

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.]

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE BUSTING OF THE BUD.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her sunbeams and her showers;
Heaven is ringing with the singing;
Of the birds in brake and bower,
Buds are filling, leaves are swelling
Flowers on field, and bloom on tree,
O'er the earth and air and ocean,
Nature holds her jubilee.
Soft then stealing, comes a feeling
O'er my bosom tenderly;
Sweet and tender as I wander,
For my musings are of these.

Spring is coming—Spring is coming!
With her mornings fresh and light;
With her moon of chequered glory,
Sky of blue, and clouds of white,
Calm, gray nightfall, when the light falls
From the star-spangled sky,
While the splendor pale and tender,
Of the young moon gleams on high.
Still at noon, at noon, and even,
Spring is full of joy for me,
I ponder as I wander,
And my musings are of these.

Still on my thoughts are dwelling,
Whoso'er thy name may be,
Beautiful, beyond words telling,
Is thy presence unto me.
Morning's breakings find thee waking,
Wandering in the breezes' flight;
Noontide's glory mantles o'er thee
In a shower of sunny light;
Daylight dying, leaves thee lying
In the silvery twilight ray;
Stars look brightly on thee nightly
'Till the coming of the day.

Erray where and every minute
Feel I near thee, love of mine,
In the lark and in the linnet,
I can hear thy joyous tone.
Bud and blooming mark the coming
Of thy feet o'er vale and hill;
And thy presence with life's essence,
Makes the forest heart to fill.
Low before thee, I adore thee,
Love CREATIVE, then I sing;
Now I meet thee, and I greet thee
By the holy name of SPRING.

From Putnam's Magazine.

AMERICA FOR THE AMERICANS.

An individual, masked under the vulgar name of Sam, furnishes just now a good deal more than half the palpable wherewith certain legislators and journalists are fed.—Whether he is a mythical or real personage—a Magus or a monkey, nobody seems to know, but we are inclined to regard him as real, because of his general acceptance among Dalgetty politicians, and because of the irresistible merriment his occasional "coming down" on something or other affords the newspapers. We saw a paunchy old gentleman the other day, with a face like the sun, only more red, and blue and spotty, and dimly wheezy voice, who came near being carried off with a ponderous apoplectic chuckle, when somebody casually observed that "Sam was pitching into the police," and he was only relieved from the fatal consequences by a series of desperate movements, which resembled those of a seventy-four getting-under-weight again after the sudden stroke of a typhoon. Now, if Sam was not unquestionably a real personage, and this old gentleman unquestionably a real disciple of his, we are at a loss to account for the reality of the phenomena thus exhibited.

But whether real or mythical, it has been impossible for us to raise our admiration of Sam to the popular pitch. After due and diligent inquiry, we have arrived at only a moderate estimate of his qualities. In fact, considering the mystery in which he shrouds his ways, we are disposed to believe that he is more of a ferry sneak than a hero. The assumption of secrecy on the part of any one, naturally starts our suspicions. We cannot see why he should resort to it, if he harbors only just or generous designs. We associate darkness and night with things that are foul, and we admit the saying, that twilight even, though a favorite with lovers, is also favorable to thieves. Schemes which slink from the day, which slulk behind corners, and wriggle themselves into obscure and crooked places, are not the schemes we love at a venture. And all the veiled prophecies, we apprehend, are very much like that one we read of in the palace of Merou, who hid his face, as he pretended to his admirers, because his brightness would strike them dead, but in reality because it was of an ugliness so monstrous that no one could look upon it and live.

There is an utterance, however, imputed to this impetuous and oracular Sam, which we cordially accept. He is said to have said that "America belongs to Americans,"—just as his immortal namesake, Sam Patch, said that "some things could be done as well as others,"—and we thank him for the concession. It is good, very excellent good,—as the logical Touchstones would have exclaimed, provided you put a proper meaning to it.

What is America, and who are Americans? It all depends upon that, and accordingly as you answer, will the phrase appear very wise or very foolish. If you are deter-

mined to consider America as nothing more than the two or three million square miles of dirt, included between the Granite Hills and the Pacific, and Americans as those men exclusively whose bodies happened to be fashioned from it, we fear that you have not penetrated to the real beauty and significance of the terms. The soul of a muck-worm may very naturally be contented with identifying itself with the mould from which it is bred, and into which it will soon be resolved, but the soul of a man, unless we are hugely misinformed claims a loftier origin, and looks forward to a nobler destiny.

