

John Estlin

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

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SONG FOR THE THINKERS. BY CHARLES SWAIN. Take the spade of perseverance, Dig the field of Progress wide, Every rotten root of faction, Every stubborn weed of Error, Every seed that hurts the soil, Tares, whose very growth is terror—Dig them out, whate'er the toil!

From the Public Ledger. Philadelphia and the Lake Railroads. The people of every State in the Union naturally feel an elevated pride in the wealth, magnitude and prosperity of their chief commercial city. It is their first desire to open and cultivate a business intercourse in their own State before they advance beyond its borders to enter the market of the comparative stranger, with whom there does not exist the same feeling of brotherhood as at home. To foster this generous impulse, however, it is the duty as it is the interest of the commercial metropolis of a State to keep pace with its neighbors in the construction and maintenance of the most approved modes of travel and importation.

It is to be remembered in this regard, new interests will grow up and fresh associations will be formed, independent of State lines, which, in the end, will merely smother the yearnings of State pride, but will generate in its stead a feeling nearly akin to patriotism or dislike. If Philadelphia would prevent the growth of this feeling in Pennsylvania, she must extend her iron arms into the northern counties. Since the completion of the New York and Erie Railroad, which penetrates into two counties and runs near the line of seven other counties, the trade of at least eleven counties, exceeding in area and importance the entire State of New Jersey, has been diverted to the City of New York! The quickest and most convenient communication now open between Philadelphia and the northern counties of Pennsylvania is through the city of New York. It is not strange, then, that the citizens of those counties should make their purchases and sales in New York; because the railroad facility of that city enables them to do so to better advantage than in Philadelphia.

From Waverly to New York, 266m Philadelphia, 221m Difference in favor of Philadelphia, 45m The Towanda route presents no natural obstacles to be overcome that are not met with on the Williamsport route.

Again it is perfectly obvious to every one who has examined the subject, that ere many years elapse, a railroad will be constructed along the great valley of the Susquehanna, and thus will be established communications with Baltimore as well as Philadelphia by that route; also, that a railroad will be built along the valley of the Lehigh to Easton, and thence by way of Somerville to New York. Catawissa will then become the point whence railroads will diverge to the three cities—to Philadelphia by the Schuylkill valley, to Baltimore by the Susquehanna valley, and to New York by the Lehigh valley. The relative distances are as follows:

From Catawissa to Philadelphia, 142 m " " Baltimore, 158 m " " New York, 179 m Difference in favor of Philadelphia, against Baltimore, 16 miles. Difference in favor of Philadelphia, against New York, 37 miles. By the extension of a railroad from Pottsville, to connect with the Catawissa route, the distance from Catawissa to Philadelphia can be reduced to considerably below 142 miles, and thus, per consequence, the distance against Baltimore and New York, will be correspondingly increased. But, before Catawissa can be reached, Philadelphia must complete the road from Tamques, 44 miles, most of which is ready to receive the rails. Baltimore must build 70 miles of new road, and New York must build 129 miles of new road to perfect their connections. And even when those connections shall be made, Philadelphia can tap the Baltimore branch at Harrisburg, and the New York branch at Allentown and Easton, and thus control the whole trade.

It will be seen from these figures that by the route from Catawissa to Waverly, Philadelphia, and Baltimore can both secure a nearer connection with Dunkirk than the city of New York, while the latter city can secure a connection eight miles shorter than the present travelled route over the Erie Railroad. The only legislation which is necessary to carry out this scheme is, to revise the charter of a road from Catawissa to Towanda, with additional authority to extend the road to Waverly. This can readily be obtained, because no valid objections could be urged against it. By the building of this road Philadelphia can't win back the estranged confidence of the north, and open a profitable business intercourse with that garden region of the State. She can thus, too secure a highway to the Lakes, along which scenes of surpassing grandeur and natural beauty would everywhere greet the eye, and over which would pass and repay the summer-touring thousands of the land.

