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THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH, PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY W. H. JACOBY.

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Choice Poetry.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields The humble and the poor, Where sits the patriarch of the fields...

Hints to Travelers.

Take one fourth more money than your actual estimated expenses. Have a good supply of change, and have no bill or piece higher than ten dollars...

A PEZZLE FOR THE CURIOUS.—Those of our readers who may happen to have more time on their hands than they can conveniently make use of, will, no doubt, be much obliged to us for the following curious statement.

Was William Tell a Myth?

In August, 1857, Hon. Edward Everett delivered his chaste and eloquent oration on "the character of Washington" before the Alumni of Bowdoin College. An educated Swiss lady was charmed by the finished eloquence of the "golden-mouthed" orator...

ment. Homer was a myth, nearly every historical character was a being of imagination, and thus William Tell became a myth. It would be well if these sophists had stopped here. But they laid hold upon the word of God; Moses became a myth in their hands; Job was a mere story in poetry...

Slick and the Ladies.

"Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awfully to see what a hump she's got growing since she came away from Connecticut?" With that cousin John looked at her, and larded a little, but I could see he didn't feel just right; and after a minute he said to her, "Hush cousin, you must not speak so loud; it's true Mary has put on 'too much bustle, but it's the fashion you see."

Wouldn't Tell her Age.

The N. O. Crescent says:—A lady witness in one of the District courts on Friday, was asked her age. She indignantly refused to tell, and rated the lawyer for impertinence. The court explained that a knowledge of her age was necessary to the case at issue, and that it was not in any spirit of idle curiosity or impertinence that the question was asked.

A SCIENTIFIC WIDOW.—A poor peasant on his deathbed made his will. He called to his wife to him and told her of his provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents; sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave you my dog; take care of him and he will serve you faithfully."

A young fellow in Chicopee, who attempted to kiss a young lady, slipped and fell, losing the kiss and two front teeth. Poor fellow—what a disappointment to the young lady.

From the Montreal Herald. Sacred Pledge of Love.

We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love."

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separated, no more to meet on this side of the grave.

The Chances of 1860.

Speculation is already afloat as to the chances of the next Presidency, and calculations are made to suit individual views. The following article from an exchange, appears to us to be a reasonable view of the matter and we transfer it to our columns.

The Republican papers of late have been bragging extensively upon their prospects of success in the election of 1860. They declare it is now a certainty that a Republican President will be inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1860.

The editor of the Sandusky Pioneer has been presented with a fine shirt collar. He is waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so that he can put the collar to some use. At present it is a perfect superfluity to him.

A Mr. Hen has just started a new paper in Iowa. He says he hopes by hard scratching to make a living for himself and little chickens.

his] unceasing" strife indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barn yard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another moon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, he instantly wrote, as they still stand, the following sublime verses "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a corresponding charm in the heart of Scotchmen: TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star with lessening ray, That lovest to greet the early morn, Again thou usher'st in the day My Mary from my soul was torn.

Thou flowers sprang love on the preat, The birds sang woe on every spray; Till soon to soon, the glowing west, Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

My Mary, dear departed shade! Where is thy blissful place of rest? See'st thou thy lover lowly laid, [Breast? Hear'st thou the groans that tend his

THE NOBLE FARMER.

With hero from the battle strife, With palms of victory crown'd, Fame's clarion music in his ear From earth's remotest bound; What ruler over a nation's love In majesty sublime—

Who, his acres broad and green, Where plow-shares brake the sod, Profers in sylvan nois to walk With Nature and with God! There was but one, who thus retired From conquest, power and pride, For which ambition hath so oft In madness striven and died.

Ladies the Best Company.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it are deleterious in their nature.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, And fondly broods with miser's care! Time but the impression deeper makes, As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade! Where is thy blissful place of rest? See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? [Breast? Hear'st thou the groans that tend his

LAY OF THE DESERTED.

"An unfortunate husband," having been deprived of the society of his charming wife, who had left for parts unknown, thus gives his vent to his feelings through the medium of an advertisement:

Is your horse perfectly gentle, Mr. Dabster?—Perfectly gentle sir; the only fault he has got—if that be a fault—is a painful habit of extending his hinder hoofs now and then. By extending his hinder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?—Some people call it kicking, Mr. Green; but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles, a disease rather than a vice.

