

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

Two Dollars per Annum.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 11, 1863.

NUMBER 3.

## 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-  
tinuance permitted until all arrears 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, . . . . . 8 00  
One year, . . . . . 25 00

### Choice Poetry.

#### THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,  
In a quiet, shady spot,  
Just peeping through, half hid from view,  
Stands a little moss-grown cot:  
And straying through, at the open door,  
The sunbeams play on the sandal floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,  
Is placed by the old hearthstone;  
With watching grace, in the old fire place,  
The evergreens are strewn,  
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,  
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window-sill,  
The dew-drops glisten bright,  
While 'neath the leaves, on the moss-grown  
The martins build their nest,  
And all day long the summer breeze  
In whispering love to the bending trees.

Over the door, all is covered o'er  
With a mat of a dark green baize,  
Lies a mustel old, whose worth is told  
In the events of other days;  
And the powder flask and the hunter's horn  
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with a noiseless tread,  
Like airy dreams away,  
And left in their flight, all short of their night  
A falter—old and gray;  
And the soft wind plays with his snow-white  
As the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

In the doer, on the sandal floor,  
Light, fair footsteps glide,  
And a maid—fair, with flaxen hair,  
Kneels by the old man's side;  
An old oak creaks with the angry storm,  
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

#### A NIGHT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY GEO. B. WESTON.

During the Spring and Summer of 1856,  
Constantinople was infested with organized  
bands of thieves, footpads and garterers—  
The way in the Crimea having just termi-  
nated, the city was overrun with the debris  
of the invading armies, deserters, camp  
followers and adventures of all nations—  
These wretched and daring men hesitated  
not to commit robberies and murders in  
open day, and in the night few people went  
abroad, unless in companies of several, and  
then well armed. It was then I arrived in  
Turkey and took up my residence in the  
city of the Sultan during the reign of terror.

One morning, about a week after my arri-  
val, I called at the office of the United  
States Consulate for letters and papers; and  
while in the ante-room awaiting the arrival  
of our tardy government official, a gentle-  
man came in—at least his external appear-  
ance indicated him as such; for his tall and  
commanding person was arrayed in the  
height of Parisian fashion, with the excep-  
tion of the hat, in lieu of which he wore a  
white muslin turban wound round his head  
in many a graceful fold, a style largely in  
vogue with the Franks dwelling in the east.  
He introduced himself to me as one Mr. S.,  
belonging to Bangor, Maine. He was very  
communicative, said he had resided in the  
country a long time, and had recently opened  
a hotel in Galata. (The Five Points of  
Constantinople, though I was not aware of  
it at the time,) and giving me his card  
wished me to call some day and inspect his  
house. I told him I would, and the Consul  
coming in at the same moment, I called for  
my letters, and bidding the strange gentle-  
man a very good morning, I passed out of  
the office.

About a week after this interview, I was  
down in Galata, and just at night I went on  
board of an American bark to pass the evening,  
and to learn the news from America. I  
found the captain to be a very agreeable  
man, and with reading and conversing the  
time fled rapidly away, and ere I was aware  
of it the ship's chronometer indicated the  
hour of eleven; rejecting an invitation from  
the captain to pass the night on board, I  
lighted my lantern and went upon deck—  
The vessel was lying alongside of the cus-  
tom-house quay, and bidding the officers of  
the bark "good night," I leaped over the  
ship's rail and landed upon the wharf; after  
purchasing with the warder of the city gate,  
he unbarred it, and let me pass through  
after paying him the eternal *buckshahs*, a  
quantity expected for every little service  
rendered by those people. From the "outer  
gate," my way lay through the dark and  
narrow streets of this Galata, the St. Giles  
of the eastern capital; not one friendly light  
shone to rays over my dark path, nothing to  
illumine the way but the dull light reflected  
through the paper lantern I was carrying  
in my hand.

