

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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ISSY MY FAULTS BY.

Perfection is an attribute,
I do not arrogate—
To Deity, I must impure
A quality so great.
Just spirits housed in with the Lord,
The soul, are perfect made;
But mortals dwelling on earth's sward,
Are not of such a grade.
They never should presume to boast
Of such a state, at all,
Till they've regained what Adam lost,
By his degrading fall.
That I have faults, ay, many, too,
I don't, I can't deny;
But let me beg kind friends, of you,
That you will pass them by.
For you, perhaps, my faults have seen,
Or else have of them heard,
For great and many have they been,
In action, deed, and word.
If I were like Jehovah's son,
Combining God and man,
I then should have no faults, not one?
For other folks to scan.
His life alone the model gives,
For perfect word and deed,
Were all my words and deeds like his,
Oh! faults I should be freed.
But I have faults, ay, many, too,
As I cannot deny;
So let me beg, kind friends, of you,
That you will pass them by.

A HARD SHELL SERMON.

BY THE REV. FLATHERTON FLATHER.
Brethren, Saints, and Sinners—It's
sum time since yore beloved pastor has
slung the Scripture at yore pore unsanctified
heeds. He's not been a wrastring with
Satin so-mewar else tho' No, brethering—
Thar's a pastor for every flock, and the
subscriber never mixes in with outside
fights. I've been a trainin for the fall and
winter season—a preparin fur to give old
horns and spear tail another mill in this
lyar twenty four foot pulpit. I've been a
gatherin muscle an gettin my house in or-
der, fur such a fight as yo never dreamed,
much less think of, to all yore born days.
An ef I don't split old Satin's huff up plum
to his knee joints and put 'em shatters,
it won't be fur want of wind and bottom—
that's so.
Yore pastor has been a rusty katin at
Newport—ah, whar he drunk old port, and
at the White Mountains—ah, whar the din-
ner mountains were black, and at the Sulphur
Springs—ah, whar the devil war to
pay, and generally collected all he wanted
and down thar at Cape Cod—ah, whar the
circulatin meejon at fish scales and lobster's
eyes—yes, brethering, thar's whar
I've bin. I've been a lookin at sin in all
its shapes. I've eat with it, drunk with it,
leaved with it, fit with it, but I haint brot
any of it home with me. Nary wunce—
They couldnt spare a morsel of it in them
places. It war a luxury.
I met Satin thar, but I didnt tech him—
It's no jecs a tecklin him in hot water.
Never tacked an enemy on his own guano
hill. Wait until you catch him away from
home. Ketch Satin in the cold wether, and
its as good as a hip-holt in a wrastring with
a Jerseyman. But I knowd, brethering, wun
fac. I knowd that the minit the old feller
got through a collectin his dues thar, he'd
make tracks fur yore neighborhood. I also
knowd that when I opened my fall season
kyer, I'd find him ready for the fight, and
a good menny of you pore, misserbel sin-
ners and backsliders, ready to go yore pile
on him. But you'll lose yore money.
A pastor who's had lyvure, Lowgo and Or-
gust for trair in, and hez bin a practisin
with the dum-bells of revelation, and punchin
his spawtys inter the san' bags of
Genesis, and a gottin up his Nubbyendnez-
zar generally, ain't toe be putt down by a
passel of onbelievein, blackleddin heethen—
ah! No, not of the parster understands his
constitucion, and wears spiked brogans too
prouvial against slippin up on the bunnar-
ner rhines of temptation which sin throws
in his way—ah!
Yore parster air home agin, and rejects
to think he is reconperated externally, in-
ternally, eternally, and infernally all over,
and kin also administer untoe yo the grace
of Jeremiah and whip yo out'n the broad
of Scripture—ah! An ef I ketch yo at any of
yore little armdilloes, I'll put you through
a course of moral kalomel on the ankshus
beuth that'll make yo cry 'tpecavac. Yes
brethering, and I'll follow it up with a dose
of Solomon's Rheuberba and a slatin over-
your beds with a bunch of Ecclze as sticks-
ah! Well, I will.
My tex on this occasion may be found in
Revelation by them that looks of it. Search
and ye shall find, sez the holy Sams, prop-
vidin you look long enough and sharp
enough. Nuth vers, "An he tuck him into
a high mounting whar the Curriculum
roameth and the wurrum dieth not," sayin

