

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John East

W. H. Jacoby, Proprietor. Truth and Right—God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum.]

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

BY LILLIAN.
"The evening's calm and sacred hour,
I feel the sweet, the magic power,
Of unseen spirits hovering near—
Spirits from a heavenly sphere—
From round the great white throne they come
To guide my weary spirit home.
The world is fair, and bright, and gay,
Flowers are blooming round my way;
Kind friends surround me, or I roam,
Dear are the sweet delights of home.
Earth's choicest treasures bid me stay,
Yet gladly would I wing my way—
From earth, with all its joys and pains,
To heaven where my Redeemer reigns.
'Tis hard to sever each fond tie,
And thus, in life gay morn, to die,
Earth's pleasures tempt me, but alas!
They're transient—soon they pass,
Like mist, they hover round us, near,
We grasp them—and they disappear.
The wealth of earth was never given
To draw our souls away from Heaven,
But lent us, while below we dwell,
To use, but not to love too well.
Then let us fix our hopes on love,
On things abiding, things above,
That when from earth we're called to part,
We'll meet death with a willing heart.
My breath grows short, my pulse is low,
My fluttering spirit soon must go,
Will soon be free from pain and care,
In heavenly glory soon will share.
With faith to heaven I lift my eye,
And calmly breathe my parting sigh,
May the stone that marks my ashes, tell
The passer by, that "All is well."
Buck Horn, March 1858.

Major Brown's Coon Story.

"I was down on the creek this morning," said Bill Gates, "and I seed any amount of coon tracks. I think 'e agoin' to be powerful plenty this season."
"Oh, yes," replied Tom Coker, "I never heard tell of the like before. The whole woods is lined with 'em. If the skins is only a good price this season, I'll be live for something in the spring, sure's your liver, for I've jest got one of the best coon dogs in all Illinois."
"You say you never heard tell of the like o' the coons?" Put in Major Brown, an old veteran who had been chewing tobacco in service for the last half hour. "Why you don't know anything 'bout 'em! If you'd a come here forty years ago, like I did, you'd a thought coons! I jest tell you, boys, you couldn't go amiss for 'em. How hardly ever thought of pesterin' 'em much, for their skins weren't worth a darn with us—that is, we couldn't get enough for 'em to pay for the skinnin'."
"I recollect one day I went out a bee huntin'." Wal, arter I'd lumbered about a good while, I got kinder tired, and so I leaped up agin a big tree to rest. I hadn't much more'n leaped up afore something gived me one of the all-fired nips about the seat o' my briches I ever got in my life. I jumped about a rod, and lit a runnin', and kept on a runnin' for over a hundred yards, when I snaked bit, it's no use runnin', and I'm snake bit, but runnin' won't do enny good. So I jest stopped and proceeded to examine the wound. I soon seed it was no snake bite, for that's a blood-blisther pinched on me about six inches long.
"Think, sez I, that-erther gite me! What in the very dence could it be? Arter thinkin' 'bout 't awhile, I concluded to go back, and look for the critter, jess for the curiosity o' the thing. I went to the tree and poked the weeds and stuff all about; but darned the thing could I see. Party soon I seed the tree has a little split a runnin' along up it, and so I gits to lookin' at that. Drectly I sees the split open about half an inch, and then shut up agin; then I sees it open and shut agin as regular as a clock a tickin'."
"Think, sez I, what in all creation can this mean? I know'd I'd got pinched in the split tree, but what in thunder was makin' it do it? At first I felt awful scared, and thought it must be somethin' dreadful; and then agin I thought it moutn't. Next I thought about hants and ghosts, and about runnin' home and sayin' nothin' about it; and then I thought it couldn't be enny on 'em, for I'd never heard tell o' them a pesterin' a feller right in open daylight. At jest the true blood of my ancestors riz up in my veins, and told me it 'ud be cowardly to go home and not find out what it was; so I lumbered for my axe, and swore I'd find out all about it, or blow up. And when I got back I let it into the tree like blazes, and purty soon it cum down and smashed into flinders—and what do you think? Why it was rammed and jammed smack full of coons from top to bottom. Yes, sir, they's rammed in so close that every time they breathe they made the split open."

