

# 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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### Choice Poetry.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade,  
Since first beneath the chestnut trees  
In infancy we played  
But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
A cloud is on thy brow;  
We have been friends together—  
Shall a light word pass us now?  
  
We have been gay together;  
We have laughed at little jests,  
For the boast of hope was gushing,  
Warm and joyous in our breasts.  
But laughter now has fled thy lip;  
And sullen glooms thy brow;  
We have been gay together—  
Shall a light word pass us now?  
  
We have been sad together;  
We have wept with bitter tears,  
Over the grassy graves where slumbered  
The hopes of early years.  
The voices which were silent there  
Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
We have been sad together—  
Oh! what shall pass us now?

#### Our National Troubles.

By DANIEL DOUGHERTY, Esq.

An ordinary observer could, years ago, have seen how rapidly events were moving towards the alarming realities at the present. The original cause lies far below either sectionalism or the slave question—In my poor judgment, it is to be traced to the utter indifference of the people to the political duties demanded of them by the very spirit of our institutions. Ask the influential citizens who acted as officers of the recent Union meeting—inquiry of the merchants of Philadelphia, "what active interest have you taken in the preservation of good government in this municipality?" Is this State or nation? What efforts have you used to insure the selection of suitable men to fill our public offices and trusts?—What legislation have you petitioned for to secure to each citizen, a voice in the nominating conventions, or to prevent frauds on the ballot-box? How many primary political meetings have you attended? It is highly probable that to each of these interrogatories each gentleman would frankly answer, "none."

Think of those to whom the people have delegated the power now to speak and act for them. Are the gentleman who will shortly represent us in the Senate and House at Harrisburg the best that could have been chosen?

The people—the conservative, law abiding, Union-loving, Constitution obeying, people—seem to suppose they have nothing to do but to vote on an election day—Professional politicians, the meanest, lowest, laziest, and most corrupt of mortals, manage everything, and the masses, every May and October ratify the trickster's acts, and then glory in "elections be the people." This evil is not confined to Philadelphia—it is the same in all the cities and in all the States. In New York and New Orleans, in South Carolina as in Pennsylvania. In New York city the evil is terrible to contemplate: witness those recently elected to Congress, and others robed with the ermine.

If, in the Senate of the United States today, there were six statesmen who commanded the confidence of the entire country, our present awful peril would pass away in a month, and peace and quietude again smile on this until now happy land. But this is not the time to comment on the cause. Behold the effects! The nation is now on the brink of a precipice, to tumble over which is to destroy Republicanism forever. Our countrymen living in the South are wild, are crazed. Reason, common sense, patriotism, are all paralyzed, and traitors are everywhere crying aloud, "Let the Republic perish."

In the North the public heart has scarcely yet begun to throb aloud. Political passions are flushed. I pray they will subside on, for it "Northern sectional fury is aroused to a corresponding height with that now raging South," which God in His mercy avert, then civil and intercyclic war will deluge this land with blood. The minds of the people of the North are, however, keenly awake. Banks are suspending, commercial and manufacturing houses crashing all around. Business is at a stand. The industrious poor are being turned out of employment, and how they will support their families through the winter, no one knows. Universal bankruptcy looms frighteningly upon the near future. A State is in open rebellion. The nation is breaking into pieces. And despoil on their thrones are laughing with fiendish joy that now, and for all time to come, is to be established incompetency of the people for self-government.

Yet none save a few of our ablest editors venture to suggest what should be done—what practical measures can be adopted—Politicians of all parties, the active authors of all our woe, are lying silent. When they

the breeze will blow—then they will come forth and strive to ride upon the gale. The time has come in which every citizen, whether prominent or secluded—rich or poor—native or adopted—every man who loves his country, should ponder how he may escape—what can be done to preserve the integrity of the Republic and rekindle the fires of fraternal love. Every such a man should in some way give his opinion to the public. It may be poorly expressed, yet contain the germ of a thought that cultivated by an able mind, will bring forth golden fruit.

