

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 15.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MARCH 9, 1864.

NUMBER 20.

## A FORTUNE FOR ALL! EITHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBING, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No trap operation to gull the public, but a genuine money-making thing! Read the Great 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, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in pursuing it, not only because it will yield a handsome income, but also in consequence of the general admiration which it elicits. It is pretty much all profit. A mere trifle is necessary to start with.

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The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed and prepaid by J. BRYAN, M. D. General Agt., No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

## BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS—Warranted to cure!

Can be relied on! Never fail to cure! Do not hesitate! Are speedy in action! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cures the past month—some of them very severe cases. Over one hundred physicians have used them in their practice, and all speak well of their efficacy, and approve their composition, which is entirely vegetable, and harmless on the system. Hundreds of certificates can be shown.

Bell's Specific Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pill. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and a secure cure in all cases of Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as Urinary and Vaginal Discharges, the Whites, nightly or involuntary Emissions, Incontinence, Genital Debility and Irritability, Impotence, Weakness or loss of Power, nervous Debility, &c., all of which arise principally from Sexual Excesses or self-abuse, or some constitutional derangement, and incapacitate the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhoea, Gleet and Stricture, and in Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

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Nov. 25, 1863—1y.

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ESTABLISHED 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 subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuance 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, . . . . . 3 00  
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### Choice Poetry.

#### THE SLANDERER.

BY MISS L. A. HENRY.

Who goes abroad from door to door,  
“Seeking for whom she may devour,”  
With some new tale her mind to store?  
The Slanderer!

Who preens all the atmosphere—  
Makes enemies of friends so dear,  
If they will to her words adhere?  
The Slanderer!

Who breeds contempt and angry strife,  
Between the husband and the wife,  
And separates their paths thro' life?  
The Slanderer!

Who, lost to every virtue here,  
Would drag us down to her low sphere,  
And make us like herself appear?  
The Slanderer!

Who, like a serpent in our path,  
Will wound unseen, and onward pass,  
And hide itself among the grass?  
The Slanderer!

Who sees within some Maiden's breast,  
Talents that she does not possess,  
And tries to rob her of success?  
The Slanderer!

Who, like the fatal “Upas tree,”  
Drops poisonous tears of misery,  
And says, you have a friend in me!  
The Slanderer!

But no! O Lord, thou art my friend:  
Thou wilt sustain me to the end,  
And may thy blessings e'er attend,  
The Slanderer!

And when life's weary task is done,  
And we shall meet around God's throne;  
Ah! who will bear the words—well done?  
O! Slanderer!!!

#### THE PASTOR'S LIEUTENANT.

A STORY FOR BUNYODIES IN GENERAL.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice at the fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. These she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage over the way. A very modest, pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, and woodbine and Jasmine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring its beauty just then. She looked up at a front window, on the second floor, and gave a vicious snort.

“As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is he, I wonder?”

Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby, by shrinking behind her curtain, saw a handsome, son-borne man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was very easy to see by the slight roll in his walk, that he was a sailor, though for the matter of that, his bearing, handsome face, and frank, hearty manner would have told the tale, if he had never stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing the cigar from his lips when he did so.

“He couldn't do no more if he was speaking to a woman,” said the spinster, applying her eyes to a hole left purposely in the white curtain. “The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—and dressed in blue gingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year! And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well, there—”

Words laid the worthy spinster. Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed and rosetted with a sapphire that shone like a dew drop—tripped down the walk so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of volleys, gave him a push that sent him upon his face among them.—“To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through alleys—to see him kiss her when he kissed her—at last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ear—it was a sight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby over opposite, lapsed away with honor. She rang her bell violently, and a square-faced, sour-looking woman who had lived with her for years, made her appearance.

“Susan?”

“Well,” said the amiable domestic

briefly.

Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

“Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arm around her waist—just look at her Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that that man is only her brother?”

“Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell. I only know that they looked alike, and they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham, I was told.”

“Humph! It's my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton!”

“The minister! What for?”

“Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it all means. They are no more brother and sister than you and I are.”

“Well, what are they then?”

“That remains to be told—the wretches! But Mr. Fullerton will set them to rights, I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me.”

“Have some peace, I suppose,” muttered Susan, under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sat forth to the paragonage.

