

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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**THE HUSBAND'S SONG.**  
BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Rain and rough sets the day—  
There's a heart beating for somebody;  
I must be up and away—  
Somebody's anxious for somebody.  
Thrice hath she been to the gate—  
Thrice has she listened for somebody;  
Midst the night, stormy and late,  
Somebody's waiting for somebody.

There'll be a comforting fire—  
There'll be a welcome for somebody;  
One, in her nearest attire,  
Will look to the table for somebody.  
Though the star's fled from the west,  
There is a star yet for somebody,  
Lighting the home he loves best—  
Warning the bosom of somebody.

There'll be a coat over the chair—  
There'll be slippers for somebody;  
There'll be a wife's tender care—  
Love's fond embrace for somebody.  
There'll be the "little one's" charms—  
Soon 'twill be awakened for somebody;  
When I have both in my arms,  
Oh, but how blest will be somebody!

**TWO SCENES**  
IN THE LIFE OF A CITY BELLE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

**SCENE FIRST.**

"Isn't she a glorious creature?" said my young friend Merwyn, glancing as he spoke, toward a beautiful girl named Florine Malcolm, the daughter of a merchant reputed to be rich. We were at a party, and the object of remark sat, or rather reclined near us on a sofa, with a graceful abandon, or rather indolence, in her whole air and attitude, that indicated one born and raised in idleness and luxury.

"She is a fine looking girl, certainly," I replied.

"Fine looking!" said my enthusiastic young friend, in surprise, half inclined to be offended at the coldness with which I expressed myself.

"Fine looking, indeed! She's a perfect Hebe, a very impersonation of youth and beauty."

"No one can deny that she is a very lovely and beautiful girl," said I, to this. "But she lacks animation."

"What you speak of as a fault, I consider her greatest charm. I never met one so free from all vulgar hurry and excitement. An exquisite ease distinguishes her actions, and she reminds you, in nearly everything, of those courtly ladies who give such a charm to foreign aristocratic society. Certainly, I have not met, in this country, with any one who has so perfectly the air of a high-bred lady as Florine Malcolm."

To understand this perfectly, the reader must be told that Merwyn had recently returned from a tour through Europe, whither he had been permitted to go by a wealthy father, and where he had discovered, like most of our young men who venture abroad, that in our forms of special intercourse, and in all that gives fashionable society its true excellence and attractiveness, we are sadly deficient. Foreign manners, habits, and dress were brought home and retained by the young man, who, as a natural consequence, became a favorite among the ladies, and was thus encouraged in his silly imitations of things anti-American, and, therefore, in America ridiculous. In the eyes of sober-minded, sensible people, who did not know him well enough to see that there was a more substantial groundwork in his character than all this would lead a casual observer to infer, Merwyn was viewed as a mere pose, whose brains had grown out upon his upper lip in the shape of a moustache.

Such a man was my friend, Henry Merwyn. I knew his better qualities, and esteemed them; at the same time that I saw his weakness, and bore with them for the sake of the good that was in him. He had been raised in a sickly atmosphere, and his mind had taken an unhealthy tone; but he was honorable, and rightly just in all his actions towards others.

As for the young lady he so warmly admired—Miss Florine Malcolm—I only know her as we know those into whose society we are but occasionally thrown. She was a fine, showy girl with a face of more than ordinary beauty; but, to one of my tastes, uninteresting for the very reason that she proved so charming to Merwyn. This gentle languor, this elegant indolence, this distinguishing repose, never much suited my fancy. I like to see the soul flow into the bodily organism, and thrill its very nerve with life and sentiment. I like to see the eye burn, the lips quiver, and the whole face glow with animating thought. These make beauty ten fold more beautiful; and give to even paleness a charm.

"By a high-bred lady," I replied to Merwyn's particular praise of Miss Malcolm, "you mean, I presume, a woman who is entirely artificial."

"No," he quickly answered, "you put a construction on my words that I do not acknowledge to be fair. By a high-bred lady, I mean one who possesses that peculiar ease and grace, that exquisite repose, and that charming elegance of manner that comes from a refined taste and long association with those who move in the highest rank in society. In fact, it is hard to fix in words all that goes to make up a well bred lady; but, when you meet her, you know her at a glance."

"And you say Miss Malcolm comes nearer to the high-bred, courtly lady, than any woman I have seen fortunate to meet on this side of the Atlantic?"

