

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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From the Tribune.  
**"GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."**  
BY MRS. H. J. W. LEWIS.  
Softly the wild-bird sinks  
Into his downy nest when twilight falls,  
And not one care his trustful spirit links  
To the wide world without his fragile walls.  
Untaught by those who wake to watch and weep,  
He knows God giveth His beloved sleep.

The rangers of the hills,  
Unnumbered herds that roam the verdant plain,  
The gliding serpent, charming white he  
kills,  
The bee that homeward bears its luscious gain,  
These rest when o'er them evening shadows creep;  
They know God giveth His beloved sleep.  
The very flowers are bowed  
When cooler airs caress them, and the dew  
Hangs on their tiny petals, and a crowd  
Of glittering stars look out from fields of blue;  
Then, while the songs of angels o'er them sweep,  
They rest—God giveth His beloved sleep.

To all, most holy Night!  
To the green leaves, the mountain springs,  
The flowers,  
Thou comest with thy silent wing of night,  
And blessings great for the tranquil hours;  
While Man's orbome with grief, forgoes to weep,  
Knowing—God giveth His beloved sleep.  
And they all sleep in peace.  
Passion is hushed, the toil, the strife are o'er;  
The struggling spirit hath obtained release  
And plumes its wings, though but in dreams  
It soars.  
Oh, blessed Night! that bears through shadow  
The charm that giveth God's beloved sleep!  
And when the mellow light  
From eyes we love grows dim and fades a-  
way,  
When the low, grassy mound conceals  
From sight  
One who had made the brightness of Life's  
day;  
When floods of grief the spirit's chambers  
fill;  
Oh! think—God giveth His beloved sleep.

**The School Mistress.**  
BY MRS. B. M. SEYMOUR.  
"The school ma'am's coming," the school  
ma'am's coming," shouted a dozen voices,  
at the close of half an hour's faithful watch-  
ing to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every  
eye was turned towards her with the most  
scrutinizing glance, for the children, as  
well as others always form an opinion of a  
person, particularly of their teachers, at first  
sight.  
"How tall she is!" exclaimed one. "Oh,  
don't she look sweet?" cried another. "Ho,  
I ain't afraid of her, nor a dozen like her,"  
cried the 'big boy' of the school. "Nor I  
neither," cried the big boy's ally. "I could  
lick her easy enough, couldn't you, Tom?"  
"Yes, and I will too, if she goes to touch  
me." "Hush," cried one of the girls, "she  
will hear you." By this time she had nearly  
reached the door, round which we were clus-  
tered, and every eye was fixed upon her  
face with an eager yet half bashful gaze,  
uncertain, as yet, what verdict to pronounce  
upon her.  
"Good morning, children," said she, in  
the kindest voice in the world, while her  
face was lighted with the sweetest smile im-  
aginable. "This is a beautiful morning to com-  
mence school, is it not?"  
"I know I shall love her, whispered a lit-  
tle pet in my ear.  
We all followed her into the school room,  
except Tom Jones and his ally, who waited  
till the rest were seated, and then came in  
with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of  
dare devil, saucy look, as much as to say,  
"Who cares for you?"  
Miss Wescott looked at them kindly, but  
appeared not to notice them further. After a  
short prayer and reading a chapter in the Bi-  
ble, she passed round the room, and made  
some enquiry of each one in regard to their  
studies.  
"And what is your name?" she asked,  
laying her hand upon Tom's head, while he  
sat with his hand in his pocket, swinging his  
feet backward and forward.  
"Tom Jones," shouted he at the top of his  
voice.  
"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.  
—"Just as old again as half," answered  
Tom, with a saucy laugh.  
"What do you study, Thomas?"  
"Nothing."  
"What books have you?"  
"None."  
Without appearing to be at all disturbed by  
his replies, Miss Wescott said, "I am glad to  
have one or two large boys in my school; you  
can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, and  
if you will stop a few minutes after school

