

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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A GRAVE OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners? Who shall know him by his dress? Paupers may be fit for princes, Princes fit for something less.

From the Bradford Argus Reconstruction.

At this moment when the rebellion is rapidly waning, and the question of the policy to be pursued in the restoration of the seceded States to their former status in the Union is absorbing the public mind, and while a vast majority of the men composing the party in power are clamoring under the plea of justice, for a vindictive and bloody policy towards the leading secessionists, there is one consideration that we are bound by the most sacred obligation to keep in view; and yet, one that as yet we have scarcely seen noticed.

1. The offense (by whatsoever name we may choose to characterize it) was nothing more nor less than an attempted division of the Union into two separate and independent governments.

2. We come now to the question why the people of the South desired and attempted this division of the Union.

Retribution.

"Hello! stranger, what ye bound?" The speaker was a tall, gaunt-looking man, and it was easy to tell by his garb, accents, and peculiar style, that he was a hunter and trapper.

"Well, as I was about to remark, I left the States in company with a party of my friends and neighbors for California, the newly-discovered land of gold.

"So you're after the girl, I take?" "You surmise correctly. I will rescue Eliza Lacy, or give my own life, a willing sacrifice, to the accomplishment of my purpose."

"Well, they're a pack of Continental cusses—not Continental cusses, either, adjectively, for them Continentalers was bully chaps, but they're a set of cowardly, craven-hearted, sneakin' cusses—that's what they are!"

"I was now past noon, and we rode rapidly forward until near sundown, after which we advanced with more caution.

Calculus of the chances of success.

Now, when we are crying out in the name of 'justice' for a policy of severity towards the secession leaders of the South, are we not also bound to look upon facts from this stand point, as well as from the radical one? and are we not also bound to extend the same measures of severity to leading and influential advocates of secession wherever found, whether in the North or the South—especially to those whose advocacy and support of that most mischievous heresy occurred at a time best calculated to prove fruitful of dangerous results, and at the same time, lacked the excuse of provocation that proved so potent in the South?

Greely, Beecher and Gerritt Smith have recently declared themselves in favor of a conciliatory policy with reference to the secession leaders of the South; basing their appeals upon grounds of expediency, but ardently waiving any allusion to their own instrumentality in the bad work that has left such terrible marks upon the face of the nation.

"I don't know what more to say, but if you will call in any evening, reader, I will introduce you to Eliza Lacy, now my wife, and leave it to your judgment whether my reward is not greater than I deserve."

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Chasing A Wife.

Mr. Dimlight, for the past ten years, has prayed every day that his wife would tumble down-stairs and break her neck, or else die like a Christian in her bed.

"The simple reason for this, that Mrs. Dimlight was fond of complaining, taking medicines and having protracted interviews with the doctor, all of which required money, and money Mr. Dimlight hates to part with."

"In fact, he had much rather part with Mrs. Dimlight; but that lady manifested no intention of leaving this pleasant world and taking up her abode in an uncertain sphere."

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Counters. As I was lounging the other day over the counter in the village store, a stranger came in, and buying an article, threw down a bank note in exchange.

"The merchant held it up to the light, and examining it carefully, pronounced it to be a counterfeit."

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A Good Hotel, Street.

Many good things have been told of Dr. Thompson, the world-renowned humorist, and hospitable proprietor of the Atlanta Hotel, whose ready wit but few are ready to encounter.

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Mr. Webster and his Bills.

Our readers are aware that the late Hon. Daniel Webster was not as careful in his pecuniary matters as some men, and this fault was, at times, taken advantage of. At one time a poor man saw a pile of wood for him, and, having presented his bill, it was promptly paid by Mr. Webster.

The fellow got "short"

some three or four months afterwards, and he thought him of the generosity of Mr. Webster in his money matters; and a third time he called and presented the bill for sawing the wood.

"Go, sir and be honest hereafter.

I have no objections to paying these little bills twice, but I cannot pay them three times. You may retire."

At a criminal court, the counsel dissatisfied

with his want of success with an Irish witness complained to the court. Paddy replied,—"Sure, an' I'm no lawyer, yer honor, an' the spalpane only wants to puzzle me."