Some poetaster wrote the following for the *Harford Review*, but it almost killed him—
Long is the moon
That brings no eve;
Tall is the corn,
That no cob leaves;
Blue is the sky
That never looks yellier;
Hard is the apple
That never grows meller;
But longer and bluer and harder and tall,
Is my lady love—my adorable Poll.

A RACE WITH A WIDOW.

"Merciful Jehosaphat and big onions, what a time I've had with that widder— We chartered an omnibus for two on Christmas, and started. Widder said I, where we go to? She blushed, and said she didn't like to say. I told her she must say."
"Well Jehuel, if you insist upon it and I am to have my choice, I had rather go to church."
"What for, widder?" said I.
"Oh, Jehuel how can you ask me?"
"Cause I want to know," said I.
"Well—(blushing redder than beef)— it is such cold weather now, and the nights are awful cold, and—oh, Jehuel I can't stand it!"
"Oh, pshaw, widder spit it out what do you mean?"
The widder riled. She biled right over like a quart of milk on the fire and burst out with—
"If you can't understand me, you're a heartless brute so you are."
"Hold your horses!" said I. What's all this about? I am not a brute, nor never was, and if a man called me that I'd boot him sure."
And then biled right over, and unbuttoned my coat collar to keep me from bustin' off my buttons. The widder saw I was going to explode, or else collapse my wind pipe, and she flung her arms around my neck, put her lips to mine, I cooled right down.
"Jehuel, dear!" said she, in an insinuating way, and a voice as sweet as a hand organ, "Jehuel, honey I want to go to church to get mar'—no I can't say it all, you finish the word, Jehuel, sweet."
"What word, marm?"
"Oh you stupid Jehuel, dear, I mean the word marriage love."
"Married, widder?" said I, "did you mean that?"
"Indeed I did, Jehuel, love!"
"Look here marm, my name isn't Jehuel Love, nor Jehuel Dear, nor Jehuel Sweet. I'd have you know. And I won't get married to nobody but one, and you are not the one."
She, pester pennies, but didn't she rave! She made one dash at me, I dodged, and she went but up against the upper end of the omnibus. Crash went the comb; and smash went that bran new bonnet that I didn't buy for her, and down she went with her face in the straw. But in a moment she rose again, and made one more dash at me. I dropped—she went over me and butted the door of the omnibus. The strap broke and out she went—her gaiter boots higher than her head as she struck the pavement.
"Drive on!" I yelled to the driver.
"Woman overboard!" cried a passing sailor.
"Stop that White Coat—breach of promise—reward—Herald—published," shrieked the widow, in tones of moral agony while tears of blood streamed from her beautiful pug nose.
"Drive on! drive on!" I shouted.
"Where to?" asked the driver.
"To the devil—to Harlem—to Macomb's Dam—anywhere so that we escape matrimony and the widder."
He started, so did the widder, and then we had it up the avenue, the bus having the start of about a hundred yards. Foot by foot the widder gained. Think I, Jehuel, you are a goner, I thought it best to lighten ship. So first I hove overboard the straw. Still she gained on me. Then overboard went the cushions. But still she gained.
"More team, driver, for mercy's sake more team!" I yelled.
"We are going faster than the law allows now," he answered. "Thirteen miles an hour."
Jehosaphat how the widder run; she hove off her bonnet and came up hand over hand. A thought struck me, and so I off my coat and flung it right down in her path. She sprang on it like a panther, and tore it to pieces. Oh how they flew. I went to see it go, but life is sweeter than a coat, and my tailor is making me a new one. Here we gained full two hundred yards, but on she came again. Once more I could see the green in her eyes—merciful Moses, how I felt.
"Drive," said I, "kill them horses or get another mile out of them."
"Will you pay for them?" he said.
"Yes, yes," said I, "only save me from the widder."
By cracky we did slide; the widder no longer gained, but held her own beautifully. Through Harlem—where Capt. Graham attempted to catch us, he probably supposing that we were running away with some bank fund.
My only hope was reaching Degroot's ahead of her, for I knew they would hide me. We were on the bridge, and, oh, Moses, the draw was up, and a sloop going through. "Driver," said I, "jump that bridge and I'll make your fortune for life, sure as you're born."
"I'll do it or die!" he cried. And he did it. The widder jumped after us, fell into the Harlem river, and hasn't been heard of since.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