The narrow, dirty lane through which I  
was passing was bordered upon one side  
by a lofty wall, and on the other by a row  
of one-story Greek wine shops and retail  
groceries kept by rascally Maltese Ionians;  
but at that hour of the night they are all  
closed, and the street was deserted. Emerg-  
ing from this alley I came out upon a  
broad thoroughfare leading from Galata  
bridge direct to the Sultan's palace. In the  
day time it is densely crowded with people

passing through; but, at that hour of night  
the pedestrian usually meets only footpads  
and assassins, and sees here and there a  
sleepy sentinel, enjoying a quiet nap in his  
sentry box. Leaving this broad street,  
which is the only one in that part of the  
city wide enough to admit vehicles, I turned  
a narrow lane leading toward Piza, which  
was my destination. It was a suspicious  
looking place, dark and dirty, enclosed by  
two rows of three-story buildings, gaudily  
colored. The doors were shut, but the upper  
windows were thrown open. I could hear  
the sound of hurdy-gurdies and tamborines  
as I walked along, and female voices  
conversing in different languages,  
and among them I could distinguish the  
Italian, German and Greek. At the upper  
end of this alley I noticed a broad sign-  
board suspended over the door of a public  
house, adorned with the American eagle;  
the second story was lighted, and without  
difficulty I made out the place to be the  
American tavern, and the gentlemanly Mr.  
S., whom I met at the United States con-  
sulate, was the Proprietor. I felt pleased  
with what I termed my good fortune in  
this coming accidentally upon the abode  
of one of my countrymen, for I was then a  
mile from my lodgings and would have to  
pass through a part of the town where mur-  
ders were of nightly occurrence; there was  
also another gate to go through, and not-  
withstanding I turned upon its hinges, but  
the everlasting *buckshahs*.

I knocked at the door; a young man claim-  
ing to be the "steward" of the house admit-  
ted me; I was shown up stairs and into the  
room from which I saw the light reflected  
when I was on the street below; one glance  
around the room convinced me that I was  
in a bad place. There were five men seated  
around, English and American; two  
were playing at poker with a bottle between  
them, out of which they occasionally took  
a drink. One fine looking young man with  
an intelligent countenance was busy charg-  
ing a revolver, while the fourth was shar-  
pening a long dirk knife, and the fifth sat  
by the window, gazing into the street below;  
they merely glanced at me as I entered, but  
one of them spoke. I sat down apparently  
unconcerned; in fact I thought nothing of  
their knives and pistols, as all go armed in  
that city.

I inquired of the steward if Mr. S. was  
in. He replied in the affirmative, but said  
he had retired for the night. I told him I  
wished to stop, and if he would show me a  
room I would retire also. He went out and  
came back in a few moments saying, "I wish-  
ed the rooms were all occupied, but if I want-  
ed to stay he would make up a bed for me  
upon the table,"—pointing to a bagelie  
board which stood in one corner. I told  
him that would do, if I could obtain nothing  
better. The bed being made I retired, but  
not to sleep. The occupants of the room,  
who were so busily engaged, when I en-  
tered, had finished their work and were  
then smoking their cigars in silence, all but  
the last mentioned, who still held his place  
at the window, peeping into the darkness  
below. As I said before, I did not sleep,  
but lay with partially closed eyes. I think  
I must have been one o'clock; the hurdy-  
gurdies and tamborines had ceased in the  
houses opposite and a silence reigned over  
that part of the city, broken only by the  
watchman beating his iron bound club  
against the pavement. Then I heard a sol-  
itary foot-fall coming down the street, and  
two of my room mates arose and went  
down stairs. I heard the street door open  
and then a scuffle ensued, mingled with  
groans and expressions in Turkish; the men  
who remained in the room with me at that  
instant extinguished the light and closed  
the iron shutter. The street door was soon  
opened again, and the two men came up,  
exclaiming, "bring us some water, quick!  
for God's sake, we are all smothered in  
blood." Water was procured as I supposed,  
and the murders washed themselves, at the  
same time speaking as follows:

"Something told me we should have  
some luck to-night."  
"How much is the pile?"  
"Don't know, we've got a gold tucker  
and a pile of plaster notes."  
"What countryman was he?"  
"Don't know, we didn't give him time  
to explain himself; he growled out some-  
thing in Turk, so I guess Mohammed had  
got him."  
Relighting the light they sat down to  
count their money; all they could find was  
600 piasters, which made them curse fear-  
fully. The watch they prized at thirty dol-  
lars. The man who committed the deed,  
was the one whom I saw charging the pistol  
as I entered; at least I judged so, for his  
shirt wristbands were dyed with fresh  
blood. It was that unlucky moment that I  
made an involuntary movement which at-  
tracted their attention, and the one with  
the bloody shirt exclaimed, "lay down there  
and be quiet; I will attend to you directly."  
Then he arose and came over where I lay,  
asking me "if I was aware of what had trans-  
pired?"  
I told him I was.  
"What do you think of it?" said he.  
I replied that I had nothing to say, as it  
was none of my business.  
"But you may take a notion to make it  
your business, one of these days; I will  
take care that you don't," closing the  
sentence with a fearful oath.

Then drawing his revolver, he cocked it  
and placed the muzzle against my temple;  
he swore a tremendous oath, saying that  
he had carried on that business in Constanti-  
nople for two years, and at that late day

was not a-going to allow himself to be cap-  
tered (caught) by me.  
"Now swear," said he, "that you will  
never divulge this affair as long as you re-  
main in the city, and we may spare your  
life."  
I told him to take the pistol away, and I  
would. At that, he commenced boring my  
head with the weapon, twisting it back  
and forth; I expected every moment my  
brains would strew the room; for the pis-  
tol was at full cock, and held in the nervous  
grasp of the blood stained hand of a drunk-  
en night assassin, I gasped out the neces-  
sary oath, and the weapon was withdrawn  
with the advice, "You had better keep  
mum."  
The gang passed the night in drinking,  
and at daylight they were in a drunken  
slumber; stepping over their prostrate forms  
I opened the window, and swinging off the  
sign-board dropped down to the pavement,  
and went home. I never heard any thing  
said about the murder, it being policy for  
me to keep silent; for I was a stranger in  
the city, and met some one of the gang  
nearly every day during a residence of two  
years in the Turkish capital.

**WHAT IS A COPPERHEAD?**  
The Hon. Levi Bishop, of Detroit, recently  
gave the following plump answer to this  
question:  
"We often hear it said of Democrats,  
"He's a Copperhead, he's a bitter Copper-  
head, shun him, cat him, don't counten-  
ance him, don't associate with him, don't  
trade with him, don't give him business, don't  
trade with him, don't give him an inveterate  
Copperhead." Well, what is a Copper-  
head? Our opponents are very fond of  
coining names which they imagine to be  
severe or opprobrious. I remember how  
they got up the term *locofoco*, and applied  
it by way of reproach to Democrats and the  
Democratic party. But they rubbed them-  
selves a little too closely against the term.  
That term reminds one of a useful domestic  
institution which "goes off" by way of  
friction; and our then political opponents  
soon found that the political fire, enthusi-  
asm, and combustion, associated with the  
term *locofoco*, were damaging to those  
who invented it rather than to those to  
whom it was applied.  
The Abolitionists, ever conscious of the  
just odium into which they, their party,  
their party platform and their political  
notions have fallen, on account of the terri-  
ble calamities they have brought upon  
the country, have engaged in the dignified  
business of coining opprobrious terms and  
applying them to all who will not be led,  
or governed, or driven by their rancorous  
fanaticism. The term "copperhead" is one  
of their choicest epithets. To hear the  
marked emphasis with which they pro-  
nounce it, one would imagine it to be the  
cardinal expression of the age, full of point,  
well defined, clear and comprehensive  
and significant; an expression that told  
the whole story, carried every political  
point, silenced every competitor, vanquished  
every disputant, and like charity, covered  
a multitude of sins in those who ap-  
plied it.

