

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

THE FALSE LOVE.

BY KINGSDOWN CLARE.

In sight of the starry sky,
In sound of the rushing sea,
With beating heart and tender smile,
Did my own true love kiss me.

Under the solemn sky,
Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love and vows of faith,
Did my own true love kiss me.

I gaze on the same bright sky,
I hear the same rippling sea,
But never again, on earth or in heaven,
Will my own true love kiss me.

True are the holy stars,
True is the restless sea,
True are the thoughts of my heart to him,
But my love is false to me.

Hear it, O changeful sky!
Hear it, O moving sea!
Ye are true to your own eternal laws,
But my love is false to me.

Why should the moonlight sky,
Why should the moaning sea,
Recall the empty dream of the past,
When my love is false to me?

Pierce to his soul, O stars!
Thrust to his heart, O sea!
I may be smit with a sudden pang,
My love will come back to me.

Blitz in an Omnibus.

A night or two since Blitz, the renowned
musician and violinist, took a seat in
an omnibus, containing seven or eight pas-
sengers. The coach had only proceeded
a couple of squares when the driver heard
some one exclaim—

"Hold up! hold up, I say!"
The horses stopped and John looked
round smilingly for his passenger, but none
appeared. With an immodest exclamation,
he gathered up the reins, and said "get
up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!"
The driver again stopped, and looking
down into the coach inquired what was
wanting. The passengers eyed each other
as much as to say "I didn't speak."

Again the coach rolled on but only to be
stopped at the next corner by the heart-
rending squeaking of a poor raven pig. In-
stantly each head was thrust out of the
windows to behold the death struggles of
the grunter but no grunter was to be seen
in another minute some one exclaimed in
a gruff voice—

"Keep off my toes!"
Every one looked around, but in vain, for
the man with damaged toes. The passen-
gers were completely bewildered. At the
next crossing the coach stopped to take in
a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat
when she exclaimed—

"Let me be—keep your hands off of
me!"
The gentleman seated next to her, said
very gently—

"I didn't touch you, madam!"
And the driver looked down and shout-
ed—

"Look-a-her, if you're gentlemen, I'd
thank you not to take improper liberties
with the lady passengers; it won't do!"
The lady made an observation as the
coach rolled on, but she was not under-
stood. They had scarcely gone a square
farther, when the passengers were startled
at the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes
were fixed upon a middle-aged gentleman
who had a carpet bag on his lap. The man
blushed and stammered out barely in-
telligible—"What the deuce is all this
about?"

"Murder!" shouted the boy on the step,
while three or four tugged lustily at the
strap.

"What is the matter in there?" inquired
the driver.

"Matter enough," replied a gentleman,
"take my fans out of this quarter."

"Keep your hand out of my pocket,"
proceeded from some one.

"I didn't speak at all," gravely replied
the man with the quartern.

"Because, sir, no one shall, with im-
pudence, accost—" Again the baby is
heard to cry.

"Shame!" said some one.

"Who would have thought it!" remarked
another, while a third (Blitz of course)
shook the omnibus with a hoarse laugh.
Thinking he had had fun enough, the
venturous paid his fare and jumped out
of the omnibus. Scarcely had he reached
the sidewalk however, before the driver
heard the word "hold up!" from four
different quarters in as many directions, but
not a passenger could be discerned. Filled
with wonder he hurried on his way. Blitz is
a great fellow.

A drunken rascal in New Orleans
made a complaint that he had been struck
by his wife with the poker. It is much more
likely that he was struck by the man with
the poker.

MY REVENGE.