In despair of Congress. Personal animosities have for years, been ranking in the breasts of Senators and Representatives; taunts have been answered with taunts and threats; kindly courtesies have ceased between political opponents; hate burns in the hearts of Senators against Senators—Since the present session commenced a Senator declared, without contradiction, that he and those of his section declined all intercourse with those of opposite political sentiments; that each party kept to its side of the chamber, and that the "difference between the North and South was as wide and deep as hell."<sup>12</sup> Little can be expected of our State Legislature. There doubtless may be found in that body a few individuals of merit and integrity, but they were elected without reference to the present issue. The most the Legislature can do will be to pass resolutions expressing the fidelity to Pennsylvania to the Constitution and the Union, and her willingness to furnish men and money, to maintain the supremacy of the laws. Also, to provide for the calling of a State Convention of the people, who in their sovereign capacity may exhibit Pennsylvania's willingness to do justice to all sections, by any fair, honorable, and wise concession, while she will, with a monarch's voice, proclaim her steadiest resolve that the Constitution and the Union must and shall be preserved, "one and inseparable," now and forever. Let the wise, the experienced, the gifted, the patriotic, and honest, without solicitation, be chosen—Let party ties for the time be forgotten, and in this Convention can be gathered one hundred and thirty-three delegates, who will show that our soil can breed a race of men, the superiors of which no age nor land ever gave out. Let each Northern State call a similar Convention. The Union sentiment must everywhere be immediately aroused. Our countrymen in the South are as true to the national flag as we are, but a "reign of error" is upon them—Strengthen and encourage the loyal and true, by words and acts of conciliation; and in the end, the people will rise in their offended might and guillotine the traitors.

A National Convention would not be judicious. Many of the delegates from the Southern States, elected in the prevailing excitement, would likely be ultraists, and in a body composed of hundreds of members, differing widely in their views, there would be no deliberation. The proceedings would be a series of speeches sectional in their sentiments, exasperating in their tendencies, until the masses would give up in despair, or become equally inflamed with the representatives.

As the people who live in the State of South Carolina: Our experimental Government is of course not perfectly prepared for the present difficulty. We must test with things as they are. If we survive this attack we will in the future be ready to punish resistance and crush rebellion. Let us now treat the people of South Carolina as a true man would treat a friend or brother inflamed with passion. Not kill him, nor spit his blood, but leave him to himself until his fury is spent, and then offer him the hand he grasped of yore, and in an instant afterwards both will be locked in fraternal embrace.

If the people there are willing to do with out the protection, conveniences, the rights and honors which the national government cheerfully bestows, why they will be the principal sufferers. Collect the revenue in a national frigate lying in the Charleston harbor, I wager that our gallant fellow-citizen, born in Virginia, Captain Thomas Turner, of the United States navy, would, if sent, discharge that duty. If an attack is made on Fort Moultrie, shoot the assailants down like dogs. Aye, and if the Administration will not reinforce the place, the people should. Then, when our fellow-citizens of South Carolina have suffered long enough from following their insane leaders, they will turn upon and hang the traitors; while all our countrymen, gathering wisdom from experience, loving each other more and more from the dangers that have passed, will be faithful to their duties to the Republic, which I pray may be perpetuated forever. Your fellow citizens.

Philadelphia, Dec 20, 1860.

WORSHIPPING THE PREACHER AND NOT HIS MASTER.—There is a story going the rounds that the Rev. A. S. Laurie once had occasion to exchange pulpits with the Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York. Many members of Mr. Chapin's congregation have an idea that nobody else can preach a sermon as well as their pastor, and when they enter their church and find a stranger occupying their place, they are apt to turn and go out. So it happened on this occasion that not a few persons departed, and others were on the point of doing so, when Mr. Laurie arose, hymn-book in hand, and gravely remarked: "All those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to retire, and those who came to worship the Everlasting God will please unite

### Aborigines of South America.

#### THE AMAZONS.

From Africa to South America, from the Karroodoom to the Amazon, is but a step in reading a book of travels. The country through which the latter great river flows is inhabited by a number of tribes who certainly exhibit decided eccentricities. The Amazon Indians are socialists. You don't believe it? Read, then, this account of their domestic arrangements:

They live in the *malocca*, a building that is both a house and a village, and necessarily a very large structure. It is the property of the whole community or tribe, is built by the labor of all, and is used as their common dwelling. The building is raised upon timber uprights, so smooth and straight as to resemble columns. The beams and rafters are held in their places by tough creeping plants, and the roof is a thatch of palm leaves laid on with great regularity, and brought very low down at the eaves, so as to give the whole structure the appearance of a gigantic bee-hive. The plan is a parallelogram, with a semicircle at one end, and as many as three hundred individuals can assemble under the roof. The interior arrangements consist of a wide hall or avenue, extending through the middle of the parallelogram from end to end, while on both sides of this hall are rows of partitions separated from each other by split palm or canes closely placed. Each of these sections is the abode of a family and the place of deposit for their hammocks, clay pots, calabash cups, dishes, baskets weapons, and ornaments which are the property of each. The hall is used for cooking and also for children's play-ground and for festival ceremonies. The common doorway is at the gable end, and the semicircular section of the building is appropriated to the chief and his family.

