

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

(Two Dollars per Annum.)

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advertise by the year.

For the Star of the North,
LINES
Written on viewing the grave-yard at the
Presbyterian Church of Brainerd, on the mor-
ning of the 3d of June 1850.

I passed the lonely ground
Where lay some father's bones,
I thought I heard a sound
Which spoke in warning tones.

There some in Jesus sleep
In that lone quiet place;
But others howl and weep,
While banished from God's face.

There many bitter tears
Were shed o'er parting friends;
Yet God protracts our years,
And still his mercy sends.

The old, the young, the fair,
Are subject to that fate;
A voice near says prepare
To enter heaven's gate.

If you neglect the grace
Which brought us life and love,
You cannot have a place
With Christ in heaven above.

Prepare, Oh friends prepare!
To meet that solemn end;
Oh! will you all forsake
Your kind attention lend.

Ask you not to lend
A listening ear to man,
But on your thoughts extend
And view the Gospel plan.

Our human bodies must
Dissolve and then return
Back to their native dust
God's truth more to confirm.

Dear friend, that rosy cheek
Will soon in death be cold;
Come and daily seek
The love that's a never ending.

Then when our days shall end,
And we must bid farewell;
God will expect comfort send,
And all our fears dispel.

It is better to go to the house of mourning
Than to the house of feasting because by
the sadness of the countenance the heart
is made better. But laughter repellent serious
thoughts and weighty considerations.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.
I shall give you a sermon to day, drawn
from the following text:

The lady who before a tub,
Is not ashamed to wring and rub;
Or on the floor ashamed to scrub,
And cares not who calls in to see
Her laboring so industriously,
Will make a wife for you or me.

My hearers—it was ordained by Heaven—
not by the devil—that every man should
have a wife, and every woman be blessed
with a husband. In the beginning, God
made two of the genus homo—of opposite
sex. One he elected positively, and the
other one negatively; so that when they ap-
proximated, their mystical effect would be
produced from the one to the other. The
how, the why, and the wherefore, no mortal
has yet been able to understand—neither is
it necessary that he should. The sexes nat-
urally approach and adhere to each other,
through some mysterious influence that ad-
mits of no solution. Let it suffice that it is
so. When the Creator made Adam, he saw
that it was not good for him to be alone, so
he mesmerized the man—dug a rib from his
side without the least particle of pain—and
from it he made Eve, to be helpmate for
him, as well as a fancy plaything. Now,
without knowing what love was, they couldn't
help loving the moment they set their eyes
upon one another. He cast sheep's eyes at
her at a distance, and she threw some kill-
ing glance in return, that fired his soul, and
set his heart vibrating like a splinter upon a
chessnut rail in a sea-wester. They finally
came together just as naturally as a couple of
apple seeds swimming in a basin of water.
But situated as they were at first, and having
little or no animal labor to perform—Eve
could be of little real utility to Adam, and
Adam couldn't do a great deal for Eve. Still
they loved and were ready to assist each
other, in case of any emergent casualty,
and so when they found that aprons were
necessary, they put to it, and with the needle
worked together for mutual good. Eve on-
ly understood plain sewing—she knew nothing
about your embroidery, lace working,
and piano playing, and cared about the same.
The couple were perfectly happy in their
rude and rough state, until the old serpent
got among 'em, and ever then stuck to each
other through thick and thin—through all
the brambling vicissitudes of life—from Par-
adise to Perdition.

My brethren since you know that mar-
riage is a divine institution, and that every
one of you should have a wife, what kind of
a rib would you select? A pretty little use.

less doll, or a woman big and spunky enough
to rassel with a bear, and come off first best?
I imagine you would care nothing for either
extreme; but you would look for personal
charms. O you foolish idolaters at the
shrine of beauty!—Know you not that hun-
dreds of husbands are made miserable by
handsome wives and that thousands are hap-
py in the possession of homely ones? I home-
ly without, but beautiful within. Alas!
what is beauty! It is a flower that withers
and withers almost as soon as it is plucked,
a transient rainbow, a fleeting meteor, a deceit-
ful will of the wisp sublimating moonshine.
The kind of a wife you want of good moral
and knows how to mend trousers, who can
reconcile peeling potatoes with practi-
cal or fashionable piety, who can walk with
the chum-dash, and sing with the tea-kettle
—who understands broomology, and the true
science of mooping—who can knit stockings
without knitting her brows, and knit up her
husband's travelled sleeve of care—who pro-
fess sewing tarts with her needle, who pro-
fess the tares of scandal with her tongue. Such
is decidedly a better half. Take her if you can
get her, wherever you can find her—let her
be up to her elbows in the suds of a wash
tub, or picking the geese in the cow stable.

