

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1865.

NUMBER 11.

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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum if paid

within 3 months from the time of subscri-

bing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid

within 3 months. No subscription taken for

a less period than six months; no discon-

tinuance permitted until all arrearages are

paid, unless at the option of the editor.

Advertisements will be as follows:

One square, eight lines, one time, \$1 00

Every subsequent insertion, . . . . . 25

One square, three months, . . . . . 4 50

One year, . . . . . 10 00

### He Voted for the Draft.

By One who was Taken In.

"Good people," vote for Abe.  
The Union to remain,  
To liberate the negro  
And end this cruel war.  
We'll have no more conscription,  
I said the Lincoln men and laughed;  
So vote for Abraham,  
If you'd avoid the draft."  
"As soon as rebeldom,  
Shall bear the glorious news,  
Of Abraham's election,  
They'll tremble in their shoes  
They'll throw away their arms."  
"I said the Lincoln men and laughed;  
So vote for Father Abraham,  
If you'd avoid the draft."  
"Jeff Davis and Rob. Lee  
Will go to Mexico,  
And Beauregard and Hood will hide,  
Themselves in Borneo.  
They'll give up their plantations,  
I said the Lincoln men and laughed;  
So vote for Father Abraham,  
If you'd avoid the draft."  
I took them at their word,  
I voted for their man,  
And sat up all election night,  
To hear how Shoddy ran.  
The telegraph did tick,  
The Lincoln men all laughed.  
And said, "The Copperheads are sick,  
There'll be another draft!"  
No Copperhead am I,  
But still I feel quite sick.  
To think the draft should follow  
My vote for Abe so quick.  
I asked the Democrats,  
How is this? and they laughed,  
And said, "How are you Concept,  
You voted for the draft!"

### THE MAN WHO STRUCK HIMSELF.

BY T. P. ANTHONY.

Jason Elder belonged to that rather large class of persons who find pleasure in the suffering or misfortune of their fellow men. This is stating the case rather broadly, and we do not, in the least, doubt that Jason should be ever chance to discover this introduction of himself to the public, will reject our classification, so far as he is concerned. We make it understandingly, however.—The fault we have indicated is usually the companion of another. The man who feels pleasure in the ill fortune of his neighbor will hardly hesitate to inflict an injury, if it can be done with impunity.

Men of the class to whom Jason Elder belonged rarely passed far on their life journey, without misunderstanding with some of their fellow passengers. Of course they are always in the right, and their fellow passengers in the wrong. And as they are the injured and the oppressed, it is the most natural to retaliate—giving blow for blow.

"The man who wrongs me I neither forget or forgive." This was one of Jason Elder's sayings, and a very bad saying, we cannot help declaring it to be particularly so in Jason's case for he quietly lived up to his principles. Of course judgment as to wrong was always tendered by himself, and on evidence wholly expert. It is believed that another meant to do him wrong—and he could believe, sometimes, on very slight evidence—an evil purpose was quickly born to his mind as if positive testimony were before his eyes.

In fact, Jason Elder was a very bad sort of a man, and often very troublesome to those who had any dealings with him. Among those who were favored with the heavy chains of Elder was a master mechanic in a small way, named Martin Lee, who, by industry and economy, had accumulated enough to buy himself a house of moderate size, as a home for his family.—Elder also owned a house in the same neighborhood. These houses were built on a piece of ground that originally belonged to the same estate.

Mr. Lee was a very upright man—too upright and independent to have much intercourse with a man like Elder, and morally offended him. He had so offended him and the offense was neither forgotten nor forgiven. In more than one instance his enemy had sought to do him injury, but the poisoned arrows, flung from his bow, had flown harmlessly by him.

One day, while in conversation with one of those idle, gossiping individuals, who give more attention to other people's business than they do to their own, the latter said in responding to some ill-natured remark uttered against Mr. Lee, "I learned a fact yesterday that may be you would like to hear." "About that Lee?" eagerly inquired Elder.

and now commenced rubbing his hands in delighted expectation. "What about the grounds?"

"Little defective," was the laconic answer.

"No!"

"Fact. Had it from old Larkin; and I rather think he ought to know something about it."

"Well, that is news! Got a had title, eh? I wonder who's on the hip now, Mr. Martin Lee?"

"Won't I, indeed; wait and see. If I do not deal him a staggering blow, my name is not Jason Elder—that's all! I always said I'd abide my time. Ha! Ha! A flaw in his title. But that's just his way of doing business. I'd like to see any one pick a flaw in mine."

