

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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who advertise by the year.

From the Albany Dutchman.
MAY LYLE.
BY FLORENCE WILHE.
Don't you remember the days, May Lyle,
When we were together at school,
And our room with the windows that looked
on the lawn,
Where the sweet summer breezes blew
cool?

The trees on the lawn, are still waving as
green
O'er the rose and the lilies below,
And the violets bloom by the broad mead-
ow stream,
As fresh as it bloomed long ago.

Don't you remember the forest, May Lyle,
With its tangled paths flow'ry and sweet,
Where we carelessly strayed in those hope-
ful young hours,
Through the silent aisles, sunless & deep?

Oh, that wood was an emblem of life, for us
twice,
The entrance was sunny and green,
But the farther we wandered, the darker it
grew
'Till no sunshine nor blossoms was seen?

Don't you remember Grace Rivers, May Lyle,
The Grace who was always so gay?
Last summer she died, with a blight on her
heart,
She had learned for the grave's rest to
pray!

Some others of those who completed our
band
In those school-rooms, three summers ago
Like her, have been withered by sorrow's
cold hand,
And under the sod are laid low.

Our Shadowless days are gone, May Lyle,
Their dreams are fled with them for aye,
And wearily, drearily, over life's road
We tread and look back with a sigh.

'Tis well for the heart that it reads, May Lyle,
But a page at a time, I ween,
From the book of its fate; for 'twould never
smile,
Could it never hope and dream!

Diary of a Returned Salt River Exile.
MOUTH OF SALT RIVER,
BAY OF SAFE RETURN,
Oct. 15, 1851.

My Dear Editor:—In haste I grasp my
pen to inform you that we (our crew) arrived
safely at this place from head waters of
Salt River, yesterday, about 7 o'clock, P. M.
The water was in good order for rafting.

We came down on a very heavy spar raft,
which, from its large size and fast running,
we called "Clearfield." We are all in good
health, and feel no little share of happiness
on our return home, after a three year's ex-
ile on the bleak shores of salt river.

It was on the evening of the 10th of Oc-
tober A. D. 1848, that our exile was deter-
mined upon; and early on the morning of
the 11th, we started for our destined place.

Our generous Whig friends furnished us
with free passes to the commander of the
Salt River Squadron, requesting him to allow
us to pass up stream unmolested. They
had furnished us with a boat called "Free
Trade Tariff of 1846"—rather a contradic-
tory name by the way—which was a fast
sailing craft.

As we cut cable and turned the prow from
the shore our sad hearts were big with grief,
and as we looked back upon homes and
friends we loved, we shed the parting tear,
and each quivering lip whispered low and
deep a sad farewell.

We passed along, a solemn band of sym-
pathizing brothers. Soon after quitting the
mouth of salt river, on our way up, we
entered the U. S. Bank narrows. This is a
bleak and dreary place. The barren and
rocky shores rise nearly perpendicular, and
are covered with fragments of marble, from
palace columns, banking houses, splendid
mansions &c., &c. In many places along
these narrows we saw monuments of ruined
fortunes and crushed reputations; desolate
homes and gloomy charnel houses filled
with the dry bones of broken-hearted wid-
ows, and robbed orphans. Soon after pass-
ing these narrows we entered into Anti-War
Valley. This is really a strange looking
place. The people seem quiet, orderly
folks, rather indolent, and being of very
limited possessions are not inclined to rob
each other. Their principal employment is
being sword and other war instruments into
plow shears and pruning hooks. Mars is
one of the principal workmen at the anvil,
and the Goddess of Liberty was washing
dishes and doing other chores about the
kitchen. The American flag, they had cut
up and made into horse blankets. Their
chief ruler was Thomas Corwin, who had
for his chief butler, John Strohm. As we
passed out of this valley we observed a thriv-
ing row of "Hospitable Graves," and near
by we saw flourishing some "Hoody hands."
For a long distance above this valley the
scenery is of a highly exciting character.
The cliffs, the shores, and the mountains

coves are covered with the remains of every
kind of wrecks; such as old cotton specula-
tions, parts of large manufacturing compa-
nies, fragments of banking houses, the re-
mains of many corporations, and a large
number of delapidated mercantile houses.
It appeared as if the country had been visit-
ed by an earthquake, an avalanche, or a hur-
ricane. Upon inquiry of an old stager who
had often visited these regions, we learned
the country was called "Pleasant Relief by
Bankrupt Law." As we moved slowly along
we heard some 'old chaps' singing curses to
the Democratic party for repealing the only
law they ever had that was worth a copper.
It was near night when we passed this
place, and after rowing a few miles above,
we "tied up" for the return of morning.