Nigger in the Brush.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN DECATUR COUNTY.
Our usually quiet village was thrown into
a state of excited curiosity on Wednesday
last, by the announcement that a fugi-
tive slave was to be tried before his honor
Judge Sales, on that day.
A runaway nigger had been captured—
so the rumor ran—by two citizens, and
from whose custody said nigger had been
taken by a writ of Habeas Corpus, at the
instance of two or three of our citizens, and
the matter was to be judicially investigated.
Great was the desire to see that nigger,
and equally great was the impossibility of
getting to see him. Not that people in
general cared anything about that nigger,
or any other, but under the circumstances,
he had already become a lion—a real African
lion, and never since Hannibal came
through town—we don't mean the Carthage-
nian hero, but the big elephant—but, as
we were saying, never since the classical
quadruped came to town, has so great a
crowd collected, on short notice to see any
animal, of any color, and wearing hair,
wool or cotton.
Lawyers paraded the streets with brisker
pace than usual, or stood in earnest con-
sultation on the corners and in by-places.
The town was ransacked for the Dred Scott
decision and Fugitive Slave Law, and we
believe in vain. At last, the Court conven-
ed, the crowd rushed into the Court House,
the nigger was brought in, and modestly
occupied a back seat, as every nigger sho'd
when among white folks.
But one thing seemed peculiar; the nig-
ger sat with his hat on. Now we all know
that a well-bred nigger will never keep his
hat on in the presence of white folks, but
that nigger did, and hence it was evident
either that he was a very impudent nigger,
or—something else, and not exactly fami-
liar with the minitiae of elevated nigger
character and their duties.
All the while, however, matters were
progressing. An attorney came in with
most impressive calmness and astounding
dignity, and laid a huge pile of ponderous
volumes on the table. The opposing attor-
ney, who sat at the table with his chair tilt-
ed back, and his heels at angle of sixty de-
grees from the horizontal, and consequent-
ly 130 degrees from the place where they
ought to have been according to Chester
field, thinking it not best for the lion in hand
to be wholly without books, hastily dis-
patched an associate to his office after a
few volumes, instructing him to get the big-
gest he could find.
All things being in readiness, and all
parties anxious, the Judge ordered the trial
to proceed. Observing that the nigger still
had his hat on, the court ordered it re-
moved. All eyes centered upon the nigger—
The hat was removed, and—a red head
blazed like a comet in the midst of the
crowd. And then, a shout, and a roar—a
perfect thunderburst and hurricane of mer-
itement went up from the assembled multi-
tude and announced to the plaintiff in Ha-
beas Corpus and attorney, that they had
been sold!
The nigger was a sham—a white man,
blackened for this purpose, and acting the
part of a fugitive for the purpose of bambooz-
ling a couple of zealous and offensively of-
ficious abolitionists.
We understand the following to be the
origin of the affair:
Some time ago, a real nigger ran away
from Missouri, and was captured by two
citizens of this county. After that, several
abolitionists about Decatur City, concocted
a scheme to black a white man and send
him through the country, and this Jecoy
those two who had captured the nigger,
into pursuit of him, and then rush upon
them from some convenient ambush, and
dash them tremendously. But the plan
leaked out. The two intended victims
heard of it, and resolved to beat their aboli-
tionist friends at their own concocted scheme.
Accordingly they improvised a nigger,
ran him down and caught him, had the satis-
faction of seeing their abolitionist friends
take him from them by a writ of Habeas
Corpus, and go into court for trial, with the
result above detailed. It was one of the
best jokes of the season.
In half an hour after the trial, one of the
gentlemen who got out the habeas corpus
was seen disappearing in the direction of
the big woods, with the speed of a comet;
his coat, tail and all, streaming back from
his neck like a flag from a pole, only the
button at the collar holding it on. Another
was busily preparing affidavits to prove
that he had not been in town that day—
And the third, who had the cost to pay,
was speechless with rage, and quite comatose
when last seen in this town. The nigger
speedily disappeared, not in a thunder-
gust, but in a pall of water, and then all
became quiet as before. And so ended the
first fugitive slave case ever tried in Leon
County.—Leon Pioneer.

Humors of the Census.

