

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.

REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to creep,
How I crawl'd straight into mischief—
How I would not go to sleep—
How I pull'd the table linen
With its contents on the floor;
How my mother spanked me for it;
Till my tender flesh was sore.

I remember, I remember,
When I first began to talk;
And I also well remember
Well the day I tried to walk;
Firm I grasp'd old Jowler's collar,
But he gave a sudden hop,
So into a pan of water,
Jowler spilt this child "ker slop."

I remember, I remember,
When I used to go to school,
How I kept a watchful eye on
The Schoolmaster's rod and rule;
How I cut up monkey-shines
Every time his back was turned—
How I sometimes used to catch it,
When I'd not my lesson I earned.

I remember, I remember,
When I went a hooking peaches,
How a dog came out and caught me
By the nape of my breeches;
How I hung on to the bushes—
How the dog hung fast to me,
Till my crying brought a man who
Flogged me most "forful-ly."

I remember, I remember,
When the girls used to kiss,
How I thought it rather funny,
But it gave me no extra bliss;
Now it seizes me with rapture,
Now it fills my soul with joy;
Yet with maidenhood's blissful pleasures,
Would that I were still a boy.

THE THREE MAXIMS.

An old soldier entitled to his discharge from
the army, on the score of long service and
many wounds, being on the point of quitting
his regiment, went to make his adieus to his
captain.

"Ah, well, mon brave," said his officer, "so
you are about to leave us—to exchange the
life of a soldier for that of a citizen. Now,
as this career will be somewhat novel to you,
my esteem and friendship, which you have
won by bravery and good conduct, prompt
me to give you a little advice before parting;
and if you will submit to the conditions of
that advice, without at present seeking to di-
vulge their motive, you will never have cause
to regret having followed my counsel. What
money have you?"

"Only three louis d'or, captain, and a few
francs to defray the expenses of my jour-
ney."

"Very well—give me the three louis d'or,
and I will give you three maxims for your
guidance."

"The state of my finances renders that
rather a dear bargain," said the soldier,
"nevertheless, as wisdom is more precious
than gold, and in order to prove to you the
confidence which I, in common with the rest
of my comrades, repose in you, I consent to
it." And the soldier handed the three louis
d'or—all his fortune—to the captain.

"Very good," said the Captain; "now my
friend, listen to, recollect, and put in con-
stant practice these three maxims: Keep the
straight road; Never meddle with the affairs
of others; and Postpone your anger to the
morrow. In the meantime, await me here a
few moments."

The old soldier remained, pensively lean-
ing on his musket, and somewhat repentant
of his bargain. "Keep the straight road—
Never meddle in the affairs of others—and
Postpone your anger to the morrow,—very
wise as assuredly, and very well worth your
louis d'or; only it is rather unfortunate that
that sum should happen to be the whole of
my fortune."

In a few minutes the Captain returned and
placed a small loaf of bread in the hands of
the soldier, exacting from him a promise
that he would not cut it until that moment
arrived which he should consider the happi-
est of his life. Then embracing each other
with that sincerity and affection which char-
acterize all Frenchmen and old companions
in arms, they bid each other adieu.

The soldier took up his line of march for
home. Having been joined by a *compagnon
de voyage*, towards the evening of the same
day they arrived at a point where the road
separated into branches; the one wide and
apparently easy, turned a little to the right;
while the other, narrow and difficult in ap-
pearance, was the direct continuation of the
grand route. The travellers hesitated for an
instant, deliberating which road to follow;
when the soldier suddenly recollecting the
first parting maxim of his Captain, said—

"I keep the straight road!"

"And I," said his comrade, "shall choose
the easiest."

But the unfortunate traveller found that
the road, so wide and easy at its entrance,
terminated in a gloomy forest, the haunt of
wild beasts and lawless men. He paid the
penalty of his hasty choice that night, and

on the morrow the old soldier learned that
his companion of the preceding day had
been assassinated.

"Ah, my dear Captain," thought he, your
first maxim, at least was not a dear one;
truly, wisdom is more precious than fine
gold."

