

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John East

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1851.

NUMBER 1.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH
Is published every Thursday Morning, by
R. W. WEAVER.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building
on the south side of Main street, third
square below Market.
Terms—Two Dollars per annum, if paid
within six months from the time of subscri-
bing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid
within the year. No subscription received
for a less period than six months; no discon-
tinuance permitted until all arrearages are
paid, unless at the option of the editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square,
will be inserted three times for one dollar,
and twenty-five cents for each additional inser-
tion. A liberal discount will be made to those who
advertise by the year.

MY COTTAGE HOME.
As Sung by Dr. Elliott.
I dreamed a dream the other night
When all around was still,
I thought I saw my cottage white
Upon yon flowery hill.
The grass-plot green before the door,
The porch with vine's o'ergrown,
Were lovely as they were before,
When that cottage was my own.
O—Oh! remember that home, that home
Of thine,
That pleasant home, that happy home,
That cottage home was mine.

The garden walk so wide and straight
With flower banks on each side,
That led down to the wicket gate,
Where Willie used to ride;
The locust tree that back that grew,
The willow boughs that waved,
All told me with a tale most true
That there my Mary played.

The silver lake so calm and clear,
Along whose banks I've strayed
So often with my Lucy, dear,
To catch the sun-light fading;
The peary stream that sweetly ran
That gurgled forth as bright as then,
And murmuring foamed as bright as then,
All sang the mournful song.

The window towards the garden gate,
That looked out on the West,
When that young being used to wait,
That made my home so blest,
Was closed; the sombre curtains hung,
And no loyal face was there,
Nor voice the evening song that sung,
Or breathed the morning prayer.

Silence hung round that happy home,
Where once an light and free,
My laughing children used to come,
And dance upon my knee;
And she who was that home's dear light,
In constant beauty shone,
Around the cheerful hearthstone bright,
Now all was still and lone.

Yes, that loved wife has gone to rest,
In death the heart is bound,
Her babes are sleeping on her breast,
Beneath yon grassy mound,
And I'm wandering lone and strange,
No master of my will,
My home my happy home is changed!
To a bar behind the still.

Too Willing by Half.
BY THE YOUNG 'UN.
Many of our readers will recognize the
point of the following joke, which we heard
related "long time ago," but which we never
saw in print. It is a "good 'un" and will
bear re-telling.
When Gen. Jackson was President of the
United States, he was tormented day after
day by importunate visitors, (as Most Chief
Magistrates of this great country are) whom
he did not care to see—and in conse-
quence, he gave strict directions to the mes-
senger at his door to admit only certain per-
sons, on a particular day when he was more
busy with State affairs than usual.
In spite of this peremptory order, how-
ever, the attendant bolted into his apartment,
during the forenoon, and informed the Gen-
eral that a person was outside who claimed
to see him orders or no orders.
"I won't submit to this annoyance. Who
is it?"
"Don't know, sir."
"I don't know! What's his name?"
"His name! Beg pardon, sir, it's a wo-
man."
"A woman! Show her in James, show
her in," said the President, wiping his face
and the next moment there entered the Gen-
eral's apartment, a neatly clad female of
past the "middle age," who advanced cour-
teously towards the old man, and accepted
the chair he proffered her.
"Be seated, madam," he said.
"Thank you," responded the lady, throw-
ing aside her veil, and revealing a hand-
some face to her entertainer.
"My mission hither, to-day, General,
concerns the fair speaker, 'is a novel one,
and you cannot aid me, perhaps."
"Madam," said the General, "command
me."
"You are very kind sir, I am a poor wo-
man General."
"Poverty is no crime, Madam."
"No sir. But I have a little family to care
for—I am a widow, sir, and a clerk em-
ployed in one of the departments of your
administration is indebted to me for board
to a considerable amount which I cannot
collect. I need the money sadly, and I
come to ask a portion of his pay, and it
cannot be stopped from time to time until
this claim of mine—an honest one, General,
of which he had the full value—shall be can-
celled."
"I really—Madam—that is, I have no con-
trol in that way—how much is the bill?"
"Seventy dollars, sir; here it is."
"Exactly; I see. And his salary, Mad-
am?"
"It is said to be \$1,200 a year."
"And not pay his board bill?"

