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R. W. WEAVER.

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From the New York Tribune.

In his studio at Florence,
Sat an artist, young and fair,
Writing, by the waxen taper,
Words to lighten lonely care.
Suddenly he fell to weeping
Rose and hurried to and fro;
Then, returning to his table.

"Lady, would that I, a spirit,
In the twinkling of an eye,
O'er the wide and weary ocean,
Unto you alone could fly.
Be you waking, be vou sleeping,
Louely or in social cheer,
I would breathe to you a wonder,
You would smile and weep to be

Five the weeks, this flitting mome Since we sat together last,
And your eyes, in love and pily,
On my longing face were cast;
In your warm and soothing fingers
Chilly hands were purely prest,
And I let in such compassion,
Wretchedness itself were blest.

Long I gazed on you in silence,
Planting deepty in my heart,
Every look and line of leature,
With a lover's truest art;
Much I wished to pour my feelings
Forth in tears of sweet relief,
But my soul was dark and stifled,
Sealed the bitter fount of grief.

Vainly, until now, my fancy Strove to see that look again; Still the misty changing image Came and went to me in vain; fill a hundred other faces
Intervened to vex mine eye,
with sorrow sir king, And my soul, with sorrow sirking, Would not weep, I know not why

Bet, to-night, my pen had wandered But, to-night, my pen had wanders
From the duty of the day,
And unconsciously was sketching
Random faces, in its play;
Suddenly of you I pondered—
Ah, some angel, present then,
Breathed on me an inspiration,
Guided my unwitting pen.

There you were! the half shut eyelids,
Head inclined and turned aside,
Rounded cheek and harr so silken,
Rounded torehead, high and wide;
There the smile, serene, eternal:
There the glance that ne'er was cast
Says by your so melling express. Save by you-so melting. earnes Ah, I wept, and wept, at last."

Here he dropped his pen in wonder,
While a feeling, sweet and new,
Like a sudden light and music,
Thrilled his lonely being through;
Afterwards, a message told him,
She, the loved one, died that night,
And he knew that then her spirit
Flew to him with love and light.

A SCENE IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

"This improvement said my loquacious

very abundant all over the Patent Office, but at home his wife was out of flour, and himat home his wife was out of hour, and him-selt and children in rags. The truth is, he never had a moment's time to bestow upon don't use the old Franklin stove any more?" distant haze. Canals traversed every street, his immediate wants, for science had taken than thirty years urder whip and spur, operation, as that was mere drudgery. Invention was poetry to him, but his mind was satisfied, and his stimulus vanished, when the fully become convinced that his labors are fully become convinced that his labors.

dark ages too!"

"We have the lightning, and use it too, but too, but too, but only one rod, built by the State, near its ranged in a line alike in form and sculpture. "These," said the little man, "were erected to the Signers of the Declaration of Interval 1997. but never carried anything into practical operation, as that was mere drudgery. Invention was poetry to him, but his mind was

that's nothing, you can't test your invention before the wood and stove will both be dispensed with. This is a great age, sir, in mechanics. Twenty, thirty, forty years ago were great ages too, or were then so called. preceding generations, not by the perfection of the age itself, for we do not know what the point or perlection in science is, or where or when it may be found. Old Ben Franklin, great as he was in his day, would, if

ples were all discovered, and that every ap- ary." "Go by steamboat too everlasting their dinners there to-morrow."

chinery. Very soon a very pert little gentleman, with a quick black eye, and a 'pussy' body arrayed in the queerest costume I ever saw, came bustling up to me, and asked me for my tickets, I involuntarily thrust my hand into the depth of my breeches pocket, and pulling out a card, delivered it to him. After looking at the card and then at me, and then disposed of by the State somehow. Uncle Ben was always a shrewd fellow ir. the way guffaw, that made the old Patent Office guffaw, that made the old Patent Office were anxious about that money. "Oho!"

