VOLUME 3.

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R. W. WEAVER.

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SONG OF LABOR.

The workshop must be crowded That the place may be bright
if the place may be bright
if the ploughman did not plough,
Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallowed
That man performs for man,
And have its share of honor

See, light darts down from heaven,
And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
Are cheered with one bright day.
And let the mind's true sunshine
Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men'
As the waters fill the sea.

And poets, let your lyres
With hope for man be fired:
Till the earth becomes a temple,
And every human heart Shall join in one great service, Each happy in his part.

NAPOLEON.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

ONE MORNING as I strolled from the Hotel de Meurice (the Astor House of Paris,) in search of rooms, I stumbled on an object spell than anything I had seen in France. In Victoire, close beside the principal baths of the city, stands a small house seve. And then his fierceness to the last, for though ral rods from the street, and approached by a the night was wild and terrible, a wilder marrow lane. It is situated in the midst of a night was over his heart and spirit in its last when the young Napoleon first yielded his heart to her charms. The young soldier had then never dreamed of the wondrous destiny that awaited him, nor had surrendered his soul to that waisting ambition which consumed every generous quality of his nature, and every pure feeling of his heart. Filled with other thoughts than those of unlimited dominion, an I dreaming of other things than fierce battle-fields, he would turn his foot-steps hither, to pour the tale of his affections till be stands a criminal before heaven and in Josephine's ear. His heart throbbed more violently before a single look and a single twoice, than it ever did amid the roar of artillery and the sound of falling armies. The eyo before which the world quailed at last, the thoughtful forehead on which nations ga-and the pride of kipgs went down, fell at zed to read their destiny, is now only a withand the pride of kings went town, left at zet to real their deskill, and the bosom that was the like voice stirred his youthful blood wilder home of such wild ambition, is full of ashthan the shoat of "Vive? Empereur?" from es. the enthusiastic legions that cheered him as the advanced.—Those were the purest days of his existence, and we believe the only of the thousands he left on his battle-fields and cleanliness a monomania. Room by are-two troughs of brick, in the middle of which happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful fore-wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are lence, darkness, and slip-covers, and permits bottom is a large grate for the fire. A layer happy ones he ever passed. When the crown of an emperor pressed his thoughtful fore-head, he must have feet that it was better to be loved by one devoted heart, than feared by a score of kings. As I stood before the humble dwelling, and thought of the monuments of Bonaparte's fame that covered France and the world, I could not but teel how poor a choice he made after all. Surrendering the pure joy that springs from afficient legions are specified in a partie's fame.

His fierce onsets, and terrible passages, and wasting carnage, and Waterloo defeats are allence, darkness, and slip-covers, and permits a lence, darkness, and slip-covers, and permit rult of armies and the crown of thorns which unholy ambition wears, he wrecked his own happiness and soul together. He "Ah! Mr. made life one great battle-field, and drove Rockaway?" his chariot of war over heaps of slain, and up to the axletrees in human blood, to gain at last -a grave. He could have had that withor, and one, too, over which does not hang such darkness and gloom as How often, in the midst of his power, must that voice of singular melody. the midst of the gavest assembly have fal, him of his baseness, and bringing back faint echoes of that life he nover could hve again.

fields of blood without the deepest execra-tion of Bonaparte's character. The warrier tion of Bonaparte's character. The warrior have not forgot to tell you we have found may recount the deeds wrought in that migh the New York Brass Band. You recollect onflict, but the Christian's eye looks farto the fearful retributions of the judgment. to the fearful retributions of the judgment. went out in a sail boat. The boat was seen to capsize, and they were supposed to be crowded into this one day, for we cannot appreciate it. The sufferings of one single caught coday, we found them all alive and caught coday, we found them all alive and an with his shattered bones piercing him hearty, their flower bottle ampty, and Petershot his pain; his suffication, son, the bugler, sitting near the gills playing, as he struggles in his pain; his suffocation, and thirst, and bitter prayers drowned amid the roar of battle; his mental agony as ne thinks of his wife and children; his last death-shriek, are utterly inconceivable. Multiply, the sum of this man's suffering by twenty thousand, and the aggregate who could tell? Then charge all this over to one head, and the embarge in the region of her head, and the embarge in the region of her head, and the embarge in the region of the the roar of battle; his mental agony as he man's ambition, and who shall measure his guilt, or say how dark and terrible his doom should be ? Bonaparte was a man of the window, to thou a bottler. intellect, but he stands charged with crimes that blacken and torture the soul forever, from almost every field in Europe and come in crowds from the banks of the Nile. He saying. "It will only cost a few men."—
met and conquered many armies, but never from the bank such a terrible array of the few."