'As you see, sir—this has been standing
five months, unpaid. Three days hence he
will draw his monthly pay; and I thought
if you would be kind enough to—'
"Yes I have it. Go to him again, and get
his note at thirty days."
"His note, sir! It would not be worth the
paper on which it was written, he pays no
one a dollar voluntarily."
"But he will give you his note, will he
not, Madam?"
"Oh, yes—he would be glad to have a re-
prieve in that way for a month, no doubt."
"That's right, then. Go to him obtain his
note, at thirty days from to-day, give him a
receipt in full; and come to me this eve-
ning."

The lady departed, called upon the young
lark, summoned him for the amount—at which
he only smiled—and finally asked him to
give her his note for it!
"To be sure," said he, "give a note—sart-
n. And much good may it do you, mam."
"You'll pay it when it falls due, won't you
sir—thirty days hence?"
"O, yes—sart-n, of course, I will; I always
pay my notes, mam, I do!" and as the lady
departed, the knowing young gent believed
he had accomplished a very neat trick, once
more.

"I wonder what the 'uce she'll do with
that note? I'd like to settle some of the
other accounts in the same way. Hope
she'll have a good time getting the money
on that bit of paper. John Smith is rather
too well known nor that!" And he turned
with a chuckle, to his book, again.
The poor boarding house keeper called
again upon the General a few hours after-
wards.

"Did you get the note Madam?"
"Yes, sir—here it is."
The President quickly turned it over and
with a dash of his pen, wrote the name of
Andrew Jackson upon the back of it.
"Take this to the bank to-morrow morn-
ing. Madam, and you can get the money
for it," he said hurriedly.
The lady acted accordingly, and found no
difficulty in obtaining the cash for it at sight.
"A week before that month's termina-
tion," Mr. John Smith received a notice to the fol-
lowing effect.

BANK OF WASHINGTON, ———, 1832.
Sir: Your note for seventy dollars, is
due on the 27th inst, at this Bank and you
are requested to call and pay the same,
Cashier.
"Ha! ha!" screamed John, upon reading
this brief note. "A capital joke that—
Can't come it, mam—can't, now how;
Scarce-crow—left for collection—I under-
stand—won't do—no go!" and John very
soon forgot it.
But pay day came round again—and John
took his monthly stipend once more, \$100,
from the Cashier of the department, as usual.
As he passed down the Avenue, the
unpaid board bill suddenly entered his head.
"Who the 'uce, now has been fool enough
to help the 'oman, in this business, I wonder-
er!" said John to himself. "I'll go and see.
It's all a hum, I know; but I'd like to know
if she has really fooled any body with that
bit of paper; and entering the Bank, he
asked for the note left there for collection
against him."

"It was discounted," said the teller.
"Discounted! why who in this world
discount my note?" asked John amazed.
"Anybody, with such a backer as you
have got on this."
"Backer! Me—backer, who?"
"Here's your note; you can see," said
the teller, handing him the document—on which
John instantly recognized the bold signature
of the then President of the United States.
"Sold," exclaimed John drawing forth the
money with a hysteric grasp; for he saw
through the management at a glance.
The note was paid, of course, and justice
awarded to the spendthrift.

On the next morning he found upon his
desk a note which contained the following
entertaining bit of personal intelligence.
To JOHN SMITH Esq.:
Six—A change having been made in
your office, I am directed by the President
to inform you, your services will no longer
be required by this department.
Yours,
Secretary.