My hearers—my text speaks of a lady be-
fore a wash tub. You may think it absurd,
but let me assure you that a female can be a
lady before a tub or in the kitchen, as much
as in the drawing room or in the parlor.
What constitutes a lady? It is not a costly
dress, paint for the cheeks, false hair and
still false airs; but it is her general deport-
ment, her intellectual endowments, and that
evidence of virtue which commands the silent
respect and admiration of the world.
She would be recognized as a lady at once
—it matters not where or in what situation
she were found—whether scorched by bed
bugs with a hot poker, or hollering halloo-
lar at a Methodist camp meeting. All that
I have farther to say, fellow-bachelor, is that
when you marry, see that you get a lady
inside and out—one who knows how to
keep the pot boiling, and looks well to her
household. So note it! Dow, Ja.

Character and Integrity.
We have somewhere seen a notice of a
Rotterdam thread merchant, who had accumu-
lated fifty thousand dollars by his own in-
dustry, punctuality and integrity; and it was
remarked of him that he never let a yard of
bad thread go out of his hands, and would
never take more than a reasonable profit.
By these means he acquired such entire pub-
lic confidence, that his customers would as
willingly send a blind man or child to buy
for them as to get themselves.

We refer to the case not to intimate that
we have no instances among ourselves, but
for the purpose of suggesting the great value
to any business man of such a character, and
the exceedingly agreeableness to dealers
with him of the confidence he inspires. And
we affirm nothing extravagant in saying, that
the character for strict integrity acquired is
of as much real worth to its possessor as
the pecuniary saving of his industry. Let
such a man lose by any misfortune all his
money, he is still a man of capital, of weight
of influence, and is the superior, on mere
calculations, of many a man of large mon-
eyed means.

But the beauty of the thing is this, that
any man, however small his business and
limited his capital has just as good an
opportunity as a millionaire. Integrity in
small things is even more impressive than
integrity in great things. And after all that
men may say in praise of the enterprise,
skill, shrewdness and tact of particular busi-
ness men, there is one character towards
which all minds instinctively render their
reverence—and that is, the man who had
rather be honest than wealthy, and who pre-
fers integrity to gold.—*New York Dry Goods
Reporter.*

A GAME AT "DEFINITIONS."
THEATRE.—A homoeopathic hospital, where
small doses of society are given to cure so-
ciety. The chamber wherein old bachelors
receive certain lectures.

MISER.—An amateur pauper. A lover
who is contented with a look.

BACHELOR.—A man who shirks his regular
load.

NAROLEON.—A naughty boy who was put
into a corner, because he wanted the world
to play with.

AMERICA.—Young John Bull, working with
his coat off.

TOBACCO.—A triple memento mori—dust for
the nose ashes for the mouth, and poison for
the stomach.

THE ALBANY BOAT had just arrived,
and the landing was, as usual, crowded with
cabmen, porters, loafers, &c. When the
passengers commenced landing, a colored
porter stepped up to a country looking chap,
saying:

"Carry your baggage air?"
"No, I rather guess not," was the reply.
"Shant I carry your baggage?"
"No! darn ye! I ain't got any baggage!"
The porter looked at him for a moment,
then very coolly stooped down, and taking
hold of his rib, said with an air of astonish-
ment:

"Why, massa, that's one of your feet,
ain't it? hang me if it did't think it was
a leather trunk!"

Mr Burx has retired from the Editor-
ial Department of the Washington Union.

FARMER BLAKE'S FIRST LESSON.

When I first went to live up at the Grange
Farmer Blake took me into the fields to talk
to me. I was young then, but quite old en-
ough to understand what he said.
"My lad," said the farmer, "if you are to
learn farming, and we are to go on tidily to-
learn farming, either I must teach you or you must
teach me. Now, as I happened to know
more than you, it will be but reasonable
that I should take the lead, and it will be
time enough when you are the wiser of the
two to alter the plan."

