THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.] Truth and Right—God and our Country. [Two Dollars per Annum

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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An Original Poem.

Written for the dedication of the new Hall of the GREENWOOD SEMINARY, Oct. 7th, 1854, and read by CATHARINE A. BETZ.

Without much effort at a grand display,
We now propose to signalize this day,
By words and deeds such as befit the time.
In oral speech and unpretending rhyme.
We hope by this to aid both young and old.
To search for jewels of more woth than gold,
To dig for wealth in intellectual mines.
And draw out treasures from their dead confines,.
That thus they may all hidden things explore
And robe the mind with gems of mystic lore,
Dispel the shades of ignorance and wrong
And learn those laws which to our race belong.
Here let the students of the neighboring parts
Resort to win this handmaid of the arts;
Here let them strive their utmost to discern
To learn to live while yet they live to learn;
Here may the various traits of mind expand
To scatter learning broadcast o'er the land,
Here may the tyro wend his onward course
To trace the rills of learning to their source.
Here may the girls of after years repair
To seek for knowledge and its garlands wear,
Here may the mind find scope for all its powers
While it explores this noble world of ours;
Here may true science and the arts combine,
To serve the purpose of their wise design,
Here may true freedom ever find a friend
To speak for justice and its claims defend,
Here may the cause of temperance [illegible] of peace
Extend their sway and advocates increase,
Nor may these walls in time that's yet to come
Be o'er poluted by the fumes of rum;
Hence may *tobacco* and its stench be hurled,
To burn its incense in the outer world,
Here pipeds only mark their filthy course
And spout its venom with hydraulic force.
And here in future may we ever find
Our noblest aim the culture of the mind,
With christian virtue for our daily food
That all may strive to be both wise and good,
And may good deeds which time can ne'er efface,
Extend in love to all the human race.
And now we dedicate our humble hall
In all its parts, the floor and roof and wall
A temple fitted to serve the needs of youth
Sacred to science, liberty and Truth.

Every Man his Own Lawyer—Self Defence Tirumphant.

At the last term of the Orange co. (N, Y.) court, the following case was tried, upon which the jury was addressed by the defendant, who had concluded to appear in his own defence:

The people vs. James Alerton.—This was a very interesting case, rendered so from the fact that the defendant acted as "his own lawyer" on the trial, without having the advantage of being one of the legal fraternity. His "summing up," of which we are able to give nearly a verbatum report, with the exception of the "acting," was decidedly rich, and afforded much amusement for the legal gentlemen present. The facts, as divulged upon trial, are briefly as follows:—The defendant is in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestsburg and Port Jervis plank road company. He and the complaint, Mr Dodder, are near neighbors.

On a Sunday in February last, the defendant saw the complainant in the act of beating his [defendant's] cows along the highway, and as an inducement for him to quit, hurled a few stones at him, one of which, as the complainant testified, struck him on the back.

The testimony being concluded, the defendant addressed the jury as follows.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY!—I don't know much about law, and since the trial has been going on I have concluded that I ought to know a little more. I ought to apoligise perhaps for appearing in my own defence, and will do so by telling you, that I feed one lawyer and hired another, in this case, but they both came up missing when I needed them most. I suppose I might have secured the sevices of some of these other 'limbs of the law,' that I see around me, but having been cheated by two of 'em, I concluded to go it 'on my own hook,' and here I am!—I want to tell you, gentlemen, before I go further, that it is not my fault that this case is here taking up the time of this honorable court. I think you will give me credit for telling the truth, when I say that it ought to have been tried before a justice of the peace; it being better adapted to the capacities of such a court than this one. After this difficulty Dodder did get a warrant for me from Squire Cuddeback, over in Deerpark. He then charged that I had assaulted him, but five or six months has freshened his memory, and he now says that I assaulted and battered him. I believe there is some difference between the two charges.

Dodder says he swore to the complaint before Squire Cuddeback, and I leave it for you to say whether he tells the truth now in saying that I battered him. I was taken by a constable before the squire, and either because the justice was ashamed of what he had already done, or hadn't time to attend to it, I don't know which, it went down.—Two or three weeks after that I was arrested again, and my wife having been confined, I thought it best, as a dutiful husband, to be around hum, so I got rid of it by giving security for my appearance to court.

