

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John East

W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

(Two Dollars per Annum)

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**THE SEWING GIRL.**  
THERE was a cheerless fire in an empty room  
On a cold December day,  
And the biting wind, through a broken pane,  
Had cruelly forced its way;  
The chill of coming death was without,  
The sky looked gloomy and dead,  
And the feathery snow-flake fell thick to the  
earth,  
Meek shroud for the dying year.

And ladies wrapped in warm furs went past,  
And men muffled up to the chin,  
And the heart of the city beat quick and fast,  
And noisier grew the din;  
And children went up and down the street,  
And tiny snow balls tossed,  
And delicate women and grey haired men  
Rejoiced in the coming frost.

Still by the cheerless fire in that empty room,  
On that cold December day,  
There sat and sewed from morn to night,  
One prematurely grey;  
She rises some hours before the dawn,  
From a short and troubled sleep,  
And through winter's cold and summer's heat,  
She sits in that room and sews.

She hears the sound of no friendly voice,  
She meets no loving smile,  
More lone in that deserted solitude  
Than Crusoe in his isle.  
She sees the gay and the happy pass,  
And she hears the ceaseless stir,  
And she knows not one in these laughing  
groups  
Bestows a thought on her.

And there, from morn to eve, she pines  
That bit of shining steel,  
And grudges the few short moments she  
gives  
To snatch a scanty meal.  
To make up lost time, more rapidly move  
Those fingers, shrivelled and thin,  
For she measures her life by the yard she  
sews.  
Her eyes are work turned in.

**SHORT PATENT SERMON.**  
BY DOW, JR.

TEXT—Perceivest thou not the process of the  
year?  
How the four seasons in four forms  
appear,  
Resembling human life in every form  
they wear?

My HEARERS—I shall preach to you, upon  
this occasion, in a laconic style—well filled  
with meaning, or replete with nothingness—  
whichever you may choose. You are about  
to perform another annual round in your mor-  
tal existence—or, rather, take another which  
towards the Dark Valley of Death, where  
beggard and king, friend and foe, lie down  
as cosily together as a couple of dead rab-  
bits. Don't be too sure of not slipping up,  
and receiving a fatal fall before you reach  
the mile stone upon which is written Janu-  
ary 1, 1852. Be careful what road you take.  
Consider also, well which is the better mode  
of travelling—Putting a boiler in your stom-  
ach, and raising the steam with alcohol, is  
very unpleasant and dangerous way getting  
along. You are liable to run off the track  
and do irreparable damage to your reputa-  
tion, if not to your carcasses. Because why?  
—Reason is not your engineer. If you  
straddle the high-mettled mare of fancy, she  
may kick up her heels before you know it,  
and pitch you head-long into the dust of so-  
ber reality. There is much beautiful scenery  
on the road that leads from this year to  
the next. To see, appreciate and admire it  
all, I advise you to perform the journey on  
foot. Take your knapsack well filled with faith  
and fortitude. The latter article is a first  
rate under shirt when blow the cold winds  
of adversity. Put plenty of bread and  
cheese of charity in your pockets—be econ-  
omical in your expenses—and keep scratching  
the gravel, as industriously as an old  
hen with a family of fourteen chickens.  
You will go slow at the fastest; but then  
you will have a chance to behold the beauties  
of the ever-changing landscape, and thus far  
experience the pleasures of life's  
pilgrimage. I know, however, that you will  
not all take the same road, nor trot along  
with the same jog—some will go one way,  
and some another. Some will wander far  
away from the paths of propriety—ramble  
through the woods in search of the wild  
flowers of pleasure, which are fascinating  
to the eye, but as wanting in fragrance as  
the blossoms that bloom upon the bonnets  
of our city belles. Some will take short cuts  
—some cut across lots, and find themselves  
at last where it is impossible for them to be  
found.

My friends, how many do you suppose of  
those around us—say take the whole human  
live stock of New York—will lack the need  
to hold out till the first of January next?  
More, perhaps, than you imagine. Ere a  
single month shall have rolled over you,  
hundreds of your fellow creatures will have  
fallen by the way-side. Many and many  
who now fancy that they have got a good  
foothold, and have both physical and men-  
tal strength to hold out for a twelvemonth,  
will be compelled to lay down to die, just  
as the buds begin opening and the birds  
commence singing. It is rather hard, but  
it can't be helped—as an old maid (an ac-  
quaintance of mine) remarked when I tol-  
der her that you men preferred external at-  
traction to intrinsic worth.