John Smith retired to private life at once,
and thenceforward found it convenient to
live on a much smaller yearly allowance
than two hundred a year!
Kisses—The ladies of Troy have
introduced a new feature at their Fairs, from
which they realize a much handsome sum
than from lotteries. All the best looking
girls wear placards, "Kisses one shilling
each" and others of less charms six cents.
Gentlemen are expected to go according to
the weight of their purses. It is stated that
at a late Fair one rosy-lipped, bright-eyed
girl realised sixty-two dollars in a single
night; and another nine and a half. One gen-
tleman purchased eleven dollars' worth of
sweetness.

A PAIR OF SIAMSE TWINS.—The Pittsburg
Post of Friday, states that a woman living in
Sharpburg, gave birth, on Wednesday pre-
vious, to twin children, which were united
together at the manner of the Siamese
twins. They were at the latest accounts in
a thriving condition.
This ends the column.

A Woman of Fashion.
A PARODY, BY SOLOMON THE YOUNGER.
Proverbs, Chap. XXXI—Verses 10—31.
10. Who shall describe a woman of fashion?
Her value is only in her jewels.
11. Her husband would fain place trust in
her; but she maketh his property her spoil.
12. She will do him more evil than good
all the days of her life.
13. She seeketh powder and paint, and
with her hands willingly maketh cosmetics.
14. She bringeth food and raiment from a
far, that it may be more costly; nothing
homely, or cheaply purchased, pleaseeth her.
15. She riseth at noon, and scoldeth her
maidens; the rest of the day she ideth un-
profitably.
16. She considereth a piece of china and
buyeth it, and squandereth her husband's
money in vanity.
17. She giveth not her body with modest
raiment; her apparel is loose and indelicat-
e.
18. She maketh her house the resort of
gamblers; her candle burn and give light
to evil doings.
19. She layeth her hands on the cards;—
yea, eagerly shuffleth the pack.
20. She stretcheth out her hands in the
idle dance; her knee bendeth not in the
house of prayer.
21. She faileth not stamper; for her house-
hold are clad in gorgeous liveries of cloth
and gold.
22. She maketh herself coverings of net;
her draperies are transparent gauze.
23. Her husband is known at the Tombs,
where he is seen conversing with the law-
yers.
24. She maketh card parties, and deliver-
eth tickets of invitation for balls and revelry.
25. Flowers and feathers are her orna-
ments; for she delighteth in vanity.
26. She openeth her mouth to utter evil
words; her tongue retaineth scandal.
27. She looketh not to the ways of her
household; they riot in waste and idleness.
28. Her children are nurtured by a stranger,
and respect her not. Her husband, too,
despiseeth her.
29. Many women do foolishly; but she
is more blameable than all.
30. Fortune and beauty might have raised
her above all others; but she is the child
of Folly.
31. Her conduct, therefore, should have
been a pattern for all women, and her works
would have praised her in the gates.

THE LAST GOOD STORY.
In Paris is told at the expense of a very
handsome and rich widow of most exem-
plary character, who has a small and
elegant retreat at Versailles, in addition to her
town residence. At this pretty rurality she
was passing a week, at the close of the Au-
tumn, having, for her guest, a lad in his
teens, who was a distant relative, and who
was thus passing his vacation from school.
Madam's house keeper and cook was a re-
spectable female, who, however, had an ad-
mirer, a trumpeter, stationed in the bar-
racks near by, and the stolen pleasure of
whom was to come in and dine stealthily on
the remainder dishes of the mistress's luxu-
rious table.

Madame and her boy relative having
started after dinner for a walk, the trumpeter
took advantage of the absence, but un-
luckily prolonged his meal a few minutes
too long. In his hurry to conceal himself,
when taken by surprise, he became econ-
omical under the bed of the lady of the house.
Thinking to escape while she passed the
evening in her drawing room as usual.
Madame was tired with her walk, however,
and proceeded to retire for the night, imme-
diately on her return.

The trumpeter, in full uniform, and with
his brazen instrument beside him, was of
course in a position of considerable dismay.
As he lay racking his brain, the door sud-
denly opened, and in walked the schoolboy,
who, to the astonishment of the lady, fell on
his knees, and made a tumultuous declara-
tion of love!
"In the name of heaven," cried the aston-
ished object of his passion, "rise, and leave
the room immediately! What would be
thought of me if you were seen in this in-
discreet situation and posture! Rise, this
moment, and retire!"
"No!" firmly persisted the academical, "I
live but to love you! No power on earth
shall tear me from this spot—no—not even
if the trump of the last day!"

