

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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will be inserted three times for One Dollar
and twenty-five cents for each additional
insertion. A liberal discount will be made to
those who advertise by the year.

THE PURGATORY OF SUICIDES.

BY T. B. REED.

"I desired the cop that kills with sleep,
And pilloved my head on the breast of Death:
He closed the lids that ceased to weep,
And kissed the lips at their latest breath!
That moment I had untimely birth
Out of the chrysalis of earth!
Then I saw that by the horrible deed
The chain was shattered, yet I was not freed;
I had burst away from a windowed cell
Into a dungeon unapproachable—
Into utter night—where I only could hear
The sighing of cold phantoms near!
I shrank with dread; but soon I knew
That also shrank with dread from me;
And presently I began to see
Thin shapes of such a ghastly hue
That sudden agues thrilled me through!
"Some bore in their hands, as signs of guilt,
Keen pointers crimson to the hill,
Which, ever and anon, in wild despair
They struck into their breasts of air:
Some pressed to their pale lips empty vials
Till frozened with their frozen trials:
Some with their faces to the sky,
Walked ever searching for a beam:
Some leaped from shadowy turrets high,
And fell, as in a nightmare dream,
Halfway, and stopped as some mad rill,
That leapt from the top of an alpine hill,
Ere it reached the rocks it hoped to win,
It bore away in a vapor thin:
Some plunged them into counterfeit pools—
Into water that neither drowns nor cools:
That horrible fever that burns the brain,
Then climbed despairing to plunge again:
And there were lovers together clasped, [nd,
O'er formless braziers; who sighed and gasped,
Staring wonder in each other's eye,
And intimated that they did not die.

"Then as I passed, with marvelling stare
They gazed, forgetting their own despair,
Oh! horrible! their eyes did glaze
Upon me, till at my venomed glare,
It felt the fiery viper thrice,
Which ever in that dry air is nursed.
And ere I was aware
I had raised the dust it was mine to bear:
My pale lips cleaved to the goblet dim,
And found that not on the heated rim
And then I knew—oh, misery!
I was the same I had pledged to thee—
To absent thee, and to present Death,
Fledged and drained at one long-drawn breath,
Drained to the dregs! Then a hot wind dashed
Close in my ear—"Tou Succumb!"
And those two words flew
Into my heart, and pierced it through;
And my eyes grew blind with pain;
As a serpent which, with rage insane,
Strikes himself with its venomous fangs,
And writhes in the dust with self-dread pangs.

A LITTLE COAT.—In the life of the Rev. S. Judd the following striking thoughts occur:
He preached a sermon from the text, "His mother made him a little coat." Sam. II. 19.
Passing from the letter to the spirit, he speaks of clothing for the mind and the soul, and endeavors to impress mothers that they should be more solicitous about such little coats than for the fashions and frock-jackets, or other garments of the body.

I meet a man in the streets literally clothed in rage, clothed also with tokens of a depraved life. I ask, "Did his mother, when young, make him a little coat?"
When I see a man clothed in humility, entertaining a modest sense of himself, reverent of truth—his mother made for him a little coat.

These coats last a long time. Children shall wear them when parents are dead; they shall wear them in distant lands; the old family style will show itself in many places and times. What sort of clothes are you making for your children? Is their vesture wisdom or folly? Is it the true goodness of beauty, or a poor imitation from the drapers?

Why, my dear brother, will you put a thief in your head to steal away your brains? said a temperance diacal to a person with a glass of brandy and water at his lips.
"Because I have plenty to spare—but if a thief were to enter your skull for brains, he wouldn't find booty enough to pay his traveling expenses," was the rude reply.

A country schoolmaster, happening to be reading of a curious skin of an elephant—"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" he asked. "I have," shouted a little six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" he asked, quite amused at the boy's earnestness. "On the elephant," said he, with a most provoking grin.

A gentleman asked a friend in a knowing manner—"Pray, sir, did you ever see a cat fish?" "No, sir," was the response, but I have seen a rope walk." Wonder if he ever saw a horse fly?

A deaf and dumb pupil in Paris was asked—Doth God reason? He replied, "To reason is to hesitate—do not to inquire: It is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things; therefore God does not reason."

Some persons have such a horror of ingratitude that, by way of abolishing the very possibility of its existence, they make a point of never performing the slightest act of kindness.
Sidney Smith said of a great talker, that it would greatly improve him if he had, now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

From the Democratic Review. Why Every Man Should be a Politician.

Never be last at a feast—nor first at a fray. Sound philosophy. Our good folk, our worshippers of the almighty dollar seem to interpret the adage thus: Never be first to undertake a service to your country, nor last to imadvent upon those who do. To them, money-making is a perpetual feast; politics a perpetual fray.