"She does. In Paris or London she would find herself at home in the first circles of fashion. Now, just look at Miss Watson, who sits near her, bolt upright, and stiff as a post; and then observe how gracefully Florine reclines on those cushions like a very queen. There you have the exact difference between a mere vulgar girl, and a true lady."

There was a difference between the two individuals thus referred to—a very marked difference. Miss Watson looked like a girl of thought and action, while the other reposed languidly among the cushions of a sofa, the very picture of indolence.

"I see nothing vulgar about Miss Watson," said I. "And I know that there is nothing vulgar about her. She is a true lady in every sense of the word."

Merwyn half vexed me by his dissenting silence.

Just then he observed that Miss Malcolm looked pale. Going over quickly to where she was, he inquired if she was not well, and learned that some particular perfume used by a lady who sat near her was so unpleasant as to make her feel faint. He immediately proposed that she should go into an adjoining room where fewer persons, and get a place near one of the windows, offering his arm at the same time. She arose, and I saw her pass out slowly. She was in good health; in fact, in the very prime and vigor of young life; yet, surrounded as she was by every luxury and elegance, she had grown inactive, and felt even a small effort as burdensome. Trifling causes affected her; and she imagined a physical inability to do a thousand things that might have been done with scarcely an effort.

The very sympathy and concern manifested by Merwyn, who was the lover of Florine, made her fall that she was really indisposed, and she languidly reclined on the sofa to which he had conducted her, with the air of an invalid. Finding that she did not grow any better, Merwyn, in a little while, proposed that she should go home, and had a carriage ordered. Wandering into the apartment to which they had gone, I saw him bring her shawl, without which she could not pass into the dressing room for fear of cold, and saw her meet the attention with a half-averted face, and a want of effort, that made me feel as if I would like to have aroused her by means of the wires from an electrical battery.

"A beautiful couple they will make," said I to myself, as Florine arose and went out, leaning heavily on the arm of the young man, to pass through the storms and over the rough places of this troublesome world. A summer breeze will be too rough for that young creature, and the odor of violets too stimulating for her nerve."

A few months subsequently to this they were married, and not long afterwards I returned from the city, and did not see them again for some years. But, I learned, in the meantime, with sincere regret, that a great "commercial crisis" through which the country passed, both of the families of this young couple had been reduced from affluence to comparative poverty. A sigh for the human summer flowers I have mentioned, was my simple response to the news. A couple of years afterward I met them again.

**SCENE SECOND.**

During a journey through the western part of Ohio, I had occasion to stop for a few days in the little town of R—. On the day of my arrival, a man whose face struck me as being familiar, passed the door of the tavern in which I was standing. A sort of doubtful recognition took place on both sides, but neither of us being certain as to the other's identity, we did not speak, and the man passed on. I looked after him as he moved down the street, wondering in my mind who he could be, when I saw him stop, and after appearing to hesitate about something, turn round and walk back toward the hotel. He was a young man plainly dressed, and looked as if he was a clerk in a store, or, it might be a small store-keeper himself. As he came back, I fixed my eyes upon his face, trying to make out who it was that bore such familiar features.

"My old friend Merwyn!" I exclaimed, as he passed in front of where I stood.

He called my name in return, and then we grasped each other's hands eagerly.

"The last man in the world I expected to meet," said I.

"And certainly, I as little expected to meet you," was returned. "This is indeed a pleasure! When did you arrive, and how long do you stay in R—?"

"I came here yesterday, and hope to resume my journey to-morrow."

"Not so soon!" Merwyn said, still tightly holding my hand. "You must stay longer."

"I am doubtful as to that," I returned.

"But is this your place of sojourn in the world?"

"Yes, for the present, seeing that I can't find a better."

There was a manly cheerfulness in the way this was said, which I could not have believed it possible for the young man to feel, under the great change of circumstances that had taken place.

"And you lady?" I felt some hesitation even while I asked this question.

"Very well, thank you!" was cheerfully replied. "We live a mile or two from town, and you must go out and spend a night with us before you leave. Florine will be delighted to see you."

"It will be quite as pleasant for me to meet her," I could but answer; yet even while I spoke I felt that our meeting must remind the wife of my friend so strongly of the past, as to make it anything but pleasant to see you."

"How long have you lived here?"

"About two years."

"It is almost the last place in which I expect to meet you. What are you doing?"