At this moment, the trumpeter, whose
lip was at the edge of his instrument, blew
a blast into which was poured the over-
whelming torrent of his previous impatience.
"Trrrr—la ta ta ta ta!"—a thunder-blast
to which the walls of the little cottage trembled
to their foundations.
The room was vacated by dame and lover
in a trice, and the trumpeter made his es-
cape—but the story got wind, and, without
name or place was told all over Paris.

It was being narrated one evening by a
gay man, in a small circle, when the nar-
rator remarked, "I would have given anything
in the world to have seen the face of the
lady at the moment of that trumpet's sound-
ing."
"The face of the boy on his knees was
much better worth seeing, I assure you!" ex-
claimed, in a tone of pique, a lady among
the listeners—unguardedly revealing, by this
hasty comment, that she was, herself, the
heroine of the story!

The Man who couldn't say "No."
Paul Trotter was a man who was every-
body's friend but his own. His course in
life seemed to be directed by the maxim of
doing for everybody what everybody asked
him to do, even to the extent of impossibil-
ities, but in which of course he failed.
Whether it was that his heart beat respon-
sive to every other heart, or that he did not
like to give offence, or that he "could not
be bothered" to resist importunity, we could
never precisely ascertain; but certain it is,
that he was rarely or never asked to sign a
requestion, to promise a vote, to lend mon-
ey, or to endorse a bill that he did not at
once comply. He couldn't say "no;" and
there were many, who knew him well, who
said he had not the courage to do so.

I knew him when a mere boy. He was
then the scape-goat of the school—Every
mad cap trick which came to the master's
ears was hatched on Paul. One day, a
gross caricature of the master, drawn with
chalk on the black board, met his eyes on
entering the school room when last expect-
ed. "Whose trash is this? Is it yours, sir
rah?" bellowed the algebraic Triton, turn-
ing to a quaking youth, with chalky fingers,
suspiciously near the black board. "No!"
was the bold answer, and he looked in the
direction of little Paul. "Then, it was you,
scoundrel!" Paul could not say "no;" of
course he was thrashed as usual—for there
was little mercy shown in that school, as in
most other schools in our younger days.

Another time, when some of the boys,
among them Paul, were out at their usual
forenoon interval, the master's big dog came
bounding into the school room with a great
tin-pan tied to its tail, and flew along the
passage between the forms, where the mas-
ter was flourishing his cane over the heads
of his trembling infantry; the dog caught
him under the leg, and caused him to fall
in an instant, his heavy body falling between
the dog and the pan. You may conceive
the howling of the dog, the consternation of
the pupils, and the tremendous indignation
of the fallen pedagogue. Of course, the
mischievous fellow was fathered on Paul. Paul,
couldn't say "no;" or, at least, said it as if
it were unnatural to him, or untrue, he suffer-
ed as usual.

Any idle truant who wanted a companion,
and asked Paul to accompany him, was sure
of his acquiescence. He was on all imagi-
nable errands; to a bookseller, to ask if he
had a copy of "The History of Adam's Grand
father;" to a grocer, for a penny worth of
"dove's milk;" or to a saddler, for some
"strap and bit," which, usually, accompanied
him. He would be presented with an eye-
glass, which on being deposited for a safety
in his breeches-pocket, his temper would
"squash" forthwith by a blow, and then
Paul had to dig the remains from amidst
pebbles, whiptong, and marbles. Once,
a doctor's boy tempted him to rub his cheeks
with cantharides plaster, to "make the hair
grow;" but after a night's smarting with
Paul suffered patiently, in hope of the re-
sults, what was his surprise, on contempla-
ting himself in the glass next morning,
to find a crop, not of whiskers, but blisters!