But what does it mean? What is its sig-  
nification? In what consists its severity or  
its reproach? What does the "critter" mean  
when he applies it? Who will give the  
answer? As generally applied and ac-  
cepted, I take it to mean a sound national  
democrat; one who loves the country, its  
Constitution, its freedom, and its free insti-  
tutions; one who would by all the means  
in his power promote the fraternal and  
friendly union of all the States, and the  
people of all the States, and who is willing,  
ready, and determined to maintain the con-  
stitution and the Union in their original in-  
tegrity, against all the assaults of secession  
on the one hand and of abolition on the  
other; one who eschews and detests political  
abolitionism in all its phases, in all its  
corruptions, and in all its usurpations, and  
who deprecates its bitter, bloody, and destruc-  
tive traits.

In short, a "copperhead" is a man who  
designs simply to maintain our system of  
free government as the fathers founded it,  
as their successors administered it, and as  
we and posterity are bound by every motive  
of interest, patriotism and honor to continue  
it. He still adheres as all Democrats ad-  
here, to the good old-fashioned constitu-  
tional Union Democracy. He knows political-  
ly no North, no South, no East, no West,  
and he opposes whatever he finds to be  
destructive of that system of free govern-  
ment, whether found at the East, West,  
North, or South, or if perched even in the  
presidential chair at Washington. In this  
view I most freely acknowledge myself a  
firm, determined, uncompromising, and if  
our opponents please, a most inveterate  
"copperhead."

It is sometimes said openly, and often  
insinuated, that a "Copperhead" or a Dem-  
ocrat is in favor of secession, is in favor of  
the rebellion, is in favor of a dissolution of  
the Union, is in favor of mobs, mob law,  
mob violence, in favor of the defeat of the  
Union armies and of the disgrace of the  
Union flag; that he is opposed to enlist-  
ments, opposed to necessary taxation, op-  
posed to raising necessary armies, opposed  
to the Government, and opposed to all prop-  
er means and agencies by which the Union  
and the government can be maintained.—  
These are calumnies—all calumnies—de-  
liberate, wilful and malignant calumnies.  
A Democrat, or a "Copperhead," if you  
please, will sustain the Government of the  
United States under all circumstances, and,

indeed, it is the very object and motive of  
Democratic action at the present time to  
maintain the government against all who  
would destroy it, whether North or South,  
and at the same time, a Democrat, or "Cop-  
perhead," if you please, will oppose, with  
his influence, voice and vote, whatever  
policy he may regard as unwise, that may  
be pursued by the administration of the  
government for the time being, and what-  
ever action on their part which he may regard  
unconstitutional, unwise or illegal. A Dem-  
ocrat regards and will continue to regard  
the constitution and framework of the gov-  
ernment as one thing which is to be main-  
tained at all hazards, at whatever cost, and  
by any sacrifices; and at the same time he  
regards and will continue to regard the  
present administrators of the government,  
that is to say Abraham Lincoln and his cabi-  
net officers, and his and their subordinate  
and instruments, as a very different thing,  
to be opposed, at pleasure, to be resisted  
when they overstep the law of the land,  
and to be expelled from office and power at  
the first opportunity.

A Democrat, or "Copperhead," if you  
please, is in favor of an honorable peace  
based on a complete restoration of the  
Union, under the Constitution, as it was  
framed and handed down to us by the fathers;  
and to this end he would make the  
enemy feel the weight, the losses and the  
distresses of military governments, and the  
pains and penalties of a state of civil war  
while he would hold out the assurance that  
constitutional protection of individual and  
political rights should follow the restoration  
of the Union and the return of an honorable  
peace. In other words, a Democrat would  
throw aside all the extreme measures of  
mad abolitionism, and of mad secessionism,  
and carry the spirit of reconciliation  
wherever the armies and the flag of the  
Union may go. Union, restoration, peace,  
nationality and fraternity among all the  
members of the confederacy, without re-  
gard to local institutions and peculiarities,  
and without regard to geographical lines,  
are what he places above all other consid-  
erations.

