

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

*John G. Jones*

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 2.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1850.

NUMBER 5.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

ost in this matter of wishing to have no se-  
cret from me, until you prove this to me."  
"And what further proof do you ask?"  
"That you disclose to me the secrets of  
last night?"  
"What, those of the lodge?"  
"Yes."  
"But I dare not."  
"Pray why?"  
"Fie, I see it all," and Ella put her hands  
over her face; and walked out of the room  
sobbing.  
She looked sad and sick when I next saw  
her. I pitied her, and reproached myself for  
my rude disregard of her wishes. But what  
was to be done? I dared not make a con-  
fession to her, and I had not the courage to  
explain and reason her out of her whim. I  
was miserable, and felt that I deserved to be  
so. My wife was a gentle soul, and I must  
be a brute to wound her feelings. Tell her  
the simple secrets of the order I dared not  
and for not doing it I would be subject to  
perpetual importunities and suspicions. It  
was strange that I could not have acted  
more discreetly in this matter! What a per-  
plexity this was again!

**CHAPTER VII.**  
"Well, Doctor, I commend your respectful  
treatment of your lady," said Mrs. Prim, with  
a sly meaning wink, to me one morning, as  
I laid her family a professional visit.  
"I certainly always attempt to treat her  
with the utmost kindness and respect," I re-  
plied half enquiringly, for I did not under-  
stand her intension.  
"But I was so pleased to hear that you  
trusted her to a degree that few men venture  
to do with their wives."  
"I hope, indeed, she is to be trusted to any  
extent in every respect, for I should feel most  
meanly to find myself suspicious of her. But  
pray explain yourself, for I confess I do not  
fairly understand you."  
"I had reference, sir, to your communica-  
tion to her the secrets of the Lodge," an-  
swered the lady in a lower tone, and half  
distastefully. And she added, after a little  
pause; for I was so astonished that I could  
not reply at once—"But of course, I would  
not reply for the world to tell this to any one  
else, so you need not fear. I was so pleased  
with your frankness toward your lady in this  
matter that I could not refrain from complimen-  
ting you, as a merited act of justice."  
"Your admiration is lost then, I must say  
to you, Mrs. Prim," I replied as soon as I  
recovered from the shock of astonishment,  
for I half suspected some horrible plot to en-  
trap me.

"Nay don't attempt to joke with me, for  
you know, Doctor, I dislike tricks."  
"I was never in more serious earnest than  
when I say, that Mrs. Poe knows none of the  
secrets of the Odd Fellows from me. If your  
information was true it might indeed work  
me a sad injury."  
"Then of course you would conceal your  
breach of faith. Never mind, Doctor, I for-  
give it for the sake of the love you bear El-  
la," and the dignified lady insisted upon be-  
lieving that I had been false to the lodge for  
the sake of my wife, for she declared she  
had "heard so."

Not long after this I paid a professional visit  
to Mr. Forsyth's family; and, while left al-  
one with my patient, I heard something like  
the following conversation carried on in ra-  
ther low voices, in the adjoining room.  
"I say he's a brute to act so to his wife!"  
"Yes, it's bad enough."  
"How sorry I am for Ella."  
"Ho, ho," muttered I, "so they're talking  
about me?"  
"Yes," replied the second voice, "I always  
thought it would come to this with him."  
"And now he'll get into bad company, and  
run down the road of dissipation to utter  
ruin."  
"Poor Ella."  
"Indeed, it's too bad!"  
"He treats her just like a servant to his  
family, and not at all like a wife. I am so  
glad I had the prudence to shun him when  
he attempted to annoy me with his atten-  
tions."  
"I have perhaps still greater reason for  
thankfulness."  
"How so, pray tell?"  
"Oh, it's only an old flirtation of no conse-  
quence, that can now do neither credit nor  
service."  
"What, with the doctor?"  
"Yes, before I knew him so well as I do  
now."  
"You may thank your stars that you es-  
caped."  
"Indeed I do," and here there was a sup-  
pressed "ha! ha!"  
Here too there was a short pause in the  
conversation. A third person seemed to come  
into the room, and the talk went on.  
"We were talking, Mrs. Siddon, about the  
brutality of Dr. Poe?"  
"Brutality!—The weakness or villainy you  
should rather say. Why they say he had to  
go and tell his wife all the Odd Fellows' se-  
crets. I think he must be extremely uxori-  
ous, or weak minded, or—"  
"Oh no, Mrs. Siddon, the news is that he  
brutally refused to tell his wife any thing."  
"Why indeed I heard he told her every  
thing about the Odd Fellows—their secrets  
—and all."  
"You must have been misinformed then,  
for I heard positively that he utterly, and  
stubbornly refused to tell her any thing at  
all."  
"Well, he cannot attend our family any  
more."  
"Nor ours."

