



DR. ROBACK'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD PILLS

have been introduced to the public for more than six years, and have acquired an immense popularity for exceeding any Family Medicines of a similar nature in the market.

An appreciating public was not long in discovering they possessed remarkable Curative Properties, and hence their Rapid Sale and consequent profit to the Proprietor, thus enabling him to expend

Many Thousands of dollars each year in advertising their merits, and publishing the

Numerous Certificates which have been showered upon him from **All parts of the Country.**

The peculiarity of the **Blood Purifier and Pills** is that they strike at the root of Disease, by eradicating every particle of impurity **In the Blood,** for the life and health of the body depends upon the purity of the blood.

If the blood is poisoned, the body dries out a miserable existence. These medicines **Are Unequaled** for curing

Scrophula, Skin Diseases, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Leucorrhoea, Erysipelas, Tumors, Pits, Scrophulous Consumption, etc.

Syphilis, Old Sores, Rheumatism, Sick Headache, Female Complaints, St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions, Consumption, etc.

ONE person writes, her daughter was cured of fits of nine years' standing, and St. Vitus dance of two years.

ANOTHER writes, his son was cured after his flesh had almost wasted away.

The doctors pronounced the case incurable.

ANOTHER was cured of Fever and Ague after trying every medicine in his reach.

ANOTHER was cured of Fever Sore which had existed fourteen years.

ANOTHER of Rheumatism of eight years.

Cases innumerable of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint could be mentioned in which the Purifier and Pills

Work like a Charm.

The Blood Pills are the most active and thorough pills that have ever been introduced.

They act so directly upon the Liver, exciting that organ to such an extent as that the system does not relapse into its former condition, which is too apt to be the case with simply a purgative pill.

They are really a **Blood and Liver Pill,** which, in conjunction with the **Blood Purifier,** will cure all the aforementioned diseases, and, of themselves, will relieve and cure

Headache, Constipation, Colic Pains, Cholera Morbus, Indigestion, Pain in the Bowels, Dizziness, etc.

Try these medicines, and you will never regret it.

Ask your neighbors, who have used them, and they will say so.

Good Medicines, and you should try them before going for a physician.

Get a Pamphlet or Almanac of my local agent, and read the certificates, and if you have ever doubted you will

Doubt no more.

As a proof that the Blood Purifier and Pills are purely Vegetable, I have the certificates of those eminent chemists, Professors Clifton of N. Y., and Locke of Cincinnati.

Read Dr. Roback's Special Notices and Certificates published in a conspicuous part of the Paper from time to time.

Price of the Scandinavian Vegetable Blood Purifier, \$1 per bottle, or \$5 per half dozen. Of the Scandinavian Vegetable Blood Pills, 25 cents per box, or 5 boxes for \$1.

Office and Manufacturing, Nos. 7, 9, 55, 60, and 62 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE BY

T. R. Harrison, (New Union Drug Store) Paw Paw, Michigan, wholesale and retail agent. 468y1

COSTAR'S VERMIN EXTERMINATORS

For Rats, Mice, Roaches, Ants, Bed Bugs, Moths in Furs, Woolens, &c., Insects on Plants, Etc., Animals, &c.

Put up in 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 Boxes, Bottles and Flasks. \$2 and \$5 sizes for Hotels, Public Institutions, &c.

Only infallible remedies known.

Free from Poisons.

Not dangerous to the Human Family.

Rats come out of their holes to die.

Sold Wholesale in all large cities.

Sold by all Druggists and Retailers everywhere. Beware of all worthless imitations.

See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle and Flask, before you buy.

Address: **HENRY R. COSTAR,** Principal Depot 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold by **T. R. HARRISON, (UNION DRUG STORE),** Wholesale and Retail Agent, PAW PAW, MICH.

True Northerner.

VOL. X. NO. 10. PAW PAW, MICH., FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1864. WHOLE NO. 479.