"Farmer Blake said this in a kind tone of
voice, but the firmness with which he spoke,
convinced me at once that his word was to
be a law.

"You have pecked up a little knowledge
at the school house," said he, "and now you
must try to pick up a little at the Grange
Farm. The first lesson that I will give you
to learn, is this—a little at a time, and go on.
Almost all great things are done on this prin-
ciple. The rain from the skies comes down
in little drops, and the snow comes down in
little flakes; yet both of them, by going on,
cover the face of the ground."

"Look here," said Farmer Blake, stopping
at a bush, on which a spider was weaving
his web, "see how the little creature is em-
ployed. First he fastens one line, and then
another, without wasting his time by idling
between, and it will not be very long, I am
thinking, before he catches his fly. The
weaving spider, is following the rule—a lit-
tle at a time, and go on.

What Farmer Blake said appeared so very
clear to me, that I wondered the same thing
had not occurred before. But the farmer de-
termined to impress his first lesson deeply in
my mind.

On turning round a corner we came sud-
denly upon a woodman, who was felling an
elm tree, and the dry chips flew around him
as he dealt his lusty stroke with his axe.
"Oh," thought I, "the farmer will be at me
again now, about his first lesson;" but no,
not a word did he speak. I saw, however,
that his eye was now and then fixed upon
me. Though the woodman did not appear
to get on very fast yet by repeated strokes
he made a great gash more than half-way
through the trunk of the tree; and not long
after down came the elm with a loud crash.

Farmer Blake walked on in silence, and
I was silent too; when suddenly he said to
me, "Well, my lad, what are you thinking
of?" "I was thinking of," said I, "that the
woodman has brought down the tree, by do-
ing a little at a time and going on." "Just
as I expected," he replied; "and now I see
that you have learned my first lesson."

When left to myself I thought over every
word that Farmer Blake had spoken, and
felt sure not only that he was the wisest man
I knew, but also that I could not do a better
thing than attend to his remarks. In the
course of that day I could hardly look around
without seeing some object which brought
before me Farmer Blake's first lesson. A
bricklayer was building a wall near a cottage;
a shepherd with his crook, was climbing a
high hill; and two men were filling a cart
with gravel. By laying a brick at a time
and going on, the brick layer would build
the wall; by taking a step at a time and go-
ing on, the shepherd would get to the top of
the hill; and by throwing a spadeful at a
time, and going on, the cart would be filled.

Many have I known who were not satis-
fied with doing a little at a time; they must
needs do a great deal, haste to be rich; but
they fell into snares, and their riches did
them no good. And some have I known
who were very zealous in holy things, but
they did not go on. Oh, it is an excellent
thing to feel that we are dependent upon
our Heavenly Father for all we have, even
our daily bread. I feel myself much wiser
than I was before.

I lived many years at the Grange, and
have great reason to be thankful for the
many useful lessons that the honest farmer
taught me; but not a single day of all these
years is better remembered by me than the
first day that I tented on the farm, and not
a single lesson is more deeply impressed on
my mind than the very first that he taught
me.

I know that Farmer Blake in teaching me
his first lesson, intended to apply it espe-
cially to farming; but I have learned to apply
it to other things. Thousands would have
been benefited had they understood and
practised the lesson with humility—a little at
a time, and go on.

We cut the following quaint compar-
ison of the olden time with the modern,
from the Detroit Free Press:

FARMERS IN 1777.
Men to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Girl to the yarn,
Boy to the barn,
And all does settled.

FARMERS IN 1837.
Men a mere show,
Girl, piano,
Wife, silk and satin,
Boy, Greek and Latin,
And all hands gazed.

FARMERS IN 1847.
Men all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys, mere muscles,
Girls, snuff and bonnets,
And every body cheated.

A wife once having boasted of hav-
ing cut and made a shirt for her husband in
one day. "Yes," replied a wag of a fellow,
"and he wore it out the next."

A Story of the Highway.

Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose
finances did not keep pace with the demands
made upon his pocket, and whose scorn of
honest labor was immensely unfavorable to
their being legitimately filled, borrowed an
old pistol one day, when poverty had driven
him to an extremity, and took to the high-
way, determined to rob the first man he con-
veniently could, who was likely to have a
heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along and
Pat put him down instantly as a party who
possessed those requisites he so much stood
in need of himself. Presenting the pistol,
he ordered the agriculturist to stand and de-
liver.