CHAPTER VIII.  
"Nor ours either."  
"Such a brute!"  
"But, indeed, I think he told his wife the  
secrets."  
"Oh no."  
"Indeed he didn't."  
Here I could contain myself no longer, and  
with a smothered laugh, I accidentally kick-  
ed over a chair, the noise of which adjourn-  
ed the caucus of the adjoining room.

**Coming it over a Hatter.**  
Many years since, there did dwell in a  
certain town not a hundred miles from that  
far-famed place where Orthodox divines are  
fitted up for their profession and calling, a  
certain D. D., notorious for his parsimonious-  
ness, which would occasionally run into the  
wildest extremes.  
"Like a peach that's got the yellars,  
With its meanness 'bustin' out!"  
One day this doctor of divinity chanced  
into a hat store in this city, and after run-  
ning over the wares selected an ordinary looking  
hat—put it on his reverend head, gazed him-  
self in the glass—then asked the very lowest  
price of it—telling the vender that if he could  
get it cheap enough he thought he might buy  
it.  
"But," said the hatter, "that hat is not  
good enough for you to wear here is what  
you want, showing one of his best beavers."  
"Tis the best I can afford though," return-  
ed the theologian.  
"Well, then, doctor—I'll make a present  
of that best beaver, if you'll wear it and  
tell your friends where it came from—I'll  
warrant you'll send me customers  
enough to get my money back with interest;  
you are pretty extensively acquainted."  
"Thank you—thank you!" said the doctor—  
his eyes gleaming with pleasure at raising a  
castor so cheaply—how much may this be-  
aver be worth?"  
"We sell that kind of hat for eight dollars,  
replied the man of nap."  
"And the other?" continued the reverend  
gentleman.  
"Three."  
The man of sermons put on the beavers;  
looked in the glass—then of the three dollar  
hat.  
"I think sir," said he—taking off the beaver;  
and holding it in one hand as he donned the  
cheap "title," I think sir that this hat will an-  
swer my purpose full as well as the best."  
"But you had better take the best one,"  
said the man of nap.  
"B—u—t—no!" replied the parson hesita-  
tingly—didn't know—but—perhaps you would  
as lie I would take the cheap one—and leave  
the other—and perhaps you would not mind  
giving me the difference in a five dollar  
bill!"—*Boston Post.*

**How Pat Learned to make a Fire.**  
"Can you make a fire, Pat?" asked a  
gentleman of a newly arrived son of Erin.  
"Indeed I can, sia, and I learned to do  
that same, yer honor, to my cost, sure—Whin  
I came over, you see, there was no one a-  
long wid me, except myself alone, and my  
sister Bridget. Whin we got ashore, we  
went together to a boarding house, the board-  
ingmaster took me up stairs to a room, and  
whin I went to bed I took the coat and shirt  
of my back, and for fear some dirty spal-  
peen would be after stealing 'em away snug  
and tidy in a great iron chest, that stood  
right formin' the bed. In the mornin, whin  
the day was breakin' through my window,  
says I to myself, "The top av the mornin'  
ye, Pat is yer clothes safe?" and I just open-  
ed the door av the big chest, and t'gorra,  
the coat off my body and the shirt off my  
back was burnt ash. Be bad, sir, that ould  
devil of a chest was a stove, bad luck to it—  
and iver since, that, I've know how to kin-  
dle fires, sir."

**A Rational Conclusion.**  
An honest Dutchman, in training up  
his son in the way he should go, frequently ex-  
cised him in bible lessons. On one of these  
occasions he asked him:  
"Who was dat vat would not sleep mit  
Boifher's wife?"  
"Shoseph!"  
"Dat's a coot boy! Vell, vat was de reason  
vy he would not sleep mit her?"  
"Don't know—shoseph he was not shleepy!"

