

A. Ent

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

VOLUME 2. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1850. NUMBER 13. Two Dollars per Annum.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
Published every Thursday Morning, by
Weaver & Gilmore,
Office—Up stairs in the New Brick building
on the south side of Main street, third
square below Market.

The Country Lassie and her Lover.
BY RICHARD COE, JR.
"To-morrow, ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, ma,
And wants to be my lover.
To-morrow morn, he says, mamma,
He's coming here quite early,
To take a pleasant walk with me
Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear,
There's no use now a talking;
You shall not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a walking.
To think of his presumption, too,
The dirty, ugly drover,
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a rover!"

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, mamma,
And Billy is so lonely!
Besides, they say, to Grimes' estate,
That Billy is the only heir,
And that, they say, is nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, ma,
About six hundred yearly."

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly,
But Billy is a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly.
Remember, then, to-morrow morn,
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley."

LET IT COME.
Let it come, and be not fearful,
What another day may bring;
For the heart that's always cheerful
Feels not half of sorrow's sting.
Grief's dark reign is always stern,
When he finds an easy prey,
Than when he finds some smiling mourner,
Ill-disposed to brook his away.

Let it come, nor be offended,
Should your sky be overcast,
And its light again be bleated
With the shadow of the past.
Still with hopes of brighter morn,
Cheer your fainting spirit some;
Even though it bring you sorrow,
Stand erect, and let it come.

Destruction of the Inquisition.
Col. LAMANOWSKI, formerly an officer under Napoleon, now a Lutheran minister in this country, and a man of remarkable qualities, recently gave in a lecture, the following vivid sketch of a scene of which he was an eye-witness:
In the year 1809, being then at Madrid, my attention was directed to the Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution, wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid of this decree, who directed me to proceed to destroy it. I informed him that my regiment, the 5th of the Polish lancers, were insufficient for such a service, but that if he would give me two additional regiments, I would undertake the work. He accordingly gave me the two required regiments, one of which, the 17th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the gospel. He is pastor of one of the evangelical churches in Marseilles. With these troops, I proceeded forthwith to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. The Inquisition was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, and then shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to charge upon those who appeared on the wall. It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they kept continually, only as they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we

scale the walls and force successfully resisted all attempts of getting them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, and brought on the ground to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, regardless of the fire which was poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well directed and preserving application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but jesuitical affrontery is equal to. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts their fingers, resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on; they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying,—"Why do you fight our friends, the French?"

Their intention apparently was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping if they could produce in our minds a belief that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all of the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine the prison house of hell. We passed through room after room, found altars, and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practiced here nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an inquisition. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? The holy fathers assured us that they had been buried; that we had seen all. And I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined more. Let some water be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently, Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery. The officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam, and pry up the slab. Others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone, joint and sinew. We looked beneath the marble slab, saw partly up, and we saw a staircase, I stepped to the table and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore what was below us; as I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand; it is holy." "Well," said I, "I want something that is holy to see if it will shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle and proceeded down the staircase. I now discovered why the water revealed us in this passage. Under the floor was a light ceiling, except at the trap door, which could not be rendered close; hence the success of Col. De Lile's experiment. As we reached the foot of the stairs, we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the inquisitor-general occupied, and on either side were seats elevated for the holy fathers, when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here, what's right met our eyes! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends.

A VERY HARD CASE.
BY JOHN OF YORK.
When the association of men, known as "The American Mail Company," undertook the herculean task contemporaneously with J. W. Hale, of procuring a reduction of the rates of postage, they were immediately subjected to the most trying annoyances by the officers of the government. All who were suspected of having any connection with them, were dodged by these "shadows," every day arrests were made, and the active members of the company, Messrs. Fisher, Roe & Case, were compelled to furnish large securities for their appearance to answer the charge of breaking the law, at a judicial tribunal. But they were all quick, talented and shrewd men, and often did Uncle Sam's well paid emissaries have to submit to a hearty laugh at their own expense. Case, in particular, was ever on the guard for a "chance to sell" a government officer. He would pay his passage from Philadelphia to New York, and pass over the road in the same car with the officer, while some unsuspecting passenger's trunk contained the contraband mail.

