

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God in our Country.

[Two Dollars]

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THE IRON HORSE.
There were noble steeds in the days of old,
They were fierce in battle, in danger bold;
They drank in armor, and alone in gold,
And they wore their riders with kindly pride;
But the Iron Horse, there were none like him!
He whirled you along till your eye is dim,
Till your brain is crazed and your senses swim
With the dizzy landscape on either side.
He springs away with a sudden bound,
His hoof, unshod, spurns the ground,
Like the first faint clouds of a thunder shower;
And a steady moment he ever hath,
When he rushes forth on his iron path,
And woe to him who shall rouse his wrath,
For cutting him it is beyond the hour!

While other steeds must be champing hay,
Must repose by night, and be fed by day,
Let the Iron Horse have his level way,
And he asks for no more than his fire and
water.
He wears no bridle, nor curbing chain,
He brooks no spur, and he needs no rein;
Only set him forth on the open plain,
And he'll be the fastest horse to weary or loiter!

At all seasons and times he will fearless brave
Whether hot shines the sun, or the north
wind's rave;
He flies o'er the earth, and he tides the wave,
Like a shadowy cloud o'er the harvest
fields;
He neighs aloud, as he dashes by,
And the fire-sparks flash from his gleaming
eye,
And vales resound, and the hills reply,
To the rapid rush of the flashing wheels.
His breath is not as the shoe's blast,
As it hisses forth through his iron teeth,
And it rolls up slow, when he hurries past,
Like the morning mist, in a snowy wreath.
And you'd better stand in the van of war,
Where the volleyed death shots fly free and
far,
And thousands fall, ere the fight is o'er,
Than to cross the path that he flies upon,
Whichever the hand that loathes rattling car,
Like a thunder god, comes rattling on!

On our mountain ridges his chariot gleam,
He follows the track of the winding stream,
He carries us forth from our early homes,
To the fairy scenes of the glowing West.
Where the Father of Waters in grandeur
rains,
Through broad savannas in verdure
dressed,
Away! away! with his ceaseless roar,
The valley and stream he will hasten o'er,
Away! away! where the prairie lies,
Like an emerald sea, 'neath the fair blue
skies,
With man in view save the waving grass,
The flowers that bend as the chariot pass,
And in black and fearful host array,
The countless herds of the buffalo,
That start at the gleam of his shining car,
And away, low! following and thundering
on,
With a speed that no foot of the deer can
pass.

The prairie horse shall toss the mane,
Tear the ground with their hoofs and neigh
aloud,
When this stranger steed o'er their free do-
main
Comes rushing on like a flying cloud;
But he heeds them not as he onward speeds,
With a tread as loud as a thousand steeds,
A sound shall be heard through the moun-
tain caves,
A sound through the gloom of the pathless
glens,
Like the hollow murmur of breaking waves,
Or the measured tramping of mail-clad
men;
'Tis the Iron Horse; he hath passed the
bound
Of the wild sierras that fenced him round;
He hath no more on the land to gain,
His path is free to the western main!

Special Verdicts.—The verdicts rendered by
juries are sometimes rather queer documents,
as most lawyers have had means of know-
ing, but there was one returned by a Cata-
wagus county, (N. Y.) jury recently more
laughable than any other we have heard of
or read of. It appears that three men were
tried in that county for shooting and mortally
wounding a dog, and the written verdict of
the "twelve good men and true" was in the
following words, to wit:—"All three guilty,
plaintiff's damages assessed at sixpence;
and each of the defendants to have another
shot at the dog!"

A lady took umbrage at the use by a
gentleman of a very common word,
of which the primary and most obvious sense
was unexpectable, while its most remote
and unusual signification was indicated.—
"I beg pardon," said the offender, apologeti-
cally, "I certainly did not mean what you
were thinking of!"—a retort which was as
philosophical as it was just and severe.

The Value of Married Men.—"A little more
animation my dear," whispered Lady B. to
the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly
through a quadrille. "Do leave me to
manage my own business, mamma," replied
the prudent nymph, "I shall not dance
my ringlets out of curl, for a married man."
"Of course not, my love, but I was not a
wife who your partner was?"

[Translated from the German for the 'Star']
BY VAY-HAH-ESS.