**VERY CLEVER.**—They tell a good joke in  
Paris of the French police, who seeing two  
persons fighting, interposed, and said—"No  
fighting in the streets, you blackguards; go  
inside the Chamber, if you wish to do that."

**"State's evidence"** has been defined  
as the term by which we designate the wretch  
who is pardoned for being more base than his  
comrades.

**Remission of Punishment.**—We learn from  
the Frederick Examiner, that Gov. Thomas  
has commuted the punishment of John Thom-  
as, convicted in Frederick City in November  
last, on his own confession, of the murder  
of Mrs. Preston, and sentenced by the Court  
to be hung, to confinement in the Penitenti-  
ary.

**A WEDDING EXCURSION.**  
FROM THE GREAT WEST.  
The evening ceremony was performed  
which made Tim and Rachel a unite, and  
the company had "liquored" all round, Tim  
having previously "talked it up" with Rach-  
el, boldly announcing the desperate resolu-  
tion of starting the next morning on a grand  
tour of observation.  
"He had always bin tu hum," he said,  
"and never seen utthin, and now he was  
goin' straight to G—, and afore he come  
back he would see a steamboat if there was  
such a thing any how."  
The village of G— was about fifty  
miles distant, lying on the Ohio river, and a  
journey there from Tim's residence in those  
days, was deemed a great excursion. Some  
of them thought Tim had taken leave  
of his senses, or certainly he was not in  
earnest, but he assured them he was, and  
the next morning, tocking up "old gray,"  
and putting in a supply of pork and beans  
for the journey, Tim and the now Mrs. Hig-  
gins started on their bridal tour. The sec-  
ond day the hopeful pair, without accident,  
arrived at G—. Just as they were enter-  
ing the town it so happened that the steam-  
boat Pennsylvania was rounding in to make  
landing. Tim caught sight of her smoke  
pipes, and in an ecstasy of wonder and de-  
light cried out:  
"There she comes now, by hokey! Look  
at her! Je-r-r-s-lem! just as Scotia  
Stokely said—smokes like a burnin' feller.  
She's comin' in to shore, t'! Jenima, what  
a creek! I funder cross that from our house  
to Shodlow's mill! ain't it Rach! See, they  
are tying up the varmint with a halter.  
Wonder if it's skeery and pulls. Here's a  
post, let's tie gray, and go down to the crit-  
ter."  
"Thunder! what's that? how it snorts!  
You better keep your eye on it, Tim," said  
Rachel; "it might swaller you down like  
winkin'."  
"I ain't afeared," said Tim; "folks are  
coming off on't now. She's good natured I  
reckon, only spitched."  
By this time "gray" was made fast, and  
Tim and Rachel were moving cautiously in  
the direction of the boat.  
"No balking, Rachel, I'm going on to  
her."  
The plank was out, and Tim, followed  
slowly by Rachel, boldly walked up, and  
soon stood along side the engine.  
"See how she awents, they must have put  
her through," said Tim. "I say, old boss,"  
said Tim, addressing the engineer, "move  
her jints a little, I wan't to see how she trav-  
els."  
"She'll move directly," replied the man of  
steam, "better keep out of her way."  
Tim and Rachel now vended their way to  
the main deck, and so completely were they  
absorbed with what they saw, that they did  
not observe the preparations making for her  
departure. At the last tap of the bell, Tim  
thought there must be a meetin' somewhere,  
but had no idea it was anything which con-  
cerned him. At length, as Tim afterwards  
expressed it, "she began to breathe hard,"  
and the water began to splash, and Tim for  
the first time, observed they were in the midst  
of the river.  
"Hello here, old boss!" screamed Tim;  
"I say, cap'n, what you 'bout? where you  
goin' to?"  
They were now under full head-way, and  
Tim saw the town and old gray disappear-  
like magic.  
"Thunder, why don't you hold in?" roared  
Tim, "she's running away—What'll I do?  
Oh Lord, cuss the critter—can't she be  
bro't to?"  
A wag, who comprehended poor Tim's  
predicament, observed:  
"You are in for it now, my friend, we  
don't stop till we get to Orleans."  
"I told you to keep your eye on the blasted  
varmint!" screamed Rachel; "now what will  
become of us?"  
Tim was in despair. At this moment the  
steamer's whistle uttered one of its sharpest  
notes, and Tim's hair stood on end.  
"She's loose, squealing and kickin'!"  
shrieked Tim. "Oh Lord, Rachel, we are  
lost, and the absence of the knowledge of  
any prayer, he tried to repeat a part of  
the blessing he had heard Deacon Snively ask  
at the table.  
By this time the captain had learned of  
poor Tim's misfortune, and kindly ordered  
the boat to land, and Tim and Rachel once  
more stood on terra firma—Footin' it back  
with all possible dispatch, they found old  
gray still fast to the post, and not many min-  
utes elapsed before head was turned home-  
ward, with Tim and Rachel, who were per-  
fectly satisfied with what they had seen of  
the world in general, and their experience  
in steamboating in particular.