bustling interrogater, and one of those pauses occured which frequently do, upon the appearance of strangers. Uncle Ben asked Jefferson if he would not like to move up to the fire and warm his feet? "Fire?" said I, "fire? Why Uncle, there is no fire places globe. Even the Jews, since their return to now a days, stoves and hot air furnaces are latter levels, since their return to now a days, stoves and hot air furnaces are latter levels, since their return to now a days, stoves and two miles of pipe that connects the heat to every room in it." "Not myself, "that can't be Mordecai M. Noah connects the heat to every room in it." "Not by a long way!"—said my bustling friend—
"not by a long way! Mr. John Smith. This trumpery is all piled away among the inventions of the years that were. These things belong to the age of your dog churn. Why gentleman," continued he, "have you never heard of the Great Southern Hot Ait Company, chartered in 1860, whose business it is signers of the Declaration, perfectly wrought in its a hyency of inv. rose from their sears. "This improvement said my loquacious acquaintance, "will dispense with nine-tenths of the wood now used, and will be considered in less than two years the wonder of the age."

This remark was made to me in the Patent Office at Washington, by one of those eccentre characters whose life had been made by piling invention upon upon invention upon invent American genius.

My acquaintance, unfortunately had spent his whole life for his country, and not one moment for himself. The fruits of his in election of the labor of his hands, were coal. No!—no!—those improvements be-fore beheld. Away, around on every side

was a mere originator of complex machines my-lightning rods of course belong to the some laden with goods. Turning my eye to

then the little fellow rattled on about the use of lightning; how it wrote all over the world at's nothing, you can't test your invention fore the wood and stove will both be disneed with. This is a great age, sir, in schanics. Twenty, thirty, forty years ago are great ages too, or were then so called.

then the little fellow rattled on about the use of lightning; how it wrote all over the world the English language, until i verily believe that uncle Ben, Fulton, and all set him down as the most unscrupulous liar that they had ever meth with. "I think," said Uncle Ben, "that if I could go to Boston I could be liquired Jefferson. "This, sir, is called?"

looking at the card and then at me, and then at the card again, he burst cont iso a load guffaw, that made the old Patent Office rivers and the card and the card may be somether. The card of the car

right; no more governments sustained by powder and ball; no lords or nobles; man is

rather unexpected arrival of these gentlemen broke up the comment of my bustling interrogater, and one of those pauses

long to the dark ages." stretched a mighty city, whose limits the eye could not reach. Towers, temples, said Urcle Ben. "Perhaps he continued, a and boats of merchandise were loading and quiet smile playing over his face, as if he unloading their freight. Steam can had intended a comical shot, "perhaps you were puffing along the roads that ran h had intended a .comical shot, "perhaps you were puffing along the roads that ran by the don't use lightning now a days either, and canal, some filled with pleasure parties, and

an elevation, I saw

convince myself of the truth of your asser-tions, but as my time is very limited, I can-

Mississippi, population five millions, according to the last census." "But what sup "Send you there in five minutes by the "Trade. That vessel down there is direct sent or perfection in science is, or where the little man, "or if from Canton, by ship canal across the Isthere at as he was in his day, would, if ould suddenly appear among us, be a time five minutes, departure every half hour. Yonder stands the Capital, and the whole he should suddenly appear among us, be a mere boy in his science."

The magnetic railway train will take you through in four hours." "What!" said the capital, and the whole the magnetic railway train will take you through in four hours." "What!" said the city of San Francisco with this time grown warm upon his favorite subject, opened upon me with his argument, in which he attempted to show that science had nearly reached perfection, that first principle. I will look for that word in the big diction through in four hours." "Onder stands the Capital, and the whole if or resented there. The city of San Francisco alone sends forty four members. There," continued he, pointing his finger, "that balloon rising slowly in the sky, has just started nearly reached perfection, that first principle.

ples were all discovered, and that every application of them that were or could be useful to mankind, were already made; in fine that the intellect of the present generation would, in all probability use up all the manifest them the intellect of the present generation on endue them; they go faboring and not endue them; they go faboring and sealing monifer and the question. Don't know any such the federalists or Democrats were in power?