The same day he arrived at the *auberge* of
a small village; and in conversation with
some of the peasants, they advised him to
visit, in his quality of a soldier, a certain
Marquis, the proprietor of a neighboring
chateau, who made a pleasure of dispensing
the most liberal hospitality to all military
men who might happen to pass on that road.
Following their advice, he was received with
courtesy and politeness, assured of a hearty
welcome, and invited to the table of the no-
bleman.

But, wonderful to relate, in the midst of
the supper, a lady clothed entirely in black,
with slow step and downcast eye, entered
and took her seat at the table; and this lady
of noble birth, and a Frenchwoman, drank
from a human skull!

The soldier, however, took no notice ap-
parently of this singular circumstance, and
the conversation proceeded as usual, without
interruption. It was not that he was less
curious to discover the meaning of this ex-
traordinary conduct, but the substantial ben-
efit which he had derived from the principle
contained in the first maxim, caused him to
appreciate the second—"Never meddle in the
affairs of others."

After the supper, when the lady had been
some time absent, the Marquis addressed
himself to the soldier, and regarding him
fixedly, said—

"My friend, you are no ordinary man;
for a most remarkable scene has been enacted
before your eyes, and yet you have not
made the least remark."

"Monsieur," responded the soldier, "it
is one of my principles never to meddle in
the affairs of others."

"Brave man!" exclaimed the Marquis,
"I perceive that I can trust you, and that you
are a man of honor and prudence. Follow
me, and you will learn the value of your dis-
cretion."

Taking a torch he led the soldier by a
winding passage to a subterranean vault.
But, oh, horror! the pale and vacillating
light of the flambeau was reflected on all
sides by ghastly skeletons, which its flicker-
ing seemed to reanimate, and which appeared
to menace the two visitors.

"Listen, my friend," said the nobleman;
"the black lady whom you have seen this
night, is the lady of the chateau, condemned
to drink at my table from the skull of her
lover whom I have killed. These bones are
those of travellers who have seen precisely
what you have seen, but have not been pos-
sessed of your prudence. I have satisfied
their curiosity, and their death alone could
protect me from the consequences.—Your
discretion has saved your life; and now, my
friend, as a proof of my appreciation of your
prudence and good judgment, accept this
purse. You are at liberty to remain at the
chateau as long as you choose, or if you pre-
fer, to continue your journey."

Conceive, if possible, the emotions of the
old soldier. Who would wonder if he had
that night often repeated in his sleep, "Never
meddle in the affairs of others?"

The next morning he continued his route,
and the remainder of his journey passed
without any further adventure of interest.
He at last arrived in sight of his cottage,
where all that was most dear to his heart
awaited him—that heart beat quick as he
placed his foot on the threshold. Without
announcing himself, he entered; but alas,
what a reception!—the first object that met
his astonished gaze, was a young priest
tenderly embracing his wife!

With the decision of an old warrior, the
soldier levelled his musket, and in another
instant a ball would have pierced the heart
of the unhappy priest; but a thought arrested
his hand, penetrating his heart like an
electric shock—"Postpone your anger to the
morrow!" and he lowered his musket, and
hung his head, overcome with bitter disap-
pointment and despair.

His jealousy, however, was not of long
duration; for behold, upon explanation, the
priest was his son! Adopted in his infancy
by a good curate of the village, who had di-
rected his studies, he had recently taken his
oly orders, and had preceded but a few mo-
ments, the arrival of his father.

Thus the soldier, after a long absence, had
at last returned to his family, and had found
his son a priest—the *neplus ultra* of human
perfection in the popular estimation. When
had he ever conceived of such happiness as
this? It was assuredly the moment to cut
his loaf of bread—but hardly had he done
so, when a playful kitten, wishing to share
the general joy, sprang towards some bril-
liant object which rolled from the loaf upon
the floor. It was the three louis d'or, which
had been placed there by the good Captain.

The way the whig tide is setting for
President may be inferred by the fact that
23 papers in Virginia have expressed a preference
for Mr. Fillmore for President in 1852.
In addition to which the Buffalo Com-
mercial Advertiser, a paper called "the do-
mestic organ of President Fillmore," says:
—"The campaign on the Rio Grande elected
one president. Nothing more can be made
out of that series of brilliant exploits."

The Turks believe, that after Adam
was driven out of Paradise, he did penance
by standing nine hundred years on one leg.

