

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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BE BARNISH.

Be earnest in thy calling,
Whatever it may be;
Time's sands are ever falling,
And will not wait for thee!

With zeal and vigor labor,
And thou wilt surely rise;
Oh, suffer not thy neighbor
To beat away the prize!

But form thy purpose bravely—
Then quickly push along,
And prosecute it bravely,
With resolution strong.

Thou wilt not be defeated,
By pressing firmly on,
And all at length completed—
Thine object fully won!

Be earnest in devotion,
Old age is drawing near;
A bubble on Time's ocean,
Thou soon wilt disappear!

In practice, and in spirit,
Here won't thou the Lord,
And thou shalt then inherit
A rich and sure reward.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

A TALK OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Father, is there no hope for him! Is the British general so heartless as to condemn one so noble, so brave, so young, to the guillotine?"

These words were spoken by a pale tearful girl, of great beauty, in the middle portion of the Revolution which gave freedom a home on our beloved soil. During that period when cruelty was but too prevalent among both parties—when Tories, American born, if possible, were more relentless than the British.

The father, a noble looking man of middle age, turned a glance out of the window towards Long Island Sound, the green waters of which could be seen sparkling beyond a grove that fringed his dwelling near Hurl Gate. He turned to this to hide from her his emotions, for she was his only child and he feared that her young heart would break when he should tell her all the sad news that now lay heavily on his heart.

"Speak, father, tell me, is there no hope? I will go myself, and kneeling to the tyrant will plead for the life of him whom I love only as my own can love," she continued.

"Alas! my child, mercy is dead in the British General's breast—his heart is callous to pity! I have risked much by pleading for him, but for your sake would almost be willing to die in Nathan's place."

"Cruel, cruel fate! When is he to die? There must be some hope for his rescue—He was a favorite of Washington, and he is at White Plains; I will go to him."

"Alas! my child," said the father, "you must nerve yourself for the news. It is already too late."

"Dead! dead!" shrieked the poor girl "Oh, father, say not so!"

"Alas! my child—I cannot. He was hung at sunrise, and was refused even a Bible to look at ere he was summoned before his Maker."

For a moment the poor girl stood silent; not a tear came from her eyes, but a wild light illuminated them. A flash bright as fire itself gathered over both face and brow—she clenched her fair hands together until the nails seemed to enter the flesh, and in a cold, bitter tone, she shrieked—

She could see the eddying of Hurl Gate tossing with whirling foam caps, white as drifting snow, in the air—the breakers tumbling up against the rocks, as if they would hide their dangers from the bold mariner's view.

Suddenly the sound of a cannon was heard, and she looked upon the Sound she saw that a ship of war had hove to above the narrow gorge at the Gate. A signal for a pilot was flying at the foretop, and the hated cross of St. George flew from the spangier gaff.

With one wild cry of fierce delight, the fair girl bounded from the room.

"Life for life! Nathan Hall shall be avenged!"

What was her idea! Within another room in the house was the clothing of a brother, who had long since been laid under the sod; and to this room she fled, and was soon arrayed in a suit of such clothing as the young men generally wear when they go on a boating expedition. Without the least hesitation she cut the long glossy tresses of her hair, and in a brief period she bore the appearance of any young man of eighteen, not more than her age. Having made these arrangements, with a rapidity that only desperate resolve could cause, she instantly left the house, passing down the avenue before her father's place, he little thinking that the apparently spruce young waterman, who chose to breast such a storm, was the person of his accomplished daughter.

Hurrying down to the boat-house which fronted the avenue, she loosened one of those small, light skiffs, which still are the models of the pilot at Hurl Gate, hoisted a small sail, and in a few moments was out upon the last of the flood tides as freely and boldly as if she were in a stout ship instead of so small and frail a boat. It was nothing for her to be upon the water, being reared close to it, and hundreds of times had she been dancing over the waves, but never in such a gale as that. Yet coolly she

ous whirlpools and rocks, and heading toward the frigate, which, impatient for a pilot, had already fired another gun.

Within less than twenty minutes from the time she started she had luffed along side the man of war. Having caught the line thrown out to her and latched the boat she mounted the vessel's side and stood upon the quarter deck in the presence of the commander.

"Are you a pilot?" said the latter, impatiently.

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Young for such business. Can you take us through Hurl Gate?"

"As well as my father, who has been a pilot here these thirty years," was the reply.

"Why did he not come out instead of sending a boy like you in blow as fresh as this?"

the danger. But so calm and fearless was the young pilot, that calm re-assurance had a home in every heart—so clear above the gale his bugle like voice sounded as he gave the orders:

"Port—steady so—luff a point," &c. They were more than half through. The tumbling breakers of the "punch bowl" and the "hog's back" had been passed—a few hundred fathoms more, and they would be safe.

