

# 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 30, 1864.

NUMBER 23.

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

NO HUMBUG, 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 Circuit or 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.

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 succeeds is the one that keeps on trying until he hits something that pays him.

This art costs me one thousand dollars, and I expect to make money out of it—and all who purchase the art of the 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.—5m.

**IMPORTANT TO LADIES.**—Dr. Harvey's Female Pills have never yet failed in removing difficulties arising from obstruction, or stoppage of nature, or in restoring the system to perfect health when suffering from spinal affections, prolapsus, Uteri, the whites, or other weakness of the uterine organs. The pills are perfectly harmless on the constitution, and may be taken by the most delicate female without causing distress; its same time they act like a charm by strengthening, invigorating and restoring the system to a healthy condition and by bringing, on the monthly period with regularity, no matter from what cause, the obstruction may arise. They should however, NOT be taken during the first three or four months of pregnancy, though safe at any other time, as miscarriage would be the result.

Each box contains 60 pills. Price \$1. Dr. Harvey's Treatise on diseases of Females, pregnancy, miscarriage, barrenness, sterility, Reproduction, and abuses of Nature, and emphatically the ladies' Private Medical Adviser, a pamphlet of 64 pages sent free to any address. Six cents required to pay postage.

The Pills and book will be sent by mail when desired, securely sealed, and prepaid by J. BRYAN, M. D. General Av't.

No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Sold by all the principal druggists.

Nov. 25, 1863.—1y.

**BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS.**—Wanted in all cases. Can be relied on. Never fail to cure! Do not nauseate! 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—one of them very severe case. 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 Pill 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 speedy cure in all cases of Seminal, or Seminal Weakness, with all its train of evils, such as, Urethral 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 it capacitates the sufferer from fulfilling the duties of married life. In all sexual diseases, Gonorrhœa, Gleet and Strictures, and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, they act as a charm! Relief is experienced by taking a single box.

Sold by all the principal druggists. Price \$1.

They will be sent by mail, securely sealed, and confidentially, on receipt of the money, by J. BRYAN, M. D.

No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

Conseil Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free to all, the following valuable works, in sealed envelopes:

**THE FIFTIETH THOUSAND—DR. BELL'S TREATISE** on self-abuse, Premature decay, impotence and loss of power, sexual diseases, seminal weakness, nightly emissions, genital debility, &c., &c., a pamphlet of 84 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which should be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure in the severest stages is plainly set forth. Two stamps required to pay postage.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

WM. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscription: two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for less than six months; no discount permitted until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows:

One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1.00

Every subsequent insertion, .25

One square, three months, . . . . . \$0.00

One year, . . . . . \$0.00

## Choice Poetry.

### DICKEN'S CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

Hush, I cannot bear to hear thee  
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;  
I have got no bread to give thee—  
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain  
When God sent thee first to bless me,

Proud and thankful too, was I;  
Now, my darling, I thy mother,  
Almost long to see thee die  
Sleep my darling—thou art weary;  
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have seen thy beauty fading,  
And thy strength sink day by day—  
Soon I will want and fever  
Waste thy little life away.

Famine makes thy mother reckless,  
Hope and joy are gone from me;  
I could suffer all my baby,  
Had I but a crust for thee.

I am wasted, dear, with hunger;  
And my brain is sore oppressed;  
I have scarcely strength to press thee,  
Wan and feeble to my breast;

Patience, baby, God will help us.

Death will come to thee and me;

He will take us to his heaven,

Where no want or pain can be.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;  
God is good, but life is dreary;

## To Conquer is to Rule.

Peace and conciliation offer to the North again and again we affirm it—the only means of attaining those ends, whether of humanity or of country, which as Christians, as patriots, and as men, we may justifiably seek. We would affirm this with no less of conviction and earnestness after the most decisive military success, with the spectacle before us of Charleston laid in ashes, Richmond sacked, of the Confederate armies routed and in flight, than now, with those cities still standing, and those armies still defiant, with the Southern heart as unquenchable and its confidence as strong in this third year of the war as when the first gun was fired from Sumter.

Strange indeed and incomprehensible is the delusion under the influence of which this war upon the South is now waged. Not that the Abolitionist fanaticism should pursue its end with characteristic boldness, fierceness, persistence, and cruelty. We understand that. Not that selfish capitalists, avaricious contractors, ambitious generals, and unscrupulous subordinate officers, with high pay and the alluring prospect of unlimited plunder, putting aside all moral restraint and consideration of right, should pursue their ends. We understand that too. But that the great body of the intelligent and reflecting North—that the Christian men and women of the land who are not directly interested in the war, nor personally engaged in its prosecution, who are almost out of hearing of that detestable drum and fife, whose minds are not liable to be thrown from habitual just equilibrium by jostling contact with the raging thong that press about the chariot wheels of the horrible war—god—that the portion of our population whose power of discernment between right and wrong is not blunted by the unholy scent of plunder on the plantations of the South, and of infamous riot among their household gods, approve, and support, or even tolerate for a day this unrighteous war, not waged for our own liberty and independence, nor for citizens' or national rights, but for the spoliation and subjugation of Christian men and brethren, and for the overthrow of civil and political institutions with which we have no right, human or divine, to intermeddle, and that these iniquitous ends should be blindly and recklessly pursued at the sacrifice of our own material prosperity, and of our own liberties too, is indeed past comprehension. Three short years ago had some prophetic Elisha announced these woes that are "transpiring to-day, weeping at the sight, as well as might have wept, how many a fair Israel would have shrunk with horror from the recoil of atrocities, at the perpetration of which to-day she clasps her hands with fear! and many a man, whose soul is now laden with a thousand crimes, and whose hands are red to the elbows with brothers' blood, would have exclaimed with indignant incredibility: "But what; is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing?" and we ourselves, as we contemplate the disheartening spectacle, feel driven to the conclusion, that God who has determined to destroy us has made us mad.