THE FOUR SEASONS.
"Alas! I wish that it would always remain
winter!" said Ernest, after he had made a
man of snow, and taken a sleigh-ride. His
father desired him to write this wish in his
memorandum-book; and he did so. Winter
passed away and spring came. Ernest
stood with his father near a flower-bed on
which were blooming the hyacinth, the arica-
ta, and the narcissus. He was entirely
beside himself for joy. "This is a joy of
spring," said his father, "and will soon pass
away again."—"Alas! I would that it were
always spring!" Write this wish in my
memorandum-book," said his father; and
he did so. Spring passed away and sum-
mer came. Ernest went with his parents
and several playmates to the nearest village,
on a warm summer-day; and they remained
there the entire day. All around them they
saw green corn-fields and meadows, deco-
rated with thousand fold flowers; also pas-
tures in which young lambs were dancing,
and waltz foals were skipping about.—
They ate cherries and other summer fruit,
and enjoyed themselves right well during
the whole day. "Is it not true?" asked his
father, on their return, "that this summer has
also its joys?"—"Alas," replied Ernest, "I
would that it were always summer." He
was also obliged to write this wish in his
father's memorandum-book.—At last autumn
came. The whole family spent a few days
in their vineyard. It was no more so warm
as in the summer; but the atmosphere was
mild and the heaven clear. The vines were
hung with ripe grapes. On the hot bed
were seen melons; and the boughs of the
trees were bent down with ripe fruit. Indeed
it was a feast for Ernest who liked nothing
so well as fruit. "This fair season," said
his father, "will soon be over for winter is
already near at hand, to drive away autumn."
"Alas," said Ernest, "I wish that it would
stay away and that it were always autumn."
"Do you really wish so?" asked his father.
"Really?" was his reply. "But," continued
his father, whilst he pulled his memoran-
dum-book out of his pocket—"Look one
moment and read what is written here"—
"I would that it were always winter."—
"And now read here on this page, and see what
is written"—"I would that it were always
spring."—"And what is of this page?"—"I
would that it were always summer."—
"You continued, 'do you know who wrote this?'"
"That, I wrote," replied Ernest. "And
what did you wish just now?"—"I wished
that it might always be autumn."—"That is
singular enough," said his father. "In the
winter, you wished that it might always be
winter; in the spring that it might always be
spring; in the summer that it might always
be summer; and in autumn that it might al-
ways be autumn. Think all moments what
follows therefrom."—"That all times of the
year are good."—"Truly they are all rich in
joy and manifold blessings. Also that the
great God must understand the making of
worlds better than we poor mortals. Had it
depended upon you last winter, you would
have had no spring no summer, and no au-
tumn. You would have covered the earth
with eternal snow, simply in order that you
could sleigh ride and make men of snow.
And how many other joys we would then
have been obliged to do without! It is
well that the way things should be in the
world does not depend upon us; how soon
would we deteriorate it if we could!"

"Father, I want a dollar," said a country
boy—a strapping lad of sixteen, who meas-
ured two axe handles, in his stockings—to his
daddy one Sunday night—"I want a buzzum-
pin amazingly; all the big boys in town
have got 'em but me!"
"Fudge," replied the sire, "a buzzum pin!
nonsense! You'd better get a pair of shoes
or a new felt, for a dollar; or set in of some
consequense—but b-u-z-z-u-m-p-i-n!—
pshaw!"
"Humph!" returned the juvenile, "these
one things you spoke on are all well enough
in the fall; wout my palm-leaf den for this
summer, and can't I go bare-foot now?"
"But," sobbed out the strapping, "I'm really
suffering for a buzzum pin!"

SCENE IN COURT.—A prisoner being brought
up in Court, the following dialogue passed
between him and the sitting magistrate:
"How do you live?"
"Pretty well, sir—generally a joint and
pudding at dinner."
"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"
"I beg your worship's pardon: some-
times at the baker's, and sometimes at the
grocer's."
"You may be as witty as you please, sir,
but I mean simply to ask, how do you do?"
"Tolerably well, I thank your worship,
hope your worship is well."

"Why my child, what is the matter?" ex-
claimed a lady to her little boy who rushed
into the house, out of breath, a short time
after dark.
"Wha-what's that, mother," said the lit-
tle fellow, pointing to something white
swinging back and forth in mid-air.
"That," replied the mother, "that's why
that's father's shirt upon the clothes line."
"O, I thought it was a Galpin!" gasped
the little fellow, much relieved.—Ohio Ed-
ger.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE RAIL-ROAD.