**TO MY WIFE.**  
BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE.  
Afar from thee! The morning breaks,  
But morning brings no joys to me;  
Alas my spirit only wakes  
To know that I am far from thee!  
In dreams I saw that blessed face,  
And thou wert nestled on my breast;  
In dreams I felt thy fond embrace,  
And to my own thy heart was pressed.

Afar from thee! 'Tis solitude,  
Though smiling crowds around me be;  
The kind, the beautiful, the good—  
For I can only think of thee.  
Of thee, the kindest, loveliest, best,  
My earliest, and my only one;  
Without thee I am all unblest,  
And wholly blest with thee alone.

Afar from thee! The words of praise  
What sweetest seemed in better days;  
What sweetest seemed in better days;  
I cannot rest so far from home,  
The dearest joy I can bestow,  
Is in thy moistened eye to see,  
And in thy cheek's unusual glow,  
Thou deem'st me not unworthy thee.

Afar from thee! The night is come,  
But slumbers from my pillow flee;  
I cannot rest so far from home,  
And my heart's home is, love, with thee!  
I kneel before the throne of prayer,  
And then I know thou art nigh;  
For God, who seeth every where,  
Bends o'er us a watchful eye.

Together in his love embrace,  
No distance can our hearts divide;  
Forgotten quite the mediate space,  
I kneel thy kneeling form beside;  
My tranquil frame then sinks to sleep,  
But soars the spirit far and free;  
O welcome be night's slumbers deep—  
For, then, dear love, I am with thee!

**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**  
Our life is dying with the dying years.  
Such is the inevitable course of nature. But  
wisdom, truth and love, and above all, the  
heavenly grace from whence they spring, can  
under another law, save life—save the  
whole of life—its buds, its blossoms, its  
fruits, and treasure them up forever. Our  
true life is not in the ordinary measures of  
time—in setting suns, and beating hearts—  
but in our thoughts, our sentiments, our  
principles, our deeds. Just as we consecrate  
ourselves to wisdom, truth and love, just as  
God and Christ reign in us, just so far we  
live a deathless life, and nothing is lost to  
us. Our progressive life now becomes an  
accumulation of life. Every year, instead  
of taking away, adds to our store. The good  
old man who has always walked with God,  
carries all his years with him into immor-  
tality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

**SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.**—We find in the  
Journal of Health the following simple rem-  
edy for this dangerous disease. Those who  
have passed nights of almost agony at the  
bedside of loved children, will treasure it  
up as an invaluable piece of information. If  
a child is taken with croup, instantly ap-  
ply cold water, ice water if possible, sud-  
denly and freely to the neck and chest, with  
a sponge. The breathing will almost instan-  
tly be relieved. So soon as possible, let  
the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe  
it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet  
slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and  
lead the heart in thankfulness to the power  
which has given to the yare gushing foun-  
tain such medical qualities.

**THE CENSUS BILL,** now before the United  
States Senate, provides that the enumeration  
shall commence in June, and that the re-  
turns shall be completed in October. The  
forms must be printed and distributed before  
the first of June. If the bill were to pass  
this week, this would be possible; but the  
bill will hardly become a law before April  
next. The Census Board have proposed a  
system of inquiries, and the Census Com-  
mittee another system; but there is no es-  
sential difference between them. The cen-  
sus will cost \$1,200,000. The last one cost  
a million.

**Bustles are all a fleeting show,**  
For man's illusion given,  
They're filled with bran or stuffed with tow,  
And stick out about a foot or so,  
On six girls out of seven.