My worthy friends! to come a little closer  
to my text, the four seasons of the year are  
as emblematical of human life, in its differ-  
ent stages, as a picture that could possibly  
be painted by the pencil of Nature. Spring,  
with her young buds and opening blossoms,  
is emblematical of youth—when the jessami-  
ne, violets, and other flowers of joy and  
happiness spring up as suddenly from the  
warm, rich soil of the heart as tulip-stalks  
after an April shower. Summer, with her  
green leaves and thick foliage, is a fair rep-  
resentation of manhood—when man is in  
the full prime, vigor and vitality of being.  
He finds the loveliest of flowers surrounding  
him wherever he strays; but no new ones  
starting to bloom in the garden of Hope. It  
is mid-summer with him, and he must make  
up his mind to soon fade, as fades the light  
most beautiful (as my friend Shakespeare would  
say) of American calico, when dipped in a  
tub of hot soap-suds. Autumn is a capital  
counterpart, of age. His gray hairs and  
frosty whiskers plainly tell to his cotempo-  
raries, the men of years, that the roses in  
life's wreaths are fast withering, and that  
nothing save the sun of immortality can re-  
new their brightness and beauty. Winter  
whispers death and the tomb. The snow  
flakes that so lightly fall, like feathers, upon  
the graves of our kindred, remind us of the  
snows that gently descend upon the already  
hoary head of extreme old age. But the old  
man soon dies, and goes to his long home,  
about which his living mortals know no more  
than a caterpillar does of future butterfly ex-  
istence.

My dear friends! a new year is now before  
you, make the most and the best of it you  
can. So mote it be!

Several persons concerned in  
the spiritual knockings in Milwaukee city, have  
been indicted for deception and obtaining  
money under false pretence.

GRACE CHURCHWOOD thinks that Gen. Hous-  
ton would fill the Presidential chair pretty  
well—only let him be put under bonds not to  
write the arms off.

The Spring trade in Philadelphia has  
been unusually brisk.

**From the Scientific American.**  
Progress of Discovery During the last  
Half Century.

It is related that one of a party of travellers  
while standing on one of the mountains of  
Switzerland, was so transported with the  
beauties of the scenery spread before him,  
that in a burst of enthusiasm he declared "he  
never had seen the equal of such scenery,  
and he was sure there was nothing like it in  
Europe, for he had travelled through every  
country in it." A German at his side said,  
"he had never seen its like with but a single  
exception," and he named a certain moun-  
tain in the Highlands of Scotland, which he  
had visited a few weeks before. The for-  
mer gentleman hung down his head, merely  
repeating "that, although he had been on that  
mountain often, he never thought much about  
it." That mountain was on his own estate.

There is no common saying which con-  
tains more truth than familiarity breeds in-  
difference. "Distance lends enchantment to  
the view." We live in an age of wonders  
and the last half century has witnessed a  
succession of the most mighty events and  
the most astounding discoveries which have  
ever been made, at least during any such  
period of the world's history, and yet, living  
as we do, in the midst of such develop-  
ments, with new leaves of the book of in-  
vention still turning over, we do not wonder  
—for it is just like human nature, that the  
majority of mankind are calous to the mer-  
its and importance of the discoveries made  
to their own day, even although they are  
reaping untold benefits from them.

Let us look back to the beginning of this  
century, and see what mighty works have  
been done by inventors since that time. In  
1800 there was not a single steamboat in the  
world. Our inland seas and noble rivers  
were lying grand and silent in primal lon-  
eliness, except when enlivened by the clumsy  
bateau, or the rude flatboat. In 1807  
Fulton launched the Clermont, which made  
a passage to Albany in 32 hours. At that  
time the mode of travel was by schooners  
and sloops, which were frequently six days  
on the passage.—The improvement was cer-  
tainly great, but what Fulton now is  
saying, to see steamboats running the same  
distance in 8 hours—and some of them large  
enough to stow the Clermont on their for-  
ward decks. No steamboat had broken the  
waters of the Mississippi previous to 1815;  
the voyage from Cincinnati to New Orleans  
was a tremendous undertaking, and occu-  
pied more time than a steamboat would now  
take to circumnavigate the globe. At present,  
it is calculated that there are no less than  
3,000 steamboats of all sizes in America,  
and the time saved to travellers, by the  
invention of the steamboat, is at least seven-  
ty per cent.; that is, a person can travel a  
greater distance in 30 days now, by steam  
boat than he could in 100 days in 1800. Just  
fancy Benjamin Franklin being almost  
wrecked in going from New York to Amboy,  
and the vessel in which he was in, occupying  
32 hours on the passage—a distance  
which is accomplished every day by our  
steamboats in one and a half hours—a great  
change, truly.

