

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Publisher.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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### THE APPLE TREE IN THE LANE.

It stood close by where old leathern hinge

The gate swung back from the grassy

lane;

Where the cows came home when the

dusky eve

Its mantle threw over hill and plain.

Its branches knotty and gnarled by time,

Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,

When the Spring days wore a blushing

glow

Of blossoms bright from the apple trees.

Its shadows fell o'er the crystal stream

That all the long bright Summer days,

Like a silver thread mid the waving grass,

Reflected back the golden rays

Of the noonday sun that madly strove

To drink the fount of the brooklet dry,

But the light clouds showered rain drops

down

Till the glad brook laughed as it glided by.

Never were apples half so sweet,

Golden russets striped with red,

As those that fell on the yielding turf

When we shook the branches overhead.

A trying place for youthful friends

Was the apple tree in days of yore,

And oft we've sat beneath its shade

And talked bright dreams of the future

o'er.

And when the warm October sun

Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,

We gathered apples sound and fair,

And round as our own mystic globe.

The stately hemlock crowns the hill,

The dark pines rise above the plain—

But one we prize far more than they,

The apple tree in the pasture lane.

Long years have passed and cows no more

Come home at night through the grassy

lane;

Where the gate swung back on leathern

hinge

I stand and gaze on the far off plain.

No more we list to the music low

Of the crystal stream as it ripples on,

And the apple tree in the pasture lane

Is but a dream of the days by-gone.

One of the greatest necessities of our

physical and moral natures is employment.

It is one of the hardest things in human

nature to do nothing. A lady in Connecti-

cut, not long since, employed a stout young

woman, fresh from Ireland, for the ser-

vice of the kitchen. When Sunday morn-

ing came Bridget hung on a large kettle

of water.

"What are you going to do, Bridget?"

"I'm going to wash ma'am."

"But we do not wash on Sunday."

"What shall I do, then?"

"Nothing at all; we do not work here on

the Sabbath-day."

"Dear me, I shall be tired o' keeping

day."

NOT THE "SCISSOR" WANTED.—A teacher

of this city received, a day or two since,

a "scissor" from the parents of one of her

pupils, of which the following is a copy.

Suffice it to say, it was not what the little

miss expected:—"Miss—: My little

child has been absent yesterday knowing

to me. I hope that you will punish her in

the hasty manner."

Another teacher, some time since, received

a note from a parent (accompanying a

## Kemble and the Debutante.

At the time when the celebrated Kemble

was manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a

gentleman called to confer with him about

an engagement for his daughter. It so hap-

pened that Kemble expected at about the

same hour the visit of a horse-dealer, from

whom he wished to buy a mare. Kemble,

imagining the stranger was the expected

horse-dealer, asked at once:

"How old is she?"

"In May last she was sixteen."

"How! Sixteen—rather old ahem!—

them! Don't like that much. But the main

point, is she quiet?"

"Perfectly, sir! I have never known a

more quiet creature."

"How long has she been in the city?"

"It is now about eight days since I arri-

ved here from Grimstead."

"Is she thoroughly schooled?"

"Mr. Thelwell has given her some les-

sons."

"Well; if your conditions are not too

hard I think we shall agree."

"As to that, my dear sir, I leave it entire-

ly with yourself. I think you will be per-

fectly satisfied, if you once bring her before

the public. She is down stairs; shall I

bring her up to you?"

"Bring her up!" replied Kemble with an

ironical smile. "Thank you, no! Hand

her over to my groom."

"To your groom?"

"Yes! By and by I shall go down and

examine her. Tell him to take her to the

stable for the present."

"What? to the stable!" cried the stran-

ger, full of indignation.

"Certainly! where else? As you say that

she's quiet, I will try her in a very short

time. My friend Weston is just writing a

melodrama in which I have to play. As

soon as we have agreed upon the terms I

shall make my debut on her back."

"What! Upon the back of my daughter

—you will make your debut! Sir, do you

wish to insult me?"

"A thousand pardons, my dear sir! Do

you not come from Cumberland?"

"No; I come from Grimstead."

"With a mare?"

"No! with my daughter, my child, whom

you want me to hand over to your groom."

"An error! Quite a mistake! I really am

very sorry—"

The reader may imagine that it took several

minutes before both parties had suffi-

ciently calmed down to speak about the en-

gagement of the young actress.

