

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

VOLUME 2. BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1850. NUMBER 1

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.

THE ANNOYER.
BY THE MUSE.
[The original of this, everybody knows.
The parody, from Holden's Magazine, is un-
surpassed in its way.]

Love knoweth everybody's house,
And every human haunt,
And comes, and coddles everywhere,
Like people we don't want.
The tramping roads, and little creeks,
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice like a thousand bricks
In the loving of the herds.

He peeps into the teamster's heart,
From his Buena Vista's rim,
And the cracking whips of many men
Can never frighten him.
He'll come to his cart in the weary night,
When he's dreaming of his craft,
And he'll fast to his eye in the morning light,
Like a man on a river craft.

MY FIRST DISSIPATION.
A LEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF DAVID COP-
PERFIELD, THE YOUNGER.
I began by being singularly cheerful and
light-hearted; but all sorts of half-forgotten
things to talk about, came rushing into my
mind, and made me hold forth in a most un-
wonted manner. I laughed heartily at my
own jokes, and everybody else; called
Steerforth to order for not passing the wine;
made several engagements to go to Oxford;
announced that I meant to have a dinner
party exactly like that, once a week until
further notice; and madly took so much
snuff out of Granger's box, that I was ob-
liged to go into the pantry, and have a pri-
vate fit of sneezing ten minutes long.

My first dissipation.
I went on, by passing the wine faster and
faster yet, and continually starting up with a
corkscrew to open more wine, long before
any was needed. I proposed Steerforth's
health. I said he was my dearest friend,
the protector of my boyhood, and the com-
panion of my prime. I said I was delighted
to propose his health. I said I owed him
more obligations than I could ever pay, and
held him in higher estimation than I could
ever express. I finished by saying, "I'll give
you Steerforth! God bless him! Hurrah!"
We gave him three times three, and another,
and a good one to finish with. I broke my
glass in going round the table to shake
hands with him, and I said, (in two words),
"Steerforth you are the guiding star of my
existence."

I went on, by finding suddenly that some-
body was in the middle of a song—Mark-
ham was the singer, and he sang, "When
the heart of man is depressed with care."
He said, when he had sung it, he would give
us "Woman!" I took objection to that, and
I couldn't allow it. I said it was not a respec-
tful way of proposing the toast, and I
would never permit that toast to be drunk in
my house otherwise than "The Ladies!" I
was very high with him, mainly, I think,
because I saw Steerforth and Granger laugh-
ing at me—or at him—or at both. He said
a man was not to be dictated to. I said a
man was. He said a man was not to be in-
sulted, then. I said he was right there—
sawer under my roof, where the Ladies were
sacred, and the laws of hospitality para-
mount. He said it was no derogation from
a man's dignity to confess that I was a de-
vish good fellow. I instantly proposed his
health.

Somebody was smoking. We were all
smoking. I was smoking and trying to sup-
press a rising tendency to shudder—Steer-
forth had made a speech about me, in the
course of which I had been affected almost
to tears. I returned thanks and hoped the
present company would dine with me to-
morrow, and the day after—each day at five
o'clock, that we might enjoy the pleasures of
conversation and society through a long eve-
ning. I fell called upon to propose Miss
Betsey Trotwood, the best of her sex!

Somebody was leaning out of my bed-
room window, refreshing his forehead a-
gainst the cool stone of the parapet, and feel-
ing the air upon his face. It was myself.
I was addressing myself as "Copperfield,"
and saying, "Why did you try to smoke?
You might have known you couldn't do it."
Now, somebody was unsteadily contempla-
ting his features in the looking-glass. That
was I too. I was very pale in the looking-
glass; my eyes had a vacant appearance; and
my hair—only my hair—nothing else—
looked drunk.

THE MAJOR.
We were much amused the other day with
the Major's story of his first adventure in
jewelry. In due time the Major got mar-
ried, as all young folks are bound to do, and
in the course of time, he found himself in
New Orleans with an extra hundred dollars
in his pocket.
Determined to do things up handsomely
in the way of presenting his wife with some
costly presents, he marched into a jewelry
store, resolved to spend thirty or forty dollars
for trinkets, under the delusion that a sum so
enormous would buy "everything and more
too." The very attentive clerk waited on
his summons, and handed out a variety of the
"low priced," varying from one dollar to fif-
ty.