"Merchandizing in a small way. I had no profession, when kind fortune knocked us all on the head, and so had to turn my hand to the first thing that offered, which happened to be a clerkship in a store at three hundred and fifty dollars a year. This was barely enough to keep body and soul together; yet, I was thankful for so much, and tried to keep down a murmuring spirit. At the end of a year, having given every satisfaction to my employer, he said to me one day—'You have shown far more business capacity than I thought you possessed, and I think, are the very man I want to go out west with a stock of goods. Can you command any capital?' 'Not a dollar, I fear,' was my reply. 'I'm sorry for that,' said he; 'for I want a man who is able to take an interest in the business. Don't you think you could raise a couple of thousand dollars in cash?' I shook my head, doubtfully. We had a good deal more conversation on the subject."

"When I went home, I mentioned to my wife what Mr. L—, my employer, had said, and we talked much about the proposition. I expressed a great deal of regret at not being able to furnish capital, as the offer I had received was plainly an advantageous one, and would give me a fair start in the world. 'Would you be willing to go off to the west?' I asked of Florine, while we talked over the subject. 'Wherever you think it best to go, I will go cheerfully,' she gave her answer. Thus far she had borne our change of fortune with a kind of heroism that more than anything else helped to sustain me. We were living with my family, and had one child—My father, of whose misfortunes you are aware, had obtained the office of President in an insurance company, with a salary of two thousand dollars a year, and this enabled him still to keep his family around him, and, though luxuries had to be given up, his income afforded every comfort. We had a room with them, and, though my income was small, we had all that health and peace of mind required."

"On the day after the conversation with my wife about the west, she met me on coming home to dinner, with so happy a meaning a smile on her face, that I could not help inquiring what it meant. As I sat down by her side, she drew from her pocket a small roll of bank bills, and handing them to me, said—'this is the capital you want.' I took the money, and, unrolling it in mute surprise, counted out the sum of two thousand dollars.—Where did this come from?' I inquired. She glanced across the room, and my eyes followed the direction hers had taken. I missed something—it was her piano.—'Explain yourself, Florine,' I said. 'That is easily done,' she replied, as she looked tenderly in my face. 'I have sold my piano and watch, my diamond pin, bracelet and ring, and every article of jewelry and bijouterie in my possession, but this,' holding up the wedding ring, 'and there you have the money.' I cannot tell you how much I was affected by this. But, no matter. I used the two thousand dollars in the way proposed, and here I am.—Come, walk down to my store with me, and let us chat a little about old times, there."

I went, as invited, and found Merwyn with a small, but well selected stock of goods in his store, and all the evidences of a thriving business around him.

"You must go home with me this afternoon," said he, as I arose to leave him, after having had an agreeable talk for an hour. "I live, as I told you, a short distance in the country; so you will stay all night, and can come in with me. The stage leaves here at five o'clock and passes within a short distance of my house, Florine will be delighted to see you."

I consented, well pleased with this arrangement, and, at five o'clock was seated in the stage by the side of my old friend, who bore all this resemblance to one of your curled, perfumed, and moustached exquisites—who he had once been—as could well be imagined. His appearance was plain, substantial, and business-like.

Half an hour's ride brought us to our stopping place.

"I live off to the right here," said Merwyn, as we left the stage, "beyond that piece of wood. Ten minutes' walk will bring us to my door. We prefer the country for several reasons, the principal one of which is economy. Our cottage with six acres of ground, costs us only fifty dollars a year, and we have the whole of the land worked on shares by a neighbor; thus more than clearing our rent. Then we have plenty of fruit and milk for ourselves and children, and fresh air and health into the bargain."

"But don't Mrs. Merwyn find it very lonesome out here?" I inquired.

"Oh, no. We have two children, and they, with a very clever young woman who lives with us more as a friend than a domestic, although we pay her wages, give Florine plenty of society through the day, and I come in by night fall, and sometimes earlier, to make the evenings all she could wish. At least I have Florine's own declaration for this." The last sentence was uttered with a smile.

As we walked along, the nearness of my meeting with Mrs. Merwyn, turned my thoughts back to other times. A beautiful girl was before me, languidly reclining upon a sofa, overcome by the extract of some sweet herbs, the perfume of which had fallen unharmoniously upon the sense. A household, how was it possible that she could bear the cold, bracing atmosphere of such a life as that she was now leading? When last I saw her, she was but a tender summer flower, on whom the warm sun shone daily, and into whose bosom the night dews came softly with refreshing coolness.