"Ferventesque auras velut e fornace profan-
da. Ore trahit, curruque suos condesecro sen-
tit."
METAM. II. 229.
My privacy has been invaded by the Rail-
road Company, coming through my prem-
ises and cutting asunder my bam from my
house, turning my back into my front, and
setting fire to two haystacks by sparks from
the locomotive. Upon the bene qui latuit bene-
dixit plan of Ovid, I soon after graduation
determined to cultivate retirement, and
thought I had attained it; but who can calcu-
late on anything in these days of galvani-
sm, steam, and Detention and Bude lights,
to say nothing of Paine's which has been
snuffed out. Since the paroxysms of my
commencement speech, and the horrors and
publicities of the ensuing fall, where I fig-
ured according to the mode of that day in
clotted hair, and small clothes, I resolved
on a hermitage; but the steam car has ruined
all!

Who would have thought that the cosiest
nook in the Jerseys could have been trans-
muted as by magic into a focus of observa-
tion? Diligently did I eschew all high roads.
There was not a post office within ten miles.
A swamp on one side and a mountain on the
other made my locality, I thought, as inac-
cessible as the vale of Raseasis. My books
were piled on my front porch, when I had
done turning them over under the willow
tree I played old tunes on my single-keyed
flute with no more dread of molestation than
Alexander Selkirk. My back yard, now my
front, was an Arcadia of milk-pans, and a
tame calf browsed on the grass. As to tail-
or's bills, they extended only to the wed-
ding dress when Amy was married, and my
old coats and clouted shoes gave me that so-
lacious Lucullus with his two thousand
vestments never knew. Alas and alas! My
twilight is turned into noon-day. My house
is like that of Spurius, who, as Plutarch says
desired his builder to make him one into
which all the city of Rome might look at
will. I cannot enter into my closet, for pri-
vate chambers we have none. The hawl
and shriek of the steam whistle gives me
night-mare panics after my first nap, and
the smoke of the moving volcano eclipses my
skies. My wife and daughters are twice
a day dressed and seated upon a ci-de-
ca-back piazza; and I am fain to retreat
to a neighboring barn to avoid a recon-
naissance by curious passengers. To complete
my misery a station has been fixed a half
a mile from us, which turns our rural solitude
into a mimic forum.

The Company has paid me for my half a-
cre of land, but what compensation on earth
can indemnify me for the loss of sovereignty?
I was a man of peace, gloriing in the
audi me tangeri insultation, a nook which
nobody knew anything of; now all the
world is passing every few hours, peering
into my windows and scanning my petty
garden, counting the hen coops, the peices
in my laundry, and the very dishes on my
frugal board, and ogling my respectable but
too inquisitive wife and daughters, who have
never been able to satiate their curiosity in
regard to this intrusive wonder, nor abide at
any in-door work from the time they hear
the sounds of the cars.

I am loth to fly to Snake Hill or Schraalen-
burg, where I am told ancient virtue is still
unmolested, and too rigid to change my
habits.—Chargin has eaten out my comforts.
Home is no home, in sight of a railway.
I have already sent my Zimmerman to an-
tion. My evening walk used to be in the
very line now overlaid with the iron plagues.
My orchard is divided into train. In short,
I feel stripped and exposed to the gaze of
an impatient generation; whose whole
business it seems to be to career from place
to place by means of this perverse miracle
of degenerate art.

Think not, that I have ever compromised
my dignity by entering one of these vehi-
cles. The car of Phaeton would not be
more dreadful, and I would sooner yoke me
to the horses of the sun. Dear old Lord
Mombodo ascribed the decline of Europe
to the effeminate use of coaches: what
would have been thought of a steam car-
riage! A pedestrian of sixty years' prac-
tice, you may be assured that when I ex-
changed crabs, it was for Doll, my easy
ambling nag, on whose back I might just
read without fear of losing my iron-rim-
med glasses, and who has often grazed a-
long the sides of green lanes, when her
master was steep in the Alceiphron of Bishop
Berkeley. *Ulinam gentium sumus!* What e-
vil spirit possesses our people? What gad-
fly has bitten them into the furor of locomo-
tion. Whence come the thousands who look
out of those impudent windows as they
steam by like lightning? Whither are
they going? Who pays for the transit and
the time? Who cares for their forsaken
households? How do they find food and
lodging? How many hecatombs of neat
cattle must add to the smoke of our capitals?
Resolve these questions, O gifted ones, for
an injured, invaded, and bewildered solitary.
I have in vain turned over Adam Smith for a
clearing of my doubts.