But he grew out of jackets and buttons,
and left school to enter the world, where
consequences arising from saying "yes" and
"no" are more serious than at school. Paul's
infirmary accompanied him. He was im-
portuned—as who is not!—to do this, that,
and the other thing, for the advantage or
the pleasure of others. He had not the heart
to refuse. A party of pleasures was proposed—
Paul could never say "no" to this. "Shall
we have a glass of something short this cold
evening?" Paul was unanimous with the
proposer; and on these occasions, Paul's
habit of acquiescence not unfrequently led
to his being selected as the paymaster. Of-
ten he promised what he could not perform,
—for instance, to be in two places at the
same time, for he could say "no" to neither
solicitation; and he began to have a bad
name: his friends said they could not rely
upon him—he was not a man of his promise.
He promised too much; he promised to
lend money before he had earned it; he
promised to go to the theatre with one party,
and to join an evening party elsewhere on
the same night. He refused nothing—couldn't
say "no" to any solicitation.

His father left a snug little fortune, and
he was at once beset by persons wanting a
share of it. Now was the time to say "no,"
if he could; but he couldn't. His habit of
yielding had been formed; he did not like
to be bored; could not bear to refuse; could
not stand importunity; and almost invari-
ably yielded to the demands made upon his
purse. At one time it was a baby linen
providing society, at another time an associa-
tion for the prosecution of crimes; now, a
subscription for a monument to some de-
ceased railwayman, or some great stump-
orator (no matter what his politics) and again
a joint-stock company, for the supply of sweet
milk for the metropolis; or it was a new
theatre, or a temperance hall, or a chapel, or
a charity ball for the Poles; had it been a
gig palace, be sure you would have seen
Paul Trotter's name in the list of patrons and
subscribers.

While his money lasted, he had no end of
friends. He was a universal referee—every
body's bondman. "Just sign me this little
bit of paper," was a request often made to
him by particular friends. "What is it?"
he would mildly ask,—not for the purpose
of raising any objection, far from it, but
for information—for satisfaction; for with all
his simplicity, the honest creature some-

times prided himself on his caution! "One
must not sign every bit of paper presented
to him;" he would observe on these occa-
sions. And yet he never refused—not he.
"Of it is all right; one cannot refuse such
little favors to a friend;" and he signed.
Three months after, a bill for a rather heavy
amount would fall due, and who should be
called on to make it good but everybody's
friend—foolish Paul Trotter! Many a time
he thus burnt his fingers, but never learned
wisdom from his losses.

At last, a malster, for whom he was bond-
man—a person with whom he had only a
nodding acquaintance—suddenly came to a
stand in his business, ruined by heavy specu-
lations in funds and shares, and Paul was
called upon to make good the heavy dues
due to the crown. It was a heavy stroke for
Paul, and made him a poor man. But he
never grew wise. He was a post, against
which everybody's friend came and rubbed
himself; a tap, from which every thirsty
soul could drink; a flitch, at which every
hungry dog had a pull; an ass, on which
every mischievous urchin must have his ride;
a mill, that ground everybody's corn but his
own; in short, a good hearted fellow, who
couldn't, for the life of him, say "no."

In his better days, Paul was a borough vo-
ter. An election happened, and one day a
smirking agent, accompanied by a candidate
for Paul's suffrage, marched into his office
—I have the honor to introduce you to Sir
Ralph Wheezlepipe, Baronet, a candidate
for the representation of this ancient borough
in Parliament." A low bow from Paul, and
ditto from the Baronet. "He is a friend, to all
good measures, of all large and beneficial
plans of reform, and an enemy to all abuses
and corruptions in Church and State.
Knowing your opinion, I have no doubt you
shall have the honor of your support at the
approaching election."—Paul rubbed his
hands—"I shall have the greatest pleasure
—I am quite in favor of the principles which
you have just stated, and shall be glad to
have the honor of recording my vote in fa-
vor of Sir Ralph." A hearty shake of the
hands, a few commonplace remarks from Sir
Ralph, an entry made in the little agent's canvass-
ing book, and the worthy pair marched out,
with loud huzza from the attendant parti-
sans.

