

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH

W. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right, and our Country.

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*John East*

## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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### Little at First, but Mighty at Last.

**BY CHARLES MACKAY.**  
A traveller thought a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the sea,  
And one took root, and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows,  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs.  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,  
The birds sweet music bore,  
It stood a glory in its place,  
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Which weary men might turn;  
He valued it, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again—and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life besides!  
A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'Twas old, and yet was new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monetary flame.  
The thought was small—its issue great;  
A watch-fire on the hill,  
It sheds its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid the crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult through—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O font! O word of love,  
O thought that roused a cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

### FANCY FLOORED BY FACT.

**A LEAF FROM REAL LIFE.**  
A few evenings since we slipped our arm  
in that of a friend's, and sauntered out upon  
the velvet banks of Canfish. The full orb  
moon was urging her way through starry  
ether, and the stream meandered like a vein  
of silver until it lost itself in the boom of  
the distant hills. It was a calm and lovely  
evening, like that on which the heart-sick  
Troilus, standing on the Trojan walls, looked  
forth upon the Grecian tents and sighed for  
his gentle Creesia. All nature seemed to be  
wrapped in a spell of silent beauty.  
"In such an hour," said our friend, in a  
semi-sad and melancholy tone, "I am re-  
minded of my heart's first dream, and the  
creature of that dream will contend for the  
last glance of my eye when it closes in death."  
Counting upon a bit of love and romance  
and always interested in stories of the heart,  
we prevailed with our friend, and he narrated  
the following, which we are at liberty to  
lay before our readers:  
"A few years ago, perhaps eight, but  
no matter—my attention was attracted by  
"a bright particular star," mirrored forth by  
the New York Mirror, and known to the  
literary world as "Fanny Forester."  
It was the brightest in the galaxy which shone  
around the nucleus, N. P. Willis. It rose  
not from the horizon as other stars are wont,  
but burst forth in full-orbed glory from its  
far high home, and looked lovingly down  
upon quiet landscapes, silvery streams,  
opening buds, and blooming flowers. Its  
pretty arcs of light seemed to reach far  
down into the deep valleys, and gather up  
the sweets of earth, and it even fingered about  
my heart, until its aspirations leapt away  
like little angels of another world.  
"I was then a contributor to the New  
York Mirror, hinting my desire to know  
something of the brilliant stranger, who  
informed me that he, also was in the dark  
as to her real name; but that she promised  
him, in good time, to lay aside her nom de  
plume, and come forth to bear the plaudits of  
a heart-stricken world. In the mean while,  
the "charming Fanny" must remain the  
"great unknown."—a second "ominous um-  
bra"—a Junia in petticoats. I loved the  
sweet creature—and I could not help it—  
Who was she? where and how lived she?  
were questions always in my mind. I  
thought over all the beautiful names I ever  
read in novels or other books—Dante's  
Beatrice, Shakespeare's Ophelia, Bun's Mary,  
and all the Agnes, Clara, Theodosia, Vir-  
ginia, Julia, and Floras, of fiction and his-  
tory—but none of them possessed the sweet-  
ness and sympathy that must belong to my  
dear Fanny. In a few months, however, I  
learned it. My me, my good friend,  
it was Emily Childs!

"Well, the agony did not last forever; it  
went off, in time, like a fit of mania  
pne, it left my nerves as much untroubled  
as an untroubled harp. Things will turn up  
sometimes to save a man's life; and I lived to