On one occasion, Case was subject to a search of his person, while in the cars between Camden and Burlington, and the exasperated officers, finding no letters on him, but satisfied that there was a mail along, under his control, demanded of the conductor his objection from the cars.—Case appealed to the travelers, and a number sided with him immediately. The consequence was a pretty exciting war of words, which at one time bid fair to involve all in the car in a fight. When matters had arrived at a rather alarming pitch, the train left the track and stopped. A heavy rain was falling at the time, and those who got out to lift the cars back on the road, were soon wet to the skin. Case took advantage of the accident to put in an car for cheap postage, and mounting a loose pile of rails, addressed the passengers for nearly half an hour, every sentence being greeted with cheers. The officers, finding that there was nothing to be made out of the independent mail man, stopped at Trenton and gave up the chase.

On one occasion, Case was in a very bad fix, and how to get out of it was a brother. Fisher and Roe had both been arrested that afternoon; they were then at the recorder's office, and was watched by three government officers. The mail had to go through at any rate, but how? Case sent a note to an editorial friend, and asked him to go over to New York—explaining the business. The party accepted the proposition; the bundle of letters were passed out of a back cellar window, and deposited in a small trunk, and the latter was sent to the steamer with other baggage, and of course unsuspected.

Five minutes before the hour for starting, the owner of the mail-trunk walked quietly down to the wharf to go on board, and received his ticket from the porter. Case was standing on the pavement, gazing up the street, with a look of vexed anxiety. He didn't see the man that had the letters! No indeed!—though he probably saw every body else on the wharf. A cab came thundering down the street, and immediately Case was at the door, and when the last passenger stepped out, turned away with an air of disappointment. All the while the officers were watching him closely, following him wherever he went, and suspecting every one he even recognized.

The bell was ringing for the last time, and the Government men were satisfied that the independent mail was not on board yet. Case saw this, and concluded to have a little fun with them. Approaching one of the men, he asked in a low voice, if he had seen a man come down, with a moustache and a heavy black beard, and a cloak and carpet bag. The officers exchanged glances, but they didn't happen to know that Case had that moment set his eyes upon a man who was running for dear life to reach the boat before it left.

"That's him now!" exclaimed Case, starting away from the officers.
"There's the mail," said one of the officers.
"Why this is good—that fellow didn't know who he was talking to."
Case, during this time, was standing on the curbstone, beckoning to the man who was coming down the street, apparently highly excited, and alternately looking from him to the boat, and vice versa. The officers were sure that they had the mail man for once, and quietly awaited his approach. Down came the blowing traveler, on a run, and as he passed Case, the latter whispered: "All right."
The man looked around, but not recognizing anyone, pushed towards the boat. The officers and Case did the same.
"We want you, sir," said one of the officers, tapping the stranger on the shoulder.
"Want me, sir? For what you want me?"
"Push on—you'll miss the boat! There it is going now!" exclaimed Case, in what he affected to consider a whisper.
"No, but he don't think Mister Case! Perhaps you thought we didn't know you?"
"What on earth are you drivin' at! You've got hold of the wrong customer, I'll lay my life," said Case, with great sincerity.
"Customer!" exclaimed the excited Frenchman; "customer! I am no customer. Sacre! de dam! I owe nothing to no man, by gaird—dam! Let me go. Ze boat shall leave me!"
"I won't do, sir," said the officer, with great dignity. "You can't fool us in that way."
The postage on a single letter from Trenton to New York is 40 cents.

