

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per annum.]

VOLUME 2.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1850.

NUMBER 37.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
Is published every Thursday Morning, by
R. W. WEAVER.

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 subscri-
bition; 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 ad-
vertise by the year.

Each one hath a part to do.

Men and brothers! up, be doing,
Help each other by the way,
All with hand and heart the dawning
Of a great and mighty day,

Think not earth hath fixed teachers,

Progress centered in the few;

All men more or less are missioned—

Each one hath a part to do.

Lend your aid however little,

Trifles thrive by combination,

Working for the good of all;

Truth is low and wants assistance,

Often many with the few;

Every man however feeble,

Hath a part he's skilled to do.

Faint not, lag not, in your doing,

Still press onward, ye will find

Brilliant sunbeams flashing ever

From the archives of the mind;

Earth holds not a human creature;

Meaneest pauper ye may view,

If he have a spark of reason—

But he hath a part to do.

'All men may assist each other,

Though it but a little be!

Tiny streams make mighty rivers,

One may make a mighty sea,

Many do the work of many,

Many help the toiling few,

This with all men high or low

Each one hath a part to do.

Many pillars bear the temple

Varied in their strength and height;

And though versatile in greatness,

Each contributes to its might.

Thus, tho' men proclaim their weakness,

And their talents small and few,

Each one shares in human greatness,

Each one hath a part to do.

Men and brethren! onward! onward!

Lay not till the work is done!

Grow in ardor, grow in earnest,

For the dawning has begun.

Let no heart be found to tarry,

Stirring impulse bear you through,

All men aid the day that dawning—

Each one hath a part to do.

FIRST MARRIAGE.

The following amusing sketch of "born to good luck," is said to be from the pen of the facetious Samuel Lover:

Lady C. was a beautiful woman. She was still single, though rather past extreme youth.

Like most pretty females she had looked too high, and she refused to believe she was not as charming as ever. So no wonder she remained unmarried. Lady C. had about five thousand pounds in the world—she owed about forty thousand pounds: so, with all her wit and beauty, she got into the Fleet, and was likely to remain there. Now, in the time I speak of, every lady had her head dressed by a barber, and the barber was the handsomest barber in the City of London. Pat Philan was a great admirer of the fair sex, and where's the wonder?—sure Pat was an Irishman. It was one very fine morning, when Philan was dressing her captivating head, that her ladyship took into her mind to talk to him, and Pat was well pleased, for Lady C.'s teeth were the whitest and her smile the brightest in all the world.

"So you're not married, Pat," says she. "Divin' an inch, yer honor's ladyship," says he.

"And would'nt ye like to be married?" a gain asks she.

"Would a duck swim?"

"Is there any one you'd prefer?"

"Maybe, madam," says he, "you never heard of Kathleen O'Reilly, down beyond Doneraile?" Her father's cousin to O'Donahoe, who's own steward to Mr. Murphy, the under agent to my Lord Kingstowne; and—"

"Hush," says she, "sure I don't want to know who she is. But would she have you, if you asked her?"

"Ah, thin, I'd only wish I'd be after thryng that same."

"And why don't you?"

"Sure I'm too poor," and Philan heaved a prodigious sigh.

"Would you like to be rich?"

"Do a dog bark?"

"If I make you rich, will you do as I tell you?"

"Mille murher! yer honor, don't be tan-talising a poor boy."

"Indeed I'm not," said Lady C. "So listen: How would you like to marry me?"

"Ah, thin, my lady, I believe the King of Russia himself would be proud to do that same, have alone a poor devil like Pat Philan."

"Well, Philan, if you'll marry me to morrow, I'll give you one thousand pounds."

"Oh, whilaboo! whilaboo! sure I'm mad, or enchanted by the good people," roared Pat, dancing round the room.

"But there are conditions," says lady C.

After the first day of our nuptials you must never see me again, nor claim me for your wife."

"I don't like that," says Pat, for he had been ogling her ladyship most desperately.

"But remember Kathleen O'Reilly. With the money I'll give you, you may go and marry her!"

"That's th'ree," said he, "but thin the big-amy."

"I'll never appear against you," says her ladyship. "Only remember you must take an oath never to call me your wife after tomorrow, and never to go telling the whole story."

"Divil a word I'll iver say."

"Well, then," says she, "there's ten pounds. Go and buy a license, and leave the rest to me;" and then she explained to him where he was to go, and when he was to come, and all that.