In Europe, steamboats were unknown un-  
til 1811, and no sea was regularly navigated  
by steamboat until 1818. The progress of  
Marine Navigation is remarkable. In 1838  
no steamship had ventured across the stormy  
Atlantic to establish ocean navigation. Now  
we have communication every week with  
Europe, by regular steam mails; and to  
show the advantage of steam over mere  
sailing vessels, within a few days from the  
present date, some of our finest sailing pack-  
ets have come in after a passage of fifty  
days, while our steamships have not been  
out more than sixteen days. If the last half  
century had given us no other invention than  
the steamboat, that alone, considering its im-  
portance, is enough to immortalize it. If in  
1800 there was no steamship in the wide  
world, where is the country now where they  
are not seen, and where they are not exer-  
cising a most important influence? No coun-  
try in the world.—On the Hudson, Missis-  
sippi, on all our lakes, rivers, and seas, and  
on all the oceans of the world. On that sea  
where the waters rolled up in walls to allow  
Moses and the Hebrews to pass over shod;  
on the ancient Nile, where Cleopatra's galley  
spread its silken sails to the breeze; on the  
Ganges of India in the East, and the Sacra-  
mento in the West, there may be seen num-  
erous monuments to the inventor of the  
steamboat—the steamship "rules the waves."

The steamboat is not the only important  
invention of the last half century—the pro-  
gress of invention is just as marked in other  
departments of discovery. Look at the Iron  
Horse moving out of his stable, screaming  
and panting to start upon his journey. That  
is the steam engine in its most perfect state  
—it is a near approach to the spiritual and  
physical combination. Behold how easily  
physical Nature, they reported that it must  
have belonged to a Madagascar bat. It was  
pronounced the greatest curiosity in the  
Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper  
which he hung up in the chimney, and dis-  
guised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon  
the Society as a part of Brahma's shirt!

The family that never took a news-  
paper has moved into Illinois. The old gen-  
tleman was surprised the other day to learn  
that gold had been discovered in California;  
and the eldest daughter was rejoiced to learn  
from a neighbor that Webster had been  
hung, and now she'd never again be trou-  
bled with "them pesky spelling books!"

Rocket ran on the Liverpool and Manches-  
ter Railway, at the average rate of 15 miles  
per hour. From that moment we date the  
commencement of a new and most astonish-  
ing era in the history of discovery. In Eng-  
land there are now 6,600 miles of railway  
constructed, and as many more proposed, at  
a cost of more than \$500,000,000. In the  
United States there are at least 5,700 miles  
of railway constructed, and there cannot be  
less than 20,250 miles of railroad now in op-  
eration in Europe and America, for neither  
Asia nor Africa can yet boast of a single line  
completed. What were the old Roman  
roads in comparison to the footpaths of our  
iron horses. In 1835 there were only 15  
miles of railway in New York, now there are  
about 1,500, and a new line is now being  
run as far in one day as he could in eight  
days in that year. The wealth invested in  
railroads is enormous, and their influence  
upon mankind, in every respect, is beyond  
calculation. But this grand invention is not  
the limit of the great discoveries made in  
our day.

Who, if he were told, twenty years ago,  
that the sunlight would be used for a lin-  
er's pencil, would have believed it? Not  
one; and yet this has been done. When M.  
Daguere, a distinguished chemist of Paris,  
first published in 1839, that he had discov-  
ered a method of taking pictures on metal  
plates by the sun, the public regarded his  
metal tablets with feelings of wonder. And  
if this discovery has not yet produced such  
important results, nor affected the custom  
of society so much as the steamships and  
railways, still it is a beautiful and wonderful  
discovery; and the time may not be far  
distant when it will be applied to paint the  
planets as they roll in their courses, and thus  
impress the warm kiss of the star on the  
pale cheek of the artist's metallic canvas.

