

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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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 cup that kills with sleep,
And pillowed 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 snatched, 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 frenzied with their fringes trails:
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 gasp-
Staring wonder in each other's eye,
And intimated that they did not die.

"Then as I passed, with marvellous stare
They gazed, forgetting their own despair,
Oh! horrible! their eyes did gloat
Upon me, till at my sad throat
It felt the fiery viper thrice!
Which ever in that dry air is nursed.
And ere I was aware
I had raised the cup 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 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 disciple 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 immoderate 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 small distinctions. They stand upon broad ground. Their Democracy is national; 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, put 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 consumption," 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 be in. But there is a secret mine there, and mystery is still revealed to 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.

Dii 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.

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 tem—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 aroma of salt cod was wafted 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 Hodatopshauer, 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 principles the 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 Staël.
"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.

A good story is told of a Philadelphia judge, well known for his love of jokes. He had advertised his farm for sale with a fine stream of water through it. A few days afterward, a gentleman called on him to speak about it.
"Well, Judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised for sale the other day, and find all right, except the fine stream of water, you mentioned."
"It runs through the piece of woods in the lower part of the meadow," said the judge.
"What! that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"
"Why, if it was much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.

It is said that a convention of husbands is to be called shortly, at Syracuse, N. Y., to adopt some measures in regard to fashion. They say that since they have to support the expenses of fashion, they have a right to regulate its caprices. It is also said that a proposition to raise boys only, in future, is to come before the convention. The members are to resolve themselves into a Husbands' Rights party.

A young lady from the country, being invited to a party, was told by her city cousin to fix up, and put her best foot foremost, in order to catch a beau—she looked so green in her country attire.
The country dame looked comically in the face of her rather faded relative, and replied:
"Better green than withered."

An inveterate bachelor being asked by a sentimental young miss why he did not secure some one's company in his voyage on the ocean he replied, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be pacific."

The exportation of gold from Europe still continues. So scarce indeed has the precious metal become there, that in a short time it is hoped not even a "Sovereign" will be seen.

A little boy being asked how many Gods there were, replied "One." "How do you know that?" he was asked. "Because," he replied, "there is no room for any more, for He fills everywhere."

From the Home Journal. THE NIGHT FUNERAL OF A SLAVE.

Traveling recently, on business, in the interior of Georgia, I reached, just at sunset, the mansion of the proprietor, through whose estate for the last half hour of my journey, I had pursued my way. My tired companion pricked his ear, and with a low whinny indicated his pleasures, as I turned up the broad avenue leading to the house. Calling to a black boy in view, I bade him enquire of his owner if I could be accommodated with lodgings for the night.

My request brought the proprietor himself to the door, and from thence to the gate, when, after a scrutinizing glance at my person and equipments, he inquired my name, business, and destination. I promptly responded to his questions, and he invited me to alight and enter the house in the true spirit of Southern hospitality.

He was apparently thirty years of age, and evidently a man of education and refinement. I soon observed an air of gloomy abstraction about him; he said but little, and even that little seemed the result of an effort to obviate the seeming want of the civility to a stranger. At supper, the mistress of the mansion appeared, and did the honors of the table, in her particular department; she was exceedingly lady-like and beautiful, only a Southern woman, that is beyond comparison with those of any other portion of this republic I have ever seen. She retired immediately after supper, and a servant handing some splendid Havannas on a silver tray, we had just seated ourselves comfortably before the enormous fire of oak wood, when a servant appeared at the end of the door, near my host, hat in hand, and, uttered in subdued but distinct tones, the, to me, startling words:
"Master, de coffin hab come."

"Very well," was the only reply, and the servant disappeared.
My host remarked my gaze of inquisitive wonder, and replied to it—
"I have been very sad," said he, "to-day. I have had a greater misfortune than I have experienced since my father's death. I lost this morning the truest and most valuable friend I had in the world—one whom I have been accustomed to honor and respect since my earliest recollection; he was the playmate of my father's youth, and the mentor of mine; a faithful servant, an honest man, and a sincere Christian. I stood by his bedside to-day, and, with his hands clasped in mine, I heard the last words he uttered; they were, 'Master, meet me in heaven.'"
His voice faltered a moment and he continued, after a pause, with increased excitement—
"His loss is a melancholy one to me. If I left my home, I said to him, 'John, see that all things are taken care of,' and I knew that my wife and children, property and all, were as safe as though they were guarded by a hundred soldiers. I never spoke a harsh word to him in all my life, for he never merited it. I have a hundred others, many of them faithful and true, but his loss is irreparable."

I come from a section of the Union where slavery does not exist, and I brought with me all the prejudices which so generally prevail in the free States in regard to this "institution." I had already seen much to soften these, but the observation of years would have failed to give me so clear an insight into the relation between master and servant as this simple incident. It was not the haughty plaffer, the lordly tyrant, talking of his dead slave, as of his dead horse; but the kind-hearted gentleman, lamenting the loss, and eulogizing the virtues of his old friend.

After an interval of silence, my host resumed:
"There are," said he, "many of the old man's relatives and friends who would wish to attend his funeral. To afford them an opportunity, several plantations have been notified that he will be buried in night; and, I presume, have already arrived; and, desiring to see that all things are properly prepared for his interment, I trust you will excuse my absence for a few moments."
"Most certainly sir; but," I added, "if there is no impropriety, I would be pleased to accompany you."
"There is none," he replied; and I followed him to a long row of cabins, situated at a distance of some three hundred yards from the mansion. The house was crowded with negroes, who all arose at our entrance, and many of them exchanged greetings with my host, in tones that convinced me that they felt that he was an object of sympathy from them! The corpse was deposited in the coffin, attired in a shroud of the finest cotton materials, and the coffin itself painted black.