Oct. 12th.—All aboard—Captain at post
and our craft moved up stream. We had
not gone far when our ears were filled by
many and various sounds, fitful and frightful
in the extreme. All was conjecture what it
meant. The sound seemed part human,
part not human, and a small sprinkling of
hyena. Our anxiety, however, was soon
relieved as the Whigs, Free Soilers, Woolly
Heads, War and Anti-War Friends, Native
Americans and Higher Lawyers hove in
sight with their flags fluttering, heading
down stream. They were singing what they
called a Song of Victory, composed by
Theo. Penn, and set to an Italian Opera
tune. The whole company joined the chorus
which ran as follows:—

"Sound the Hewgag, strike the Tonjon,
Beat the Fuzzyduzz, wake the Gonnung,
Let the loud Quantappa ring,
Bum tum fazzelbum, diung bin."

On one banner was the picture of an ele-
phant with an eastern overcoat on him and
a band of 'coon-skin minstrels' on his back;
on another was displayed the picture of 'salt
river flat-boat'; another was emblazoned
an old barrel—it was a cider or whiskey bar-
rel.—Don't know which—guess it was whis-
key, as whiskey was in most credit at the
time. A fourth banner had a picture of a
coon licking a fox, painted by a 'master hand'.
This 'battered' us a little to make out what
it meant, but came to the conclusion, that it
was intended to exhibit one portion of the
Whig party under Taylor (a slave-holder)
(licking) another portion of the same party
under Van Buren (an abolitionist).

Then there was another banner carried by
the captain of their boat: This one had the
picture of a man 'running like smoke,' and a
great big crooked horned ram butting him.—
This we solved to mean Morris Longstreth
being defeated by Wm. F. Johnston, the
Woolly Head candidate. These fellows, al-
though as jolly as any mortals could be,
from their appearance, struck a kind of ter-
ror into our very souls. They were ragged
and dirty, and as lank looking as weasels
that had been forced through gimblet holes.
We asked them of the country above, but
they said nothing, and only shook their
heads, and kept going on at a rapid speed;
and although they had head winds it made
but little difference; for even the deck being
crowded with persons, they were so thin of
flesh that the wind couldn't get hold on
them—they cut it like a knife.

The country began to look more dreary
and land seemed to be getting 'scarcer,' and
the rocks stuck up through the ground much
higher. Towards evening the water became
very salty, the country looked kind of salty,
and even the rain was as salt as fish brine.
At sunset we passed a mountain gorge and
fell full over us spread out the extended plains
at the Head waters of Salt River. 'Ain't oh!
immortal Jove! What a country here we
found for sick, fat, and well-fed Democrats!
Had all the plagues of Pharaoh, from his day
down lived and fed upon the country—has
frogs, and locusts, and flies, and lice, and
every other thing both vile and hungry been
feasted in this land, it could not have been
more God-forsaken. I do not like to com-
plain, but I must say that our Whig friends
treated us most unkind; for they had lived
on that country; they had consumed every-
thing and produced nothing; they had intro-
duced a protective tariff for protection's sake—a
prohibitory tariff—which had driven every-
thing from the ports of salt river; and when they
left the country they not only went them-
selves but they took the country along.

A more cheerless, heartless, and death-
threatening place man never saw than was
the head waters of salt river, when we land-
ed upon its barren and exhausted shores in
1848. For the first year we feasted on hopes,
and made common fare of fears.