Don't I wish that I were a man! Wouldn't I set the beaver-hatted population an example of brilliant perfection! Wouldn't I make myself generally agreeable to all the ladies, and talk to 'em as if they had souls above bonnets! What a glorious man I should make!
I wouldn't stand on the hotel steps and puff clouds of villanous tobacco smoke into the eyes of all the pretty girls that go past, nor spit on the pavements to spoil their little shoes and injure their tempers.
I wouldn't set my huge heel down on the trains of their silken dresses, to tear 'em half off; and I think—I'm not quite sure, but I think—I'd knock down the first brute who dared to complain of the circumference of their garments!
And when they came into a car or omnibus, I wouldn't stick my nose into a newspaper, or look abstractedly out of the window, nor get up grumbling, "Always the way with women!" Not a bit of it! I'd spring up like a patent India-rubber-ball, and if the old batchelor on the right-hand side, and the spruce clerk on the left-hand side, didn't spruce themselves into the smallest possible space, to make room for the crinolines, I'd know the reason why!
And then, when I get married (for to what end was I created, if not to pay the milliner's bills of some blessed little bit of womankind, I wouldn't I make a model husband! Do you suppose I should bother her sweet life out of her, by grumbling because a paltry button had dropped off a shirt collar, or a string off a dickey? Do you think I'd explode like a campfire lamp every time I found a rip in my gloves? I'd like to see myself stooping to any such littleness.
I wouldn't consult the almanac every time she bought a new bonnet, to see just how many weeks she had worn the old one; and I wouldn't snarl like a cross tiger cat whenever the coffee happened to be cold or the beef-steak raw, just as if I wanted her to abase herself in dust and ashes, and burn up her rosy little face before the kitchen fire while I sat with my heels on the table, reading the paper in the next room. I wouldn't use profane language when she asked me to button up her sweet little gaiter-boots, or fasten her gloves, or even to carry her parcels down Broadway, on a rainy day—which last I consider to be an infallible test of patience and meekness.
I wouldn't gorge myself with wine and oysters and cigars at a fashionable downtown restaurant, while my wife dined at home on cold mutton, and then look as black as an over-charged thundercloud, when the grocer's "little bill" came in; I wouldn't expend a small fortune in diamond shirt-studs, extravagant broad-cloth, and fancy cases and then mutter about "hard times" when she ventured to ask me for half a dollar to buy check for the baby's aprons!
And I rather think I'd go shopping with her too, when she hinted to that effect, instead of inventing excuses about Smith, or Brown, or the club—aye, and pay her bills, too, without screwing up my mouth as if I had the cramp in my face! And if she looked into a shop window and admired a thirty-dollar collar, I'd walk straight in and buy it for her, instead of feigning to be absorbed in the signs opposite, and "forgetting to hear" what she said.
When I came home at night, I wouldn't make a bear of myself, behind the evening paper and answer savagely, when she timidly asked what I was reading, "Women can't understand politics!" No, indeed! I would read her all the anecdotes, play with the children, pull the pussy's ears, and tell her how becoming her new silk was. That's the way to keep the woman good natured, take my word for it; and what prettier sight is there in the world than a good-natured woman? Mind, I don't ask the incorrigible old bachelors; first, because it isn't any of their business, and second, because they're not judges of the article. But the question to any sensible fellow between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight and see what he'll say!
I'd make a point of always asking my wife's advice, before I went to vote, and doing just as she said about it—then I'd be sure to be always right. And if any bachelor friend of mine had the impudence to ask me to an oyster supper, without including my wife in the invitation, do you suppose I'd go? Ask my mother-in-law about that.
I wouldn't go to evening parties, and flirt desperately with other ladies, and talk about "my poor, dear wife, whose ill health precluded her enjoyment of society," when I knew very well that she was sitting at home alone with the cat, and crying her eyes out, over one of my ragged old coats.
Good gracious, what a wide field for improvement there is among the benighted sons of Adam! It puts me completely out of breath to think of half the reforms I'd make. Oh, if I only were a man
SHIRELY.