The "faboring monifer and the question. Don't know any such the federalists or Democrats were in power?"

The them that Mams waked up when he heard the question. Don't know any such the following eloquent etyle, viz:

"Thunder and guns! whar are we? This the purchase of the South American continue at a five hundred million of dollars. I go for it; and before another pear the part and is a poken the pearly and the coiling about and the pearly and the coil

powder and ball; no lords or nobles; man is the models of art there deposited. But I eattle army gideon which is comin on is fit? will she be skulkin and slinkin about like a individually man, with rights as perfect and saw. The fruits of every year since the or cannot weary the reader with what I there saw. The fruits of every year since the organization of the department, were divided into rooms, and indicated on the door by an inscription. There were thousands of improvementa in every branch of science many of which were so simple, that I thought myself a fool that I did not discover them before. Principles were applied, the operation of which I now recollected to have often seen, but without a thought of their practical utility. I came to the conclusion saw than design; 'for how,' reasoned I, 'is it possible that these pieces of machinery could otherwise have escaped the great and cussed niggers for the great and cussed night niggers for the great and cussed night niggers for the great and cussed niggers for the the possible that these pieces of machinery ists and cussed niggers for the preservation of the Union, parladyums, an what not!

Feller citerzana Processing the preservation of the union, parladyums, and what not!

By this time we were quite fatigued and carefully put away in my pocket.

to the CREATOR of the universe. not in prosperity, nor despeir of it in adversi-ty. It is the Union. Better perish with the Union, than survive its ruin! And in a mo-ment Uncle Ben, Fulton, Adams, Jefferson, the little man, the apartments, wheels and machinery begun to rock, and heave and fade, and finally dissolve and suddenly I awoke ! It was a dream !- and there I sai my tormentor affirming that his stove was perfection, that it would save three-founds of the wood, etc., etc., until out of patience, I pronounced him blockhead, gave him a cick, put on my hat and departed .- Knick-

but poor woman, with all his temptations and but half his strength, is placed beyond the pale of earthly salvation, if she but once

How to PLEASE YOUR FRIENDS .- Go to Cal -stay there twenty years—work hard get money—save it—come home—brin with you a load of wealth, and disease lungs-visit your friends-make a will-provide for them all-then die-what a pru-

Stump Speech of Ethan Spike, on the Dan-ger of a Dissolution of the Union-

practical utility. I came to the conclusion that accident was the parent of more that I

fied suvrins of there are still more suverner

in time, formerly squandered in eating, sec. ally says: "Einea, says no, poers—the hull gash be as rich as old massa G. And upon etc; and he wound up with a eulogy by pre-turkey, counteract my powers—the hull this principle the bank went into operation, continent, however bounded is mine!" "But this principle the bank went into operation, old Cato always taking care that every darkhe continers, "things haint rite; in the lan-Adams then rose up and said he must leave and Jefferson said 'I have a word to say on my departure. There is one thing of more value than all I have seen, for it is the jint." Finally he concludes in this touchin' father of all; you should reverence it next way-"My dear Spike," says he, "I've undertook the job of fixin' and patchin' the Union; I luk to Hornby to lay holt and sus tain !" [Hear, hear-hooray !] and then he

adds this posteriot—N B.
P. S.—Nobody, fur as I've heern, says a word agin the fewgitive slave law, least ways, nobody whose opinion is worth a

Neow, feller citerzens, thar's a good dele There the elerkent speaker was interrupte by somebody callin' aout to see what was to be did—and what he'd been abaout?] Now, feller citerzens in the talkin' name that's sacret un dimecratic, shall we be found waitin' 1 No, teller citerzens, no! no! From your borders, from the remorseless precipita-tions of Bethel hill un the dark and inskrewtable caravans of Lilly pond to the ramified ossilation of Dan Wiggin's caow pastor, comes up a thunderin' patryotic, double breasted no! On, then! onerd! Let the

Feller citerzers! I'v done. My spe afore you. I hope it's done you good it's laid as heavy on my stomach for the two days as a cold biled tater.