witness some further twinklings of the bright  
eyed stranger. I dreamed a dream, which  
was all a dream; and in that dream I saw  
Miss Chubbuck—Miss Emily, you know, for  
I had schooled my heart to think something  
better of the name—a little curly headed  
romp of sweet sixteen, just from boarding  
school, running wild through the woods, and  
floundering among the flowers; now sing-  
ing like a nightingale; now wading through  
the waters of Alderbrook, with her duds  
lucked up, chasing the silver minnows up  
and down the stream, while her plump little  
feet and ankles out beautied the lips of the  
sea shells; then I saw her cheeks bursting  
almost with a living invitation to kiss them,  
and her little hands ready to give you a slap  
if you ventured to accept the honor; and  
soon I watched the bright career of the lovely  
luminary, and thought that, after gladden-  
ing the world with its beautiful rays, it  
would act as the stars do—not melt away  
into the light of heaven. But now don't  
abuse my confidence, and laugh when you  
should weep—she got married—she did  
without a word of advice from Willis or me,  
and my dream became a "baseless fabric"  
indeed. She was made a wife, the third  
wife of Dr. Judson, a steady and sober mis-  
sionary of the respectable age of three score  
and five years. Oh Moses!

"To that period, I date the unravelling of  
"this mortal coil," and it is now whirling  
"down an early victim to the grave—not of  
unrequited love—but of a generous and ar-  
dent imagination—I shall. I have loved my  
last love, and dreamed my last dream; and  
henceforth there is laid up for me in some  
warehouse of eternity, a store of bitter mem-  
ories and fond regrets. Fanny—no, I mean  
Emily Chubbuck—no, Mrs. Judson, being  
now a widow, is about to return to the  
United States, and will bring with her a brace  
or two of little Judsons. In the meantime,  
I don't know where I'll be. Perhaps the  
roses of June will bend over my tomb—  
perhaps—but it's no use! Thus far through  
life

"In vain  
I've worn my sandals shoon and scallop shell,  
Do you pity me?" We gave him a nod,  
and urged an immediate return. We saw  
our friend once since: he was high up in the  
croch of a tree, with a rope dangling  
from his hand. If he swung off, the crows  
held the "crow-ner's" quest; over his body,  
gave some care for his death and buried him  
by piece-meal!—Wash. Commonwealth.

### WHAT THE GIRLS ARE DOING.

Says the American Union, "we doubt if it  
be generally known to what an extent the  
manufacture of straw bonnets is carried on,  
in Massachusetts. Some of the choicest  
work produced in America, in this line, is  
said to come from the hands of the girls in  
Framingham, Holliston, and Foxborough,  
in this State. A very extensive trade is be-  
ing carried on also in this line, in Medford,  
Franklin, and other towns, in that vicinity.  
The value of straw bonnets made in Med-  
ford, for instance, in a single twelve months,  
was over \$130,000. This year, upwards of a  
hundred young ladies are employed there,  
at braiding this material, and the average  
wages earned in the business is from five to  
seven dollars per week. This is large pay,  
for the services of young women, and we  
rejoice that they are able to earn such hand-  
some compensation for their labor.  
In the town of Foxborough, 13,854 straw  
bonnets were made in one year, valued at  
\$122,000. The value of the same article  
made in Franklin in one year was \$160,000.  
These bonnets find their principal market  
in New York. The business is very profit-  
able, it is a very nice employment for fe-  
males, and the article thus produced, com-  
petes successfully with those of a similar  
character which are imported.  
We often wonder says the Mail, that  
females in the city, who sew for a song a  
day, do not go into this business, and make  
\$1 a day. It should however, be said that  
straw bonnet making only lasts about half  
the year, say from November until June—  
But it is better to work half the year, and  
get paid for it, and then rest and enjoy life,  
than to work the whole of the year with  
half pay, and get no rest or enjoyment.  
Every body loves the industrious working  
girls, with their rosy cheeks, bright eyes,  
and elastic footsteps! Such girls made good  
wives—and happy indeed will those men be  
who secure such prizes. Contrast them  
with those who do nothing but sigh all day,  
and live to "How all the fashions, who  
never eat the bread they eat or the shoes  
they wear, who are languid and lazy from  
one week's end to another. Who but a  
simperton and a popinjay would prefer one  
of the latter if he were looking for a com-  
panion! Give us the working girls. They  
are worth their weight in gold. You never  
see them minding along or jump a dozen  
feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly. They  
have no affections, no squeamish airs about  
them. When they meet you they speak  
without putting on a dozen silly airs, or try-  
ing to show off to better advantage, and  
you feel as if you were speaking to a human  
being, and not to a painted fallen angel.

