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## Select Poetry.

**The Old, Old Home.**  
BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.  
When I long for sainted memories,  
Like angel troops they come,  
If I fold my arms in prayer,  
On the old, old home,  
The earth has many passages  
Through which its poor feelings roam,  
But its middle aisle is sacred  
To the thoughts of old, old home  
Where infancy was sheltered,  
Like a rosebud from the blast;  
Where boyhood's brief elysium,  
In joyousness was past,  
To that sweet spot, forever,  
As to some hallowed dome  
Like pilgrim bends his vision,  
'Tis the old, old home.  
A father's seat—how proudly—  
By that dear heart's throne I lay,  
And told his children stories  
Of his early manhood's day  
And one soft eye was beaming—  
By that dear heart's throne I lay,  
Thus a mother counsels her treasure,  
In the old, old home.  
The birth-day gifts and festivals,  
The blended rapt hymn,  
Some dear ones who were swelling it,  
Are with the Scrophim,  
The fond "see" and "hear" at bed time,  
How quiet sleep would come,  
And fold us all together,  
In the old, old home.  
Like a wreath of scented flowers,  
Close intertwined each heart,  
But time and change in court,  
Have torn the threads apart,  
But sainted, sainted memories,  
Like angels, ever come,  
If I fold my arms in prayer  
On the old, old home.

## Miscellaneous.

**The Brother Hunters.**  
FROM TOM'S FATE.  
At the foot of the Ozark Mountains, where  
The rocky slopes extended far into the  
settled settlements, and at no great distance  
from the bank of the Mullery, which formed  
and roared against the sharp ridges of ice  
which the extraordinary severe winter  
"fretted" to imprisonment, two white hunters  
walked rapidly and not without purpose,  
stream, and seemed to be looking for a place  
where they could cross to the other side.  
They were two powerful looking fellows,  
as they walked on with their rifles on their  
shoulders, and the elegant fringed leggins,  
the closely-fitting and carefully soled moccasins  
showed that they had assumed the habits  
of the woods and not of the city and hun-  
ters, who, especially at that day, had begun  
favoring the western part of the State in  
order to find out the most favorably situated  
district, and purchase, or at least lay claim  
to them.  
"Bill," one of them at last said, as he stopped  
"our searching is of no use—you see I  
pass right, the stream here is too wide for us  
to find a tree lying across it, and if I really  
want to work with my little tomahawk, and  
felled one of the nearest plain trees, it would  
not be long enough. Besides a heavy storm  
is gathering behind us and I think we should  
not do wrong here to make arrangements  
for passing this night better than the last; it  
will be bitter cold."  
"It is very true," Bill answered, "but I  
do not think we should not  
reach the river over there to-night, for in the  
first place, we should find famous quarters in  
one of the numerous caves, and then, besides,  
I should have liked to look for bears; there  
are sure to be some there. The water's too  
cold for us to swim across, and the storm will  
be a trifling one; so then, to work; here  
are old trees enough lying about, and a bark  
raft can be easily made." "Very good,"  
"There are almost too many trees lying  
about," Tom replied, looking all around him,  
"and those still standing seem rotten and  
ready to fall. I do not much like the thought  
of camping here, for you know the story far  
too well to need such a place."  
"Nonsense," Bill said, laughing. "Can  
we find a better camping place? The little  
stream runs along at our feet, there is plenty  
of wood close and handy, the young trees  
will furnish famous poles, and the bark there  
is first rate for raft."  
Tom made no further objection; the spot  
looked too inviting, and they were both soon  
engaged in raising a rough shelter for that  
night at least, which was a rough tent of  
bark and twigs, and they lay down on the  
ground, the collecting of the bark and  
good hands the work was easily accom-  
plished, and the next half hour found both  
under their quickly erected roof, watching  
the pieces of bark broiling in the fire.  
"It's strange how cold it has suddenly  
turned," Tom at length broke the silence;  
"only look the water in the tin pan is frozen  
quite hard, and the wind has chopped round  
to the north east; it blows confoundedly  
sharp too."  
"Let it blow," Bill yawned, as he wrapped  
himself closely in the folds of his blanket;  
"I am tired and want to sleep, Tom, lay  
a couple of logs on the fire before you turn  
in, and the one first awake to-morrow must  
arouse the other."  
Midnight was past, and the fire had nearly  
expired, but the two brothers slept firmly,  
and the very north wind that howled over the  
snow-cold hills into the valley, could not  
disturb their slumber. Heavy masses of  
clouds had, however, collected together from  
various quarters; darkly threatening they  
loomed over the resting forest, and the  
stately trees shook and bowed their leafless  
branches as if in the forebodings of the ap-  
proaching storm. A brief flash of lightning  
suddenly burst from the black heavens, and  
a terrific peal of thunder almost instan-  
taneously followed the messenger of destruction.  
One of the terrible winter storms was im-  
pending, and the unobscured hurricane howled  
and tore through the narrow mountain ravines.  
"Bill," cried Tom, springing up in horror,  
"how did you sleep?—do you hear, do you  
hear, there's one of them cracking!"  
"Hallo!" Bill replied as he quickly threw  
off his blanket, "has it caught us?—Bill!  
Tom, lay hold of the roof; I'm blessed if the  
confounded northwester won't take it along  
with it."

