

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 JUNE 8, 1864.

NUMBER 33.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL! RATHER MEN OR WOMEN!

NO HUMBAG, but an ENTIRELY NEW thing. Only three months in this country. No clap-trap operation to sell 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, and in the country or city. You will be pleased in purchasing 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 they try no more. The person who succeeds 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 instructions in this art. The money will be returned if these are 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—the 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, so that no matter what causes 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 50 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 Agent,
No. 78 Cedar Street, New York.

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

BELL'S SPECIFIC PILLS.—Warranted in all cases. Can be relied on. Never fails to cure! Do not nauseate! Act speedily in season! No change of diet required! Do not interfere with business pursuits! Can be used without detection! Upward of 200 cures the last month—ones of every 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 Pills are the original and only genuine Specific Pills. They are adapted for male and female, old or young, and the only reliable remedy for effecting a permanent and a speedy cure in all cases of Gonorrhoea, 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 necessitate 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.

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

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Consulting Physicians for the treatment of Seminal, Urinary, Sexual, and Nervous Diseases, who will send, free to all, the following valuable work, in sealed envelopes.

THE FIFTH 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 64 pages, containing important advice to the afflicted, and which cannot be read by every sufferer, as the means of cure, in the severest cases, is thereby set forth. Two stamps required to receive it.

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STAR OF THE NORTH.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY
W. H. JACOBY.

Office on Third 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 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, 3.00. One year, 8.00.

Choice Poetry.

PELEG JONES.

I know a man named Peleg Jones,
He voted for Abe Lincoln;
And when this war broke out, he said
There wasn't be no blinking.

Lead your guns and squint your eyes,
Finger on your triggers;
Hang the "rebels" up sky high,
Emancipate the niggers.

He said the Union we must save,
If it made creation hotter;
And that the President should have
Every man add every dollar.

He joined the Union League, and bought
A flag for his son David,
And prayed that in another world
No Democrat be saved.

He said the war was just, and should
Be pushed with vim and vigor,
And any man again the war
Was meaner than a nigger.

And yet this Peleg Jones would stay
Among his pigs and cattle,
While other men took up their guns
And marched away to battle.

But when the draft was made in town,
Poor Peleg he got drafted;
And when we told the patriot cuss,
It scared him almost half dead.

Then Peleg went right off and sold
To Smith of Polunk Hollers,
One horse, eight steers, ten Durham cows,
And got three hundred dollars.

And then he paid the Mat-hall off,
But said it was not tight, yr,
That such good patriot-folks as he
Should either pay or fight, yr.

And this same man, named Peleg Jones,
He voted for Abe Lincoln;
And when this war broke out, he said
There wasn't be no blinking.

Lead your guns and squint your eyes,
Finger on your triggers;
Hang the rebels all sky high,
Emancipate the niggers.

John Clarke and his Fortune.

"Never mind the house, John; we've got one of our own," whispered John Clarke's wife.

She was a bright little thing, only twenty years old. And how brightly and bewitchingly she shone!—a star amid the sombre company.

"But what in the world has he left me?" muttered John Clarke. "I believe he hated me—I believe they all hate me!"

"Hush, my dear!" said his wife. "I bequeath to John Clarke, my dearly beloved nephew," read the grim attorney, "as a reward for his firmness in resisting temptation during the last two years, and his determination to improve in all acceptable things, my one horse chaise, which stood in my barn more than twenty-five years, requesting that he will repair it or cause it to be repaired in a suitable manner."

That was all. Some of the people who were present flattered, and all seemed to enjoy the confusion of the poor young man. His eyes flashed fire, he trembled excessively; poor little Jenny fairly cried.

"To think," she said to herself, "how hard he has tried to be good, and that is all he thought of!"

"Wish you joy!" said the red-headed youth, with a broad grin, as he came out of the room.

John sprang up to collar the fellow but a little white hand laid on his arm restrained him.

"Let them triumph, John, it won't hurt you," said Jenny with her sunny smile; "pray don't notice them for my sake."

"Served him right," said Susan Spriggs, the niece of the old man just dead, and to whom he had left a good deal of his money. "Served him right for marrying that ignorant goose of a Jenny Brazier. I supposed he speculated a good deal on the old man's generosity." To which she added in a whisper, that only her own heart heard: "he might have had me; he had the chance; and I loved him better than one else—better than that pretty little simpleton, Jenny Brazier."

"Now we shall see how deep his goodness is," said a maiden aunt. "He became very pious just because he expected a fortune from his poor dead brother, but we must see how much of a change there is in John Clarke—he always was an imp of wickedness."

"Well, I think John Clarke will have to be contented with his little cottage," said the sister of Susan Spriggs to good old Joe Hemp.

"Well, I think he's contented; if he ain't he ought to be, with that little jewel of a wife," was Joe's reply.

