

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

Two Dollars per Annum.

VOLUME 3.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1851.

NUMBER 43.

*John East*

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

**MORNING AND EVENING.**  
BY JANE GRAY.  
On the shore of a dim and misty sea,  
With a broad green field before him,  
Stood a child in the early morn,  
With the blue sky hanging o'er him;  
And his heart leaped forth to the green  
earth,  
Like a fountain to freedom springing;  
For blossoming trees waved there in the  
breeze,  
And birds in the boughs were singing.

But a voice from behind fell on his ear;  
"Though bright the sunshine o'er thee,  
O, child, beware of the lurking snare  
That lies in the path before thee!"  
And the youth went forth to the Field of  
Life,  
With a high soul's firm endeavor;  
But the warning word in the morning heard  
In his heart was treasured ever.

Years were gone—and an old man stood  
On the verge of a swelling ocean,  
And the foamy spray on his locks of gray  
Was tossed by the wild commotion.  
The moon was past—and the glorious noon;  
At the twilight hour we find him,  
With its shadows dim encircling him  
And the Field of Life behind him.

But he looked not back—his eyes were fixed  
On the misty sea before him;  
For he knew if the sun of life was gone  
Heaven's starlight still was o'er him.  
So he gazed with a calm, untroubled brow,  
"Till the mist grew an angel's plian,  
And it bore him away to a brighter day  
In the spirit's high dominion!"

**GUILTY, BUT DRUNK!**

DAN MARBLE'S STORY OF THE GEORGIA JUDGE.  
Not a few of our readers, West and South,  
who had the pleasure of an intimate acquain-  
tance with Dan Marble, will recognize the  
treacherous story he used to tell of the col-  
ored spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col-  
Bradbury, we believe, once dressed up the  
joke and set it agoing, and partially in that  
guise we give it a place in the annals of the  
comedian.

"Many years ago, while the State of Geor-  
gia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric crea-  
ture, named Brown, was one of the Circuit  
Judges. He was a man of considerable  
ability, of inflexible integrity, and much  
beloved and respected by all the legal  
profession, but he had one fault. His social  
qualities would lead him, despite his judic-  
ment, into frequent excesses. In travelling  
the Circuit it was his almost invariable  
habit, the night before opening the Court, to  
get comfortably combed, by means of appli-  
ances common upon such occasions. If he  
could not succeed while operating upon his  
own hair, the gentlemen of the law would  
generally turn and help him.

"It was in the spring of the year, taking  
his wife—a model of a woman in her way—  
in the old-fashioned, but strong 'carry-all,'  
he journeyed some forty miles, and reached  
the village where the 'court' was to be open-  
ed next day. It was along in the evening of  
Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took  
up his quarters with a relation of his 'bet-  
ter-half,' by whom the presence of the official  
dignitary was considered a singular honor.  
After supper Judge Brown strolled over to  
the only tavern in the town, where he found  
many old friends, called to the place, like  
himself, on important professional business,  
and who were proper glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "I've quite  
a long time since we have enjoyed a glass  
together—let us take a horn all around. Of  
course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord),  
you have better liquor than you had the last  
time we were here—the stuff you had then  
was not fit to give a dog."  
"Sterritt, who had charge of the house,  
pretended that everything was right, and so  
they went to work. It is unnecessary to en-  
large upon a drinking bout in a country town  
—it will quite answer our purpose to state  
that somewhere in the region of midnight  
the Judge vented his very devious way  
towards his temporary home. About the time  
he was leaving, however, some young bar-  
rister, fond of a practical joke, and not much  
afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver  
spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning  
that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the  
process of ablation and absterion, and partaken  
of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast,  
he went to his room to prepare himself for  
the duties of the day.  
"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel  
much better than I expected to feel after the  
frolic of last night."  
"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully,  
"you are getting too old—you ought to leave  
off that business now."  
"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?"  
"It was at this precise instant of time that  
the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was  
proceeding according to his usual custom,  
to give his wife a parting kiss, that he hap-  
pened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket,