He keeps his road well enough gets rid of bad company.

THE PAUPER'S BURIAL Bury him there—
No matter where /
Hustle him out of the way;
Trouble enough
We have with such stuff,

Bury him there—
No matter where!
Off in some corner at best!
There is no need of stones
Above his old bones—
Nobody 'll ask where they rest.

Bury him there—
No matter where!
None by his death are bereft;
Stopping to pray?
Shovel away!
We still have enough of them left.

In Advance of his Age.

The watchman presented George C. Hunt-ley to the Mayor, with the information that he had formed the acquaintance of Master George last night, while the young gentle-man was endeavoring to introduce himself. man was endeavoring to introduce himself, nformally, to some you ng ladies on Walnut street, who appeared to be very much alar-med at his advances. Master G. is probably about fourteen years of age; but his dress, air and manners, and especially a certain rakish swagger which he seems to affect, would be more becoming for a person ten or

fifteen years older.

Mayor. Do you live with your parents, George?

George. No, sir-[with emphas.] I board in Green street, Northern Liberties. Mayor. Are you learning a trade?

George No, sir; I have learned my trade,

long ago.

Mayor. Long ago, eh? Pray, what trade

George. Sir, I am a vocalist. Have you a father or mother liv-

George. I believe I have a mother, sir, omewhere over in Southwark; but my professional engagements are so numerous I never had time to inquire after her.

Mayor. Of what nature are those "professional engagements?"

George. I sing comic and sentimental songs for the entertainment of the company at different botels; and, occasionally, when suitable inducements are offered, I assist at

Mayor. Do you manage your own busiss and money affairs?

ess and money affairs?

George. Certainly sir. A man in my cirumstances cannot afford to keep a treasurer Mayor, A man! Do tell me, what is your

George. I was fourteen, sir, last August. Mayor. Have you never understood that

make a man, in this country?

George. Oh, that is on the eld system, sir. All that sort of prejudice was exploded long ago. The rising generation have introduced a new rule. Manhood now depends on developement. Some are more of the man at twelve years old than others are at five and velopement. Some are more of the man at twelve years old than others are at five and thirty. There's my friend, John Peters; he's about my age, and he was engaged to be says, he hus only one boy, (and he can't about my age, and he was engaged to be married three years ago!

Mayor. Take the boy down, and endeavor to find his mother.—Pennsylvanian.

Cato, (an old negro who was noted for his

their change together and start a bank, to whom all the sixpences of the darkies in the neighborhood were duty paid over. And the neighborhood were duly paid over. And now, said Cato, wheneber nigga borrow sixpence out ob dis bank to buy bach ah, he got to come back in tree weeks and pay two sixpence, and in dis way you see eb'ry sixpence double till arter awhile all dese niggabs be as rich as old mass G. And now But in the course of time some of the stockon Cato to withdraw their capital from the bank, when the following conversation took place between Cato and Jack :

money from de bank and retire from dis bu-

Cato.-Did vou heah de news? Jack .- No, what dat Cate ? Cato.-Why de bank broke last night. Jack .- Who care what de bank do ? I tell

you I want my shah ob de money.

Cato.—Well, but I tel you dat de bank Jack .- I not talken bout dat. I say, whah

de money?

Cato.—Why, you cuss'd fool, don't you know dat when de bank break de money all

gone sartin?

Jack.—Well, but whah de debbil de monhe know bout dis is, dat when white folks?

bank break de money always lost, and nigah bank no better dan white folks. Jack.—Well, whenebah dis nigga gage bankin' agin, he hope de debbil git him fuse.

AN EARLY MARRIAGE -A youth, "eighty" years of age, was married in Jeffersonville Ind., on Wednesday last, to a young lady in her sweet thirtieth year.