"Pshaw! you're all crazy about that gal," said Spriggs. "Why, she ain't to be compared to my Susan. Susan plays on the forty piano like sixty, and manages a house first-rate."

"Bless you, neighbor Spriggs, I'd rather have that innocent, blooming face to smile at me when I waked up of mornings than all the forty piano gals."

"I'd like to know what you mean!" exclaimed Mr. Spriggs, firing up.

"Just what I say," replied good old Joe, coolly.

"Well, that John Clarke'll die on the gallows yet, mark my words," said Mr. Spriggs, spitefully.

"That John Clarke will make one of our best men yet," replied Joe, complacently.

"Doubt it," said Mr. Spriggs.

"Yes, may be you do," said Joe; "and that's a pretty way to build up a fellow, ain't it, when he is trying his best. No! John Clarke won't be a good man if you can help it. People that cry mad dog are plaguey willing to stone the animal while he's running; and if he ain't mad they're sure to drive him so. Why don't you step up to him and say, 'John, I'm glad you're going right now, and I've got faith in you; and if you want any help, why come to me and I'll assist you?' That's the way to do the business, Mr. Spriggs."

"Well, I hope you'll do it, that's all," replied Spriggs, sulkily.

"I hope I shall, and I'm bound to do so, if I have the chance. Fact is, he's got such a smart little wife that he don't really need any help."

"No—it's a pity then that brother Jacob left him that one horse chaise?"

"You needn't laugh at that; old Jacob never did anything without a meaning to it. That old chaise may help him to be great yet. Fact is, I think myself, if Jacob had left him money it might have been the ruin of him. Less things than a one-horse chaise have made a man's fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you think so much of him, I don't," said Spriggs.

"No," muttered Joe, as his neighbor turned away; "but if he had married your rawboned darter that plays on the forty piano, he'd been all right."

"A one-horse chaise," said Spriggs, laughing, "what a fortune!"

And so it went from mouth to mouth—None of the relatives—some of them already rich—had offered the poorest man among them, (the owner of a one-horse chaise,) any of the bequestment left to him or her but they had rather rejoiced in his disappointment.

The truth is, everybody prophesied that John Clarke, a poor, motherless boy, would come to ruin and they wanted the prophecy to prove a true one. He had, in his youth, been wild and wayward, and somewhat profligate in the early years of his manhood; but his old uncle had encouraged him to reform—held out hopes to which he had hitherto been a stranger—and the love of the sweet young Jenny Brazier completed, as it seemed, his reformation.

Jenny never appeared as lovely as she did on that unfortunate day of the reading of the will, after they had returned to the poor little house that was Jenny's own.

"No matter, John," she said cheerfully, "you will rise in spite of them. I wouldn't let them think I was in the least discouraged; that would please them too well!—We are doing fine now; and you know, if they cut the railroad through our bit of land, the money will set us up quite comfortably. Isn't our home a happy one, if it is small? And oh, John, by-and-by."

An eloquent blush—a glance toward her work-basket, out of which peeped the most delicate needlework, told the story—that evernew story of innocence, beauty and helplessness.

For once, John Clarke stopped the gossip's mouth. He held his head up manfully—worked steadily at his trade, and every step seemed a sure advance and an upward one.

Baby was just six months old, when the Railway Company paid into John Clarke's hand a very handsome sum for the privilege of cutting a railway through his little field.

"A handsome baby, a beautiful and industrious wife, and a good round sum from the railway company," thought John, with an honest exultation; "well, this is living!"

"John," said his wife, rising from her work, "look there!"

He did, and saw the old one-horse chaise dragged by a stalwart laborer.

"Master says as how the old barn is going to be pulled down, so he sent the chaise," said the laborer.

"Thank him for nothing," said John, bitterly, but a glance at his wife removed this evil spirit, and a better one smiled out of his eyes.

"John, you can spare a little money to have the old chaise done up, can't you? You ought to, according to the will," said Jenny.

"The old trash," muttered John.

"Look here! Mr. Hosmer wants you to come over to his shop!" shouted the wheelwright's apprentice, on the following day, at the top of his lungs. "Old Joe Hemp's there, and says he's right down glad. It's hundreds, and hundreds and hun—"

"Stop boy—what does he mean Jenny?" cried John, putting the baby in the cradle, face downward.

"My patience, John! just look at that child—precious darling! I'm sure I don't know, John. I'd go over and see," said Jenny.

"Taint any fun, I tell you," said the boy, while John hurried on his coat and hat; "my gracions! you'll say it ain't fun, when you come to see all them gold things, and the papers."

This added wings to John's feet, and in a moment he stood breathless in the wheelwright's shop.

"Wish you joy, my fine feller," cried Joe Hemp.

"Look here! what'll you take for that old chaise? I'll give you four hundred," cried the old wheelwright, in great glee.