THE COTTAGE.
BY MRS. L. H. STODOLSKY.
There was a laboring man, who built a cottage for himself and wife. A dark grey rock overhung it, and helped to keep it from the wind.
When the cottage was finished, he thought he would paint it grey, like the rock. And so exactly did he get the shade of color, that it looked almost as if the little dwelling sprang from the bosom of the rock that sheltered it.
After a while the cottager became able to purchase a cow. In summer she picked up most of her living very well. But in winter she needed to be fed and kept from the cold. So he built a barn for her. It was so small it looked more like a shed than a barn. But it was quite warm and comfortable.
When it was done a neighbor came in and said—
"What color will you paint your barn?"
"I have not thought about that yet," said the cottager.
"Then I advise you by all means to paint it black; and here is a pot of black paint which I have brought on purpose to give you."
Soon another neighbor came in, praised his neat shed, and expressed a wish to help him a little about his building. "White is by far the most genteel color," he added; "and here is a pot of white paint, of which I make you a present."
While he was in doubt which of the gifts to use, the eldest and wisest man of the village came to see him. His hair was entirely white, and every body loved him, for he was good as well as wise.
When the cottager had told him the story of the pots of paint, the old man said: "He who gave you the black paint, is one who dislikes you, and wishes you to do a foolish thing. He who gave you the white paint is a partial friend and desires you to make more show than is wise. Neither of their opinions should you follow. If the shed is either black or white it will disagree with the color of your house. Moreover, the black paint will draw the sun, and cause the edges of the boards to curl and split; and the white will look well but for a while, and then become soiled and need painting anew. Now take my advice and mix the white and black paint together."
So the cottager poured one pot into the other and mixed them with his brushes—and it made the very grey color which he liked, and had used before upon his house.
He had in one corner of his small piece of ground, a hop vine. He carefully gathered the ripened hops, and his wife made beer of them, which refreshed him when he was warm and weary.
It had always twined on two poles which he fastened in the earth to give it support. But the cottager was fond of building—and he made a little arbor for it to run upon and cluster about.
He painted the arbor grey, so the rock and the cottage, and the shed and the arbor, were all the same grey color. And everything around looked neat and comfortable, though small and poor.
When the cottager and his wife grew old they were sitting together in the arbor at the sunset of a summer's day.
A stranger who seemed to be looking at the country, stopped and inquired how every thing around that small habitation happened to be the shade of grey.
"It is very well it is so," said the cottager, "for my wife and I, you see, are getting grey also. And we have lived so long that the world itself looks grey to us now." Then he told him the story of the black and white paint, and how the advice of an old man prevented him from making his estate ridiculous when young.
"I have thought of this circumstance," said he, "so often that it has given me instruction. He that gave me the black paint, proved to be an enemy; and he urged me to use the white was no friend. The advice of neither was good.
Those who love us to well, are blind to our faults; and those who dislike us are unwilling to see our virtues. One would make all white—the other all black. But neither of them are right. For we are of a mixed nature, good and evil, like the grey paint, made of opposite qualities.
"If then neither the counsels of the foes nor partial friends is safe to be taken, we should cultivate a correct judgment, which like the grey paint mixed both together, may avoid the evil and secure the good."

SINGING AT AN EVENING PARTY.
The process of singing a song at an evening party may thus be described.—The young lady, on being led to the piano, first throws a timid glance around the room, ostensibly to evince a genteel confusion, but in reality to see who is looking at her. She then obeys to the mistress of the house "that she is not in very good voice," which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. The hostess replies, "Oh but you always sing so delightfully." The young lady answers, "that she cannot sing this evening;" to strengthen which opinion, she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her bouquet to hold; and, drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, tucks them behind one of the candlesticks, together with her flimsy handkerchief, in such a fashion, that its deep lace border or embroidery name may be seen to the best advantage. The top of the piano, which has been opened for the quadrilles, is then shut down by an active gentleman, who pinches his fingers in the attempt: the musician forms a series of dissolving views, and disappears, no one knows or ever will; and the young lady takes her place at the piano and as she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in, every one is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music stood to high, or to low, or something of that kind, and the pedals appear exceedingly difficult to be found. At length, every thing being at all right at the hostess, and saying, "that she is certain that she shall break down," bring out the opening note of the recitative, which make the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silence a couple whose whispering all sorts of soft nothings on a causeuse in the back drawing-room.

AWFUL UGLY MOUTH.
A Hoosier, an awful ugly man, relating his travels in Missouri, said that he arrived at Chickenville in the afternoon, and just a few days before that had a boat busted, and a heap of people scalded, and killed one way and another. So at last, as I went into a grocery, a squad of people followed me in, and one lowered, sez he, "It's one of the unfortunate sufferers by the bursting of the Franklin, and upon that he axed me to drink with him, and as I had my tumbler half way to my mouth, he stopped me of a sudden."
"I beg your pardon stranger—but"—sez he "But—what?" sez I.
"Just fix your mouth that way again, sez he I done it just as I was gwine to drink, and I'll be hanged if I didn't think the whole on 'em would go into fits. I—yelled and whooped like a gang of wolves. Finally one on 'em says, 'Don't make fun of the unfortunate, he's hardly got over being blown up yet. Less make up a pass for him.' Then they all throwed in, and made up five dollars. As the spokesman handed me the change he axed me—
"What did you find yourself after the 'splosion?"
"In a flat boat," sez I.
"How far from the Franklin?" sez he.
"Why," sez I, "I never seen her, but as high as I can guess, it must have been from what they tell me, nigh on to three hundred and seventy five miles." You'd oughter see the gang scater. Boy State.