We expected to return in the fall of '49
but the fresher was not sufficient. However
we got along better that winter. We had
put in crops and they did well. We had
sown and the harvest came. We reduced
the prohibitory tariff and traded salt for pro-
duce by way of mutual exchange. The
country began to prosper and things became
cheerful when news came up that the Union
was in danger and it was likely that we
would be called home. This was in '50;
and one night we called a council and resolv-
ed to get ready to go down if the water was
'high enough for rafting.' But the rise didn't
come and we concluded to prepare for the
winter. We weathered it pretty well till
spring when the cheating news came up
one bright morning, that our friends had re-
solved "Bill Bigler," an old raft-man, to pilot
us down in '51. All hearts were glad, and
we went to work in good earnest to have in
good crops ready for Gov. Johnston and his
friends. And although we had a long dry
summer, yet about the last of September the
river looked propitious for a rise, and about
the 10th of October the water had risen a

foot. We went to fixing up, building a raft,
arranging matters, and on the evening of the
13th, we all went aboard the big spar raft
—"the Clearfield." By noon the next day
we were afloat and gradually sliding from
our moorings. That evening was the last
time we saw the sun set finger around the
brackish shores of Salt River's source. Next
morning we were far on our journey, with a
noble freshet bearing us downward. Bill
Bigler at the front oar, Seth Clover at the
other, and a more jolly set of fellows around
there never was since the days of rafting on
Salt River commenced.—We arrived safely
in this port where we were met by our
friends who welcomed us with three times
three for Bigler, Clover and the Comprom-
ise; three times three for the tariff of '46,
the faithful execution of the laws of the na-
tion, the rights of the North, the South, the
East and West, and nine more louder than
common thunder, for our glorious old Union!

We met Johnston and his motley crew a
short distance below 'Bankrupt Valley.'—
They were a sorry looking set of fellows,—
Johnston was laying on some kind of a 'shelf'
—which I learned, since I came down was
called 'demagogue.' Strohm was begging
for supplies. Meredith was clutching a bit
of the 'Galphin claim.' Jessup was calculat-
ing the profits of the 'Susquehanna Bank'
speculation. On their old craft,—much like
a Pitston Coal-sow—they had all their ef-
fects; consisting of some strange looking
things called 'Sinking Fund.' We didn't
know what it was, only some one said it was
a machine by which 5 per cent. loans were
paid by borrowing money at 6 per cent.—
They had also a celebrated Proclamation;
a bill called 'Breeches Pocket'; a picture of
Gen. Scott veiled in crape; a 'Protective Tar-
iff for Protection's sake'; the coffin of Gor-
such; a large number of Fugitive Slaves;
an assortment of Bloomers; and a printing
press called the 'Register and Examiner,'
which was working off circulars to the
Methodists, charging Mr. Gorschuch, one of
their Preachers, with embodying a "Union
of the Priest with the Blackleg." &c. They
had no banners aboard, nor flags fluttering
in the breeze, but they moved mournfully
along—not a song was sung nor speech was
heard—to the place where the people had
sent them.

By this time they are all back to Salt Riv-
er's head waters again. By this time they
have surveyed the improvements made by
their opponents, and with their most musical
voices accustomed to song, proclaimed—
"Ye crags and peaks WE are with you
once again!"

May they have a good time of it, add a
long and happy life.

In conclusion, I beg your pardon for hav-
ing trespassed so greatly upon your time,
and can only offer an apology for this long
letter, the importance of my subject.

Your's truly,
RAFTSMAN.
N. B.—As we passed Johnston and his
crew one of our fellows overheard "Bill" as
he d—d the "Dutch," and cursed "old Joe
Ritner" for advising him to canvass the State
on the strength of the Ritner Administration.
—Jefferson.

Woman's Rights Convention.

