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# THE STAR OF THE NORTH

R. W. WEAVER.

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SLANDER.

A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Now might it only perish there!
Not farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear Caught up the little meaning sound Another voice has breathed it clear, And so it wanders round, From ear to lip—from lip to ear—Until it reached a gentle heart, And thet—it broke.

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find.
When first its accents woke;
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that—it broke.

Low as it seemed to other ears, it came—a thunder-crash to hers— That feagile girl so fair and gay— That guileless girl so pure and true

The said a lovely humming bird
That in a tragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the Summer morn a
Was killed by but a gun's report.
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound—a death-blow came

And thus her happy heart, that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in its Lity too,
For who the mand that know,
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It finitered like the frightened bird,
Then shu tis wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder—died!
FRANCES S. Orgood.

## How Barnum's Father Disposed of the

My father, besides being in the mercar tile line and keeping the village tavern, also ran a freight wagon to Norwalk, and kept a small hvery stable. He was fond of a joke and had a ely, peculiar, waggish kink in his nature which led him frequently to turns of some petty cute tricks. On one occasion a young man named Nelson Beers, applied to him for the use of a horse to ride to Daphuthe use of a horse to ride to Danbury, a distance of three miles. Nelson was ce to the shoemaking business nearly out of his time; was not overstocked with brains, and lived a mile and a half east of our village. My father thought it would be better for Nelson to make his short journon foot, than to be at the expense of hiring an old horse named 'Bob,' that having reached an age beyond his teens, was turne out in the bog lot near our house to die. He was litterally a 'living skeleton,' and was much in the same condition of the Yankeen neg, which was so weak his owner had to hire his neighbor's horse to help him draw reply to Nelson's application, told him that the livery horses were all out, and he had ome except a famous 'race horse,' was keeping in low flesh in order to get him in proper trum to win a great

that was my father's appellation ] I will what sum you may think you ought to owe ride him very carefully and not injure him me for him, and I will do the same; we can the least, said Nelson Beers.

the hands of a young man like you,' respended my father.
Nelson continued to importune, and my

father to play off, until it was finally agreed that the horse could be had on the condition said my father, but Nelson when I think how that he should in no case be rode faster than walk or slow tro, and that he should be fed four quarts of oats at Danbury. Nelson started on his rosinante, looking for all the world as if he was on a mission to the 'carrion crows,' but he self every inch a man, for he fancied himself astride of the greatest responsibility was resting upon this shoulders, for the last words of my fathers, and the self-ast words of my fathers.

his eyes He tried to open those of his horse, but it was no go. He placed his ear at the mouth of poor old Bob' but took it away in uner dismay. The breath had ceased. At last Nelson groaning as he thought of meeting my tather, and wondered whether et eternity; added to time, would be long emough for him to earn the value of the horse, took the bridle from the 'dead head,' and unbuckling the girth, drew off the saddle and placing it on his own back, trudged gloomy toward our village.

It was about sundown when my father es-

espied his victim coming up the street with the saddle and bridle thrown across his engaged in firing off silly squibs at Mr. soulders, his face wearing a look of the Buckalew. A frendly pen, whose master we most complete dispair. My father was cermost complete dispair. My father was certain that old 'Bob' had departed this life, and more than defends Mr. Buckalew agains he chuckled inwardly and quietly, but in-standily assumed a most serious countenance. Poor Beers approached more slowly and mournfully than if he was following a dear

friend to the grave.

When he came within halling distance, my father called out:
'Why, Beers, it is possible you have let

that rude horse run away with you?

cle Phile, groaned Nelson.

'Worse than that! Then be has been stolen by some judge of valuable horses!
Oh, what a fool I was to intrust him to anybody? exclaimed father, with well feigned

'No, he aint stolen, uncle Phile,' said

'Not stolen? well I am glad of that, for shall recover him again, but where is he' I am afraid you have lamed him.