Then one quick glance towards heaven, and the disguised girl cries:

"Port—port—hard!"

The helmsman obeyed. The vessel eased off before the wind, and flew on with accumulated speed for a moment, and then was no more! With a crash that sent her tall spars tumbling over bow, and sent her crew reeling to the deck, she brought up on a huge rock, near a perpendicular shore to the right.

Then, amid the rush of waters, the current of officers, and the shouts of frightened men, was heard the shrill cry:

"If any of you survive this wreck, go tell your British General that Nathan Hall has been avenged! and that by a woman too! Sink! sink! and my curses go with you all!"

And before a hand could have reached her, had they wished it, she leaped into the eddying tide, and ere she sank, the proud ship with its shivered spars and sails, its flag still flying, and its crew of stout men, was going down in the cold dark waters, and the murdered Nathan Hall was avenged.

And thus this brief sketch is closed. The guns of the sunken frigate rest beneath the tide of Hurl Gate; but the memory of the Patriot Pilot lives in more than one breast yet.

"Dang that old blind hoss!"

The Mobile Register is responsible for the following mirth provoking incident:

For twenty three years old Jake Willard was cultivating a small garden, and drawn therefrom for support for self and wife. He is childless. Not long ago Jake left the house in search of a missing cow. His route led him through an old worn out patch of clay land, of about six acres in extent, in the centre of which was a well, 25 or 30 feet deep, that some time, probably, had furnished the inmates of a dilapidated house near by with water. In passing by this spot an ill wind lifted Jake's "tule" from his head and maliciously wafted it to the edge of the well, and it tumbled.

Now Jake had always practiced the virtue of economy, and he immediately set about recovering his lost hat. He ran to the well, and finding it was dry at the bottom, he uncoiled the rope which he had brought for the purpose of capturing the truant cow, and after several attempts to catch the hat with a noose, he concluded to save time by going down into the well himself.

To accomplish his purpose he made fast one end of the rope to a stump hard by, and was quickly on his way down the well.

It is a fact, of which Jake was no less oblivious than the reader hereof, that one Ned Wells was in the dilapidated building aforesaid, and that an old blind horse, with a bell on his neck, who had been turned out to die, was lazily grazing within a short distance of the well.

The two Nephews.

At the parlor window of a pretty villa, near Walton-on-Thames, sat, one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might have been some seventy; whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful, blooming face, and active, light, and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man; but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he; "neither John Meade nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very bad, that, when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come to see him, they can't come to see him at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh, sir!" said Mary.

"And what does 'Oh, sir!' mean?" said he. "D'ye think I shan't die? I know better. A little more, and there'll be an end of old Billy Collett. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctor's stuff!"

The girl poured some medicine into a glass, and Collett, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'Oh, sir!' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir' at all. Why, you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity girl, and I a beadle in a gold-laced coat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for more than six months, and you ought to know my likings and my dislikes."

"My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony," said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collett. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow. His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that."

"A kind and generous protector you have been."

"Well, I don't know; I've tried to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes? Haven't I given you good, prudent, worldly advice about John Meade, and made myself disagreeable, and unlike a guardian? Come, confess you love this penniless nephew of mine."

"Penniless, indeed!"

"Ah, there it is," said Mr. Collett. "And what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward? And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one—Peter Finch—considering he is an attorney—is a worthy young man! He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Meade, my dear Mary, may spoil canvass forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, and splash poor John Meade as he trudges on foot."

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Meade was announced.

Mr. Collett eyed his two nephews with a queer sort of a smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last, stopping them—"Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find some better subject to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and for anything I know, you may be either rogues or fools."

"What results from charitable aid?" continued Peter. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level. State charity is State robbery; private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter," said Mr. Collett. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?"

"I don't like it—I don't believe it!" said John. "You are quite right to give the man a shilling. I'd have given him a shilling myself."

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collett. "You're very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John; "as the Vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance."

"Poor John!" said Mr. Collett. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics, until the arrival of the invalid's early bed time parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity, the next morning after breakfast, to speak to John Meade alone.

"John," said she, "do you think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion for you to be so violent last night, and to contradict Mr. Collett so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself—John, you must be more careful, or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out 'I'm not an ice-berg, Mary.'"

"Thank heaven, you're not!" said Mary; "but an ice-berg floats—think of that John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collett, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do," said John. "Yes, I'll remember that."

"If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary; "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer."

"May I gain my desert, then?" said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? Are you not to sit at needlework in my studio, while I paint my great historical picture? How can this come to pass if Mr. Collett will do nothing for us?"

"Ah, how, indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend, Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together." And so saying, she withdrew.

