

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Lo! 'tis a gala night  
Within the lonesome latter years!  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
In veils, and down'd in tears,  
Sits in a theatre, to see  
A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes faintly  
The music of the spheres.

Mimes in the form of God on high,  
Mother and mumbie low,  
And mother and other fly—  
Mere puppets they who come and go  
At bidding of vast, foolish things—  
That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
Invisible Wo!

That Molley drama!—oh, be sure  
It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantasm chased for e'ermore,  
By a crowd that seize it not,  
Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scopic sole!  
It writhes! it writhes!—with mortal pang,  
The mimics become its food,  
And the angels sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Ou!—out are the lights—out all!  
And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain a funeral pall,  
Closes down with the rush of a storm,  
And the angels, all pitiful and wan,  
Uprising, unvoicing, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"  
Its hero the Conqueror Worm.

### A New Recruit.

Every person has read of Jules Gerard, the lion-killer, and his wonderful encounters in the jungles of Africa. When Gerard came back to Paris the last time from his favorite amusement in Africa, he suggested to Devisme, the well known gunmaker of the Boulevard des Italiens, the idea of inventing a ball that would explode when it arrived in the animal's body. The new projectile is about the size of the Minie ball; its penetrating force is equal to the common ball. Arrived at the animal's body, it explodes like a bomb, and, of course, causes the sudden death of the animal. If shot into the lungs of an elephant, for example, the ball in exploding disengages carbonic acid gas, and the animal, which from its size might otherwise survive for a short time, will suddenly fall asphyxiated. A few days ago a party of gentlemen accompanied M. Devisme to a horse-slaughter house in the environs of the city. There the new projectile was tried on five horses which were standing tied to a fence waiting to be shot. They were each shot in the lung, the ball exploded, and the animal fell dead. The experiment was completely satisfactory. Since then, M. Devisme, to demonstrate the practicability of his new projectile as a substitute for the harpoon in the destruction of whales, has gone to Havre, with the hope that a whale would present itself to be killed, but to try the experiment on an artificial whale that would respond in its resistance to a real one. The experiment was entirely successful, and those who witnessed it assert positively that the substitute for the harpoon is found.

### TO THE GIRLS.

Ladies, you cage birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly look; you pale pets of the parlor, vegetating in unhealthy shades of a greenish complexion, like that of a potato in a dark cellar—why don't you go out in the open air and add lustre to your eyes, and vigor to your frames? Take early morning exercises—let loose your corset strings and run up the hill for a wager and down again for fun. Liberty thus exercised and enjoyed, will render you healthy, blooming and beautiful—as lovely as the Graces; prolific as Devera. The buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass—who can darn stockings, mend trousers, make her own frocks, command a regiment of pote and keitties, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady within a company, is just the sort of a girl for me or any other young man to marry. But you, ye pining, idling, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll dressed, putty-faced, consumption-morgaged, novel-devouring daughters of fashion or idleness—are no more fit for matrimony than a bullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more leg exercise, and less sofa; more padding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty; more corned beef steak and less bishop. Loosen yourselves a little; enjoy more liberty and less restraint of fashion; breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom; become something nearly as lovely as the God of nature designed.—Dow, Jr.

From the London Times, July 7.  
THE AFRICAN LABOR QUESTION.

units which the partial repression of this trade has suffered to spring up.

In considering these arguments we find the compass of the controversy very conveniently narrowed. It is not alleged that the position of the negro, once landed in Guiana or Jamaica, would be otherwise than good, or that his rights as a free laborer on British territory could not be effectually secured. All that is said is that he could not be pursued on the shores of his birth without giving occasion to fearful wrong. As to his freedom, regarded in the abstract, there is hardly room for discussion about it. With few exceptions, the tribes about the coast are in a state of slavery naturally and constantly in so far as concerns subordination to the will of a master. They may not be ill-used or overworked, but they are at the command and disposal of a lord. At present they are engaged in the manufacture and exportation of palm oil and other such products, but if a demand were made for them, their kings, or masters, would instantly sell them, and then resort to war to procure others, who would be sold in the same way.