There is something good and new in the following extract from a speech lately delivered at Williamsport by a young Democrat—Dr. E. B. Miner:— Look, look, for that is the term by which our opponents love to call us; I suppose Adam and Eve have been a Democrat. All the pictures of the old book so represent him, a man of good common sense, but a little too much under the influence of woman. Whether he ever attended a Delegate election, or voted a printed ticket is of no moment. I think Ahab was a Whig, Nebuchadnezzar an Anti Mason, and Judas Iscariot a Homeopathic Doctor. There were many Democrats among the Jews, Moses, and Aaron and Abraham among all sound Republicans, but Lot and Balaam were probably Whigs. Under our free institutions, how in the name of Truth can a Jew be a Whig? One would suppose that he had tasted from power the cup of affliction to the very dregs. Did not their very existence as a nation commence under the iron bondage of Egypt? Did not the Assyrian come down like a wolf on the fold, upon the little land of Palestine? Did he not lay waste her cities and cause her sons to hang their heads in sorrow upon the willows of Euphrates? Did not Alexander though his course was onward and his eye fixed on an Eagle's gaze upon the diadem of Cyrus, tarry in his course to rivet the chains upon the limbs of the Lion of Judah? And at last when imperial Rome reared her colossal power over the Kingdoms, and pointed to the North and South—to the East and the West, and bald her legions sped for the spoils of a conquered world, was Judah spared?

An Englishman is naturally opposed to Democracy, but that an Irishman who has felt the yoke of Kingly despotism until his very soul case is trodden out of him should be a Whig, puzzles me beyond calculation. It is nothing that the shores of a Democratic continent almost advance to greet him and head him the Diploma of Freedom from all intolerance? Is it nothing that we have placed upon our Ticket a man against whom the shafts of Protestant Bigotry have been hurled and whom Native Americans would scourge to martyrdom? Realize then Irishmen that the purpose of Democracy is the principle of popular rights and of civil and religious liberty.

The subject of slavery. Follow citizens, is a fruitful theme for the lecturer room exhortations of the Whigs. The poor slave, his groans, his nakedness, his sufferings and his tears. Are not wretchedness and misery the common inheritance of our race? Are not joy and sorrow, heat and cold, night and day, hope and despair everywhere? The term slavery is not, strictly speaking, a philosophical term. Many a man with gilded roof and tasseled tapestry and a horde of dependents, thousands into whose ear fame and wealth have poured their richest notes are miserable slaves indeed. It may be a fair question whether the slaves of the South do not enjoy as much, food, as well, and live as happily as any of the same number of the human race. Ask the poor man with his numerous family, his daughters at service any where, cheated, tempted beyond endurance, exposed to insult and worse, whether the education of society has not imposed upon him every amount of anxiety—the very worst of slavery.

Ask the miners in our coal mines, worked from daylight to twilight, now blown up, now torn almost to atoms, store pay and doubtful fish as his reward, whether he has any idea that the slavery of the well cared negro of the south, is as the Douglass and Tappan represent it. Ask the deluded negro himself who was promised protection when he fled there, and who was so gallantly given up after six months labor and the loss of his banjo in the bargain, what he thinks of the comparative happiness of southern slavery and northern honor as he found it. A curse and not a blessing, contempt and not approbation rest upon such virtue either in man or woman, as has its origin in the more sensibilities of our nature. In our own country Thomas Jefferson first gave the direction to our government which has led to such happy results. A mighty nation spring as by magic from a few feeble colonies, will as long as it exists, owe its healthful and vigorous growth to the impress of his Republican precepts, teachings, and example. We have reared this pole to lucid to enthusiasm, as a standard and rallying point in the coming election. We hope for generations to come, to continue the virtues of our political faith—the faith of the Democratic party.

Col. Bigler is the candidate selected unanimously from a party whose votes count nearly two hundred thousands. He is by birth, by education, his heart and soul in this great contest before us, the advocate of Popular rights. Popular rights. Fellow citizens, are the natural prey of the aristocracy—they have ever walked their way in danger and awe their steady existence and rapid growth to the steady and well directed efforts of the Democratic party. Men may err—men will err—men do err—Principles are eternal. Popular rights, if they still flourish, must forever be indebted to the vigilance, union and spirit of Democracy. Let me then abjure you by your love of liberty and your country never to be weary in well doing. Let no jealousie distract, let no sinister influences divide you, but be true to yourself, your cause, and your country. I wish I could make my voice heard throughout every valley, to every mountain top in Pennsylvania. I would say, awake! awake! the Philippines, Sampson, are upon you! God on your armor to go forth to this contest. Our motto from Lake Erie to the Delaware, steaming forth like a motor on the troubled winds, rousing to action—let it be union and harmony in the Democratic party, the strenuous defence of Col. Bigler, and the result will be certain victory.