to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled  
them out. With an expression of horror al-  
most indescribable, he exclaimed—  
"My God! Polly!"  
"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"  
"Just look at these spoons."  
"Dear me, where'd you get them?"  
"Get them? Don't you see the initials  
on them?—extending them towards Ler-  
"I stole them!"  
"Stole them, Judge?"  
"Yes, stole them!"  
"My dear husband, it can't be possible—  
from whom?"  
"From Sterritt, over there—his name is  
on them!"  
"Good heavens! how could it happen?"  
"I know very well, Polly—I was very  
drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"  
"Why, Judge, you know your old habit  
when you get among those lawyers."  
"But I was very drunk!"  
"Yes, you was."  
"Was I remarkably so when I got home,  
Mrs. Brown?"  
"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty  
times as stupid."  
"If thought so," said the Judge, dropping  
into a chair in extreme despondency—I  
knew it would come to that at last. I have  
always thought that something would hap-  
pen to me—that I should do something very  
wrong—kill somebody in a moment of pas-  
sion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I  
should be mean enough to be guilty of de-  
liberate larceny."

"But there may be some mistake, Judge."  
"No mistake, Polly. I know very well  
how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt,  
keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always  
did—liquor mean enough to make a man do  
any sort of a mean thing. I have always said  
it was mean enough to make a man steal,  
and now I have a practical illustration of the  
fact." And the old man burst into tears.  
"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping  
away the tears, "go, like a man, over to Ster-  
ritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—  
pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and  
nobody will ever think of it again."  
"A little of the soothing system operated  
upon the Judge, as such things usually do,  
his extreme mortification was finally sub-  
dued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a  
tolerable face. Of course he had but little  
difficulty in settling with him; for, aside  
from the fact that the Judge's integrity was  
unquestionable, he had an inkling of the  
joke that had been played.

"Judge Brown proceeded to Court, and  
took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—  
bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons,  
drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was so  
soaked up in his 'worship's' bewildered head,  
that he felt awful, if he did not look so.  
In fact, the Judge felt out down, and his  
usual self-possessed manner of disposing of  
business, his dictation and decisions were not  
what Judge Brown had been noted for.

Several days had passed away, and the  
business of the court was drawing towards a  
close, when one morning, a rough looking  
sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge  
of stealing. After the clerk had read the in-  
dictment to him, he put the usual question:  
"Guilty or not guilty?"  
"Guilty, but drunk," answered the pris-  
oner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge  
who was half dozing upon the bench.  
"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk,"  
replied the clerk.  
"What's the charge against the man?"  
"He is indicted for grand larceny."  
"What's the case?"  
"May I please your honor," said the  
prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly  
indicted for stealing a large sum from the  
Columbus Hotel?"  
"He is, eh? and he pleads—"  
"He pleads guilty, but drunk."  
"The Judge was now fully aroused.  
"Guilty, but drunk! This is a most ex-  
traordinary plea. Young man, are you cer-  
tain you were drunk?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Where did you get your liquor?"  
"At Sterritt's."  
"Did you get none nowhere else?"  
"Not a drop, sir."  
"You got drunk on his liquor, and after-  
wards stole his money?"  
"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me  
the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that  
man's case. The liquor of Sterritt is mean  
enough to make a man do anything dirty.  
I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole  
all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr.  
Sheriff. I adjourn the Court!"

**The Mission of Washington—Union Among Men.**  
BY G. H. WILEY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

For nearly six thousand years the world  
was without one pure patriot; for nearly six  
thousand years our race had been making  
progress before it produced a soldier with-  
out ambition, a statesman without guile, a  
ruler who preferred to live under equal laws  
rather than be the law himself.  
He had been looked for: through the long  
years of injustice and misrule, of fraud and  
force, his expected coming shed a hope in  
the hearts of men. And often it seemed  
that he had come; but they who ran to  
meet him and laid offerings at his feet were  
smote with iron rods and delivered into bon-  
dage.  
Still this hope gathered strength, and the  
race advanced in the attributes of him who  
came to redeem it from its fallen estate.

"The Lord planted a garden eastward in  
Eden," and there he put man, formed in his  
own image, the possessor of life and happi-  
ness. But he was tempted and fell, and his  
estate forfeited; and, with a curse upon his  
head, he was driven from paradise. West-  
ward, his face was set; and westward his  
children were still driven leaving their pater-  
nal estate, the happy mansion of their fath-  
er behind.