The son of Quintius Fabius Maximus Avised his father to seize on a post, not do them well?

The master thinks it good doctrine for his saying. "It will only cost a few men."—
The master thinks it good doctrine for his stood face to face with such a terrible array of the few."

The Christian cannot muse over his many truth.

murderous artillery, the terrific charge, and municrous armiery, ine terrine charge, and the headlong courage will then avail him noihing. Truth, and Justice, and Mercy, are the only helpers there, and they cannot help him. He trol them down in his pride and fury, and they shall tread him down for ever-He assaulted the peace and happiness of the earth, and the day of reckoning is sure. He put his glory above all human good or ill, and drove his chariot over a pathway of hu man hearts, and the God of the human heart shall avenge them and abase him. I care not what good he did in founding institutions and overturning rotten thrones; good was not his object, but personal glory.—Besides, this sacking and burning down cities to build greater, has always been a favorite apology with their eulogizers. It is false in fact, and false it true in the inference drawn from it. It is not true that improvement was his purpose, nor does it exculpate him if it was God does not permit man to produce happiness this way without a special command. When he wishes a corrupt nation or people to be swept away, he sends his earthquake or pestilence, or if man is to be his anointed instrument, he anoints him in the presence of the world. He may, and does, allow one wicked thing to scourge another, but the scourger is a criminal while he fulfils the design, for he acts not for the Deity, but for himself. The grand outline of Bonaparte's mental character—the great achievements he performed—mighty power he wielded, and the awe with which he inspired the world, have blinded men to his true character, and he remains half apotheo-

as when he shall be summoned from his

poleon, and who does not ?- read the record

Extraordinary, Very.

"Ah! Mr. C, when did you return from

"Just arrived, sir." "Any news ?"

"Ah! how long was it ?" "Twenty-five feet, sir." "How m uch did it weigh ?"

"Eleven tons and a halt !" By this time the listeners crowded close around C., but not a smile was to be observed upon his countenance, or anything else to denote that he was telling ought but the

"By the way, Major" continued C., " when I came up last week I told you they chen hearts it has made, and had took their instruments with them, and went out in a sail boat. The boat was seen

Choate, the Lawyer,

Jack Humphries, the piquant Boston correspondent of the Albany Dutchman, gives the following off-hand description of Rufus

sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we think has contributed to this wrong feeling. Dying amid an awful storm, while trees were falling and the sea flinging itself as if in convenience of law. Rufus Choate is about fifty years of age; perhaps over. He is considered to might was over his heart and spirit in its last flital struggle, was watching the current of a heavy fight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were tell early flight, and his last dying words were the day shall come when the world again read his history as they read that for Carsar Borgia, and point to his tomb with a shadder.

Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon, and who does not?—read the record.

Is condained a morbid death we him highly strained and his listed and may be done in the dark, with a three prongeed der.

Condemn as we may the character of Napoleon, and who does not?—read the record.

Steel is iron passed through a process. case isn't worth the powder to blow it up.'

The grave is a reckless leveller, and he ty. Rich and childless, with no great talents in the paint being utterly disfigured. The call; when undoubtedly you would bring mud into the hall on your boots; or hang your damp hat on the polished hat-stand; or lay Mrs. B-under the necessity of lighting the 'taboed, parler; or commit or pro-

rom the head of a cabbage

Miss Emily Hutcheson is a young lady miss Emily Hutcheson is a young lady who has the advantage of a boarding school education. She plays enchantingly on the plano and escription of Rufus Choate:

"Rufus Choate—famous for throwing somersets, flip flaps, making mouths and ugly "muga" at judges and juries—is jawing away at that same old Rev. Fairfield case. You probably never saw Rufus, but you've heard of him? Well, he's great on saving hard case from getting their dues. It has saved Tirrel, the murders of Ellen Bickford, from hemp stretching; and that fact has had many a scoundrel from well merited punishment, and, perhaps, has obtained, for some, justice. Rufus Choate is a picture to look at, and chowder to spout. He is about seven feet six, or six feet seven, in his socks; supple as an eel, and wiry as a cork screw—His face is a compound of wrinkles, "yaller, janders," and jurisprudence. He has small, keen, piercing black eyes, and a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; his hair black and curly, much resembling has a compound to the resembling has har black and curly, much resembling has a compound to the resembling has he had searn one plays than she chasten seem more plays than she chasten and seem more plays than she chasten and seem more plays than she chast falian like "von natif" debutch. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting house was much crowded. I however, passed up the side up the faces a "highly accomplished" young lady. "Several weeks ago, she made a trial of the Blood mer costume, but at did nat come quite up to her expectations. In eas of her romantic reveries, it occurred to her that she would and the face and weeks ago, she made a trial of the Blood mer costume, but at did nat come quite up to her expectations. In eas of her romantic reveries, it occurred to her that she would have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every one present appeared to be absorbed in the blast to exhibit herself by gas-l who has the advantage of a boarding school keen, piercing black eyes, and a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; brother, himself, as he was coming out of a place of immusement. He recognised first the uniform of his company, and, making a bag of wool in admirable disorder, or a brush heap in a gale of wind. His body has no particular shape; and his wit and legal "dodges" have set many a judge in a snicker, and so corfounded jurors, as to make it almost impossible for them to speak English, or tell the truth, for the rest of their not choose to make heaself known to her relative, but preferred making an attempt to stead in several glances at me of a most animateral lives. Rufus is great on twisting and since the conclusion, of control products and so corfounded jurors, as to make heaself known to her relative, but preferred making an attempt to steading several glances at me of a most animateral lives. English, or tell the truth, for the rest of their natural lives. Rufus is great on twisting and practical lives. Rufus is great on twisting and practical making an attempt to colling himself up, squirming around, and practically practically practically and his arguments ingenious and forcible. He generally makes a ten strike—judge and intry down, at the end of every sentence. He fate—being sent to eat his heart on a solitary rock in mid ocean—has created a morbid sympathy for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary and the rest scarcely understand the joke all her own way, and frightened off her accuser, if she had not over-acted her part, and, in storming a little too violently, they carry, and the rest scarcely understand they were manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him, anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about. He is not a solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but manly or just. The very manner of his death we what it's all about the solitary for him anything but many for h

Steel is iron passed through a process which is called cementation, the object of until I saw the dark-eyed girl set out for which is to impregnate it with carbon. Car- home on foot. "O that the customs of soconfine that smoke, and put a piece of iron followed after her. She looked behind; into it for several days and heat the iron at thought she evinced some emotion at recognitions. There is a lady of our acquaintance yet the same time, it will become steel. Heat nising me as being the stranger of the day

The turnace for this purpose is a cynical building of brick, in the middle of which of all social ties upon a discolored dish-cloth.

Not long since, she discharged a chamber-maid, who had lived with her six years, because the dirty wretch did not gather her petticoats around her coming down stairs, but actually permitted them to brush against the determine. When the determine which generally happens in about eight or thought when I saw you at the meeting house, that you looked like a pellar who passed off a petter dollar on me about three delivery based off a petter dollar on me about three the wharf. Or again a streamer which she suddenly observes to have moved six feet from the wharf. Or again a streamer which she wharf. actually permitted them to brush against the out in order to determine. When the con- weeks ago, so I determined to keep an eye

about eight days more, to cool. hearty, jovial fellow of a decidedly social cither sold as blistered steel, or drawn, to a convenient size, when it is called titled steel with a nervous half nod of recognition, for fear you may remember where he lives and call; when probables the steel of this blistered steel, by breaking the barr into short pieces, and call; when probables the steel of the steel and call when the steel of the steel of the steel are then taken tout, and call the steel are then taken tout, and the steel are then would bring and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper together, drawing them down to a proper

The profoundly wise do not proclaim

tise, and yet everybody is content to hear.