'Worse than that,' drawled the unfortunate 'Well, what is the matter, where is he ?-

what ails him?' asked my father.
Oh, I can't tell you —I can't tell you? said

Beers with a groan.

'But you must tell me, returned my fath-

'It will break your heart, groaned Beers. 'To be sure it will, if he is seriously in-ured,' replied my father, 'but where is he ' 'He is dead,' said Beers, as he nerved himself up for the announcement, and then clo-sing his eyes, sunk into a chair completely

wetcome with fright.

My father gave a groan and started Nelon to his feet again. All the sensations of pain, despair, harror and intense agony were depicted to the life on my father's counte-

'Oh, uncle Phile, uncle Phile; dou't be too hard with me, I wouldn't have had it hap-pen for all the world.' said Beers.

You can never recompense me for the horse

eplied my father.
I know it, I know it, uncle Phile. I can only work for you as long as I live, but you re satisfied, after my apprenticeship is shed,' returned Beers.

After a short time my father became celm and although apparently not reconciled to his loss he asked Nelson how much he sup-

l don't know—I am no judge of blooded horses, but I have been told that they are worth fortunes sometimes; replied Beers.
'And mire was the best in the world, said

my father,, and in such a perfect condition for running—all bone and sinew.

O yes, I saw that,' said Beers, despondingbut with a frankriess that showed he did of wish to deny the great claims of the orse and his owner.
'Well,' said my father with a sigh, 'as I

have no desire to go to law on the subject, then compare notes and see how far we dif-'I will mark,' said Beers, 'but uncle Phile

don't be too hard with me.

I will be as easy as I can, and endeavor to mark something in the neighborhood of or to him were, 'Nelson, if any accident should happen to this animal while under you charge you could not pay the damage you could not pay the damage of the him and started for the horse, that I did not wish to let him go.'

Old 'Bob' was duly oated and watered at Danbury, and at the end of several hours, and assented to all he said. About a dozen of our joke-loving neighbors were witness.

riarch as he was, he dropped into the soft bed that was awaiting him, and gave up the ghost without a single kick.

No language can describe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe the consternation of poor Beers. He could not believe the consternation of poor Beers. feet. It was some time before he could comprehend the joke, and when he became fully aware that no harm was done, he was

the happiest fellow I ever remember seeing.

'By thunder!' and ke, 'I've got a dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents, and darned if I don't freat that out as free as air; I

### HON. C. R. BUCKALEW,

The Wilkesbarre Record, edited by Wm this assault of envy; and we have severe times read the article with as much pleas ure from its manner as its matter. In this absent neighbor will be glad to hear the echo of their feeling from Luzerne .- ED. STAR.

"Age is honorable undoubtedly, but has it the apology of youth for indirection, want of candor and the common charities of life? Does the spirit of Envy survive all the genial currents in the heart of age ? The affirmative to this question is painful to us. But to what other source can be ascribed the Parthian caris flung all summer at the Senator from this district, Charles R. Buckalew. Mr. Buckalew grew from the stump The mountains of Fairmount was his home,

The rich valleys of Chester and Wyomin grew no food and smiled no warm encour her nurselings of genius should spring from her own mould and feed from her own un-polluted breast. And the poor boy in the earliest bloom of manhood has exhibited a wealth of intellect, and a splendor of elo-quence which has crowned him and his dis-trict with honor. From his "Retreat" could not the old Eagle give one shriek of joy and impulse to the young, soaring and no-ble bird from another nest—from that Eyrie high up in the bleakest winter orags where the storm spirits revelled over desolation? It was in his bosom—who can doubt it. But between the old bird and the sun, strait in whose bright eye the young Eaglet was soaring upon so gall ant a pinion, stood an-

Is the solicitude and anxiety for the other the source of all this bitterness against Mr. Buckalew? Is it painful to witness the larger shadow thrown by the "little ragged boy from the Berwick Tumpike?" Is it humiliating to reflect that the boy who picked up his education among the stones and beech n uts should have lesped far ahead of the child of many hopes and an expensive cul-ture? If such be the motives for abuse, is it worthy of a man who many years has figured in literature and in Congress?