I have thus been explicit on this point,  
in order that democrats may not be intimi-  
dated by denunciation or influenced by  
meaningless expressions. We are ready to  
face our opponents on the merits of this  
national storm which they have raised; and  
we are now to be led or driven aside from  
those merits by any subterfuge whatever.—  
We will face even their music of civil  
war and desolation and national ruin; yea,  
we will play that music to them upon the  
"harp of a thousand strings" before the  
next presidential election. Every democrat  
is now in earnest. Thousands of our polit-  
ical friends are now in the field in front of  
the southern enemy, and every Democrat  
who is not in the field there is in the ranks  
with his armor on against the relentless  
enemy of the national Union at the North.  
The Union must be restored by the sup-  
pression of the southern rebellion; but the  
surest way, if not the only way to accom-  
plish that result, is to put down abolition  
fanaticism at the north. Let the glorious  
work be accomplished. Let the broad en-  
sign of the republic, with not a star lost or  
dimmed, once more wave in peace over a  
united and happy people.

**Duty of American Mothers.**  
Our highest standards of female culture  
convey the same idea, and tend to the same  
end. In an essay on the duties of Ameri-  
can mothers our own Webster says:—"Mothers  
are affectionate and effective teachers of  
the human race. The mother begins the  
process of training with the infant in her  
arms. It is she who directs its first mental  
and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it  
along the impressive years of childhood  
and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the  
rough contest and tumultuous scenes of  
life armed by these good principles which  
her child has first received from mental  
care and love. If we draw within the  
circle of our own contemplation, what do  
we see? We behold so many artificers,  
working not on frail and perishable matter,  
but on the immortal mind, moulding and  
fashioning beings who are to exist forever.  
We applaud the artist whose skill and genius  
present the mimic man upon the canvass;  
we admire and celebrate the sculptor who  
works out that same image in enduring  
marble; but how insignificant are these  
achievements, though the highest and fair-  
est in all the departments of art in compar-  
ison with the great vocation of mothers!  
They work not upon the canvass that shall  
fall, or the marble that shall crumble into  
dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is  
to last forever, and which is to bear through-  
out its duration the impress of a mother's  
plastic hand."

A young soldier in the Army of the Potomac,  
writing to a friend in Boston, modestly  
requested a needlebook, having lost his  
at Gettysburg. The article was forwarded  
in due time, and rapped in the folds was  
a card photograph of General McClellan. In  
acknowledging the gift, the soldier writes  
—"The picture of McClellan is very fine—  
very natural; all that is wanting is the  
smile. It did my eyes good to see it.  
It had to go the rounds of the regiment, and  
from the old members received six hearty  
cheers."

Parentice says the negro troops are so well  
supplied with colors by the Abolitionists  
that they have a double right to be called  
the colored regiment.

**HOW SOFTLY.**  
How softly on the bruised heart  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soul,  
The moistening tear drop falls;  
Oh, if they knew, who walk the earth,  
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,  
The power a word of kindness hath,  
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may  
This simple pittance give,  
And bid delight to withered hearts  
Return again and live;  
Oh, what is life if love be lost?  
If man's unkind to man—  
Or what to heaven that waits beyond

This brief and mortal span?  
As stars upon the tranquil sea  
In mimic glory shine,  
So words of kindness in the heart,  
Reflect the soul divine;  
O, then be kind, who'er thou art  
That breathest mortal breath,  
And it shall brighten all thy life,  
And sweeten even death.

**Plain Questions for home Consumption.**  
Have you ever known a Democrat to jus-  
tify a violation of the Constitution?  
Have you ever known a stamp act enacted  
under a Democratic Administration?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Presi-  
dent to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*?  
Have you ever known a Conscription  
Law to be passed under a Democratic Ad-  
ministration?  
Have you ever known a confiscation law  
to be passed by a Democratic Administration?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration to form a New State in viola-  
tion of the plain provision of the Constitu-  
tion?  
Have you ever known a time, except the  
present, when a citizen could be incarcer-  
ated in a dungeon without authority of  
law?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration to compel the people of a State  
or the District of Columbia to sell their  
property whether willing or not?  
Have you ever known any Administration  
except Abraham's to create a National  
debt of \$3,000,000,000, in the short period  
of three years?  
Have you ever known a time under a  
Democratic Administration when a day's  
labor would purchase only two pounds of  
coffee?  
Have you ever known a citizen to be  
sent into banishment and exile, under dem-  
ocratic rule?  
Have you ever known a time under dem-  
ocratic rule, when the greatest crimes, and  
outrages have been committed by our rul-  
ers under a plea of "military necessity" or  
"reasons of State"?  
Have you before this known a time  
when the military was made superior to  
the civil power?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration to tax the people of the whole  
country to buy the negroes of the border  
States?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration to tax the people to pay the  
expenses of stealing and educating the ne-  
groes of the Southern States?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration to ignore the rights of the  
States?  
Have you ever known a Democratic Ad-  
ministration in opposition to the Democ-  
racy to leave the affairs of the country in  
a flourishing condition as it found them?