The Type foundry, when the metal has been poured into the moulds, the workman, by a peculiar turn of the hand or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould. The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe: the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye, and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads, without making a single mistake as to the number of turns each. An expert workman can fashion from 10 to 15,000 of these heads in a day. In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operator can finish 8,000 needles an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye holes of needles by hand, children, who are operators, acquire such dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors! In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 3000 an hour.

Annexation Oration. We take the following sample of annexation oratory from the Waverly Magazine: "Fellow citizens and horses! Hurrah!—There's got to be a war! I'm in for whipping Great Britain right off, without stopping for compliments.—We must bustle the British lion heads over head out of the everlasting borders of this here Western Continent! Hurrah for the annexation of Canada! We must have the cutter, neck and heels, if we have to wade in blood up to our knees to pull it from the horns of John Bull! We must do it—I repeat again, we must do it, if we have to drive their pick-ax of vengeance clear to the handle in John's added brains! Wher's the possum whose little soul don't echo their sentiments? He ain't nowhere and never was. Can't you and I, and every one of us rouse up the wolf of human natur till he'll pay the whole of Old England clear down below low water mark? Yes, sir—! Every citizen of this tall land, from the owl on the hemlock stub to the President in his great arm-chair, is in favor of this all-thundering and liberty-spreading measure. Just let these ideas poor the United States cranium fairly, and see if an earthquake about bursting from twenty six millions of India rubber lungs, don't shake the whole earth—"crack the zenith, and knock the very poles over!! I tell you there is nothing this side of the millennium like our own overruling national institutions! nor you can't scare up a fork of civilized beings, on the face of the whole universal terra firma, who know so well how to defend and spread them.—Wher's the Yankee who won't fight for his country within three quarters of an inch of his life, if it 'tries his soul, yes and his upper leather, too?—What's England? Why, it ain't nothing at all scarcely! Uncle Sam will take it yet for a pocket handkerchief to blow his nose upon when he gets a cold! We are 'bound to waku up snakes, and not mistake. Let us once get hold of this job in right earnest, with all of Uncle Sam's boys, and if we don't dig a hole as nonentity with the spade of Yankee spunk, and scream the grease spots off the face of the universal world, and pitch them and craver clear to the bottom of it, then I am no 'two legged crocodile!' When this is done, you will see the great roaring eagle of liberty flapping his broad wings up and down the sides of the world, like a bad rooster crowing on the top of a barrel! 'Why you are already primed for the onset all you want is a live coal or two of fire dropped off your devoted hearts to touch you off!! Melinks the flasks of fire in your eyes to-day forebode blood and thunder; only mind that you don't flash in the pan. If you all do your bounden duty in this crisis, you'll spit the tobacco juice of determination in John Bull's eyes till he has the 'blind staggers,' when you can take him by the tail and sling him beyond all recollection!! Rouse ye—rouse ye—let the shout penetrate every nook and cranny of North America—from the tip of the Arctic regions clear to the straits of Gibraltar, Canada, and the United States forever. Begot in a war-whop—born in blood—cradled in thunder, and brought up in glory! Let's liquor!"

A Convention of free people of color is now in session at Indianapolis, and is occupied in deliberating upon various matters relating to the interests of its constituents as a class. There is said to exist among its members a strong inclination to remove out of the State of Indiana to some other country, where they hope to enjoy greater social advantages. After much debate, a resolution was adopted by a large majority, providing that should the laws of the State be deemed so oppressive as to be intolerable, they would recommend their people to emigrate to Canada, Jamaica, or elsewhere, in preference to Liberia, against which there appears to be a violent prejudice in the Convention. Among the countries spoken of for the purpose of migration, besides those mentioned, are Mexico, New Grenada, and Central America; but Canada is generally regarded as most eligible, on account of its accessibility. At last accounts the Convention had under discussion a resolution, which was contradictory to that which had just been passed, as mentioned above. It was, in substance, that the free negroes have a right to remain, if they choose, in the United States, the land of their nativity, and it accordingly recommends them to stay here and strive for their moral, social, political, and intellectual elevation. It was expected that the resolution would be defeated.—Exchange.