this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan  
I have formed.  
This was very mysterious to all, and par-  
ticularly to Tom, who could not comprehend  
how he could be useful to any one, and for  
the first time in his life he felt that he was  
of some importance in the world. He had no  
home training; no one had ever told him he  
could be of any use or do any good in the  
world. He had always been called the 'bad  
boy' at school, and he took a kind of pride  
and pleasure in being feared by the children  
and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Wescott at once comprehended his  
whole character, and began to shape her  
plans accordingly. She maintained that a  
boy who at twelve years old made himself  
feared among his school fellows, was capa-  
ble of being made something of. Heretofore  
all influence had conspired to make him bad  
and perhaps a desperate character; she was  
determined to transform his character by  
bringing opposite influences to work upon  
him, and to effect this, she must gain his  
confidence; which could be done in no bet-  
ter way than by making him feel that she  
placed confidence in him. When school  
was out, more than half the scholars lingered  
at the door, wondering what Miss Wescott  
could be staying to Tom Jones. He had  
often been bid to remain after school; but it  
was always to receive punishment or severe  
lectures; and nine times out of ten he would  
jump out of the window before half the schol-  
ars were out of the room; but it was evi-  
dently for a different purpose that he was to  
remain now, and no one wondered more  
what it could be than Tom himself.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school  
room would be a great deal pleasanter if we  
had some evergreens to hang around it;  
something to make it look cheerful?" in-  
quired Miss Wescott.  
"Yes'm, and I know where I can get plenty  
of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some  
here by eight o'clock to-morrow morning,  
I will be here to help you put them up, and  
I will give the children a pleasant surprise;  
and here are some books I will give you;  
Thomas; you may put them in your drawer;  
"But I can't study geography and history,"  
exclaimed Tom, confused, "I never did."  
"That is the reason why you think you  
cannot," replied Miss Wescott. "I am quite  
sure you can, and you will love them I  
know."  
"Nobody ever cared whether I learned  
anything or not, before," said Tom, with  
some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Wescott, with  
earnestness; "you are capable of becoming  
a great and good man; you are now forming  
your character for life, and it depends upon  
yourself what you become. The poorest  
boy in this country has an equal chance with  
the wealthiest, and his circumstances are  
more favorable, for becoming eminent, for  
he learns to depend on himself. I will as-  
sist you all I can in your studies, Thomas,  
and I know you will succeed; remember  
that I am your friend, and come to me in ev-  
ery difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up,  
he had come, because he had been borne  
into the world and couldn't help it; but as  
for mental or moral training, he was as  
guiltless of it as a wild bramble bush of a  
pruning knife. His father was an intem-  
perate bad man, and his mother was a totally  
inefficient woman. At home he received  
nothing but blows and abuse; and abroad  
nothing but abuse. His bad passions were  
therefore all excited, and his good ones  
never existed. He always expected that his  
teachers would hate him, so he whetted  
his combative powers to oppose them, and  
he had made up his mind to turn the  
"new school ma'am" out of doors. When,  
therefore, Miss Wescott declared she was  
glad to have him in her school, he was amazed;  
and that she should manifest an interest  
for him, and give him a new set of books,  
was perfectly incomprehensible to him. Miss  
Wescott understood his position and charac-  
ter, and determined to modify them. She  
felt that he was equally capable of good and  
bad actions, though the bad predominated.  
She knew that his active mind must be busy;  
one might as soon think of chaining the  
lightning, as binding down by force that  
wild spirit to his books. She would give  
him employment, but such as would call out  
a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must  
feel that he was doing good to others and  
for others' sake, and that he was not guided  
by his own wayward will, and yet there  
must be no appearance of restraint upon  
him, he must choose to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a  
new feeling in his breast; for the first time  
in his life he felt that he was capable of  
rising above his present condition and becom-  
ing something greater and better than he  
then was. His mind became inundated  
with new and strange emotions, and like  
a mighty river turning from its course, his  
thoughts and energies from that hour sought  
a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the  
dawn, and when Miss Wescott arrived at the  
school house she found Tom there with his  
evergreens.  
"Good morning, Thomas," she said, kind-  
ly, "and so you are here before me; you  
must have risen early, and you have found  
some beautiful evergreens; and now if you  
will help me hang them, we will have the  
room well arranged by nine o'clock."  
"I have brought a hammer and some  
nails," said Tom, "I thought we should need  
some."