From the Burlington Hawkeye. EARLY TIMES IN INDIANA.

Said Major Oadesley, as he casually drop-
ped in on us yesterday morning and com-
menced talking away in his usual quiet,
chatty, and peculiar manner—

"I'm sick and tired of this artificial way
of doing things in these latter days."

"Why so, major?"

"There is an eternal sight too much pa-
rade about everything that is going on."

"I was at a wedding last night, the daugh-
ter of an old and much-esteemed friend was
to be married, and I was so urgently invited
that I couldn't help going; there was so
urgently invited, that I couldn't help going;
there was so much fuss and parade that I
was perfectly disgusted. I couldn't help
comparing the proceedings where a couple
was married in Lawrenceburg many years
ago, when Indiana formed part of the great
Northwestern Territory. At that time the
settlements of the emigrants were mostly
confined to the rich bottom lands of the
water-courses. Lawrenceburg was a small
village of a few log cabins. My father was
acting magistrate for the district, and very
promptly attended to all the various duties
of that office, in addition to which he was
in the habit of doing a good deal of man-
ual labor on his own hook."

"That was when you wasn't big enough
to do much, major?"

"Exactly, I was a tow headed brat of
some eight or ten years old when the inci-
dent I am about to relate occurred, but I
remember all the particulars as well as if it
occurred yesterday. You see it was about
dinner time one day in the fall of the year,
when the old man, being engaged in laying
in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up
his ox team with a pretty solid load of fuel.

Just then a young and unsophisticated
couple entered the village, hand in hand,
inquired for the Squire, and were duly di-
rected to the house. The youth was barefoot-
ed, and wore a coarse but clean tow linen
shirt and pants, and rough straw hat of home
manufacture. His fair companion was dressed
in a blue cotton frock, pink cotton apron,
fine bonnet, and coarse brogan shoes with-
out stockings.

These were their wedding dresses, and
their severe simplicity and the thorough in-
dependence they manifested, made an im-
pression upon my mind that will never be
effaced.

"We come to get married," said the young
man to the old lady, my mother, who was
properly busy among the pots and kettles."

"That's very good business," said she,
smiling graciously, "though you appear to
look very young; but there's the Squire,
just drove up; he'll splice you in less than
no time." So out she bolted, to give the
fortunate functionary due notice of the busi-
ness in hand.

"I can't stop till I unload this wood,"
said the old man; "tell them to come out
here."

Out they came.
The old man was on the top of the cart,
and every time he threw off a sick he asked
a question. Before he was fairly unladen,
he had the youth's whole story, having
ascertained the names, ages, and residence
of the parties, how long he had known the
young woman, if he really loved her, and
was willing to labor honestly to promote her
happiness, &c.

The younger gave simple and satisfac-
tory answers to all the questions propounded.
In the mean time, the old lady, perfectly
understanding Day's way of doing things,
had sent out to say to the people that a wed-
ding was coming off at the house; and by
the time the wood was unloaded, quite a
crowd had collected to witness the cere-
mony.

The old fellow, having pitched out the
last stick, and picked up his long goad,
stood up in the cart and commenced the
performance.

"Jest jine hands," said he to the young
couple. It was done accordingly.

"I am satisfied with both of ye," contin-
ued he, "you've a perfect right to get mar-
ried," and he united 'em in short order.

"As the ratlers on this house are joined to-
gether, so I juss you—you are man and
wife—salute your bride. I don't charge you
anything for the operation."

"Whoa law, Buck; get along, Bright!"
and with an eloquent flourish of his long
stick, he started for another load of wood,
leaving the newly wedded pair amid the vil-
lagers, kissing each other with a very dis-
tinct and particular evidence of satisfaction.

"That was a wedding worth having,"
said Major Oadesley; "I knew the couple
afterwards, and know them yet, for they
both living in a high state of prosperity."

And I know their children after them, too,
and mighty fine children they are, for one of
them is at this very time Governor of the
State of Indiana.

A Western editor says that "a child
was run over by a wagon three years old
and cross eyed, with pantaloons on, which
never spoke afterward" and adds that "in
consequence of careless driving, the shafts
of death are constantly through their vil-
lage."

It is said that the difference between
eating strawberries and cream and kissing
a pretty girl is so small, that it cannot be ap-
preciated.