**From the Lyncing Gazette.**  
SMILES AND FEARS.

What a pleasant thing it is to watch a  
gradual smile steal over the territory of tears,  
and usurp the sovereignty of a beautiful  
face. It is like the morning radiance that  
gushes through the eastern clouds, or a hap-  
py summer sunset after a mid-day storm,  
glorifying and beautifying every object on  
which it rests. But nothing short of child-  
hood or womanhood may attempt the sud-  
den transition from overwhelming grief to  
ecstasy. With men it is usually gradual.  
We noted a little youngster the other day in  
an "agon of tears," the picture of abject  
sorrow, all of which was so suddenly dis-  
pelled by an application of bread and butter  
that we almost doubted his identity. It was  
him, though; and his face was soon so  
thick with smiles, and he attacked the bread  
with such indomitable will, that we could  
not help join with him in a display of  
ivory. Smiles and tears are both contagious.  
Some jovial souls lease themselves to laugh-  
ing jollity for merry life; while others have  
the blues from the time they cut their teeth  
until they cut their jugulars. We like the  
laughter. In fact, we could never see any-  
thing peculiarly interesting in a tear-drama,  
unless we except the closing act. We had  
rather submit ourselves to the most sublime  
activity of a thunder shower, than the soft  
patter of a tear-shower, from a pair of pret-  
ty eyes, on our hand or handkerchief. We  
are opposed to tearing hair and burning  
bush-vessels. But the "clearing up,"—that  
happy conjunction of storm and sunshine,  
when joy sparkles through the tear-drop, and  
returning gladness attempts a dimple on the  
cheek! Ah, there, Mr. Bachelor, is where  
they have you! If you withstand that, you  
shall be set down as a savage whose hard  
heart has defied the assault of woman's  
most potent arm of attack. You can regis-  
ter yourself as a candidate for Barnum first,  
and purgatory afterwards. But Allah keep  
us from the shady side! Give us the cloud-  
dispelling sun, the cars-dispelling smile. Let  
bandannas and umbrellas stay forever where  
sunshine is a plague, and a stillis nuisance  
—a benison to their profound inventors, the  
sage Chinese.

**A Philosophical Humberg.**

The Veteran Matthew Carey tells the an-  
tecedent anecdote of a distinguished  
Judge of Pennsylvania, in the Knickerbocker  
Magazine: "He stole his grandmother's fan,  
and covered it for a considerable time in a  
mud-puddle. Having disguised it as com-  
modely as in his power, he sent it to the So-  
ciety, with an elaborate description to prove  
that it was the wing of a bat, and a vote of  
thanks was passed to the donor. A debate  
arose as to the species to which it belonged  
—and a committee of seven was appointed  
to ascertain whether it was the wing of a  
Madagascar or a Candia bat. The commit-  
tee sat three weeks—and after consulting  
Buffon's Natural History and Goldsmith's  
Animated Nature, they reported that it must  
have belonged to a Madagascar bat. It was  
pronounced the greatest curiosity in the  
Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper  
which he hung up in the chimney, and dis-  
guised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon  
the Society as a part of Brahma's shirt!"

John Neal says, in an article in the  
last number of Sartain's Magazine, that to-  
bacco costs the world more yearly, than all  
its wars and systems of education.

VESSELS FOR THE MEXICAN NAVY.—A ship-  
builder in New York has five vessels upon  
the stocks for the Mexican Navy.

The following poem by MARTIN F.  
TOPPER, the author of "Proverbial Philoso-  
phy," has been kindly sent us for publica-  
tion. Many of our readers will be pleased  
to learn that Mr. TOPPER has just arrived in  
this country, and is now in New York.