"Yes, so we shall, I am glad you thought  
of them," replied Miss Wescott.  
That day every scholar looked amazed to  
see Tom Jones actually studying his book  
and to hear him answer several questions  
correctly, and they were still more confound-  
ed when at recess Miss Wescott said:  
"Thomas, you will take care of the little  
children, will you not, and see that they do  
not get hurt? you must be their protector." One  
would soon have thought of setting a  
wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Tom  
Jones to take care of the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never  
saw such a school ma'am before in all the  
days of my life, did you Tom?"  
"No," replied Tom, "but I wish I had,  
and I would have been a different boy from  
what I am now; but I am going to study  
now and learn something; Miss Wescott  
says I can; I am determined to try."

It was astonishing to observe the effect  
that Miss Wescott's treatment of Tom had  
upon the scholars; they began to consider  
him of some importance, and to feel a sort  
of respect for him, which they manifested  
first by dropping the nick-name Tom, and  
substituting Tommy, which revealed certain-  
ly a more kindly feeling towards him. In  
less than a week, Miss Wescott had her  
school completely under her control; yet it  
was by love and respect that she governed,  
and not by an iron rule; she moved among  
her scholars a very queen, and yet she so  
gained their confidence and esteem, that it  
did not seem to them submission to another's  
will, but the promptings of their own  
desire to please. One glance of her dark  
eyes would have quelled an insurrection, and  
one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Wescott taught school with a realiza-  
tion of the responsibilities resting upon  
her, and she bent her energies to fulfil them.  
Carefully and skillfully she unlocked the  
soul's door, and gave a searching glance  
within, in order to understand its capacities,  
and then shaped her course accordingly. The  
despondent and inactive she encouraged,  
the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding  
and feeble she taught a strong self reliance—  
She encouraged the one rain drop to do all  
the good it could, and the rushing torrent she  
turned where it would fertilize, rather than  
destroy and devastate.

There are in every school some dormant  
energies, which if roused might shake the  
world. There are emotions and passions,  
which if let loose, will, like the lightnings  
of heaven, scatter ruin and blight, but if con-  
trolled, may like that element, become the  
messengers of thoughts to the world. In  
that head that you call dull, may lie slum-  
bering passions like some pent up volcano;  
open that closed crater, and see if there do  
not belch out flames which your own hand  
cannot stop. Put helmsman and pilot to the  
wayward mind which floats at the mercy of  
wind and wave in the wide sea of thought, and  
you will see it bearing its course beautifully  
upon the waters, and anchoring at last in a  
quiet haven, laden with the riches of a  
quiet heart. Call out the train bands of thought  
that lie lurking under the benches of the  
school room, arm and equip them for action,  
and give yourself the word of command,  
and lead them on, and see if there be not  
vigor enough to scale those fortresses of  
knowledge which now rise like dark moun-  
tains before them. There is not a school  
room where there is not energy and vigor  
and thought enough, if developed and di-  
rected, to revolutionize the world. There  
are geniuses which burst forth like a spring  
from the mountain, and there are also streams  
as beautiful and pure, far down in the  
earth, which will flow on forever in their  
darkened course, unless some excavating  
hand digs away the helpless piles of earth  
above them, and then there gushes up an  
unfailing well of pure and sparkling waters.  
The sculptor may form from the block of  
marble before him, either angel or devil, so  
the soul may be made either a seraph's  
home or a demon's haunt; and, do you not  
know, parent, teacher, that it is your hand  
that fashions the abode, and beckons thither  
the visitor.