POTTSVILLE SPIRIT.—It seems that one of
the principal persons in the recent revolu-
tion in Northern Mexico is a Pottsvillian—
Major McMicken.

Curiosities at the World's Fair.

Specimens of silver lead ore, weighing
350 lbs., from the Great Coward silver lead
mine.

A block of pure silver, weighing more
than 140 lbs.

Consister of boiled mutton, supplied to
Aroeti Expedition in 1824, and found by
Captain Sir John Ross in Prince Regent's In-
let, in 1849, in a perfect state of preservation.

Pure Southdown ewe, stuffed, seven years
old, and which was never shorn. Length of
the wool 25 inches, weight 36 lbs.

Working model of a pair of non-condens-
ing steam engines, standing within the
compass of a shilling, and weighing three
drachms.

Sewing machine, capable of sewing 500
stitches per minute.

A spring watch, which shows the time
to one sixth of a second.

Clock in a case which occupied thirty-
four years in completion, with astronomical,
chronological, and other movements, wind
organ, &c.

Tuning fork, with chromatic scale, by
which any note may be tuned to pleasure.

A boot and shoe made from a single piece
of leather.

Patchwork quilt, in 13,500 pieces of cloth
the sole work of the exhibitor, and has oc-
cupied his leisure hours for eighteen years.

A horse shoe, designed to permit the nat-
ural expanding action of the foot of the
horse.

Bed cover of patchwork, the number of
pieces nearly 90,000.

Self-acting calculator of surface. The ar-
ea of any figure drawn on a plane, is found
by moving the tracer over the outline, how-
ever irregular it may be.

Oval medalion of her Majesty, produced
by a single line of equal thickness, and 259
feet in length.

A piece of white linen, spun and woven
by hand, having 7,000 threads in the warp.
A lump of gold ore weighing 3 cwt.

A second watch made of ivory, with gold
screws and steel moving works. It works
in ten rubies, and weighs (glass and vase in-
cluded) half an ounce.

An octagonal table of inlaid wood, con-
taining 3,000,000, the arms of England alone
in a space of three inches by two, con-
sisting of 53,000 of these pieces.

A watch going one year.

A Berlin wool carpet, executed by one
hundred and fifty ladies of Great Britain.
The dimensions of this carpet are thirty feet
in length, and twenty in breadth. The car-
pet has been produced in the following man-
ner: The pattern originally designed and
painted by the artist, has been subdivided
into detached squares, and which have been
worked by the different ladies; and on their
completion the squares have been united so
as to complete the design. In the pattern,
which consists of geometrical and partly of
floral forms, leadic emblems have been in-
troduced. The initials of the executants are
momentarily arranged so as to form the ex-
ternal border. The whole design is connect-
ed by wreaths or bands of leaves and foli-
age, the centre of the group representing the
store from which they have been distribu-
ted.—London Family Friend.

Extravagance in Living.

"One cannot wonder that the times occa-
sionally get hard," said a venerable citizen,
the other day, "when one sees the way in
which the people live and ladies dress."

"We thought there was a good deal of truth
in what the old gentleman said. Houses at
from five hundred to a thousand dollars rent;
brocades at three dollars a yard; bonnets at
twenty; and shawls, cloaks, &c. &c. from
fifty dollars up, are enough to embarrass any
community, which indulges in such extrava-
gances as extensively as Americans do. For
it is not only the families of realized wealth,
who could afford it, that spend money in this
way; but those who are yet laboring to
make a fortune, and who, by the chances of
trade, may fall of this desirable result after
all. Everybody almost wishes to live, now-
adays, as if already rich. The wives and
daughters of men not worth two thousand a
year, dress as richly nearly as those of men
worth ten or twenty thousand. The young,
too, begin where their parents left off. Ex-
travagance, in a word, is piled on extrava-
gance, till

"Alps o'er Alps arise."