We met in the beginning of the action, I
and my enemy, Richard Withers—he a reb-
el, I a Federalist! He on foot, I mounted.—
It matters not why I hated him with the
fiercest wrath of my nature. "The heart
knoweth its own bitterness," and the de-
tails, while most painful to me, would be
of trifling interest to you. Suffice it that
our feud was not a political one. For ten
years we were closest inmates that the
same studies, the same tastes and the same
ambitions could make us. I was the elder of
the two, and stronger physically; compara-
tively friendless as the world takes it, and
had no near relatives. Young, solitary and
visionary as we were, it is hard to make you
understand what we were to each other.—
Up to this period of our estrangement,
working together, eating together, sleeping
together, I can safely say that we had not
a grief, not a pleasure or a vexation that
we did not share with almost a boyish
single heartedness. But one single day changed
all. We rose in the morning dear friends
and lay down at night bitter foes. I was
a man of extremes; I either loved or hated
with the whole strength of my heart. The
past was forgotten in the present. The ten
years of kindness, of congeniality, of almost
womanly kindness, were erased as with a
sponge. We looked each other in the face
with angry, searching eyes—said but a
few words (our rage was too deep to be de-
monstrative) and parted. Then in my de-
votion I dashed my clenched hand upon the
Bible and vowed passionately; "I may
wait ten years, Richard Withers! I may
wait twenty, thirty, if you will, but sooner
or later I swear I shall have my revenge!"
And this was the way we met.

I wonder if he thought of that day when
he laid his hand upon my bridle rein and
looked up at me with his treacherous blue
eyes. I secretly think he did, or he could
not have given me that look. He was beau-
tiful as a girl; indeed, the contrast of his
fair, aristocratic face with the regular out-
line and red curving lips, to my own rough,
dark exterior, might have been partly the
secret of my former attraction to him. But
the loveliness of an angel if it had been
his would not have saved him from me
then. There was a pistol in his hand, but
before he had time to discharge it, I cut at
him with my sword, and as he line swept
on like a gathering wave, I saw him stag-
ger under the blow, throw up his arms and
go down with the press. Bitterly as I hated
him the ghastly face haunted me the long
day through.

You all remember how it was at Freder-
icksburg. How we crossed the river at the
wrong point, and under the raking fire of
the enemy, were so disastrously repulsed.
It was a sad mistake, and fatal to many a
brave heart. When night fell, I lay upon
the field among dead and wounded. I was
comparatively helpless. A ball had shiv-
ered the cap of my right knee, and my
shoulder was laid open with a sabre cut.—
The latter bled profusely; but by dint of
knitting my handkerchief tightly around it,
I managed to staunch in a measure. For
my knee I could do nothing. Conscious-
ness did not forsake me; but from the
moans and wails of the men about me, I
judged that others had fared worse than I.
Poor fellows! there was many a mother's
darling suffering there. Many of my com-
rades, lads of eighteen or twenty, who had
never seen a night from home until they
joined the army, spoiled pets to fortune,
manly enough at heart, but children in
years and constitution, who had been used
to have every little ache or scratch com-
pounded with an almost extravagant sym-
pathy—there they lay crippled and gashed
and bleeding, crushed and dying, huddled
together—some where they had fallen, some
where they had weakly crawled on their
hands and knees—and never a woman's
touch to bind up their wounds, or woman's
voice to whisper gentle consolation. It was
picky dark, and a cold miserable rain was
falling upon us, the very heavens weeping
over our miseries. Then through the dark-
ness and drizzling rain, through the groans
and prayers of the fallen men about me, I
heard a familiar voice close to my side.

"Water! water! water! I am dying with
thirst—if it be but a swallow—water? For
God's sake give me water!"

I recoiled with dismay. It was the voice
of my enemy; the voice of Richard Withers.
They were once dear to me, those mellow
tones; once the pleasant music I cared to
hear. Do you think they so softened me
now? You are mistaken; I am candid
about it. My blood boiled in my veins
when I heard, when I knew he lay so close
to me, and I was powerless to withdraw
from his detested neighborhood. There
was water in my canteen. I had filled it
before the last ball came. By stretching
my hand I could give him a drink, but I
did not raise a finger. Vengeance was
sweet. I smiled grimly to myself, and said
down in my secret heart:

"Not a drop shall cross his lips though he
perish. I shall have my revenge."