An affecting incident occurred at the New Haven barracks the other day. A woman desired to see her husband—embraced him, began to sob and cry violently. Husband gave her his handkerchief to wipe her eyes, after which she curiously manipulated it under her shawl and returned it to him. Husband took it as if it were a brick.

Officer of guard investigated,

and found a bottle of old rye whiskey in his handkerchief.

A new dance has sprung up in Paris called the Radenowitch.

## THE GREAT CIRCUS.

BY GRIMALDI.

Our "Government" like a circus, that goes from town to town—

And Seward is the Ring master, and Lincoln is the clown;

And Salmon Chase is Treasurer, and handles all the cash;

Paying out a little specie, and dev'lish sight of trash:

He dispenses paper promises, with backs all nice and green,

The "best and cheapest" currency that the world has ever seen!

Welles takes the "sleepy sailor's" role, and personates him well,

And Stanton is Stage-manager since Simon Cameron fell;

"Interior" Caleb, sleek and sharp, keeps close behind the scenes,

And it is somewhat hard to say what subtle Caleb means.

Blair does, he's smart Position, and according to his whim,

Rides horses white, or horses black, it's all the same to him;

And this frantic equitation surprises all who see,

For he rides four horses just as well as one, or two, or three.

Old Edward Bates performs in farce, while the folks are coming in,

Enacting "dull old gentlemen" before the crowd begins.

Not this a "goodly company," as it goes from town to town?

But the peo' of all the "groundlings" are the Ring master and clowns;

That most fantastical of clowns must always have his joke,

If the hearts of half his countrymen were bleeding, torn or broke;

He's gay and festive all the time—bispirit would not flag,

If the "reb's" had all his fighting men in one enormous "bag."

And Seward, prince of Ring masters, lond cracks his long-lashed whip,

And more in earnest than in jest, makes Harlequin to skip;

Welles, like the famous "fat boy," goes straight to sleep again,

When wak'd by Rehele cannon, on river, coast or main.

With such an "unexampled troupe" we need not feel surprised,

If "mine honest neighbors" laugh and laugh till tears bedim their eyes.

Our circus still perambulates throughout the livelong year,

And plays all parts "from grave to gay,

From lively to severe!"

And the people, charmed, but shuddering,

at the new and daring roles,

Still gazing, rapt, forget to pray for mercy on their souls!

## A Romantic Affair.

In the Northern part of Hancock county, Ohio, resided a handsome looking, intelligent young widow, whose husband died in 1860. [Now this] husband, who was very considerably the senior of his wife, on his death bed had exacted a promise from her that she would never marry after his death; his relatives managed to gobble up his entire estate leaving her not only a widow, but very poor. The aforesaid promise to her husband she regrettet in less than a year, for, lo! a young officer in the gallant 21st, from the neighboring county of Wood, who had loved her before her marriage, renewed his suit.

She would have married him, but for the fatal promise, and for a remarkably tender conscience, which rebuked her whenever she thought of the matter.

So the matter stood until the battle of Chickamauga. The young officer was badly wounded, and was brought home to die. He made all his preparations, setting his house in order completely, for the last scene of all his eventful history. He sent for the widow and told her his desire but one thing, and that was to provide for her.

He knew that she was poor and he had no property to leave her—one thing only could he do. His widow would receive a pension of thirty dollars per month from the government—he would make her his widow.

She thought of the master for several hours and finally concluded to do it. True she would violate the letter of promise, but not its spirit; and when she thought of the good the pension would do her, scruples vanished, and they were married.

Singular as it may seem, this marriage had a beneficial effect upon our wounded hero. He showed signs of improvement immediately; in fact, so rapid was his recovery, that the ex-widow began to think, in the course of two or three days, that the hope of the pension was growing faint; and well she might, for in a week he was walking about, and soon after started for his regiment, leaving a wife behind who wept at the parting.

Some say the gallant officer was not wounded at all—that the whole affair was a deception, and advised the deceived woman to sue for a divorce; but she thought not. She did not believe there was any deception. She had done justice to the memory of her deceased husband; he only proposed marriage to benefit her: in his recovery she recognized the hand of Providence, and was disposed to submit thereto.

Every word of which is true now as in 1855, but as Greeley's policy now is to run 4,000,000 industrious, wealth producing slaves into this worthless class of free negroes, and make them citizens and voters, he pretends that negroes are equal or superior to whites.

A great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune.

## General McClellan.

The administration papers, conscious of the growing strength of Gen. McClellan, are resorting to every imaginable expedient to check the flow of the popular current in his favor and turn it against him.

For this purpose they do not hesitate to resort to the lowest means, using misrepresentation and even downright falsehood with a frequency and unctuousness that are disgraceful.

They charge him with being a member of the society of the Knights of the Golden Circle, a society which we do not hesitate to say has no existence in the Northern States, unless, indeed, the Union League is another name for it. They charge him with disloyalty and sympathy with traitors, which they know in their hearts is a lie as base as ever coined.

He dispenses paper promises, with backs all nice and green,

The "best and cheapest" currency that the world has ever seen!

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