America, in our sense of the word, embraces a complex idea. It means, not simply the soil with its coal, cotton, and corn, but the nationality by which that soil is occupied, and the political system in which such occupants are organized. The soil existed long before Vespucci gave it a name,—as long back, it may be, as when the morning stars sang together,—but the true America, a mere chicken still, dates from the last few years of the eighteenth century. It picked its shell for the first time amid the cannon volleys of Bunker Hill, and gave its first peep when the old State House bell at Philadelphia rang out "liberty to all the land." Before that period, the struggling and dependent colonies which were here were the mere spawn of the older nations—the eggs and embryos of America, but not the fully-fledged bird. It was not until the political Constitution of '89 had been accepted by the people that America attained a complete and distinctive existence, or that she was able—continuing the figure with which we began—to spread her "sheeny vans," and shout a cock-a-doodle to the sun.

It would be needless, at this day, to state what are the distinguishing principles of that political existence. They have been pronounced ten thousand times, and resumed as often in the simple formula which every school-boy knows—the government of the whole people by themselves and for themselves. In other words, America is the democratic republic—not the government of the people by a despot, nor by an oligarchy, nor by any class such as the red-haired part of the inhabitants, or the blue-eyed part; nor yet a government for any other end than the good of the entire nation—but the democratic republic, pure and simple. This is the political organism which individualises us, or separates us a living unity from all the rest of the world.

All this, of course, would be too elementary to be recurred to in any mature discussion, if recent events had not made it necessary to an adequate answer of our second question—who, then, are Americans? Who constitute the people in whose hands the destinies of America are to be deposited?

The fashionable answer in these times is "the natives of this Continent to be sure!" But let us ask again, in that case whether our old friends Uncas and Chingachgook, and Kang-ne-ga-bow-wow—whether Walk-in-the-water, and Talking snake, and Big-yellow-thunder, are to be considered Americans per excellence? Alas! no; for they, poor fellows! are all trudging towards the setting sun, and soon their red and dusky figures will have faded in the darker shadows of the night! Is it, then, the second generation of natives—who are driving them away—who compose exclusively the American family? You say yes; but we say no! Because, if America be as we have shown, more than the soil of America we do not see how a mere cloddy derivation from it entitles one to the name of American. Clearly, that title cannot endure to us from the mere argillaceous or silicious compounds of our bodies—clearly, it descends not on vegetable ancestry—and it must disdain to trace itself to that simple relationship to physical nature which we chance to enjoy, in common with the skunk, the rattlesnake, and the catamount. All these are only the natural production of America—excellent, no doubt, in their several ways—but the American man is something more than a natural product, boasting a moral or spiritual genesis; and referring his birth right to the immortal thoughts, which are the soul of his institutions, and to the divine affections, which lift his politics out of the slime of statecraft, into the air of great humanitarian purposes.

The real American, then, is he—no matter whether his corporal chemistry was first ignited in Kamschaska or the moon—who, abandoning every other country and swearing every other allegiance, gives his mind and heart to the impulses and ends in which and by which alone he subsists. If we have arrived at years of discretion—if he produces evidence of a capacity to understand the relations he undertakes—if he has resided in the atmosphere of freedom long enough to catch its genuine spirit—then is he an American, in the true and best sense of the term.

Or, if not an American, pray what is he? An Englishman, a German, an Irishman, he can no longer be; he has cast the slough of his old political relations forever; he has asserted his sacred right of expatriation (which the United States was the first of nations to sanction) or been expatriated by his too ardent love of the cause which the United States represents; and he can never return to the ancient fold. It would spurn him more incontinently than powder spurns the fire. He must become, then, either a wanderer or an nondescript on the face of the earth or be received into our generous republican arms. It is our habit to say that we know of no race or creed, but the race of man and the creed of democracy, and, if he appeals to us, as a man and as a Democrat, there is no alternative in the premises.

We must either deny his claims altogether—deny that he is a son of God and our brother—or else we must incorporate him in due season into the household. It is not enough that we offer him shelter from the rain—not enough that we mend his looped and widowed raggedness—not enough that we replenish his wasted midriff with bacou and homony, and open to his palsied hands an opportunity to toil. These are commendable charities, but they are such charities as any one, not himself a brute, would willingly extend to a horse found astray on the common. Shall we do no more for our fellows? Have we discharged our whole duty, as men to men, when we have avouched the sympathies we would freely render to a cat? Do we, in truth, recognise their claims at all, when we refuse to confess that higher nature in them, whereby alone they are men, and not stocks or animals? More than that: do we not, by refusing to confess a man's manhood, in reality heap him with the heaviest injury it is in our power to inflict, and wound him with the bitterest insult his spirit can receive.