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dol-
lars, but finding that the amount of a greeny,
begged a five to take him home, a distance
of half a mile by the way. The request was
complied with, accompanied by the most pi-
ronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a
knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked
Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it to sell the pistol? Sow, an it's that
same thing I'll be after doin'." What will
ye be after given for it?"

"I'll give this five dollars for it."
"Done, an done's enough betwene two
gentlemen. Down with the dust, and here's
the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by an immediate
transfer. The moment the farmer got hold
of the pistol, he ordered Pat to shell out—
and pointing the pistol, threatened to blow
his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer, and
buttoning his breeches pocket, sung out
"Blow away,ould boy! the devil a bit of
powder's in it!"

We believe the old man never told the
last part of the story but once, and that was
by the purest accident. Pat moved on, and
"once away forever away" has since been his
motto.

So We Go.
The American Mechanic, published at
Poughkeepsie, Me., justly remarks:

A man grows at paying a shilling for a
loaf of bread, thinking he ought to get it for
eleven pence, and the same evening takes
his family to witness the feats of a magi-
cian, for the purpose of being humbugged,
knowing they will be humbugged; and
willingly pays a dollar for the privilege! An-
other is too poor to pay for a newspaper,
but can spend a levy quarter, for every
penny show or other foolish exhibition that
travels the country, and not miss it. Another
is too poor to pay a few dollars, but can attend
concerts and negro performances that come
along.—Another wants a mechanic to work
for nine and six-pence, when he demands
two shillings and watches him to see that he
labors faithfully, and the next day hires a
horse and wagon, at the expense of two dol-
lars, to travel ten miles to see a horse race.
Another "beats down" an old woman a pen-
ny on a bunch of radishes, and before get-
ting home spends two or three shillings in
treating his friends.

The Two Flowers of Creation.
Women love flowers, and flowers are
like women in their beauty and sweetness,
so they ought to grow up together. No
flower garden looks complete without a
woman in it; if no woman ever seems so
lovely as when she is surrounded with flow-
ers. She should have her fragrant bouquet
at the party; window plans in her parlor;
if possible, some rich and rare flowering
shrubs in her conservatory—but better than
all these, and supplying all, every woman
in the world should have a flower garden.
Every man who has the least gallantry or
paternal feeling should make a flower gar-
den for his wife and daughters. Every
house—the smallest cottage in the country,
as well as the largest mansion—should have
around it the perfume of lilacs, pinks and
other hardy odoriferous flowers that cost no
trouble, but bring with them every year a
world of beauty and fragrance.

A Doctor's Advice to a Patient.
A man of property had for years been dis-
clinant Nature could endure it no longer.
He went to consult the celebrated Dr. Syring,
of Watertown, Massachusetts. He stated
the symptoms of his case so clearly, that the
learned physician could not mistake the na-
ture of the disease. "I can cure you, sir
said he, "if you will follow my advice."
The patient promised implicitly to do so.
"Now," says the doctor, "you must steal a
horse." "What—steal a horse?" "Yes, you
must steal a horse.—You will be arrested,
then convicted, and placed in a situation
where your diet and regimen will be such
that in a short time your health will be per-
fectly restored."

Woman's Rights.
A large Convention of Women was held
at Salem, Ohio, on the 19th inst., and lasted
two days. About five hundred were present.
The whole business was conducted by the
ladies, and in a most orderly manner. Miss
Betsey M. Cowles, of Canton, was President.
The object, we believe, was to take mea-
sures to secure for themselves equal rights
with the men in the making and adminis-
tering of the laws. They intend to present
their cause to the Convention to meet at
Columbus to reform the Constitution of the
State.

A Modern Lear.

