

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

VOLUME 2.

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

Two Dollars per Annum.

NUMBER 9.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

PROCLAMATION.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
Is 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.

NOTICE is hereby given that the several Courts of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and Orphans' Court, Court of Oyer and Terminer and Jail Delivery, in and for the County of Columbia, to commence at the Court House in Bloomsburg, on Monday the 15th day of April next, to continue two weeks.

The Coroner, Justices of the Peace & Constables, in and for the county of Columbia, are requested to be then and there in their proper persons, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, and other remembrances, to do those things in their several offices appertaining to be done. And all witnesses prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any prisoner, are also requested and commanded to be then and there attending in their proper persons to prosecute against him, shall be just—and not to depart without leave at their peril. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, at the time appointed agreeable to their notices,

Given under my hand at Bloomsburg the 12th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty—and the Independence of the United States of America the 74th.

PETER BILLMYER, Sheriff.
(God save the Commonwealth.)

BLOOMSBURG ACADEMY.

A HIGH SCHOOL
For Young Ladies and Gentlemen

J. E. BRADLEY, Principal.

The next Summer Session of this Institution will commence on MONDAY, the 8th of April.

Text Books.

Emerson's Spelling Book and Reader.

Georick's Geography.

Bullion's English Grammar.

Parker's Progressive Exercises.

Aids to English Composition.

Blair's Rhetoric, University edition.

Davies' Arithmetic.

" Algebra.

" Geometry.

" Surveying.

" Mensuration.

Shea's Book-keeping.

Ackerman's Natural History.

Cutter's Anatomy, Physiology, & Hygiene.

Gueney's History of the United States.

Lardner's Outlines.

Olmsted's School Philosophy.

Burritt's Geography of the Heavens.

Johnston's Turner's Chemistry.

Wood's Botany.

Schmecker's Mental Philosophy.

Wayland's Moral Science.

Webster's Dictionary.

LATIN—Bullion's Latin Grammar, Bullion's Latin Reader, Author's Caesar, Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Folsom's Livy, Loverit's Latin Grammar.

GREEK—Bullion's Greek Grammar, Bullion's Greek Reader, Robinson's Greek Testament, Xenophon's Anabasis, Xenophon's Memorabilia, Pickering's Greek Lexicon.

GERMAN—F. J. Adler's German Grammar, Ollendorff's method of Learning the German Language, Adler's German Reader.

There will be frequent exercises in Declamation and Composition. Instruction will also be given in Penmanship and Book-Keeping.

Pupils attending this School can enjoy the advantages of instruction on the Piano Forte at a moderate charge.

It will be the aim of the Teacher in this School, to impart to the pupils a thorough knowledge of the branches studied, to educate their minds, and thus to prepare them for honorable places in life.

TERMS.

The Summer Session will consist of twenty-four weeks or two quarters of 12 weeks each. The price of tuition will be as follows per quarter:

For Reading, Penmanship, Grammar, Arithmetic, Book-Keeping by single entry, Geography, History of U. S. \$3 25

For same, and Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Mensuration, Book-Keeping by double entry, General History, Natural History, Physiology, Philosphy, other English branches, and Drawing. \$4 50

For Latin, Greek and German. 5 75

For Good boarding can be obtained in private families from \$1 50 to \$2 00 per week.

REFERENCES—Col. Joseph Paxton, Hon. Stephen Baldy, Hon. Geo. Mack, Michael Brobst, Esq., John M'Reynolds, Esq., Rev. Daniel Steck.

Bloomsburg, Feb 21, 1850

CHEAP TAILORING.

The subscriber is now doing a large business at Tailoring in Light Street, and invites all who wish for fashions, well-fitting and cheaply-made garments to visit his shop and give him a trial.

He has two shops in operation, turning off work. One is in the upper end and the other in the lower part of Light Street. He regularly receives the CITY FASHIONS, and asks only for a trial to insure satisfaction.

Particular attention will be paid to cutting out.

B. F. DOLLMAN,
Light Street, April 12, 1849-1

Boots and Shoes.

Encourage your own Mechanics, and you
encourage yourselves.

The subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has on hand, and makes to order all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the following low prices:

Men's fine calf or morocco boots, 24 1/2 50

do kip or cow hide, 3 3 25

do calf shoes 2 00

do cow hide 1 75

do miners' nailed, 2 2 50

Ladies' gaiters, 2 2 25

Lace-boots, 1 62

Thick soled slippers, 1 1 37

Pump soled, 1 37

Excelsiors, 1 25

Boys', youths' and children's shoes in proportion. He makes them to his work; and best is determined to sell them as low as others can their Yankees or city work. Call and see for yourselves. Shop on Main st., next door below Hartman's Store.

CHARLES R. BUCKALEW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BLOOMSBURG, COL. CO., PA.

OFFICE—Two doors below the Court-House,
North side of Main Street.

Nov. 8, 1849.

WARREN RUSSELL

Horse Bills.

Many desirable style, neatly and cheaply printed at this office.

at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when I is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney coach when Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we will scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve and the rolling vehicle hurried on through the lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed suppressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.

"She was, a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the back room they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotless purity threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl watched by a physician and a nurse.

The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet; and slowly opened her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"He is here!" she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. Apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful undercurrent of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophesied felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Proposed on pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud poet and noble standing by the bedside, and a slight blush over spread her features while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips.

At last, the engines ceasing, The captives homeward rushed, She thought her strength increasing, Twas hope her spirits flushed. She left, but oft she tarried; She fell, and rose no more, Till, by her comrades led, She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feelings, He watched his sleepless child, And close beside her kneeling, She knew him not, nor smiled. Again the factory's running, He last preceptions tried, When from her straw bed springing, "Tis time!" she shrieked, and died.

That night a chariot passed her, While on the ground she lay, The daughter of her master, An evening visit to pay. There, tender hearts were sighing, As negro's dirge was told, While that white slave was dying, Who gained their father's gold!

Incident of Byron.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James Street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse, but, as to the destination of the equipage for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Between the line of coronet vehicles stood a hackney coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was near, standing with his foot on the step.

"Altogether, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last of the club; "I needed for one. Go your ways, gentlemen!"

Byron stood looking after them for a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts or embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his half halting steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent as if waiting permission to go on.

"Well," said Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.

"I come to you with an errand, which perhaps—?"

"A strange one, I am sure, but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me?—for I am ready!"

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man. "Has another messenger, then?"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you?"

"Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come

at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when I is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

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