True to the evil purpose declared, Elder took the first opportunity to search out the party to whom the property owned by Lee would pass, in case a defect really did exist in his title, and communicated the fact alleged. This individual whose name was Earl, seemed at first incredulous; but when Larkin was mentioned as authority, seemed to feel quite an interest in the matter.

"I am really indebted to you," he said with a bland smile; "should I prove true that there is a defect I shall have quite a windfall; and it could not have reached me in a better time. I will have the matter investigated at once."

"That blow will tell hard, surely I have planted it below the fifth rib," said Elder to himself, in a tone of craft exultation, as he left the presence of Earl.

Through much self-denial and hard labor continued through many years, had Lee been able to provide a modest homestead for his family. He had been more anxious to accomplish this from the fact that declining health warned him of the approach of a day when his beloved ones who leaned on him so confidently would have none to care for them. If he could secure a home into which they might cluster together, he felt that much would be gained. And this he had accomplished; but the effort cost too dearly. He had taxed his physical system to an extent that produced a serious reaction; and, though he secured a dwelling for his family, he permanently weakened his constitution.

One day, in making a sudden effort, he ruptured a blood vessel, and was taken home in a dangerous condition. This was the very day that Jason Elder made the unfortunate discovery of a defect in the title of his property.

Little dreamed he, as with death knocking at the door, he found consolation in the thought that his family, even if he were taken from them, would be left without a home, that at the very time there was a movement to deprive him of their little patrimony. And well for him was it that the veil of ignorance was beyond his eyes; for had he known of the threatened danger the knowledge would surely have cost him his life.

On the day following, a gentleman called at the house of Mr. Lee to notify him that proceedings were about being instituted for the purpose of testing the validity of his title; but learning that he was dangerously ill, he went away without leaving any word as to the purpose of his business.

In the meantime, Elder, who had not heard of Mr. Lee's illness, was awaiting with some interest, to see the ultimate effect of the blow he had struck. There were times when in a measure he repented of what he had done. But the repentance was not very deep, and his ill will towards Mr. Lee soon obliterated all traces thereof.

On the third day, Elder received a brief note from Mr. Earl, desiring him to call at his office, as he wished to see him on particular business.

There was something in this note that affected Mr. Elder unpleasantly. What it was, however, he could not discover, although he read it over and over again, at least half a dozen times.

"I wonder what he wants with me?" he said uneasily, as he started off to "obey the summons."

"Ah, Mr. Elder, I'm glad to see you." Mr. Earl smiled, and he offered his hand.—But there was something wrong in the smile, and no heart whatever in the pressure of his hand.

"I've been investigating the matter that you brought to my notice," said Mr. Earl, and his countenance assumed a very grave aspect.

"Ah, have you? Well, sir, did you not find it as I said?"

"There is a flaw, certainly, and a very serious one."

"I was sure of it from what Larkin said. He's never at fault in matters of this kind."

"You aimed a heavy blow at Mr. Lee, my friend," said Earl. There was a quick change in his manner, followed by a pause. Then he added:

"But it passed him unharmed, and struck another."

"Who?"

"Yourself!"

"Me! I do not understand you, Earl!" The countenance of Jason had become suddenly overspread with alarm.

"Lee's title is perfectly good."

"It is?"

"Yes. But—yours is defective!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Elder turning pale.

"Not at all. Larkin is rarely at fault in matters of this kind. He knew there was a flaw somewhere in the title of the property that one belonged to my uncle's estate, but erred in this instance. Lee is safe, but your

title is not worth a copper. I am much obliged to you for hunting up the windfall for me—I should hardly have come across it myself; and in consideration thereof, will deal with you as leniently as possible. Of course, I do not expect you to take my word in regard to the flaw. Its existence, however, will soon be demonstrated. You had better see your lawyer and ask him to call on me. In the meantime, I will say that for various reasons I am ready to compromise. I don't wish to encounter the vexations, delays and expenses of legal proceedings; and therefore, if you are disposed to meet me amicably, I will execute a quit claim to the property. The sum is five hundred dollars."

Elder groaned aloud.

"If my claim on the property is good, and I know it to be, resumed Earl, I can recover three times the sum. If you compromise I will act in a spirit of great moderation, but if you compel me to resort to law, I will take all the law awards."

Poor Jason Elder! The blow was a heavy one and staggered him. A careful examination by his lawyer only proved the assertion of Earl. His title to the property was not worth a dollar. Glad enough was he to except the proffered compromise, though at the clear loss of \$500.