We can easily conceive the justness with which an alien, escaping to our shore from the oppression of his own country, or voluntarily abandoning it for the sake of a better life, might reply to those who receive him hospitably, but deny him political association: "For your good will, I thank you—for the privilege of toiling against the grim inclemencies of my outcast and natural condition, which you offer, I thank you—for the safeguard of your noble public laws, I thank you; put the blessed God having made me a man, as well as you—when you refuse me like the semi-barbarians of sparta, all civil life—when, with Jewish exclusiveness, you thrust me out of the holy temple, as a mere proselite to the gate—your intended kindnesses seem over with malignity, and the genial wife-cup you offer brims with wormwood and gall."

We are all aware of the kind of outcry with which such reasoning is usually met. We know in what a variety of tones—from the vulgar growl of the pot-house puglist to the minatory shriek of the polemic, frenzied with fear of the Scarlet Lady—it is proclaimed that all foreign intrusions into our life are venomous, and ought to be vehemently resisted. Nor do we mean to deny the right of every community to protect itself from hurt, even to the forcible extrusion, if necessary, of the ingredients which threaten its damage. But that necessity must be most distinctly proved. The case must be one so clear as to leave no doubt of it, as an absolute case of self-defence. Now, there is no such overruling necessity with us as to compel either the exclusion or the extrusion of our alien residents. They are not such a violent interpolation, as when grains of sand, to use Coleridge's figure, have got between the shell and the flesh of the snail—that they will kill us if we do not put them out and keep them out. A prodigious hue and cry against them wakes the echoes of the vineyard just now, such as is raised when a pack of hungry foxes stray into the honest roost, but the clamor is quite disproportionate to the occasion. The foxes are by no means so numerous or predacious as they are imagined to be, and there is no danger of them for the future that we need to be transfixed with fright, or scamper away in a stampee of panic terror. The evils which our past experience of Naturalization has made known to us—for there are some—are not unmanageable evils, requiring a sudden and spasmodic remedy, and menacing a disastrous overthrow unless they are instantly tackled. The most of them are like the other evils of our social condition—mere incidents of an infantile or transitional state—of a life not yet arrived at full maturity—and will be worked off in the regular course of things. At any rate they solicit no headstrong, desperate assault; only a consciousness, of what and where our real strength is, and patient self-control.

On the other hand, it is a fixed conviction of ours, in respect to this whole subject of aliens,—that there is much less danger in accepting them, under almost any circumstances, than there would be in attempting to keep them out. In the latter case, by separating them from the common life of the community,—making them amenable to laws for which they are yet not responsible,—taking them for the support of a government in which they are not represented,—calling upon them for purposes of defence when they have no real country to defend;—we should in effect erect them into a distinct and subordinate class, on which we had fastened a very positive stigma or degradation. How lamentable and inevitable the consequences of such a social contrast.

The reader, doubtless, has often seen a wretched oak by the way-side, whose trunk is all gnarled and twisted into knots; or he may have passed through the wards of a hospital, where beautiful human bodies are eaten with ulcers and sores; or he may have read of the Pariahs of India, those vile and verminous outcasts, who live in hovels away from the cities, and prey on property like rats and weasels; or again chance may have led him through the Jews' quarters, where squalor accompanies ineffable crime; or, finally, his inquiries may have made him familiar with the free blacks of his own country, with their hopeless degradations and miseries! Well! if these experiences have been his, he has discerned in them the exponents—in some, the symbols, and in others, the actual effects—of the terrible spirit of exclusion, when it is worked out in society. For, it is a universal truth, that what-

ever thing enjoys but a partial participation of the life to which it generically belongs, get, to the extent of the deprivation, diseased. It is also a universal truth, that the spread of that disease will, sooner or later, affect the more living members. Make any class of men, for instance, an exception in society; set them apart in a way which shall exclude them from the more vital circulations of that society; place them in relations which shall breed in them a sense of alienation and degradation at the same time—and they must become either blotchers, or parasites, which corrupt it; or else a band of conspirators, more or less active, making war upon its integrity.