The ancient civil law provided for action
in case of *attribution*, or injury by the dropping
from a neighbor's eaves; but here is
cave-dropping on a gigantic scale, and fam-
ily secrets revealed to a world in motion.
Cicero tells of a suit brought by a Roman a-
gainst one who, by brushing on the opposite
hill, obstructed his prospect; but all my
prospects are blackened by what issues from

this fiery Leviathan. I have read in Coke,
that every man's house is his castle; but
mine is a castle invested by foes, and attack-
ed *ferro et igne*, by rails and steam. In rail-
ing, indeed, I could match them; but be-
fore I could begin my abjuration the audi-
ence would have vanished, and I should talk
to the air.
Imagine the beautiful ruralities of Ameri-
ca cut up by a reclamation of railways such
as covers the recent maps of England! Since
Atlantic there has been nothing so barbaric.
A green sequestered lap of land will soon be
as rare as the Phoenix or the Dodo, and we
shall understand half of our classic or
descriptive poetry, no more than we do the
characters on the bricks of Babylon. City
merchants, I hear, breakfast at home forty
miles off, and then get to daily business in
Front Street or the Bowersy. This is the
next thing to fighting against nature. Half
the old manor-houses within twenty miles of
the great towns, where lofty trees and lawns
of velvet and wildmeasures of shrubbery be-
spoke the quiet abode or noble hospitality of
better days, are bought up by city, who
spend in them their nights and Sundays.
O tempora! O mores! I say nothing of mar-
kets. My foolish daughters grudge me the
very egg I used to take with my breakfast,
and my strawberries get in little baskets to
Washington market. Sorry am I to add,
they must needs go themselves! And I
wish you could see the fashions with which
they return. My good woman, though deaf
as a post, (no disadvantage), they tell me,
in the cars,) has been long providing; herself
a series of caps, wherewithal to make a
grand appearance on a projected visit to a
cousin in Bridge street; and I expect soon
to be called on to sell another piece of land
to pay the costs.

In the book *De Finibus*, the philosophic
Roman says nothing of one great constitu-
ent of human happiness; it is expressed in
the phrase—*Let me alone*. There are scatter-
ed up and down, in every country, hundreds
of old fellows, who live honestly, pay their
taxes, and till lately, have slept in their beds
at night and ploughed in the furrows of their
sires; troubling no one, plotting no in-
vasions of Cuba, content that the Union be
undivided, prying into no one's larder or
desk, picking holes in nobody's coat, read-
ing old books, and wearing old doublets:
all they ask in return for these virtues is that
they be let alone. And they go to bed early,
dine at noon, and smoke their pipe in shady
places, while the cows are coming home;
affect beechen shadows in the woods, springs
where they drank in childhood, and angling
in dark, out-of-the-way brooks. For their
self-possession and ease of conscience they
demand exemption from domiciliary in-
spection. But what shall I say! This
flaming vaporous Astrodus has taken the
roots off their houses, and laid their secrets
naked to the day. A sound of tremendous
roaring is in their ears, and in this world they
can no longer look for a tranquil day. Even
the one silent Sabbath is metamorphosed into
a time of special merrymaking and jaun-
ting, and the Sunday passengers, who
drink more, shout more, and stare more,
than those of all the six working days put
together. My choler is by no means disor-
dered; *tandem*; but strength would fail me;
and I do but augment the bitterness of
this stirring up the bile. Tell me, O tell
me, of some corner, so hommed in by na-
ture, so begirt with Serbonian bogs, so rug-
ged with crags, so arid with sandy wastes,
that the army of surveyors, contractors and
diggers shall never convene to mutilate or
deform it. Reveal to me some basin a-
mong mountains, where I may sit at sunset
in *ecceps*, with none to molest me, or may
lead my cells to water at the brook, without
having them set to scamper away at the ap-
pearance of the uncouth, snoring naacanda
that now crashes through our vale, breath-
ing out fire and fury. Comfort me by no-
thing some limit to this advance of civiliza-
tion, art and insolence, which has begun to
sacrifice all homely delights on the altar of
a corporate Plutus.—Give me the hope of yet
conning my Latin authors in quietude and
independence, however humbly; *Die, qui-
bus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.*

TULY TESTY.
Few insects are more difficult to exter-
minate than the little red ants with which
many houses are infested. They may be
kept under, by frequent scalding with boil-
ing water; the cracks and places from which
they issue. To smear the cracks of the
closets between the shelves and the walls
with corrosive sublimate will destroy them;
but as it is a deadly poison, it must be used
with caution. Dishes and jars containing
articles that the ants seem to like should be
set in pans of salt water, and the pan
should be surrounded with a ring of salt.
If they infest the sideboard, let the feet be
set constantly in tin or iron cups filled with
salt water.