An eminent trader of Lyons, France, who
acquired a competency, had two handsome
daughters, between whom on their marriage
he divided all his property, on condition that
he should pass the summer with one, and
the winter with the other. Before the end of
the first year he found sufficient ground to
conclude that he was not an acceptable guest
to either. Of this, however, he took no no-
tice, but hired handsome lodgings, where he
resided a few weeks. He then applied to a
friend, and told him of the matter, desiring
the gift of 200 livres and the loan of 50,000
in ready money for a few hours. His friend
readily complied with his request, and the
next day the old gentleman gave a splen-
did entertainment, to which his daughters
and husbands were invited. Just as dinner
was over his friend was in a great hurry and
told of an unexpected demand upon him,
and desired to know whether he could lend
him 50,000 livres. The old man told him,
without any emotion, that twice the amount
was at his service, if he wanted it, and going
into the next room, brought him the money.
After this he was not suffered to remain any
longer in lodgings; and his daughters were
jealous if he stayed a day longer in one
house than the other. At the expiration of
three or four years, spent in comparative
comfort, he died. Upon examining his bu-
reau, instead of livres was found a note con-
taining these words: "He who has suffered
by his virtues has a right to avail himself of
the vices of those by whom he has been in-
jured; and a father ought never to be so
fond of his children as to forget what is due
to himself."

Imaginary Hydrophobia.
In a memoir of a learned professor is
found recorded a strange case of imaginary
hydrophobia.

A Luckless peasant, shooting sparrows, saw
his dog attacked by a strange and ferocious
mastiff. He tried to separate the animals
and received a bite from his own dog, which
instantly ran off through the fields. The
wound was healed in a few days, but the
dog was not found, and the peasant after a
few days began to feel symptoms of a ner-
vous agitation. He conceived that the dog,
from disappearing was mad; and within a
day or two this idea struck him, he began to
feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew
hourly more violent; he raved, and had all
the symptoms of this most violent distemper.
As he laid with the door open to let in the
last air he was to breathe, he heard his dog
bark. The animal ran up and frolicked a-
bout the room. It was clear that he, at least
was in perfect health. The peasant's mind
was relieved instantly, he got up with re-
newed strength, dressed himself, plunged
his head into a basin of water, and thus re-
freshed, walked into the room to his astonish-
ed family. It is not improbable that many
attacks of disease so strongly dependent on
the imagination might equally be cured by
ascertaining the state of the animal after the
bite was given.

It is not so easy a task to write for a news-
paper as people suppose. A man may be a
good scholar, a profound thinker, a vigilant
observer of passing events, without being
able to write for a newspaper. The power of
writing a leading article for a newspaper is a
rare gift, few possess, and which we have
known many, with all their learning and dil-
igence, unable to acquire. It requires a ve-
ry large amount of information on a variety
of subjects, and a readiness of application
that must never be at fault, or the writer will
fail. For, remember, the editor is always
writing against time, and the inexorable prin-
ter must have his copy, so that there is no
time to revise and amend; but as slip after
slip is written, the 'devil' snatches it away,
and one half is usually set up in print before
the other half is written. This exacts a de-
cision of thought and a facility of writing,
which, like poetry, seems rather a gift of na-
ture than a learned faculty.

A LITTLE HEATHEN.—"Will you please
to mand my trousers?" said a little fellow
the other day to a lady friend of his mother,
the rags exhibiting themselves pretty clearly
about the knees.

"Why, no, you little mischief you; why
don't you go and ask your mother to do it?"
"Oh, she don't have time for that—she
belongs to a Sewing Society, and goes to it
every day almost, to make clothes for the
heathen, away off somewhere among the
Indians, I reckon."

AN IRISHMAN'S INDIFFERENCE.—Paddy who
was arraigned before a court for horse steal-
ing after having pleaded not guilty, the judge
asked him by whom he would be tried? "By
the twelve apostles," answered the prisoner.
The judge told him that would not do, for if
he was tried by them he could not have his
trial until the day of judgment. "Faith,"
said I have no objection to that neither, for
I am in no hurry about it at all, at all."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The Green-
field Democrat says, the following *verbatim*
literature, was sent to the president judge
of a court in that county recently:

to the Honorable court
Sir your jurist canter
fourman.

Captain Alphonso M. Dupere, late
Captain of the 3rd Dragoons, who was re-
ported to have been captured and shot, at
Cardenas, denies the charge. He is alive,
and well, and at Washington, D. C.

**One of the heaviest mining and man-
ufacturing firms in Schuylkill county, has
failed for a very large amount.**

**Experience is a torchlight in the ash-
es of our illusions.**

THE SPRING OF LIFE IS PAST.

The following lines, from the *Louisville
Journal*, are above all praise—surprisingly
beautiful.