The master thinks it good doctrine for his long and affectionately on a gin bottle, that servant, the laity for the clergy, and the cler- she actually drew out the cork. An apt algy for the laity .- Selden.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

My feelings were very poetical, as I walk-

rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises thought she evinced some emotion at recog

I quickened my pace, and she actually slack-ened hers, so as to let me come up with her "Noble creature ?" thought I, her heart is superior to the shackles of custom. At length I came within stone's throw o

She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to overflowing, and my eyes filled with tears of rapture. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat,

weeks ago, so I determined to keep an eye wall in her descent—a course of conduct wersion is completed, the fire is then left to upon you. Brother John has come home which must evidently result, sooner or late; go out, and the bars remain in the furnace now, and he says if he can eatch the fellow, he'll wring his nose for him; and I aint su poor fellow, was formerly a florid,

The bars of steel are then taken out, and but what you're the good for nothing fellow,

after all The last words she uttered, were at the very top of her voice.

Readers, did you ever take a shower bath?

Never Give Un.

Who are your rich men ?-our distinguish ed men?—our most useful men? Those who have been cast down but not destroyed cure to be committed, some other everwity, from which the house would not recover in much as the protoundly ignorant; on the a year's time. Poor B. has become thin—

the is quite pale, and has a nasty little cough.

The protoundly wise do not proceed to who when the breeze of adversity swept away their hopes, sought new standards—

contrary, they would rather assist it with their you see them now.—A glorious sentence and but the Christiane eye looks farthen hearts it has made, and
it fortivitions—
it position the physical speak of the physical speak

A girl in one of our river lustration of the power of true love

ROOM, BOYS, ROOM.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

There was an old hunter,
Camp'd down by the rifl,
Who fish'd in this water,
And shot on that hill.
The forest for him had
No danger, nor gloom,
For all that he wanted
Was plenty of room!
Says he, "The world's wide,
There is room forms all;
Room enough in the green wood,
If not in the hall.
bys, room, by the light of the m, boys, room, by the light of the mo why shouldn't every man enjoy his o room !"

And his shanty was spread, With the skins he had dress'd And strech'd overhead; resh branches of hemlock Made Iragrant the floor
For his bed, as he sung
When the daylight was o'er;
'The world's wide enough,
There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood
If not in the hall. Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon, for why shouldn't every man enjoy his own

That spring now half choked
By the dust of the road,
Under boughs of old maples
Once limpidly flow'd,
By the rocks whence it bubbles
His kettle was hung,
Which their sap often fill'd,
While the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough,
There is room for us all!
Room enough in the green wood,
If not in the hall.
he boys, room, by the light of the me , boys, room, by the light of the moon hy shouldn't every man enjoy his own

And still sung the hunter—
When one gloomy day,
He saw in the forest,
What saddeu'd his lay,
A heavy wheel'd wagon
Its black rut had made,
Where fair grew the greeusward,
In broad forest glade—
"The world's wide enough,
There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood,
If not in the hall,
bows, room, by the light of the mo

boys, room, by the light of the moon by shouldn't every man enjoy his own from F'

He whistled to his dog,
And says he, "We can't stay:
I must shoulder my rifle,
Up tracks and away."
Next day, 'mid those maples,
The settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hanter
Trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough,
There is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood,
If not in the hall.

m, boys, room, by the light of the moon why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room 2"

The Newspaper.

Read what Willis says :- "As you feel the fection—all unconsciously—so we drink in the pleasures and blessings of the newspanier: careless, yet eager, and, though dependent unthankful. He would be the same the same to the premises had sunk the newspanier to the premises had sunk the same to the same to the same to the premises had sunk the same to the same to the same to the premises had sunk the same to the sa per: careiess, yet eager, and, though de-pendent, unthankful. He must be an ima-ginative man who can tell the value of the newspaper, for only he can fancy what it would be to be deprived of it. Another By-ron might write another (ID.). ron might write another "Darkness" on the state of a world newspaperless. If we should attempt to personify such a world, it would be under the form of a blind man her determinations. And this was the woholding in his Land the empty string from which his dog has escaped; or the good latom of a mine, who, after blowing out his "Davy," runs to the shaft and finds that somebody has taken away the ladder."

A French gentieman, apprehending ed his young wife not to marry an officer of he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate; whom he had been jealous. 'My dear,' said she, 'do not distress your-elf; I have given my word to another a great while ago.'

There is one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though

t evening parties out West, where the boys and girls hug so hard that their sides cave in. He has had several of his ribs broken in that way.