A circle of lar spread around each foot of
the bench that holds the lives, will prevent
ants from reaching the bees and destroying
the honey.

Moths.
To keep moths from woolen clothing, car-
pets and furs, place the articles in linen
sheets or bags, sewed closely together, first
bating them, so as to clear off all moths
and eggs. Camphor or toecaco scattered
through light trunks, where they are packed
is also a protection.

THE MEXICAN.

His country is subject to frequent revolu-
tions, when his property is liable to be taken
by force by the belligerent parties; beside
the imposition of forced loans, causing con-
fidential fear in the minds of those who have
money; the authorities of the States get the
general laws at defiance, thus giving rise to
continual reclamations, interrupting the busi-
ness of ruining the citizen, before res-
tress is obtained; the laws are not thor-
oughly understood or justice equally adminis-
tered: crimes are not promptly or adequately
punished; the principal highways are infes-
ted with robbers, robberies and murders are
frequent, by armed bands, in towns and vil-
lages, and no official assurances are taken to
prevent them or arrest the guilty. The poor
man is subject to the arbitrary disposition of
those in authority—forced to do personal
service on public works in the times of the
revolutions, and to fight against his own
people; he may be arrested on the verbal
order of any Alcade too indolent or ignor-
ant to write one—and a refusal to obey such
subjects him to be beaten by the brutal per-
son bearing it, to collect a simple debt by
legal process, the loss of time together with
the expenses renders such proceeding of no
avail to him; he cannot go from one town to
another without subjecting himself to deten-
tion unless he obtains a passport, which
sometimes takes as much time as to make
the journey; to travel, he must have a li-
cense to carry arms, without which he is
liable to detention and the loss of them, he
cannot obtain redress for a wrong com-
mitted by the military; criminals, even
should be entitled to a speedy trial, but here
a man may be arrested, thrown in jail and
years may elapse before he is coulemed
or acquitted; the dead are allowed to putrify
or must be buried out of what is called
holy ground, unless the surviving friends are
able to satisfy the exorbitant demands of an
inexorable priest; the ruthless savage con-
stantly invades the frontiers and has for years
spread with impunity death and devastation
in his path. All this, and even more, the
Mexican citizen suffers, yet folds his hands
in silence. The stranger partakes in a mea-
sure of these evils, and used to a better state
of things, naturally complains; when it is
ascribed with too much truth, he is in posses-
sion of the same liberty and protection as
the Mexicans, therefore he ought not to com-
plain.

GOOD!
An Irishman had taken to reading his Bi-
ble. "And indeed it is true, and a blessed
book it is."
"But," said the priest, "you are an igro-
nant man, and you ought not to read the Bi-
ble."
"Well," said Pat, "but your reverence
must prove that before I'll give up reading
my Bible."
And so the priest turned to the place where
it reads, "As new born babes, desire the sin-
cere milk of the word."
"There," said the priest, "you are a babe,
and you ought to go to somebody who can
tell you what the sincere milk of the word
is."
Pat was a milkman and he replied, "Your
reverence, I was sick and employed a man
to carry my milk, and he cheated me—he
put water in it; and how do I know (saying
your reverence), but the priest may do the
same?"
The priest was discomfited, and said,
"Well, Pat, I see you're not quite so much
of a babe as I thought you. You may read
your Bible, but don't show it to your neigh-
bors."
"Indeed I your reverence," says Pat, "I've
one cow that I know gives good milk; and
while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give
him a part of it whether your reverence likes
it or not."

PRETTY GOOD.—"Mother, why does Pa
call you honey?"
"Because, my dear, he loves me."
"No, Ma, that isn't it."
"What is it then?"
"I know."
"Well, what is it?"
"Why, it's because you have so much
comb in your head—that's why!"

Like a bell that's rung for fire; like a
careless auctioneer; like, oftentimes, a
graceless liar, mischief-making tattler go;
stopping you with quaking fear, whispering
as you lend an ear—"Mercy on us, did you
hear? *Betsy Bean has got a beau!*"

An exchange paper states on reliable au-
thority, that in Albany the black-smiths per-
petrate their shops, and have armed chairs made
for their horses to sit in while having their
shoes fitted. This is a great age, and gra-
tious only knows where 'twill bring up.