**TO THE UNION.**  
Giant aggregate of nations,  
Glorious whole of glorious parts,  
Unto endless generations  
Live united, hands and hearts!  
Be it storm or summer weather,  
Peaceful, calm, or battle jar,  
Stand in beauteous strength together,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class dissension—  
Heal it up as quick as thought:  
Every petty phrase pretension—  
Crush it, as a thing of naught:  
Let no groan, private treason  
Your great onward progress bar,  
But remain in right and reason,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition!  
People, leave that toy to kings:  
Envy, jealousy, suspicion—  
Be above such grovelling things!  
In each other's joys delighted,  
All your hats be joys of war,  
And by all means keep united,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger:  
Still my counsel would be just—  
Break the band, and all is danger,  
Mutual fear, and dark distrust;  
But you know me for a brother,  
And a friend who speaks from far:  
Be as one then, with each other,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

So a peerless constellation,  
May these stars forever blaze!  
Three and ten times threefold nation,  
Go ahead in power and praise!  
Like the many-breasted goddess,  
Throned on her Ephesian car,  
Be one heart in many bodies,  
Sister States, as now ye are!

MARTIN F. TOPPER.  
Albany, January 15th, 1851.

**Canal and Rail Road Bridges.**

We publish, in another column of our  
paper of to-day, a Report made from the Com-  
mittee on Inland Navigation and Internal  
Improvement of the House of Representa-  
tives at Harrisburg, on the subject above  
mentioned. It embraces a matter which is  
daily becoming more interesting to those  
people who live in the neighborhood of Ca-  
nals and Railroads. The bridges thrown  
across our public works, that have been  
some years standing, are beginning to dilap-  
idate, and, in many instances, are no longer  
safe for crossing; and when either the State,  
or a company, neglects to repair those  
bridges, and the townships through which  
they pass, feel that they are not bound to re-  
pair or rebuild them, the danger, to the trav-  
elling community, becomes most apparent—  
hence, it is time the public should be advised  
in relation to the matter. The view taken  
of the subject, by the Committee, we think  
is a liberal one, and one that should govern  
all cases of the kind: they think the State is  
bound to keep these bridges in traveling or-  
der unless a different contract was made  
when they were built; or, unless, when  
damages were allowed by the State, to in-  
dividuals, in which amount of damages, al-  
ways, was included the stipulation that they  
were not to keep them in repair, no such  
stipulation could have taken place with re-  
gard to public roads; and, we presume, if  
there were any such, they applied only to  
bridges built for farm-use. The sum and  
substance, therefore, of the report is, that in  
all cases where the State has built bridges  
over their public works, either, on public  
roads, or private property, and where there  
is no understanding who should keep these  
bridges in repair, the State is bound to do  
it; and, of course, whatever rule the Legis-  
lature enforces on the State, will be equally  
applicable to companies who have made  
Canals and Railroads.

There is, then, but one matter left unex-  
plained, and that is: what is to be done,  
if, when any of these bridges become dan-  
gerous, the State or the Company neglects to  
repair them? The Supervisor, in every  
township, having charge of the public roads  
passing through their respective townships,  
and we should think they were equally  
bound to see to the condition of bridges on  
the roads, as the road itself. Now, if the  
Supervisor finds any of the bridges in a  
dangerous condition, he should immediately  
give notice thereof to the State Agents, or  
the Company to whom the same belongs,  
and if they do not, after reasonable no-  
tice, proceed to repair it, the Supervisor  
should do it, and bring his action against  
the owners for the full amount of cost and  
trouble—the same rule of proceeding would  
apply also to individuals, for whom bridges  
have built. We commend a perusal of the  
Report.—Norristown Watchman.

**ARISTOCRATIC PENMANSHIP.**—The Princess  
Augusta once asked Lord Walsingham for a  
frank. He wrote one for her in such unlit-  
terable characters, that after having travel-  
led half over England, it was opened and  
returned "illegible." The princess com-  
plained to Lord Walsingham, and he wrote  
another so legibly that it was returned to her  
royal highness marged "Forgery."

It Looks Nice.—To see a hearty, athletic  
man, going from door to door with a hand or-  
gan. Such fellows deserve to be blown out  
of every town with a tin horn.

Fifty coaches are now making  
Paris, to carry passengers across the Isthmus  
of Suez.

**Original Letter of Dr. Franklin.**

[The following letter, says the Christian  
Register was written by Dr. Franklin to  
Alex. Giles Frohisher, with whom he cor-  
responded for many years. It is believed  
that it has never before been published, and  
it is certainly very interesting as giving a  
view of the spirit of benevolence and ac-  
tive usefulness by which Dr. Franklin was  
governed, and also of the general tendency  
of his religious opinions. We are greatly  
indebted to the friend who has allowed us to  
publish it.]