His fear was not entirely unfounded, for at  
the same instant such a furious blast burst  
from the opposite valley that it half uncer-  
cered their resting-places in a second, and burn-  
ing ashes and sparks were carried far away  
into the gloom of night. A lightning flash  
again burst forth from the clouds and the  
thunder deeded the sound of the howling  
storm. Then it suddenly seemed as if the  
whole earth was torn from its foundations;  
for, far away on its course, like the equal of a  
thousand canons; then near and nearer it  
roared, spreading wild and terrible over-  
throw and harrowing desolation around.  
"Almighty God, a hurricane!" Tom cried,  
starting up in terror, for at the same moment  
the storm reached them. The giant trunks,  
which had withstood centuries, bowed like  
thin twigs, and with one blow, that struck  
terrors to the hearts of the listeners, the whole  
forest was mowed level with the earth by the  
hand of the Almighty.  
The hurricane raged further and further  
with frightful velocity; for miles around it  
overthrew the tall oaks, and hurled them like  
reeds to the ground; for miles around it  
marked its path with desolation and destruc-  
tion; its silence, grave-like silence, followed in  
its track, rested over the widely-scattered  
trees, not a breath was stirring, and the  
calmness of death, after this horrid out-  
break of the elements, affected the poor  
heart of a mortal with a more agonizing shud-  
der than it had felt even in the most terrible  
fury of the storm.  
Bill had miraculously escaped, without  
even the slightest injury, clinging tightly to  
an immense tree that had previously fallen;  
another oak that had fallen across it only ser-  
ved to save him, as it guarded him from the  
other continually falling branches and smaller  
trees; but now, as soon as the first most  
pressing danger passed, he jumped up and  
cried, filled with terror, to his brother:  
"Tom—brother—Tom—brother—Tom—  
Great God! has such a terrible end fallen to  
your share?"  
No! it would have been well for him if  
that had been his lot; he still lived, and his  
weak voice, at no great distance, struck the  
hunter's attentive ear.  
"All-merciful Heavens!" the latter cried  
when he had quickly leaped over a couple of  
trees lying in his way, and with a blazing  
pine torch in his hand, stood before him  
sought.  
"All-merciful Heavens!" he repeated in  
almost maddening agony, and covered his  
face with his hands, for close to him pale as  
a corpse, with both his thighs buried beneath  
an immense oak, which was shattered from  
top to bottom, lay his Tom, his brother,  
the playmate of his youth, the darling of his  
heart.  
"It's very cold," the unhappy man whis-  
pered, and looked up imploringly to the hun-  
ter, who apparently incapable of any further  
movement, stood near him as if lewied out of  
stone—"It's very cold, Bill; can't you bring  
me a little fire, where he lies?"  
These words broke the charm which seemed  
to possess his half unconscious brother.  
"Tom, Tom!" he cried, as he threw him-  
self with groans on the mutilated body of his  
dearest companion.  
"You hurt me, Bill, the latter entreated;  
my arms pain me, and it so cold."  
"Wait, you shall have fire—in a few seconds  
I will have a roaring fire as he sprang hastily  
up, "lie here a minute longer, and I'll fetch  
you some ashes, and then help you up—only  
a moment's patience," and in haste he flew  
back to the still burning camp-fire. Ah! he  
did not notice the features of the unhappy  
man, as he begged him to have patience. He  
hurriedly collected all the ashes and burning  
wood his arms could hold—the flames  
scorching his hands and his hands  
he did not notice it, and flew back to his  
brother's side, plenty of drift wood lay around,  
and in a few moments a bright, cheering fire  
glared by the side of the tree, under whose  
feet weight the poor fellow lay buried alive.  
Bill now regarded with a shudder the ter-  
rible scene, and readily threw himself on  
the tree, which a hundred men could not have  
raised, and tried his utmost strength on an  
impossibility.  
"Bill!" Tom gently begged him, "come  
here, come—give me your hand—that's  
right, and now, Bill—do you really love  
me?"  
A convulsive grasp of his brother's hand  
answered the question; speak he could not,  
for the tears he had suppressed with difficulty  
suffocated every sound.  
"Will you do me a service?" Tom implored,  
drawing the unresisting man closer to  
him.  
"A service?" Bill whispered—"a service!  
What can you ask that I would not do for  
you? It is in my power to do it."  
"You promise me that?"  
"What is it?" the hunter asked, in terror.  
"Take your rifle," Tom begged, "and put  
an end to my sufferings."  
"Tom!" the brother cried, as he sprung  
up in horror.  
"Put an end to my sufferings," the unhap-  
py man entreated. "Bill! brother! if you  
ever loved me prove it now. Do not let me  
perish here, slowly and horribly."  
"I will save you; if it cost me my life,"  
Bill cried, "I will return with assistance this  
very night."  
"That is not possible," the poor fellow re-  
plied, sorrowfully shaking his head. "The  
next settlement is by the nearest road, not  
fifteen miles from here; but the road you  
would have to take to go round the rocks and  
ravines, is twenty; and if you come back,  
if you brought fifty men with you, what help  
could they give me? Both my thighs are  
shattered, and the nearest doctor lives at Hit-  
le Rock, a hundred miles from here, and  
whither we scarce know the direction. Bill  
will you let me live here for days, and after-  
wards see me perish miserably?"  
"Ask me my own life, and you shall have it  
with pleasure; but don't require such a ter-  
rible thing from me; it must be possible to  
save you—I have my tomahawk—I can cut  
this tree through—I can—"  
"Can you cure wounds like these?" Tom  
interrupted him, and pointed with his hand to  
his thigh. It was a terrible sight, and the  
brother laid his hand on a groan.  
"I cannot cure you," the hunter said.  
"And do you call that a service?" Bill  
was continued, "I would only fancy the  
pain I am now suffering, you would take  
compassion—would not let me beg in rain,  
and give you a rifle—don't make me  
my brother's murderer," Bill groaned.