A young lady recently remarked that she could not understand what her brother George Henry, saw in the girls, that she liked them so well, for her part, she would not give the company of one young man for that of twenty girls.
The following question is now before the Sand Lake Debating Society. "Which do women like the best—to be hugged in a polka, or squeezed in a sleigh?" We shall issue the decision in an extra.

The Tyrant Sway.

BY G. P. MORRIS.
The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,
What'er its hopes may be,
Is like a bark that drifts away
Upon a shoreless sea!
No compass left to guide her on,
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—
And such is life to me!

THE STOLEN KNIFE.

Many years ago, when a boy of seven or eight years there was a thing which I longed for more than anything else, and which I imagined would make me supremely happy. It was a jack-knife. Then I would not be obliged to borrow father's every time I wished to cut a string or stick, but could whittle whenever I choose, and whenever I pleased. Dreams of knives, bows and arrows, boats, &c., all manufactured with the aid of that shining blade, haunted me by day and night.
It was a beautiful morning in June, that my father called me, and gave me leave, if I wished to go with him to the store. I was delighted, and taking his hand, we started. The birds sang sweetly on every bush, and everything looked so gay and beautiful, that my heart fairly leaped for joy. After our arrival at the village, and while my father was occupied in purchasing some articles in a remote part of the store, my attention was drawn to a man who was asking the price of various jack-knives which lay on the counter. As this was a very interesting subject to me, I approached, intending only to look at them. I picked one up, opened it, examined it, tried the springs, felt the edge of the blades with my thumb, and thought I could never cease admiring their polished surface. Oh! if it were only mine, thought I, how happy I should be! Just at this moment happening to look up, I saw that the merchant had gone to change a bill for his customer, and no one was observing me. For fear that I might be tempted to do wrong, I started to replace the knife on the counter, but an evil spirit whispered, "Put it in your pocket; quick!" Without stopping to think of the crime or its consequences, I hurriedly slipped it into my pocket, and as I did so, felt a little of shame burning on my cheek; but the store was rather dark, and no one noticed it, nor did the merchant miss the knife.
We soon started for home, my father giving me a parcel to carry. As we walked along, my thoughts continually rested on the knife, and I kept my hand in my pocket all the time from a sort of guilty fear that it would be seen. This, together with carrying the bundle in my other hand, made it difficult for me to keep pace with my father. He noticed it and gave me a lecture about walking with my hands in my pockets.
Ah! how different were my thoughts then, from what they were when passing the same scenes a few hours before. The song of the birds seemed joyous no longer, but sad and sorrowful, as if chiding me for my wicked act. I could not look my father in the face, for I had been heedless of his precepts, broken one of God's commandments, and become a sinner. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I could hardly help crying, but concealed my feelings, and tried to think of the good times I would have with my knife. I could hardly say anything on my way home, and my father thinking I was either tired or sick, kindly took my burden, and spoke soothingly to me, his guilty son. No sooner did we reach home, than I retreated to a safe place, behind the house, to try the stolen knife. I had picked up a stick, and was whittling it, perfectly delighted with the sharp blade, which glided through the wood almost of itself, when suddenly I heard the deep, sudden voice of my father, calling me by name, and on looking up, saw him at the window directly over my head, gazing down very sorrowfully at me. The stick dropped from my hand, and with the knife clasped in the other, I proceeded into the house. I saw by his looks that my father had divined all. I found him sitting in his arm chair, looking very pale, walked directly to his side, and in a low calm voice, he asked me where I got the knife. His gentle manner and kind tone went to my heart, and I burst into tears. As soon as my voice would allow me, I made a full confession. He did not flog me as some fathers would have done, but reprimanded me in such a manner, that while I felt truly penitent for the deed I loved him more than ever, and promised never, never to do the like again. In my father's company, I then returned to the store, and on my knees begged the merchant's pardon, and promised never again to take what was not my own.
My father is long since dead; and never do I think of my first theft, without blessing the memory of him whose kind teachings and gentle corrections have made it, thus far in my life and forever, my last.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

THE WILD GOOSE.