The folly of this is apparent. The sums
thus lavished go for mere show, and neither
refine the mind nor improve the health.
They gratify vanity, and that is all. By the
practice of a wise economy, most families
might, in time, entitle themselves to such
luxuries; and then, indulgence in them
would not be reprehensible. If there are
two men each making a clear two thousand
a year, and one lays by a thousand at simple
interest, while the other spends his entire
income, the first will have acquired a fortune
in sixteen years, sufficient to yield him an
income equal to his accustomed expenses,
while the other will be as poor as when he
started in life. And so of larger sums! In
fine, any man, by living on half of what he
annually makes, he is more or less, can, be-
fore he is forty, acquire enough, and have it
invested in good securities, to live for the
rest of his life in the style in which he has
been living all along. Yet how few do it!

But what prevents? Extravagance, extrava-
gance, and again extravagance.—Phil. Eve-
Bulletin.

WATER is the best of all drinks.

What Constitutes a Gentleman.

To be a gentleman is a laudable ambition
and every man should aim to attain that
character. But difficulty arises from the vari-
ous fancies that more or less prevail as to
what constitutes a true gentleman.

That young man with a diminutive shoe-
brush on his upper lip, imagines himself a
fine specimen of the genuine article. How
elegantly he is stiffened and starched with
corsets, straps and dicky! His boots are
just the fit, and the tailor made a "dead hit"
when he cut that suit. He has no visible
means of sustenance, and yet he picks his
teeth, with elegant nonchalance, in front of
the most fashionable hotels. He carries,
too, a gold-headed cane; wears a quizzing
glass, swells like a toad, while talking of
his upper-ten acquaintances; goes to the thea-
tre; criticizes learnedly; dances divinely;
is admired by the ladies; and, after dark,
goes the streets to insult the poor girl who
is returning home wearied with toilsome la-
bor.

But that youth makes a great mistake. He
has not a single element of the true gentle-
man in him. Strip him of his gewgaws, and
the distance between him and the monkey
wouldn't be worth mentioning. Brainless
and heartless; they are the mere scum that
float upon the surface of society, of no use
to themselves or any body else, except as
dolls. A million of them wouldn't be worth
as much as little black Billy Button, who
flourished in Middle street, for he did do
something, although he made a mistake
when he whipped his wife for letting the
lightning get into his closet. If the tailor,
the milliner, and the laundress, were to desert
these minikens, the difference between the
false and the true would soon appear.

But look at that well-dressed man with
black whiskers. Is not he a gentleman?
We should hardly dare to tell him to his
face otherwise; if we should, he would
probably knock us down, and we can assure
those of our readers who have tried it, that
the position is neither comfortable nor gra-
tifying. Yet we will whisper in your ear, pri-
vately, mind, and while his eye is turned
another way—that he is not a gentleman!

On the contrary, quite the reverse." He
lives by victimizing the gambling table; or
by other still more dishonorable practices.
He is worse than the semi-comical animal
above described in possessing greater ability
to injure.—Yet, superficially, though the
foulest bogus, he tries to pass tolerably well
as current coin in society. Very likely, the
State Prison, or the gallows—if hanging is
not meanwhile abolished—will snap him up,
and close his eventful career.

Some men have a notion that to be a true
gentleman, they must scoff at religion, avow
disbelief in a future life, sneer at professors
of the christian faith, repudiate all virtue,
boast of their licentiousness and seductions,
drink deep and long, and swagger their way
downward to eternity.

Faugh! such miserable wretches are to
society, what the green, putrid, stagnant,
miasmatic waters are to the beautiful garden,
exhaling the poisonous odors of death all
around them.

Dress does not make a gentleman.—If it
did, then the greatest fool and knave in the
world might lay claim to the character, pro-
vided he had money enough, or sufficient
credit.

Fashionable accomplishments do not
make the gentleman. A man may be exqui-
sitely courteous in his demeanor—he may
touch his hat and make a bow with the re-
puted grace of Chesterfield—he may be all
smiles and suavity—yet

"He may smile and smile, and be a villain!"
It is an old adage, "that mind makes the
man." The exterior is but the covering.
Many suppose that this outer packing of
muscle, and bone, and sinew, is the real
man; and ladies sometimes say, "What a
handsome man he is!"—Why, if they could
only look beneath this fine frame work, and
see the interior life, they would behold a de-
formity utterly loathsome! all snarled and
twisted out of shape by demonic passions.