A Convention of Women was held, last
week, at Worcester, Mass., to discuss the
rights of women, and the way to obtain
them. The platform adopted, claims pre-
cedence for woman with man in every so-
cial, civil and political privilege—with the
right to choose for herself, independent of
all dictation from the sterner sex, what
calling she will pursue for her support. Most
of the speakers in their addresses came full-
ly up to the spirit and letter of the resolu-
tions, while one or two claimed only that
woman should be free to educate herself for
the duties and responsibilities which devolve
upon her as the companion of man. One day
Mrs. Nichols, of Vermont, said woman
should be educated in order to be able to
assist her husband in the business of life; so
that if sickness overtake him, she may be
able to step into his place and relieve him
in the hour of his extremity from anxiety
and care about his business affairs. She
would have her qualified to teach her chil-
dren how to act their parts in life. Furth-
ermore, she contends for an alteration in
the laws respecting property. The wife
should have an equal right with the husband
and at his decease she should inherit it. Of
woman's political rights she had nothing to
say. She did not, as did some others, con-
tend that woman should be conductors on
railroads, steamboat captains, &c., but would
leave that for the other sex. This Convention
was well attended and at the closing
meeting some eleven hundred ladies were
present, and some 50 or 60 gentlemen. The
ladies were all apparently of the middling
class, and seemed very much interested in
the remarks of the various speakers. The
Bloomers were well represented among
them.

Not long since two sailors passing by
a tailor's shop, observed a tailor at work
with his waist coat patched with different
colors of cloth, when one of the tarr cried
out to the other, "look ye Jack, did you ever
see so many sorts of cabbage grow on one
stamp before."

A GOOD MAXIM.—Nothing would fortify
us more against any matter of accident
than possessing our souls with this maxim,
that—"We never can be hurt but by our-
selves." If our reason be what it ought, and
our actions according to it, we are invulnera-
ble.

From Arvine's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes. Habits of Authors in Composing and Cor- recting.

ISOCLATES, VIRGIL, & CARRUS.—The an-
cients were perfectionists in their corrections.
Isocrates, it is said, was employed for ten
years on one of his works; and, to appear
natural, studied with the most refined art.

After a labor of eleven years, Virgil pro-
nounced his *Aeneid* imperfect.

Dio Cassius devoted twelve years to the
composition of his history, and Diodorus
Siculus, thirty.

There is a middle between velocity and
torpidity. The Italians say, it is not neces-
sary to be a stag, but we ought not to be
a toad.

NOT SO BAD A FAULT.—An old French writ-
ter, more remarkable for simplicity of
thought than for grace of style, was once
reproached by a friend with the frequent
repetitions to be found in his works.—"Name
them to me," said the author.—The critic,
with obliging precision, mentioned all the
ideas which had most frequently recurred in
the book. "I am satisfied," replied the hon-
est author; "you remember my ideas. I
repeated them so often on purpose to pre-
vent you from forgetting them. Without my
repetitions, I should never have succeeded."

SALMAPIUS & HOBBER.—Salmasius used to
read and write in the company of his wife,
and amidst the noise of his children without
inconvenience.

Hobbes was accustomed to shut himself
up in profound quietness.

Hobbes's LEVIATHAN.—Aubrey has min-
utely preserved for us the manner in which
Hobbes composed his *Leviathan*. It is very
curious for literary students. "He walked
much and contemplated; and he had in the
head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and
carried always a note book in his pocket;
and as soon as a thought darted, he pres-
ently entered it into his book, or otherwise
he might have lost it. He had drawn the design
of the book into chapters, &c., and he knew
whereabouts it would come in. Thus that
book was made."

EXCENTRICITIES.—Among literary men,
some have been eccentric in their method of
composing and studying.

Des Cartes used to lie in bed, very fre-
quently, for twelve or fourteen hours in the
day, with the curtains drawn.

Thompson sometimes spent the whole day
in bed.

Rousseau and Pope procured some of their
best thoughts in bed.

Mezard, the historian, always composed by
candle light.

Much of this is folly. Nature has consti-
tuted human beings so similarly, that what
is consistent with common sense, and suit-
able for one man, would be found adapted
for all, if they would but accustom them-
selves to it. Excentricities are not only pro-
ductive of no advantages, but they are fre-
quently the occasion of awkwardness and
unpleasantness.

PASCAL, MILTON, SHEFFIELD, THUANUS, AND
NEWTON.—Pascal subjected his letters to the
inspection of the members of his college, and
every advantageous alteration that was
suggested was introduced. This method oc-
casionally much corrects, but it destroys the
originality of the author's thoughts and style.

Sometimes Milton would dictate a certain
number of lines, and then recite them to
one half the quantity.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, wrote an
essay on satire, which was altered and an-
nounced so much, that at last, like the stock-
ing of Aristotle, it became a new thing.