But Paul's trial was to come. Scarcely
had the first candidate left, but the second
made his appearance. He was the chief
banker of the town, and Paul did business
at his house. Paul's unresisting compliance
with his friends' requests had rendered his
circumstances less easy now than they had
been,—and who does not know how good it
is to "stand well with one's banker," and
have a friend in him? This candidate
was difficult to refuse, and Paul, in his heart
wished that he had come first. He profes-
sed himself to be a friend to "our glorious
constitution in Church and State; in favor of
all measures calculated to promote the good
of the country, and opposed to the destruct-
ive principles now afloat, and which threat-
ened ruin to our most cherished institutions."
Paul, after cordially agreeing in the sound-
ness of these views, was solicited for his
vote, and—he could not refuse! Who would
to their banker? Besides, Paul quite ap-
proved of the views summarily expressed by
him. Thus he was pledged to vote for both
candidates, simply because he could say
"no" to neither.

This election was a terrible trial to Paul.
He was beset by the friends of both candi-
dates, and so entreated and canvassed, so
argued and expostulated with, that he found
himself under the necessity of making a
short summer tour until the election was over,
and when he returned, found that he had
been bought in effigy by both sides.

Paul came to a sorry end. He breathed
his last in the workhouse. The many friends
to whom he never could say "no," did not
look near him. They who had begged him
had scarcely their compassion to give.
"Ah! it has just happened as we thought it
would; he was never done throwing away
his money; why couldn't he have refused
to sign that malster's bond?" This was all
their sympathy.

It is of great importance to a man's peace
and well being that he should be able to say
"no" at the right time. Many are ruined
because they cannot, or do not say it. Vice
often gains a footing within us, because we
will not summon up the courage to say "no."
We offer ourselves too often as willing sac-
rifices to the fashion of the world, because
we have not the honesty to pronounce the
little word. The dullard dares not say "no,"
for he would be "cut." The beauty herita-
ries to say it, when a rich block head offers
her his hand, because she has set her
ambition upon an establishment. The courtier
will not say it, for he must smile and promise
to all.

When pleasure tempts with its seductions,
have the courage to say "no" at once. The
little monitor within will approve the deci-
sion; and you will feel virtue grow stronger
by the act. When dissipation invites you,
and offers its secret pleasures, boldly say
"no;" if you do not, if you acquiesce and
succumb, you will find virtue has gone out
from you, and you self-reliance will have
received a fatal shock. The first time may
require an effort; but you will find your
strength grow with use. It is the only way
of meeting temptations to idleness, to self-
indulgence, to folly, to bad custom, to meet
it at once with an indignant "no." There is
indeed, great virtue in a "no," when pro-
nounced at the right time.

**Important Invention—Automaton Scamp-
stress.**
Mr. Allen B. Wilson, of Pittsfield, Mass.,
says the New York Sun, has recently invent-
ed a patent for a machine, by which sewing
of all descriptions is executed in a very rap-
id manner, and in fitness and strength su-
perior to handwork. The simplicity of the
mechanism, its diminutiveness, and the
amount of work which it accomplishes, are
truly astonishing. A single machine occu-
pies so little space that it can be put in-side
a man's hat, and yet by the turning of a small
crank, the instrument will sew ten times faster
than any sempstress.

Sewing machines have been invented and
in use in this country for three or four years
past, but none of them have been of very
much benefit, since they could only be used
for coarse work, and were otherwise so in-
convenient as to be only partially able to
compete with hand labor.