You know, gentlemen, that I am in the employ of the Mongaup Valley, Forrestburg and Port Jervis plank road company, as a gate keeper. This company, it seems, had sufficient confidence in my integrity and honesty as to place me in that important station, and even if I should receive $3000 and steal $1500 of it, that's between me and the company, and it's none of Dodder's business. Now when the company sent me up along this a road to collect tolls, this Dodder was one of the inhabitants I found there in the woods, and I will say for him that he is a very fair specimen of the rest of the population. But there isn't any of them that seem to appreciate all the benefits of this plank road.

It let out to civilization a class of people who never before realized the idea that there was such a thing as civilized life, and this Dodder is one of them. It is a fact, that soon after I moved there, a young woman seventeen years old, cum down out of the mountains on the plank road one day and said she had never been out before. She fairly seemed surprised to see a white man, and after asking a few questions went back into the woods. This Dodder was my nearest neighbor, and a good deal nearer than I wanted him, and I hadn't been there long, before I heard he had been lying about me to one of the directors, and I soon found out that he wanted to get his son, who was sworn here against me, in my place. But he hasn't done it yet, and if you don't convict me, I reckon he won't very soon.

It wont take long to dispose of Dodder No. 2. He testifies that he saw me throw three stones at his father, and saw the "old man dodge." On his cross examination he says, that he was in his own house in the woods, and he had to look over a hill twenty feet high, and also over three slab fences and two stone walls. Well, if he tells the truth, all I wish is that I had young Dodder's eyes. He is certainly a remarkable boy and can't consistently deny his "father."

I am willing to admit that I done wrong to throw stones at Dodder, and I apologize to all the world and this county particularly, for it. The doctors tell us that there are two causes for all diseases, predisposition and excitability; I think it was the latter cause that moved me to stone Dodder. Therefore confess myself guilty of the assault, but the battery I deny; and if you find me guilty of the battery I will appeal from the decision to the Court of High Heaven itself before I will submit to it.

Now, gentlemen; you saw Mr. Dodder and heard him swear against me. I asked him a great many questions, and I was sorry to hear him answer as he did. I might have asked him if he didn't kill my cat, and if he didn't stone my chickens, because they trespassed in his woods, where actually the rocks are so thick that the brake's can't find their way through them; but then I knew he would deny it, and it would grieve me to hear him. He admits that he was driving my three cows up the road, and that he struck at one of 'em, but says it was with a small switch. I have proved that this small switch was a pole about ten feet long and about three inches across the butt end, and I have also proved that when he struck, the cow fell. It is true, my witness couldn't swear that the stick hit her, he was so far off but take the blow and the fall together, and we can guess the rest. If you, gentlemen, should see me point a gun at a man and pull the trigger, see the flash and hear the the report, and at the same time see the man drop; I think you would say that I shot him, although you might not see the ball strike him.

Now, the fact is, gentlemen, that on Sunday I was laying on my lounge is my house, when my wife said to me that Dodder was chasing my cows. I jumped up and pulled on my boots and went out of doors, and saw Dodder and the cows a coming up the road. It is true, he says he was not driving them but says that he and the cows was both going along the road in one direction, and this was as near as I could get him to the cows or the truth, but it is proved that the cows were going ahead of him and he was following after them, striking at them, with his little switch ten feet long and three inches across the butt, and I reckon you'll think he was "driving" them. I sang out to him, "Dodder, stop!" but he didn't obey my order, and I just threw a stone in that direction, which went about then feet over his head; at the same time going toward him, while he was coming toward me. He paid no attention, and I sung out again "Dodder, stop!" still he didn't mind me, and then I just threw another stone; but on he came, and on I went, and I threw the third stone, which he says hit him in the back of his neck, but which I think is rather strange, as we were going forward each other as fast as we could go. But he never slacked up, and by this time we were within about eight feet of each other. I halted and hollered at the top of my voice, "Dodder, why in —— don't you stop!" about then he did stop, and raised his ten foot switch as if to strike me—I sang out: "Mr. Dodder, look out! You may wollup my cows, but if you wollup me with that switch you'll wollup an animal that'll hook!"—[Here the orator made an appropriate gesture of the head, as in the act of hooking, which was followed with tumultuous shouts and laughter, that continued several minutes.]