"Elder Brigham Young pledges his  
honour that he has only six wives! He  
is the saint upon whom fell the mantle of  
Joe Smith.

A CORRECTION.—"Suz," said a careful  
Quaker to a spendthrift, "then art a rake?"  
"Nay, father," replied the promising youth,  
"thou art the rake, and I am the spender."

### THE MERITS OF LIBERALITY.

**From the Pittsburg Ledger.**  
Liberality is one of the noblest attributes  
of a generous spirit; yet there are various  
reservations and qualifications that should  
attend the term before it is applied to every  
one who spends his money profusely. Some  
say—we don't know who any more—  
"a man may ostentatiously display a seeming  
liberality in public places, and yet be the  
most despicably mean creature on God's  
footstool. Let us make ourselves understood  
—and we can do it no more striking way  
than in presenting one instance of the many  
that are daily brought to our notice. A man  
will enter a public place, and being anxious  
to rate as "a whole-soul fellow" and be con-  
sidered among the travellers as one of 'em,  
he boldly insists that the whole 'crowd'  
shall 'stand up to the rack,' and 'take some  
thing,' while he offers a toast that is death  
on the pigmy creature in human shape who  
happens to stand near him. He is a jolly  
'brandy-smasher' in a company of jolly  
b'hoys. Gracious! what a liberal and mag-  
nanimous fellow that will be in the estima-  
tion of a certain class of people! He's a  
fellow with a heart big enough to fill all out  
of doors, according to their estimate of what  
it takes to constitute such a character. But  
turn over the picture and look at the other  
side for a moment. Whose money is it  
that this extremely liberal fellow is spend-  
ing?—If you enquire of him, if you enquire  
of the chances to one, you find he owes the  
storekeeper, the tailor, the hatter, the shoe-  
maker, his washerwoman, his boarding-  
house keeper and every body he can borrow  
money of for a few days only, and, as a  
matter of course, the printer. It was, there-  
fore, not his money upon which he was  
making such a bust; and when the romance  
comes to be taken from his nest, it is found  
that he might just as well have put his hands  
into other people's pockets and taken there-  
from the money upon which he is displaying  
such gracious liberality. He can show off,  
he can stand treat—he can appear not at all  
to regard the contemptible self—he can de-  
nounce the stingy misers who refuse to join  
him in his carousals of dissipation—and all  
the time he is doing it at the expense of these  
very ones he is denouncing.  
Now, if there is any meanness that we  
loathe to an utter scorn, it is that spirit which  
flourishes at other people's expense. We  
consider the man who is guilty of it, meaner  
(in the words of Mrs. Farrington,) than  
parley, and lower than a pig—for while the  
latter will get into your feed chest and make  
a glutton of himself, he will not effect a  
mischief at your expense, by inviting  
friendly pigs to participate.  
These are not uncalled for remarks. We  
see every day, men living beyond their in-  
comes, when they might live comfortably  
within them. There can be no greater mis-  
take committed by the man who desires to  
live honestly, than by exceeding his means  
(when his income is reasonable) in his ex-  
penditures. As soon as he does that, he is  
getting into somebody else's pocket. To do  
it is dishonest—and a very bad kind of dis-  
honesty, too. It is swindling economical  
men, who are trying to "lay up something  
for a stormy day," out of their hard earn-  
ings.  
Now there is one way to be liberal much  
preferable to the false liberalty we have  
been condemning; and it is to pay every man  
what you owe him, be ever ready to assist  
a brother in distress, encourage all efforts  
for the intellectual and moral improvement of  
society, be kind and generous towards your  
friends, and wrong no one. This liberalty  
will not leave you with the crown of your  
hat going flipperly-flap, it will not rob you of  
your credit, it will destroy your health, and  
it will not make you despised by every respec-  
table man. It is at least, worth trying.