The invention we are now describing, ob-
viates all these difficulties, for it can be used
for any kind of sewing, fine or coarse, or for
embroidery. Every part of a man's dress,
coat, vest and pantaloons, button holes ex-
cepted—can be made by this machine, also
ladies dresses, shirt bosoms, caps, collars
&c. In fact, there is scarce a single branch
of needle work to which this instrument can-
not be applied, sewing ten times faster, finer,
and stronger than by hand. The curious may
see this invention in operation, at No. 128
Fulton street, up stairs. It is well wor-
thy of inspection. To embroidery upon silk,
or whatever fabric, in colors or without, it is
admirably adapted, and will be extensively
used. So easy in its movements as to be
operated by a child, and not liable to derang-
ment, the invention will doubtless become
as indispensable to the female as are now the
scissors or the thimble. To the poor seam-
stress, and all who depend upon their
needs for support, the introduction of this in-
vention seem fraught with direct mischief.
Doing away with their present occupations,
as it inevitably will, it threatens them with
utter loss of employment, and consequent
starvation. Dealers in clothing, who now
give employment to thousands of poor peo-
ple—at starvation prices, it is true, but still,
employment—will have no further need of
hand labor, but use these machines, one of
which is equal to ten pair of hands. Fam-
ilies who now employ poor seamstresses, will
apparently have no further use for their ser-
vice, since these automatons will step in!
One machine would do all the sewing of a
family of sixteen persons or even more.
What need, then, of seamstresses any longer?

But such is not the operation of this in-
vention, nor of labor-saving machines generally,
nor of anything which permanently does
away with the necessity for labor in any given
field. For every field of employment thus
removed, or rather saved, two new du-
ties open, a greater demand for labor conse-
quently springs up, and the poor are thereby
greatly benefited. The printing business is
an illustration. Previous to the invention of
steam-presses, printing was done by hand.
Does any doubt that there are now a thousand
times more people employed in the printing
business, than there would be if no steam
presses were used? Every sensible person
answers no. And this will be the operation
of the sewing machine. It takes the needle
from the seamstress's hand, but replaces it
with a crank, and gives her a far easier em-
ployment, and better remuneration, than she
now receives.

PRECEPT VS PRACTICE.—Several times dur-
ing the present season a colored girl, about
ten years of age, scantily clad and filthy for
the want of proper care, has been picked up
in the streets, by some benevolent lady, and
given shelter for the night, a breakfast in the
morning, and sent away with some articles
of clothing. She was found one cold night
after nine o'clock, shivering with cold and
crying, saying that she had been sent from
home to seek a shelter where she might
her under clothing was almost as black by
dirt as her skin by nature. Subsequently
she appeared at a house in Pleasant street,
clad as before mentioned and suffering with
a raging tooth ache. The lady of the house
whose heart is always touched at the suffer-
ings of others, took her in, had her teeth ex-
tracted, and provided for comfortably until
the little girl's case was made known to the
public authorities. The father of the child
is able to clothe her decently, for children by
a second wife are not only clothed comfort-
ably but usefully. Now we understand that
this man has great compassion for the poor
slave, and makes it a matter of conscience
to show his sympathy for the bondman at the
polls. So zealous was he in behalf of free
soil, that he chided some of his colored
brethren for voting the Whig ticket. If acts
of greater cruelty are perpetrated by South
ern slave masters, we think they are rare.

Light and Tamaqua Railroad.—The Com-
mittee appointed by the late Railroad Con-
vention to solicit stock to the proposed route
along the river Light and Tamaqua have met
with very good success. The Lighth Register
says. The amount of stock subscribed in
Lighth county will reach at least \$30,000.
The road will certainly be built, and that
part of the same will be put under contract
before May next.

Reception of Chaplin the Slave Stealer.—Wm
L. Chaplin who was the chief actor in the
atent abduction of two slaves, belonging to
Hon. Messrs. Tombs and Stevens, last
spring, met with an enthusiastic reception
at Syracuse on Monday last. The congrega-
tional church in that city, is represented
as having been crowded in every part, while
several hundred were unable to gain admis-
sion. Mr. C. addressed the audience for
more than an hour, giving a sketch of his
recent adventures in the District of Colum-
bia and Maryland, and attempted a justifi-
cation of his recent adventures in the Dis-
trict of Columbia and Maryland, and at-
tempted a justification of his course.