The next day Pat was true to his appointment, and found two gentleman already with her ladyship.

"Have you got the license?" said she.

"Hero it is, my lady," says he; and he gave it to her. She handed it to one of the gentlemen, who viewed it attentively. Then calling in two servants, she turned to the gentleman who was reading: "Perform the ceremony," said she. And sure enough in ten minutes Pat Philan was the husband of the lovely Lady C.

"That will do," says she, to her new husband, as he gave her a hearty kiss; "that'll do. Now give me my marriage certificate."

The old gentleman did so, and bowing respectfully to the five pound note she had given him, he retired with his clerk; for sure enough, I forgot to tell you he was a parson.

"Go and bring me the warden," says my lady to one of her servants.

"Yes, my lady," says she, and presently the warden appeared.

"Will you be kind enough?" said Lady C., in a voice that would call a bird off a tree, "will you be kind enough to send me a hockney coach? I wish to leave this prison immediately."

"Your ladyship forgets," replied he, "that you must pay forty thousand pounds before I let you go."

"I am a married woman. You can detain my husband, but not me!" And she smiled at Philan who began rather to dislike the appearance of things.

"Pardon me, my lady, it is well known you are single."

"I tell you I am married."

"Where's your husband?"

"There, sir!" and he pointed to the astonished barber; "there he stands. Here is my marriage certificate, which you can pursue at leisure.—My servants' yonder were witnesses of the ceremony. Now detain me, sir, one instant at your peril."

The warden was dumbfounded, and no wonder. Poor Philan would have spoken, but neither party would let him. The lawyer below was consulted. The result was evident. In half an hour Lady C. was free, and Pat Philan, her legitimate husband, a prisoner for debt to the amount of forty thousand pounds.

Well, sir, for some time Pat thought he was in a dream, and the creditors thought they were still worse. The following day they held a meeting, and finding they had been tricked, swore they'd detain poor Pat forever. But, as they well knew that he had nothing, and wouldn't feel much shame in doing through the insolvent court, they made the journey accomplished; but I greatly fear we shall not be able to keep our places till then; there is premonition in my virus."

"Your virus, sir! what do you mean?" said one of the ladies; "you make me uneasy—and surely you are getting worse. But what do you complain of?"

"Alas! madam, it is about eight days

since I was bitten by a mad dog—my cure cannot be affected! but there is momentary relief when I have leisure and room to take a ride in the coach, when this can be done safely for my fellow-passengers. Though I look well, yet, when the fit seizes me—which it may do in a moment—I am no longer a responsible being; my strong inclination then is to bark like a dog, and fix my grasp upon any gentleman present; but I will take a lady, rather than have nothing to snap at."

The feelings of the fat attorney, who had been a silent listener, were now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible confirmation of the face, was—

"Hre-hre-are-wha-whur, bow-wha-how-wow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man.

The coach stopped, and down came Jehu, saying—

"Hillo, what's the row inside?"

"Bow-wow-wow," said Harley.

"What's the matter?" said coachy.

"Hydrophobia's the matter," said the attorney; "open the door: be quick, and let me out!"

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out, as if one other moment's delay would have cost him his life.

Pat Philan, who had been a silent listener, was now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible confirmation of the face, was—

"Hre-hre-are-wha-whur, bow-wha-how-wow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man.

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the force bellows.

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out, as if one other moment's delay would have cost him his life.

Pat Philan, who had been a silent listener, was now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible confirmation of the face, was—

"Hre-hre-are-wha-whur, bow-wha-how-wow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man.

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the force bellows.

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out, as if one other moment's delay would have cost him his life.

Pat Philan, who had been a silent listener, was now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible confirmation of the face, was—

"Hre-hre-are-wha-whur, bow-wha-how-wow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man.

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the force bellows.

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out, as if one other moment's delay would have cost him his life.

Pat Philan, who had been a silent listener, was now wound up to the point of fear.

"Do you bite?" he exclaimed.

Harley's reply, with his teeth set on edge, his eyes staring in his head, and a horrible confirmation of the face, was—

"Hre-hre-are-wha-whur, bow-wha-how-wow-wow-wow!"

"Open the door, coachman! stop the coach! let me out!" bellowed the man.

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the force bellows.

The door was opened, when another "bow-wow-wow" made the bulky attorney leap out, as if one other moment's delay would have cost him his life.

<p