**The Wife's Nightcap.**  
Ma—who does not live more than a  
mile from the post office in New Orleans,  
met some northern friends with southern  
principles one evening, and in extending  
to them the hospitalities of the city, visited  
so many of the princely saloons and marble  
halls, imbibing princely consolation as they  
journied, that when he left them at their  
hotel at the midnight hour, he felt decided-  
ly that he had a brick in his hat. Now,  
he has a wife, an amiable, accomplished,  
and beautiful lady, who loves him devotedly,  
and finds but one fault with him. That  
is, his too frequent visits to the palaces  
where these bricks are obtained.  
After leaving his friends, Mr. ————  
paused a moment, took his bearings, and  
having shaped a course, on the principle that  
continual angles meet, made sail for home.  
In due course of time he arrived there, and  
was very much astonished, but rather  
frightened, to find his worthy lady sitting  
up for him. She always does.  
"How are you, dear E——?" said she,  
"you staid out so late, that I feared you had  
taken sick."  
"Hi—aint sick, wife; b—but don't you  
think I'm a little tight?"  
"A very little perhaps my dear; but that  
is nothing—you have so many friends as  
you say, you must join them in a glass once  
in a while!"  
"Well, you're too good; 'th—the truth is,  
I'm d—d drunk!"  
"Oh no, indeed my dear; I'm sure that  
even another glass wouldn't hurt you. Now,  
suppose you take a glass of Scotch ale with  
me, just as a nightcap, dear?"  
"You are too kind, my dear, by half; I  
know I'm drunk."  
"Oh no; only a julp too much, love,  
that's all."  
"Yes, joleps—McMasters makes such  
stiff uns!"  
"Well, take a glass of ale at any rate; it  
can't hurt you, dear, and I want one before  
I retire."

The lady hastened to open a bottle, and  
as she placed two tumblers before her on  
the sideboard, she put in one a very  
powerful emetic. Filling the glasses with  
the foaming ale, she handed one to her hus-  
band.  
Suspicion came cloudily upon his mind  
She never before had been so kind when  
he was drunk. He looked at the glass—  
raised it to his lips—then hesitated.  
"Dear, w-won't you just taste mine, to  
make it sweet—sweeter?" said he.  
"Certainly, love," replied the lady, taking  
a mouthful, which she was careful not to  
swallow.  
Suspicious vanished, and so did the ale,  
emetic and all, down the throat of the sat-  
isfied husband. After spitting out the taste,  
the lady finished her glass, but seemed to  
be in a hurry to retire. She fixed a foot-bath  
of water before an easy chair, as if she in-  
tended to bathe her beautiful little feet. But  
small as were those feet there wasn't water  
enough in the tub to cover them. The  
husband began to feel sick, and he wanted  
to retire.  
"Wait only a few minutes, dear," said  
his loving spouse, "I want to read the news  
in this afternoon's paper I found in my  
pocket."  
A few more minutes elapsed, and then—  
and then, oh ye gods, what a time. The  
husband was placed in an easy chair.  
He began to understand why the tub was  
there, and he soon learned what ailed him.  
Suffice it to say, that when he rose from  
that chair the brick had left his hat. It  
hasn't been there since. He says he'll  
never drink another julp of scotch ale, but  
he is death on lemonade! He loves his  
wife better than ever.  
Reader, this is a true story.