A Lady was once declaring

that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she. "I didn't know that," exclaimed a gentleman; "there's my father who smokes every blessed day, and he is now seventy years old."

An Irishman seeing an undertaker

carrying a very small coffin, exclaimed to the utmost surprise,—"By the Saint O'Singol! is it possible that that coffin can be intended for any living cratur?"

An unmannerly man being asked

by the landlady of his boarding house why, being so tall a man, he ate so little, replied,—"Madam, a little goes a great way with me!"

Why a dog waggles his tail.

Lord Dundreary tells his friend the solution of this difficult riddle:—"because the dog is stronger than the tail. If he wasn't the tail would waggle the dog."

Union is not always strength,

as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing rain with water.

When I see a "perfumed exquisite,"

with a little beauty and less brains—whoose soul never sears higher than a horse's head, and whose language forcibly reminds me of his particular acquaintance with God—wearing the apparel and appearance of a man, I cannot but think—what a counterfeiter!

When I see a self-styled "young lady,"

whose life-business has been to torture her parents and the piano, decked out in all the borrowed finery of silkworms and animals, and looking for all the world, like a real woman, I inwardly exclaim—what a nice counterfeiter!

When I see a book in a cover of red and gold,

bearing on its back the stamp of the true metal, while within it is full of soft nothings, or vile thoughts and vile language, I think—sometimes aloud—what a base counterfeiter!

There's a time coming when the souls of men

will be examined at the tribunal of Heaven; and then, when the great Detector shall hold them all up to the piercing light of Divine Truth, we will be him whom He shall pronounce a—Counterfeiter!

PERDUE'S—"Grammar class stand up

and recite. Tom, parse girls." PERDUE—"Girls is a particular noun of the lovely gender, lively person, and for double number, kissing mode, in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to the general rule."

When I go to church and see a man drop

a banknote into a missionary box, and then look up to catch the approving glance of his rich neighbor, I wonder if the banknote is like himself—a counterfeiter!

When I go to church and hear the patron

preach for a salary, promising his patrons a sure passage to paradise, if they'll only furnish him enough "good things" for the journey, I wonder whether he's a fool or a counterfeiter!

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When I wonder how they make lucifer matches,

said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarreling. "The process is very simple," said the husband, "I once made one."

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with a little beauty and less brains—whoose soul never sears higher than a horse's head, and whose language forcibly reminds me of his particular acquaintance with God—wearing the apparel and appearance of a man, I cannot but think—what a counterfeiter!

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A Long Speech.

One of those memorable days when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was being debated, Senator Seward tapped Douglas on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear that he had some "Bourbon" in the Senator's private room, which was twenty years old, and upon it he desired to get Douglas's judgment. The "Little Giant" declined, stating that he meant to speak in a few minutes, and wished his brain unclouded by the fumes of liquor.

The colonel ran his eye over the bill

again, and quietly replied.—"Well, I have been here twenty days, and—d—d the article you have mentioned that I have seen on your table."

It is said the doctor rushed out into

the back-yard, and did not cool off till he had whipped three little niggers.

Have'n't had any fun with the land lubbers

till Thursday night at the dance. When I arrived in the cabin found them underweigh on a Spanish dance. Took my station in line with Susan Tacker—fell back and fled, then shot ahead with Betsy Stark and sailed over the other coast. Took a turn opposite, ranged a-broast towards other craft and back astern again—moved round to starboard—passed near partner's lights and made safe for berth.

Third time ran me into port to the tune

of the Tempest—the Yankee tar's favorite. Proceeding along the coast according to the regular order of sailing—bore ahead again—rounded in—then passing adversely yard arm by yard arm locked astern with the whole squadron in circular order of sailing—Salley Jones all the time manuvering and making signals when under full sail—Finally anchored after a heavy squall.

A Sailor's Description of A Dance.

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"What boxes govern the world?"

asked a New York paper. It answers the question thus:—"The cartridge box, the ballot box, the jury box, and the band box."

It may seem right to a man to keep bor-

rowing from his neighbors, but the end thereof is—very cross neighbors.

A DIVINE, once praying, said, "O Lord,

give unto us neither poverty nor riches."