The clergyman was a quite peace-loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments when she attempted to do so—She stayed nearly half an hour with him; at the expiration of that time, people who were on the lookout saw her conveying the unhappy jargon in the direction, and at last, through the very gate of Randall Cottage.

A tidy looking old servant admitted them, and led them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eyeing everything about her and making observations in an under tone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

“Such extravagance! Look at that carpet—no—no—no—roses and lilies, and struggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a druggist as I am?”

She took another turn.

“And a quaker! Spaniards, I don't doubt, or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens!”

“Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sunday.”

“Oh you don't know that; perhaps had some private end to gain by it,” said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure.—She saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

“Let those laugh that win. I say, Mr. Fullerton, I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled.”

“Not I!” said the minister with a rostral look.

“A crucifix, as I am a sinner,” she murmured a moment afterward. “There Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad daylight. Shall I pull it down?”

“Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby?” said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called, “a peace of her mind.” There was a race up the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the young couple neared the windows, following the old servant, who had been in the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking happy and pleased to meet the clergyman.

“Sin wears a different face from that,” he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney-piece and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

“Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby,” said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs: “It's all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call.”

“Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I am astonished at you! It was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it though he was too courteous to look surprised.

“Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton,” said Helen, who wandered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

“No, my child,” said the clergyman kindly. “Sometimes I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you.”

“My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite understand!” exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

“I will tell you at another time,” said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. “I will only say in explanation of this intrusion, that it has been caused by a most ridiculous mistake. Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home?”

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—

“No!”

“Is she mad?” whispered Helen to the clergyman. “What does it all mean?”

Miss Jellaby heard her.

“It means this, madam, this and nothing more, that Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of doing his duty, I am not?”

“Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business! Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures. I command you as your pastor, not to speak!”

“I take no orders from a man who shrinks from his duty,” said the spinster, loftily.

“My dear sir (turning to the captain,) it seems I cannot spare you this infliction, so I may as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you as you already know—”

“And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourselves quite alone—remember that!” chimed in the sharp voice of the spinster.

“Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jellaby. As she says, she has often seen you—”

“Kissing and laughing with the tips of their noses,” said Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me into believing them. I need not add that from the instant you entered the room, my suspicion vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your perfect integrity.”

“But my dear sir,” said Captain Graham smiling, “of what does that lady suspect me?”

“Tell them, Miss Jellaby; I will not!”

“Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the worst part to me, Mr. Fullerton. However, no one shall say I shrunk back from my duty!”

“We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed,” said Captain Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jellaby gasped at the avowal; then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

“Before my very eyes, sir!”

“What do you mean?”

“I suppose you will kiss her next!”

“Well now you mention it—I think I will. And he did! Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror.

“Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly, and watch this shameless conduct? As for you, sir,” she added, turning to the good humored captain, “you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—”

“Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby.”

“It is infamous,” shouted the enraged spinster. “Brother and sister indeed you are no more her brother than you are mine, Capt Graham.”

“I know it—I never said I was!”

Mr. Fullerton looked rather puzzled. Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

“Well, you are brazen about it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you depend upon it!”

“I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother,” said the captain quietly.

“However, there is a relation between us, if it please you any better!”

“What is it?”

“I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and I have always lived with her family in England.”

“Oh!”

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

“Also, I have the honor to be—”

“Her husband?”

“Mr. Fullerton, uttered a most unclerical hurrah, and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.”

“Her husband?” faltered the old maid.

“I never thought of that!”

“Allow me to hope, madam, that you try to have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal,” said the captain suavely. “I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.”

He held the door open as he spoke—she could not take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state verging upon distraction. Staying to be laughed at and sympathized with, was what she could not endure—the cottage was shut, up next day, and she and Susan were far away.

Miss Jellaby had found her match, and the village has known peace since her departure for the first time.

“HELL'S LAID AN EGG.”—It is reported that when the first Greek fire shell exploded in Charleston, a contraband who witnessed it, clasped his hands and shouted: “See dat! Hell's laid an egg!”—Exchange.

It was a bogus egg, though. The only real genuine egg that Hell ever laid, was at the atonement party, and that hatched a civil war such as never before disgraced the civilized world. We hope if Hell has laid any more eggs, the Devil will have to set on them a thousand years before they will hatch.—Courier.