**DELICACY.**  
Delicacy is natural to the sex, says  
the Boston Post, and Mrs. Swisshelm doesn't  
yield to Mrs. Ann Royal in the modesty  
which constitute their principal charm. Mrs.  
Swisshelm edits a newspaper in Pittsburg,  
in which, besides deciding all great matters  
of slavery, politics, morals and literature,  
she instructs her sisters how to peel onions,  
maintain their rights, clean case knives, and  
make "a nice haub." Nor does our fair co-  
temporary stop at that, but in a late number  
of the "Saturday Visitor" she accomplished  
lady bares before us the mysteries of the  
toilet, and, in her own inimitable style, gives  
the following interesting direction "how a  
lady should wash herself." The bathing  
course in Thompson's Seasons isn't a touch  
to it, and Grace Greenwood's swimming  
song is tame in comparison. Says Mrs.  
Swisshelm:  
"You only want a basin of water to towel,  
a rag and five minutes time. When you  
go up in the morning pin a petticoat very  
loosely at the waist, draw your arms out  
of the sleeves of your chemise, and let it drop  
over your waist, take your rag well wetted and  
slap your back and shoulders, rub your arms  
and chest, throw handfuls of water around  
your ears and back of the neck. Then  
throw your towel across you back and 'sew'  
it dry—rub fast, until you are quite dry, put  
on your chemise sleeves, draw on a night  
gown to keep from chilling, while you tack  
your skirts up under one arm, until you dry  
one limb, drop that side and do the other  
likewise, and be sure that the small of the  
back and the sides get their full share of  
rubbing; this done, sit down, dip one foot  
in the basin, rub and dry it, put on your  
stocking and shoe, and then wash the oth-  
er."

### Getting into Bed with a Corpse.

A few months since, about nine o'clock  
one evening, a son of Erin called at a coun-  
try tavern, in the western part of Pennsyl-  
vania, and demanded lodging for the night.  
It was evident from his appearance and ac-  
tions that he and liquor had been quite jolly  
companions throughout the day. The land-  
lord was a lazy, good natured soul, and had  
imbibed rather freely that day himself.  
"If I give you a light, and tell you where  
the room is, you can find the place," said  
the landlord.  
"Och, an' it's meself that can do that  
most illogically. 'Jist show me the way, an'  
I'll find it easy," rejoined the Irishman.  
The directions were given him, and also  
a candle. He was directed to go into a room  
in the second story of the house. By the  
time that he had reached the top of the  
stairs his light had become extinguished,  
and he had forgotten in what direction he  
was to go—Seeing rays of light issuing  
from a room, the door of which stood slight-  
ly ajar, he reconnoitered the side of the  
room, and found it contained a bed, in  
which lay a man, and a stand with a small  
lighted lamp upon it—Feeling disinclined  
to make any further search for the room to  
which he had been directed, he divested  
himself of his clothing and quietly crept in-  
side to the back part of the bed. He had been  
in the bed but a few minutes, when a young  
lady and gentleman entered the room.