Westward, still westward they continued  
to go; but though they were ever leaving  
their ancestral abode still farther in the rear,  
they were all the time coming nearer to the  
condition which man once there enjoyed.  
Their exile was designed to chasten, soften,  
and purify their corrupted natures; and at  
each remove, instead of dragging a heavier  
chain, their yoke became easier and their  
burden lighter. Still onward they went in  
their pilgrimage, forbid to look backward or  
turn back, the avenger pursuing at their  
heels; but they carried a covenant with  
them, and they often stopped to read and  
scan and study its promises.

Thus they fled until they reached the  
shores of the Great Western or Atlantic  
Ocean; and on its borders they multiplied  
and increased in comfort and knowledge.  
But the spirit of Cain still pressed upon  
them; and they then took ship-  
ping and with their covenant and its prom-  
ises bade adieu to eastern land, committing  
themselves and their hopes to the wide sea,  
steering westward, though nothing but the  
bleak sea was before them. They found  
land, a new world of primal forests; and  
here their hopes grew brighter and their  
hearts stronger, while their minds expanded  
with new ideas and happier fancies. But  
the oppressor still pursued and overtook  
them; and they looked again to be driven  
westward to find their expected champion  
and their resting-place. But he arose in their  
midst; and they prepared to stand their  
ground, and to fight here the battle of lib-  
erty and of right.

They heard and heeded a word to which  
human ears had been strangers since the  
strife between Adam's sons; they received  
and cherished a counter-charm greater than  
that "divide and govern" which maxims since  
the days of Nimrod, had waxed such won-  
der for kings and politicians. That precious  
secret, that potent talisman was the word  
Union—it blended the hearts of the common  
people into one mighty heart, whose pulsa-  
tions sent a healthful glow over the whole  
country; it embodied the just impulses of  
our better nature into one living mass of op-  
posite principles, that spoke the same eter-  
nal truths with a thousand voices of thun-  
der; and it bound up in one resistless arm  
the whole patriot-strength of oppressed hu-  
manity. This compact heart was a heart of  
power and courage; this blended sentiment  
was a consuming fire; this united strength  
was an ever-match for any human force.

"Divide and enslave" shouted old Oppres-  
sion from beyond the sea. "Unite and be  
free" whispered the spirit of Washington.  
They did unite: and this compact human-  
ity, like a mighty Briareus with a thousand  
arms, struck back at pursuing tyranny, over-  
whelmed and trampled on it, and shook off  
the chains from its study limbs.  
The mission of Washington was fulfilled;  
he laid aside the sword and the insignia of  
power, he enthroned law in the seat of jus-  
tice, in the seat which he himself had filled  
and resigned, and he bowed to it and hailed  
it as his ruler, and the ruler of all—God's  
only vicegerent on earth.

The hope of humanity was reached—its  
Washington had come—and as he de-  
scended into the grave, he called his followers a-  
bout him and gave them his parting bless-  
ing and his dying counsel. He told them  
how much they had gained, and how they  
had gained it; and he told them how they  
could retain the blessings they had achiev-  
ed.

His eye surveyed the extent, the beauty  
and greatness of the country which had  
been partially redeemed from the curse pro-  
nounced on Adam; earnestly and affection-  
ately gazed at the busy and happy throngs  
that watched for his last benediction; and  
his heart swelled within him as he solemnly  
uttered the last promptings of his patriotic  
spirit, "Be united and free!" and then pas-  
sed forever from the abode of mortals.  
So far we have obeyed his injunction and  
inherited his blessing. The wilderness has  
given way to fields and meadows and gar-  
dens; cities and towns and villages cover all  
the haunts of the deer and buffalo; our riv-  
ers are crowded with ships and boats; our  
people fly from province to province on the  
wings of steam; our thoughts and wishes  
are communicated to our friends scattered  
all over this fair land, by the viewless mes-  
sengers of the clouds. We are thirty—we  
are free—we are increasing with amazing  
rapidity in strength, and substance, and  
comfort. In the midst of our abundance  
we are aware we are sovereign, owe allegi-  
ance to no man, and pay tribute to no man.  
We make laws to suit ourselves—we  
fight no man's battles, we reap where we  
sow, and go whither we list. A healthy,  
vigorous, and intrepid humanity has sprung  
from and taken the place of the deceased  
branded bodies that offend the eye in other  
lands; and it has spread its thrifty branches  
to the limits of the continent.  
I said that at each remove of our race  
from its birth-place, its condition was im-  
proved; that from the beginning of its ex-  
ile it had been slowly regaining some of the  
precious things lost by the grand shipwreck  
of Adam. Modern science has revealed  
another fact: we now know that in our pro-