Although the Marshals engaged in taking
the Census sometimes experience annoy-
ances, yet they occasionally meet with per-
sons who afford them no little amusement.
Their task is often a hard one, and exposes
them to charges of impertinence from those
who do not really understand the impor-
tance of "numbering people." One of the
marshals of New Jersey, whose field of
operations is in the interior, at a place
somewhat remote from rail road depots
found considerable difficulty in getting in-
formation from an "ancient maiden lady"
whom he had addressed on the subject.
"Taking the census are you? Well, I
reckon you cant take none here." She was
indignant at his first remark. "Taint none
of your business who lives here, nor who
owns this place. Its paid for, and every
cent of tax on it tew. Taint best for yow
tew come snooping around to find out mat-
ters that don't concern you."
Her body, interposed at the doorway, al-
though thin and wiry, prevented his pas-
sage into the house. The marshal would
gladly have taken a seat, but she offered no
such luxury to her inquisitor. "Hov I ever
been marrit? Well! what next, I wonder.
Perhaps you'd like to have our pedigree
right down from Adam. But you can't!—
I s'pect you're some fellow from York,
come out to seek whom you may devour—
You'd better go back again! Take our
senses, indeed!"
The marshal tried to explain matters, to
give her to understand the necessity and re-
quirements of the law, and particularly to
convince her that he was not a resident of
Gotham. He uterily failed, however, for
his next question only increased her anger.
"Have I got any children? Why, you im-
pertinent puppy, how dar you asperse my
character! Here hov I lived for forty eight
years, and haint never been ten mile from
home. If you doubt my respectability you
had better go to our minister, he knows
all about me; he lived here when I was
born; he knows that all I possess in the
world is in this farm, and the two houses
down to the village, worth altogether about
fifteen thousand dollars. He can tell you
that I lived with my father till he died, hav-
ing no brothers and sisters, and that I never
was married, and haint no children; he
is well acquainted with the folks living with
me, which is a little girl, farm man and a
big stout Irish girl. But you can't git any
information out of me. I'm a woman of
few words, and I don't allow meddlers!"
The good woman had now worked herself
into a passion, and turning away slammed
the door in his face. From her remarks,
however, he gained the following facts:
"Miss Abigail . . . aged forty eight; never
married; has no brothers or sisters; carries
on farming;" which after all was about all
the information he cared to possess.—New
York Evening Post.

An Anti-Billious Turkey.

Cuff was a gentleman's gentleman down
in Old Virginia, and a darkey of most un-
doubted honesty and truth; but he would
sometimes tell tough stories. He met
"Karnel Josing's nigg," as he called him,
the other day, and after cussing and discus-
sing various matters appertaining to the
masters, they fell into the following conver-
sation:
Sam—Well, Cuff, how you was!
Cuff—Oh! I ain't no wuss.
Sam—How is all de folks down at de
house?
Cuff—Oh, dey is able to be 'round, 'cept
de ole man's darter; she had de doctor do
o' der day. He came in, looked at her, an'
say she was bilyas, and giv her a box of
engine vegetable pills. Wie de doctor go
she up an' trow de pills out de window.
She wouldn't take no pills, no sah! Wal,
de ole turkey cack kom, an', greedy cuss,
he gobbled down de pills, box an' all, wid
de whole direchshun in four different lang-
wizes.
Next day we had company, an' had to
kill dat turkey cock, yer see. Brought him
on de table biled wid eys'er sass; massa
flourish his knife, and try to cut him; ap-
pouldnt git de knife into him.
"Cuff," says he, "how long did yer bile
de turkey?"
"Bile him an hour, sah."
"Take him away and bile him another
hour."
So I took him an' biled him another hour.
Sam—Did de company wait?
Cuff—Oh, yes, de company waited. Wal,
I brought de turkey in, and massa flourish
his big knife ag'in, and try to cut him; but
he couldnt do it, no sah!
"Take him away and bile him another
hour!"
So I take him down into de kitchen
agin.
Sam—Did de company wait?
Cuff—Of course dey waited. I brought
in de turkey ag'in, an' massa try to cut—
But it was no go; massa git mad.
"Take him away an' bile him tweek."
Sam—Did de company wait?
Cuff—Oh, yes, de company waited!—
Dey were bound to see de fun out, zer
know. Wal, in a week I brought in dat
turkey. Massa thought he got him dis
time, sure. But he couldnt cut a hole in
him—de ole cock wouldn't be cut. Massa
send for de doctor to have de turkey exam-
ined. De doctor come, look at de turkey—
look all over him. Say he,
"Its no use; you cant bile dis turkey
for he has taken a box of dese engine veg-
etable pills!"

An Eight Mile Swim for Life.