Do you recoil with horror? Listen, how
merciful God was to me.

There was a poor little drummer on the
other side, a merry, manly boy of twelve or
thirteen, the pet and plaything of the
regiment. There was something of the
German in him; he had been with us from
the first, and was reckoned one of the best
drummers in the army. But we would
never march to the top of Charlie's dram
again. He had got a ball in his lungs; and
the exposure and fatigue, together with the
wound, had made him light headed. Poor

little child! he crept close to me in the
darkness and laid his cheek on my breast.
May be he thought it was his own pillow
at home; may be he thought it, poor Jar-
ling, his mother's bosom. God only knows
what he thought; but with his hot arm
about my neck, and his curly head pressed
close to my wicked heart, even then swell-
ing with bitter hatred of my enemy, he be-
gan to murmur in his delirium, "Our Father,
who art in Heaven."

I was a rough, bearded man, I had been
an orphan for many years; but not too many
or too long to forget the simple-hearted
prayer of my childhood—the dim vision of
that mother's face over which the grass had
grown for twenty changing summers. Some-
thing tender stirred within my hardened
heart. It was too dark to see the little face,
but the young lips went on brokenly:

"And forgive us our trespasses as we for-
give those who trespass against us."

I went through me like a knife—sharper
than the sabre cut, keener than the ball
God was merciful to me—and this young
child was the channel of his mercy.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive
those who trespass against us."

I had never understood the words before.
If an angel had spoken, it could scarcely
have been more of a revelation. For the
first time the thought that I might be mor-
tally wounded, that death might be near-
er than I dreamed, struck me with awe and
horror. The text of a long forgotten sermon
was in my ears: "It is appointed for all
men to die; and after death the judgment."

Worse and worse. What measure of mer-
cy could I expect, if the same was meted
out that I had meted into my enemy. The
tears welled into my eyes, and trickled
down my cheeks; the first that I had shed
since by boyhood. I felt subdued and
strangely moved.

The rain was falling still; but the little
head upon my breast was gone. He crept
away silently in the darkness. His uncon-
scious mission was fulfilled; he would not
return at my call.

Then I lifted myself with great effort.—
The old bitterness was crushed, but not al-
together dead.

"Water—water!" moaned Richard Withers
in his agony.

I dragged myself closer to him.

"God be praised!" I said with a solemn
heart. "Dick, old boy, enemy no longer.
God be praised! I am willing and able to
help you. Drink and be friends."

It had been growing lighter and lighter
in the east and now it was day. Day with-
in and day without. In the first gray glim-
mer of dawn we looked into each other's
ghastly faces for a moment, and then the
canteen was at Richard's mouth, and he
drank as only the fevered can drink. I
watched him with moist eyes, leaning up
on my elbow and forgetting the bandaged
shoulder. He grasped me with both hands.
Blood-stained and paid as it was, his
face was ingenious and beautiful as a
child's.

"Now let me speak," he said, panting.—
"You have misjudged me, Rufus. It was
all a mistake; I found it out after we part-
ed. I meant to have spoken this morning
when I grasped your rein, but—"

His generosity spared me the rest.

The wound my hand had inflicted was
yet bleeding in his head; but for the blind
passion of the blow it must have been more.
It was vengeance so sweet after all! I
felt something warm trickling from my
shoulder. The day-light was gone again—
how dark it was!

"Forgive me, Dick," I murmured, grop-
ing about for him with my hands. Then
I was blind—then I was cold as ice—then
I tumbled down in abyss, and everything
was blank.

"The crisis is past—he will recover said
a strange voice."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried a fam-
iliar one.