**Malice is said to drink one-half of its  
own poison.**  
**The Bank at Danville is in operation.**

**AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.**  
The following is the eloquent close of a  
speech lately delivered in Congress by Hon.  
James McLaughan of this state upon the  
subject of slavery and disunion—  
"With us the preservation of the Union is  
a paramount consideration. We cling to it as  
to the sheet-anchor of all our hopes. We  
venerate it as the ark of the covenant of  
our rational existence, and withered be the  
hand that sacrilegiously touches it. The  
great confederation of sister States cannot  
perish; it must not be. Having many mem-  
bers, the republic has but one body. This  
nation has but one heart, and every pulsa-  
tion of that heart beats high for the Union.  
Sir, cool, cunning, deliberate calculations  
have been made in this Capitol as well as  
elsewhere, and it is the result of these cal-  
culations that the Union will not stop to  
point out the miserable fallacy of such  
calculations. My feelings re-  
volt at the mournful task.  
Judas Iscariot sold his Lord and Master  
for thirty pieces of silver. Conscience-stung  
he flung back at the feet of those who had  
bribed him the glittering treasure, and hang-  
ed himself. His bloated and disembowelled  
body fell a disgusting spectacle to the earth,  
and his guilty spirit went hissing to hell.  
That American citizen who should betray  
his country, and barter away the Union for  
mere pecuniary considerations, deserves no  
better fate.  
But, sir, I say again, this Union is safe.  
If the President of the United States and  
Congress assembled cannot preserve it,  
twenty millions of freemen can and will;  
and we be unto him who, either North or  
South, raises the traitor cry of disunion. An  
invisible but an electric chain of national  
sympathy binds the people of this country  
indissolubly together in one common bond  
of brotherhood. It is their pride and their  
glory to be one. What, sir, dissolve this  
Union—a Union cemented by the highest  
and holiest associations of the past, the  
proud triumphs of the present, and the glo-  
rious prospects of the future! Never! Dis-  
solve this Union! God of my country for-  
bid it!"

**PROTECTION.**  
There is an article in the February num-  
ber of Hunt's Merchant Magazine, which  
ought to be procured and carefully read by  
those "democratic" dough-faces who periodi-  
cally disgrace themselves by offering "protec-  
tive" resolutions and making high tariff  
speeches in our State and National Legisla-  
tures. We commend it to the particular at-  
tention of Simon Cameron and Henry  
Clurch.  
The article alluded to is written by Genl.  
C. T. James, of Rhode Island, who is largely  
interested in the new cotton factory at Har-  
riaburg, and is a reply to the clamors of Mr.  
Amos A. Lawrence, in a previous number of  
the Magazine, for more protection to the  
cotton manufacturers of the country.

four first rate mills, which, according to their  
declared dividends, had earned a little more  
than 8 percent on the aggregate capital for  
eleven years past—and this was not enough!  
more "protection" was needed! Now there  
are hundreds—perhaps we might say there  
are thousands of farmers in the Cumberland  
valley, who work from morning till night, in  
heat, cold, and rain, who do not clear any-  
thing like 8 per cent. on their capital invest-  
ed. These hard-working men would be  
laughed at if they asked the government to  
protect them.  
But Mr. James, himself a manufacturer,  
says the manufacturers make much higher  
profits than they admit or their published  
dividends show, and he explains the matter  
in the following satisfactory way:  
"As to dividends—what a criterion do they  
afford, by which to judge of the amount of pro-  
fits? None at all. A company may 'pay'  
a capital of \$300,000, and owe one half of it.  
They may earn \$150,000 in one year, or 50  
per cent on the capital; and, instead of pay-  
ing a dividend, take the profits to pay the  
debts. There are a great many compa-  
nies, one of them as wealthy and as success-  
ful as any in New England, which latter was  
established in 1808, and the others since,  
which have never declared a dividend, but  
all have made money. And how, with the  
first-class Lowell companies? Have they di-  
vided all their profits? Or have they reser-  
ved a greater proportion from year to year,  
to bring up a nominal capital to a real one, and  
to build new and extensive cotton-mills as  
most of them have done? Mr. Lawrence  
has given us no light from the books on this  
point. One company, to be sure, he tells us,  
has made a stock dividend this year of  
25 per cent, which amounts to \$500,000—  
This money has been expended in the erec-  
tion of a new cotton-mill. This amount and  
more, was on hand last year; but, had Mr.  
Lawrence's statement been made out of them,  
we should have heard nothing of it. Is it  
not true, that vast amounts of profits from  
Lowell mills have thus been reserved and  
hoarded, even within ten or five years past,  
which not even stock dividends have  
been declared? If so, what reliance can be  
placed on Mr. Lawrence's columns of de-  
clared dividends, as to the amount of profits?  
Who can tell by them whether the profits  
have averaged 8 percent, 13, 28, or 50?—  
Some of these mills are reported, in 1849,  
with two thousand more spindles than in  
1845, and so on, up to twelve thousand  
more; yet they represent no increase of cap-  
ital stock. How is this, if the business has  
been so extended by means of new subscrip-  
tions?  
Besides the voluntary testimony of Mr.  
James as to the profitability of American  
cotton manufactures, under the existing tar-  
iff, we have other strong evidence furnished  
us in the fact that an English house has sent  
out to Boston a cargo of Gingham made in  
exact imitation of those manufactured at the  
"Lancaster Mills" in this country. Even the  
labels of the American goods have been imi-  
tated by the English manufacturer. This  
shows that the Americans have fairly beaten  
out foreign competition in the article of  
Gingham, at least, reducing the Englishman  
to the degrading necessity of counterfeiting in  
order to get a sale for his goods. Does not  
that produce such results as these need  
amendment?—*Valley Spirit.*