The editor of the Boston Post has got a
daguerreotype likeness of the girl that Bar-
ney was asked to let alone.

The man who never told an editor how he
could better his paper, has gone to Schene-
ctady to marry a woman that never looked
into a looking-glass.

A slanderer of the softer sex, undertakes
to prove that Satan was a woman, named
Lucy Fir. Can't believe it, any how.

Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Be-
cause he is a Jew-ill.

THE BACHELOR'S BRIDAL.

[A PARODY.]
Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
At the Benedicet just to be married.
We married him quickly, to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning,
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's
dim light
To think he was no more discerning—
To think that a bachelor, free and bright,
Should here by the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that found him!

Few and short were the words we said,
Though we heartily ate of the cakes,
Then escorted him home from that scene of
dread
And thought—how awfully he shakes
We thought as we grouped his lowly bed
With the flowers, the birch and the willow
How the shovel and broomsick would break
o'er his head,
And the tears he would shed on his pillow.
Said he, "They will talk of their friend who
has gone—
And every old Bach' will upraid me,
But nothing rock I, if they let me dream on,
'Nath the covert, just as they've laid
me."

But half of our weary task was done
Ere the clock tolled the hour for the other,
And we left with the hope that the fate he
had won
Would never be won by another!

Preserves and Jellies.
General Directions.—Gather fruit when it
is dry. Long boiling hardens the fruit. Pour
boiling water over the slices used, and
bring out jelly bags in hot water the mo-
ment you are to use them. Do not squeeze
while straining through jelly bags. Let the
pots and jars containing sweetmeats just
made, remain uncovered three days. Lay
brandy papers over the top, coast them tight
and seal them, or, what is best of all, soak a
split bladder and tie it tight over them. In
drying, it will shrink so as to be perfectly
air-tight. Keep them in a dry, but not warm
place. A thick leathery mould helps to
preserve fruit, but when mould appears
in spoons, the preserves must be scalded in
a warm oven, or be let into hot water, which
then must boil till the preserves are scalded.
Always keep watch of preserves which are
not sealed, especially in warm and damp
weather. The only sure way to keep them
without risk or care, is to make them with
enough sugar and seal them, or tie bladder
covers over.

Tomato Preserves.—Prepare a syrup by
clarifying sugar, melted over a slow fire,
with a little water, by boiling it until no
scum rises, or good molasses may be clar-
ified by adding eggs, boiling, and carefully
skimming. Take the Tomatoes while green,
put them in cold syrup, with one orange
sliced to every two pounds of tomatoes.—
Simmer them over a slow fire for two or
three hours. There should be equal weights
of sugar and tomatoes. Some, when superi-
or preserves are wanted, add fresh lymous
sliced, and boil with the tomatoes a few
peach leaves and powdered ginger in bags.
Tomatoes when ripe, make a fine preserve,
peeled, and treated as above; but the fruit
is apt to fall to pieces in the process of pre-
serving, consequently more care is required
when it is desirable to prevent this.

Tomato Catsup.—Use one pint of good
salt to one peck of sound, ripe, tomatoes.—
Bruise them and let them stand two days;
then strain them dry, and boil the liquor un-
til the scum stops rising, with two ounces
of black pepper, the same quantity of spice,
one ounce of ginger, one of cloves, and an
ounce of mace. Strain through a sieve,
then bottle and cork tight.

Raspberry Syrup.—To every quart of fruit
add a pound of sugar, and let it stand over-
night. In the morning, boil and skim it for
half an hour; then strain it through a flannel
bag, and pour it into bottles, which
must be carefully corked and sealed. To
each bottle add, if you please, a little brandy
if the weather is so warm as to endanger its
keeping.

Currant Jelly.—Pick over the currants
with care. Put them in a stone jar, and set
it into a kettle of boiling water. Let it boil
till the fruit is very soft. Strain it through a
sieve. Then run the juice through a jelly
bag. Put a pound of sugar to a pint of
juice, and boil it together five minutes. Set
it in the sun a few days.

Cherries.—Take out the stones. To a
pound of fruit, allow a pound of sugar.
Put a layer of fruit on the bottom of the pre-
serving kettle, then a layer of sugar, and
continue thus till all are put in. Boil till
clear. Put them in bottles, hot, and seal
them. Keep them in dry sand.