GENTLE BUT IMPRESSIVE.—A young man, rather verdant, and very sentimental, while making himself interesting to a young lady, the other evening, by quoting from the poets, to the other choice extracts he added: “There's no place like home!”

“Do you really think so?” asked the young lady.

“Oh yes,” was the reply.

“Then,” said pretty calico, “why didn't you stay there?”

Gov. Stone, of Iowa, in his late message, says: “There is no longer any middle ground where loyal men can stand.” But there is a middle space between the ground and a cross beam, where thousands of you ought to stand.

## Barbarous Warfare.

Let the hirsute beware! Let every man licensed to wear shoulder-straps, and burning with uncontrollable desire to distinguish himself in the war against his Southern brothers, look well to the flowing honors of his head, his chin, his cheeks, and his upper lip. There is danger abroad and ahead! The redoubtable John Morgan, General in the Confederate service, having escaped from the penitentiary in Ohio, where he was treated as if he were a felon, has made his way to Richmond. Though his short, stubby hair still bears witness to the outrage inflicted upon him, he has as we learn by a dispatch from a perfectly trustworthy source, been received with the most cordial welcome by the confederate authorities and people of Richmond. The ladies see his gallantry and bravery, and do not see his personal disfigurement. All classes vie with each other to do him honor and show him respect; and the authorities have placed him in command of a brigade of veterans for immediate duty, numbering fully five thousand men. The brave General has to be considered in the estimation of every honorable enemy, has not however, forgotten or forgiven the fact, that he was not treated like a soldier, but like a thief, while he was in captivity in the North and has resolved—we will not say rightly, but not unreasonably—to fulfill upon his enemies the scriptural dictum which says, “with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.” For this purpose he has appointed to every regiment in his command a professional barber, whose duty it is to accompany the brigaded to the field to operate upon such officers of the Federal army as the fate of battle may throw into his hands as prisoners of war. But not to render good for evil; not to give an example of generosity and magnanimity; not for the trimming of their beards, the curling of their whiskers, or the snoothing and brushing of their hair, are these ministering angels—for the most part negroes—to attend upon the fallen heroes. Morgan, who, no doubt once loved to appear well in the eyes of the ladies—and was proud of his hair—is determined that the indignity he suffered shall be endured by his antagonists, and that every prisoner above the rank of a sergeant, whether he be Major General, Brigadier, Colonel, Major, Captain or First or Second Lieutenant, shall be deprived of his locks, be they “gory or hyacinthine.” The operation is not to be performed with the scissors, but with the razor—until the head that once boasted these noble adornments, black or brown, chestnut, gold, or gray, shall be as bare as a tea cup, or the palm of the barber's hand. Nor is this all. Beard, moustache and whiskers are to share the same fate. This, no doubt is very barbarous warfare; but his who condemns it should remember that those who set a bad example are worse than those who follow it; and that the treatment of General Morgan in Ohio was unfortunately bad enough to palliate—if it do not justify—the retaliation, which it is his grim humor to inflict.

This action on General Morgan's part will not discourage volunteering in the North; for the privates of the army are not to be shaven; but if it have the effect of moderating the too fiery ardor of the multitudinous Brigadier Generals and Colonels who are prouder of the shoulder straps than of the martial duties of the calling for which nine tenths of them are unfitted, it will do no damage, but perhaps the reverse, to our armies in the field.

And as Shakespeare declares that there is a soul of goodness in things evil; so the noble army of contractors and all the Lords of Shoddy, may rejoice even at the hard-heartedness of Morgan and his corps of tappers. Who knows but that the war Department may not be thereby prompted to invite contractors from this city, for the supply of wigs and false moustaches for the army! Why not? What a glorious chance for the Black Abolitionists and the shoddy aristocracy! And what a splendid opportunity for defrauding the Government!

## Lincoln to War Democrats.

We find the following paragraph in a recent letter from the regular Washington correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, a Republican paper:

“Speaking of New Jersey reminds us that some time since one of the Democratic members of your delegation in Congress called upon the President upon some business, and in conversation upon general matters, remarked to Mr. Lincoln, that he was with the Administration upon two points, he would vote all the men and money wanted to put down the rebellion; to which the President very coolly replied: ‘Give me men and money and I will whip the rebellion and you too.’