Let us suppose that some ruler, a Louis Napoleon or Dr. Francia, should decree that all the inhabitants of a certain country, of *obscure or defective* vocation, should be rigidly confined to one of the lower mechanical occupations, would not all the squint-eyed and short-sighted people be immediately degraded in the estimation of the rest of the community? Would not the feeling of that debasement act as in perpetual irritant to their malice—lead them to hate the rest and to prey upon them—and so feed an incessant feud—open or sinister, as the injured party might be strong or weak—between the straggling families and those of a more legitimate ocularity? In the same way, but with even more certainty and virulence of effect, any legal distinctions among a people, founded upon differences of birth or race must generate unpleasant or pernicious relations, which, in the end, could only be maintained by force. Say to the quarter million of foreigners who annually arrive on our shores, that, like the *metoikoi* and *periokoi* of the Greeks, they may subsist here, but nothing more; that the privileges of the inside of the city, suffrage, office, equality, ambition, are closed to them; that they may sport for our amusement in the arenas, look on at our courts, do our severer labors for us, and reverently admire our greatness; but that they shall have no part nor lot in that political life which is the central and distinguishing life of the nation, and so forth; you convert them, infallibly, into enemies—into the worst kind of enemies, too—because internal enemies, who have already effected a lodgment in the midst of your citadel. Coming as an invading army—these thousands—with avowed unfriendly purposes—they might easily be driven back by our swords; but coming here to settle and be transmuted into a caste—in to political lepers and vagabonds—they would degenerate into a moral plague which no human weapon could turn away. Proscribed from the most important functions of the society in which they lived, they would cherish an interest separate from the general interest, and, as they grew stronger, form themselves into an organized and irritable clan. Their just resentments, or their increasing arrogance, would sooner or later provoke some rival faction into conflict, and then the deep-seated, fatal animosities of race and religion, exacerbated by the remembrance of injuries given and taken, would range over society like the winds of the sea.

History is full of warnings to us on this head. No causes were more potent, in sundering the social ties of the ancient nations, than the fierce civil wars which grew out of the narrow policy of restricting citizenship to the indigenous races. No blight has fallen with more fearful severity on Europe than the blight of class domination, which, for centuries, has wasted the energies and the virtues, the happiness and the hopes of the masses. Nor is there any danger that threatens our own country now—scarcely except slavery—more subtle or formidable than the danger which lurks in those ill-suppressed hatreds of race and religion which some persons seem eager to foment into open quarrel. Already the future is walking in to-day. The arduous and hostile bands which are known to be organized—the bitter taunts and encounters of their leaders—the low criminalities of the Senate-House—the pugilistic melee, ending in death—the instant and universal excitement—the elevation of a bully of the bar-room into the hero of a cause—the imposing funeral honors, rivaling in pageantry and depth of emotion, the most solemn obsequies that a nation could decree its noblest benefactor—all these are marks of soreness which needs only to be irritated to suppurate in social war.

Our statesman at Washington are justly sensible of the dangers of sectional divisions; but no sectional divisions which it is possible to arouse are half so much to be dreaded as an inflamed and protracted contest between natives and aliens, or Catholics and Protestants. The divisions which spring from territorial interests appeal to few of the deeper passions of the soul, but the divisions of race and religion touch a cord in the human heart which vibrates to the intensest malignity of hell. Accordingly, the pen of the historian registers many brutal antagonisms—many lasting and terrible wars; but the most brutal of all those antagonisms—the most lasting and terrible of all those wars, are the antagonisms of race, and the wars of religion.

It will be replied to what we have hitherto urged, that our argument proceeds upon an assumption that aliens are to be totally excluded from political life, whereas nobody purposes such a thing, but only a longer preparatory residence.

We rejoin, that the persons and parties who are now agitating the general question, because they propose the exclusion of adopted citizens from office, do, in effect, propose a total political disqualification of foreigners. All their invectives, all their speeches, all

their secret assemblages, have this end and no other. They agree to ostracise politically every man who is not born on our soil; they conspire not to nominate to any preferment, nor to vote for any candidate who is born abroad; and these agreements and conspiracies are a present disfranchisement, so far as they are effective, of every adopted citizen, and a future anathema of every alien. Whether the aim be accomplished by public opinion, by secret conclave, or by law, the consequences are the same; and the general objections we have alleged to the division of society into castes apply with equal force.

We rejoin again—in respect to the distinction made between a total exclusion of foreigners, and a change in the naturalization laws—that it is a distinction which really amounts to nothing; for, firstly, if the probation be extended to a long period—say twenty-one years, as some recommend—it would be equivalent to a total exclusion; and, secondly, if a shorter period, say ten years, be adopted, the change would be unimportant, because no valid objection against the present term of five years would thereby be obtained. Let us see for a moment.