English Paper says, "Owing to the
various improvements which have lately
been made in ship-building, it is expected
that arrangements will shortly be entered
into between the leading proprietors of the
mercantile marine navy of this country and
the United States for a race round the world."

Henry H. Paine, at Worcester, has
received, by the last steamer from England,
his letters patent, which secure to him and
his associate the benefit to be derived from
his recent discovery by the people of Great
Britain.
The poor people in Limerick are
flocking in shoals towards Waterford, on
their way to America. In Waterford the
conflict of people from all the surrounding
counties, en route to the land of the far West,
is very great.
Fanny Elleler is now in Moscow, Ru-
ssia. She has recently sold nearly all of her
diamonds for the sum of 99,000 thalers—a
boat \$75,000.

Aerial Navigation.
In the U.S. Senate on Monday week, Mr.
Douglass presented a memorial from our
townsman, Mr. John Wise, the aeronaut. Mr.
D. said—
The memorialist states that he has devoted
sixteen years of his life studiously to the
science of aeronautics; that during that pe-
riod he has made about one hundred aerial
voyages successfully and with safety. He
states also that he has written a work upon
this science, in which he has given a history
of it and an account of the develop-
ments of its principles, which has been re-
ceived with great favor by the scientific
world. He also states that he has demon-
strated to the satisfaction of the world, his
power to make this science useful and prac-
ticable for the transmission of
mails and the transportation of passengers,
and especially in the art of war as well as in
peace. He also states that he is prepared
now to construct a balloon 100 feet in di-
ameter, which shall have the power of elevat-
ing 16 tons; that he is prepared to elevate
that balloon over the Capitol, or President's
House, or Navy Yard or any other point
which may be designated, above the reach
of gun shot, and then to discharge initiation
missiles of a destructive quality, which would
show his capacity to destroy any fleet, fort,
or army which may be beneath it. He also
proposes, when he shall have done that, and
shall have satisfied both Houses of Congress,
and every body who will attend his experi-
ment, that it is entirely practicable and with-
in his control to take that balloon to the city
of St. Louis, and make a voyage from thence
to the city of N. York. At New York he
proposes to take in six other passengers who
have already volunteered, and a life boat,
and proceed to England, where he will report
to the British Government. He expresses
entire confidence in his ability to do this
with perfect safety; and furthermore, that
he can make a quicker voyage around the
world with his balloon than in any other
way; that his experiments have shown that
at a certain elevation there is a current of air
from West to East, in which he can sail with
perfect safety, and win more expedition and
velocity than by any other mode of convey-
ance. He desires the opportunity of testing
this, and of satisfying the world of the truth
and theory. He says that he can make these
experiments from St. Louis to New York and
from New York to Europe for the sum of
twenty thousand dollars. He thinks that this
will enable him to fully demonstrate the
practicability of this science, and its applica-
tion to the purpose to which he proposes to
devote it. He alludes to the fact that he was
making very large appropriations for objects
of much less utility; and, inasmuch as he
has devoted his life to this business, has made
so many successful voyages, has written a
book demonstrating the practicability of this
science, and only needs this small pittance
to carry his scientific discoveries into prac-
tical effect, he says we ought to give him that
amount to allow him to make the trial, and
enable him to be the first man that ever sail-
ed around the world in a balloon.

The memorial referred to the Committee
on Naval Affairs.

Reception of Chaplin the Slave Stealer.—Wm
L. Chaplin who was the chief actor in the
atent abduction of two slaves, belonging to
Hon. Messrs. Tombs and Stevens, last
spring, met with an enthusiastic reception
at Syracuse on Monday last. The congrega-
tional church in that city, is represented
as having been crowded in every part, while
several hundred were unable to gain admis-
sion. Mr. C. addressed the audience for
more than an hour, giving a sketch of his
recent adventures in the District of Colum-
bia and Maryland, and attempted a justifi-
cation of his recent adventures in the Dis-
trict of Columbia and Maryland, and at-
tempted a justification of his course.