Now, gentlemen, if you convict me, this court can fine me $250 and jug me for six months, and if you really think I ought to be convicted of this assault, say so, for I am in favor of living up to the laws, as long as they are laws, whether it is the fugitive slave law, the Nebraska bill or the excise laws. I will read you a little law, however, which I have just seen in a book here—(the speaker here picked up a law book and read as follows:) 'Every man has a right to defend himself from personal violence." Now I can't know whether this is law or not, but I find it in a law book. (A veteran member of the bar who was sitting near the speaker, remarked to him that it was good law.) Now if you will turn to Barbour something page 399, you'll find that the same doctrines is applied to cattle—(great laughter.) Therefore I take it, I had a right to defend my cows against Dodder's ten foot switch. Why gentlemen, nearly all my wealth is invested in them three cows, and you can't wonder that I became a little excited when I saw Dodder switching them with his ten foot pole. I am a poor man, and have a large family, consisting of a wife and six children, which I reckon is doing pretty well for as small a man as I am, and I could not afford to let Dodder kill my cows.

Now, gentlemen, I don't believe you'll convict me, after what I have said. But if you do, and this court fines me $250, "I shall repudiate," 'because I cannot pay."—and if I am jugged for six months, why these Dodders will have it all their own way up there. But notwithstanding all this, I am willing to risk myself in your hands, and if you think I ought to have stood by and not done anything, when I saw Doddor hammering my cows, why then I am "gone in" tole gate and all.

It is true, I am a poor man, but not a mean one. The name of Allerton can be traced to the *May Flower*; when she landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, among the passengers was a widow, Mary Allerton, with four fatherless children, and I am descended from that Puritan stock; and from that day to this, there has never lived an Allerton who hadn't Yankee spirit enough to stop a Dodder from poling his cows. *I'm done.*" (Here the laughing and shouting were exceedingly boisterous, in which *all* participated, and it was several minutes, despite the repeated cries of "order," by the court, before order could be restored.—Our eloquent and usually unvanquishable district attorney, fearing to cope with so formidable an antagonist, merely remarked:—"It is a plain case," &c., and left it to the jury, who promptly brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." Mr. Allerton certainly deserves judicial promotion, and we move that he be appointed crier of the court.

WORK, WORK.

I have seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work—to employ themselves industriously at some useful labor. Beneath them to work! Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry, is the most truly great man—aye, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too.—And the man who forgets his duty to himself, his fellow creatures, and his God—who so far forgets the great blessings of life, as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die for says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." An idler is a encumberer of the ground—a weary curse to himself, as well as those around him.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, what but the continued history that brings forth the improvement that never allows him to be contented with any attirement he may have made—of work that he may have effected, what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries and refinements, physical, moral and intellectual blessings? The great orator, the great poet and the great scholar, are great working men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of the handicraftsmans; and the student's life has more anxiety than that of any other man. And all without the perseverance, the intention to real industry, cannot thrive. Hence the number of mere pretensions to scholarship, or those who have not strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half way, and are smatterers, a shame to the profession.

Beneath human beings to work! Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of immortality stands ready to seal his work with an unneffaceable signet, and then you will only see industry standing by his side.

Beneath human beings to work! Why, I had rather that a child of mine should labor regularly at the lowest, meanest employment than to waste its body, mind and soul, in folly, idleness, and uselessness. Better to wear out in year, than to rust out in a century.

Beneath human beings to work! Why what but work has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls? "Work out your own salvation," says the inspired Apostle to the Gentiles.

EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.—In the county Harrison, Mississippi, lives a female hermit—a curiosity, indeed, of her sex, because prone to solitude and silence. She lives in a house the fabric of her own hands, cultivates her own fields, splits her own rails, does her own fencing, and the present autumn she will have one hundred bushels of corn to sell, and a few hundred bushels of potatoes, all the products of her own unaided and indomitable labor! She lives alone—no husband, nor children, nor neighbors nearer than three miles.

☞ Pedagogue: Well sir. What does h-a-i-r spell? Boy: I don't know. Ped: What have you got on onut head? Bby, (scratcoing) guess it's a mukeeter bite; it itches like thunder.

Mr. Hokake says it is much easier to borrow trouble than money.

Know Nothings and the Whig Party.