The commencement of the history of
Thuanus is said to have cost the author an
immense deal of labor.

Sir Isaac Newton informed Bishop Pearce
that he had written his *Chronology of Ance-
ient Kingdoms* sixteen times.

PASCAL.—When Pascal became warm in
his celebrated controversy, he applied him-
self with incredible labor to the composi-
tion of his *Provincial Letters*. He was fre-
quently occupied twenty days on a single
letter. He recommended some above sev-
en or eight times, and by this means obtain-
ed that perfection which has made his work,
as Voltaire says, one of the best books ever
published in France.

The Quintus Curtius of Vaugelas occu-
pied him thirty years; generally every pe-
riod was translated in the margin five or six
several ways. Chapelain and Coeur, who
took the pains to review the work critically,
were many times perplexed in the choice of
passages; they generally liked best that
which had been first composed.

BOSSUET.—Whenever Bossuet, Bishop of
Meaux, had to compose a funeral sermon,
he read Homer in the original Greek, to
raise his style of composition to the due ele-
vation of his subject, "and I light my lamp,
said he, "with the rays of the sun."

BALZAC.—Balzac, the first writer in French
prose who gave majesty and harmony to a
period, it is said, did not venture to bestow a
week on a page, and was never satisfied
with his first thoughts.

Fenelon and Gibbon.—Voltaire tells us of
Fenelon's Telemachus, that the amiable au-
thor composed it in his retirement in the
short period of three months. Fenelon had,
before this, formed his style, and his mind
overflowed with all the spirit of the ancients.
He opened a copious fountain, and there
were not ten erasures in the original manu-
script. The same facility accompanied Gib-
bon after the experience of his first volume.

Intelligibility—it would be well, both for
the public and the writers themselves, if
some authors would but adopt Lord Falk-
land's method before publishing his works,
who, when he doubted whether a word was
perfectly intelligible or not, used to consult
one of his lady's chambermaids, (not the
waiting woman, because it was possible she
might not be conversant in romances,) and
by her judgment was guided whether to re-
ceive or reject it.—Swift pursued, it said,
a like method of reading his works to the un-
learned.

Rousseau and Pope.—Rousseau, who was
full of enthusiasm, devoted to the subject of
his thoughts the long, sleepless intervals of
his nights, and meditating in bed, with his
eyes closed, he turned over his periods, in a
tumult of ideas; but when he rose and had
dressed, all was vanished, and when he sat
down to his papers he had nothing to write.

Thus genius has its veipers and its vigils, as
well as its matins, which we have been so
often told are the true hours of its inspira-
tion; but every hour may be full of inspira-
tion; but every hour may be full of inspira-
tion for him who knows how to meditate.
No man was more precise in this art of
the mind, than Pope, and even the night
was not an unregarded portion of his poet-
ical existence.

From the Erie Observer. What Causes Hard Times.

