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Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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VOLUME 16.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1865.

NUMBER 15.

Court Proclamation.

WHEREAS the Honorable William E. ... well, President Judge of the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Deliverer, ...

Important to ALL INVARIABLE! IRON IN THE BLOOD.

It is well known to the medical profession that iron is the vital principle of Life Element of the blood. This is derived chiefly from the food we eat; but if the food is not properly digested or if, from any cause whatever, the necessary quantity of iron is not taken into the circulation or becomes reduced the whole system suffers.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever and Ague, Loss of energy, Low Spirits.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Cures Nervous Affections, Female Complaints, and all diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Cures Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsy, Neuralgia, and all inflammatory affections.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Cures Consumption, Hemoptoe, and all pulmonary affections.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP Cures Anemia, Chlorosis, and all blood diseases.

Redding's Russia Salve! FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE has fully established the superiority of REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Sarah Stephenson, deceased.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Estate of Alexander Mears, deceased.

LIQUOR LICENSES. NOTICE is hereby given that the following persons have filed in the office of the Clerk of the Quarter Sessions, applications to keep hotel, or sell liquor by the quart, with or without other merchandise, at the places named, and that the applications will be presented to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Columbia county, on Monday, the 6th day of February, 1865.

FOR RENT. THE Mountain Lodge, No. 244 I. O. of O. F. desire to rent the public house known as the Tax Union House in Orangeville Col. Pa.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY, Office on Main St., 3rd Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in advance. If not paid till the end of the year, Three Dollars will be charged.

PETROLEUM. BY A PUPIL OF PACKER INSTITUTE.

The shades of night were falling fast, As through the Western village passed A man whose future golden fame Hung trembling on the magic name, Petroleum.

In cabin homes he saw a light, Which flickered through the starless night; His heart was growing sad and lone, And from his lips escaped a groan, Petroleum.

Yet on he pressed with weary tread, Dark rose the tempest overhead, The mountain winds went whistling by, And mocked his sad, despairing cry, Petroleum.

Beware the branch of the withered tree! Beware of swamps and mud to the knee! These were the words of the cautious seer, Lost in that word, which echoed higher, Petroleum.

"Try not the pass!" the peasant cried, "The rocks are ragged, the chasm wide, The only river is rushing by;" But the purpose leapt from his flashing eye, Petroleum.

At break of day, when sunlight spread Its halo of glory over his head, A scene in the distance caught his eye, His heart unsprung with the joyful cry, Petroleum.

The goal was reached, and patient foot Drew from the earth its wealth of oil, And now repaid for his anxious care; His clarion voice rings through the air, Petroleum.

From the Richmond Sentinel Jan 20th. SOUTHERN NEWS. No wilder hallucination could take possession of the human mind than the belief that we could ever again live with the Yankees on terms of equality.

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submission. How vain the effort, how foolish the wish, to reconstruct, upon any terms, the Union which was perished thro' the bad faith of those whom we should have to trust again.

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THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

"Oh! Nellie, Nellie! Oh Nellie!" A tiny pair of white hands were raised deprecatingly, and a pair of large, violet eyes sought her face, bearing in their depths an expression of entreaty beautiful to behold.

"Do you think so?" said Nellie, lightly "Ah! well."

"But it will not be well," said Alice May. "You will see it in a different light some day. I could not close my eyes one hour in peaceful slumber were my life so weighed down with such evil deeds as yours."

"Oh! Allie spare me for pity's sake—don't preach to me now," said Nellie. "I'm not in a mood for it."

"You did not spare poor George Morton, whom you so cruelly deceived," she continued, and then drove him from you with despair in his heart.

"Nellie, how can you be so heartless? How can you lead a man on to believe you love him, and then, when his heart is yours, with all its great fount of manly love and tenderness laugh in his face, and bid him go from your presence—hopeless and despairing?"

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grave walk, his face upturned towards the stars and a smile of inexpressible happiness wreathing his sweet mouth.

"Nellie," said Edward, and he spoke very low and softly; "Nellie, I am very happy to-night—happier than I had ever hoped to be, and I want some one to sympathize with me in it. Allie has another new to occupy her attention. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," she whispered softly. "None can share your happiness and sympathize with you more freely than I. Tell me all."

"Dear Nellie," said her friend, "what is the use of calling things by other than their right names? If I seem severe, I only tell you the truth, and you know that I have been your best friend—candid and frank."

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Reasons For Not Enlisting.

"Signa," of the Boston Transcript, says: The following reasons for not going to the war are believed to be authentic:

I. I was brought up by my kind parents to do nothing, and cannot think of changing my vocation. I therefore pray thee have me excused.

II. I have a hereditary horror of strife. My grandfather ran away at the battle of Brandywine. If he had then and there been killed my father would not have hid in the cypress swamp at the battle of New Orleans. My mother always cautioned me to be careful how I meddled with edge tools. I cannot go.

III. I am rather delicate; must have a fire in my chamber; couldn't live in a tent; must have my muffled wine at ten; besides, what should I do for lobster salad and broiled oysters? Pray have me excused.

IV. When I was poor I could not restrain my patriotism; somehow or other it has not troubled me much of late. This war has lasted long enough. I have married a rich wife. I cannot go.

V. Talk not to me about your dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. I've no notion of it. I want none of your dulces and decorums. My maxim is, *dux vivimus*. I bought a couple of trotters last week—cost me \$2.00. Guess I shan't go to war while sleighing lasts.

VI. I cannot deny it, the smell of burnt gunpowder acts like a cathartic on my stomach and bowels. Have no excuse immediately.

VII. My heart is with our gallant troops. No tongue can tell how I long to join the army. But, when I refer to the subject, my poor wife goes into hysterics. "Dearest Fleezor," she cries, "have you the heart to leave your own, your devoted Jerusha Matilda Anne?" and over she goes, tossing up her arms, and kicking out her legs, like all possessed. It is irresistible. I give it up. I cannot oppose the wishes of this interesting creature. I cannot go.