

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Pasers may be fit for priests,

Princes fit for something less,

Crompled shirt and dirty jacket.

May clothe the golden we,

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—

Sato vesta could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling up of stone,
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed and overgrown;

God who counts by souls, not dresses,

Loves and prosers you and me,

While he values thrones, the highest,

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then,
Masters, rulers, lords remember
That your means' kind are men,
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,
In a man's enabling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little well-clad rills,
There are leetle inch high supplings,
There are cedar on the hills;

God, who counts by souls, not stations,

Loves and prosers you and me;

For to him all vain distinctions

Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of nation's wealth or fame;
Tilled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up its voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper,
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world heart voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sins oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles of the sea.

Mr. WEBSTER AND HIS BILL.—Our readers are aware that the late Hon. Daniel Webster was not as careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was, at times, taken advantage of. At one time a poor man sawed a pile of wood for him, and, having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster. The laborer took sick during the winter, and a neighbor advised him to call upon Mr. Webster for the payment of his bill.

"But he has paid me," said the man.

"No matter," replied his dishonest adviser, "call again with it. He don't know, and don't mind what he pays. It is a very common thing for him to pay such small bills over twice."

The man got well, and carried in his account the second time. Mr. Webster looked at it, looked at the man, remembered him; but paid the bill without difficulty.

The fellow got "short" some three or four months afterwards, and brought him of the generosity of Mr. Webster in his money matters; and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood. Mr. Webster took the account which he immediately recognized, and, scanning the woodworker a moment, he said:—

"How do you keep your books, sir?"

"I keep no book," said the man, abashed.

"I think you do, sir," continued Mr. Webster, with marked emphasis; "and you excel those who are satisfied with the double-entry system. You keep your books upon a triple-entry plan, I observe."

Tearing up the account Mr. Webster added:—

"Go, sir, and be honest hereafter. I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire."

The man left the room, feeling as though he was suffocating for want of air. He had learned a lesson that lasted through life.

At a criminal court, the counsel dissatisfied with his want of success with an Irish witness complained to the court. Paddy replied:—

"Sure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honor, an' the spalpane only wants to pants ma."

"Come, now, do you swear you are no lawyer?" said the counsel.

"Fair, an' I do; and yet may swear the same about yourself, too, without fear of perjury."

"Sam, why don't you talk to masses and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven? What for? What's the use of laying up treasure down, where he never see em again, eh, nigger?"

*From the Bradford Argus
Reconstruction.*

At this moment when the rebellion is rapidly waning, and the question of the policy to be pursued in the restoration of the seceded states to their former status in the Union is absorbing the public mind, and while a vast majority of the men composing the party in power are clamoring under the plea of justice, for a vindictive and bloody policy towards the leading secessionists, there is one consideration that we are bound by the most sacred obligation to keep in view; and yet, one that as yet we have scarcely seen noticed. In all controversies there are two sides; and Justice considers both, with a strict and equal impartiality. When the victor in such a struggle, as this through which we have just passed, assumes to administer justice upon his defeated antagonist, he needs to be very sure of his capacity to consider well and fairly, not merely the offence, but the provocation and circumstances which led to it. Of course we shall be told that it is "disloyal" to assume that there was any provocation that led to secession. This is an old dodge. Our reply is that it is never disloyal to be just. Of course no man, at least, no northern man claims that there was such provocation as *justified* secession, but all sane men of all parties ought to know to that impartial history will find much to mitigate and palliate the enormity of the great wrong to the country that those of mere expediency which have contributed to the sudden conversion of their authors. But we are not disposed to judge that motive harshly, however harshly and unfairly they have invariably judged the motives of all who have dared to differ with them. It may not be entirely safe to put too fine an edge upon the public sense of justice in times like these, lest when one class of victims shall have perished, another may be demanded; and President Johnson is himself keenly conscious of the existence of the two classes of offenders equally deserving of punishment. His speech in the United States Senate in Feb. 1861, fastening upon the secessionists of the Massachusetts school and those of the South, Carolina breed equal guilt, together with his recent declarations referring to his past record as the only indication he is prepared to give of his future policy in reference to this subject, will not fail, now that he is in a position to exercise a powerful, and perhaps a controlling influence upon this question, to mingle sentiments of mercy with the rigid sense of Justice entertained by the most clamorous of the radicals. There is no desperation so malignant, so uncertain, and so full of peril even to those who may happen to control it for the hour, as the desperation of popular passion. The writer hereof only asks that this despotism may yield to reason, and be compelled to recognize the supremacy of law—that whatever of punishment there may yet be in store for secessionists in the South or in the North may be administered in pursuance, and with all the experience to an entire stranger. So, resuming the trial which I had been following, and which the Indians, being a large party, took no trouble to conceal, not dreaming of pursuit, we press forward. Winters examined the trail, and from its fresh appearance, concluded that the Indians could not be far off; and that by brisk riding we might overtake them, and perhaps make an effort to rescue the object of our expedition that night.