I have seen a father mourn over his beloved  
son, when his own hand pressed first to  
his child's lips, the hellish draught that set  
his soul on fire. I have seen a poor lone  
mother weep as if her heart would break,  
over her ruined idols. Yet that mother's  
smile beamed first upon the coming foot-  
steps of the destroyer, and her voice warned  
her child of danger. In that day, when  
God shall bring every thing into judgment,  
will not the curses which rung so fearfully  
in the offender's ears in this world, roll back  
with crushing weight upon those who fulfil-  
led not their responsibilities to them when  
young? Who knows that every murderer  
might not have been a minister of mercy to  
wretched thousands? He was not born a  
murderer; that sweet blue eye had no fen-  
dish glare, as its baby face rested upon his  
mother's bosom—that little hand bore no  
stain of blood as it clapped them in childish  
glee. Mother remember that earnest eye  
which now mirrors thine own glance so lov-  
ingly, will ever reflect the light thou givest  
it. A skillful farmer first prepares the ground  
and then plants such seeds as is adapted to  
the soil; and shall we be less careful to  
make a fit dwelling place for the "thoughts  
of immortal mould," that spring up in the  
soul? and shall we not care and know what  
seed is sown in those immortal minds which  
are hereafter to be judged by their fruits?  
The sower in the parable sowed good seed;  
but only that which fell upon good ground  
bore fruit; and the thorns being rooted out,  
and the soil enriched, would not the other

fields yielded a harvest also?  
I have seen a teacher make his entrance  
into a school by reading a list of rules, two  
or three feet in length: "You must do this—  
you must do that," without a single remark  
upon the propriety or impropriety, the why  
and wherefore of the thing, but only "you  
must do it."

You might as well expect to cure a man  
of stealing by pelting him with bibles. The  
truth certainly hits hard enough—and so  
would stones—let a man feel the beauty as  
well as the violence of the law, and he will  
be quite apt to profit by it.  
Julia Wescott met every human nature.  
She made it her study, every teacher ought  
to do. She roused out error and prejudice  
from the minds of her pupils, showed them  
the evils of sin, and the beauty of virtue, the  
advantages of education, and the consequence  
of ignorance, and adapted her instructions to  
their capacities and necessities. And thus she  
went on, year after year, scattering the good  
seed into good ground, and she has reaped  
an abundant harvest.

From many a happy home and high place  
comes a blessing upon her, and there is no  
one who breathes her name with a greater  
reverence, or remembers her with more grate-  
ful affection, than Tom Jones, who has filled  
with eminent ability, one of the highest ju-  
dicial offices in the Union; and who freely  
acknowledges that he owes his present char-  
acter and position entirely to her treatment  
and instructions.  
Truly, "he that goeth forth weeping, bear-  
ing precious seed, shall come back again re-  
joicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

## Science and the Working Man.

In every trade and occupation there is sci-  
ence. Every laborer is a practical philoso-  
pher, though too often like the bee or bee-  
keeper, working in the dark, performing prod-  
gies of science without having the least idea  
of his own skill. This ought not to be. An-  
imals may work from instinct, but reason  
and science, are the only proper guides for  
mankind; nor should the workman be a  
mere mechanic, moved by the skill or phil-  
osophy of others; his mind should be as  
well versed with the sciences of his trade as  
his hand is with art; and to arrive at this de-  
gree of knowledge is not to be despised, we  
suppose, because there are truth and philoso-  
phy in everything. The quarry man, in hewing  
stones, the mason or statuary in shaping them,  
the poor man breaking them, have had  
volumes of facts before their eyes, which,  
if registered, might have settled all the knot  
points in mineralogy. And the same may  
be said of him who sinks mines, levels hills,  
cuts through the hearts of mountains, or  
lays down the gravel or pebbles in the  
garden walk. How true the words, that the  
"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Every worker in iron, brass, tin, copper,  
steel, silver, or gold, is perpetually experi-  
menting in those metals, and therefore has  
an immense sphere of natural science and  
philosophy glittering before him. What a  
physiologist the butcher ought to be! What  
a botanist, entomologist, and friend, natur-  
alist, generally, every farmer's man and  
rhymer might become! Many of these have  
ten thousand more advantages for study than  
Solomon. The philosopher walks miles in  
pursuit of truth; but truth follows and envi-  
rons the cowherd, shepherd and ploughman.  
The experimentalist has put his fingers or  
furnished laboratories, at great trouble and ex-  
pense; but the smelter, the blacksmith, the  
founder, glass blower, and a hundred other  
mechanics and operatives, have all this appa-  
ratus daily before them, and therefore with-  
out any trouble, might sound the depths and  
scan the heights of knowledge. Nothing  
would be required but a little observation—  
**Working Man's Friend.**