**Advice to Young Men.**  
A LADY who signs herself "A Martyr to  
Late Hours," offers the following sensible  
suggestions to young men:  
Dear gentlemen—between the ages of  
"eighteen and forty-five," listen to few  
words of gratuitous remarks. When you  
make a social call on an evening, on a  
young lady, go away at a reasonable hour.  
Say you come at 8 o'clock, an hour and a  
half is certainly as long as the most fasci-  
nating of you in conversation can, or rather  
ought, to desire to use his charms. Two  
hours, indeed can be very pleasantly spent,  
with music, chess or other games to lend  
variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay  
longer. Make shorter calls and come often-  
er. A girl—that is, a sensible, true hearted  
girl—will enjoy it better and really value  
your acquaintance more; just conceive the  
agony of a girl who well knowing the  
feelings of father and mother upon the sub-  
ject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must  
sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal ter-  
ror lest papa should put his oft repeated threat  
in execution—that of coming down and in-  
viting the gentlemen to breakfast. And we  
girls understand it all by experience, and  
know what it is to dread the prognostic  
of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of re-  
lief generally accompanies the closing of  
the door behind the gallant, and one don't  
get over the feeling of trouble till safe in  
the arms of Morpheus. Even then some-  
times the dreams are troubled with some  
phantom of angry father and distressed (for  
all parties) mother; and all because a  
young man will make a longer call than he  
ought to. Now young gentlemen friends,  
I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an  
hour and a half we will be most irresistibly  
and fascinating; then beware, mousetrap-  
able responses will be all you need expect.  
And if, when the limit's shall have been  
passed, a startling cry shall be heard  
coming down stairs, "Isn't it time to close  
up?" you must consider it a righteous  
punishment, and taking your hat, meekly  
depart—a sadder, and it is to be hoped, a  
wiser man. Do not get angry; but the  
next time you come be careful to keep  
within just bounds. We want to rise early  
these pleasant mornings, and improve the  
"shining hours"; but when forced to be up  
at such unreasonable hours at night, ex-  
hausted nature will speak, and as a natural  
consequence, with the utmost speed in  
dressing, we can barely get down to break-  
fast in time to escape a reprimand from  
papa, who don't believe in beaux—as  
though he never was young—and a mild,  
reproving glance from mama, who under-  
stands a little better her daughter's feelings,  
but must still disapprove outwardly, to  
keep up appearances. And, now, young  
men think about these things, and don't—  
for *papa's* sake don't—throw down your  
paper with a "pahaw!" but remember the  
sage side of ten.

A GENTLEMAN, cured of Nervous Debility,  
Incompetency, Premature decay and  
Youthful error, actuated by a desire to ben-  
efit others, will be happy to furnish to all  
who need it, free of charge, the Reciprocal  
directions for making the simple Remedy  
used in his case. Those wishing to profit  
by his experience—and possess a valuable  
remedy—will receive the same, by return  
mail, carefully sealed by addressing,  
JOHN B. OGDEN,  
No 60 Nassau Street, New York.  
August 26, 1863.—3m.

A young lady in Milwaukee, suing for  
damages for breach of promise, declared in  
evidence that four abortions had been pro-  
cured upon her.  
A wag writes that he has poisoned the  
draft in order to visit Canada.