A DANGEROUS FEAT.
The only journeys he ever made to the settlements were two each year, to the nearest store, fifty miles distant. These were for the purpose of exchanging a pack of bear skins for powder and lead.
I met him upon one of these excursions, and accompanied him home. Nothing could be more dismal than his locality, unless it was dwelling. The cabin consisted of a single room about 12 feet square, made of poles and covered with bark. The interior was thickly hung round with skins, many of them large and valuable, among which I recognized those of a panther, wildcat, fox, bear and deer. A fine fescion of Indian scalps gave evidence of the barbarous tastes contracted from so long a residence nigh the aborigines.
Amongst these, of which he was particularly proud, he pointed out the top knots of several distinguished braves.
His bed was more luxuriant than the most fastidious city dame can boast, being composed of swan feathers and swan skins dressed with the feathers on. And here through the cold wet months the old man burrowed: a string of dried venison and a few fleeces of dried bear meat for his food; a gourd of lake water for his supply of drink; his patched yet faithful rifle hard by, and the panther might scream upon his very roof pole, he cared not. The wolf's howling through the long nights never disturbed his slumbers.
The alligators might splash the moss lake or build their mud heaps by the very side of his walls, or bellow in rage upon the adjacent sand bar, old Brent heard them not, or only heard them as the dweller in city walls hears the ordinary sounds of the thronged streets. Nothing was of interest to attract his attention, except the voice of man, and this for obvious reasons the gray haired hunter did not often hear.
My visit was protracted to a week, and when I offered him the parting hand, a convulsive twitching of his face expressed the words of thankfulness and real esteem with which I acknowledged his hospitality. And now by the side of a Canamache helmet, in my cabinet of curiosities, hangs the top-knot of a huge Creek warrior; slain by old Brent in his days of youthful strife, and presented me as the highest token of esteem that he could entertain towards his fellow man.
A PRIMITIVE REPUBLICAN INSTITUTION.—The Baltimore "Exchange" says that the Maryland State House at Annapolis, is a venerable structure, to which the modern improvements have not been applied. In the council chamber and immense hickory fire warms the applicants for office who are want to approach, in fear and trembling, its temporary tenant. In the Senate chamber below, a corresponding fire place, of the amplest dimensions, sheds its cheerful blaze upon the wisdom of the State assembled in that hall. The conscript fathers of the lower house and library, are heated by a furnace, whilst the comptroller and court of appeals still cling to open fires and hickory logs. No gas illumines the dark places in this ancient pile—but whenever night sessions are held, hundreds of spermacetic candles, which once extinguished, though half burned, never appear again within those walls, shed their intellectual glare upon the congregated wisdom of the State. A solitary watchman, who takes his round when he pleases, is the only guardian of this anti-revolutionary edifice, and the invaluable records within it.
FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining injury; and if a musket ball be fired into the water, it will not only re-bound but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket may be fired through a pane of glass—making a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.
In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, person can converse more than a mile distant.—Dr. Jameson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child across water a mile wide.

THE TYRANT SWAY.

BY G. P. MORRIS.
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THE TYRANT SWAY.

BY G. P. MORRIS.
The heart that owns thy tyrant sway,
What'er its hopes may be,
Is like a bark that drifts away
Upon a shoreless sea!
No compass left to guide her on,
Upon the surge she's tempest-torn—
And such is life to me!

THE WILD GOOSE.

A DANGEROUS FEAT.
The only journeys he ever made to the settlements were two each year, to the nearest store, fifty miles distant. These were for the purpose of exchanging a pack of bear skins for powder and lead.
I met him upon one of these excursions, and accompanied him home. Nothing could be more dismal than his locality, unless it was dwelling. The cabin consisted of a single room about 12 feet square, made of poles and covered with bark. The interior was thickly hung round with skins, many of them large and valuable, among which I recognized those of a panther, wildcat, fox, bear and deer. A fine fescion of Indian scalps gave evidence of the barbarous tastes contracted from so long a residence nigh the aborigines.
Amongst these, of which he was particularly proud, he pointed out the top knots of several distinguished braves.
His bed was more luxuriant than the most fastidious city dame can boast, being composed of swan feathers and swan skins dressed with the feathers on. And here through the cold wet months the old man burrowed: a string of dried venison and a few fleeces of dried bear meat for his food; a gourd of lake water for his supply of drink; his patched yet faithful rifle hard by, and the panther might scream upon his very roof pole, he cared not. The wolf's howling through the long nights never disturbed his slumbers.
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