Extract from Judge Agnew's Address to the Whigs of Beaver County:

"It is right—it is just—is it honorable, in the candidates of one party secretly to join another, which requires of him a new oath-bound allegience? Can he be a trustworthy or safe man who extends the right hand of friendship to his brethren on the ticket, claiming their support, and with the left hand is secretly stabbing them with his vote?—What sort of honor or honesty is that which cries to the Whigs for their votes, while it stealthfully robs them of its own, and transfers to another party the eclat and the benefits of victory? The secret Know-Nothing draped out in the false garo of the Whig candidate, must prove untrue to the Whigs by voting for Mott, Robinson and Thompson, or violate his oath by voting against them. Let him take either horn, he is a traitor to either one or the other. No man can serve two masters. He cannot worship God and the Devil.

Without assailing the order of Know-Nothings, or its principles, we hold, therefore, that a proper regard for ourselves as individuals, and duty to the Whig party, required of us when informed of this corruption in our ticket, to take means to avoid its consequences, and prevent the betrayal of our cause.

But we further hold that the principle and the organization of such a party to which our candidates had bound themselves, cannot be defined. In a land of perfect freedom of opinion, of unrestrained liberty of speech and of the press, what can justify the existence of a secret oath bound party, whose aims are against a portion of the citizens, whether they be Catholics, or all persons of foreign birth?

Justice and fair dealing require that no man nor class of men shall be assailed in the dark, nor robbed of their constitutional rights. Secret combinations for this purpose approach so nearly to the crime of conspiracy, that they want but a single ingredient to make them amendable to law. If the Catholic religion be prostituted to political purposes, let it be met openly and manfully, by Protestants, and the grounds of complaint directly made.

In a Protestant country, numbering nine to every Catholic, truth needs not to be afraid of the light. If foreigners have too large a share of our affairs, truth cannot be smothered when the native citizens are seven to one of foreign birth. Who, in a free and enlightened country; has ever heard of a party of honest aims and upright purposes being obliged to skulk from the light, meeting in the dead dark hours of night, in waste houses, the woods, and deserted places, fitter for deeds of evil than of good?—Granting to it honesty of purpose; and we have no disposition to impute aught else to many of the persons who have been inveigled into it, or have foolishly given way to their curiosity, or been impelled by their unconquerable desire of office to enter it, how can such a party prevent being duped by its leaders, when all its proceedings must be made known and all its communications given from hand to hand, instead of being laid open thro' the press, by public meetings, and free and unrestricted speech. Inevery county there are demagogues, ever on the alert to ride upon the topmost wave to office and to power,—designing men, who find their way into every society, even the church of God. It enables such men more effectually to impose upon our unweary, and implicate them in measure or in means of which their judgement or conscience cannot approve. It produces the slavery of dogma, without the freedom of rightful judgement.

It is degrading and demoralizing. It teaches the youthful and uncorrupted, as well as the old, the church member and the man of God, the moral and the truthful, to hide membership, purposes and actions under the cover of darkness and secrecy. It produces fearfulness, shamefacedness and concealment, where manly boldness, ingenuous openness and conscious rectitude alone should prevail. It compels men of character, piety and truth to dissemble and deny, to act a falsehood, if not directly to assert it. Fearful that their membership should be known, they scarcely dare discuss the principles that they have espoused, and almost every moment in their intercourse with men are compelled to dissimulate, and profess want of knowledge of that they actually know; and sometimes to escape conviction by open falsehood. So far has this incincerity and evasion filled the entire mass, that popular sentiment has from this characteristic named them 'Know-nothings.' Let the objects of this party be right, it cannot legalize the means it uses by the holiness of its purposes; it cannot do what no code of morals ever sanctioned. A means which leads to dissimulation, prevarication and falsehood, cannot under any circumstances be justified.

Moreover, the conscience must often be tolerated or members placed in the most painful dilemma between duty and party allegiance. Those men like the subjects of a despot and a kind, are oath-bound. Not content with the honor and honesty of men, as citizens having their own, their native land to love and serve, this secret order requires an oath of fealty also to bind them to its interests. Their duty to their party is sanctioned by an appeal to Heaven. The determinations of the body, oftentimes the mere *expedient* to the leaders, must be obeyed or the member compelled to withdraw, at the risk of prosecution or obloquy. The right of private judgement, in opposition to the will of the body is thus denied. What is this but the very essence of papal infallibility, charged by them upon Catholics?—How can the principle of this thing be defended? The member whose judgement cannot concide with determinations of the body, stands in a dilemma where his oath and his conscience are in conflict.