The Major examined the assortment with
a critical eye, felt of his forty dollars with a
grandiloquent air, and ordered something ex-
pensive, fancying that it would reach as high
as three tens.
The clerk placed upon a glass case two
morocco-covered boxes, which upon being
opened, presented a variety of necklaces and
finger rings.
The Major eyed the collection in a very
critical manner, and said that he would take
the largest box, demanding the price while
pulling out his wallet.
"You can have," said the clerk, with so-
lemnity, "that box for ten thousand dollars!"
Internally the Major felt astonished. Out-
side he was cool as a cucumber—the price
had gone "over his pile" and his expec-
tations, just nine thousand nine hundred
and seventy-five dollars.

With a sang froid that sunk into the heart
of the clerk, he said,
"Is that the highest priced jewelry you
have in your store?"
The clerk said, "It was just then."
"Well, showed the Major, waving his hat
somewhat in the style of Julius Caesar, "this
don't cost enough to suit me," and with a
swing of grandeur he left the store.

The Trials of Married Life.
We have a friend—an excellent husband
and doting father—who came into our office
the other day looking rather sleepy.
"What is the matter with you?" we in-
quired.
"Oh—nothing—that is to say," he replied
in a hesitating voice—"babies are some trou-
ble after all, ain't they?"
Of course we nodded an indifferent as-
sent, but could not help asking "how?"
"Why the fact is," said our friend, "that
little fellow of ours is getting to be very
knowing, and will be humored now and
then—so I get up occasionally and walk him
to sleep—but last night, both wife and self
had to carry him alternately, and—"
"Only two are not required."
"Hear me out. You see the child wanted
novelty, and so I lighted a candle, and as my
wife carried him up and down the room, I
walked after her, making all sorts of queer
maneuvers with the light."
"Well, did that pacify him?"
"Why, yes," after a fashion. It stopped
his crying, but we consumed a whole can-
dle and the best portion of the night, before
he fell asleep, and the consequence is I feel
wretchedly stale this morning."

MORE CANDOR THAN COURTESY.
A formal, fashionable visitor thus addressed
a little girl:
"How are you, dear?"
"Very well, I thank you," she replied.
The visitor then added, "Now, my dear,
you should ask me how I am."
The child simply and honestly replied, "I
don't want to know."

A LEFT-HANDED JOB.
A good story has been circulating in New
York, says the Sunday Courier, touching
Max Maretzek's gloves. This gentleman,
being "very particular in every particular,"
had in the course of the season, filled a large
basket with the delicate hand-covering, that
were once worn and repudiated. His atten-
dant cast his eyes wistfully on the gloves,
and thinking it a pity they should be thrown
away, got permission to have them cleaned.
There being so many, he picked out only the
best and the whitest, some sixty, and sent
them to the renovator. They came home
and looked beautiful. But, alas, they were
all for the left hand! He had picked out the
best, and consequently left all the right hand
gloves, which Max Maretzek had worn by
the energetic use of his baton.

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to-day he is disgraced and steered clear of—
without resources or prospects—very likely
in prison and exposed to ignominious punish-
ment. "Vile wretch" say the million; 'tis
good enough for him, but we must pity his
family!

NEVER SAY FAIL!
BY D. C. COLLESWORTH.
Keep pushing—in wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing
And waiting the tide.
In life's earnest battle
They only prevail,
Who daily march onward
And never say fail.