The Irishman eyed them closely. They  
seated themselves on chairs in close proxim-  
ity to each other, and after chatting merrily  
for a short time, the young man threw his  
arm around her waist in a caressful manner,  
and imprinted a kiss upon her tempting lips.  
—There was a witchery in it which deman-  
ded a repetition. The scene amused the  
Irishman vastly, and being free from selfish-  
ness, he concluded that his sleeping com-  
panion should be a participant with him in  
the enjoyment of the scene, and to this end  
nudged him—but his companion stirred not.  
He then put his hand upon him, and  
found that he was tightly locked in the cold  
embrace of death! Simultaneous with this  
discovery he bounded out of bed, exclaiming—  
"Murder! murder! Howly saints or  
hiven, persect me!"  
He had scarcely touched the floor with his  
feet, before the young lady and gentleman  
were making rapid strides towards the stair-  
way, with terror depicted on their counte-  
nances. They had just reached the top of  
the stairs when the Irishman came dashing  
along as though all the fiends of Erebus  
were close at his heels, intent on making  
him their prey, and the whole three went  
tumbling down stairs, and it is hard to de-  
termine which of the three reached the foot  
of the stairs first. The landlord stood  
aghast as the Irishman rushed into the bar-  
room, with nothing on between him and  
nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt,  
the hair on his head standing upon end, his  
eye-balls ready to leap from their sockets,  
and he gasping for breath. It was a sight  
that would have made a man laugh who  
had worn a vinegar face from the day of  
his birth. Nothing could induce him to  
seek a bed that night again. When the  
young lady and gentleman found that it was  
not the corpse that had so unceremoniously  
bounded from the bed, they returned to the  
room, (they being the watchers for the night),  
and, doubtless, commenced their courting at  
the very point where it was so suddenly  
broken off.

**ONCE IN THE TORRID ZONE.**—The earth  
has no spot upon its surface, either inhabited  
or otherwise, which is so cold as Yakutsk,  
a paltry yet principal town of Eastern Sibe-  
ria, where a few wooden houses are inter-  
mixed with numerous huts plastered over  
with manure, and windowed with ice.  
In this dreary and remote region, the  
earth is always frozen—the summer thaw  
never reaching below three feet from the  
surface, the subterranean ice having a com-  
muted depth of 300 yards! Yet man lives  
here, amidst almost eternal snow, which  
seems to set at defiance the notions of sun,  
dry modern philosophers that tropical fruits  
can, or will in time, be made to luxuriate  
even at the north pole! At all events, the  
researches of science have brought to light  
some of the wonders of creation even in  
desolate, frozen Siberia, in respect to the  
fossils remains of animals which cannot  
by the laws of nature exist in any other than  
the Torrid Zone. But whether our earth  
has shifted its position (according to some), or  
whether man, by his departure from the  
laws of Nature, has caused the dreariness  
and desolation to a vast portion of the globe,  
is a problem which has yet to be solved.

**IMPROVEMENT LEGISLATION.**—Notwith-  
standing the last Congress had a debt of some  
twenty millions or more, staring them in  
the face, they voted away more than ten mil-  
lions of acres of the public lands to endow mad-  
houses. Such improvident legislation is  
wrong, and the sooner or later the nation will  
find it out; when public domain is all wasted  
away, and the high tariff or direct taxation  
is fastened upon the people to enable gov-  
ernment to meet its obligations, we will  
then hear regrets and complaints when it  
will be too late, when no remedy can be  
found. We call upon the people—the Demo-  
cratic people—to speak to their Representa-  
tives and vote them to avoid these things,  
which the organs of the aristocracy count-  
ingly place before them, that a "splendid  
government" may finally be built upon the  
sweat and blood of the people.—Edw. Argus.

### I got a Going and Couldn't Stop.

A little boy named Frank, was standing  
in the yard, when his father called him:  
"Frank!"  
"Sir?" said Frank, and started full speed  
and ran into the street.  
His father called him back, and asked  
him if he did not hear his first call.  
"Yes, sir," answered Frank.  
"Well, then," said his father, "what made  
you run into the street?"  
"O," said Frank, "I got a going and  
couldn't stop."  
This is the way a great many boys get  
into difficulty, they get a going and can't  
stop. The boy that tells lies, bogan first to  
stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story,  
or relate an anecdote with a very little vari-  
ation, till he got a going and couldn't stop  
till he came out a full grown liar.  
The boy that was brought before the Pol-  
ice and sent to the House of Correction, for  
stealing began by taking little things—by  
stealing sweets and other nice things from  
his companions at school. He got a  
going, and couldn't stop till he got into  
jail.  
These two boys that you see fighting out  
upon the green, began by bantering each  
other in fun. At length they began to get  
angry and dispute, and call each other  
names, till they got agoging and couldn't stop.  
They will separate with black eyes and  
bloody noses.