As k the entire Senate, political oppone

as well as friends—ask every man who has day after day witnessed his splenaid troumphs upon the floor of that body. They will one and all tell you that Buokalew is a marvel—that in the Senate, or out of it, they nowhere know his equal. They will tell you of his radical principles, his integrity, and the vast sums which his unyielding hostility to every form of speculation upon the public Treasury, has saved the Commonnable the its beautiful his integration. wealth. Is it because he is absent from home, and this is deemed a favorable and above all a safe time to speer and cry him courage to attack the absent? Is it an evidence of fine sensibilities ? It is said that Mr. Bockalew caturally is

of a feeble body-suffering from cancerous affections of the breast, and worn out, with four years labor in the Senate and his profession, was in a dangerous condition of health. Some physicians in Harrisburg and tion, through some friend, reached the ears of the Socretary of State, who, needing a Buckalew, who accepted it. This is the statement, and we presume it is correct.

There is no salary attached to the duty— not a dollar-the actual expenses of the trip only being pair. And this is the grievance about which the columns of a newspaper have been pretty well occupied all summer. During Mr. Polk's administration, James

It is well known that Mr. Cooper is rarely in his seat in the Senate, for which he draws every dollar of his pay. It is equally well known that he is the President of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, the duties of Sunbury and Eric Railroad, the duties of which office he attends to and receives a handsome salary. Here is time due to the United States & paid for by the United States, expended in the service of a gigantic corporation. But any reference to so glaring a delinquency on the part a high Whig official would not aid in abolitionizing this district. We desire to expite no Galphin chelicity. We desire to excite no Galphin chol ics, but if the gentlemen who are so solicit ous about Mr. Buckalew, will attend to the small comings of their own Whig agents they will find full occupation for their facul

### What are you Living for!

Life is a good or an evil, a benefit or an ir jury a blessing or a curse, according to the will of its possessor. Man's destiny is in his plame, if it be one of interminable wretch. gratification of his passions, who seeks his nappiness in the pleasures, the honors, or e-moluments of this world who is incited to action by the goadings of ambition, or the de-sires of fame, life is only an evil and a curse. It were better for him not to be, than after toiling and struggling for vanities, to go down to misery and endless woe! "He aims too low, who aims beneath the

"I have created man for my glory," saith the Eternal, " and my glory will I not give

Regardless of this declaration, myriads are claims their highest devotion, and upon his altar, sacrifices, never so costly, are cheer-fully laid! Reader! what are you living for? Has thirst for fame taken possession of your being, and, deceived by his sy en's voice, are you willingly bartering heaven's glories for the applause of men, whos gold tempt you, and, in order to its acquisi ion, are you willing to forsake home and friends, and obliterate all your social affections! Do the fading honors of earth present more attractions to your soul than the imper-ishable glories of that city whose walls are jasper, and whose streets are gold? What are you living for? For yourself, or for God? For baubles of time, or for the substantial-

ities of eternity?

Aged man? what are you living for?

You whose head is whitened by the storm of many winters, you whose brow once so smooth and fair, is now all furrowed by the hand of time; whose step once so firm, is now ly, is now dimmed by age; you whom a thou-sand fearful vices warn, are soon to pass from earth-what are you living for? Ren that the hoary head is a "crown of glory," only,"if it be found in the way of right ness!"