gress westward we have been in fact on the  
road—a long and weary one it has been—  
but we have actually been on the road to  
the east. And now, from the borders of the  
western sea, the children of Washington ex-  
tend to the Southern or Pacific; and just be-  
yond this Pacific is the east, the starting  
point. We have arrived in view of this our  
first abode; we have made the circuit of the  
earth in exile, and are now approaching the  
paternal hearth, redeemed, regenerated, and  
disentrained. Happy and proud, erect and  
hopeful, the children of Adam gaze across  
the Pacific, upon the scenes of their fathers'  
glory and disgrace; and with free limbs,  
and renovated hearts and joyful recollections  
of perils past, or dangers overcome, and  
crimes expiated, hail the old ancestral  
home. Nature there glows in all her  
ancient glories; there are still the golden  
skies, the spicy groves and the un fading  
flowers of paradise. But a brooding curse  
indicts the air; the flowers still bear the  
stain of Abel's blood. And they who have  
lingered there are still branded with the  
marks of Cain; death moral death, still hor-  
rors over and about them, and the dreadful  
doom pronounced on the first sinner man  
and woman has, with aggravated horrors,  
been their constant portion. But now, from  
the east of them, a light has dawned upon  
them; from them the light of Christianity  
has dawned upon their long night of in-  
gloom. And with the name of Christ and  
the Christian's hope comes a new name; and  
it is whispered in the dungeons and castles,  
in the dens of wretchedness and the places  
of pride. It kindles an unwonted glow in  
withered heart of philanthropy; it strings  
the nerveless arm of patriotism, and awak-  
ens a new song on the lips of eastern  
bards.

Like the shadow of a great rock in a wea-  
ry land it is a refuge and a comfort; and  
they who have heard it, look out and are  
amazed. They see a silent coast become  
suddenly alive with a new and noisy and  
bustling race of people, building cities,  
covering the waters with travelling palaces,  
founding great states, and administering jus-  
tice and keeping order without the aid of ar-  
mies or of soldiers. And they see among  
these people men, with something of the  
bearing and majestic presence of Adam  
and women in whose faces shine glimpses  
of that spiritual light of those morning hues  
which graced the first mistress of Eden.

These are the people who cherish that  
name which has awakened hope in the east  
and in the hearts of those who are engaged  
in the great name of Washington. In the centre  
of their country stands the city called for  
him; and from it, to the remotest extremes  
of that extended country, radiate law and  
justice, protecting, governing, and support-  
ing all the vast multitudes of people who  
cover that wide country with the improve-  
ments, the comforts, conveniences, and or-  
naments of art and science.  
And over them floats a meteor flag which  
none dare insult or touch with irreverent  
hands; a flag which on the Andes and Him-  
malayan mountains, in the deserts of Ara-  
bia, and in the polar wastes, renders secure  
from the hostile or plundering hand of man,  
savage or civilized all who repose beneath  
it. It is a charmed flag; on its starry folds  
is fixed a charm more powerful than ever  
adhered to sacred stone or relic, to letters or  
firmans or passports of kings and potentates.  
It is a word which made us free; it is the  
word which has led us to glory and to pow-  
er—it is the ever-blessed, the all-powerful  
the all-conquering word, UNION.

*E. Phœbus Unum!* that is its motto! *One  
out of many,* that is the talismanic sentence  
which protects the American citizen, the  
citizen of the United States, in all quarters  
of the earth. He is never alone, he is never  
unguarded; like a great monarch, protect-  
ing hosts march by his side, hosts that are  
better than the guards of kings, for they are  
hosts of his brethren. And on he goes,  
whithersoever his interest or his inclinations  
lead him; he pushes his researches in all  
the corners, and nooks, and holes of this  
planet; he plants himself and his customs,  
and takes his comfort, and follows his de-  
sires, a free, vigorous, inventing, managing,  
cheerful man, sovereign and independent in  
all zones and all latitudes, all fearing, re-  
specting, and giving precedence to him over  
whose head is emblazoned that warning sen-  
tence, *E. Phœbus Unum!* Harm him not,  
for he is one of many brethren! That is the  
language which our banner speaks; that is  
the language which the divided and fratricidal  
tribes of the east look on with wonder  
and delight. With hands red with the blood  
of brethren, with dejected men and scowling  
faces, our ancestors started on their ex-  
ile westward from the pleasant site of "the  
garden of the Lord;" with bands of music  
and cheerful songs, and majestic stride, they  
approach again their paternal hearthstone,  
while upon their flaunting banners flash the  
words "Liberty and Union, one and insepa-  
rable, now and forever!"