The spring of life is past,
With its budding hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming
With its weight of weary years—
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
But youth's fresh dreams of gladness,
All perish darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing!
Like the foam upon a river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad—yet sweet—to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And we feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from that tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this;
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring time of the year—
Like the changeful gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed—like hope—away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer
They have fallen from the stem—
Yet, Oh! it is a lovely death,
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening,
To miss on such a day they—
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;
That the fair ones whom we loved,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Their perishes with their shrive!

And we can but think of these
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And flowers are blossoming;
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky—
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is budding but to die!

Religious Feelings.
This excellent extract should be read by
every one. The Author used to live in Phil-
adelphia.

The impression entertained by many, that
to enjoy religion it is necessary to forego ev-
ery species of amusements, to deny one's
self every pleasure, and wear a face as long
as your arm, has proved a great bar to the
progress of genuine piety. It is opposed to
the best impulses of human nature.

Many of our readers doubtless remember
the Rev. Wm. Barnes, for many years Pastor
of St. George's Church, and though some-
what eccentric, a very devout and pious man.
We recollect some years ago, when he was
stationed at Harrisburg, that at the close of
one of his extraordinary discourses, he took
occasion to reprove the membership of the
church for their uniformly long faces, and ex-
ceedingly redate deportment. He had no
objection to it, if they felt in that way, but
he protested in the name of the gospel he
preached, that it enjoyed no such repulsive
bearing. He pitied them—from the bottom
of his soul he pitied them, if they felt half
as bad as their looks indicated. They looked,
he said, as though memory of some great
crime were weighing on them, and no matter
how they might labor, they must not look
for any revival of religion until these long fa-
ces were laid aside. He then read an old
familiar hymn, which the choir commenced
singing to a mournful funeral tune. He re-
quested them to stop, and addressing the
audience, said he had no idea that the devil
should claim all the best times. He desired
the whole congregation to join in singing
the hymn, and wished it sung to the tune
"Old Lang Syne." It was sung, and never
did the walls of that spacious edifice resound
with louder praise.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON, at 20 was a Lieu-
tenant Colonel and aid to Washington—
25 a member of Congress—53 Secretary of
the Treasury. Thomas Jefferson was but
23 when he drafted the ever memorial Decla-
ration of Independence. At the age of 30
years, Sir Isaac Newton occupied the mathe-
matical chair at Cambridge College, Eng-
land, having, by his scientific discoveries
rendered his name immortal. We might
continue the list to a greater length, but en-
ough has been said already, to show that
young men are not capable of performing
great and ennobling actions, or of taking a
high position in the councils of a nation, is
chimerical and visionary. And what has
been said, may well serve to encourage the
young to set up a high standard and press
towards it with ardor, suffering nothing to
discourage them from soaring "onward and
upward" in the paths of fame, or in the pur-
suit of literature and science.

We never like to say a man is drunk
unless we have good evidence of the fact—
nor then, if we can help it; but we must
concur with the Boston Herald in giving it as
our decided conviction that the hero of the
following anecdote was "very drunk." A
few evenings since a young married gen-
tleman, who had just commenced house-keep-
ing, went towards his house on Beacon street,
and mistaking his neighbor's door for his
own, fumbled away some fifteen or twenty
minutes, trying to find a hole for his night-
gown—but he couldn't, for there happened to
be none in the door. In despair he finally
exclaimed—"What—no—is coming next—
somebody has stolen my—hic—keyhole."

THE IDEA is prevalent in some communi-
ties, that young men are fit neither for gen-
erals or statesmen, and that they must be
kept in the back ground until their physical
strength is impaired by age, and their intel-
lectual faculties become blunted by the
weight of years. Let us look to the history
of the past, and from the long list of heroes
and statesmen, select some who have dis-
tinguished themselves, and we shall find
that they were young men when they per-
formed those acts which have won for them
an imperishable name of fame, and placed
their names high on the page of history—
Alexander, the conqueror of the then whole
civilized world, viz., Greece, Egypt, and
Asia, died at 33. Bonaparte was crowned
Emperor of France when 35 years of age.
Pitt, the younger brother, was about 20,
years of age, when, in Britain's parliament
he boldly advocated the cause of the Ameri-
can Colonies, and but 22 when made Chan-
cellor of the Exchequer—Edmund Burke,
at the age of 25, was first Lord of the Treas-
ury. Our own Washington was but 25
when he covered the retreat of