"Where all the money goes to" and
"What causes the tightness in the money-
market?" are questions as hard to solve, in
the opinion of some, as that world-wide
problem, "Where is Sir John Franklin?"
Does a Bank Break, or some mercantile
house in New York or Boston burst up-
on some speculating visionary without cap-
ital, but a superabundance of brass, succeed
in getting others as visionary as himself up-
on his paper to the tune of half-a-million or
so, and then, when credit can no longer be
got by hook or by crook, made "one grand
failure," and flourish in the newspapers as
paying but three per cent., we are immedi-
ately saluted from a thousand presses with
the cry of "hard times;" and then it is that
the political tricksters of the Greeley school
seizes upon the event as evidence of a want
of some kind of patent legislation. Their
stalking-horse, the Tariff, is generally made
to bear the burden, especially if some im-
portant election is about to take place—if
not, then we are told it is the want of more
Banking facilities, or some other modern
contrivance to secure a living to the rapidly
increasing numbers of non-producers in the
country. Now, in our opinion, the whole
question is contained in a nut-shell, and the
solution as easily extracted as the meat of a
nut, if the inquirer will but go as naturally
to work—Over-trading, over-speculation, and
extravagance generally, we take it, is at the
bottom of the whole matter.—Building cit-
ies on paper, like Du Rirk, and then specu-
lating in corner lots—building factories where
factories won't pay—constructing railroads
where plank roads would pay better and an-
swer the purpose as well—buying goods on
credit and selling them on the same terms—
all these, and much more of the same sort,
are among the causes that conspire to make
"hard times;" and consequently, stringency
in the Money Market, Africa, New York
or, a Bostonian, or a Philadelphian, is a
mere nobody in upper-tenth now-a-days
unless he has made the grand tour of Eu-
rope—unless he has spent thousands in the
purchase of "old paintings" in Italy, which,
if the truth were known, are not as "old" as
they profess, but have been manufactured
by some cunning artist to satisfy the parve-
nue gullibility of such connoisseurs—or
thousands more in obtaining letters-patent to
"good society" at home by giving grand
dinners or superb suppers in London and
Paris, at which his son or his daughter had
the "honor" of dancing with the "accom-
plished Lady Betty Newmarch;" or the "dis-
tinguished Lord Pittfield;" &c. And when
they come home the plain and simple style
of living to which they had been accus-
tomed, appears insipid and stale, and then
comes boxes at the Opera, grand parties
which cost not less than \$1,500, according to
the newspapers, splendid "turn outs," and
servants in livery complete the receipt for
"tightness in the money market," so far as
they are concerned.—If the effect of such
extravagance stopped here, no one would
have a right to complain, but its influence is
felt down through every strata of the body
politic. In the middle walks of life thou-
sands have been spent in a single night,
much of which no doubt ought to have been
appropriated to the payment of debts, upon
a Swedish singing girl and her troupe of for-
sight followers. But why pursue the subject
farther—let this one fact suffice. According
to the New York Herald it appears that 21,
200 people attend the different places of
amusement in that city nightly, and the re-
ceipts of these places are over \$10,000 per
evening. Add to this a immense sum re-
ceived by saloon keepers, gaming estab-
lishments, and other places of equal inter-
est, and we think it will not be difficult to
answer the question, "What causes hard
times?"

LOVE! O LOVE!

BY JAMES NACK.
Love! O Love! to every heart
What a blessed thing thou art,
When beauty is revealing
Thy soft and ardent feeling!
Brows blushing,
Cheeks flushing,
Eyes shining,
Arms twining,
Hands pressing,
Lips caressing,
Bosoms meeting,
Hearts beating;
Love! O Love! to every heart
What a blessed thing thou art!

Ever six months pass over,
Happy bride and happy lover—
Butchers, Bakers,
Mantua-makers,
Doctors solemn—
With a column
Of expenses
Schock the senses!
Quite undoing
Turtle-cooking;
Love! O Love! to every heart
What a blessed thing thou art!

By the time that two years
Have brought their happy new years,
Wife and mother,
In a puther,
Husband surly,
Hurly-burly,
Cherubs squalling,
Bawling, bawling,
Kicking, fighting,
Screaming, biting;
Love! O Love! to every heart
What a blessed thing thou art!

An Important Enactment.

Here are two sections of an act of the Le-
gislature that we venture to assert are not
known to ten men in Columbia county, aside
from the Lawyers; and perhaps there are
some of them that can plead ignorance of it.
It is, however, a matter of great importance
to business firms, and as ignorance of its
existence is no valid excuse, all concerned
had better bear it in recollection. By the
by, what an argument does this single in-
stance furnish of the importance—may I
add the absolute necessity, of the speedy aboli-
tion of the Pamphlet Law system, and the sub-
stitution of the New York and Ohio plan of pub-
lishing all laws in the newspapers of the
respective counties. Had this enactment
been spread broad cast over the State in the
columns of the newspapers, instead of re-
maining buried up in the voluminous Pam-
phlet Laws, there would have been thou-
sands acquainted with its provisions where
now there is but one. But to the Law; it
can be found on page 52 of the Laws of last
session:

SEC. 13. That from and after the tenth of
August next, all persons who are now doing
business in a partnership capacity in this
commonwealth, shall file or cause to be filed
in the office of Prothonotary in the county
or counties where said partnership is car-
ried on, the names and location of such part-
nership, with the style and name of the
same; and as often as any change of mem-
bers in said partnership shall take place, the
same shall be certified by the members of
such new partnership as aforesaid; and in
default or neglect of such partnership so to
do, they shall not be permitted in any suits
or actions against them in any court or be-
fore any justice of the peace or alderman in
this commonwealth, to plead any misde-
meanor or the omission of the name of any
member of the partnership or the inclusion
of the name of persons not members of said
partnership.