**A SENSIBLE REPLY.**—During the exami-  
nation of a witness, as to the locality of the  
stairs in the house, the counsel asked him,  
"Which way did the stairs run?" The wit-  
ness, who by the by is a noted wag, replied,  
"That one way they ran up stairs, but that  
the other way they ran down stairs." The  
learned counsel winked both eyes, and then  
took a look at the ceiling.

**The Evening Post** says whole rows of  
new houses in the upper part of the city of  
New York, are now standing unsold and un-  
tenanted.

## EXTRACT FROM THE LIFE OF DAN MARBLE.

Towards the close of Dan's apprentice-  
ship, he became what is called *stage drunk*.  
Hartford afforded few incentives to study the  
profession, or means of judging what it was  
all about; but Dan had caught the fever,  
and it affected him in about the same way it  
affects thousands who get into that way.  
Everything around him assumed a dram-  
atic hue, or was turned to stage account. A  
journeyman "Smith," at work in the shop of  
Dan's master, was an old stager; that is, he  
had seen the foot lights often, if he had not  
exactly snuffed their exhalations. This man  
kindled Dan. Marble's "penny dip" of stage  
enthusiasm into a perfect flambeau of dra-  
matic longings for a glance at the great actors  
and immense play-houses of New York.  
Dan caught "snatches" of tragedy, drama,  
and farce, from his old friend, and the con-  
sequence was, that everything touched, look-  
ed at, or turned up, was converted into a  
weapon of defence or onslaught, and theo-  
retically addressed or dismissed. As he be-  
tried a piece of silver ware—  
"Out, out, damned spot!" would accom-  
pany his frictional efforts with buff and pow-  
dery.

One day, Dan's master came in, in the  
midst of a great haranguing of the "greasy  
citizens" of Rome, by Brutus and Marc An-  
thon; the journeyman and apprentice, some  
half dozen other operatives and idlers look-  
ing on, and the whole functions of the silv-  
ersmithery being in a state of suspended oper-  
ation.  
Got a moral lecture a yard long. But the  
next day or two gave the boss another ink-  
ling into what was going on during his ab-  
sence. Entering the shop rather hurriedly,  
the boss, in a state of agitation better con-  
veyed than described, sees his apprentice scrib-  
bled out upon the floor, the journeyman  
standing over him, and in a voice and with a  
face terribly worked up, pouring the po-  
ker into the dying body of poor Dan, and  
in an awful long guttural gasping—  
"Down, now giving the poker a savag-  
ous screw, to he-e-e-h (another screw,) and  
say I sent you here!"

The first impulse of the "boss" was to run  
out—nobody else than those described being  
in the shop—call in the neighbors, and se-  
cure the murderer; but changing his mind,  
the boss was about to pitch into the blood-  
stained jur, and secure him himself, when  
Dan, who had been watching the work, and  
blinking like a boiled lobster—  
"Dan, Marble," says the "boss," feeling  
much easier in his boots, "this won't do.  
Now, sir, you must quit this infernal non-  
sense, or you and I'll have a settlement. And  
you, sir," to the cheap feeling jur, "may  
quit my shop if you are to turn it into a  
playhouse, sir!"

Like the boy caught in the thief trap, they  
hadn't a word to say, but "ripped" into their  
work like a house afire.  
Not long after this, the moral ears of the  
boss were saluted with such a storm of sui-  
table talk in the garret, on Sunday, that he  
believed a dozen man-of-war's men had  
got up there; but crawling into the precincts  
quietly, he found Mr. Dan. Marble, and his  
crazy journeyman, going like bricks—  
Dan, as a sailor, talking about swinging off  
the yardarm, and conferring as a dozen ship-  
mates, receiving shares of a "poor Jack"—  
"poor William's," rather—goods and chat-  
els.