There is a young man sitting late with  
his companions at the gaming-table. He has  
flushed cheeks, an anxious look, a despair-  
ing countenance. He has lost his last dollar.  
He began by playing marbles in the street;  
but he got agoging and couldn't stop.  
Seeing that young man with a dark lantern  
stealing money from his master's drawer.  
He is a merchant's clerk. He came from  
the country a promising boy. But the rest  
of the clerks went to the theatre, and he  
thought he must go too. He began thinking  
he would go only once, just to say that he  
had been to the theatre. But he got a  
going and couldn't stop. He had used up  
all his wages, and wants more money. He  
cannot resist the temptation, when he knows  
there is money in the drawer. He has got  
agoging—he will stop in the State Prison.  
Hark! do you hear that horrid oath?—It  
comes from the foul mouth of a little boy in  
the street. He began by saying bywords;  
but he got agoging and couldn't stop.

**FREEDOM.**  
Switzerland, whose independence gains  
the admiration of Europe, and  
whose free spirit baffles their schemes of  
universal bondage, has at last become a mar-  
ked victim for Russian subjugation, and now  
awakens the intense interest of the liberal-  
ity of the old world, and cannot fail to excite  
a keen and lively sympathy in the hearts of  
the American people. The Cologne Gazette  
contains the following eloquent passage, in  
reference to this meditated death-grip of  
the "rugged Russian Bear." It is Russia  
that is driving on coercive measures in Swit-  
zerland. The Russian Emperor fancies he  
has the Divine calling to restore order (despo-  
tism) in Europe. Having succeeded to his  
father's content in Germany, he is carrying  
out his plans with vigor, but without haste,  
westward. Like the blades of a pair of scis-  
sors, Russia stretches forth her two proteges,  
Austria and Prussia, to cut off the buds of  
freedom whenever they appear. Already,  
in 1847, before the War of Sonderbund,  
Russian diplomacy guided the measures  
against Switzerland, which were frustrated  
by the slowness of Lord Palmerston and the  
activity of M. Dufour. The crime of Swit-  
zerland is, that it has selected a constitution  
of its own without paying any regard to the  
aimonitions of the great powers that sought  
to force their protection upon it. It is, there-  
fore, called a focus of Revolution; the Alps  
are looked upon as volcanoes of insurrection!"  
So that Russia has a Divine mission, under  
his Satanic majesty to strangle infant freedom  
in every land; but those infants may yet  
become giants and strangle the Bear.—Public  
Lodge.

**LEGAL DECISIONS.**  
In the Supreme Court, Philadelphia, on  
Monday last, the following opinions were  
given, which may be of interest to our read-  
ers, as evolving points of law not generally  
understood:  
Hoopes vs Carver—Opinions by Chambers,  
J.—In an action of trespass for removal of  
fence, the party on one side relied upon  
a paper title; the other side relied upon  
twenty-one years adverse possession. To this  
plea it was answered that the defendant had  
entered on the land within twenty-one  
years, surveyed the ground and removed the  
fence beyond the land now claimed. The  
plaintiff was present, and said that the strip  
of land between the one fence and the new  
land had been promised him by defendant.  
Held that the circumstances were sufficient  
to prevent any effect being given the plea  
of adverse possession. Judgment reversed,  
and venire de novo awarded.  
Marberger vs. Post—Opinion by Coulter, J.  
A surety is not discharged by mere forbear-  
ance to sue. It is necessary that he should  
do some act to warn the holder of the instru-  
ment and put on his guard, such as giving  
some notice to proceed against the principal.  
"I hereby acknowledge to be security for  
the within amount of \$500 until satisfactorily  
paid by W. A." is not a guarantee, but a  
security, which is not discharged by mere  
neglect to proceed against the principal with-  
out notice to the plaintiff to do so. Judgment  
reversed and v. d. n.  
Road in Pocopson, per Curiam—Viewers of  
a private road are required by the road law  
to report whether it is necessary. A report  
that "there is occasion for it," though not  
strictly within the words of the law, will  
authorize the proceeding to lay out the road.  
Proceeding affirmed.  
Lewis vs Rogers—Opinion by Gibson, C. J.  
Money paid by a Sheriff to a party claim-  
ing a fund, upon agreement that it shall  
be repaid if the rights of other claimants are  
established, cannot be recovered in a suit  
in the Sheriff's name. An action may be main-  
tained by a promisee to a third party who has  
paid the money beneficially interested in it, but a Sher-  
iff, who does not incur the risk of a mispay-  
ment, has no right to impose conditions or  
take a promise to refund.