And you-you active, business-like look ing man, just in the prime of life—what are you living for? As you go forth morning by morning, with a firm tread and a self confident air, to your counting house, your field, or workshop, is it to lay up treasures on earth, or do you feel yourself to be the almoner on God's bounty to the perishing poor around you? Are you reaping the re-wards of labor blessed by God, and are the wards of labor blessed by God, and are the "Lord's poor," whom "you have always with you," perishing for want of "life's necessaries? Are you a Christian professor, living in a land of Bibles and ordinances, yourself indebted to Christianity for all the blessings you enjoy, and do you retain in your own possession "the Lord's money," which he possession "the Lord's money," which he has given to you to aid it disseminating the gospel over the whole earth? "Cive an ac-

Young man, endowed with intellect, en-ergy and will,—What are you living for 2 Is the world rising up before you in its boasted magnificence, and presenting its extravagant expanding vision taking in the imperishable rewards of adhesion to God, and under the influence of high resolve, are you laying all Philadelphia, attracted by his ingenious character and high promise, advised him to travel during the summer. This he was too poor to do. His oircumstances and condihave claims upon you. Opportunities and privilege will soon end, the grave will soon safe and trusty agent to carry some impor-tant despatches, proffered the duty to Mr. your sphere of existence! What are you living for ?

Those who are in the habit of attending auction sales, know that when the auctioner is trying to get bids from a dull audience, he will sometimes say: "The first man that opens his mouth to bid, shall have

The New York National Democrat pubnes the following letter written by the Daniel Webster during the session Congress of 1850, when Mr. Dickinson,

discharge of our duties, in our respective stations in the government. But life is un-certain; and I have not felt willing to take leave of you, without placing in your hands a note, containing a few words which I wish

to say to you.

In the earlier part of our acquaintance, my dear sir, occurrences took place, which I remember with constantly increasing re-I remember with constantly more I have gret and pain; because, the more I have known of you, the greater has been my esteem for your character, and my respect for your talents. But it is your noble, able, manly, and patriotic conduct, in support of the great measure of this session, which has entirely won my heart, and secured my highest regard. I hope you may live long, to serve your country. I do not think you are likely to see a crisis in which you may be able to do so much, either for your own distinction, or for the public good; you have atood, where others have faller. : you, have advanced with firm and manly steps where others have wavered, and faltered, and fallen back : and for one I desire to thank you, and to commend your conduct, out of the fulness of an honest heart. This letter needs no reply; it is, I am a-

ware, of very little value; but I have thought you might be willing to receive it, and perhaps to leave it where it would seen by those who shall come after you. I pray you when you reach your own threshold, to remember me most kindly to

your wife and daughter; and I remain, my lear sir, with the truest ecteem, your friend and obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Honorable Daniel S. Dickinson, United When these two distinguished gentlemen rere in the Senate of the United States together, (the Democrat says) there was eriod when the force of party feeling had ed to a personal alienation between them This continued, to the subsequent regret of both, for some time; when however, the country was menaced with danger by the assaults of internal enemies, Mr. and Mr. Dickinson, like true patriots, forgetting their personal quarrel, nobly in its defence, and thus cemented a friend-ship which continued unabated up to the death of the "defender of the Constitution."

The Progress of Discovery.

No man can tell where improvements in unded unknown. When we think o what was a century ago, and what is now; when we review the inventions which have been made during that period, and pass them before the mind, they almost seem too numerous and great for our belief. In 1805 there were only four steam engines in the United States; not a steamboat, not railroad, not a locomotive. Few machines of any kind were made then, and scarcely ducted. In 1810, there was not an established line of telegraph in our country; now we have no less than twenty-three or our thousand miles of wires .- The Daguerrectype is but a few years of age, and the vulcanization of India rubber no older. In the manufacture and improvement of varihe slow hand machine, printing a few hundred copies in an hour, has been yoked to the steam engine, and now throws off thousands of copies in the same time. It is impossible for us to enumerate a tithe of all the inventions and discoveries which have been made during the past century; they are almost beyond computation. Our object is to present the subject for reflection to

the numerous ingenious men in our country. The field before them is still a comprehensive one. Some new discovery may yet be made whereby the air above may be as safely and economically as the waters beneath. In agriculture, in machinery and in chemistry, what stores of new wonders may be developed. Every man who makes a new improvement or discovery is a public benefactor. His labots vibrate far beyond

The State Superintendent of the Common Schols has made a few important decisions from which we copy the following most in-

of Congress of 1850, when Mr. Diokinson, by his course in regard to the Compromise Bills, had defeated his re-election to the Senate. The sentiments of it are as complimentary to Mr. Diokinson as honorable to the writer. None but a truly great man could thus write in commendation of the charactel and action of a political opponent:

"Washington, Sep. 27th, 1850.