"My right arm is also broken; I cannot  
even if I would."  
"Tom!" the powerful man sobbed, as he  
threw himself by his brother's side, what is  
it you want of me?"  
"What did you lately do to Nestor when  
the bear had torn him so terribly?"  
"Lethal him."  
"He was your favorite dog."  
"Bill only answered him more than me!"  
Tom now asked, almost reproachfully,  
"Oh! why did I not heed your warning  
when we last night reached this unhappy  
spot? why did I not avoid the decayed trees  
that threatened us on all sides? why—"  
"Bill!" the unhappy man interrupted him,  
"do you mean to free me from my tortures?"  
"I will!" the poor fellow sobbed on his  
brother's neck. They held one another in  
cold embrace for a long while, but when  
Tom tried to unloose his hold, his brother  
only held him tighter. Day at length  
broke in the east, and the sun shone on the  
chaos of wildly scattered trees around.  
"Let us part," Tom whispered, "be a  
man."  
He quickly pushed his brother back, and  
he at length stood up.  
"Well, then, be it so! I see you are right.  
It is impossible to save you. I know, too,  
that I should have asked the same of you  
in a similar case, and you would not have  
refused me. Pray to God for the last time,  
and pray to me, that I may forgive me  
the murder of my brother."  
Bill tottered away to fetch his rifle, but he  
turned in a few moments with a firm and cer-  
tain step. With his gun in his hand, he  
swung himself with his right hand over the  
scattered trunks, and soon stood again by the  
side of his brother, who looked affectionately  
in his face.  
"I am ready," said the latter, with a  
smile, "do not tremble, and God reward you  
for your kindness—be brave!" He offered  
him his hand as he turned his face away.  
"Brother!" the tortured hunter cried, in  
agony, and threw himself again on his breast.  
Once again they held each other in a close  
embrace, till Tom entreated gently, "Do not  
delay any longer. With a heavy bound  
the hunter stood on his feet, raised his rifle to  
his cheek, and lay the next moment uncon-  
scious by the side of the brother he had shot.  
What more have I to tell? Shall I de-  
scribe how he awoke and piled branch upon  
branch on his brother's corpse, so that wolf  
and panther might not fasten their greedy  
teeth in the beloved remains—how he totter-  
ed away, and wrestled with death for many  
months in the wild drems of fever, carefully  
nursed by friends!—No! enough of this sor-  
rowful tale. His brother's blood-covered  
face did not long trouble him in his nightly  
dreams, or cause him to spring in terror from  
his bed, and try to fly—on an expedition  
against some plundering Creeks a compas-  
sionate bullet put an end to his life, and  
his friends buried him where he had long  
memory is still recalled to that neighbor-  
hood, and when a hunter camps at night,  
and turns an enquiring glance towards the  
giant trunks which meaningly surround him,  
then a gentle prayer of even the roughest  
and wildest of the band rises, and  
whispers, "God preserve me from poor Tom's  
fate."