Stop and think, gentlemen. Is not your money-making so intimately bound up with your politics that, as a mere calculation of business, it would be well for you to think of it—well for you to try and get at the principle of the thing? We mean no disrespect to the men who are powerful upon 'Change—no slur at the spirit of trade. To that spirit we owe our unparalleled march of empire. But we are forced to speak the truth. Something more powerful than our will, always compels us to say what we believe or know. It is, therefore, a remarkable fact, gentlemen, rich men, great merchants, magnificos, that the mechanic, the tradesman, the laboring man in America is commonly a better reasoner in politics than you—any of you—are. Shall we hint the reason? He stops and thinks. He reasons out things for himself—By a shrewd, though often rude logic, he arrives at great truths which altogether escape your finer sense. Thus he is almost invariably a Democrat; for Democracy is the logical sequitur of all just political reasoning—Thus, too, the hard-fisted are no lovers of "isms;" no followers of new prophets; no sticklers for social distinctions. They stand upon broad ground. Their Democracy is natural; it is American; it embraces the continent; it ignores imaginary geographical lines; it is universal and catholic. As truth is the first, the last, and every part of real greatness, and the people always discover it in the end, its counterfeit never long impose upon them. So it happens that the great men of the people—their idols—such, for instance, as Andrew Jackson, are in their lifetime commonly hated by you, rich and busy traffickers. You are in too great haste to be rich at the expense of the people, and he, or such as he, putting stumbling blocks in your way, by "removing the deposits" from your "United States Banks," or setting up "Sub-Treasuries" wherein the people's money may be kept for the people's uses, instead of Mr. Biddle's and the "financiers'." But, lo! you! when he is dead, when he has had "quiet consummation," and malice domestic" can not harm him further, how you renounce his grave! It becomes one of your Meccas. You make pilgrimages to it. You applaud his virtues to the echo. You would even give five dollars to raise a monument to him, so liberal is your late-learned admiration. What have you forgotten Dives, that he was a Democrat, a very Titan of Democracy, sealing the heaven of your exclusive privileges, and pulling its Jupiter from his marble Olympus in Chestnut street? Have you forgotten "Perish credit, perish commerce," but let the Republic live pure and undefiled: the great principles of man's eternal rights live on immortally! Come, those times are worth thinking of. It is worth while, too, to inquire curiously how you came to miss the light which was in them, and never see it till its aureole hung above the quiet grave of the Hermitage! You missed it by being poor politicians.

To be a good one, it needs that you should love your fellow-man, and have a little respect to the golden rule of him who gave the charge, "Little children, love one another." To be a good one, it needs that you should be interested in the political movements of the day for some great object, some purpose sanctified by principle, and not "to be stirred in without great argument."
The time we live in, the country we inhabit, the duties we owe her, the complications, foreign and domestic, in which the turn of the die may involve her, call for activity of thought and action. He who sits down by the way-side to-day to enjoy life as an amusement, and drink his wine and gossip pleasantly of the gracefulness of life, may be disagreeably aroused from his day dream, by the tramp and noise of the great crowd, surging past him on the march, under new leaders, and rushing to possess the world in the intoxication of new ideas of victories to be achieved over all established principles of human association. Who knows? Do you great man? Do you, dabbler by the way-side? Do you, whose desire is to be let alone in the enjoyment of your pleasant things—who knows how far the mine has penetrated beneath the soil where you walk? Have you read the signs of the times, or are they none occult than the symbolism of the Pyramids to you? You flatter yourself that all this will last your day. That you shall walk securely till the last scene of all close your peaceful history of enjoyment, and six feet of that earth, a little mine of your own, is all you need to lie in. But there is a secret mine there, and mystery is still revered in the vulgar eye. Do you doubt it? How else could the vulgar mystery and the claptrap of Know Nothingism have deluded so many honest men? Has it not appeared to that puritan craving after the secret, the mysterious, which is a law of man's being? And on this mine you have walked placidly. You have never looked beyond the hour; you have never worked into the heart of this mystery. It has been to your thinking only a machine for changing men, for turning one set of office-holders and putting in another. But you have never thought how it was sapping the foundations, and drinking the life-blood of that old Saxon frankness, the generous boldness of action and thought which has made us the conquering and absorbing race in the modern world. You have never paused to reflect how nearly allied to each other the stern virtues of the old Roman stock of Brutus and Gracchi, and the stock of American virtues were. It is worth the trouble of a pause nevertheless. It is worth while comparing the character of different races and peoples, to see what the effect upon the one hand of openness, bravery, frankness, decision of character, determination to declare, in Heaven's face and all men's sight, principle and purpose, and fight an enemy with open manly steel—foot to foot—eye to eye—in the broad daylight—live or die for it; and on the other of treachery, deceit, maneuvering, plotting, midnight skulking, oaths of secrecy, distrust, conspiracy; the stealthy step creeping ghost-like to its design; the assassin's dagger, the coward's life of faith alone in all men's villainy as he knows his own! The first will go to make up the character of a Democrat; the last a Know Nothing.