### INSIDE OF A PALACE

A glimpse of the inside of a palace of the  
King of Sardinia was given in the Ledger of  
Saturday, and is given in life colors by the  
correspondent of a New York paper, which,  
dazzling as it is, only furnishes a wholesome  
lesson to the lover of his specimens against  
the pomp, magnificence and frivolity that is  
purchased at such an immense cost of life,  
misery, vice, poverty, famine and degrada-  
tion. How many families does the bed-  
chamber of the Queen of Sardinia doom to  
the most gripping woe—the most wretched  
depravity! Is not every jewel that sparkles  
on his Kingship's crown, every diamond that  
adorns the person of the Queen, obtained at  
a sacrifice of blood and tears? Blessed be  
the simplicity of republican government—  
this blessed is the sublime economy of this  
popular democracy, whose only State pomp  
is eloquence, freedom and equal rights. No  
wonder Lycurgus coined his money of iron  
—no wonder the Greeks hated tyrants—no  
wonder Sparta fed her legions on black broth  
—when the pride, luxury and lust of man  
bounds so wantonly over the barriers of jus-  
tice and rights to indulge in regal vices that  
unman his nature, and make him an object  
of hatred to the poor, contempt to the wise,  
and compassion to the gentle. But the pic-  
ture of the palace is not complete, for when  
the writer had drawn the royal chamber,  
glittering with gold and jewels, he should  
have proceeded to the prison, and given us  
daguerotypes of its squalid victims, its  
sadler tenants, its revolting fruits of all this  
dazzling magnificence. Short is the time,  
however, that is now allotted to these pala-  
ces to shine over the dreary scene of popular  
bondage. A spirit is abroad, even in Italy,  
that must redeem the race from this last  
remnant of feudal degradation. Cheap and  
simple governments must everywhere super-  
sede these agony-piled monuments of pride,  
power and despotism. The moral and po-  
litical effects of printing and steam power  
are only beginning to bud; they have yet to  
bloom and come to seed in Europe, where  
the harvest of modern mind is yet to be gar-  
nered, and where the people are yet to feel  
the blessings (and they will feel them)  
enjoyed by Americans under the glorious  
canopy of popular freedom, warmed and en-  
lightened by the beams of truth, justice and  
philanthropy.

**CONSELS.**  
When I was over in your tower,  
A week ago or more,  
I saw a very singular thing,  
I never seen before.  
'Twas hanging in a window case,  
Upon a string a straddle—  
Looked something like an hour glass,  
And something like a saddle.  
I asked of several "gen's"  
Who chanced to be at hand,  
"What was it?" but their gibberish  
I could not understand.  
One fellow called it "a restraint,  
On certain parties placed;  
Like a decree in chancery,  
To stay the tenant's waste!"  
Another just the queerest chap  
Of any in the swarm—  
Said, "It was the mould of fashion, but  
It was the mould of form."  
"Another said "it was a machine  
A lady used to rig her,  
To bring her life and form into  
The very smallest figure.  
At last a little girl came out,  
And think of my amazement—  
She asked me "if I wouldn't please  
To buy a pair of stays?"  
Of course I've heard of "stays" before,  
But strike me deaf and dumb,  
If 't's I until that hour,  
I surmised "them was 'um."  
Well, isn't it exceeding strange,  
That any maid or wife,  
Just for a little taper, should  
Put out the lamp of life?  
I know that the lunatics must have  
Straight jackets put about 'em,  
But women in their wits could make  
A shift to do—without 'em!"  
From the Albany Dutchman.