Once on a time an Irishman and a negro where fighting, and when grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed: "Ye devil of a black nagur! cry enough, or I'll fight till I die!" "So'll I, boss," sung out the dardy, "I allers does."

The editor of the Sandusky Pioneer has been presented with a fine shirt collar. He is waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so that he can put the collar to some use. At present it is a perfect superfluity to him.

A lady being about to marry a small man was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well," said she, "if he is so bad, there's comfort—there is very little of him!"

A spiteful writer says: "It is about as hopeless a task to get a rich woman to live a life of common-sense, as it is to get a rich man into the kingdom of heaven."

Mrs. Partington says she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and would wear his old clothes out.

The Mayor of a certain town out West proposes to kill half the dogs of his town, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

Origin of Camp Meetings.

A correspondent of the Boston Bee gives the following version of the origin of these popular religious gatherings:—It has generally been supposed that camp meetings originated with the Methodists, but history informs us that the Presbyterians were first in the enterprise. I not long since listened to a sermon upon the subject from which I gathered the following facts: Two brother preachers, one a Methodist the other a Presbyterian, were traveling in the State of Tennessee. They stopped at a village to spend the Sabbath. There being but one church in the place (a Presbyterian) it was agreed they should both preach in it; the Methodist officiated in the afternoon. As they were very zealous in the cause, they concluded to hold a meeting on Monday. The excitement became so great that the house was not large enough to accommodate the multitude, and they adjourned to a grove near by, and the people came from far and near some bringing tents, others covered wagons and continued the meeting a week. Hence the name of camp meetings, though the Presbyterians have never made it so prominent in their operations as the Methodists yet they share equal in its origin. The Methodists have ever since observed it and as a body feel as much obliged to attend the annual camp meeting as the Jews did their Feasts of Tabernacles.

A Chinese Hell.

A Correspondent of a Baltimore paper thus describes a representation of the punishment of the wicked after death, according to the Buddhist theology, which he witnessed in the suburbs of Canton: "After a walk of about a mile, we came to the 'Temple of Horrors.' This is a horrible place—that is, the scenes are hideous. The intention is to represent what a bad man would suffer after death. It is composed of ten different groups of statuary, made of clay, and many of them are crumbling to pieces. The first group represents the trial of the man; he is surrounded by his family and friends, who are trying to defend him; the second, where he is condemned and given over to the executioner; in the third he is undergoing a semi-transformation from the man to the brute; the fourth, where he is put into a mill, had downwards, and being ground up; his dung is by the mill, licking up his blood. In the fifth scene he is packed between two boards, and is being sawed down lengthwise; sixth, he is undof a large bell, which is rung until the concussion kills him; seventh, the man is placed upon a rack, and the executioners are tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers; ninth, he is in a cauldron of boiling lead, and the tenth scene represents him on a gridiron, undergoing the process of roasting. In all these scenes his family are present; also, a large figure who represents the judge, executioners, little devils, and various instruments of torture.

"What on art's the matter, you little sarpint?" "Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow's got a calf, Jerusha's married a primer and run away with the spoons. Pete swallowed a pin, and Lu's looked at the Aurora Borax till he's got the delirium triangles."

"What else, upon airth?" "Rose split the batter-box, and broke the pancakes, and one of the Maltese kittens has got her head into the molasses eup and can't get it out. And oh, how hungry I am."

"Attention? How many beans are there in six?" "Six, sir. May I ask a question, if you please, sir?" "Certainly."

"How many white beans are there in six black ones?" "None, of course." "Yes, sir, there is." "Well, smartee, will you tell me how many?" "Yes, sir. There's six if you skin them!" "Go to your seat, or I'll skin you!"

"I wish I was a ghost, blame if I don't," said a poor covey, the other night, as he was soliloquizing in the cold. "They goes wherever they please, toll free; they don't owe nobody nothing, and that's comfort. Who ever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost. Nobody. They never buy hats and wials, nor has to saw wood nor run arrants, as I do."

A friend of ours was congratulating himself upon having recently taken a very pleasant trip. Upon inquiry we found that he had tripped and fell into a young lady's lap.

A woman with no friends can't be expected to sit down and enjoy a comfortable smoke, for she hasn't got any "to back her."

The old woman who opens the pew at the church says, she used to have only to open the doors, but now she has to push the dresses in, too.

An irritable man is like a hedge hog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.