There is another serious consequence of this secret movement. It gives unprincipled men the means of abosing the confidence of the unsuspecting, producing suspiciousness, and making the honest and candid distrustful and fearful of all those who approach them in the guise of former friendship. Men honestly known as Whigs may approach true men of that party, and beguile them to believe and to act to suit the purposes of their own secret order. Thus, in the guise of Whigs, they may approach their former friends, gain their ear, and though with treason in their hearts, and the Know-Nothing ticket in their pockets, with the names of Mott, Robinson, Thompson, &c., upon it, they blast the reputations of those whose only crimes is that they would continue Whigs, and would prevent the ruin of their own party.

We deny no man freedom of opinion or, his right to belong to this or any other party, so far as its objects and purposes are lawful, and are rightful in his eyes. We do not defend the intolerance of Catholics, or their allegiances to a foreign temporal prince or jesuitical match after political power.—Nay, when they undertake to make their religion an engine of power, or to assert the superior obligation of Papal authority in civil or State affairs, we condemn and denounce the wrong, But we hold that a secret oathbound society as a means to oppose even these evils, is contrary to the genius and spirit of our free government, dangerous to its citizens, and demoralizing and degrading to those who participate.

By the Constitution of the U. S., No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United Sates. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.'

By the Constitution of Pennsylvania.—'All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to he dictates of their own conscience.' 'No person who acknowledges the being of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments, shall on account of his religious sentiments be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this Commonwealth.'

Can this be just, or regardful of the rights of the citizen, which violates the very spirit and shield of protection of those constitutional injunctions, by making the religious opinions of a large class of our fellow men a test of office, place or profit; and compels them to yield their conscience, or else their claims to equal rights? What principle of justice, right or fairness can justify secret association by combination, to deprive them of those equal rights secured by a common Constitution? The inquisition, that horrid instrument of ancient papal power, is condemned by the united voice of enlightened men. In principle, how much does a secret oath-bound association, arranging to a class of men for religious opinion, and condemning them without trial and unheard, and striking down every individual regardless of his merits, differ from that spirit which erected the inquisition, wielded the rack and torture, and applied the faggot and the fire.

A history proclaims the dire results of secret oath-bound political societies, unmitigated by a single good. Let the soil of France, of Ireland, and other countries deluged in blood, speak from the graves of their murdered people, the thorny story of religious bigotry and intolerant fanaticism, when guided by the unseen hand of a secret conscience-fettered order:

DANIEL AGNEW,
R. P. ROBERTS,
JOHN COLLINS.

From the San Francisco Herald.

THE MEIGGS' FORGERIES.

On Saturday, the 7th inst, the city was thrown into the greatest excitement, in consequence of the circulation of a rumor that Henry Meiggs, late a member of the Board of Aldermen, and one of the most extensive lumber merchants in the State, had failed for $800,000—that several forgeries had been discovered—that Meiggs had purchased the bark American, fitted it up in splendid style, and taking with him his family, and his brother, John G. Meiggs, recently elected Comptroller, and a large amount of treasure, set sail "for Ports in the Pacific." The greatest excitement prevailed for two or three days, and for some time no idea could be formed as to the extent of the forgeries.

The matter has been pretty extensively investigated since, and the following is probably not very far from the true amount of the loss sustained by Meiggs' operations:

Amount of failure,	$800 000
Comptroller's warrants forged,	500,000
California Lumber Company forg'd,	300,000
Forgeries on sundry firms,	60,000
Total,	$1,600,000

The warrants were generally made in favor of Jesse L. Wetmore, and in sums of from $200 to $1000. At first it was thought that the plate as well as the signatures were counterfeit, but it is now conceded that the former was genuine; and so admirably were the latter executed, that the Mayor and Comptroller each pronounced their own writing. In addition to the above, it is believed that some $300,000 or $400,000 of the forged Comptroller's warrants have been hypothecated in New York.