Anecdote of General Jackson.

In the year of 1811, General Jackson had
occasion to visit Natchez, in the territory of
Mississippi, for the purpose of bringing up
a number of blacks, a part of whom his prop-
erty in consequence of having been security
for a friend, and the remainder were hands
which had been employed by a nephew, in
the neighborhood of that place. The road
led through the country inhabited by the
Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, and the
station of the agent for the Choctaws was
upon it. On reaching the agency, he found
seven or eight families of emigrants, and
two members of the Mississippi legislative
council, detained there, under the pretence
that it was necessary for them to have pas-
sage from the Governor of Mississippi. One
of their number had been sent forward to
procure them. In the meantime, the emi-
grants were buying corn from the agent, at
an extravagant price and splitting rails for
him at a very moderate one. Indignant at
the wrong inflicted on the emigrants, he re-
proached the members of the council for
submitting to the detention, and asked the
agent how he dared to demand a pass from
a free American, travelling on a public road.
The agent replied by asking, with much
temper, whether he had a pass. "Yes, sir,"
replied the general. "I always carry mine
with me: I am a free born American citi-
zen; and that is a passport all over the
world." He then directed the emigrants to
go up their wagons, and if any one attempt-
ed to obstruct them, to shoot them down, as
a highway robber. Setting them, for exam-
ple, he continued his journey, regardless of
the threats of the agent.

After conducting this business, he was in-
formed that the Agent had collected about
fifty white men and one hundred Indians,
to stop him on his return, unless he produced
a passport.—Through advised by his friends
to procure one he refused to do so; stating
that no American citizen should ever be
subject to the insult and indignity of pro-
curing a pass, to enable him to travel a public
highway in his own country.—Like all trav-
ellers among the Indians, at that time, he
was armed with a brace of pistols; and hav-
ing added a rifle and another pistol, he
commenced his return journey. When with-
in a few miles of the agency, he was inform-
ed by a friend who had gone forward to re-
connoitre, that the agent had his force in
readiness to stop him.—He directed his
friends to advance again, and tell the agent
that if he attempted to stop him, it would be
at the peril of his life. He then put his
blacks in order, and armed them with axes
and clubs; at the same time telling them not
to stop unless directed by him, and if any
one offered to oppose them, to cut him down.
Riding by their side, he approached the sta-
tion, when the agent appeared, and asked
him whether he meant to stop and show his
passport. Jackson replied, "That depends
upon circumstances. I am told that you
meant to stop me by force; whoever at-
tempts such a thing will not have long to
live;" and with a look that was not to be
mistaken, he grasped his bridle with a firm
or grip. His determined manner had such
an effect, that the agent declared he had no
intention of stopping him, and he and his
party were suffered to pass on without fur-
ther molestation or interruption. He after-
wards reported the conduct of the agent to
the government, and he was dismissed from
his agency.

Repentance.
A good husband will repair his house
while the weather is fair, nor put it off till
winter; a careful pilot will take advantage
of the wind and tide, and so put out to sea,
nor wait till a storm arise. The traveller
will take his time on a journey, and mend
his pace when night comes on, lest dark-
ness overtake him; the smith will strike
while the iron is hot, lest it grow cool, and
so he lose his labor; so we ought to make
every day the day of our repentance; to
make us of the present time, that when we
come to die, we may have nothing to do but
to die, for there will be a time when the
door will shut; when there will be no en-
trance at all.—Spencer

Baked Potatoes.
Three lbs. of potatoes and 2 oz. of butter.
Pare and rub the potatoes a short time in
the oven. Then place them in a salt glazed
brown dish with a little butter, and bake,
occasionally shaking them, to secure the
being equally browned.

Mr. Fillmore, we see it stated, has two
brothers, who, for some time past, resided in
Washenaw county, Michigan—one a house-
carpenter, the other a blacksmith; by trade.
He has a sister in Michigan, the wife of Mr.
Harris, of Coldwater, lawyer by profession,
and another sister married in Northern Indi-
ana. He visited them all last summer.

About two years ago, the first building
was erected in Salt Lake City, and steadily
the population numbers much over 25,000.
The houses are yet all one story a-
bodes, but preparations are being for the
early erection of a temple and other public
buildings, in a noble and more durable style.

Here, you little Rascal, walk up and give
an account of yourself; where have you
been? "After the girls, father." "Did you
ever know