Good for Old Abe! There never was a more striking and pointed illustration of War Democracy than Lincoln himself gives—Here is a man who goes to him as he disagrees with him as to the entire policy he is carrying out, is utterly opposed to the principles he is aiming to establish, and concludes by telling him, “but, no matter, I am agreed with you, Mr. President, upon two points; I am in favor of giving you all the men and the money you want to put down those who are resisting the enforcement of those principles. Remember, I am distinctly opposed to the principles you are carrying on, as much opposed to them as any man can be, but then I think that all who will not submit to your carrying them out ought to be shot, hanged, confiscated, &c., &c.” This is a War Democrat. Is he not the fairest biped that ever lived? No wonder Old Abe pats him on the back and says, “good boy, give me the men and money and I will whip the rebels, and you too.”

## The Currency Presses—Major Jack Downing writes to the New York Daily Book an account of the presses which Chase has for printing off his currency. Lincoln (the Kernal) shows him through the apartment:

“Says the Kernal, ‘this here machine runs to pay off General Grant's troops; this one runs to pay off General Meade's troops; this one runs for General Banks; this one is now busy for [General Burnside, and here is one completely broken down—it is General Gilmore's machine.’”

“Wall,” says I, “Mr. Sekretary do you have a machine for every General and every army?”

“Yes,” says he, “about that.”

“Wall,” says I, “what do you do about the contractors?”

“Oh, I ain't showed you 'em yet. That's in another room.”

It was right about ten times as big as the first one, and there were hundreds of presses running as fast as they could.

“There,” says he, “of these machines were to stop one day, it would set Wall Street into a panic. Sometimes, when the bolts give out or the bolts break, or the coal gets short or paper don't get in time, there is a good deal of trouble, but I've got it so fixed now, that I keep 'em pretty well supplied.”

“Ses I, ‘Mr. Sekretary who is your engineer?’”

“Wall,” says he, “he's a trustworth' man.”

“But,” says I, “suppose he should bust yer biller. What would Wall street do then?”

“Wall, I never thought of that, but I guess there ain't no danger.”

“Wall,” says I, “steam is mighty ornamental.”

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the prize for the handsomest “Baby” at the Glass Blowers' exhibition last Saturday was awarded to a nigger child. “Things is working.”

## Some disloyal wag propounds the following:

When Lincoln Abolitionism sets up the last man and the last dollar, the query arises what is to become of the bond-holder and a cross beam, where thousands of you ought to stand.

Subscribe for the Star.

## Mobbing Democratic Newspapers.

We notice that several Democratic newspapers have been recently mobbed by returning soldiers. That these outrages have in all cases been instigated by the cowardly Abolition sneaks who stay at home, admits of no doubt. Three papers have been thus assaulted within a few days past—the *Saturday Democrat*, in Pennsylvania; the *Mahoning Sentinel*, in Youngstown, Ohio, and the *Constitution and Union*, at Fairfield, Iowa. The editor of the latter paper, Mr. Sheward, will be remembered as the fellow prisoner of that gallant and devoted Democrat, D. A. Mahony, of Dubuque, Iowa. He was confined for a long time in the Old Capitol at Washington, and held fast to his integrity to the last. His office, it is stated by telegraph, has been entirely destroyed. The Democrats in the States where these outrages occur, should take prompt and efficient action. The Democrats of Youngstown, Ohio, we observe, held a meeting at once after the destruction of the *Sentinel* office, and passed the following resolution:

“Resolved, That as Democrats we are utterly opposed to the mob spirit overruling all law and order—but as Freemen, we will not submit to such outrages upon our rights and liberties, and unless redress for the present and security for the future be given we will be compelled to resort to the best means to secure self-preservation, and enforce our protection.”

This is the only way to meet the vile scoundrels who incite these proceedings. The soldiers are not really mere youths urged on by falsehoods, or by getting them incited, while the real, responsible movers of the mobs are a set of miserable, sneaking, contemptible, sanctimonious Loyal Leaguers. When they are made to understand that if the law is no longer a protection to Democrats, it will no longer be a protection to them, they will very soon come to their senses. This is a severe rule, but it is one that the Creator himself instituted in an age of great moral blindness; when people could understand no other. Let all mobocrats remember, therefore, that “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth” is a “higher law,” always justly suspended over their heads.