"Four hundred?" repeated John Clarke, aghast.

"Yes, just look at it! You're a rich man, sir, and I'm glad of it! You deserve to be," said the wheelwright, shaking John's hand heartily.

What do you suppose was the consternation, delight, gratitude—the wild, wild joy that filled the heart of Clarke when he found the old chaise lined with gold and bank notes! I mean the cushions, the linings, and every where they could be placed without danger or injury.

Poor John—or rather rich John—his head was nearly turned. It required all the balance of Jenny's nice equivoque of character to keep his ecstatic brain from spinning like a humming top. Now he could build two houses like his uncle had bequeathed to his red-headed cousin, who had wished him joy when the will was read—the dear old uncle! What a genuine sorrow he felt as he thought of the many times he had heaped reproaches upon his memory!

Imagine, if you can, dear reader, the peculiar feelings of those kind friends who had prophesied that John Clarke would come to grief.

At first, old Joe Hemp proposed to take the old chaise just as it was—linings stripped, bits of cloth hanging—and proclaim with a trumpet the glad tidings to the whole village, taking especial pains to stop before the house of Mr. Spriggs, and blowing loud enough to drown all the forty pianos in the universe, but was voted down by John's kind little wife.

"I'll tell 'em all I know of it soon enough!" she said, kissing the baby; "I wouldn't hurt their feelings."

They did know of it, and a few years afterwards that all agreed that John Clarke had really turned out to be a good man. So much for the old one-horse chaise.

THE RESULT OF LOW WAGES FOR WORK-WOMAN.

The practical result of low wages for seamstresses and work-woman was illustrated by an incident which came to our knowledge last night. A young girl, neatly though plainly dressed, was arrested by a police officer for improperly soliciting men upon the street. When taken to the station house she admitted the charge, but said she was compelled to adopt that course of life or starve. She came from Vermont, with her mother and sister, because they could find no employment there.

Since their removal the mother has been sick, and their support had devolved upon this girl, who worked in a shop on Essex street, and received ten cents for making thirteen coat buttons' worth. Work as hard as she might, she could not earn enough to support the family, and so was compelled to add to her earnings by going out the street. She told her story plainly, but with an apparent feeling that she was justified by the necessities. Other facts known to the police corroborated her story, and there is no doubt that she was driven to a life of shame. Such facts show that there is still work for philanthropists and reformers at home, even in Boston.—Boston Post.

The Starke county Democrat published at Clinton Ohio, says:

"A preacher in this city, last Sabbath, took for his text the 14th verse of the 12th chapter of Hebrews. It reads as follows: 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.'"

The reverend gentleman read this text from the verse as follows:

"Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

The words, "peace with all men," were not acceptable, and hence were omitted.

So it seems that the Abolition preachers are going to take the same liberty with the Word of God that old Abe does with the Constitution.

The Republican party has now four grand pillars on which it rests, to wit—Emancipation; Confiscation; Extermination; and Miscegenation;

"Yes, I suppose I could," said Jenny.

"Then I'd have it done," said Jenny, "and, bless me, I'd keep it too; you've got a good horse, and can have the old chaise made quite stylish for baby and I to ride in."

"Well, I'll send over to Hosmer's to-morrow, and see what he'll do for it," said John.

Howard, His Style as a Writer.

We select the following extracts from a letter in the Brooklyn Eagle of last week, purporting to have been written by Howard, "of the Times," from Fort Lafayette. The letter is an excellent imitation of the style in which the great "Dead Beat," his fanciful nom de guerre, was wont to tickle the literary palates of the readers of the Eagle:

CELL 5,311, SECOND TIER,
FORT LAFAYETTE, May 24.

DEAR EAGLE: In the language of the "magnificent" Vestrali, "I am here," I think I shall stay here, at least till I get out.

Perhaps you was surprised at my sudden departure. So was I.

But I received a pressing invitation from General Dix to come down here which I didn't feel at liberty to decline, so I didn't.

Bob Murray brought the invitation. Bob Murray is United States marshal, and he marshalled me the way I should go; so I thought it best to go it.

Bob is a nice man; but I wouldn't recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance.

You may have heard of Fort Lafayette, it is a great resort of friends of the administration—over the left.

THE LOCATION
of Fort Lafayette is in the water between the Atlantic ocean and West Point.

It is a good site for a marine residence; but I haven't seen any marines here. It is inaccessible on all sides, except the inside. Its accessibility is what I most object to.

THE WAY YOU GET IN
is curious, and may interest your readers who have't been here. You can't go by railroad, or steamboat, or horse and buggy. The entrance is effected in a highly military manner, invented, I believe, by General Dix, or of some other man.

You go to Fort Hamilton, which is just over the way.