The heart makes the gentleman. We
have seen men steeped to the eyelids in di-
rect poverty, battling manfully, hour after
hour, and day after day, with adverse fate,
for the mere permission to *live*; and we
have felt that they deserved our profoundest
homage. We see such, indeed, daily. Un-
dismayed they struggle on with their hearts
warm, and their hopes ever on the wing. In
a little circle of their home—a place sacred
and glorious, and beautiful to them, however
humble, they manifest all the amenities, and
drink in all the joys that home is designed
to produce. With firm confidence in Provi-
dence and the final rest in Heaven, they
meet all the trials cheerfully, and breast the
heaviest waves on the rough ocean of life
with strong arms. Through all, forever
beams out the *heavenly smile*.

These are gentlemen, not fashioned by
the tailor's skill, not spawned from the mon-
ey-chest, but made and moulded in elegant
proportions by the artistic hand of the Great
Architect.

On our way to church on the Sabbath day,
we sometimes see a young man leading his
venerable mother to the house of God. We
mark the watchful eye with which he guards
her tottering steps—how gently he leads her
along—how his whole mind is absorbed in
tender regard for his mother. Her face is
smeared all over with wrinkles—but she has
no wrinkles in him.

Who denies his title to a patent nobility?
He may dress plainly, perhaps meanly—he
may make you an awkward bow—he may
lack all the graces and charms of refined
manner—yet he is in the noblest sense of
all, the TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The Eclectic.

SALLY BROWN.

A NICE NEW BALLAD.

Not far from a place called Liberty town,
There lived a young lady 'c'iep'd Sally
Brown;

A lady of merit as soon will appear,
If you will have patience to listen and hear,
Derry down, derry down, derry down.

Her dress, I'll describe you in less than a
minute,
So be you attentive and hear me begin it;
Her head is adorned with a nice cottage bon-
net,
With knots of red ribbon in abundance upon
it,
Derry down, derry down, derry down.

Her shawl is dark brown and her gown it is
drab;
And her eyes much resemble the eyes of a
crab;

Her mouth is as wide as an oven, I'm sure,
Or (to use the old proverb) as my barn door,
Derry down, derry down, derry down.

Now listen, ye gallants of every degree,
This lady's not married, but wishes to be;
So he who may think a good wife is no curse,
May take the sweet damsel for better or worse,
Derry down, derry down, derry down.

Never Give Up!

The Albany Knickerbocker asks who are
our rich men?—our distinguished men?—
our most useful men? Those who have been
cast down, but not destroyed—who when
the breeze of adversity swept away their
prosperity, sought new standards—pushed
on—looked up, and then became what you
behold them now. A glorious sentence and
worthy to be inspired—Never give up! Men
are not made—they make themselves. A sea-
dy perseverance—a determination never to
sink, though millstones were hanging about
their necks—is the doctrine. It is this (the
Knickerbocker eloquently continues) that has
made the wilderness to blossom—that has
given wings to the ocean, filled valleys, lev-
eled mountains, and built up great cities of
the world. Who, then, is a fool, and yields
simpering before the blast—who is a suck-
ling, and covers before a cloud? Is it you,
young man, strong and healthy as you are?
Shame, shame on you! You are big enough
to possess an iron heart, and to break down
mountains at a blow. Up, and let this be
the day of your redemption. Resolve to be
a fool no longer, even if you are obliged to
stand with a red-hot iron upon your brow—
never give up!—City Item.

Horse Power Ditching Machine.

Mr. Charles Bishop, of Norwalk, Ohio,
has invented and taken measures to secure a
patent for a good improvement in Ditching
Machines, whereby the old spade method of
ditching by manual labor is entirely thrown
into the shade. His machine is worked by
horse-power, and is provided with a revol-
ving excavator, the shaft or axle of which
lies in the direction of the length of the
ditch. The excavator is of a screw form,
and operated by an endless chain. The
ditch is cut of a semi-circular form, and it
deposits the cut clay, or other kind of exca-
vated earth in a box, from whence it is de-
livered at one side on the road by scrapers
attached to the endless chain. The machine
being propelled forward by a friction wheel
or roller, moving in the ditch, and operated
by the excavator shaft.

A Second Hand President.

We heard the following good story a few
days ago, related by one of the high dignita-
ries of the land—Tom Corwin—whose inimi-
table manner of relating the same, we are
sorry cannot be committed to paper