and brute force, these great rights of freemen. LET THEM REMEMBER that their promises to the poor man, like all the rest, were false and deceptive, as the poor man must now pay double prices for all he consumes, must compete with negro labor and be classed by this administration as a negro's equal, and not only that, but must, because he has not \$300 be forced by bayonets, away from his family into the army, while the rich do not feel the loss of the price which exempts them. LET THEM REMEMBER that this is the old Know Nothing party, with Curtin a Know Nothing at its head, in favor of breaking down the sovereignty of the States, and erecting a despotic form of government, in which the wealthy and aristocratic shall have a monopoly and rank above the laborer, as in despotic countries in Europe. Can the poor man aid them by his vote to destroy his own liberty? If he does, he is not worthy to be a freeman, and will not be one long. LET THEM REMEMBER that Andrew G. Curtin is not only a Know Nothing, in favor of denying foreigners rights which he would give to negroes, but that he is reported as having once asserted that the Pennsylvania dutch all had "DOUBLE SKULLS" and that he has favored the violations of both State and National Constitutions by arbitrary arrests, and has favored mobs, outrages and rioting by pardoning rioters and ruffians, after they were tried and convicted for outraging decency, law and humanity. This he did in the Columbia County riot case, and in the riot case in Muncy, and yet he asks law-abiding and constitutional men to give him their votes! They will give him an invitation to leave Harrisburg. LET FREEMEN REMEMBER all these things when they go to vote on the 13th of October, and cast their ballots for Woodward and Lowrie, men of character, who respect the law and obey the Constitution, who hold principles of equality between the rich and the poor, and who make no lying promises to the people as the abolition party have done. Let them remember that democratic principles do not change—that they have blessed the nation with peace, plenty and prosperity in the past and will do so hereafter.—Remember these things and vote the Democratic ticket.—Northumberland Dem.

Great Change.

In every township and county of the State, honest men are leaving the despotic form of free government, and coming over to the Democratic side. You can count them in every township—men who have hitherto opposed the Democratic party but who are now disgusted with the violated promises, and ruinous tendencies of abolitionism. Let them come, and be welcomed into our ranks. Freemen should talk to their neighbors and urge them to come.

Let Freemen Remember

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