

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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Choice Poetry.

From the *Luzerne Union*.

"OUR UNION FOREVER."

Tune—*Anda Lang Syne*.

All hail the strength of "Union's" name!

And answer to her call!

Raise high the glorious "Stars and Stripes,"

And let them wave o'er all.

This sentiment alone comes forth,

And bursts from every mouth;

Our country, it shall know no North,

Nor shall it know a South.

"The Union" whole "must be preserved,"

What else our foes may say;

And for the conflict, we are nerve'd,

And we shall win the day.

Traitors! your doom is sure and just;

And it you well may fear;

Go hide your face in the dust,

Your "day of fate" is near!

Ye "patriot sons" of "freedom's" sire,"

With bold and burning hearts,

Go! save your country from disgrace,

Though you from friends must part.

In freedom's cause we'll all unite,

With souls and body's powers;

Although the battle long should wage,

The conquest shall be ours!

May 27, 1861. TRUE BLUE.

THE HORSE DEALER'S STORY.

Many years ago, before the era of rail-

roads, and when highwaymen abounded

along the southern route from Kentucky

to New Orleans, a noted Kentucky drover,

who had been to the "lower country" with

a large drove of horses, which he had sold

for cash was overtaken by night, on his re-

turn near Springfield, in the county of Hob-

son, Tennessee. He remembered that a

little distance ahead was a quiet inn he had

never stopped at, and he determined to

spend the night there.

As he rode up to the house, the landlord,

a respectable looking person, received his

horse and led him away to the stable, while

he invited the drover to enter the public

sitting room.

Here he found two young men, one of

whom, from his resemblance to the land-

lord, he recognized as his son; the other,

somewhat older, from his manners, appear-

ed also to belong to the family. Immedi-

ately after supper, (during which time the

drover stated where he had been and what

lock he had met with,) the son mounted a

horse, and stating that he was going to

Springfield to stay all night, rode off. The

Kentuckian, having looked after the com-

fort of his horse, soon after requested the

landlord to show him his room, which was

done.

As the traveller slipped off his garments,

he felt for the leather belt about his waist,

to see that it was secure. This contained

his gold, while his paper money was con-

tained in a large wallet, carried in a pocket

made for the purpose in the inside of his

vest. Depositing these articles beneath his

pillow, he extinguished the light, and threw

himself upon the bed, when, overcome by

the weariness, he soon fell asleep.

How long he had been in this state of for-

getfulness he could not tell, when he was

aroused by some person endeavoring to

open the window near the head of his bed.

At the same time he heard suppressed vo-

ices without, as if several persons in wis-

pering conversation.

Startled by this suspicious appearance of

things, the drover reached toward the chair,

on which he had thrown his clothes, for his

weapons, when to his dismay, he remem-

bered that on his arrival, when preparing

to wash off the dust of his journey, he had

lain them aside within the bar, and had

objected to resume them.

Scarcely conscious of what he was doing,

the defenceless drover slipped from the

foot of the bed and hid himself in the dark-

ness behind a lot of woman's dresses sus-

ended from the walls of the house, and

watched the motions of a man who now

slowly and cautiously entered the room.

He even fancied he could detect the reflec-

tions of the dim light upon an unprized

knife, as the man approached the bed, with

suggesting and uncertain steps. But great

was his relief, when, instead of an attempt

at murder, he intruded carelessly shuffled

off his clothes, and throwing himself into

the bed he had just vacated, was soon bur-

ied in deep slumber. The man was evi-

dently drunk, as his loud, snoring breath-

ing plainly indicated.

Not knowing what to make of this strange

affair, the drover determined to dress him-

self, call up the landlord and have this sin-

gular intrusion explained. He had reached

his clothes and slipped on his trousers and

was moving toward the door, when steps

were heard cautiously crossing the outer

readily distinguish them to be the innkeep-

er and the man that he had seen at the

supper table.

"Step lightly, I tell you," whispered the

landlord, "or you'll wake him up, and then

we will have a pretty mess on our hands!"

"Wake!" replied the other with an

oath. A man that snores like that, I reckon

ain't easily awakened. Yer scared! Here

give me the knife! I'll show you who is

scared! You secure the money—it's under

the pillow—I saw him put it there—and

I'll do the rest!"

The old man was in advance, and as he

stood between the window and the drover,

the latter could see his form bent over the

bed, while his hand seemed to be reaching

beneath the pillow.

"Here, Bill, take it. Here is the wallet,

and here is the belt. My God, how heavy

it is!" and he passed the money to his com-

panion before the other had yet reached the

bedside.

The old man then put his hand to his bos-

om, and the trembling drover saw him

draw forth the long blade the other had given

him. For an instant the murderous

weapon was poised over his head, and

then descended with hissing sound upon

the person of the poor wretch in bed.—

Another and another stroke followed in rapid

succession. A half stifled groan, a few

gasping sobs escaped the dying man, a convul-

sive tremor of the bedclothes, and all

was quiet.