The Northerner

Published every Friday, at Paw Paw, Mich., by T. R. HARRISON.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square	10	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50
Two squares	15	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55
Three squares	20	25	30	35	40	45	50	55	60
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Nine squares	50	55	60	65	70	75	80	85	90
Ten squares	55	60	65	70	75	80	85	90	95

For the privilege of yearly advertising will be confined strictly to their business, and all other advertisements not pertaining to their business, must be paid for extra. Yearly advertisements will be charged at the rate of \$100.00 per annum. All transient advertisements charged at the rate of \$10.00 per week. Marriage notices, 25 cents each; notices of death, 25 cents each; when obituary notices are attached thereto, 50 cents per line. Must be paid for in advance. Orders temporarily solicited, on the most favorable terms. Notice in local column, five cents per line.

TO BUSINESS MEN.

As a medium through which to advertise, the True Northerner affords great advantage over most country journals, having a circulation double that of any other paper published in this vicinity, and having readers in every town in the county. In its columns are published the official notices of the Sheriff, Circuit Court Commissioner, and Judge of Probate of this county; also the List of Lands annually sold by the Auditor General of the State for taxes, and other State and county matters. Its circulation is rapidly increasing, and the inducements to advertise in it are unequalled.

Business Directory.

- I. O. of O. F. Paw Paw Lodge, No. 18, meets every alternate Friday evening, at Masonic Hall. Brethren from abroad, temporarily in the place, cordially invited to attend.
- T. R. HARRISON, R. S.**
Ecclectic Physician and Surgeon, Paw Paw, Mich., at the Union Drug Store. Residence, first door north of the Union School House.
- C. S. Maynard,**
German Botanic and Eclectic Physician and Surgeon. Office, in Postoffice Block, Paw Paw, Mich.
- C. M. O'Dell, M. D.,**
Homeopathic Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician. Office, over J. Palmer's Cabinet Shop, north side of Main street. Residence, on Niles street, at the place formerly owned by Mrs. Wyman.
- A. H. Herron,**
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public. Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to me; also, all kinds of conveyancing, taking acknowledgments of deeds, &c. Office, at the residence of Ashbel Herron, in the township of Bloomingdale.
- S. W. Duncombe,**
Register of Deeds for the county of Van Buren, and Notary Public—will attend to conveyancing, taking affidavits, examination of titles, etc. Office, in the Court House, Paw Paw.
- A. W. Nash,**
Judge of Probate, and Notary Public, for Van Buren county. Conveyancing and other business pertaining to said office promptly attended to. Agent for the Aetna Insurance Company. Office, in the Court House, second door to the right.
- J. B. Upton,**
Attorney at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, and Circuit Court Commissioner for Van Buren county. Attends to all legal business, collecting, conveyancing, &c. Residence, Lawrence.
- Cole & Shier,**
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Notaries Public, General Collecting and Insurance Agents, Deatur, Van Buren county.
- THOMAS H. STEPHENSON, JOSEPH W. HESTON,**
Stephenson & Heston,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, and Solicitors in Chancery, Paw Paw. Agents for "Hartford" and "North American" Insurance Companies. Office, over Union Drug Store.
- Notary Public.**
T. R. HARRISON has been appointed a Notary Public for this county, and will attend to all kinds of conveyancing, taking of affidavits, demanding acceptance of Foreign and Inland Bills of Exchange, and of Promissory Notes, protesting the same, &c. Office, in the True Northerner building, Paw Paw.
- A. M. Palmer,**
Licensed Auctioneer and Commission Merchant. Consignments solicited for public and private sale. Also, agent for the "New England Fire and Marine Insurance Company," of Hartford, Ct.; the "Aetna Life Insurance Company," and General Insurance Agent for Van Buren county. Office, in the Union Drug Store, Paw Paw.
- O. P. Gorton,**
Dealer in Crockery, Glass and China Ware, Paper Hangings, Window Shades and Curtains, Cutlery, Yankers, Nations, Stone, Eastern Ware, Groceries, etc. He also keeps the best Kerosene Oil in town, and sold at a low figure. Store, north side of Main street, Paw Paw.
- Jared Palmer,**
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Cabinet Ware, Furniture, etc. Trimming and Upholstery done to order. Free Coffins, ready-made, kept constantly on hand. Prices, cheap as the cheapest. Rooms, opposite the Court House, Paw Paw.
- T. R. Harrison,**
Plain and Ornamental Typographer. Hand Bills, Posters, Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, etc., neatly and promptly executed at the True Northerner Office.
- EATING SALOON.**—A. Mosher wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a first-class Eating Saloon under Pentecostal Hall, where he intends to keep Oysters, Lobsters, Pigs Feet, Pickled Tripe and Tongue, and everything in the eating line, from "pork and beans," up to the richest "pils, cakes, and pastings." Pure Liquors, of all kinds, served at the bar. Don't forget the place.