**Reformation of William Wirt.**  
A TRUE INCIDENT IN HIS HISTORY.  
The distinguished William Wirt, within  
six or seven months after his first marriage be-  
came addicted to intemperance, the effect of  
which operated strongly on the mind and  
health of his wife, and in a few months more  
she was numbered with the dead. Her health  
led him to leave the country where he resided,  
and he removed to Richmond. But his  
malice hung about him, and occasionally he  
was found with jolly, frolicsome spirits in  
Bacchanalian revels. His true friends ex-  
plained with him to convince him of the  
injury he was doing himself. But he persisted.  
His practice began to drop off, and many  
looked upon him as on the sure road to ruin.  
He was advised to get married with a view  
of correcting his habits. This he consented  
to do, if the terms were offered. He ac-  
cordingly paid his advances to Miss Gamble.  
After some months attention he asked her  
hand in marriage. She replied:—  
"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your  
attention some time back, and should have  
given you to understand that your visits and  
attentions were not acceptable, had I not re-  
proached the affection which you evinced  
towards me. But I cannot yield my assent  
until you make a pledge never to taste, touch,  
or handle any intoxicating drink."  
This reply to Wirt was as unexpected as  
it was novel. His reply was that he regard-  
ed that proposition a bar to all further con-  
sideration of the matter, and he left her. Her  
course towards him was the same as ever—  
his resentment and neglect.  
In the course of a few weeks, he went  
again and solicited her hand. But her reply  
was that her mind was made up. He be-  
came indignant, and regarded the terms as  
insulting to honor, and avowed it should be  
the last meeting they should ever have. He  
took to drinking worse and worse, and seem-  
ed to run headlong to ruin.  
One day while living in the outskirts of a  
city, near a little grocery or grog shop, drunk  
a young lady, whom it is not necessary to  
name, was passing that way to her home, not  
far off, and beheld him, with his face upwards  
to the scorching sun. She took her hand-  
kerchief, with her own name marked upon it,  
and placed it over his face.  
After he had remained in that way for  
some hours he was awakened, and his limbs  
being so great, he went into a little grocery  
and bought a drink, when he discovered the hand-  
kerchief, at which he looked at the name upon  
it. After pausing he exclaimed—  
"Great God! who left this with me—  
Who placed it on my face?"  
"No one knew. It was dropped the glass, ex-  
claiming—  
"Enough! enough!"  
He retired instantly from the store, forget-  
ting his drink, but not his shame, that of  
brotherhood, of the lady, whose that of  
God gave him strength, never to taste, touch,  
or handle any intoxicating drink.  
To meet Miss Gamble was the hardest  
of his life. If he met her in her car-  
riage, or on foot, he popped round the nearest  
corner.  
She at last addressed him a note under her  
own hand, inviting him to her house, which