The next day the journeyman stepped out  
for New York, and Dan Marble was caution-  
ed not to do so any more! Whether Dan  
left on "French leave," or a Parly's furlough,  
or whether he was bound apprentice for a  
specified term, without reference to age, we  
know not; but certain it is, Dan Marble  
stepped ashore one morning from a boat on  
the North River side of Gotham shortly after  
the above noted time. And as he was only  
about nineteen or twenty years of age, he  
was probably set a little ahead by his father  
in his indentures to his master. This, we  
take it, was the true version of the case.

**WEIGHT AND MEASURES.**—The following  
table of the number of pounds of various  
articles to a bushel may be of interest to our  
farmer friends:  
Of wheat, sixty pounds.  
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds.  
Of corn in the cob, seventy pounds.  
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.  
Of barley, forty-eight pounds.  
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.  
Of beans, twenty pounds.  
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.  
Of flax seed, forty-five pounds.  
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.  
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.  
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.  
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.  
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.  
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.  
Of salt, fifty pounds.

**We never knew of a sagacious, en-  
terprising business man but what advertised.  
All who do this systematically make money.**

**Every man has three characters, one  
which his enemies give him; one given  
him by his friends; and one which he real-  
ly merits.**

**John Case** is about to remove his  
quarters to Milton with his newspaper.

## The Man with a Brick in his Hat.

I'll tell you a tale quite flat,  
(But the first one on the docket,)  
Of a man who stood with a brick in his hat,  
And his hand in his breeches pocket.

He stood in a mournful way,  
And muttered a single—  
Then sung out a doleful lay—  
'Twas the drunkard's song of the dram

"Dram! dram! dram!  
Morning, noon, and night;  
Dram! dram! dram!  
Till I've almost lost my sight:

For my eyes are running—red—  
And my hat's without a crown;  
I've a terrible pain in my head,  
And my boots are all run down;

My boots are all run down,  
And I am run down too;  
I find I've been done brown—  
Jewhilleens! what shall I do?

I am out of credit and cash,  
(He sang it with a sigh,)  
If I had I'd cut a dash,  
And drink this grocery dry."

But the rain was falling fast,  
And the wind was getting cold,  
So he laid him down at last,  
With his story half untold.

Next morn he was seen lying flat,  
And O, I think 'twas a sin—  
This man we left with a brick in his hat,  
Was found too dead to skin!

Young man, when taking a horn,  
Just think of this drunken youth,  
And I think you'll acknowledge the corn,  
That I am good at telling the truth.

WM. P. DAVIS.  
Paris, Tenn. July 27, 1851.

## THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Levenhook says that there are more ani-  
mals in the milt of a single fish than there  
are men upon the earth.  
Herodotus, a Greek Historian, states that  
when he was in Egypt, the Egyptian priest  
told him that they had a tradition, that the  
sun rose twice in the west, and set twice in  
the east!

Cotton was first planted in the United  
States, in the year 1789.  
Inglis is made from the entrails of a  
fish.

The ancient Persians trained their chil-  
dren to speak the truth, and to live strictly  
temperate.  
All bodies of substances, have impenetra-  
bility, extension, figure, divisibility, inertia,  
and attraction.

Holbach says, Liberty, to man, is the  
faculty of doing, for his own peculiar happi-  
ness everything which does not injure or dim-  
inish the happiness of his associates; and  
that 'rights are every thing which society,  
by equitable laws, permits each individual  
to do for his own peculiar felicity.

Night is composed of seven colors—red,  
blue, green, violet, orange, yellow and in-  
digo.  
Antisthenes, a Greek philosopher, who  
lived about four hundred years before Christ,  
taught that virtue consists in being indepen-  
dent of circumstances, and that, to maintain  
this, our wants should be reduced to the  
smallest number.

Sago is produced from the pith of the lun-  
lan tree; which grows in the East Indies.  
The senses are—sight, touch, hearing,  
smell, and taste; they are the means by  
which we know the qualities of objects.  
Gunpowder is composed of saltpetre, sul-  
phur and charcoal.

## RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

De Toqueville's work on Democracy in  
America, has enjoyed a very great popularity  
in France. The thirteenth edition has just  
been published. In reviewing it, M. Chava-  
ler, who is himself acquainted with this  
country, has the following paragraph:

"It is easy to show how much the success  
of the Democratic Republic in the United  
States is due to the religious feeling of the peo-  
ple. In Europe most of the disorder in soci-  
ety has its origin in the domestic circle, and  
not far from the nuptial couch. Frequently  
the European finds it difficult to submit to  
the powers of the State only because tumultu-  
ous passions agitate his own dwelling, and  
that he is there a prey to the uneasiness of  
the heart or the instability of desires. In the  
United States the residence of the citizen is  
the image of order and of peace. North A-  
merica, according to the unanimous opinion  
of all who have visited it, is the country  
where the conjugal tie is most respected,  
and where conjugal happiness is the most  
appreciated.

This good state of morals in America has  
its origin in religious faith. Religion would  
probably be powerless to restrain man in  
presence of the temptation with which he is  
assailed by fortune; but it reigns supreme  
over the mind of woman, and it is woman  
who forms public morals. As long as Amer-  
icans shall preserve the severity of their moral  
conduct, they will preserve the Demo-  
cratic Republic. If their morals become re-  
laxed, if they become vicious, it will be be-  
cause religion has been deprived of its au-  
thority. Instead of a free nation, there will  
be a degraded mass, governed by the corrup-  
tious. Republican institutions may exist  
in name, but the name will be a deception.  
It will be like the Roman Republic, which  
existed in name under the Cæsars, but the  
reality of which had completely disappeared.  
In the United States religion also governs the  
mind, restrains it in its aberrations, and  
thus becomes a guarantee of the duration of  
the Republic. Everybody in the United  
States professes religious dogmas. The small  
number who are not sincere Christians affect  
to be so, lest they should be suspected of  
having no religion. Christianity, therefore,  
has an external adhesion which is unani-  
mous.

The result of this is that, in the moral  
world, everything is fixed, although the po-  
sible world may appear to be entirely given  
up to discussion and rash experiments.  
The human mind in the United States has  
not before it an unlimited space; however  
bold it may be, it feels there are insurmount-  
able barriers before which it must stop.  
Hence it happens that, in all classes, there is  
a certain restraint, either voluntary or the  
result of force. In this manner, men of revo-  
lutionary tendencies are constantly com-  
pelled to profess, if they do not feel, a re-  
spect for Christian morality, and consequent-  
ly for equity, which is the substance of  
Christianity. If they could rise above their  
scruples, or if they had no scruples, they  
would still be restrained by those of their  
partizans. Thus, in the United States, there  
is no person who will dare to put forward  
the maxim that everything may be per-  
mitted in the interest of the state and of society  
—a tyrannical maxim, which prevailed for  
its misfortune in the French Republic, and  
which the second has, hitherto, notwithstand-  
ing its imperfections and its faults, imper-  
atively rejected."

**A Clincher.**  
Several individuals were discussing the  
merits of temperance and anti-temperance  
in this city, not long since, among whom  
were two Irishmen. One of them was an  
unscrupulous advocate for the "liberty" to  
get drunk, and make himself and those  
around him miserable. The discussion was  
animated, and when the other Irishman got  
a chance he said—"Now, friends, I'll tell  
you a little story. Once the devil offered a  
gentleman a large sum of money, if he  
would commit one of the three crimes, and  
might have his choice—to get drunk, com-  
mit adultery, or murder. An' faith he chose  
to get drunk, just what the devil wanted him  
to, for after he got drunk, he committed the  
other crimes without the asking." This was  
a perfect clincher, and the discussion ended.

To be a woman of fashion is one of  
the easiest things in the world. A late writ-  
ter thus describes it—buy everything you  
don't want, and pay for nothing you do,  
smile on all mankind but your husband;  
be happy everywhere but at home; hate the  
country; adore Paris; neglect your children,  
and nurse lap dogs; go to church every  
time you get a new shawl; to show the Lord,  
and die without fuss whenever the physician  
makes out your warrant.

A cross old bachelor says that girls  
"ain't" handsome, hate those who are  
while those who are handsome, hate one an-  
other. Which class has the "best time of it?"

Beware, girls, of falling in love with  
a pair of matches, till you have ascertain-  
ed whether their wearer is the original  
proprietor.

Lately, in Michigan, two neighbors  
agreed to an exchange of their families—  
one giving his wife and two children for the  
other's wife.

'The last rose of Summer,' is sup-  
posed to mean getting out of bed on the 31st  
of August.