An Irish Letter.
A New York paper says—As every thing from California is "important," we offer no apology for publishing the following letter, kindly furnished by our washer-woman, whose sweet heart went out, fourteen months ago, to dig a "forten" for himself and said Biddy:
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1, 1849.
Biddy Darlin!—I've been to the mines had luck to 'em. For seven weeks, Biddy, across his, I searched the bowels of lerry Arner for gold, and till I got was the discentery, by reason of worken on an empty stomick. I had a thing to ate for breakfast, the same for dinner, and ditto repped for supper, an all the time throwin' up mud, an water, the mighty wakenin' for the insides. Fitzytees was a collar a pound, and no mate to be had but gristy bars, which is taff customers. I could weat: the cryaters—I mane the gristly bars—comes down from the mountains, with their arms extended, but if they wanted to bid ye walkin'; but the moment they're foremost ye, they grab ye, the traythors, and squeeze the breth o' life out of ye. Some of the boys that wint out in the same ship [with me, found good galore, but the devil as much as they nally of a wedding ring, Biddy, did Terry get for his trouble. The black luck was on me darlin, for lave ye, a decent, modest colleen, as ye are, to come to a kuntry where the wimmen ate the culler of a dirty copper kettle, and have no more dry goods on their backs, saven your presence, Biddy, then mo her Eve had before she turned the fashion of vegetable aprons.
I got back from the mines a fortnight ago, and a most unfortun' go it was for me that I liver went there. Here I am in San Francisco, knockin' about without a rap. What's to become of me, Biddy, mavourneen, the saints only know. Only to think that I should have the comfortable berth I had swaping the strates of New York, to come to this hay den kuntry, where the strate claning is done by birds, and drinking, gambling speculation, and shoocide is the only fashionable amusements.
Y'll see it stated in the papers, Biddy, that the diggers are finding gold in quarts, it's a lie!—a base, disafeul, ochianition he! I niver seen a lump of gold yet that would fill a gill measure.
Couldn't ye raise a subskription, Biddy, among the strate swapers, to pay me passage back? If I was only back in New York, dead or alive, I'd never leave it while grass grows and wather runs. Your loving YERRAND TO YERRAND.

Correspondence of the Star From Philadelphia.
PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1850.
Messrs. Editors:
Well, the good old Quaker City is, at present, in a high "business fever." Heavy purchases, generally, have been made by country merchants, although goods are not as low as they have been at previous seasons. At no period has the city been more healthy, and the general routine of business affairs seem to be progressing with unusual briskness.
There is here a general calm in political affairs. The slavery question has become somewhat stale, and no new projects have been started to excite the attention of the people. The members of our State Legislature have effected much of importance to the people this winter, while on the other hand they have been wasting their time on Divorce bills, exciting but little feeling, only to the parties interested. The application of Edwin Forrest, a citizen of New York for divorce, is without a parallel in the annals of history. In the face of all that is legal and just, he applies to our Legislature to be divorced from his wife, with the perhaps false plea of infidelity. Why not appeal to the courts of his own State, and give his wife, at least, the chance of defending herself?—As the old saying is, "the purse is sometimes mightier than the sword."
The Williamsport Convention will, no doubt, be largely attended, and it is to be hoped that the nominations there made will meet with the cordial support of the whole Democratic party.
I have but little to give you in the shape of news. The local affairs of our city would not prove very interesting in your region of country.
Our hotels are filled with strangers, and among the many good houses I may make mention of the "Exchange Hotel," No. 7; Dook street, kept by R. B. Jones, Esq. It is conducted on the European plan, and is the best, cheapest, and most convenient hotel in the city. The accommodations are superb and elegant, and meals can be had at all hours. It is a house worthy the attention of every one visiting our city. Truly yours,
RANDOLPH.

Who Will Make a Good Wife?—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table and prepares her father's breakfast cheerfully—depend upon it she will make a good wife. You may rely upon it that she possesses a disposition and a kind heart.
When you see a young woman just out of bed at nine o'clock, leaning with her elbow on the table, gazing and sighing, "Oh dear how dreadful I feel!"—rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and slothful.
When you see a girl with a broom in her hand sweeping the floor, or with a rubbish brush or a clothes line in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious and will make a good wife for somebody.
When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand and a fan in her right, shedding tears, you may be sure she is not fit for a wife.
Happiness and misery are before you; which will you choose?

NEW GIRLS.—said our friend Mrs. Bigelow to her daughters, the other day, "You must get husbands as soon as possible, they'll be all murdered."
"Why, so, ma," inquired one.
"Why, I see by the papers that we've got a most fifteen thousand post-offices, and nearly all on 'em dispatched a mail every day—the lads have mercy on us poor widows and orphans!" and the old lady stepped briskly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.