Thus Saith the Lord, I Offer These Three Things.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

In poisonous dens, who traitors hide
Like bats that fear the day,
Whom you see but never know their name,
In aching loins and breathing flame,
Dead to their country's weal and shame,
The recreants whisper STAY!

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires
On Love's own altars glow,
The mother hides her trembling fear,
The wife, the sister, checks a tear,
To breathe the parting word of cheer,
Soldiers of Freedom, Go!

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,
And Mammon keeps his state,
Where flatterers' faces and menials crouch
The dreamer, started from his couch,
Wings a few counters from his pouch,
And murmurs faintly, WAIT!

In weary camps, on trampled plains
That ring with fire and drum,
The battling host, whose harness gleams
Among the crimson-flowing streams,
Calls, like a warbling voice in dreams,
We want you, Brother! COME!

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do,—
To go, to wait, to stay?
Sons of the Freedom-loving towns,
Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,
The servile yoke, the civic crown,
Await your choice TO-DAY!

The stake is laid! O gallant youth
With yet unsilvered brow,
If Heaven should lend and Hell should win,
On whom shall lie the moral sin,
Whose record is, It might have been!
God calls you—answer NOW.

Our Army Correspondence.

Headquarters 4th Michigan Cavalry,
In the Field, Ga., May 30th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR:—I wrote a letter but a short time since for the columns of your paper, but as we have passed through some very brisk skirmishes within the last week, it may be somewhat interesting to you to hear from us again.

On the night of the 24th of May, we camped on the right of Gen. McPherson's Army, and received orders to march at 5:30 A. M., on the 25th. At the time directed we were on our line of march, which lead direct to a place called Van Wert, where we expected to find the enemy in force. On our arrival there, we found that they had taken their exit. Here we rested a short time, and confiscated about 400 pounds of tobacco, which will supply our boys with chewing material for some time. We left this place about ten A. M., with one battalion of our regiment in advance, as skirmishers, and the rest of the regiment in support. We moved on quietly for several miles, capturing the rebel stragglers that were not able to keep up with their running comrades, and they assured us we should soon meet the enemy in force before night fall. At 2 P. M., our advance came in contact with the enemies pickets, and drove them in, informing the rest of the command that he had found the enemy in force. Our regiment being in advance of the division, brought us in the severest part of the fight. Our orders were to hold them there until reinforcements came, which was but a short time, and soon the whole division was engaged. We fought them about three hours, and drove them from their position. Our loss in this days fight is one killed and two wounded. Capt. Lawton, of Co. C, is one of the wounded. He was shot severely in the shoulder while leading the advance skirmish line. His wound is thought not to be dangerous. The enemy's loss, according to their own report, is ten killed and forty wounded.

May 26th, we remained in camp until 12 A. M., and then moved to another position. Nothing of any interest transpired, but our general skirmish and picket duty.

May 27th, we remained in camp quietly until 3 P. M. when our pickets were attacked, and our brigade were in line of battle, ready to receive the expected foe, but they dared not approach our lines. Capt. B. D. Pritchard then ordered his battalion to "Draw Sabres," and prepared a "charge," and drive them from Cotton Gin they then occupied.

The rebel were soon discovered throwing away their accoutrements and weapons of war, and seeking refuge as fast as possible in a piece of woods about one mile distant. After driving them from their position, we returned to camp, and remained quiet through the night. No casualties occurred.

May 28th. — "Boots and Saddles" sounded at 5 A. M., and we rushed to the front and found the enemy in force, and that they had attacked a foraging party from the 7th Pennsylvania Cavalry, killing and wounding some of their soldiers, and captured about forty of their horses. We then prepared for battle, the 4th Michigan Cavalry occupying the right, the 7th Pennsylvania the left, and the 7th Illinois Infantry (mounted), the centre. Capt. Pritchard, with his battalion, was the first that engaged the enemy in trying to open communication with Gen. McPherson, but the strength of the rebel rendered it impossible, but he held his position until he was assisted by the rest of the regiment. We skirmished with the enemy until 1 P. M., and was the only regiment engaged. At this time the artillery was brought up under the direction of Lieut. Col. Park, and supported by our regiment, and the enemy ceased their advance toward our lines. At 5 P. M., the enemy opened their artillery upon us, but with no success, and they

Life in Fort Lafayette.