THE BETTING DANDY.
The policeman has many a funny thing
in its police reports. This is a laughable ex-
ample:
A young gentleman—with a medium sized
light brown mustache, and such a suit of
clothes as fashionable tailors sometimes fur-
nish to their customers, "on accommodating
terms,"—that is, on the insecure credit sys-
tem,—came into a hotel in Race street, yes-
terday afternoon, and after calling for a glass
of Madeira, turned to the company and offer-
ed to bet with any man present, that the ship
Susquehanna would not be successfully lan-
ched next Saturday. "Barter" not be-
ing taken up,—he proposed to wager five
dollars that Dr. Webster would not be hung.
This seemed to be a "stumper" too, for no-
body accepted the chance. The exquisite
glanced around contemptuously and remark-
ed: "I want to make a bet of some kind.
Don't care a d—n what it is. I'll bet any
thing from a shilling's worth of segars to five
hundred dollars. Now's your time, gentle-
man—what do you propose?" Sipping a
glass of beer in one part of the bar-room, sat
a plain old gentleman who looked like he
might be a Pennsylvania farmer. He set
down his glass and addressed the exquisite
—"Well Mister, I'm not in the habit of mak-
ing bets,—but seeing you are anxious about
it I don't if I gratify. So I'll bet you a levy's
worth of sixes that I can pour out a quart
of molasses into your hat, and turn it into a
solid lump of molasses-candy in two minutes
flat, watch—"
"Done!" said the exquisite,
taking off his hat and handing it to the far-
mer. It was a real Flocke hat, a splendid
article, that alone like black satin. The
old gentleman took the hat, and requested the
bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses,—
"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart,"—that's
the kind I use in this experiment," said he,
handing over six coppers to the bar-keeper.
The molasses was brought and the old farmer,
with a very grave and mysterious counte-
nance, poured into the dandy's hat while the
exquisite took out his watch to note the time.
Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a
Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter
placed it on the table, and stared into it
watching the wonderful progress of solidifi-
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old farmer moved the hat. "Hell I do be-
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having drained the tenacious fluid from the
beaver, as he best could, into a spit box,—
the man of molasses rushed from the place,
—his fury not much abated by the sounds of
ill-suppressed laughter which followed this
exit. He made his complaint at the Police
Office, but it appeared that the experiment
was tried by his own consent, no damages
could be recovered.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.
Wm. Gilmore Simms, in his "Father Abbot;
or the Home Tourist," thus beautifully
represents the life of the farmer:
"The principles of agriculture were sim-
ple exceedingly. They might be made so,
God himself was the great first planter.
He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest,
and loveliest, and most intelligible characters,
everywhere, upon the broad bosom of the
liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate
fruits, in beguiling and balmy flowers! But
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He bestows the heritage along with the ex-
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Birds sing in the boughs above, odors, blossom
in the air, and fruits and flowers cover
the earth with a glow to which that of Solom-
on in all his magnificence was vain and
valueless. To his hand we owe these fair
groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees,
these deep forests, these broad plains, cover-
ed with verdure, and these mighty arteries
of food and river, which wind among them
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solid lump of molasses-candy in two minutes
flat, watch—"
"Done!" said the exquisite,
taking off his hat and handing it to the far-
mer. It was a real Flocke hat, a splendid
article, that alone like black satin. The
old gentleman took the hat, and requested the
bar-keeper to send for a quart of molasses,—
"the cheap sort, at six cents a quart,"—that's
the kind I use in this experiment," said he,
handing over six coppers to the bar-keeper.
The molasses was brought and the old farmer,
with a very grave and mysterious counte-
nance, poured into the dandy's hat while the
exquisite took out his watch to note the time.
Giving the hat two or three shakes, with a
Signor Blitz-like adroitness, the experimenter
placed it on the table, and stared into it
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cation. "Time's up," said the dandy. The
old farmer moved the hat. "Hell I do be-
lieve it ain't hardened yet," said he, he in
a tone of expressive disappointment,—I mis-
sed it some how or other that time, and I
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gentleman have the segars,—twelve sixes,
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the segars," roared the exquisite, "you've
spoiled my hat, that cost me five dollars, and
you must pay for it." "That was in the
bargain," mildly answered the old gentle-
man,—"but I'll let you keep the molasses,—
which is a little more than we agreed for. And
having drained the tenacious fluid from the
beaver, as he best could, into a spit box,—
the man of molasses rushed from the place,
—his fury not much abated by the sounds of
ill-suppressed laughter which followed this
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THE FARMER'S LIFE.
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"The principles of agriculture were sim-
ple exceedingly. They might be made so,
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He wrote its laws, visibly, in the brightest,
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liberal earth; in greenest leaves, in delicate
fruits, in beguiling and balmy flowers! But
he does not content himself with this alone.
He bestows the heritage along with the ex-
ample. He prepares the garden and home,
before he creates the being who is to pos-
sess them. He fills them with all these ob-
jects of sense, and sentiment which are to
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Birds sing in the boughs above, odors, blossom
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on in all his magnificence was vain and
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groves, these tall ranks of majestic trees,
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ed with verdure, and these mighty arteries
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the new created heir of Heaven! The bird,
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ial sunshine which descend from Heaven, to
ripen the grain in its season, and to make
earth pleasant with its fruits."

THE BETTING DANDY.
The policeman has many a funny thing
in its police reports. This is a laughable ex-
ample:
A young gentleman—with a medium sized
light brown mustache, and such a suit of
clothes as fashionable tailors sometimes fur-
nish to their customers, "on accommodating
terms,"—that is, on the insecure credit sys-
tem,—came into a hotel in Race street, yes-
terday afternoon, and after calling for a glass
of Madeira, turned to the company and offer-
ed to bet with any man present, that the ship
Susquehanna would not be successfully lan-
ched next Saturday. "Barter" not be-
ing taken up,—he proposed to wager five
dollars that Dr. Webster would not be hung.
This seemed to be a "stumper" too, for no-
body accepted the chance. The exquisite
glanced around contemptuously and remark-
ed: "I want to make a bet of some kind.
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