A correspondent of the New York Herald,
writing from Walker's expedition, tells the
following story:
The day before yesterday we had an ex-
citing scene, which has been the talk two
days. As we were near the Rutan shore, a
boat was dispatched ashore on business by
Gen. Walker. There were five men to go
and steal the boat. On attempting to
return to the vessel, the boat was capsized
by a heavy sea breaking over her, and the
men were left clinging to the boat's bot-
tom six or more miles from the shore, and
little hope of life. They at one time saw
our vessel, and signalled her in several
ways, but to no effect. One of the men,
John J. Shirley, of Delaware, proposed
swimming to the vessel, and giving notice
of the condition of his companions, and
if possible, have them relieved. He started
out without clothes, and swam for the
schooner. The sea was rather high, and
he often was engulfed beneath its waves;
yet he exerted himself manfully for the
salvation of his companions, and nobly he
succeeded. The first that was seen of him
from the schooner was just as breakfast
came on, and the cry, "man overboard!"—
roused every man on board, all supposing
that a man had fallen overboard from our
vessel. A boat was immediately let down
and sent to the swimming man—for he was
still some distance from the schooner. On
being taken aboard Shirley gave us an ac-
count of the affair, stating that he left his
companions about eight miles distant, cling-
ing to the boat, which was bottom upward,
and that they would continue to make a
signal, a waving shirt, for as long a time as
possible. The vessel was immediately put
about in the direction from which Shirley
came, and in less than an hour we came
upon the boat and the four wrecked men—
They had thrown off all their clothes, and
had thus been exposed for five hours, with-
out water to drink or food to eat, since the
afternoon of the previous day. On being
picked up and taken on board they were
properly cared for, and were soon full of
life, and mingling with the general crowd.
During the day we have been cruising off
the island of Barbary, one of the bay Is-
lands. The islands are still under the
British flag—treaties are nowhere.

A Touching Story.

The following effective narrative purports
to have been given by a father to his son,
as a warning derived from his own bitter
experience of the sin of grieving, and resist-
ing a mother's love and counsel.
What agony was visible on my mother's
face when she saw that all she said and suf-
fered failed to move me! She rose to go
home and I followed at a distance. She
spoke no more to me till she reached her
own door.
"It is school time now," said she, "go,
my son, and once more, let me beseech
you to think upon what I have said."
"I shan't go to school," said I.
She looked astonished at my boldness,
but replied firmly:
"Certainly you will go, Alfred, I com-
mand you."
"I will not," said I, in a tone of defiance.
"One of two things you must do, Alfred—
either go to school this morning, or I will
lock you in your room, and keep you there
till you are ready to promise implicit ob-
edience to my wishes in the future."
"I dare you to do it, you can't get me up
stairs!"
"Alfred, choose now," said my mother,
who laid her hand upon my arm. She
trembled violently and was deadly pale.
"If you touch me I will kick you," said
I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew
not what I said.
"Will you go, Alfred?"
"No," I replied, but quailed beneath her
eye.
"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped
my arm firmly.
I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me!
—I raised my foot, and kicked her—my
sainted mother! How my head reels as
the torrent of memory rushes over me. I
kicked my mother, a feeble woman—my
mother! She staggered back a few steps,
and leaned against the wall. She did not
look at me; I saw her heart beat against
her breast.
"Oh, Heavenly Father," said she, "for-
give him, he knows not what he does!"
The gardener just then passed the door,
and seeing my mother pale and almost un-
able to support herself, he stopped. She
beckoned him in.
"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in
his room," said she turning from me.
Looking back as she was entering her
room, she gave such a look of agony, ming-
led with the most intense love! it was the
last unutterable pang from a heart that was
broken.
In a moment I found myself a prisoner in
my own room. I thought for a moment I
would fling myself from the open window,
and dash my brains out. Then I became
penitent. At times my heart was subdued;
but my stubborn pride rose in an instant,
and bade me not yield. The pale face of
my mother haunted me. I flung myself on
the bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight, I
heard a footstep approach the door. It was
my sister.
"What may I tell mother for you?" she
asked.
"Oh, Alfred, for my sake, for all our
sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs
to forgive you."
I would not answer. I heard her foot-
steps slowly retreating, and again I threw
myself on the bed, to pass another wretch-
ed and fearful night. Another footstep,
slower and feebler than my sister's disturb-
ed me. A voice called me by name. It
was my mother's.
"Alfred my son, shall I come?" she
asked.
I cannot tell what influence operating at
that moment made me speak adverse to my
feelings. The gentle voice of my mother
thrilled through me, and melted the ice of
my obdurate heart, and longed to throw
myself on her neck, but I did not. But my
heart gave the lie to my words when I said
I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I
heard her groan. I longed to call her back,
but did not.
I was awakened from my uneasy slum-
ber, by hearing my name called loudly, and
my sister stood at my bedside.
"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a minute!
Get up and come with me. Mother
is dying!"
I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got
up mechanically and followed my sister—
On the bed, and cold as marble, lay my
mother. She was not addressed. She had
thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising
to go to me she was seized with a palpi-
tation of the heart, and was borne senseless
to her room.
I cannot tell you with what agony I look-
ed upon her; my remorse was ten fold
more bitter from the fact that she would
never know it. I believed myself to be her
murderer. I fell on the bed beside her—I
could not weep. My heart burned within
my bosom; my brain was on fire. My sis-
ter threw her arms around me and wept in
silence. Suddenly we saw a light motion
of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She
had recovered her consciousness, but not
speech. She looked at me and moved her
lips. I could not understand her words—
"Mother, mother!" I shrieked, "say only
that you forgive me." She could not say it
with her lips, but her hand pressed mine—
She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin
white hands she clasped my own within
them, and cast her eyes upward. She mov-
ed her lips—

The Mothers of History.