**"FIRE" IN NAVIGATION**—Suppose a can-  
dial-boat heads was not for the horse's tail,  
and has the wind abeam, with a flow com-  
ing up in the south—would the captain accord-  
ing to maritime law, be justified in taking a  
reef in the stove pipe without asking the  
cook.

If you wish to be truly polite, exhibit real  
kindness in the kindest manner. Do this,  
and you will pass at bar in any society with-  
out studying rules of etiquette.

**Youth is a glorious invention.** While  
the girls chase the hours, and you chase the  
girls, the months seem to dance away "with  
down upon their feet." What a pity our  
summer is so short, isn't it? Before you  
know it, lovers become deacons and romps  
grandmothers.

Somebody says he never knew a poli-  
tician able to put a negro into his bed  
—not a poor man to obtain a premium at a  
fair where there was a rich one to complete  
with him.

"Why is a certain tree called a weeping wil-  
low?" asked a schoolmaster, addressing one  
of his pupils. "Because you take whips  
from it to whip the boys with."

It speaks well for the people of Texas that  
already thirty-one newspapers have been es-  
tablished there, two of which are religious.

The following bills have passed both bran-  
ches of the Legislature and been signed by  
the Governor:

**Relative to Ground Rents.**  
That from and after the passage of this act,  
whenever a deed or other instrument of writ-  
ing, conveying real estate, shall be made  
wherein shall be contained a reservation of  
ground rent to become perpetual upon the  
failure of the purchaser to comply with the  
conditions therein contained, no such cove-  
nant or condition shall be so construed as to  
make the said ground rent a perpetual incum-  
brance upon the said real estate, but it shall  
and may be lawful for the purchaser thereof,  
at any time after the said ground rent shall  
have fallen due, to pay the full amount of  
the same, and such payment shall be a com-  
plete discharge of such real estate from the  
incumbrance aforesaid.

**The Rights of Married Women.**  
That the true intent and meaning of the  
act of Assembly, to secure the rights of mar-  
ried women, passed April 11, 1848, is, and  
hereafter shall be, that the real estate of any  
married woman in this commonwealth, shall  
not be subject to execution for any debt a-  
gainst her husband, on account of any inter-  
est he may have, or may have had therein,  
as tenant by the courtesy, but the same shall  
be exempt from levy and sale for such debt  
during the life of the said wife.

**Service of Process against Sheriff.**  
That in all suits which may hereafter be  
instituted in any court of this commonwealth  
in which the Sheriff of any county may be a  
party, where there is no coroner in commis-  
sion to serve process, it shall be lawful for  
any constable in this county where the pro-  
cess has been issued, to serve the same and  
perform the duties in relation thereto, which  
coroners are authorized to do under the laws  
of this commonwealth.

**Relative to Aldermen & Justice of the Peace.**  
That every alderman and justice of the  
peace, and every person exercising or hold-  
ing any office of public trust, who shall be  
guilty of willful and malicious oppression,  
partiality, misconduct or abuse of authority in  
his official capacity or under color of his office,  
shall, on conviction thereof in any court of  
quarter sessions in this commonwealth, be  
adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor in office  
and be punished by imprisonment in the  
county jail for term not exceeding one year,  
and a fine not exceeding five hundred dol-  
lars.