## Political Articles.

**More Proof.**  
The editor of the Charlottesville (Va.) Ad-  
vocate furnishes his readers with the following  
sketch of Gov. Surin's speech, delivered at  
Orange. Surin is a Know-Nothing candidate  
for Congress. The Advocate says:  
"He argued the necessity of a change in  
the naturalization laws. He showed that the  
native population of the South increased more  
rapidly than that of the North, and de-  
clared that the preponderance of the North-  
ern representation over that of the South,  
was owing to the flood of foreign emigration  
that was constantly pouring in upon the  
North. That this vast influx of foreigners  
had already given to the North some fifty  
more representatives than the South had, and  
that if the tide of emigration continued to  
increase in the ratio as it had for the last four  
years, we would find in taking the next cen-  
sus that the North would have a majority of  
upwards of one hundred Representatives."  
"Now, is not this a startling fact, that not-  
withstanding the native population increases  
much more rapidly South, and that the South  
predominance of the North over us is derived  
from a foreign people, from aliens, who are  
notoriously abolitionists, and yet we refuse to  
do anything to rid ourselves of this stupen-  
dous wrong? How can Southern men be  
sincere in their denunciations of Northern  
abolitionists, and yet refuse to unite in the  
effort to cut off this rapidly augmenting anti-  
slavery power? Look at it, you men of the  
South, who prize the Union—you who desire  
your own safety, and see if we have any se-  
curity of our institution, if something is not  
done to resist this abolition movement."  
Free-Soilers have evidence in the above  
that Know-Nothingism is destined to be a  
great lever in the hands of Southern politi-  
cians to aid in perpetuating slavery. Here in  
the North, the Know-Nothing organs are en-  
deavoring to make the people believe, with-  
out a why or a wherefore, that the Demo-  
cratic party is pro-slavery to the backbone.  
Was ever inconsistency more glaring! Per-  
haps some of our Free-Soil friends can un-  
ravel and elucidate this palpable game of decep-  
tion.—*Harrisburg Union.*

## Still More Proof.

The following, which goes far to prove that  
Know-Nothingism is endeavoring to bolster  
up the peculiar institution of the South, we  
clip from the American Organ, published at  
Washington city:  
"Gradually, but surely, these classes of  
new men are coming, working their way  
into the interior of the country. South  
and South-west, as well as North and West.  
By far the greater portion of them remain  
north of Mason and Dixon's line. The north  
and western States are more cursed by their  
presence in their midst, than the South;  
but how stands the South, on the score of ac-  
tual, unmitigated, certain danger from the  
power and influence of the whole fore-  
ign population!"  
"Is there, or is there not, a fixed and un-  
alterable antagonism of opinion, universally  
prevailing between the whole Irish popula-  
tion, and southern slave-holders? As a mass  
are not the European immigrants opposed to  
the institution of slavery? When half a  
million of immigrants are annually thrown  
into the country at the present day, with a  
prospective increase which will reach a mil-  
lion of souls per annum within ten years, are  
the South to be told that they need have no  
fears from this immigration?"  
"With an annual immigration equal to  
the whole population of Louisiana, and more  
than that of Michigan—a number sufficient  
to form a large State, and with a prospective  
increase which will reach a million of  
souls per annum within ten years, are  
the South to be told that they need have no  
fears from this immigration?"  
"This is the 'American' policy—this is  
the purpose of the 'American' party—  
while those who oppose us are for opening  
wide the doors to all the world; and even ad-  
mitting foreigners at once to the polls, upon  
their taking the oath of allegiance."  
In the above extract from the Organ, the  
national paper of the Know-Nothing, the  
Northern people, and especially the people  
of this State, can see the tendency of Know-  
Nothingism. It is an order to perpetuate  
and extend slavery and to strike down with  
an impious hand those republican sentiments  
which give existence to our government.  
The South has become wedded to this new  
order and forgotten her former tenacity for  
constitutional principle. She made use of  
the Northern democracy to prepare the  
ground for another crop of slavery in the ter-  
ritories, and now she adopts Know-Nothing-  
ism, that under its care and by its help the  
accursed seed may be sown. Go on. There  
is a power in the Northern masses which has  
not yet been wielded. The time is coming,  
and the man who in this State cannot feel  
and see the ominous sign which betoken de-  
cisive action on the part of our people on  
this question is one who will not see and feel  
the truth.—*Harrisburg Union.*