PHILADELPHIA, June 6th, 1753.  
Dear Sir:—I received your kind letter of  
the 2d instant, and am glad to hear you in-  
crease in strength—I hope you will continue  
mending till you recover your former health  
and firmness.—Let me know whether you  
still use the cold bath, and what effect it has.  
As to the kindness you mention I wish it  
could have been of more service to you  
but if it had, the only thanks that I should  
desire is, that you would be equally ready to  
serve any other person that may need your  
assistance, so that no good offices go round,  
for mankind are all of a family.

For my own part when I am employed in  
serving others, I do not look upon myself as  
confering favors, but as paying debts. In  
my travels, and since my settlement, I have  
received much kindness from men to whom  
I shall never have an opportunity to make  
the least direct return; and numberless be-  
nefices from God who is infinitely above be-  
ing benefited by our services.—Those kind-  
nesses from men, I can only return on my  
fellow men; and I can only show my grate-  
ful for these mercies from God by a readi-  
ness to help his other children and my  
brethren; for I do not think that thanks and  
compliments, though repeated meekly, can  
discharge our real obligations to each other,  
and much less those to our creator.

You will in this see my notions of good  
works and that I am far from expecting  
Heaven by them. By Heaven we under-  
stand a state of happiness, infinite in degree  
and eternal in duration. I can do nothing  
to deserve such rewards. He that for giving  
a draught of water to a thirsty person should  
expect to be paid with a good plantation,  
would be modest in his demands compared  
with those who think they deserve Heaven  
by the good they do on earth. Even the  
most imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this  
world are rather from God's goodness than  
our merit, how much more so then the fel-  
icity of Heaven? For my own part I fol-  
low to expect, nor the ambition to desire it;  
but content myself in submitting to the will  
and disposal of Him that made me, who  
has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and  
in whose paternal goodness I may well con-  
fide, that he will never make me miserable,  
and that even the afflictions I may at any  
time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has doubtless its  
use in the world. I do not desire to see it  
diminished, nor would I lessen it in any  
man, but I wish it was more productive of  
good works, works of kindness, charity,  
mercy and public spirit; not holiday-keep-  
ing, sermon reading, or having performed  
church ceremonies, or making long prayers  
filled with flatteries and compliments, despi-  
sed even by wise men, and much less ca-  
pable of pleasing the Deity. The worship  
of God is a duty, the hearing or reading of  
sermons may be useful; but if a man regis-  
in hearing or praying as too many do, it is  
as if a tree should value itself upon being  
watered and putting forth leaves, though it  
never produced any fruit.

Your great master thought much less of  
these outward appearances and professions  
than many of his modern disciples; he pre-  
ferred the doors to the mere hearse; the  
son who seemingly refused to obey his father,  
and yet performed his commands, to him  
that professed his readiness, and yet neg-  
lected the work; the heretical though char-  
itable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though  
sanctified priest, and those who gave food  
to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment  
to the naked, entertainment to the stranger,  
and relief to the sick, though they never  
heard of His name. He declares shall be  
in the last day accepted, when those who  
only profess, but have neglected to perform  
their faith, though great enough to perform  
miracles, but have neglected to perform the  
works of benevolence, shall be rejected.

He professed he came not to call the rig-  
teous but sinners to repentance, which im-  
plied his modest opinion, that there were  
some in his time so good that they needed  
not hear even him, but now-a-days we have  
scarcely a person who does not think it the  
duty of every man within his reach to sit un-  
der his wretched ministrations, and wish  
whoever omits them, offends God. I wish  
to such more humility, and to you, sir, more  
health and happiness, being, &c.

**B. FRANKLIN.**  
We learn from the Lebanon Courier  
that the appraisers in the estate of Miss  
Molly Sholly, deceased, an old maid of that  
county, in looking over her property and ef-  
fects, found stowed away in some secret  
drawer or recess, the sum of twenty-one  
hundred dollars, sixteen of which was in  
specie.

COMPLIMENT TO THE CLERGY.—The Spring  
field Republican states that the Hon. Geo.  
Thompson, M. P., recently remarked in an  
address at the village of Union, N. Y., as  
follows: "Your country is not visited by the  
calamities of Pestilence or Famine, or what  
is worse, God has rained down upon you more  
than thirty thousand recreant Priests."