## Re-nomination of Lincoln.

There is evidently a great effort being made by the shoddy leaders particularly interested in the re-nomination of Mr. Lincoln, to forestall the action of the Abolition National Convention by giving their favorite a popular endorsement in advance of the assembling of that body.

Certain prominent gentlemen, members of the Union Lincoln Association of New York, of which Simon Draper is President and S. J. Glassey, Secretary, have issued a manifesto to the faithful, setting forth the particular claims and qualifications of the man of their choice, and calling for popular action in his behalf. They falsely declare that Abraham Lincoln is “an able defender of the great ideas upon which our government was founded”—that “he has been tried and not found wanting”—that “alloyed in the midst of a war of almost unparalleled magnitude, ‘we move on as in times of the most sublime peace,’ and then proposes that, on the 23d of February, 1864, ‘all citizens of the United States, without regard to party, who are in favor of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln, shall meet at appropriate places within their towns, counties or States, for the purpose of giving public expression of their sentiments upon this most important question.’”

“Sublime peace!” exclaims the *New York World*, “sublime impudence rather.”—And so it is—for it is nothing less than an attempt on the part of a band of New York speculators, who derive profit from the administration of Lincoln, to re-nominate their man as the regular nominating medium of the party. And who is this Abraham Lincoln, this favorite of theirs, whom they wish to force upon the nation by mere clamor, for a second term? Elected President in 1860 under false pretenses, he has since shown his insincerity by violating every declaration and every pledge he made previous to and for eighteen months after his election. He has proved himself to be vain, shallow-minded, utterly disqualified in every respect, moral and mental, for the position he holds, but without ambitious, Phillips called him a “mud turtle,” and Beecher pronounced him an “imbecile.” These terms may be too severe—but every intelligent man who is not a party bigot or pecuniarily interested in his administration will agree that a more incompetent and unworthy man for the position would be hard to find. It is the interest of the country that in this time of great peril a statesman, of whatever party, and not an ignorant and “smutty joker” should fill the Presidential chair. The very “life of the nation,” (to use Forney's favorite expression) depends upon this—Four years more of Lincoln rule and the grand fabric reared by our fathers, the Great Republic built upon the Constitution which they framed with so much wisdom and care will exist no longer, and the “harmony” and “sublime peace,” of which the New York demagogues and speculators prate, will be the “harmony” and “peace” of despotism—the “order” that reigns at Warsaw; or if not these, worse—disintegration and anarchy.

But there is hope that the mercenary crew who are “moving heaven and earth” for the re-nomination of Lincoln may yet be foiled—at all events, the signs of the times indicate that it will not be accomplished with unanimity, or without opposition. There is a growing appreciation in the public mind of the dishonesty and incompetency of the man, and an awakening sense of the peril to which the country would be exposed by his continuance in office another term. The Germans in the East and the West are openly hostile to the movement; and in all sections we find leading men and legions of the masses of the party either lukewarm or in opposition. We do not know that the election of a statesman and representative man of the party would avert all the calamities which threaten us under a renewed lease of power to Lincoln—in fact, we do not think it would—but it might save us from some; and, at all events, if the form of government must be changed, and a limited monarchy or absolute despotism is to take the place of our republican system, it would somewhat assuage the public grief to know that a giant and not a dwarf, a man of intellect and not a “mud turtle,” held the reins of power.

We have faith in the ability of the people to elect a Democratic President, which alone, in our judgment, can save the Republic, restore the Union and establish peace; but, failing in that, we desire to see our opponents elect a full grown man—not merely the semblance of one, an evergreen infant, who has to be “watered” and “cultivated” and “propped” and trained by such men as Garrison and Phillips and Greeley.

Pocket picking is unusually brisk in New York—Boston Post.

Yes, usually; and no pockets suffer so severely as Uncle Samuel's.

An Abolition editor in Illinois says that the whole negro question is in a nut shell. If he himself isn't a nut shell, he might well be, for he is a maggot.

Insanity is alarmingly prevalent in the army, induced by exposure. Twenty-five insane soldiers were sent to Cincinnati a few days since.

Joe Lane, formerly United States Senator from Oregon, and candidate for Vice President in 1860, is in the cattle trade in British Columbia.