"What Meade," said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Skulking in doors on a fine morning like this. I've been all through the village. Not an ugly place, but wants looking after sadly. Roads shamefully muddy. Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John.

"You came out pretty strong last night," said Peter. "Quite defied the old man.—But I like your spirit!"

"I have no doubt that you do," thought John.

"Oh, when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable; but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand; poor people must be miserable.—What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is," said John, "what we can't cure, they must endure."

"Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collett was too ill this day to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bed room. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am you see; brought to anchor at last. The doctor will be here soon, I suppose, to shake his head and write recipes. Hump, my boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them—they're all in the dark together—the only difference is, that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin."

"You are rather skeptical, sir," said John Meade.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Collett. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice, Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests. I'm going to make my will to-day—and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oilman."

"An oilman!"

"A vulgar, shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collett. "A wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black-lead, and birch-brooms. This was a dreadful blow to the family. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well, Briggs, the oilman, died last week, it seems; and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year in my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right had she to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

A Young Lady Endured by a Slave Woman

The MURDERESS CAUGHT AND HUNG.—Reliable intelligence from Falton, Calloway county, Mo., apprises us that a shocking tragedy occurred within eight miles of that place on Saturday last. In the house of a Mr. Barnes was a female slave of irascible and dangerous temper, who had frequently been enraged at Mr. Barnes' daughter, Susanna J., a young lady of some eighteen years of age. Saturday morning the slave Teney was sent to work in a cornfield, and the family set off to attend a meeting of some kind, leaving Miss Barnes alone at home. On returning from the meeting they were horrified to find her shockingly beat to death, and the floor and walls of the dwelling bespattered with blood. The dinner table had been set evidently by Miss Barnes, and her knitting work lay disarranged on the kitchen floor. The kitchen showed blood and signs of a struggle. Blood marks were visible along the walls of the east room on the floor and walls of which was much more blood, and the room exhibited plain traces of a violent strife. Next the blood was traced to the west room, where the murder had been committed, and where the corpse was found lying in gore.

The slave woman was called, and found to have changed her dress since morning. On searching, the dress was found in the field, hidden and bloody. A shovel was found bloody and battered. When confronted with her bloody dress, the woman confessed that she had killed Miss Barnes. She was placed in custody of Deputy Constable Henry Willing, who rode off in haste for the jail, at Falton.

When within three miles of Falton, he was overtaken by a party on horses, who took the prisoner from him, led her to a tree not far off, and there hanged her till she was dead.

The above information was received by a German contemporary, from the office of the German paper published weekly at Falton.—St. Louis Democrat.

ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.—A correspondent of the Independent sends the following as a true incident:

"I know a man. He is not a Christian—His daily life is not in accordance even with principles of morality. He has three beautiful, well behaved children. The other day he told me this incident of one of them—his little girl three years old. Said he:

"Perhaps some people would think it sacrilege, but I don't; but for some time back I have been in the habit of reading the Bible and of having prayers every night before the children go to bed. I have done it because it has a good influence on the children, and because I hope it may have a good influence on myself. Last night I went to the Lodge (he is a Mason), and did not get home till after 11 o'clock. The children of course were all abed, and I supposed, asleep. Before going to bed, I knelt down by my bed to pray, and had been there but a moment, when I heard 'Nobis get up from her bed in the next room, and her little feet come pattering across the floor toward me. I kept perfectly still, and she came and knelt beside me without saying a word. I did not notice her, and in a moment, speaking just above her breath, she said, 'Pa, pray loud.' I prayed, I kissed her, and she went back to bed; and I tell you, G—, I have had nothing affect me so for the last ten years. I have thought of nothing else all day long but just that little—'Pa, pray loud!'"

TWELVE YEARS.—The Opposition have been "out in the cold" a long weary time. It is twelve years since they elected a candidate for President. In 1848, Gen. Taylor was elected on the "Rough and Ready" cry just as Lincoln has been successful on that of the "Rail-splitter." Democrats can afford to let the Opposition have the President this time, but if Lincoln does not save us the trouble of electing another President, we will unite upon one candidate in 1864, and keep them out twelve years longer.

"Good evening, Miss Brown; it is very pleasant."

"Very."

"Looks very much like a storm."

"Very."

"Are you well this evening?"

"Very."

"Your father's sick."

"Very."

"Your mother looks smart."

"Very."

"Pon my honor," muttered Pluggins to himself, "she's the veriest Miss I ever saw."

"See here, my friend, you are drunk."

"Drunk! To be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission.—He lectures, and I set a frightful example."

A young lady was discharged from one of the largest vinegar houses in Boston last week, because she was so sweet that she kept the vinegar from fermenting. A sour old maid is wanted to fill her place.

An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was but one whole nose left in the