**THE LAW OF USURY.**

To constitute usury, it is not necessary that  
more than the legal rate of interest should  
be stipulated for, and agreed in terms to be  
given. It is sufficient if more than that be  
taken at the time of the loan with the know-  
ledge of the parties to the contract. The  
paying and receiving of more than legal in-  
terest, would show the implied agreement,  
and the true intention of the lender. If,  
however, the excess was paid by reason of  
miscalculation, or mistake, it would, of  
course, afford no evidence of a corrupt  
agreement. There can be no usury without  
an intention to take more than legal interest,  
and it cannot exist if either of the parties  
remain ignorant of the usurious reservation.  
Even where more than lawful interest is re-  
served with the knowledge of the lender,  
but without that of the borrower, the trans-  
action is not usurious. Ignorance of the  
law, however, affords no excuse, if the parties  
are aware of all the facts; and where  
more than legal interest is reserved, or taken  
by a party to a contract, upon a mistaken  
supposition of a legal right to do so, it is  
nevertheless a corrupt agreement within the  
statute.—Therefore if a mode of calculation  
be adopted which gives to the creditor more  
than legal interest, and the lender knows it  
will have that effect, he is guilty of usury,  
although he may not suspect that he is vi-  
olating law.

Where a pre-existing valid debt is incor-  
porated in a security, given in part for a us-  
urious loan, the instrument is void. The law-  
ful and usurious considerations cannot be  
separated so as to uphold the security in  
part, in proportion to the amount of the valid  
indebtedness. The whole is a nullity. But  
the legal debt is not affected, and may be  
recovered, without regard to the usurious  
contract.

Where, on the loan of money there is, an  
usurious agreement, it is not material whether  
the illegal premium be actually paid, or  
only promised. The contract is entire, and  
upon its terms, taken together, depends the  
question of usury. The amount of money,  
therefore, in fact paid, is of no consequence  
whatever, provided there is an understand-  
ing between the parties that the illegal pre-  
mium shall in future be advanced. Nor is  
it a matter of any legal importance, whether  
the contracts is contained in a single instru-  
ment, or embraced in several writings. The  
law cannot be evaded by any attempt at di-  
visibility. All the acts of the parties at the  
time, are regarded as a single transaction,  
forming but one agreement. Consequently,  
if once note be taken for the sum actually  
loaned, and another for the usurious premi-  
um, both securities are equally void.

The contract may be partly in writing, and  
partly by parol, in which case oral evidence  
is admissible, to show the real agreement.—  
So that if a notice is given merely for the  
sum lent, with a lawful interest, if there be  
a verbal agreement to pay usury, the instru-  
ment is illegal and void.

A tavern keeper, once upon a time,  
having acquired considerable property grew  
very careless, and so offended the lawyers  
by whom his house had for many years  
been visited, that during a crowded session  
of the court they with one accord forsook  
him, leaving behind them the following  
Parody on the Declaration of Independence.

When in the course of human events it  
becomes necessary for a half hungry, half  
fed, imposed on set of men, to dissolve the  
bands of landlord and boarder, a decent re-  
spect for the opinions of mankind requires  
that they should declare the causes which  
have impelled them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self evident;  
all men are created with mouths and stom-  
achs; and they are endowed by their Cre-  
ator with certain inalienable rights, among  
which are, that no man should be com-  
pelled to starve, out of mere compliance to a  
landlord, and that every man has a right to  
fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the  
best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the  
White Lion is a history of repeated insults,  
exactions and injuries, all having in direct  
object the establishment of absolute tyr-  
anny over our stomachs and throats. To prove  
this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.  
He has refused to keep anything to drink  
but bald face whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for  
dinner anything but lump suds, with a lit-  
tle rough beef and sour-crot, which are not  
very wholesome and necessary for the pub-  
lic good.

He has refused to let his only servant, (old  
blink-eyed Joe) put more than six grains of  
coffee in one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of mus-  
quitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of  
the night and eat up our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bed-  
steads, standing armies of merciless sav-  
ages, whose rule of warfare is undistin-  
guished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection a-  
mong us, by taking ditters before breakfast,  
and making his wife and servants do the  
same before dinner, whereby there is often  
the very device to pay.