### Crumbs for All Kinds of Children.

LOVE—A man, who, in his anxiety to  
obtain possession of another, has lost pos-  
session of himself. Lovers are seldom  
tired of one another's society, because they  
are always speaking of themselves. Let us  
not, therefore, despise this fond infatuation,  
for all its tendencies are elevating. He who  
passes through life without ever being in  
love, has no spring-time—no summer in his  
existence; his heart is as a flowering plant  
which hath never blown—never developed  
itself—never put forth its beauty and perfume  
—never given nor received pleasure.  
The love of our youth, like Camel  
oil, is not to be despised, but it may be  
blasted by almost any match; but its transient  
blaze do not pass away in smoke, its flame,  
o'er bright and ardent to last long, soon ex-  
hausts and consumes itself. The love of  
our maturer age is like coke, which, when  
once ignited, burns with a steady and en-  
during heat, emitting neither smoke nor  
flame.  
No wonder that we hear so much of the  
"sorrows of love, for there is a pleasure even  
in dwelling upon its pains. Revelling in  
tears, its fire, like that of Naphtha, likes to  
swim upon water.  
Lovers must not trust too implicitly to  
their visual organs. A tender ear can  
reproach his insinuator with offering a  
tongue to kiss her hand, a fact which she  
indignantly denied. "But I saw it!" "Nay,  
then," cried the offended fair, "I am now  
convinced you do not love me, since you  
believe your eyes in preference to my  
word."  
MAN—An image of the Deity, which co-  
incidentally acts as if he were anxious to fill  
up a niche in the temple of the Devil. The  
only creature which, knowing its mortality  
and immortality, lives as if it were never to  
die, and too often dies as if it were never to  
live: the soul being gifted with reason, the  
only one that acts irrationally: the nothing  
of yesterday—the dust of to-morrow. Man  
is a fleeting paradox, which the fitness of  
time alone can explain; a living enigma, of  
which the solution will be found in death.

The muss that came off near the Little  
Basin yesterday, between a lot of canallers  
on the first part and a lot of Corkinians on  
the second part, would have terminated  
amicably, but just as the belligerents were  
about shaking hands, a disorganizing fit  
advised them to "never give it up," and  
in less than five minutes all hands were at  
it again. When our reporter left, the Can-  
allers were one bloody nose a-head. We  
shall issue an extra as soon as the "eyes"  
are counted.  
There is a place in South America where  
manuscripts are so large, that the people  
have to use sheet iron shires and copper  
bottomed continuations. Their shires are of  
that size, that house-carpenters frequently  
cut them off and use them for an axe.

"Mammy, Mrs. Perdon, the washerwo-  
man, says she is coming over to spend the  
afternoon with you."  
"If Mrs. Perdon wants the front door  
through her head she had better attempt  
it."  
The Mining Register says that one of  
Cape's Circular Saws has recently been  
erected on the property of the Farmers' Bank  
of Reading and the estate of S. Greenow,  
near Ewellville, in "Chaykilk county." For  
cutting timber it exceeds an other mill in  
this part of the country. Upon trial of ordi-  
nary speed, it has sawed a cut through a 35  
foot pine log in one minute. On another tri-  
al, a log 12 feet long was sawed in five min-  
utes, making 12 boards—125 feet. This mill  
will cut timber, pine, oak and hemlock, to  
the length of 50 feet.

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I never seen before.  
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Upon a string a straddle—  
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And something like a saddle.

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Who chanced to be at hand,  
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