The murderer paused in his bloody work

for an instant, as if to satisfy himself that

life was extinct, and then with fiendish de-

liberation, drew down the coverlet, and to

make all sure, passed the knife from ear to

ear, across the throat of his victim. Then

wiping the instrument upon the sheets, the

villain moved quickly from the room.

As soon as the sound of the footsteps had

died in the distance, the horror stricken

drover escaped through the window, and ran

with all speed to the neighboring vil-

lage, where, arousing the people of the ho-

tel, he told his fearful story. A small crowd

was soon collected about him, and when

enough of the facts had been gathered, they

accompanied him to the scene of the foul

murder.

All about the house was still, but on ap-

proaching the stable a light was discovered

within; and moving noiselessly to the door,

and peering through the cracks, the two

murderers were found in the act of digging

a grave beneath the flooring. A rush was

made upon them and they were arrested.

At the sight of the drover, who was the

first to consult the guilty wretches, the land-

lord uttered a shriek of terror, and fell to

the ground, while his accomplice, pale as a

corpse, gazed upon him with affright, not

doubting that he was the ghost of the murdered

man who stood before him.

The party now proceeded to the house,

dragging the two murders along with them.

The family was by this time alarmed, and

the wife and daughter of the landlord, to-

gether with the servants of the house, ignor-

ant of the terrible crime that had just been

enacted so near them, inquired into the

cause of the disturbance.

Lights were procured, and, still keeping

the prisoners with them, the people enter-

ed the room where lay the body of the man

so strangely murdered instead of the horse-

dealer. The wife and daughter followed.

When the bloody covering was removed

from the face of the corpse, and the full light

of the candle glared upon it, a loud cry

burst from the lips of the landlord's wife.

"My son! my murdered son! Who has

done this!"

And with a hysterical scream, she fell

insensible to the floor.

"No! no! it can't be so mother," ex-

claimed the daughter, as she struggled to

reach the bed. But the terrible truth burst

upon her, as her eyes fell upon the mangled

form of her brother, and she also swooned

upon the body.

The cries of the broken-hearted females

seemed to arouse the old man for a moment

and gazing wildly at the sight before him,

he also realized the terrible truth—he murdered

his own son.

On investigation of the facts before the

magistrate of Springfield on the following

day, it was ascertained that the son of the

innkeeper, who was a dissipated young man,

had visited the town on the previous eve-

ning, where with some of his associates, he

had been engaged in drinking till a late

hour; and being too much intoxicated to

remount his horse and ashamed to meet

his family, some of his fellow gamblers had

accompanied him home; and supposing

the room in which the drover had been put,

to be vacant, they assisted the drunken man

into the window. It was their voices the

lodger had heard; and thus it was that the

happy youth met his death—and our

friend providentially escaped.

The accomplice of the landlord proved to

be his son-in-law.

From that awful hour the wretched moth-

er of that murdered boy—murdered by his

father's hand, remained a raving maniac.

It is only necessary to add, in concluding

this tale of horror, that the drover recovered

his money; and Justice, claiming her due,

Curiosities of Courtship.

A proposal was written and sent by the

post, in the days when letters traveled quietly

at the rate of ten miles an hour on the mail

coach. The anxious lover for the first

week breathlessly expected the reply, but

it did not come. The week he pined, and

was sleepless; still no answer. The third

week he became indignant. "A civil ac-

knowledgement was his due. She was

heartless and a flirt." The next week he

despised her, and congratulated himself on

his escape; and, when at the end of it, he

received his own letter back from the dead

letter office, because he had, in his agita-

tion, forgotten to direct it, he had so com-

pletely outlived his love that he never pro-

posed to that lady at all.

Once saw a middle aged invalid making

love to a young girl. After making great

efforts to secure an opportunity of meeting

her, he drew his chair close to hers, look-

ing into her face, sighed heavily, drew his

chair still closer, and, while she looked at

him in astonishment, and I in the distance

strained my ears to hear what tender re-

marks followed all this preparation, I heard

him whisper with great emphasis: "Who

is your doctor?" I need hardly say that

the proposal failed which followed this

well-judged commencement. A more pa-

ardonable case of a man's absorption in his

own pursuits was that of a very shy lover,

whose one idea was horses. He never

found courage to propose till he had per-

suaded the lady to go into the stable and

look at his favorite horses. There he spoke,

and there she answered yes. But this was

not natural and pardonable; a shy man may

feel this vantage ground, and feeling his

own inferiority in the drawing-room, may

yet be aware of his superior knowledge and

superior power in the stable, where his

horse is his throne and he himself a king.

A marriage took place, not many years

ago, in the great world, where the two lov-

ers (long attached, but separated by the

desire of their parents) met under an arch-

way while each was taking refuge in Lon-