**Land and Building Associations.**  
That when any number of persons of the  
city and county of Philadelphia, the counties  
of Berks and Schuylkill, are associated, or  
mean to associate, for the purpose of forming  
Mutual Savings Funds, Land or Building As-  
sociations, they shall make application to  
the court of common pleas of the proper  
county, in which said corporation or body  
politic in law is intended to be situated in the  
same manner and at such times as are pre-  
scribed by the 19th section of an act passed  
the 13th day of October, 1840, entitled "An  
act relative to orphan's courts, and for other  
purposes," and upon compliance with the  
provision of said section of said acts, the  
said court shall be and is hereby fully em-  
powered to grant acts or charters of incor-  
poration to said associations, and the 13th  
and 15th sections of the aforesaid act of  
Assembly are hereby extended to and made  
a part of this act with regard to said associa-  
tions, corporations or bodies politic in law.  
Provided, That no charter granted under  
and by virtue of the provisions of this act, shall  
be for a longer period than ten years.

Sec. 2. That the members of the associa-  
tions may adopt such constitution or articles  
of association as to may seem most benefi-  
cial, and that parents may sign such con-  
stitutions or articles of associations for and  
on behalf of their minor children, and such  
parents may hold the shares subscribed for,  
or the certificates of stock or stocks or other  
indicia of ownership of interest in such asso-  
ciations, corporations or bodies politic in law,  
in the common fund or property, and act in  
such associations, corporations or bodies poli-  
tic in law, for those whom they represent;  
but the investments and the benefits, profits  
and increase thereof shall inure to the parties  
represented.

Sec. 3. That the number of shares in any  
of the mutual savings fund associations  
which may be incorporated under the pro-  
visions of this act, shall not exceed 500, nor  
the value of each share \$200, nor any instal-  
ment or periodical payment of money on any  
one share the sum of two dollars.

Sec. 4. That in investigating the fund or  
funds of said mutual savings fund associa-  
tions, corporations or bodies politic in law,  
preference shall be given to the members  
thereof, in such manner and under such con-  
ditions and regulations as they may have a-  
greed upon, or may mutually agree upon.

Sec. 5. That if any officer, or any mem-  
ber or person, connected in any capacity  
with such associations, corporations or bodies  
politic in law, shall embezzle or convert  
to his own use any money or property be-  
longing to said associations, corporations or  
bodies politic in law, every such officer,  
member or person, & every other person or  
persons aiding and abetting, or being in any  
way accessory to such embezzlement or con-  
verting, shall, upon conviction thereof in any  
court of competent jurisdiction within this  
commonwealth, be adjudged guilty of a mis-  
demeanor, and shall be sentenced to pay a  
fine equal to double the amount of money,  
and double the value of the property embez-  
zled or converted as aforesaid, and also to  
undergo an imprisonment in the county pri-  
son, for a term not exceeding two years, and  
at the discretion of the court before whom he  
or they were tried.

## THE MOTHER'S SONG.

Where is the baby? Bless its heart—  
Where is muzzer's darling boy?  
Does it hold its little hands apart,  
The dearest, besset toy?  
And so it does; and will its little chin  
Grow just as fat as butter?  
And will it poke its little fingers in  
Its tummy little mouth and mutter  
Niecey wiecey words,  
Just like little yaller birds?  
And so it will, and so it may.  
No matter what its pappy mammy say.  
And does it wink its little eyes,  
When its maw, and up and crises?  
And does it squall like chickadees  
At everythin' it sees?  
Well it does! why not, I pray?  
Ain't it muzzer's darlin' every day?  
Oh! what's the matter? oh my! oh my!  
What makes my sweetest chicken cry?  
Oh, nasty, ugly pin, to prick it—  
It's darlin' muzzer's darlin' crickit!  
There! there! she's throwt it in  
The fire—the level, loked pin!  
There! hush my honey; go to sleep,  
Rocked in a kadle of a deep!