The manner in which the forger managed to raise money with the least risk to himself, was to borrow money, pledging double the amounts as security. In some cases he pledged even a larger proportion of warrants. The over issue of lumber stock was issued in a similar manner, although, from its depreciated value, not more than about twenty cents on the dollar was raised upon it.—Many of these hypothecations were made as long as three months since, and care was taken to give them to the heavy banking houses, or to persons who were not likely to take the warrants out into the market. It appears that a counterfeit plate or plates had been engraved, for the purpose of striking off the blanks. The boldest portion of his forgeries was the forgery of the notes in the name of Wm. Neely Thompson & Co., amounting, it is said, to $40,000. His course in this instance was very different from that in regard to the Controller's warrants, and was much more likely to be detected.—Meiggs confessed himself to be very much in want of money; spoke as though he might fail at any time, and made no representations to the contrary to any person. Meiggs' house was searched on Saturday evening, and a number of forged warrants were discovered there. The City warrants are made upon blanks of both the old and new [illegible] in sums of $500 and $1 000. The signatures of Mayor Garrison and Controller Harris are so well counterfeited, that those officers could not distinguish the false from the true warrants by the signatures.

The effect of the failure and forgeries will be most injurious upon the business of the city. Confidence among business men is weakened. Probably not less than 200 persons who were a week ago considered to be sound to their engagements, are now broken so far as they could be broken by the loss of their capital, which with some might be $1,000, and with others $50,000. One business man remarked that it was worse than the May fire. Take it all in all, the forgery is one of the most extensive, bold and successful on record.

There is a good deal of speculation in regard to the destination of the American. It cannot possibly be to any portion of this continent, nor to the Sandwich Islands, nor to any of the large ports of China or Australia. There are to many Americans in all those places for a man so shrewd as Meiggs to venture within their reach. He has probably gone to some of the South Sea Islands, or to some of the smaller ports of Asia or Europe; but he is not safe while he is on earth: the news of his crime will have reached all the large ports of the world before him. Every stranger will be a terror to him, wherever he goes, the power of the United States will appear to him like an avenging angel; every American will be, in his fancy, his executioner; he will flee when no man pursueth, and will bitterly curse the day when he began his career of crime.

The bark American was purchased of Abernethy, Clark & Co., by Meiggs, on Monday, and was fitted up in elegant style. The captain of the vessel, when questioned about her, stated that she had been purchased by a coupled of gamblers, who intended to take a pleasure cruise through the islands of the Pacific.

Meiggs was born in Catskill, N. Y., and lived for many years in Williamsburg, where he was long a member of the City Council. It is said that he became a bankrupt in New York, and that when applied to here by some of his former creditors, he paid his debts. He arrived at San Francisco in July, 1849. In the fall of 1850 he was elected to the City Council from the First Ward, and again in the fall of 1851. This was the Jenny Lind Council, and Meiggs gained a great deal of popularity by opposing the Jenny Lind purchase. In 1852 he was again elected, and again 1853. He was a very bold speculator, and had three favourites for speculation—land, lumber, and music. He was the principle person in getting up the California Lumber Company, which erected a mill, in 1862, at Medocino, and from the works of which, more than 2 000,000 feet of lumber are now brought monthly to this city. He built Musical Hall, and made great efforts and many sacrifices to have excellent musical performances there. As the sale by the Fund Commissioners of water lots, at North Beach, and paid high prices. During 1853, he built Meiggs's Wharf, at North Beach.

Before building the wharf, he graded a portion of Powell street, at his own expense. He was, the day of his departure, one of the most popular men in the city, as a political and business man. He was the favourite candidate of many for the Mayorality, and stood a good chance to be elected to the office. He was a member of the Council during the years when all kinds of speculations were common among politicians, when business was at its rankest growth, and when the loose manner in which public affairs were conducted allowed rogues in office to reap a rich harvest; and yet public rumor did not, until lately, connect his name with any dishonest job, and in the cases we named—in regard the North Beach street contract, and with regard to the purchase of a building for county purposes—nothing was proven, and the public confidence in him was not destroyed—scarcely weakened.

Messrs Godeffroy, Sillmen & Co. were creditors of Mr. Meiggs to the amount of $200,000, and he confessed judgment in their favour just before leaving. Under that confession of judgment they attached a large amount of real estate held by Mr Meiggs.