Howard, the forger, has written to the Brooklyn Eagle. He seems to be quite factious over his confinement. He thus describes life in Fort Lafayette:

Cell 5311, Second Tier,
Fort Lafayette, May 24, 1864.

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

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

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

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

Bob is a nice man; he has a very taking way with him; 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

Fort Lafayette is in the water between the Atlantic 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 on the inside. Its out-accessibility is what I most object to.

THE WAY YOU GET IN

is curious, and may interest your readers who haven'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 Gen. Dix, or some other man.

You go to Fort Hamilton.

Which is just over the way.

A 1250-pound shell, with the inside out, is protruded 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 on going up about 50 miles. You then come down and land right in the middle of Fort Lafayette.

The artillery artist has attained great precision in the range, and you light exactly in the center 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 40 miles eight furlongs, the view is magnificent.

You have a bird's eye view of Bath, Coney Island and New Jersey.

I made a sketch of it. I'll send it to you.

Perhaps you think this is a strange way of getting into the fort, but it isn't a circumstance to

THE WAY OF GETTING OUT,

which I haven't discovered yet. When I do, I'll let you know.

The people who keep the fort are of the military persuasion; it is their forte.—They mostly wear guns or swords, and do everything in a military way, which is not a civil way, though they have been very civil to me.

The fort is a substantial building; there is no apprehension from burglars. Sensible people would rather break out than to break into it.

As a hotel it is not equal to the Mansion House, though the terms are more reasonable. They don't charge any board. The only charge military people are given to, is to charge bayonets.

The bill of fare is wholesome, but lacks variety. There is

TOO MUCH PORK.

The bill of fare, however, is varied.

We have pork and crackers for breakfast.

Crackers and pork for dinner, and Pork with crackers for tea.

I think we shall have a change next week, as the commandant has sent an order to New York for a barrel of pork.

When you write to me, enclose a bunch of radishes in the letter.

THE SOCIETY

of the fort is select. They are mostly people of Southern complexion, who have been recommended here for the benefit of their health. They don't generally see it.

There is no female society here; nor no Union Leagues; nor no Philharmonic concerts. Otherwise it's pleasant.

The view is enchanting. Lovely water scapes spread before the vision on every side. As I said before, the situation is marine—ultra marine, and gives me the blues as I gaze upon it.

There is no Post Office in the Fort, and correspondence is limited. Perhaps you'd like to know how I sent this letter. A pigeon flew into the fort to-day, and I attached the letter to his tail. If you

How Gen. Stuart was Killed.

The 5th Michigan Cavalry is in Custer's brigade, and was with Sheridan on his recent raid toward Richmond. A private named DUNN, belonging to company A, of the 5th Michigan, shot Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with a "Spencer long range" rifle. While the 5th was under a heavy fire, the Colonel's attention was called to the fact that a rebel General, with a considerable number of men, suddenly appeared in sight, and was in reach of the rifle.

The General's name was not then known. One man of the 5th shot at him, but missed. Dunn watched the shot, and instantly exclaimed: "Too high and too far to the left." "Say, old Dunn, what do you know about shooting?" inquired another member. Dunn replied that he served two years in the Berdan Sharpshooters, before he joined the 5th and took a prize in Washington for the best shot.

This was good news to the Colonel and the men, and Dunn, supporting his words by action, quietly stepped forward a few feet, and resting his long-range rifle upon a fence, fired, and the supposed rebel General threw up both hands, stretched out his arms, and fell from his horse. At the same moment Dunn, turning to his Colonel, said: "Colonel, there is a spread eagle for you." The men cheered Dunn, who suddenly became a great favorite in the regiment. His name ran through Custer's brigade. "Well done good and faithful servant," was upon every tongue. Some ten or twelve men were seen to dismount and assist the wounded or killed rebel general.