I opened my eyes. Where am I? How
odd everything was. Rows of beds stretch-
ing down a long narrow hall, bright with
sunshine; and women wearing white caps
and peculiar dresses flitting to and fro
with noiseless activity, which, in my fearful
weakness, I tried me to watch. My hand
lay outside the covers; it was as shadowy
as a skeleton's. What had become of my
flesh? Was I a child or a man? A body
or a spirit? So light and frail did I feel, I
began to think I was done with material
things altogether, and had been subjected
to some refining process, and but now
awaked to a new existence. But did they
have beds in the other worlds? I was look-
ing lazily at the opposite one, when some
one took my hand. A face was bending
over. I looked up with a beating heart.—
The golden sunshine was on—in the fair,
regular features, and the red lips and the
kindly blue eye.

"Dick!" I gasped, "where have you
been all these years?"

"Weeks, you mean," said Richard with
the old smile. "But never mind now. You
are better, dear Rufus—you will live—we
shall be happy together again."

It was more a woman's voice than a
man's, but Dick had a tender heart.

"Where am I?" I asked, still hazy.—
"What's the matter with me?"

"Hospital, in the first place," said Rich-
ard. "Typhus, in the second. You were
taken after that night at Fredericksburg."

It broke upon me at once. I remembered
that awful night—I could never, never for-
get it again. Weak as a child, I covered
my face and burst into tears. Richard was
on his knees by my side at once.

"I was a brute to recall it," he whispered

remorsefully. "Do not think of it, old boy
—you must not excite yourself. It is all
forgotten and forgiven."

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive
those who trespass against us," I prayed
from my inmost heart.

"Those words have been in your mouth
night and day, ever since you were taken,"
said my friend.

I lay silent, cogitating.

Tell me one thing, I asked, "are we in
the North or South?"

"North—in Philadelphia."

"Then you are a prisoner," I said, mourn-
fully, recalling his principles.

"Not a bit of it."

"What do you mean?"

Richard laughed.

"I have seen the error of my ways. I have
taken the oath of allegiance. When you
are strong enough again we shall fight side
by side."

"And the wound in your head?" I asked,
with emotion, looking up at his bright,
handsome face.

"Don't mention it; it healed up long ago."

"And the little drummer?"

"Richard bowed his head upon my hand.
He was found dead upon the field—
Heaven bless him! They said he died
praying, with his mother's name upon his
lips."

"Revere him as an angel!" I whisper-
ed, grasping him by the hand. "But for his
dying prayer we had yet been enemies!"

A Lesson to Preachers.

The following extract from the pen of
Edmund Burke, might be given as a lesson
to men who pretend to be ministers of the
Gospel; but who in stead of preaching
Christ, and "him crucified," turn their
pulpits into political rostrums, to dabble in
the pool of partisan strife.

"Politics and the pulpit are terms that
have little agreement. No sound ought to
be heard in the church but the healing voice
of Christian charity. The cause of civil
government gains as little as religion by
the confusion of duties. Those who quit
their proper character to assume what does
not belong to them, are for the greater part
dishonest both of the character they leave
and the character they assume. Wholly
unacquainted with the world in which
they are so fond of meddling, and inexperi-
enced in all its affairs, on which they pro-
nounce with so much confidence, they have
nothing of politics; but the passions they
excite."

THE HABEAS CORPUS.—F. Babington Mac-
aulay, the great English historian, in speak-
ing of King James the Second, the tyrant
whom the English people expelled from the
throne in 1688, says:

"One of his objects was to obtain a
repeal of the habeas corpus act which he
hated, as it is a natural tyrant should have
the MOST STRINGENT CURB THAT
EVER LEGISLATION IMPOSED UPON
TYRANNY. The feeling remained deeply
fixed in his mind to the last, and it appears
in the instructions which he drew up,
when in exile, for the guidance of his son.
But the habeas corpus act, though passed
during the ascendancy of the Whigs, was
not more dear to the Whigs than the Tories.
It is, indeed, not wonderful that this great
law should be highly prized by all English-
men, without distinction of party; for it is a
law which, odd by circuitous, but by direct
operations, adds to the security and hap-
piness of every inhabitant of the realm."