GETTING A WEDDING COAT.—Among the anecdotes detailed by Dr. Bushnell, in his sermon at Litchfield, illustrative of the Age of Homespun, was one which deserves to be told by itself, and better than we can repeat it. One of the aged divines of that county, still living, was married during the revolution, but had singular difficulties. There was an objection to the wedding that seemed insurmountable. He had no wedding coat, nor was woot to be had to make one, and it was in the dead of winter. Yet all parties were ready, and he was anxious to be married without delay. At last the mother of the intended bride discovered the difficulty, and promptly had some of her sheep shorn and sewed up in blanket to keep them warm, while of the wool she spun and wove a coat for her reverend son-in-law.

The Family opposed to Newspapers. The man that don't take his county paper was in town yesterday. He brought his whole family in a two-horse waggon. He still believed that Gen. Taylor was President and wanted to know if the "Kamehakins" had taken Cuba; and if so, where they had taken it. He had sold his corn for twenty-five cents—the price being thirty-one—but, upon going to deposit the money, they told him it was mostly counterfeit. The only hard money he had was some three-cent pieces, and those some sharper had "run on him" for half-dimes! His old lady smoked a "cob pipe," and would not believe that any thing else could be used. One of the boys went to a blacksmith's shop to be mended for a pair of shoes, and another mistook the market-house for a church. After hanging his hat on a meat-hook, he piously took a seat on a butcher's stall, and listened to an anticlerical, whom he took to be the preacher. He left before "meetin' was out" and had no great opinion of the "sermon."

One of the girls took a lot of "sard onions" to the post-office to trade them for a letter. She had a baby, which she carried in a "sugar-tough," stopping at times to rock it on the sidewalk. When it cried she stopped its mouth with an old stocking, and sang "Barbara Allen." The eldest boy had sold two "coon-skins," and was on a "bust." When last seen he had called for a glass of "sody and water," and stood soaking gingerbread and making wry faces. The shop-keeper, mistaking his meaning, had given him a mixture of sal-soda and water, and he tasted strongly of soap. But "he'd heard solid of sody and water, and he was bound to give it a fair trial, puke or no puke." Some "town fool" came and called for a lemonade with a "fly in it;" whereupon our sordid friend turned his back, and quietly wiped several flies into his drink. We approached the old gentleman, and tried to get him to subscribe, but he would not listen to it. He was opposed to "interior improvements," and he thought "larmin' was a wicked 'invention and waxation." None of his family ever learned to read but one boy, and he "tached school awhile, and then went to studying divinity."

History of Alcohol. Alcohol was invented 950 years ago, by the son of a stranger woman, Hagar, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves, that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called alcohol. During the reign of William and Mary an act was passed discouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after, intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent, that the retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places, informing the people that they might get drunk for a penny, and have straw to lie on. In the 16th century, distilled spirits spread over the continent of Europe. 'About this time it was introduced into the colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice we have of its use in public life was among the laborers in the Hungarian mines, in the 15th century. In 1751, it was used by the English soldiers as a cordial. The alcohol in Europe was made of grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a medicine. The Genoese afterwards made it from grain, and sold it as a medicine in bottles, under the name of the water of life. Until the sixteenth century it had only been kept by apothecaries as medicine. During the reign of Henry VII. brandy was unknown in Ireland, and soon its alarming effects induced the government to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture. About 120 years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, and the profligate notion that it prevented sickness, and made men fearless in the field of battle. It was looked upon as a sovereign specific.

The Newspaper. Read what Willis says: "As we feel the sunshine; as we breathe the balmy air; as we draw our life from household affection—all unconsciously—we do drink in the pleasure and blessings of the newspaper; careless, yet eager, and, though dependent, unthankful. He must be an imaginative man who can tell the value of the newspaper, for only he can fancy what it would be to be deprived of it. Another Byron might write another 'Darkness' on the stage of a world newspaper. If we should attempt to personify such a world, it would be under the form of a blind man holding in his hand the empty string from which his dog has escaped; or the good lady in Hood's picture when her foot advanced to step on board a steamer which she suddenly observes to have moved six feet from the wharf. Or, again, a stranger in the bottom of a mine, who, after blowing out his 'Davy,' rises to the shaft and finds that somebody 'has taken away the ladder!'"

AN OFFICER.—Pray, Miss C., said a gentleman the other evening, 'why are the ladies so fond of officers?' 'How stupid,' replied Miss C., 'is it not perfectly natural and proper, that a lady should like a good officer, sir?'"