## Civilization of Know-Nothingism.

The civilized world has for years found  
great fault with China and Japan for shutting  
themselves in uninvited seclusion, and deny-  
ing access to all strangers. It was univer-  
sally agreed that by so doing they violated the  
comity that should prevail among the brother-  
hood of nations—because they inhibited  
those commercial, social, religious, and na-  
tional interchanges, essential to civilization  
and the development of the resources of the  
world. As in every enlightened nation laws  
in restraint of trade are odious, so in the great  
court of civilized nations, laws in restraint of  
international interchanges are likewise de-  
clared odious.  
It matters not what may have been the  
cause or causes of the long isolation, the lone-  
some seclusion and the obstinate reserve  
maintained by those two nations; their policy  
was an offence against the world, civiliza-  
tion, and religion. It was universally held  
to be so. Their reason, no doubt, was that  
their rulers and despots saw the inferiority of  
the two races, and also saw that if the vigor-  
ous and many ideas of stronger races should  
be introduced, their despotic power would be  
at an end. Hence they laid a stringent and  
insupportable embargo on intercourse with other  
nations.  
Old things happen in this world, and  
strange coincidences sometimes turn up. One  
such has occurred in this country. Just as  
we have, after much patience, soot persua-  
sions, and many efforts, succeeded in estab-  
lishing intercourse and intercommunication be-  
tween our country and China and Japan, a  
new party has sprung up amongst us, who  
maintain the self-same proscriptive, secrete,  
barbarous, exclusive doctrines of these two  
countries. This party proposes that we shall  
exclude or disfranchise all foreigners. They  
propose a poor compliment to honesty. That is  
open. They are secret and clandestine.  
They pay a poor compliment to the Ameri-  
can nation, but actually declare that this  
American nation is weak and unbecom-  
ing, and that if it suffers foreigners (who are  
oppressed at home) to come here, and after na-  
turalization, under our present laws, to vote,  
that our intellects and our characters are so  
much weaker than theirs that they will rule  
America. They declare, in effect, THAT  
WE ARE THE WEAKER RACE!  
This is the object of Chinese and Japanese  
notion. Just as it has become odious in  
China and Japan, the self-styled "Patriots of  
America" seek to introduce it here. Are  
we a race of men, or are we babies? Have  
we intellect, character and strength, or are  
we idiots, prodigues and parasites? Do  
we, in this enlightened nineteenth century,  
require a Chinese wall to protect us from  
the hordes of foreigners? Is the great light  
of our liberty to be "hid under a bushel" or  
are we to be "a city set upon a hill?"  
Language cannot convey the deep con-  
tempt that we feel for the bastard organiza-  
tion that teaches such humiliating doctrines.  
We are of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are  
a free and a great people! We have founded  
a great Republic. We founded that Repub-  
lic against the fixed ideas of the whole world.  
We have preserved it in spite of resistance  
from abroad and resistance at home, and now  
when it is firmly established, a miserable,  
sneaking, clandestine party, a SPOILS PAR-  
TY, has sprung up in our midst which says  
that we cannot maintain it because a strong-  
er race, or stronger races will pour into our  
domain and control us. It is a low race, and  
a miserable folk. Americans have always  
ruled America, and they always will.

## American Nationality.

"Why do you  
obstinately refuse to join the American move-  
ment?" asked a friend of another.  
"Because I am an American," was the  
reply.  
"Do you mean to say that asserting our  
nationality is anti-American?" demanded the  
other again.  
"To assert it? No! To narrow it, to circum-  
scribe it? Yes."  
"Nobody wants to narrow or circumscribe  
American nationality."  
"Yet you and your friends do so?"  
"How?"  
"Listen, and I will prove it. You start  
our nationality from an obscure European  
tribe, the Anglo-Saxon. There is narrow-  
ness in number one. You give us for our  
fathers only the British. There is narrow-  
ness in number two. And you would make  
our development English only. There is  
narrowness in number three. In Europe, nation-  
ality means one religion, one race, one lan-  
guage, eating alike and dressed alike. There  
they have nationalities bounded by hills, riv-  
ers, lakes, and mountain ranges."  
Such nationalities used to exist in our coun-  
try, too; among the Indians; but to confine  
a people living between the Pacific and the  
Atlantic, the Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico—  
a people who neither the Alleghenies, nor  
the Mississippi could divide or stop—a peo-  
ple among whom almost all known lan-  
guages are spoken—to confine such a people  
within the national strictures of your  
Know-Nothing lodges, is falsifying every his-  
torical record, and is belittling the American  
people. Such a nationality may suit an In-  
dian tribe; it may be latched in the brain  
of men with narrow European views—but  
to an American, a true American it is revolt-  
ing."  
And still they go.  
The Know-Nothing organ at Pittsburg,  
Young American, has expired. Cause—  
want of support. This paper was short-lived.  
It commenced its career very boldly, sup-  
posing it was going to give every thing to  
one way; but immediately after the defeat  
of the midnight assassins of that city for city  
officers, it became so demoralized that it could  
not even speak at all.—*Dem. Union.*