## A Description—By Mike Hooter.

That Yazoo, said Mike, is the damdest  
place that ever come along. If it aint the  
next place to no whar, you can take my old  
head for a drinkin' gourd—you can; and as  
for that ar devil's camp-ground, where they  
calls Sataria, if this er world was er kitchen,  
it would be the slop-hole, and er mighty  
stinkin' one at that. I pledge you my word,  
it comes closes bein the jumpin' off place  
of any I ever hear tell on. Talk about Texas!  
It aint nothin to them Yazoo hills. The par-  
ticular out the way place for bar, an tar-  
nards, an wolfs, an possums, an coons, an li-  
zards, an sketeers, an frogs, an mean fellers,  
an drunkin whiskey, an stealin one another's  
bogs, an gittin corned, an swappin hoes—  
an playin h—l generally that ever you see! I  
pledge you my word, it's enough to sink it!  
And as for snakes, whew! I don't talk! I've  
heard tell of the Boa Constructor, an the An-  
nagander, an all that kind er reptile what  
swallows er he goat whole, an don't care er  
switch of his tail for his horns; an I see er  
preacher tell about Aaron's walkin stick,  
what turned itself into er serpent, an swal-  
lered up ever so many other sticks an rods,  
an bean poles, and chunks of wood, an was  
hungry yet—and all that kinder helier-babo,  
but that's all moonshine. Just wait er mit  
till you've heard bout the snakes, whew! don't  
take up bout my stoppin' gourd, an how one  
er em come precious nigh chawin up my  
darter Sal, an if you don't forgit everything  
you ever know'd, than Mike Hooter's the  
damdest liar that ever straddled er fence rail,  
Joeminy, criminy! just to see one er them  
are great big, rusty radesnakes, an hear him  
shake that are tail of hizzels! I tell yer  
what, if yer didn't think all the peas in my  
corn-field was er spilt on the floor, there  
aint no 'simmons! Talk about the clouds  
bustin an the hail rattlin down in er tin pan!  
Why 'aint er patchin to it! Cracky! it's  
worse nor er young earthquake—it beats  
h—l!

## A Daughter's Love.

There is no one so slow to note the follies  
or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife  
of his bosom may fly in horror from his em-  
brace, but his fair-haired child cleaves to  
him in boundless charity. Quicken by  
the visitation of pain to the paternal distress-  
ing, her prayers are more brief but more ear-  
nest—her efforts doubled and untiring—and  
if she can but win a transient smile from  
that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid—oh,  
how richly paid!—for all her sleepless care  
and unceasing labor. The father may sink  
from deep to deep—from a lower to a yet  
lower depth—Satan's kinsman and Satan's  
prey. Those who, in a happier hour, receiv-  
ed largely of his benefactions, may start  
when they behold his shadow, and accelerate  
their pace to get beyond it—all, all may for-  
sake him—God and the world—all but Satan,  
and his daughter. Poor child, if thou canst  
not save, thy feeble torch, made as bright as  
thy power canst make it, throw, at least, a  
flashing light upon the path, till the object  
of thy unquenchable love has forever left  
these, and is shrouded in the thick darkness;  
and when undone—when gone from thee,  
and gone forever—though thou mayst weep  
thy early love, and know in him all that thy  
young heart pictured, yet, again and again,  
in the midst of thy placid joy, even with thy  
smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will  
not be all forgotten. Seeing the past, as if it  
were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little  
darling, thou wilt exclaim from the depths of  
thy ever mindful and affectionate spirit "My  
father! oh, my father!"

To know the worth of women, just imag-  
ine the world without them once—Where would  
you spend your Sunday nights? Who would  
hold your head when you had the tooth-ache?  
What would you do for buttons to your shirts  
or partners for your collars! Without  
girls a sleighride squeeze would be worth less  
than a squeezed orange—cold weather would  
have an extra chill added to it, while suicides  
and broken breeches would be multiplied by  
an hundred. To take the women from the  
world, would be to take the rose from the  
garden—the nightingale from the songsters—  
summer from the year.

"I say, Clem," cried two disputing darters,  
appealing for decision to a sable umpire,  
"which word is right—by-sactly or de-sactly?"  
The sable umpire reflected a moment, and  
then, with a look of wisdom, said—"I can't  
tell per-sactly!"