Better to live well than long.

NUMBER 11. From the Albany Dutchman. Crumbs for All Kinds of Chickens.

This world is singularly given to change. Even the truth of to-day is not the truth of yesterday. In chemistry, the facts of Stachl were overturned by the newer facts of La-voisier, while Lovoisier's self-evident creed was knocked into a cocked hat by the later, truths of Christianity once consisted in visi-ting the sick, and preaching without salary. At the present time, they consist in visiting Europe, and looking out for "number one."

G- nius will show itself even in vices.-Some men, for instanc will actually squirt tobacco juice with a grace; while there are others who will sq toss off a whiskey punch as to make it appear like an accomplishment. To excel, even in an impropriety, requires talent far beyond the average. We have seen blackguards whose profanity exhibited as much plot and genius, as Bulwer has displayed in the Lady of Lyons.

Rover says a man should take measure for a fortune, before his merits have had time to raise him up enemies. The very moment that your friends discover that you are worthy of "bread," that moment they commence pelting you with "stones."

If you would go down to posterity, you must become either famous or infamous.— Benedict Arnold will live as long in history as George Washington. Men who are only moderately bad or passably good, never get into "the papers" but once, and that's when

How frost adds to the looks of the girls ! Don't in! We met one in Broadway yester-day, with such a pair of strawberry-colored cheeks on, that if the chisel of Praxiteles had seen her, it would have become lovesick and lost its temper.

Bulwer says, that for a person to enjoy butwer says, that for a person to enjoy this world, he should have lots of health—plenty of spirits—a good heart—a congenial temper—enlightened opinions—a fair share of humbug, and plenty of money.—To which Sir Frederick Blount adds--a

Graves says that the principal products of Great Britain are east winds, fogs, rhehmatism, pulmonary complaints and taxes. Her imports, he says, are logwood for her Port wine drinkers, and chicory for the lovers of

Dobbs says, that to start into the Milk business requires less capital than most people imagine. He was in for it a year, he says, and all the money he spent was laid out for a barrel of chalk and a new pump handle.

A witness at the police court, the other day, being asked how long he had known Harvey K—, replied "ever since he turned rascal." As this was going back farther than any other witness, the testimony was considered decisive.

Mulloney says that the first thing an Irishfight,) who ever condescends to call him any thing but a d—furrener, from Michaelmas to January.

The greatest pleasure in this world consists in making other people envious. Who the deuce would care for riches, if he could Cato, (an old negro who was noted for his cunning,) had succeeded in making his feltow servants in the neighborhood believe that banking was a very profitable business. So they concluded that they would throw all their change together and start a bank, to

There is a majesty about death that commands respect in every station. We care not how ragged a little boy, let him lose his neighborhood will stand in awe of him for a

Got it Ban .- A poet out west, in speaking of his "heart's ease," says her lover is equal to seven heavens; to obtain which, he would swim through a dozen hells. Before our friend sets out, we hope he will get his muslin insured against fire.

A friend writing from Tillytudium says that the sickness is raging in his vicity like a mad bull. Four of Mr. Stiggins' children are down with the "hopping cough," while the other eight have got the cough without the "hoop;" but as the old man is a cooper, he says even they stand a good chance of getting it—if no where else, across the cordu

Jack.—Well, but what de debbil de mon-ey gone to !

Cato.—Dat's more den dis nigga know. All

Nr. Butler is an opponent of free schools from "principle." He goes "agin edication" not because of its unconstitutionality, but not because of its unconstitutional because it's unnatural. Ignorance is he says. We are born ignorant, and ought to be kept so. We should not wonder if our men of wealth nominated Buster for the Sen-ate at the next election.

According to Solomon and David Scott, there is but one bigger fool than a villian, and that's the blockhead that trusts him.

COMPLIMENTANT-Au editor out west speaking of a cotemporary, says he's the fore-runner to a new race of baboons.