The master stooped at his head, and laying his hand upon the cold brow of his faithful bondsman, gazed long and intently upon features with which he had been so long familiar, and which he now looked upon for the last time on earth; raising his eyes at length, and glancing at the serious countenances now bent upon his, he said solemnly and with much feeling;
"He was a faithful servant and a true Christian; if you follow his example, and live as he lived, none of you need fear, when the time comes for you to lay here."

A patriarch, with the snow of eighty winters on his head, answered—
"Master, it is true, and we will try to live like him."
There was a murmur of general assent, and after giving some instructions relative to the burial, we ventured to the dwelling.

About nine o'clock a servant appeared with the notice that they were ready to move, and to know if further instructions were necessary. My host remarked to me that, by stepping into the piazza, I would probably witness, to me, a novel scene. The procession had moved, and its route led within a few yards of the mansion. There were at least one hundred and fifty negroes, arranged four deep, and following a wagon in which was placed the coffin. Down the entire length of the line, at intervals of a few feet on each side were carried torches of the resinous pine, and here, called light wood. About the centre was stationed a black preacher, a man of gigantic frame and stentorian lungs, who gave out from memory the words of a hymn suitable for the occasion. The Southern negroes are proverbial for the melody and compass of their voices, and I thought that hymn, melo-dious by distance; the most solemn and yet the sweetest music that had ever fallen upon my ear. The stillness of the night and strength of their voices enabled me to distinguish the air at the distance of half a mile.

It was to me a strange and solemn scene, and no incident of my life has impressed me with more powerful emotions than the night funeral of the poor negro. For this reason I have hastily and most imperfectly sketched its leading features. Previous to retiring to my room, I saw in the hands of the daughter of the lady at whose house I stopped for the night, a number of the Home Journal, and it occurred to me to send this to your paper, perfectly indifferent whether it be published or not. I am but a brief sojourner here. I had from a colder climate, where it is our proud boast that all men are free and equal. I shall return to my Northern home deeply impressed with the belief that dispensing with the name of freedom, the negroes of the South are the happiest and most contented people on the face of the earth.

A LONG NIGHT WITH WILD BEASTS.
On the 4th of November, 1855, Arvine Clark, of Jersey Shore, was exploring the route for a new road to the settlement of the "Farming and Land Association," a new colony near the site of the famous Ole Ball settlement in Potter county. When evening drew on, he commenced retracing his steps, but lost his way, in a dense forest at least eight miles from a settlement. An old man, tired of walking, he sat down on a log to rest a moment, and contemplate his situation. His attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling in the bushes close by, and on looking around, he saw a huge bear coming towards him. To draw up his trusty rifle and shoot, was the work of a moment. But he gave a fearful roar, which awoke the echoes of the gloomy solitude, and then was still. Fearing that he was only wounded, Clark hastily re-loaded his gun with two balls, the last in his pouch, and discharged them into the body of the bear, when he cautiously approached and found that he was dead.—He describes the bear's roar, as he received his death-wound, as terrific and calculated to make the stoutest heart quail for fear.

A dark night was setting down on him—he had no bullets—was far in the wilderness, without food or shelter. He had no matches to kindle a fire—and, to add to his further discomfort, it commenced raining. What was to be done? To remain there, was exceedingly dangerous. He continued to grope his way through the laurel, hoping to find a path that might lead to a hunter's habitation, but in vain. The howling of a pack of wolves greeted his ear. He soon became exhausted, and found that he would have to remain there for the night. Coming to an aged hemlock, he seated himself at its root. Could he but obtain a fire, he would be comparatively safe. The effort was made by collecting some dry materials, and, loading his gun with powder, fired the charge into a dry cotton handkerchief. It was a failure! As the gun was discharged, another bear, apparently within twenty feet of him, gave a hideous roar, that made Clark's hair stand on end. Bruin was terribly frightened by the discharge of the gun, and hastily scampered off, much to the relief of Clark.

Here he remained, not daring to fall asleep. About two o'clock in the morning, to add to the horrors of his situation, the yell of a panther was heard. The beast approached—came nearer, every few minutes uttering a scream that froze the blood in his veins! As a last resort to defend himself from the attack of the savage animal, he re-loaded his gun, putting in some three cent pieces and steel peas, (for he had nothing else,) which he hoped might do some execution. The animal came so near that the glare of his eyes in the darkness resembled two balls of fire! There Clark remained, without daring to move—with the very eyes of the panther fixed upon him. In this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be torn in pieces, he remained till break of day, when he was relieved from danger by the animal disappearing. Hungry, weary, and excited, he left for the settlement, where he arrived about noon, and related his thrilling adventure. A party proceeded to the place where the bear was shot, and brought in his carcass, which proved to be a large one. It was dressed and forwarded to New York. It was several days before Clark fairly recovered from the fatigue, the fear, and excitement of that night which will never be removed from his mind.

JOHN OF LANCASTER.
The editor of the Albany "Express" says he once kissed a darzee's cheek that was covered with paste of vermilion and chalk, and as a consequence had the painter's colic for a week. Young men will take warning.

The life of a fool could no more go on without excitement than a pantomime could without music.