The costume of these Amazons is not unlike that of the South African Bushman, a mere strip of flexible bark around the middle of the person sufficing. The ornaments are principally made from the feathers of tropical birds.

#### THE WATER DWELLERS.

Does everybody know that Venezuela—the little republic in South America—takes its name from "the Fairy City of the Sea," Venice? Such is the fact. When the Spanish discoverers sailed around Lake Maracaibo, they saw to their amazement not only single houses, but whole villages apparently floating upon the water. On approaching nearer they perceived that these houses were raised some feet above the surface, and supported by posts or piles driven into the mud. This suggested Venice, and the discoverers gave to these squalid habitations the name Venezuela or little Venice, which was afterward applied to the entire province.

THE WATER DWELLERS.

In the more southerly part of the South America are the Chacos tribes, who pass most of their lives on horseback. Both men and women pull out their eyebrows and eyelashes, because they think they can see better without them. For ear-rings the women wear spiral appendages of rolled palm leaf that hang dangling to their very shoulders.

### Sketch of Major Anderson.

Major Robert Anderson, whose name has now become familiar as a household word in Connecticut with the defence of Charles-ton, was born in Kentucky, in September, 1805, and is now, therefore, in his 60th year. In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exactness of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, and firm and dignified. On the 1st day of July, 1821, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, whence he graduated July 1st, 1825, taking a high position in a large class, composed of such men as Alexander Dallas Bachman, Col. Benjamin Hedges, Col. Francis Taylor, Col. Charles F. Smith, and others who have been distinguished as well in civil life as the line of their profession.—His first commission was that of brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery, July 1, 1825, and he was subsequently promoted Second Lieutenant in the Third regiment, dating from the same day. From May to October, 1832, he was acting Inspector General of the Illinois Volunteers in the Black Hawk war; and it is here worthy of note that our President elect, Mr. Lincoln, was one of the captains of those troops. In June, 1833, he was promoted First Lieutenant, and between 1832 and 1837 was Assistant Instructor and Inspector at the United States Military Academy.—In 1838 he became Aid de camp to Major General Scott, and in the following year published "Instruction for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot, arranged for the service of the United States," which has been highly approved of. For gallantry and successful conduct in the war against the Florida Indians, he received the brevet of Captain, bearing date April 2, 1838. July 7, 1838, he became Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, which he relinquished subsequently to being promoted to a captaincy in his regiment, October, 1841. In March, 1847, he was with the Third regiment of artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz—being one of the officers to whom was entrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphant entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of special praise on the part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his despatch of September 9, says:—"Captain Robert Anderson (acting field officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men, of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with some few others the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino," and adds that "Bravest Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry; Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant conduct of the captured works."

In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion, we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847, of Major of the First artillery, which he now holds. The Ottomacs feed on alligators, manatees, and various amphibious animals, but during hard times actually eat the dirt. During these months when the rivers swell to their greatest height, and all fishing ceases, the Ottomac, in default of other food, fills his stomach with a kind of unctuous clay of which he eats about a pond a day. There is nothing nourishing in it—it merely produces a kind of satiety or relief from the pangs of hunger. It is only *poya*, a particular kind of clay, soft and smooth to the touch, like putty, which the Ottomac will eat. This clay he stores up, forming it into balls several inches in diameter, which, being slightly hardened before a fire, he builds up into little pyramids; just as cannon-balls are piled in an arsenal or fortress. When he wishes to regale himself, the Ottomac softens one of these balls by wetting it, and then scraping off as much as he may require for a meal, returns the *poya* to its place on the pyramid.—"Old People" by Capt. Mayne Reid.

#### WOMEN ARE SHARP OBSERVERS.

Women are sharp observers, and their criticisms are quite happily expressed—sometimes. A hundred years ago Garrick and Barry were competing with each other in favor of London audiences. Both performed "Romeo," and a lady being asked her opinion of their acting, replied that "in the garden scene Garrick looked greatly animated, and was so spirited in his gestures that, if she were 'Juliet,' she should think he was going to jump up to her, but Barry was so tender, melting and persuasive that, if she were 'Juliet,' she should jump down to him."