## THE ACCUSING SPIRIT.

A farmer on his return from market at  
Southam, in the county of Warwick, Eng-  
land, was murdered. A man went the next  
morning to his wife, and inquired if her hus-  
band came home the evening before; she  
replied no, and that "she was under the great-  
est anxiety and terror on that account."  
"Your terror," said he, "cannot equal mine  
for last night, as I lay in bed, quite awake,  
the apparition of your husband appeared to  
me, showed me several stabs in his body,  
told me he had been murdered by such a per-  
son, and his carcass thrown into such a well."  
The alarm was given, the pit searched,  
the body found, and the wounds as-  
swered to the description given to them. The  
man whom the ghost had accused, was ar-  
rested and committed on a violent and hor-  
rifying murder. His trial came on at War-  
wick, where the Lord Chief Justice Bay-  
mond; when the jury would have convicted  
him as rashly as the justice of the peace had  
committed him, had not the judge checked  
him. He addressed himself to the jury in  
words to this effect: "I think, gentlemen,  
you seem inclined to lay more stress on the  
evidence of an apparition than it will bear.  
I cannot say that I give much credit to such  
kind of stories; but, be that as it will, we  
have no right to follow our private opinions  
here. We are now in a court of law, and  
must determine according to it; and I know  
not of any law now in being which will ad-  
mit of the testimony of an apparition; and  
yet, if it did, does the ghost appear to give  
evidence? Crier," said he, "call the ghost."  
—which was thrice done to the man's amaze-  
ment; it appeared not.

Gentlemen of the jury, continued the  
judge, "the prisoner at the bar, as you heard  
by undeniable witnesses, is a man of un-  
blemished character; nor has it appeared  
in the course of the examination, that he  
was any manner of quarrel or grudge with  
twelve him and the party deceased. I can-  
not believe him to be perfectly innocent;  
and as there is no evidence against him, of  
either positive or circumstantial, he must be  
acquitted. But from many circumstances,  
which have arisen during the trial, I have  
strongly suspect that the gentleman who  
the apparition was himself the murderer of  
whom he accused, he might easily ascertain the  
truth, by examining out any superficial  
assistance; and on such suspicion, I shall  
think myself justified in committing him to  
close custody till the matter can be further  
inquired into." This was immediately done,  
and a warrant granted for searching his  
dwelling, when strong proofs of guilt appear-  
ed against him; that he confessed the murder,  
and was executed at the next assizes of  
Gloucester.

## The Sonnet's Secret.

The following is an extract from an address,  
delivered on the occasion of a banquet  
presentation by an unmarried lady, to the  
vision of the Sons of Temperance, in Georgia.  
"As a lady, I might perhaps complain  
that by your organization, you exclude us  
from the secrets of your Order. You group  
yourselves together—you talk—you plan—you  
act. No listening ear of woman is here  
to catch the words which fall from your lips—  
no prying eye to mark your deeds. All  
secret—as you think, and in spite of your  
secret will get out. But we ladies know it."  
"You talk and plan—but we see the young  
man who, just now, by his devotion to the  
cup, was wrecking all of good for time and  
all of hope of eternity, mingling in your  
association, safe from ruin which befallen  
the gray-headed father looks upon his  
younger son, and a smile, radiant with the  
light of joy, plays brightly upon the old man's  
countenance.

"We see the husband, who stood trem-  
bling upon the verge of a volcano—another  
step or two, and the fearful plume had been  
taken—retreating from his perilous position,  
and seeking safety in the association of your  
Order; and then the wife, whose sensitive  
heart has long endured in silence the heavy  
weight of his grief, stands up with the man-  
ly pressure gone, and link-her affection to the  
robust husband. These are your secrets.  
You dry up the tears of grief, you hush the  
sighs of the broken hearted, you stop the pre-  
ludial in his career—you give light for darkness,  
hope for despair, and roll upon the bosom of  
society a stream which has healing in its  
water. This is your secret."

**SUPREME COURT DECISION**—The Most  
eminent *Ledger* says; The Supreme Court has  
decided in a case—"The Burgess and Town  
Council of the borough of Allentown vs. S. M.  
Bridges"—that money at interest, stocks, &c.,  
could not be taxed for borough purposes. The  
following is an extract from the decision:  
"We are not bound to carry taxation fur-  
ther than the Legislature has