The necessary consequence of such a system would be the revival of the slave trade atrocities in the first stage. The horrors of the middle passage would, of course, have no existence, nor would the negro have anything to fear when he was landed at his destination; but the effect on Africa itself would be deplorable. Negroes, in short there, are natural slaves, born so, and kept so. If no slave market is opened, their masters are content with reasonable service; but if they can make a better thing of it by selling them outright they will infallibly do so, and steal others to keep up the supply. Such, as we understand it, is the case of those who, like our correspondent, are averse to the proposed system of supplying our colonies with free labor from Africa.

Upon this reasoning we can only observe that whereas the anticipated advantages are, as we have shown, enormously great, the apprehended evils are certainly somewhat circumscribed. As regards the Negro himself, it is hardly possible to deny that under proper supervision he would be far better off in a British colony than he is at home under the rule of a master, who, as our correspondent admits, could and would, if thwarted or offended, whip him or starve him into submission, or even murder him outright. Such conditions of service would certainly be well exchanged for those under which the Coolies of the Mauritius realize freedom and independence. All that is needed is that these paty kings, if once they get an opportunity of shipping their subjects in any capacity whatsoever, will take to their trade so kindly as to forsake other occupations for that of manstealing.

Love was a new emotion, a sensation he had never before experienced, and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that? He was not seeking to be loved! He was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it, and that was enough.

The tradition goes on to describe his long crossing of the desert—how he lingered among the hills of Sinai; how he led them by Akaba and Peira, and detained them many weeks in the city of Rock; how the fair English girl faded slowly away, for she was now dying when she came to Egypt, and how weary, well-nigh dead, he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched their tents by the mountain of the Ascension. And all this time he watched over her with the zealous care of a father or a brother, and the quick heart of the lady saw it and understood it all.

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We will not here inquire whether such prophecies could be encountered by any checks, but will accept the argument on its own ground. Granted that a demand for negroes will generate intestine wars in Africa, does not such demand exist now? Whence come the thousands of slaves yearly landed in Cuba, and the thousands who die on her aphid eyes and countenance?

How he worshipped that matchless eye! He worshipped nothing else, on earth or in heaven.

It was noon of night under the walls of Jerusalem; and in a white tent close by the hill on which the footstep of the ascending Lord left their hollowing touch, an English girl was waiting His bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prole on the ground, with eyes fixed on the everlasting stars, lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from them a little way their chief, silent, motionless—to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move. A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become familiar to him already, the Christian prayer.

"Sheik Houssien!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, but silvery. The tent-door was thrust aside, and a hand motioned to him to enter, he obeyed.

She lay on the cushions, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister; her brother, who spoke the language of the desert well, stood by her as the young Sheik approached. His coat was gathered around his head; only his dark eye, flashing gloriously, was visible. She looked up into it and whispered; he half understood her before the words came through her brother's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Saviour returning to His throne.

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her hope to be above him, above the world, above the sky; and his active but bewildered mind wrought all this with ancient traditions, and having long ago rejected the creed that did not teach him that she was immortal, as he fell back on the idea that the immortals had something to do with the stars, and as he lay down on the ground, close by the side of the tent, listening for every sound from within, he fixed his eyes on the zenith and watched the passing of the hours of the night, until she died. There was a rustling of garments, a voice of ineffable sweetness suddenly silent, a low, soft sigh, the expiration of a saint; and that at that instant far in the depths of the meridian blue, a clear star flashed on his eye, for the first time in silver radiance, and he believed that she was there.

For three-score years after that, there was on the desert, near that group of palm trees and lonely spring, a small turreted built of stones, brought a long distance, stone by stone, on camels. And in this hut, or on its

### THE STAR OF LOVE.

There is a moment, in every man's existence, on which turns his future destiny—There are many such moments; for often times life hangs upon a thread, and if the thread is not cut, it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and that of young Sheik Houssien it occurred thus:

It was not often in those days that travelers crossed the great desert. Few Europeans came to Egypt, and fewer still went to Suez. But there was a time when Houssien was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of western travelers, a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinai and the Holy Land, and who wished to cross in crossing the desert. He saw the gentleman, and readily engaged to inform him of the desired service.