My Dear Sir: Our companionship in the Senate is dissolved. After this long and most important session you are about to return to your home: and I shall try to find leisure to visit mine. I hope we may meet each other again two months hence, for the discharge of our duties, in our respective be strictly and promptly obeyed. Hence, a necessity exists for sufficient power to en-force this duty, and hence it is that a teacher may inflict such reasonable corporeal pun-ishment upon his pupit as the parent might inflict for a similar cause. The pupil is technically in school from the hour of open-ing in the morning and afternoon until final dismissal, and while in or about the school house in pursuance of his duty as a pupil.— This, then, is the extent of the authority of the teacher to inflict corporeal punishment it would be totally impracticable to extend

by legislative enactment. Pupil only subject to Parents out of School Hours.—No person would consent to relin-quish the control of his child at his own fire-side or in his own household, and it would be unjust and cruel to make a child responsible to two authorizies which might differ in almost every command given. such was the case a teacher might require a pupil to commit lessons out of school hours. hile the parent would require manuel bor from the pupil during the same time The Teacher might prescribe one line of conduct—the pa rent another. Who should be obeyed when both could not be ? If either should be habitually disobeyed, the consequence would inevitably be extremely pernicious. The grant of such powers to the Teacher, too, would be inconsistent with the just responsibility of the parent to the laws of the land and of God, for the conduct of his child, and destructive of almost all responsibility of minors, excepting during school hours and to criminal laws. Nor would there be any commensurate benefit for the evil which the grant of such powers would entail. If a Teacher has suficient authority to control his school, his power is ample for the purposes of instruc-tion in school, and there ends his responsi way to or from school, or commit any other ble to the law, and one or two examples o prompt redress by this means would, no doubt, correct all such evil, in any neigh

## Who Victoria is,

People who wish to know who Victoria, "whar she came from." &e, & , will please glance over the following program Victoria is the daughter of Duke of Ken who was the son of George the Third; wh was the grandson of George the Second; who was the son of the Princess Sophia; who was the consin of Anne; who was the sister of William and Mary; who was the daughter and son-in-law of James the Second; ond; who was the son of Charles the First who was the son of James the First; wh daughter of Margaret; who was the sister Henry the Eighth; who was the son Henry the Seventh; who was the son of the ry the Fifth was the son of Henry the Fourth; who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third; was the son of Edward the Second who was the son of Henry the Third; who the manufacture and improvement of various tools, vast progress has been made in a treff who was the son of Henry the Second; who was the son of Matitative of West Progress, from the slow hand machine, printing a few who was the brother of William Rufus; who was the son of William the Conquore who was the bastard son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanners' daughter, of Fala

## Genius, l'aleuts, Cleverness-

Genius rushes like a whirlwind; talend and horses; cleverness skims like a low in a summer evening, with a shrill note, and a sudden turning. The man of genius dwells with men and with nature; the man of talent in his study; but the clev-er man dances here, there and everywhere, like a butterfly in a hurricane, striking ev-In a literime of labor.