It was now past noon, and we rode rapidly forward until near sundown, after which we advanced with more caution. Some three hours after night-fall we discerned the camp fire of the Indians. Dismounting, and securing our horses in the forest, we advanced cautiously, near enough to obtain a perfect view of the camp. The Indians, some thirty in number, were gathered around the fire, some reclining listlessly on the ground some cooking, some eating, and some smoking; while at the foot of a small oak, her head bowed in utter hopelessness, sat the object of our search. Oh! how long I longed to speak to her, to whisper even one word of hope into her ear, to buoy up her drooping spirit; and, but for the better judgment of Winters, I should have doubles, by some foolish demonstration, betrayed our whereabouts to the Indians.

Scarcely two hours elapsed before everything in the camp had become silent. All seemed wrapped in slumber, except two sentinels sitting quietly at opposite sides of the camp. Alas! they would be soon destroyed, and springing to their feet, would walk their beat until the lethargy was shaken off. Not the slightest sound broke the deathlike stillness until, by some unguarded movement, I caused a rustling of the dry leaves with which the ground was strewn—Quick as a flash the sentinel nearest us straightened himself up started towards our place of concealment. Horridly cautioning myself to remain perfectly quiet, Winters moved stealthily to a large tree almost directly between me and the approaching sentinel. Cautiously and with a catlike tread the Indian advanced. He gains the tree; he presses forward into the darkness; he passes—hot no; with a dull thud winter's knave is buried in his heart, while his left hand is simultaneously clapped over his mouth. A slight groan escaped him, and he is dead. Returning to my side, Winters whispered.

"Well," was the reply "if he had never smoked he might have been eighty."

An Irishman seeing an undertaker carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed in the utmost surprise

"By the Saint O'Dinis O'Slingo! is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living creature?"

An unmanly wag was being asked by the landlady of his boarding house why, being tall a man, he ate so little, replied:—

"Madam, a little goes a great way—with me!"

WHY A DOG WAGGLES HIS TAIL.—Lord Dundreary tells his friend the solution of this difficult riddle: "because the dog is stronger than the tail. If he wasn't the tail would waggle the dog."

"Union is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing rum with water.

Retribution.

"HELLO! stranger, what ye bound?"

The speaker was a tall, gaunt-looking man, and it was easy to tell by his garb, accoutrements, and peculiar style, that he was a hunter and trapper.

"Nowhere in particular, and nearly everywhere in general, perhaps," I replied.

"And now, if I may be so bold, what is your present destination?"

"Sommat the same as yours; so I reckon we had better hitch teams. But the folks don't often travel in these parts 'less they have some reason for it or are goin' sumwhere?" he said, inquisitively.

"Well, my friend?"

"You're a little too fast—can't adzactly say whether I'm yer friend or not 'till I hear yer yan—propel."

"Well, as I was about to remark, I left the States in company with a party of my friends and neighbors for California, the newly-discovered land of gold. All went well, and the fates seemed propitious, until three days ago, when we were attacked by a prowling band of Indians. Five of our party were killed, and one—a lovely young girl—carried off captive."

"So you're after the girl, I take it?"

"You surmise correctly. I will rescue Eliza Lacy, or give my own life, a willing sacrifice, to the accomplishment of my purpose."

"Bully for you! You're plucky," and yer heart's in the right place, adzactly, and Jack Winters will stand by ye to death. But how happens it that none of yer crowd come along with ye? where are the gal's friends?"