We don't think we hated the act more
than our President and Cabinet do at the
present time.

TO SPOIL A DAUGHTER.—Be always telling
her how pretty she is.

Instill into her young mind an undue love
for dress.

Allow her to read nothing but works of
fiction.

Teach her all the accomplishments, but
none of the utilities of life.

Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the
sympathies of housekeeping.

Initiate her into the principle that it is
vulgar to do anything for herself.

To strengthen the latter, let her have a
lady's maid.

Teach her to think she is better than any-
body else.

Make her think she is sick, when she is
not, and let her lie in bed taking medicine,
when half an hour's outdoor exercise would
completely cure her of her laziness.

And lastly, having given her such an edu-
cation, marry her to a moustached gentle-
man, who is a clerk with a salary of \$250
a year.

A Lady who has boasted herself at a din-
ner party, of the good manners of her little
darling, addressed him thus:

"Charlie my dear, won't you have some
beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the
petulent cherub.

"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother,
"no what?"

"No beans," said the child.

We find the following in the Morenci
(Mich.) Journal:

"We have a devil in our office who has
been at the business but about eight or nine
months, and can set his eight thousand ems
in eight hours."

He must be devil and no mistake. Why
we know a regular "graduate" who says it
takes him more than eight hours to set one
"Em" straight after quarrelling with her.

THE CONSCRIPT.

He pinned to his coat the fiery badge,
Red, like the blood of those who had gone
When first our country called for aid,
And he said he would follow on.

He would go to the battle-field,
Like them he would proudly meet the foe,
Never to falter, never to yield,
Until treason were laid low.

"But there are many," he said, "would be
Glad in your place to be enrolled."
But he cried, "When the land asks 'ife from
Can I pay the debt with gold?"

"You starry flag in the air—
Beneath its folds I could even die!
Who should fight to maintain it there,
If you hold back such as I!"

"Once," he said, "in my school boy days,
Reading of all our fathers' brave,
When they dared to face a tyrant's wrath
To set free a land enslaved,
I wished I had lived just then,
When men had such gallant work to do;
And now the chance has come round again
I must make my dreams come true!"

So he left us all to fall his word—
The word once uttered in boyish gleam—
"If foes should threaten my native land,
She may look for help to me!"

And he stands in the conscript ranks,
With as true a step and bearing high
As becomes a man who's grasped the sword
To maintain his rights or die.

And I thank God one is left us yet,
One honest man, valiant and strong,
To stir down all selfish fear,
And bid us to conquer wrong.

Thank God for one freeman more,
Sincere, and calm, and resolute,
Who would die in his country's cause be-
fore he would call for a substitute!"

LETTERS FROM MAJOR JACK DOWLING.

SECOND SERIES—NO. III.

WASHINGTON Nov. 19, 1863.

To the Editors of the Star:

Sirs:—If I didn't been bizzzy since I writ
you last than never a man was. Besides,
I've had a considerable twing of my old
enemy, the rheumatism. This ere Wash-
ington atmosphere is terribel on the consti-
tution. The Kernel, too, was nigh about down sick
one day; but we both took a good, old-fash-
ioned wakenessing, of the very best Old Rye,
and went to bed on it. The next mornin'
we both felt just rate. The Kernel keeps
as good wisky as I ever got anywhere.

We have been very hard at work on the
message, and such a time as we have had
of it, you never did see. Stanton don't know
how many sejers he has got in the field,
nor how many have been killed or wound-
ed. Grandfather Welles can't tell how
many quibbles he's got, an' as for Chase,
he don't pretend to even guess for a cer-
tainly, how many greenbacks there are
afloat or how big the public debt is. The
Kernel sed he couldn't even say the founda-
shin timbers of his message until he had
some figgers about the debt to begin on.