SEC. 14. That hereafter, where two or
more persons may be desirous of entering
into any business whatever in partnership
capacity, they shall before they engage or
enter into any such business as aforesaid,
a comply with or be subject to all the provi-
sions and restrictions in the next proceeding
section of this act.

TARIFF ILLUSTRATED.—The N. Y. Herald,
of Sunday week, shows the cause of the
money pressure where it properly belongs—
to extravagance and luxury. The tariff pro-
tectionists lay all the failures that spring
from dishonesty, idleness, dissipation and ex-
travagance to the effects of the tariff of 18-
46. They might with equal truth charge
the dry weather to the same cause.

"Hi, during the week, the stranger should
be surprised at the intense activity and in-
dustrious eagerness to make money, which
prevail among our business men, let them look
at their handsome wives and daughters as
they sail to church in full Sunday apparel,
and he will wonder no longer. This vast,
uninterrupted stream of twenty-five dollar
bonnets fifty dollar silks, yard-wide ribbons
embroidered shawls, velvet robes, and costly
feathers, be-speaks an unparalleled extrava-
gance in the families of the industrious and
prosperous many who make up the great
body of the population of every large city.
The expensive and ostentatious style of this
immense class—both in their dress and man-
ner of living—is one of the most striking
characteristics of our country and our age.
No where else in the world can one-tenth of
so great a number of expensively (we do
not say well) dressed women be seen in the
same time or compass, as in Broadway on a
fine Sunday morning. When we encounter
this brilliant procession, last Sunday, and
remembered that money was worth two per-
cent a month in Wall street, we could not
help roughly estimating the enormous inter-
ests the husbands and fathers of New-York
bestow upon their wives and daughters."

This line fills the column.

From the Public Ledger. Important Will Case.

The case of Leech's Will, which has been
on trial before Judge King for several days
past, and was decided on Saturday last by a
verdict of the jury, was one of considerable
importance, and its correct adjudication will
give renewed assurances of the fidelity with
which the guarantees of the law, in the en-
joyment and disposition of property by its
true owners, are carried out by our courts.

The testator, Charles Leech, resided in West
Philadelphia, possessed of considerable
property. He was about eighty-three years
old when he died, and had been eccentric in
his habits for many years, if not always, in
being exceedingly suspicious, believing in
witchcraft, and frequently fancying that
somebody had a design to poison him. He
was never married, but had a natural son,
and lived almost entirely alone in his ex-
treme old age. Several years ago he made a
will, in which he bequeathed his property to
a family with which he was intimate, but
not related by blood, cutting off his natural
son, and his brother's children. A neigh-
bor who was frequently entrusted by him to
manage his business, with others, remonstrated
with him upon the injustice of such a
disposal of his property; reminded him that
he had acknowledged his son, and press-
ing upon the moral obligation of providing for
him, and giving him the bulk of his property
to his son. This will was offered for probate
after his death, when a caveat was filed by
his nephews, denying the validity of the
will, on the ground that it had been obtained
by undue influence, and that, when it was
made, the testator was not of sound dispos-
ing mind.

On the trial of the cause, a large number
of witnesses, were examined on both sides
touching the mental capacity of the Testator
at the time of making his will. The
physician who attended him in his last sick-
ness, was one of the witnesses, and testified
that the old gentleman was extremely feeble
in body, from disease and age, but that he
appeared to be of sound memory and dispos-
ing mind. He, the witness, spoke to him
first on the subject of his disease, and when
he saw that it would be difficult if not im-
possible to improve his health, he admon-
ished him on the necessity of preparing him-
self for another world. The doctor said he
conversed intelligently and rationally on the
subject.