## Barbarous Warfare.

Let the hirsute beware! Let every man licensed to wear shoulder-straps, and burning with uncontrollable desire to distinguish himself in the war against his Southern brothers, look well to the flowing honors of his head, his chin, his cheeks, and his upper lip. There is danger abroad and ahead! The redoubtable John Morgan, General in the Confederate service, having escaped from the penitentiary in Ohio, where he was treated as if he were a felon, has made his way to Richmond. Though his short, stubby hair still bears witness to the outrage inflicted upon him, he has as we learn by a dispatch from a perfectly trustworthy source, been received with the most cordial welcome by the confederate authorities and people of Richmond. The ladies see his gallantry and bravery, and do not see his personal disfigurement. All classes vie with each other to do him honor and show him respect; and the authorities have placed him in command of a brigade of veterans for immediate duty, numbering fully five thousand men. The brave General has to be considered in the estimation of every honorable enemy, has not however, forgotten or forgiven the fact, that he was not treated like a soldier, but like a thief, while he was in captivity in the North and has resolved—we will not say rightly, but not unreasonably—to fulfill upon his enemies the scriptural dictum which says, “with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.” For this purpose he has appointed to every regiment in his command a professional barber, whose duty it is to accompany the brigaded to the field to operate upon such officers of the Federal army as the fate of battle may throw into his hands as prisoners of war. But not to render good for evil; not to give an example of generosity and magnanimity; not for the trimming of their beards, the curling of their whiskers, or the snoothing and brushing of their hair, are these ministering angels—for the most part negroes—to attend upon the fallen heroes. Morgan, who, no doubt once loved to appear well in the eyes of the ladies—and was proud of his hair—is determined that the indignity he suffered shall be endured by his antagonists, and that every prisoner above the rank of a sergeant, whether he be Major General, Brigadier, Colonel, Major, Captain or First or Second Lieutenant, shall be deprived of his locks, be they “gory or hyacinthine.” The operation is not to be performed with the scissors, but with the razor—until the head that once boasted these noble adornments, black or brown, chestnut, gold, or gray, shall be as bare as a tea cup, or the palm of the barber's hand. Nor is this all. Beard, moustache and whiskers are to share the same fate. This, no doubt is very barbarous warfare; but his who condemns it should remember that those who set a bad example are worse than those who follow it; and that the treatment of General Morgan in Ohio was unfortunately bad enough to palliate—if it do not justify—the retaliation, which it is his grim humor to inflict.

This action on General Morgan's part will not discourage volunteering in the North; for the privates of the army are not to be shaven; but if it have the effect of moderating the too fiery ardor of the multitudinous Brigadier Generals and Colonels who are prouder of the shoulder straps than of the martial duties of the calling for which nine tenths of them are unfitted, it will do no damage, but perhaps the reverse, to our armies in the field.

And as Shakespeare declares that there is a soul of goodness in things evil; so the noble army of contractors and all the Lords of Shoddy, may rejoice even at the hard-heartedness of Morgan and his corps of tappers. Who knows but that the war Department may not be thereby prompted to invite contractors from this city, for the supply of wigs and false moustaches for the army! Why not? What a glorious chance for the Black Abolitionists and the shoddy aristocracy! And what a splendid opportunity for defrauding the Government!

## Lincoln to War Democrats.

We find the following paragraph in a recent letter from the regular Washington correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, a Republican paper:

“Speaking of New Jersey reminds us that some time since one of the Democratic members of your delegation in Congress called upon the President upon some business, and in conversation upon general matters, remarked to Mr. Lincoln, that he was with the Administration upon two points, he would vote all the men and money wanted to put down the rebellion; to which the President very coolly replied: ‘Give me men and money and I will whip the rebellion and you too.’

Good for Old Abe! There never was a more striking and pointed illustration of War Democracy than Lincoln himself gives—Here is a man who goes to him as he disagrees with him as to the entire policy he is carrying out, is utterly opposed to the principles he is aiming to establish, and concludes by telling him, “but, no matter, I am agreed with you, Mr. President, upon two points; I am in favor of giving you all the men and the money you want to put down those who are resisting the enforcement of those principles. Remember, I am distinctly opposed to the principles you are carrying on, as much opposed to them as any man can be, but then I think that all who will not