THE DUTCH MILLER.—Mynheer Van Sla-

uken owned a grist-mill, and Peter Snyder

owned one also, near by. Old Mynheer

Van Slauken was subject to fits of insanity,

and, when in one of these moods, would

assume that he was God Almighty, and

would get upon his throne and call each

person as he might have in his mind to

judgment, and would ask and answer the

question himself. The questions would be

put with a sharp, strong speech, and the

answer very whining and meek. Having

one of his crazy fits one day, he mounted

his throne, and as there had been a little

competition in the grist-mill business, he

took occasion to call Peter Snyder to judg-

ment; so he calls out:—"Peter Snyder! No

answer. Again, very sharp:—"Peter Syn-

der."

"Ab, Lord, here I ish! Vat you want,

Lord?"

"Do you own a grist-mill?"

"Ab, yes Lord, I do!"

"Vell, Peter Snyder, do you ever take too

much toll?"

"Ab, yes Lord, ven my vater was very

low, and mine stones was very dull I has

## A Frightened Contraband.

A letter received from an army corres-

pondent on the Rappahannock relates the

following camp incident:

An amusing incident occurred in camp a

night or two since. A portly young con-

traband from Charleston, S. C., who escaped

from his rebel master at Antietam, and was

for awhile quartered subsequently in

Washington, was engaged by one of our

junior officers as his body servant, and

brought down here to his quarters to attend

him. It chanced that the officer had served

his country gallantly at Sharpsburg, where

he lost a leg, below the knee, the absence

of which had been made up by an artificial

limb, which the captain wore with so easy

a grace that few persons who met him sus-

pected his misfortune—his able attendant

being among the blissful ignorant, as to the

existence of the fact.

The captain had been "out to dine," and

returned in excited spirits to his tent. Upon

retiring, he called out his darkey servant to

assist him in pulling off his riding boots.

"Now, Jimmy, look sharp," said the cap-

tain, "I'm a little—ic—flimsy 't'night. Look

sharp, an—ic—pull steady."

"Pee allers keeful, cap'n," says Jimmy,

drawing off one long wet boot, with consid-

erable difficulty, and standing it aside.

"Now mind your eye—Jim! The other—

ic—is a little tight," and black Jim chuckled

and showed his shining ivory, as he reflect-

ed, perhaps, that his master was quite as

"tight" as he deemed his boots to be—

"Easy, now—that's it. Pull away!" con-

tinued the captain, good-naturedly, and en-

joying the prospective joke, while he loos-

ened the straps about his waist which held

his cork leg up; "now you've got it! Yip

—there you are! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! oh,

Lord!" screamed the captain, as contra-

band, cork leg, riding boot, and ligatures

tumbled across the tent in a heap, and the

one-legged officer fell back on his pallet,

convulsed with spasmodic laughter. At

this moment the door opened, and a lieuten-

ant entered.

"G'way tom me—g'way tom me—lemme

be! Lemme be! I ain't done nuffin," yelled

the contraband, leaping, and rushing to the

door, really supposing he had pulled his

master's leg clean off. "Lemme go! I

didn't do nuffin—g'way! g'way!"

And Jimmy put for the woods in his des-

peration, since which he hasn't been seen

or heard from, though his captain has dili-

gently sought for him far and near. Jimmy

was a good servant, but we never before

were treated to a sight of a thoroughly

frightened contraband. There is little doubt

the darkey is running yet.

PUT THAT IMPUDENT RASCAL OUT.—While

the congregation were collected at church,

on a certain occasion, an old, dark, hard-

featured skin and bone individual was seen

wending his way up the side and taking his

seat near the pulpit. The officiating min-

ister was one of that class who detested

written sermons, and as for prayers he tho'

they ought to be the natural outpourings of

the heart. After the singing was concluded

the house as usual was called to prayers.

The genius we have introduced did not

know, but leaned his head devotionally on

the back of his pew. The minister began

by saying:

"Father of all, in every age by saint and

savage adored—"

"Pope," said a low, but clear voice, near

old hard-features.

The minister, after casting an indignant

look in the direction of the voice continued:

"Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine

hill of Paradise—"

"Milton," again interrupted the voice.

## GENERAL LEE ASKING PARDON.

Explanation of His Course—His Object in

the Young Men of the South in the

same Direction.

[From the Petersburg Express, Aug 5.]

We extract the following from a letter

which gives the conversation between a

planter and the writer:

He went on to say that for a time his high

admiration for the character of General Lee

had sensibly declined. He had been told

that the general had made application to

the Washington authorities for pardon. He

had supposed that rather than do that, the

general would undergo exile or death.—

Not long afterwards an opportunity had

presented itself for speaking to General Lee

on the subject. The report proved to be

correct and not a slander. A voluminous

application had been sent in, to which, how-

ever, no answer has yet been made. Since

the time of his visit a reply may have been

received. Having learned the motives

which had actuated General Lee in asking

for a pardon, his admiration, his veneration,