Old Bob vas dely called and watered at Darsbury, and at the end of ceveral hours, and the concluded to take the 'great paramet road home. That being discharge every the concluded to take the 'great paramet road home. That being discharge every the end of cevery when the end of ceveral hours, and a new winding every when the parameter of the being discharge every when the end of ceveral hours, and at the end of ceveral hours, and the most hours are all the concluded to take the 'great parameter of the being discharge every when the end of ceveral hours, and at the end of ceveral hours, and the end of ceveral hours, and the end of ceveral hours, and the end of the produced of the concluded to take the 'great parameter of the being discharge every when the end of ceveral hours, and the end of the produced to take the 'great parameter of the being discharge every when the end of ceveral hours, and the end of the end of ceveral hours, and the end of the produced was an event being end of the end of the

rity of a man disposed of by a emile or a strug! How many good and generous ac-tions have been sunk into oblivion by a distrustful look, or stamped with the intion of propeeding from bad motives, better account—how large a portion of chastity is sent out of the world by distant thints modded away, and crostly winked into auspicion by the envy of those who are past all temptation of it themselves. How often does the reputation of a helpless creature bleed by a report—which the party wito is at the pains to propagate it beholds with much much pity and fellow feeling—that his is heartily sorry for it—hopes in God it is not true—however as Archbishop Tillosson wittily observes upon it, is resolved in the meantime to give the report her pass, that at least it may have fair play to take its for according to the charity of those into whose honds it shall happen to fall !-- Rome Journal

When cats wash their faces, bad wea

When cats wash their faces, bad weather is at hand; when women use washes to their complexion, it is a true sign that the beauty of their day is gone.

Many plowder their faces that their skin may seem white; it is a positive or that flours an old hen, that it may pass for a tender chicken. The stepping stone of fortune is not to be found in a jeweller's shop.

How many women have been ruined by diamondis, as bird-catche'rs entire the lark from heaven to earth with sparking whas

from heaven to earth with sparkling glass. Like the colored bottles in a che dow, is the rouge on the cheeks of a maider

it attracts the passers by, but but all know the drug they advertise.

from the bloom on them. He who marries a pretty face, only. is like a buyer of cheap funditure—the varnish that caught the eye will not endure the fire-side blaze.

blaze.

The girdle of beauty is not a stay-lace. This is the only excuse for tight-dading;—a good house-wife should have no word.

When a maid takes to spaniels and parrots, it means that her beauty has gone to the dogs, and that henceforth her life is a birden to her.

The mouth of a wise woman is like a money box which is seldom opened, so that mu treasures come forth from it.

Store up the truth, O woman ! Be charita ble unto thy fallen sister. Imitate not the ed companion. The wise wife opposeth wrath with kind

ness. A sand bag will stop a cannon ball by its yielding. A good woman is like a common fiddle, age only makes its tour

## HORACE GREELEY

Is evidently on the road to reform as the following paragraph from his pen testifies.

He says:—
"It is our deliberate judgment that no negrotrader in the South would permit a cargo of his human chattels to be carried for a single night with as little veg and to their health and comfort—to say nothing of decency—as is reg-ularly evinced in the transportation of free white emigrants (many of them American born) from this city to Albany. We believe it far below the truth to estimate that three thous and human lives are annually sa-through the ravages of diarrhœa, dyse cholera, rheumatism, and fevers, in conse-quence of this North River exposure alone ther alone or in conjunction with those Albany, to take instant and effective in ures to arrest this wholesale sacrifibe of basest avarice-the most reckless

"We saw a sight in this city of sights last riday. It was a young lady, possessing beautiful features. Her eyes glistened and glowed with intense brightness; her checks were flushed as the rose, and her lips both the resemblance of red oberries, freshly plucked from the trees. Her costume was of black velvet. She was dressed a in Bloomer—only a littler more so. Her pane-Bloomer—only a littler more so. Her particame to the ankles, where they were buck-led neatly around a pair of white stockings. She had a black manule thrown over her shoulders, and on the top of her head sat very becomingly a black beaver hat. Her head was combed beautifully on each side of her forehead; and fell in ringlets over her shoulders. She is about eighteen yoars of age, hails from Philadelphia, and is row on