"Her father and mother were among the killed. I appealed vain to the rest of the party to accompany me. They seem to have lost all energy since that dreadful night on which we were attacked."

"Well, they're a pack of Continental cusses—not Continental cusses, either, adzactly, for them Continentals were bally chaps, but they're a set o' cowardly, craven-hearted, smokin' cusses—that's what they are!"

Winters insisted on accompanying me, and I was truly grateful to him for his kindness in thus affording the benefit of his skill and experience to an entire stranger. So, resuming the trial which I had been following, and which the Indians, being a large party, took no trouble to conceal, not dreaming of pursuing, we press forward. Winters examined the trail, and from its fresh appearance, concluded that the Indians could not be far off; and that by brisk riding we might overtake them, and perhaps make an effort to rescue the object of our expedition that night.

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When I see a self-styled "young lady" whose life-business has been to torture her parents and the piano, decked out in all the borrowed finery of silk-worms and animals, and looking, for all the world, like a real woman, I inwardly exclaim—what a nice counterfeit!

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When I go to church and see a man drop a banknote into a missionary box, and then look up to catch the approving glance of his rich neighbor, I wonder if the banknote is like himself—a counterfeit.

When I go to church and hear the patton preach for a salary, promising his patrons a sure passage to paradise, if they'll only furnish him enough "good things" for the journey, I wonder whether he's a fool or a counterfeit.

There's a time coming when the souls of men will be examined at the tribunal of Heaven; and then, when the great Detective shall hold them all up to the piercing light of Divine Truth, who be to him whom He shall pronounce a—Counterfeit!

PEDIGOGUS—"Grammar class stand up and recite. Tom, parse girls."

FUFL.—"Girls is a particular noun of the lively gender, lively person, and for double number, kissing mode, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to the general rule."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches, said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarreling.

"But how can this be accomplished?"

"Easy 'nuff. You stop at that big tree. I'll leave my rifle with you, and keep my revolvers and knife myself. I'll slip 'round easy-like, and try and give the other cuss his last sickness. Ef I can do that 'bout raising rumpus, there'll be no more trouble 'bout the rest. You keep still till they're rouzed up, then commence hollerin' and yellin' like mad, and shootin'. Ar' ye a good shot?"

I assured him that I was.

"Then I'll be all as good as done."

Ax old bachelion's definition of love. A

"Him's a good boy."

Curing A Wife.

Mr. Dimlight, for the past ten years, has prayed every day that his wife would turn down stairs and break her neck, or else die like a Christian in her bed.

The simple reason for this is, that Mrs. Dimlight was fond of complaining, taking medicines and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money, and money Mr. Dimlight hates to part with.

In fact, he had much rather part with Mrs. Dimlight; but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taking up with a physician and meditating upon committing an act which would send his spirit to that undiscovered country where he supposed Juliet had gone. Just as he exclaimed, "Here to love!" and at the same time raising the vial which contained the poison to his lips, a stalwart young countryman jumped upon the stage, seized her, dashed the vial from his hand, crushing it into atoms, and yelling, "Yer stupid fool, she ain't dead! Only been takin' a little sleepin' medicine. Didn't yer get the person's letter?" "Sirrah!" growled the tragedian, while the house fairly shook with laughter. "Why, yer girl ain't dead! I tell ye."

"She is going to kick the bucket at last,"

the husband, "so you and I may as well fix things so that we can start fair."

Mrs. Dimlight turned her head and stopped moaning. Her eyes began to assume an unnatural brilliancy. The parties in the room took no notice of her.

Of course the prisoner was rescued, of course she was grateful. I gave up my project of going to California, and returned with her to Virginia, where she had many friends.

I don't know what more to say, but if you will call in any evening reader, I will introduce you to Eliza Lacy, now my wife, and leave it to your judgment whether my reward is not greater than I deserve.

I have never heard from Jack Winters since we parted upon the prairies.

COUNTERFEITS.—As I was longing the other day over the counter in the village store, a stranger came in, and buying an article, threw down a bank note in exchange. The merchant held it up to the light, and examining it carefully, pronounced it to be a counterfeit.