## A Brief Discourse.

Text.—There is a way that seemeth right  
unto man, but the end thereof is death.  
We hope it will not be deemed sacrilegious  
to quote here this sublime precaution from  
the oracles of divine truth; as a text to dis-  
course from in the manner that follows, al-  
though in aid of subjects of a somewhat  
secular nature, appertaining however to mor-  
tality.  
"It may seem right to a man to neglect  
paying his debts for the sake of lending,  
speculating upon his money; but the end  
thereof is a bad paymaster."  
It may seem right to a man to attempt to  
live upon the fashion of the times; but the  
end thereof is disgusting to all sensible folks,  
and ruinous to health, reputation and prop-  
erty.  
"It may seem right to a man to keep bor-  
rowing of his neighbors but the end thereof  
is very cross neighbors."  
It may seem right to a man to trouble  
himself about his neighbor's business; but  
the end thereof is the neglect of his own.  
It may seem right to a man to be al-  
ways trumpeting his own fame; but the end  
thereof is that his fame don't extend very  
far.  
"It may seem right to a man to indulge his  
children in every thing; but the end thereof  
is—his children will indulge in dishonoring  
him."  
It may seem right to a man to be constan-  
tly slandering his neighbors; but the end thereof  
is, nobody believes anything he says.  
"It may seem right to a man to attempt to  
please every body; but the end thereof is, he  
pleases nobody."  
"It may seem right to a man to excel his  
neighbors in extravagance and luxury; but  
the end thereof is—he only excels them in  
folly."  
"It may seem right to a man not to take a news-  
paper; but the end thereof is—that a man  
has a vain idea of what is right, and his fam-  
ily are totally ignorant of the ordinary  
occurrences of the day."  
"It may seem right to a man to worship a  
creature more than the Creator, but the end  
thereof is an idolater."  
It may seem right to a man to obtain his  
news by borrowing of his neighbors; but the  
end thereof is—fraud upon the printer.  
"It may seem right to a man to be incessan-  
tly occupied in hoarding up treasures of  
this world; but the end thereof is—he has  
none in the world to come."  
"It may seem right to us to further extend  
this discourse at the expense of the reader;  
but the end thereof is—here."

## Beginning with Economy.

Nearly thirty years ago, a youngster, some  
sixteen years of age, a native of New Hamp-  
shire, was learning the art of printing in a  
small village in Vermont. His pay was forty  
dollars a year and board. He had but one  
suit of clothes, and these were of coarse,  
home-made cloth, not cut to fit very nicely.  
He was studious during his leisure hours, and  
taking part in a Debating Society began to  
distinguish himself as well informed, and  
able in argument. Crowds attended the de-  
bates, and on one occasion an associate sug-  
gested to him the propriety of furnishing him-  
self with a suit of clothes. He replied that  
he had better wear what he had than get in-  
to debt. That person is now at the head of  
an establishment in New York city, got up  
by his own ability and industry, that brings  
in weekly from three to five thousand dollars.  
The outset, to be sure, are considerable; but  
it is a concern that pays well. This is the  
N. Y. Tribune office, and Mr. Greeley, the  
editor, is the person that was so economical  
in youth; and so diligent in storing his mind  
with knowledge.  
There are young men now, who within a  
few years have earned some as many dollars  
per month as the boy did in a year; and  
who have spent it nearly all in dress and other  
things. Whether they will rise to such  
eminence as the one named, remains to be  
seen.—*News Letter.*  
"Mr. Gumpford is no longer to be the  
great destroyer. A Mr. Perkins has a steam  
gun which will throw a ball weighing a ton  
a distance of five miles! He wants a ship  
of 10,000 tons, to anchor off Sebastopol with  
his gun on board, and promises to destroy  
his place without losing a man."  
Buy the truth, and sell it not.