There is a young man in Toledo, who has a over so much to kiss the girls, who are rather short in his neighborhood.

paper the marriage of Edward C. Pinn to keeper for I never kept a chambermaid more than three weeks.—And as to cooks, I look to make ten pins out of this couple.

ollar to pass under the Wheeling Bridge, arrived in Cincinnatti last week.

to the lump of clay.

A down-east farmer uses grass-hoppers in did—not for love, but for fear! for this grist-mill instead of the common kind. dying old maids.—Mrs. E. B. Hall.

THE FIRST BABY.

In a new novel, "The Glens," recently published, occurs the following striking pic-ture of domestic felicity which crusty old backelors will read with much interest:

"If 'the baby' was asleep, no one was 'al-"If 'the baby' was asleep, no one was 'allowed to speak except in a whisper, on pain of instant banishment; the piano was closed, the guitar was tabooed, boots were interdicted, and the bell was muffled. If Mr. Vincent wished to enjoy a quiet cigar, he must go out of the house, lest the smoke might hart 'the baby'—and, lest the streetdoor might distarb its elumbers, he must make his exit by the back way, and reach the street by the garden-gate. The Doctor was scarcely ever out of the house; not because 'the baby' was ill—for indeed at was most alarmingly healthy—but because sho was 'afraid at might be taken with some dreadful disease, and no doctor near. If coal was placed on the grate, either Mr. Vincent must put it in lump by lump with his fingers, or Thomas must come in on tip-toe, leaving his boots below, less the noise should disturb 'the baby.' Mr. Vincent might lie in one posture until he was full of aches from the crown of his head to the cols of his foot; he must not move or turn over—for fear of waking 'the baby.' And yet he must not take a bed in another part of the house, because 'the baby' might be attacked by the croup, or might cry to have some one walk no and down the floor with it in his arms, and then he would not be within call. In short when 'the baby' slept, the whole house was under a spell, whose enchantment consisted in profound silence and unbroken stillness, and all who came within the magic circle were at once laid un-der its influence.

"On the other hand, when 'the baby' was wase, the household was equally subject to the tyranny which seemed to be a condition of its existence. If Mr. Vincent's watch chain attracted its attention, the watch must come forth, and be delivered over. at the imminent risk, and to the frequent smashing of crystals and face. If 'the baby' cried for of crystals and face. If 'the baby' cried for the porcelain vase on the mantel, or the little Sevres card basket on the table, they were immediately on the floor, or in the 'crib' beside it, and were soon afterwards in many pieces. If it wanted papa's papers, either they must be forthwith given up, or both baby and mother would concur in taising a domestic storm. If an important paper, or anything else of peculiar value was missed, when inquiry was made for it, the chances were twenty to one that it had been given to 'the baby,'—and on all occasions, Mr. Vincent's chagrin or vexation was treated with merited indifference. If, as offcu happened, after obtaining everything within happened, after obtaining everything within its mother's reach, and breaking everything that could be broken, 'the baby' still cried immoderately and annoyingly, it was quite as much as Vincent's life was worth to press the least vexation or impatience.-He might be roused from a sound sleep, and forced to get up in the cold ten times in the sunshme; as we breathe the balmy air; as night for something for the baby, and yet we draw our life of life from household af a murmur or a natural wish expressed to man whom Abraham Glenn had loved

Pleasures of Matrimony.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the the thermometer at 75 degrees, which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of at school which I hate. like music and wish to go to concerts, which There is a man who says he has been I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanagea-ble boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they, have just quarrelled over their marbles. Mortihas applied his colt like hands mer's ribs ;-while the baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps more than an hour at 'SET 'EM Up'—We notice in an Illinois in chorus. I have had bad luck as a house. back bewildered on the long phantas Man is a bundle of habits. What, then, is a woman?—Sun.

Waxey'says she is an armful of sighs, bran and whaleboue.

Is a woman?—Sun.

of thunder gusts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambernaid bounced out of the room vastarday. out of the room yesterday, flirting her dusters and muttering, "real old maid after all!" The man who had to lower his shirt just because I showed her a table on which ollar to pass under the Wheeling Bridge, I could write "slut" with my finger in the collar to pass under the Wheeling Bridge, trived in Cincinnati last week.

Be-ware—that's what the potter said then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long doleful visage without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life. Yet half of my sex marry as I discontinually invested the said of the said and the said with the said the said the said wards. A down-east farmer uses grass-hoppers in discontinuation.