

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. R. JACOBY, Proprietor.

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STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. BY GEORGE HASKINS. High hopes that burst like stars sublime, Go down the heavens of Freedom...

The Model Local.

The Local Editors and Reporters of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, (who, by the way, form a club of their own) had a banquet in that city on Thanksgiving Day...

A Yankee Among Aristocrats.

Not many years ago it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British aristocracy...

The President and his Assaults.

Having failed in their attempts to force the President into the adoption of the coercion policy, the leading Lincoln journals of the North assailed the Executive with a malignity never exceeded in partisan controversy...

College Hazing.

The process of "hazing," which faculty of Harvard College recently punished by expulsion, is thus described: "You send your boy of sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen years to college. He enters the Freshman class...

The Use of English Classical Literature.

Thorough and accurate study of the English language and literature would supply what the great body of fairly educated people are gravely deficient in, viz: power of expression. It has never, I imagine, been ascertained how large a percentage of the middle class of this country can write and speak their own mother tongue with fluency and correctness...

After a Battle.

The following graphic sketch, from the pen of English officer who served with his regiment throughout the war against the Sepoy mutineers in India, describes the field of battle after the victory of Mandasore: A battle field immediately after an action is no very inviting scene...

Mysterious Disappearance.

Our cotemporary of the Valley Spirit has a felicitous way of doing up a local occasionally when the material is at hand. In the following, while we cannot but pity the credulous Frenchman, we find a vein of humor which smacks of genuine "attic salt." About ten days ago a dapper little Frenchman made his appearance in this place...

An Old Time Picture.

Wherever a railroad has made its way, the old fashioned village inn disappears. It flies before the coming engine like a wild flower at the touch of the ploughshare. The picture of a New York village inn has become historic—a thing of the past...