It was not until the party had left the Burk-el-Hajj that he met them, where they were encamped, by moonlight, on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare, before the tent-door, he was startled by such a vision as he had never before seen, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and, in the moonlight, pale as a creature of dreams. Was this one of the hours of his fabled paradise? No; he rejected the thought, if it rose. There was no spot in all the heaven of Mahomed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sands on the whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak; away swept all his faith in Islam, and, in an instant the Sheik Houssien was an idolater, worshipping as thousands greater than he had done, the beauty of woman! Perhaps he might have quenched his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain, but that was enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

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### LOVE GIFTS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I've brought thee spring roses,  
Sweet roses to wear,  
Two buds for thy bosom,  
And one for thy hair;  
I've brought thee new ribands  
Thy beauty to deck,  
Light blue for thy love waist,  
And white for thy neck !

Oh, bright is the beauty  
That woos the to-night;  
But brighter affection,  
And lasting as bright!  
I've brought thee what's better  
Than ribands or rose—  
A heart that will shield thee  
Whatever wind blows!

'Tis gladness to view thee,  
Thus beaming and gay;  
And walking in sweet ease  
As if thou wert May!  
The spring of thy being  
As lovely to see;  
And oh! what's drier,  
Affianced to me !

### A Biography of Dr. Kane by Dr. Elder.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Dispatch gives the following:

A few days since, a young man who had long been attached to a church, and who was about to leave for New Orleans, came to bid his pastor farewell. "And so you are going to that degenerate place New Orleans, are you?" said the pastor. "Yes, sir, but I don't expect to be influenced by any extraneous pressure of any kind," responded the young man with considerable earnestness. "Well, I am glad to see you so confident. I hope the Lord will guide you. But do you know the temptations which exist there?" "Not particularly, sir." "Well, I do. You'll find wanton women in the guise of Paris, tempting the very elect; and rare wine and ardent drinks; and you'll find fine company, and night brawling, and gambling, and dissipation, and running after the hosts of old man Adam." "Still, sir, I hope to combat these successfully." "I hope you will my dear Christian brother, was the reply. I hope you will, and let me give you this much for consolation in case you should fall from grace. The tempter is worse than the sin, and the greater the temptation, the more merit there is in resisting it. The man who goes to Heaven by way of New Orleans, is sure to have twice as high a place in eternal glory as he who reaches Paradise through the quiet portals of Connecticut or Pennsylvania.

### Merit and Position.

The difference between a man of merit and a man of position is this: the latter is the man of his day, the former is the man after his day.

There was a king in England when Shakespeare lived there, and doubtless every child in the realm knew his name familiarly; but how many knew the name of the poor playwright? But now, almost every child who speaks the English language, knows of Shakespeare and his writings. How many of them know of James and his writings? Very few. Thus the man of high position died with his position and his day; but the man of merit only began to live when he died.

The author of "Don Quixote" is known by his works throughout the world; but who can tell about the men of position—the king, if a king—or the nobles, or the fine gay ladies who lived when Cervantes was writing the adventures of the "Knight of the Rocof Courtenance"?

Who was Governor of Virginia when Patrick Henry fired his fellow-men with his eloquence? Yet every American boy knows of Patrick Henry. And yet we think that the Governor must have been better known in his day than the orator.

Thus it is: position is a thing of to-day, while merit is a thing of all time; and when joined to that rarest of things—an upright, blameless Christian life—it becomes a star in the moral firmament.

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Dost thou know any good thing to tell us of her?

I did not answer; and the question was more seriously asked.

"Think; is there nothing good thou canst tell us of her?"

"O, yes I know some good things, but—"

"Would it not have been