#### THE BEHEDERS.

"Mundruco, the Beheder," would be a good title for a blood-and-thunder play at the Bowery. There is a wild and

joy the suggestive title of "The Beheders." They have a ridiculous custom of taking snuff, much as an American takes a sherry cobbler, by sucking it through a straw. The Mundruco spreads a large spoonful of snuff on the bottom of a saucer, and when all is ready, takes a "machine" some eight inches long, made of two quills placed side by side, and neatly whipped together by a thread. At one end they are pressed upon so as to diverge to width, corresponding to the breadth between the Mundruco's nostrils, where it is intended they shall be placed during the ceremony of snuff-taking. And thus they are placed—one end of each quill being slightly intruded within the line of the septum, while the other end rests upon the snuff or waders over the surface of the saucer till all the power placed there is drawn up and inhaled.

Another odd habit of the Mundruco is a sort of ordeal by fire—the Tocan-teira.—When the Mundruco youth becomes a candidate for manhood, he has a pair of "gloves" prepared for him. These consist of two pieces of palm bark tree, with the pit hollowed out, but left in at one end. The hollow part is of sufficient diameter to draw over the hands loosely, and so long as to reach up to mid arm, after the fashion of gauntlets. These gloves are nearly filled with venomous insects, and the novice is then compelled to draw them on without shrinking. The ceremony next requires that he should keep on the gloves till he has danced before every door in the village. He must sing as if for very joy. Surrounded by friends and acquaintances who dance and howl around, he proceeds around the village, performing his longest jigs before the door of the chief. Half crazed with pain, he then rushes to the nearest stream or pond and plunges wildly in, emerging fit stuff for a Mundruco maiden.

The Mundruco are called beheders, because unlike their North American brethren, they are dissatisfied with merely taking the scalp of their enemies, but must have the whole head. These heads are preserved in the Mundruco's cabin, and after being rudely embalmed are handed down as heirlooms to his children. On all festive occasions the heads are produced, stuck up on poles, and placed about the room or grass plot.

#### THE CHACOS.

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#### THE DIRT-EATERS.

The Ottomacs, or Dirt-Eaters, who dwell on the Orinoco, are great dandies, though they wear no vestige of clothing. To make up for this, however, they are very particular about painting their bodies. The greater part of the day is often spent by them in a single dressing, with one or two helpers to assist in the operation; and this is not a tattooing process, intended to last a lifetime, but a costume certain to be disfigured or entirely washed off at the first exposure to a shower. When an Ottomac wishes to appear in full dress, he first gives himself a priming of red. Over this red ground is then formed a lattice work of black, with a dot in the centre of every little square or diamond. If the gentleman be rich enough to possess a little "chica," which is a beautiful lake colored red, he will then feel all the delights of a fashionable dandy, and with half a pound of turtle-oil rubbed into his long, black tresses, he will regard himself as dressed "within an inch of his life."

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WOMEN ARE SHARP OBSERVERS.—A hint about securing personal comfort never comes amiss. A thin shawl may be made warm by folding a newspaper inside it. The paper is impervious to the wind and cold air from outside, and prevents the rapid escape of the warm air from beneath it. If you suffer from cold feet on a journey, fold a piece of newspaper over your stocking. This is better than rubbers. If you are cold in bed, the newspaper for which you paid a few cents in the cars, spread under the upper cover will serve as an additional blanket.

The stuff that dreams are made of—oysters, ale, and a little old rye—taken just before going to bed.

The last care for consumption, we have got of, is to swallow live frogs without chewing.

### Admirers of Jackson.

To a Democrat who is old enough to remember what transpired during the administration of Gen. JACKSON, it is both amusing and provoking to listen to the talk of some of our Republican friends. Fearely a day passes without our hearing an old reviler of JACKSON assert that if the old hero were now in the Presidential chair, the Southern States would not dare to attempt to secede. This complimentary reference to JACKSON is of course coupled with depreciation remarks concerning Mr. BUCHANAN.

It is a great pity these old Federalists (converted into Republicans) did not appreciate Gen. JACKSON's public services at the time when they were rendered. In JACKSON's day, they were loud in their abuse of him. No epithet was too harsh for them to apply to him. He was a "military despot," a "tyrant" and even a "murderer." They proposed to march to Washington in force and encamp around the Capitol and the White House, and compel JACKSON, at the point of the bayonet, to reverse his policy. But now, when he is