**A Dying Soldier's Tale.**  
A boy of some eighteen summers lay on  
the battle field near Fredericksburg, mortal-  
ly wounded. He lay all day, unmindful of  
the scorching and the roaring artillery.  
Cannon balls flew past, fanning his pale  
cheek on their deadly mission, but he knew  
it not. At last he awoke to consciousness  
and looked around him. The moon was  
shining calmly on the boyish face; the  
blood oozed slowly from his side was evi-  
dence that his young life was almost spent.  
For a moment he pressed his trembling  
hand to his side to ease the throbbing pain,  
and the pale, bloodless lips parted with a  
sigh of agony. A wounded soldier near  
hearing his groans, inquired if he was  
badly wounded. "Yes," replied the dying  
boy, "I am dying; and I want my mother!  
I for when they compelled me to leave her  
she bade me come back to her, for I was  
the staff of her declining years. I promis-  
ed her I would; but I am dying now, and  
shall never see her more."  
The boy went on to say, for it seem-  
ed to most greatly relieve his mind to  
talk when they told my mother her only  
child was drafted and would have to go to  
war, she said not a word until we were left  
alone; then she came to me and laid her  
white arms around my neck and kissed me.  
I could not speak then, so I returned  
her caress silently. At last she spoke:  
"George, I have buried two sons, and the  
next one called was your father. With a  
sad, almost broken heart, I heard the clods  
of the valley fall on his coffin lid, and tried  
to bear this great affliction with christian  
fortitude, and I succeeded, for I had you to  
lean upon, my son! But the cup that Ara-  
ham Lincoln is pressing to my lips to night  
is too bitter," and she fell fainting on my  
bosom.  
It would be useless to tell you of the days  
spent by me to raise money to buy a sub-  
stitute. We were poor and they told me to  
go and they would care for my mother un-  
til I came back. They said it was but nine  
months and it would soon pass away. But  
I am passing away instead, and my poor  
mother will be left alone! Here his voice  
sank to a whisper and his last words were,  
"mother heaven!"—and the moon came out  
of a cloud and revealed the childish face set  
in death. This was all. But it is all. God  
forgive the agitators of this most unhol-  
y war, and bind up the hearts of widows and  
mothers in their great sorrow.—From the  
Columbus (Ohio) Crisis.

**A FORTUNE FOR ALL!**  
EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!  
NO HUMBING, but an ENTIRELY NEW  
thing. Only three months in this country!  
No clap-trap operation to gull the public,  
but a genuine money-making thing! Read  
the Circular of instruction once only, and  
you will understand it perfectly. A Lady  
has just written to me that she is making  
as high as TWENTY-DOLLARS SOME  
DAYS! giving instructions in this art.  
Thousands of Soldiers are making money  
rapidly at it. It is a thing that takes better  
than anything ever offered. You can  
make money with it home or abroad—on  
steam boats or railroad cars, or in the  
country or city. You will be pleased in  
pursuing it, not only because it will yield  
a handsome income, but also in conse-  
quence of the general admiration which it  
elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A  
more trifling is necessary to start with.  
There is scarcely one person out of  
thousands who ever pays any attention to  
advertisements of this kind, thinking they  
are humbugs. Consequently those who do  
send for instructions will have a broad  
field to make money in. There is a class  
of persons in this world who would think  
that because they have been humbugged  
out of a dollar or so, that everything that  
is advertised is a humbug. Consequently  
the try no more. The person who suc-  
ceeds is the one that keeps on trying until  
he hits something that pays him.  
This art cost me one thousand dollars,  
and I expect to make money out of it—and  
all who purchase the art of me will do the  
same. One Dollar sent to me will insure  
the prompt return of a card of instruction  
in the art. The money will be returned to  
those not satisfied.  
Address: WALTER T. TINSLEY,  
No. 1 Park Place, New York.  
Oct. 21, 1863.—3m.

**EDITOR OF THE STAR.**—Dear Sir:—  
With your permission I wish to say to the  
readers of your paper that I will send by  
return mail to all who wish it, (free) a Re-  
cipe, with full directions for making and  
using a simple Vegetable Balm, that will  
effectively remove, in 10 days, Pimples,  
Blotches, Tan, Freckles, and all Impurities  
of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear,  
smooth and beautiful.  
I will also mail free to those having Bald  
Heads or Bare Faces, simple directions and  
information that will enable them to start  
a full growth of Luxuriant Hair, Whiskers,  
or a Moustache, in less than 30 days. All  
applications answered by return mail with-  
out charge. Respectfully yours,  
THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,  
No. 831 Broadway, New York,  
August 26, 1863.—3m.

The counties of Preble, Butler, and Mont-  
gomery, which constitute the Valandigham  
election district of Ohio, gave him a major-  
ity for Governor.  
Said defence is the clearest of all laws,  
and for this reason—lawyers don't make it.

With your permission I wish to say to the  
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