The most intense anxiety was at once manifested in Custer's brigade to learn the name of the General who was thus shot. Soon after, Custer became master of the very spot where the man was hit, and the hill beyond, on the summit of which lived a colored woman. Custer came to a halt near her house. About the door of the old woman's hut was a large quantity of fresh blood. "Whose blood is that, Anny?" inquired a Michigan. "That is Gen. Stuart's blood. He was shot a little time since, right through the body. The ball entered his right side and came out of his left." The old lady was questioned carefully if she knew Stuart himself, and it was found she did.

The men doubted, nevertheless, because Stuart had been reported killed so many times before, when he was not hurt. A few days more passed when the Richmond papers reached the command, giving a detailed account of the time, place and manner of Stuart's being shot, which

get it, it will tell the tale of its delivery.

The pigeon is a carrier pigeon, and you may get him a situation as a letter-carrier under Postmaster Lincoln.

Somebody may inquire

WHY I CAME HERE

I'll tell you confidentially.

The Government is making extensions to its mansion at Fort Hamilton, likewise at Fort Richmond on Staten Island. They wanted a reliable person to look after the architects, to see that they didn't pocket the bricks. Fort Lafayette is half way between, and so situated that you can see both forts 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, "I 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 Gen. 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 isn't," 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.

John Bull & the Virginia Battles.

The steamship Virginia arrived at New York on the 6th inst., with three days later news from Europe. The news of the great battles in Virginia had caused a profound sensation in England, and people were astounded at the magnitude of the losses. Some papers think GRANT had been defeated in his object to advance on Richmond, while others regard the battles as indecisive, and say the Federals paid dear for the victory, if they gained any. The London Times thinks if GRANT captures Richmond the rebel cause is not lost, and its downfall will be a great waste of life to the Federals.—John Bull has formed a correct estimate in regard to the magnitude of our operations in Virginia, if not in regard to their practical results. Of these, Gen. GRANT informs us that "time will tell." The fighting in Virginia since the inauguration of the campaign, is destined to form one of the most memorable pages in the annals of human warfare. The world never before saw anything like it. All other contests seem tame and flat when compared with it. It stands out in terrible prominence—unique, unprecedented, unparalleled. Most of the great battles of history have been of comparatively short duration. Even those upon the issue of which the fate of empires turned, have been decided within the compass of a single day. The battle of Austerlitz was fought and finished between sunrise and sunset. The battle of Waterloo commenced at 11 A. M., and closed before the shades of night appeared. The battle of Marengo was decided in the afternoon of that memorable day. The battle of Solferino was concluded in sixteen hours from the firing of the first gun. But in Virginia we had six days of almost continuous fighting. A respectable sized battle on Wednesday afternoon—the first day; fighting all day Thursday; fighting Friday till midnight; fighting lightly Saturday morning and fiercely Saturday night; fighting desperately the greater part of Sunday; fighting by dribbles Monday, and the bloodiest battles of the war on Tuesday. Still no decisive victory was achieved, and so far at least as we were concerned, no signs of flagging. Our brave fellows were still enthusiastic—still eager for the fray—still determined to press on until the foe had been finally routed and destroyed. Was such courage, such pluck, such unflinching resolve, such tenacity of purpose, ever witnessed since the world began? The aggregate losses, too, has been terrible. The most sanguinary conflicts that history records fall short, with one or two exceptions, of the bloody results of the battles in Virginia. At Solferino, the French lost 12,000; at Sardinians, 5,000, and the Austrians 20,000. At Marengo, the total loss on both sides did not exceed 14,000. At Waterloo, the aggregate loss on both sides was not over 35,000. But in the series of battles fought in Virginia our loss in killed, wounded and missing, is estimated at over 25,000, while that of the enemy is even larger. We can recall but one instance in modern wars where the losses were so heavy. At the battle of Leipzig, the French had 60,000 and the allies 50,000 men killed and wounded; but then all Europe was engaged in a three days' struggle. But of what value are the rivers of human blood poured out upon the soil of Virginia, when compared with the perpetuation of human bondage, the sole object of the rebels in inaugurating this war?—St. John's Republican.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GRANT.—We infer that all the old regiments in and about Washington and its defenses have been sent forward. A sufficient number of the Maryland militia have been called out to occupy the forts around Baltimore. The 7th Artillery have vacated the forts in rear of Washington; and the 2d Artillery (occupying the line of forts between Chain Bridge and Arlington), got marching orders a few days since.