**IRISH DENIAL.**—An Irish boy, who was try-  
ing to get a place, denied that he was an  
Irish boy. "I don't know what you mean  
by not being an Irishman," said the gentle-  
man who was about hiring him; "but this I  
know, you were born in Ireland." "Och,  
your honor," said the boy, "that's all small  
blame to that. Suppose I had been born in  
a stable, would I have been a horse?"

**SOME CURIOUS PERSON AT THE NORTH** has  
been calculating the area of the territory of  
the United States not yet organized into States,  
and finds that we have domain enough for forty six  
and a half States as large as Pennsylvania.  
Of these, thirty five will lie north of 36° 30'  
min. and will be free States, if that line of  
compromise was adopted.

**THE FOLLOWING COLLOQUY** came off be-  
tween two belles, one evening in the draw-  
ing room, at a ball, between the dances—  
"Beck, how does my head geer look?" "O,  
like a jilly flower!" "What did Mose Jewell  
say about me?" "He said you looked slick  
as a candle, and slicker too!" "Gingeration  
—Nanc, lets fix and go in agin'!"

**LAUGHABLE.**—To see half a dozen uncles,  
one or two brothers, and an old maiden aunt  
of seventy, holding consultation to devise  
ways and means" to prevent a young girl  
from marrying the "feller she loves." It's  
just about as ridiculous, as to see an intoxi-  
cated man attempt to shoulder his own shad-  
ow.

**A CERTAIN IRISH ATTORNEY** threatened to  
prosecute a Dublin printer for inserting the  
death of a living person. The menace con-  
cluded with the remark, that "no printer  
should publish a death unless informed of  
the fact by the party deceased."

**"IS THAT CLEAN BUTTER?"** asked a grocer,  
to a boy who had brought a quantity to mar-  
ket. "I should think it ought to be," re-  
plied the boy, "for marm and Sal were more  
than two hours picking the hairs and mogg  
out of it last night."

**DIVORCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.**—There are said to  
be in the county of Suffolk, (Mass.) embrac-  
ing Boston alone, forty-eight suits for divor-  
ce, now pending before the Supreme Court.

**"YOU HAVE BROKEN THE SABBATH,** John-  
ny," said a good man to his son. Johnny  
said his little sister, and mother's long comb  
too, fight in three pieces."

**"THE REPROACHES OF CONSCIENCE DON'T**  
trouble an honest man."

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building  
on the south side of Main street, third  
square below Market.  
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid  
within six months from the time of subscrib-  
ing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid  
within the year. No subscription received  
for a less period than six months: no discon-  
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are  
paid, unless at the option of the editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square,  
will be inserted three times for one dollar, and  
twenty-five cents for each additional insertion.  
A liberal discount will be made to those who  
advertise by the year.

**THE STAR OF THE NORTH**  
Published every Thursday Morning, by  
Weaver & Gilmore.  
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building