Well for Mr. Lee was it, that the blow aimed with such a bitter malignity and did execute the will of him by whom it was given. The consequences would, to all human foresight, proved fatal. Not until he was accidentally recovered from his dangerous illness to be out again, did he learn the evil that had been meditated, and how it had recoiled upon the head of his enemy.

His pointed answer was:

"He dugged a pit for another, and himself fell into it."

The declaration of Elder, made it more than one, that he had struck Mr. Lee a heavy blow, was remembered in connection with his serious loss from a defect in his title; and for a long time afterwards he was spoken of familiarly among those who knew him as the "man who struck himself."

A broad illustration of what is taking place daily, in hundreds of instances round the globe, is that which is being enacted here. The evil that is meditated against one usually comes back in some form, upon those who seek to do their neighbors wrong. In this matter there is a law of compensation which acts with a certainity. The blow that is struck in malice at another, may not seem to rebound. But, as surely as it is given, will its power to do harm remain unspent, until the circle of consequence is completed.

CONCISE FACTS.—One of the curious facts noticed by naturalists is that the animals and vegetables of the Old World supplant those of the New. According to Cawson's theory this is to be attributed to the longer period during which the denizens of the Old World have been engaged in the struggle for life, and the consequent vigor acquired by them. European weeds have established themselves abundantly in North America and Australia. The rapid propagation of European animals is no less remarkable. The pigs which Captain Cook left at New Zealand have increased so largely that they monopolize vast tracts of the country, and are killed at six pence per tail. For only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep farmer needs for his flock, but they assiduously follow the ewes when lambing, and devour the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. Another interesting fact is the appearance of the Norwegian rat. It has thoroughly extirpated the native rat, and is to be found everywhere growing to a very large size. The European mouse follows closely, and what is more surprising, where it makes its appearance, it drives to a great degree, the Norwegian rat away. The European housefly is another importation—repeals the blue bottle of New Zealand, which seems to shun its company.

SMOKE FOR THE CURE OF WOUNDS.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recommends smoke as a cure for wounds in men and animals. He says: "I cut my foot with an axe. The lady of the house, seizing the foot while it was yet bleeding freely, held it over a pan containing smoking tea locks. In a few minutes the bleeding stopped, and the smoke was removed, and a bandage applied to protect it from accidental blows. The wound never suppurated, and consequently never pained me. I have seen the remedy tried in many similar cases, and always with the same results. Let the remedy bear in mind that no liniment or salve, drawing or healing should be applied. You have merely to smoke the wound well, and nature will do the rest. I suppose the smoke of burning wood would produce the same results, but it would not be so manageable. There is a principle in the smoke of wood, which, when applied to the flesh, coagulates the albumen, thus rendering it an insuperable of putrefaction. The same principle stops bleeding by coagulating the blood. It promotes healing, and may be applied with decided benefit to all ulcers, wounds and cutaneous diseases."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock.

"I am going to Heaven, my son; I have been on the way eighteen years."

"Well good bye, old fellow; if you have been travelling toward Heaven for eighteen years, you'll get there in no time."

"I'm not going to Heaven, my son; I'm going to Hell, and I've been there for eighteen years."

"Well good bye, old fellow; if you have been travelling toward Hell for eighteen years, you'll get there in no time."

"I'm not going to Hell, my son; I'm going to Heaven, and I've been there for eighteen years."

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### Artemus on the Draft.

Artemus Ward, Jr., is again before the public ventilating his ideas on the draft:

A grate many people air getting exemplified. I know a chap who wanted to get exempt because he had no old widow mother to support him. Another youth said if he went to war his mother would have to stop taken in wash, as he was the only son she had to maintain. It's astonishing 'rot a scarcity of male people that is between 20 and 35 years. Those wot aren't over 35 are under 20. They never git past 21 hardly. I uet knowd a femal wot was under 20. She was splendid. Her name was Maria, thort much of her. Praps I thort much of her prapert's 80 acer farm. But she was a sweet girl. She had butifull eyes, one was cross-eyed an' the other squinted. She ust to look at me 2 ways at once. And such small feet. Her gators war small anuff for me by stuffing 'em into the toes of em. I wot say anything about her teeth. She had no teeth to say anything about.

She was a Heiress. That's wot ailed her. Her Guvner was a Breckinridge. One nite he arst me wot I wars. "I'm an Army Kontrakter," sez I, "tillin' a confounded woppy; but Marrar was looking at me 3 ways, and I scarcely nowed wot I was sayin'."

"Wall," sez the old man, "el you are a army kontrakter you must be a Breckinridge, for they get all the kontrats an' the Union men duz the fightin'."

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