"Little boys should be seen and not heard," as the little fellow said when the master ordered him to recite his lesson.

KEEP COOL! Is a lion in the way? Keep cool! Tell him you respect his pride, But, that you may go ahead, He must please to stand aside, Keep cool. Does he rouse and show his teeth? Keep cool! Tell him you enjoy the laugh: Give a single lightning glance, And he'll dwindle to a call, Keep cool.

Are you hampered by the blues? Keep cool! When you find your conscience clean, With your hands and brains at work, Not a devil will be seen, Keep cool. Has a Shylock left you thin? Keep cool! He's the loser—don't despair: Now that your eye-teeth are through, Keep your temper; grin and bear, Keep cool. Does a villain slander you? Keep cool! He can never hit his mark: Since his nature is so mean, Let the snarling puppy bark, Keep cool.

Should the Prince of Serpents hiss, Keep cool! Show him Truth's old honest whip: When he sees you bold and firm, You will find that off he'll slip, Keep cool. Can't you stand upon your sense? Keep cool! Queer that you should think you can! Prudent people fathom sense: With a golden plummet, man! Keep cool. 'Cannot you reform the world? Keep cool! Only one thing you can do— Give a brave heart to the work; Heaven wants no more of you, Keep cool. Lot things jostle as they will, Keep cool! Seize this truth with heat and hand— He that ruleth well himself, Can the universe withstand, Keep cool.

A Father's Advice to his Son. BY OTTIE. The time draws nigh, dear John, that I must go the way from which none return. I cannot take thee with me, and leave thee in a world, where good counsel is not superfluous. No one is born wise. Time and experience teach us to separate the grain from the chaff. I have seen more of the world than you; it is not all gold, dear son, that glitters. I have seen many a star fall, and many a staff on which men have leaned break; therefore I give you this advice, the result of my experience:—Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see scrutinize carefully; and with regard to things unclean and eternal, rely on God. Search no one so closely as yourself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians and Greeks. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project strike on your forehead and ask for his counsel. Ho speaks at first low, and lifts as an innocent child; but, if you honor his innocence, he gradually loosens his tongue and speaks more distinctly. Despise not any religion; it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand. Uphold truth when thou canst, and be willing for her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Do good for thy own satisfaction; and care not what follows. Cause no gray hairs to any one, nevertheless, for thy right ever give hairs are to be degraded. Help and give willingly when thou hast, and think no more of thyself for it, and if thou hast nothing let thy hands be ready with a drink of cold water; and, caution thyself for that no less, not always what thou knowest, but know always what thou sayest. Not the apparent devotion, but the truly devout man respect, and go in his ways. A man who has the fear of God in his heart is like the sun that shines and warms, though it does not speak. Do that which is worthy of recompense, and seek none. Reflect daily upon death, and ask the Lord, that is beyond with a cheerful courage, and further, go not out of the world without having testified by some good deed thy love and respect for the Author of Christianity.

THE SUICIDE OF THE HON. LUKE WOODBURY, the Democratic candidate for Governor, at Antrim, N. H., is confirmed. The day before his death he prepared his will making many bequests. He was fifty-five years of age, and leaves a wife, but no children. Mr. Woodbury had for several years held the office of Judge of Probate, and was much esteemed by his neighbors. No cause for the act is known beyond that of ill health. There is no reasonable doubt that Mr. Woodbury would have been chosen Governor of New Hampshire in March next. James Sullivan, of Exeter, will probably now be the Democratic candidate.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more happy who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

Whithersoever we go, we meet with the sniveller. He stops at the corner of the street to entrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are decaying by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us, just before church, that the last sermon of some transcendent preacher has given the death blow to religion; and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken the land. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. His fears that his friend, who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, whimpers over the trials which he then will have to endure. He is ridden with an overlastng nightmare, and emits an eternal wail. Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope; but neither is so degrading as inglorious and inactive despair. We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of emotion without possessing life. His insipid languor is worse than turbulent strength. Better that a man should rant than whine. The man who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose cheek never flushes at anticipated good, whose liver never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no inspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital of band-box. Enterprise, confidence a disposition to believe that good can be done, an indisposition to believe that all good has been done—these constitute important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness, but a sturdy determination to abate misery.—Sunday Globe.