Diu avertite oment! Is it not time that every man was a politician? And now, indeed, when every other party has pandered to the hideous lust of these night-prowling defilers of their country's name—is it not time that every man should ask himself, why is this? What virtue is there in this principle of Democracy which keeps it unspotted from the taint? Is it not time that every true man should look at these things. You cannot escape them. Beware, therefore, in time. Until this fatal proclivity towards medieval errors—this crab-like movement backwards—is arrested, let every American citizen be a politician.
S. W. C.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.
Our papers are just at this moment filled with accounts of a certain Marriage in High Life. We ourselves, as the organ of fashionable society, or of the bon ton, have been favored with the report of another of these extremely elegant affairs, which our readers will no doubt peruse with breathless interest.
On Saturday evening the 5th of December, the Hotel de Biddy Rourke was a scene of unusual splendor. That magnificent structure, conspicuously situated on the very summit of the romantic heights of Dutch Hill, was brilliantly illuminated throughout the whole of its vast extent for the festivities of the night. The resources of the neighboring establishment of Paddy Miles & Co. (Mrs. Miles), were entirely exhausted in furnishing the means for producing the almost painful exhibition of night which cost no less than four of the best penny dips. But even the vast expenditure of material world had not been sufficient, had not the ingenious Mrs. Rourke, the ladylike proprietress of the Hotel, hit upon the ingenious scheme of cutting each candle into three parts. Then the walls became gay with hollowed turnips, mock oranges, and gorgeous bottle necks which served as sconces. The pig was turned out pro tempore—pro more ease, in pensive porker wandered sadly away to the pen of Mr. Macgathery, the sides of which strange to say, he sealed without the least weakness before he was discovered by the agent of the disconsolate Mrs. Rourke. At least so says Mr. Macgathery, who kindly fed the animal during his voluntary confinement.
The delicious arena of salt cod was waited by the evening breeze through the cracks of the slabs of Mrs. Rourke's slab-sided mansion—and the scent of the fragrant hering might be caught at intervals, and there were unmistakable signs that the potent onion and the patriotic potato were also present to add to the culinary and bibular wonders and attractions. Indeed the excitement both in the hotel and in its immediate vicinity was intense. Two young Rourkes were discovered in the early part of the evening engaged in a violent altercation with the young Malony's their next neighbors, and flopping them energetically over the head with two heavy codfish, which they had surreptitiously abstracted from the Hotel for the purpose. At one period it was feared that the scenes of Malony would become masters of the field and the fish, and thus destroy the hopes of the entertainers, but Mrs. Rourke rushed promptly forth with half an onion in each hand and rubbing the same violently into the eyes of the antagonists of her noble boys—rescued the codfish and her hopes.
The event for which all preparations were made, was a matrimonial one. Miss Judy O'Callaghan led to the altar the unwilling but weak Dennis O'Rafferty, Esq., late of Hodotopshauer, County Tyrone, Ireland. The bride was splendidly arrayed—a wreath of potato peelings lay upon her chivalrous brow, a necklace of pickled onions encircled her snowy throat, while two bracelets of cotton velvet twined themselves around her sculptured wrists, and her dress flashed with the lustre of accumulated kitchen grease! Mr. O'Rafferty was also dressed so became him, but as our account is already too long, let it suffice the reader to say, that the ceremony went off with much a-claw—the evidence being Mr. O'Rafferty's scratched face in the morning—and that all the guests parted early in the morning, with tears in their eyes and their fists doubled up.—N. Y. Pionier.

"Sambo, what kind of keys would it take to open the gates of Sebastopol?"
"Well, I guess it's Tur keys."
"No, dat ain't it, Sambo."
"Well, what is it den, Julius?"
"Why, Yan kees—yah! yah!"