So I told him I would go over and see
Chase an' have a talk with him. I tuk my
shate under my arm and started. Soon as I
went in Chase tuk me by the hand an' sed
he was rale down rite glad to see me. I
told him what I wanted, an' he sed he
would soon have it ready for me, but jest
then he asked me to go up stairs an' see the
macheenyery an' printin' presses, and so on,
that he had got to make money. He sed
the worst of it was that the maches were
constantly gettin' out of order, and he
wanted to know if I understood any thing
about sich affairs. I tolled him there want
nothing from squiral traps to dog chores
and thrashing maches, that I didn't know
from stem to stern. Then he sed I was
jest the chap he wanted. So I went with
him, and I was perfectly thunderstruck
when I saw all the riggin, and fixins, and
belts, and shafts, and pulleys, and mache-
ones all a rumm and whizzin, and buzzin,
as fast as they could go. Ses the Secretary,
"this here macheery runs to pay off General
Grant's troops. This one runs to pay off
General Meade's troops. This one runs for
General Burnside, and here is this ere one
completely broken down. It is General
Gillmore's macheery!" "Wal," ses I, "Mr.
Secretary, do you have a macheery for every
General and every Army?" "Yes," ses he,
"about that." "Wal," ses I, "what do
you do about the contractors?" "Oh," ses
he, "I ain't showed you them yet. That's
in another room." Ses he, "come along
with me." So I follered, and we went off
into another room. It was nigh about ten
times as big as the first one, and there were
hundreds of presses rummin' as fast as they
could go. "There," ses he, "if these here
maches were to stop one day, it would
set all Wall street into a panic. Sometimes
when the belts give out or the bolts break,
or the cog gits short, or paper don't git in
in time, there is a good deal of trouble, but
I've got it so fixed now, that I keep 'em
putty well supplied." Ses I, "Mr. Secretary,
who is your engineer?" "Wal," ses he,
"he's a good trusty man." "But," ses
I, "suppose he should bust your bilers,
what would Wall street do then?" "Wal,"
ses he, "I never thought of that, but I guess
there ain't eny danger." "Wal," ses I,
"steam is mighty onsartin. Old Aunt
Keziah Wiggleton up in Maine, used to
say that the only safe way to run a steam-
boat was to take the bilers out, and my
opinion is, that a government run by steam
will bust up one of these days." Chase
didn't seem to like this last remark much,
but he didn't say anything. We cum down
stairs putty soon after, and a feller with a
brown linen coat on, nigh about out of ink,
brought a holl lot of papers covered over
with figgers, and sed that Mr. Linkin could
find out all he wanted to from them. I

looked 'em over, but I couldn't make hed
nor tail to them. "Wal," ses I, "perhaps
a chap who understands duble and twisted
entry bookkeepin' can understand this ere
figgerin, but I'll be hanged if I kin!" Ses
I, "here's seven thirtys, and six per cents,
and five per cents, and bonds and stocks and
sartificates, and '98s and '78s '68s and '58s
and Lord knows how many more 8s, until
it gets all mixed up so that you can't tell
any thing more about the debt than Stanton
kin tell how many sejers has been killed
and wounded. Now," ses I, "the people
don't care a straw anything about your six
twentys, or your five twentys. All they
want to know is jest how much money this
ere war has cost, and that is what I'm
tryin' to figger out for em. When old Gin-
eral Jackson wanted me to go into Squire
Biddle's Bank and cipher out how matters
stood I soon did it, but that warn't eny more
comparin to this here affair, than the
bunch of elder bushes in Deacon Jenkin's
meadow is to the Dismal Swamp. I tuk the
papers, however, over to Linkin, for it was
the best I could do. When I handed them
to the Kernel, ses he, "Major, does Chase
expect me to survive after studyin out these
figgers?" "Wal," ses I, "Kernel, I don't
know, but I think Chase wants to be next
President."

The Kernel tuk the hint rite off; but