It is a noticeable fact in history that the
mothers of all the truly great men, were
women of uncommon talent, or great ener-
gy, thus proving most conclusively, that the
character of man takes its cast from that of
the mother. First impressions are the stron-
gest, and no matter what causes are brought
to bear in after life, the lessons learned in
childhood are sure to leave their indelible
impress upon the mind of man. Few
mothers realize the responsibility of rearing
a family of children. They are conscious
of the trouble, the vexations, the sorrows
they have to undergo, but how often do
they reflect that they are forming the char-
acters, for good or evil, of men who will,
perhaps, distinguish themselves in the
world! Mothers will do well to think
deeply on this important subject.
It is said of Sir Walter Scott's mother,
that she was a small, plain, well educated
woman, of excellent sense, very charita-
ble and a great lover of poetry and paint-
ing—and on the whole a superior woman.
The evidence from the writings of Sir Walter
that he had an uncommon gift in word
painting.
It is said of Byron's mother, that she
was a proud woman, hasty, violent and un-
reasonable, with not principle sufficient to
restrain her temper. Unhappily, Byron in-
herited his mother's intractable temper,
and instead of being subdued and softened
by gentleness and kind treatment might
have been greatly checked, if not cured,
was suffered to enslave one the most of
talented, brilliant, poetical minds which
has ever shown among men, entailing a life
of misery upon its possessor, and an early
termination to his career!
The mother of Bonaparte was a woman
of great beauty and energy of character.—
This last trait has been strikingly exempli-
fied throughout his whole life.
The mother of Robert Burns was a wo-
man of moderate personal attractions—but
in every other respect a remarkable woman.
She was blessed with a singular equanimity
of temper, and her religious feelings
were constant and deep. They used to
give wings to the weary hours of her
checkered life by chanting old songs and
ballads, of which she had a large store.—
Her perception of character was very quick
and keen, and she lived to a good old age,
rejoicing in the fame of her poet son, and
partaking of the joys of his genius.
Lord Bacon's mother is said to have been
a woman of superior mind, of great learn-
ing, and deep piety.
Little is said of the mother of Nero, ex-
cept that she murdered her second husband
the Emperor Claudius, about four years
after her marriage. Do we wonder that
Nero was a cruel Emperor, if his mother
was a murderess! How strongly does the
mother of Nero, an ancient tyrant, contrast
with the mothers of our modern philan-
thropists and statesmen!—the mother of Wash-
ington, whose history is familiar to every
reader of history; the mother of John Jay,
who deserves a place by the side of Wash-
ington. Mrs. Jay is said to have had a cul-
tivated mind, a fine imagination, and affec-
tionate temper.
The mother of Patrick Henry was a wo-
man of great excellence of character, and
marked by superior conversational powers.
Hence, doubtless, the oratorical gift of her
son. With the mother of the Adamses all
are well acquainted. Where will we find
more real practical common sense than
John Quincy's mother possessed? The
mother's impress was truly stamped upon
her son.
ORIGIN OF TEXTS.—The taking of a text
is said to have originated with Ezra, who,
accompanied by some Levites, in a public
congregation of men and women, ascended
a pulpit, opened the book of the law, and
after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to
which the people said "Amen," read the
law of God distinctly, and gave the sense,
and caused them to understand the reading.
Previous to that time, the patriarchs deliv-
ered in public assemblies either prophecies
or moral instruction for the edification of
the people. It was not until the return of
the Jews from Babylonian captivity, during
which period they had almost lost the lan-
guage in which the Pentateuch was writ-
ten, that it became necessary to explain the
Scriptures to them—a practice adopted by
Ezra, and since universally followed. In
later times the book of Moses was thus read
in the synagogue every Sabbath. To this
custom our Saviour conformed, and in a
synagogue at Nazareth read passages from
the prophet Isaiah; then, closing the book,
returned it to the priest, and preached from
the text. The custom which now prevails
all over the Christian world, was interrupt-
ed in the dark ages, when the ethics of Ari-
stotle were read in many churches on Sun-
day, instead of the Holy Scriptures.

Says the lovely Julia to the bewitching
Fanny, "Why is a new-born baby like a
sow's tail?" "Give it no more!"