A 1,250 pound shell with the inside out is provided for the purpose. You get in the shell. It is then put in a 2-40 inch mortar and rammed down on a barrel of powder. The mortar is touched off and up you go. You keep going up about fifty miles. You then come down and land right in the middle of Fort Lafayette.

The artilleryman has attained great precision in the range, and you light exactly in the centre of a hollow square of military people drawn up to receive you.

THE SENSATION
as the shell goes up is peculiar.

When you have reached an altitude of forty-nine miles, eight furlongs, the view is magnificent.

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at once, and is just the place to see what is going on.

A meeting of the cabinet was called at the White House. Secretary Stanton introduced the subject.

The President said it reminded him of a story he once heard in Illinois. A man who lived in Sangamon county, in conversation with a medical student, said, he didn't believe in vaccination. Says he, "It don't do a child a bit of good. I had a child vaccinated once, and in three days after it fell out of a window and broke its neck."

The cabinet saw the point at once, and laughed so loud that they woke up Secretary Welles.

Secretary Seward rang his little bell, and sent for General Dix.

"General," said William H., "how is Fort Lafayette?"

"Our flag is there," said the general, with military promptness.

"Is there a reliable man to be found in the Department of the East?" said William H.

"If there is 'at," thundered the General, "I'll shoot him on the spot."

"Who is he?" asked the Secretary.

"His name is Dead Beat," says the General.

"Send him to Fort Lafayette."

So I came.

I am still here.

Yours,
In retirement,
DEAD BEAT.

New Regime—New Nation.

Are the people mad? In the name of Heaven, we ask our fellow countrymen are they mad—has reason departed from the land? Do men ask themselves the objects of this terrible war? Why our fellow citizens are driven to the slaughter pen like bullocks—why our rivers are tinged with blood—our soil saturated with human gore—our country sounding with the wails of widowed women and helpless children?—We say, do our people ever, ever ask these questions?

We are told the war is to preserve the Government—to uphold the majesty of the Constitution—to preserve the Union.

What Government? What Constitution? What Union?

The Government of our fathers, the hypocritical office-holders say. Never was there a more wicked falsehood. Did the Government of our fathers demand the erection of horrid bastilles over the land, in which to incarcerate free white citizens because of their political opinions? Did the Government of our fathers demand the destruction of the liberty of speech, the freedom of the press and liberty of conscience—the great franchises it was intended to protect? Did that Government authorize the assumption of despotic powers by the agents of the people in order to enslave freemen? Did our forefathers ever contemplate by their Government that such creatures as Butler and other military satraps should have and exercise unlimited power and control over the lives, liberty, and property of free white citizens—should tell a freeman how he should pray—when he should speak—what he should wear and what he should say—and unless he obeyed, he should be manacled like a felon, hurled into a dungeon, or shot down like a beast? Never, never. It is a base slander upon the founders of our Government—a foul aspersion upon our ancestors—to say that they ever formed such a Government.

Yet these are the powers now claimed and exercised by Abraham Lincoln and his military satraps throughout the land. These are the powers which they ask our fellow-countrymen to let them exercise upon the false statement that they are necessary to support the Government of our fathers. Are you mad, that you will longer heed such wilful misrepresentations?

"The Constitution of our fathers," these wicked and hypocritical rulers say.

Yes. The tyrant at Washington says he has regard—high regard for that instrument—and in his last pronouncement issued to one of his employees in Kentucky openly admits that he has violated that sacred chart of our liberties, and this under pretense of preserving the nation.

The Constitution of our fathers. Yes—Where is the blessed instrument? It has been torn to tatters by the ruthless destroyers now in power, and its shreds are scornfully trampled under foot and spit upon.—Why, a leader of the party now in power—Mr. Collamer of Vermont—admitted the other day in the Senate chamber, that the Constitution was now never mentioned but in terms of contempt and derision. It has been denounced by the political friends of the Federal tyrant, as "a covenant with hell," and but a little while back one of them boasted publicly that it had been committed to the flames, and that he rejoiced at it.

Away, then, with such a false pretense as this, that the war is carried on to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution, when the Commander-in-chief of the Federal army and navy thus boastfully proclaims that he has violated the sacred chart, and his friends are trampling it under foot.

For "the Union"—these same wicked rulers will say. "The Union of our Fathers?"—not at all. A Union of peace, harmony, and love? No—they scornfully answer.—What kind of a Union, then, are they fighting for? The answer is written in blood.

A Union of hate—a Union of strife—a

Union of discord—a Union pinned together by swords and bayonets—a Union in which such men as Phillips, Greeley & Co., are to be the masters—a Union in which Federal bayonets, shoulder strapped tyrants, negro Governors, negro Judges, shoddy lords, and miscegenation minions are to rule.

Have not their leaders already proclaimed their purposes upon the house-tops and in the valleys—on the battle field and in the churches—in their speeches and in their newspapers—with muskets and bayonets, and all the dread implements of death? Is it not