Silently I walked along with my mind full of such thoughts, when an opening in the woods through which we were passing, gave me a glimpse of a woman's figure, standing on the second rail of a fence, and apparently on the look-out for some one. The intervening trees quickly hid her again from my view. In a minute or so afterward we emerged from the trees, but a short distance from the woman I had seen, who was looking in another direction from that in which we were coming. We were close upon her before she observed us. Then the voice of Merwyn, who called "Florine!" startled her, and she turned upon us her beautiful young face, glowing with health, surprise and pleasure. I paused in astonishment. Was that the indolent, languid city belle, who could scarcely sit erect even with the aid of cushions, now standing firm and straight on a fence-rail, and looking more lovingly and gracefully than she had ever seemed in my eyes?

She recognized me in a moment, and, springing from the rail, came bounding forward, full to overflowing of life and spirits. Grasping my hand, she expressed the warmest pleasure at seeing an old face, and asked me to accept of a seat before I could answer one.

I found them occupying a neat little bird's nest of a cottage, in which were two or three sweet little children as I have ever seen. While I sat and talked with Merwyn, holding one child upon my knee, and the other, Florine busied herself in getting supper. Her only domestic was away. Ever and anon I caught a glimpse of her as she passed in and out of the adjoining room where she had prepared the table. A very long time did not elapse before I sat down with my old friends to a meal that I enjoyed as well as any I have ever eaten. The warm, white biscuits were baked by Florine; the sweet butter she had herself churned, so she said, and the cake and preserves were her own.

"I am surprised at all this," said I, after tea. "How is it possible for you to be cheerful and happy under such a change? How was it possible for you to come so efficiently into a mode of life, the very antipodes of the one to which you were born, and in which you were educated?"

"Misfortune," replied Merwyn, "brings out whatever is efficient in our characters. This has been particularly the case with us. We had both led artificial lives, and had false views of almost everything, when, at a blow, the golden palace in which we had lived, was dashed to pieces. We were then thrown out into the world, with nothing to depend upon but our individual resources, which were, at first, you may well believe, exceedingly small. The address with which our fashionable friends turned from us and the entire exclusion from fashionable society that followed, opened our eyes to the utter worthlessness of much we had looked upon as of primary consideration. The necessity of our circumstances turned our thoughts, at the same time, to things of real moment, the true importance of which grew daily more apparent. Thus we were prepared for other steps that had to be taken, and which, I am glad to say, we are able to take cheerfully. We now lead a true and useful life, and I am sure Florine will join me in saying, that it is a happier life than we ever led before."

"Yes, with all my heart," replied the young wife.—"I have good health, good spirits, and a clear conscience; and, without these, no one can be happy."

"Still," remarked Merwyn, "we look to growing better off in the world, and hope, one day, to be surrounded at least by a portion of the elegance and luxury of early times. But still that day comes, we will enjoy the good things of life that fall to our lot; and should it never come, we will have lost nothing by vain anticipations."

When I parted with my old friends on the next day, I felt that their lot was, beyond comparison, more blessed than it would have been had not misfortune visited them; and wished from my heart, that all who had met with similar reverses would imitate their good example. Still, I wondered at the change I had seen; and, at times could hardly realize its truth.

While one of the citizens of Lowell was making a requisition one morning on the milk can, just left at the door for the breakfast table, a plump, live frog, made its debut in the pitcher. It is supposed the cow which produced the croaker, was fed on bulrushes and toad-stools.

**DEMOCRATS IN ROMAN—WHIGS IN BLUE—VOLUNTEERS IN SMALL CAPS.**

Wm. B. Light	271	274	241	200	229	238	210	211	209	205	202	201	196	315	402	289	59	342	78	198	33	339	121	314	208	167	239	53	619	177	311	234
John C. Clover	14	76	76	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
John B. Gibson	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Ellis Lewis	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
James Campbell	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Walter H. Lovrie	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Richard Coulter	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Joshua W. Comby	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
George Chambers	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Wm. M. Meredith	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Wm. Jessup	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
M. E. Jackson	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Jonas Haysman	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
N. N. Conyngnam	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
L. B. Roper	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Stephen Baily	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Geo. H. Wilkin	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Jno. Covenhoven	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Isaac Dewitt	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Wm. Robinson	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Jacob Keyser	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Charles Kahler	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Jesse G. Clark	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13
Daniel Lee	13	13																														