The use of a fictitious name by a person corresponding with a lady is an insult. When love is the theme, it is an outrage on her modesty.

is necessary to act the one, and to confront the other.
It is our province to support a party, and discuss political issues; but we do so because it is the emblem conviction of our reason and our hearts that the Democratic party is worthy of all good men's support, and the issues which it makes with all other parties such as will bear the nicest scrutiny, and come out the more strongly fortified and built up in their integrity by the widest latitude of discussion.
The question of the administration of the Federal Government is already before the country. Not many months, and it will be decided upon, what principle, what government shall be conducted for the ensuing four years. Already Know Nothingism, Abolitionism, Black Republicanism and all their intermediate shades and types of dangerous heresies, are beginning to stir the passions, and attempt to warp the judgments of the people. Should either succeed to power, farewell to the greatness—farewell to the happiness of America.
Shall these poisonous fruits be grafted upon the old American tree? Or are you better satisfied with the flavor of the good fruit it bore our fathers, and upon which we have thriven and grown fat as a nation?
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The delicious arena of salt cod was waited by the evening breeze through the cracks of the slabs of Mrs. Rourke's slab-sided mansion—and the scent of the fragrant hering might be caught at intervals, and there were unmistakable signs that the potent onion and the patriotic potato were also present to add to the culinary and bibular wonders and attractions. Indeed the excitement both in the hotel and in its immediate vicinity was intense. Two young Rourkes were discovered in the early part of the evening engaged in a violent altercation with the young Malony's their next neighbors, and flopping them energetically over the head with two heavy codfish, which they had surreptitiously abstracted from the Hotel for the purpose. At one period it was feared that the scenes of Malony would become masters of the field and the fish, and thus destroy the hopes of the entertainers, but Mrs. Rourke rushed promptly forth with half an onion in each hand and rubbing the same violently into the eyes of the antagonists of her noble boys—rescued the codfish and her hopes.
The event for which all preparations were made, was a matrimonial one. Miss Judy O'Callaghan led to the altar the unwilling but weak Dennis O'Rafferty, Esq., late of Hodotopshauer, County Tyrone, Ireland. The bride was splendidly arrayed—a wreath of potato peelings lay upon her chivalrous brow, a necklace of pickled onions encircled her snowy throat, while two bracelets of cotton velvet twined themselves around her sculptured wrists, and her dress flashed with the lustre of accumulated kitchen grease! Mr. O'Rafferty was also dressed so became him, but as our account is already too long, let it suffice the reader to say, that the ceremony went off with much a-claw—the evidence being Mr. O'Rafferty's scratched face in the morning—and that all the guests parted early in the morning, with tears in their eyes and their fists doubled up.—N. Y. Pionier.

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It is our province to support a party, and discuss political issues; but we do so because it is the emblem conviction of our reason and our hearts that the Democratic party is worthy of all good men's support, and the issues which it makes with all other parties such as will bear the nicest scrutiny, and come out the more strongly fortified and built up in their integrity by the widest latitude of discussion.
The question of the administration of the Federal Government is already before the country. Not many months, and it will be decided upon, what principle, what government shall be conducted for the ensuing four years. Already Know Nothingism, Abolitionism, Black Republicanism and all their intermediate shades and types of dangerous heresies, are beginning to stir the passions, and attempt to warp the judgments of the people. Should either succeed to power, farewell to the greatness—farewell to the happiness of America.
Shall these poisonous fruits be grafted upon the old American tree? Or are you better satisfied with the flavor of the good fruit it bore our fathers, and upon which we have thriven and grown fat as a nation?
You must look at these things. You cannot escape them. Beware, therefore, in time. Until this fatal proclivity towards medieval errors—this crab-like movement backwards—is arrested, let every American citizen be a politician.
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The following are the last words of distinguished persons, with whom the World is well acquainted—
"Head of the army."—Napoleon.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.
"Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
"God preserve the Emperor."—Hayden.
"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.
"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Madame de Stael.
"Be serious."—Grotius.
"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
"It is small, very small indeed." (Clasping her wrist.) Anne Boleyn.
"Will you think of me as I do of you, my friends?"—Miss Landon.
"I pray you see me safe up, and as for my coming down, let me shift for myself." (Ascending the Scaffold.)—Sir Thomas Moore.
"Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave."—Robert Burns.
"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.
"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.
"It is well."—Washington.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"It is the last of earth, I am content."—John G. Adams.
"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask no more."—Harrison.
"I still live."—Webster.
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V., of Denmark.
"Let me hear once more those notes which have been my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.
"I feel the daisies growing over me."—Keats.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

Telegraphic Progress.—It is but eleven years since the first telegraph line, of 40 miles in length, of Professor Morse, was built, and now there are no less than 38,000 miles of telegraph wire on our continent. In Europe lines of telegraph have been constructed to an extent rivaling those in America. The electric wire extends under the sea of the English Channel, the German Ocean and the Mediterranean. They pass from crag to crag on the Alps, and run through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany and Russia. They may yet extend through the Atlantic Ocean.—Ledger.