Firstly, as to the term of twenty-one years: We say that, inasmuch as the majority of foreigners who arrive on our shores are twenty-five years of age and over when they arrive, if we impose a quarantine of twenty-one years or more, they will not be admitted as citizens until they shall have reached an age when the tardy boon will be of little value to them, and when their faculties and their interests in human affairs will have begun to decline. Whether they will care to solicit their right at that period is doubtful, and, if they do, they can regard it as scarcely more than mockery. How many of them will live to be over forty-five or fifty years of age, if we leave them in the interval to loiter in the grog-shops, amid scenes of vice, as they are more likely to do if not absorbed into the mass of citizens? How many, having passed twenty-one years of political ban, and even ignominy—for it would come to that—would be thereby better prepared for adoption? The younger ranks of the emigrants might possibly benefit by the hope of one day becoming citizens, and look forward to it with some degree of interest, but to all the rest it would be a *fata morgana*, and the protracted term virtually an interdiction.

Secondly, as to an shorter novitiate—say ten or twelve years—it would not be more effective, in the way of qualifying the pupil, than the existing term. As the law now stands, an alien giving three years notice of intention, must have been five years consecutively a resident of the United States, and one year a resident of the State and county in which he applies—must be of good moral character—must be attached to our constitution and laws—must abjure all foreign power, particularly that he was subject to—and must swear faithful allegiance to the government of his adopted country—before he can be admitted a member of the State. What more could we exact of him, at the end of ten years, or twenty? In short, is there a single disqualification which zealous natives are apt to allege against foreigners, such as their ignorance, their clannishness, their attachment to foreign governments and their subjection to the Roman Catholic Church—which would be probably alleviated by means of a more protracted embargo? None: on the contrary, as we have intimated in another place, all their worse qualities would be aggravated by the exclusive association among themselves for so many years longer, hereafter, the best means of fitting themselves for good citizenship, in losing the educational influences of our actual political life.

It is true, in respect to the present laws of naturalization, that our efforts have shown a baneful laxity in enforcing their conditions, and that our leading parties, corrupt everywhere, and nowhere more corrupt than in their modes of naturalizing foreigners; but there is no reason to expect that either courts or parties will grow more sincere under more stringent laws. They will have the same motives, and be just as eager to license fraudulent voters then as they are now; and the few days before a great presidential election will exhibit the same disgraceful scenes of venality and falsehood. No simple change in the time of the law, at any rate, can work any improvement. Nor will such a change render it any more difficult for the dishonest to procure the franchise. He can just as easily swear to a long residence as a short one, while it will happen that the rarer we make the privilege, the more we increase the difficulties of access to it, the longer we postpone the minority, the greater will be his inducements to evade the law. In proportion as a prize becomes more valuable, the temptations to a surreptitious seizure of it increase, but where an end is easily achieved, the trouble of waiting till it be obtained in the regular way is preferred to the hazards of a clandestine or criminal attempt to carry it off.

Besides, it is a puerile piece of injustice towards the alien to inflict him with a disability because of our own *laches*. We have failed to administer our laws as they should be, and, experiencing some injury in consequence, we turn round to abuse the foreigner, like a foolish and petulant boy who kicks the stone over which he stumbled. The more magnanimous as well as sensible course would be to amend our faults. Let us make the five years of probation what the courts may easily make them, by rigidly executing the terms of the law—an interval of real preparation for citizenship—and the present term will be found long enough. But whether long enough or not, the question of time—that is, whether it shall be five or ten—is a simple question of internal police, not of natural principles, to be determined by the facts of experience, and by no means justifying the fiercest and wholesale denunciations of foreigners, it is the fashion with some to fulminate.

A Heart that is True.
O give me a heart that is true,
That will cling through the changes of years
And sooth when sorrows pursue,
And comfort in sadness and tears,
The spring-time of life is soon o'er,
And friendships are fleeting and few;
Amidst hopes that may brighten or lower,
O give me the heart that is true.

O the dawn of the morrow may be
A joy amid gardens of bloom;
But evening and darkness and woe,
May meet and embrace at the tomb.
A shadow may fall on the flower,
A blight where our proudest hopes grow;
Oh, then, in that desolate hour,
O give me a heart that is true.

The pageant of wealth is a weed
That never hath root in the heart,
And beauty alone hath indeed
No fragrance nor joy to impart.
But true, solid, essential and true,
Will bloom with perennial hue;
O give me the faithful in years,
O give me a heart that is true.

The Know-Nothing Convention.
The Convention of the secret order sitting in Philadelphia was terribly troubled with the slavery question. The 31 Committee, by a vote of 17 to 14, reported as follows:
Resolved, That the American party having arisen upon the ruins and in spite of opposition of the Whig and Democratic parties, cannot be held in any manner responsible for the obnoxious acts or violated pledges of either; that the systematic agitation of the slavery question by those parties has elevated sectional hostility into a positive element of political power, and brought our institutions into peril. It has therefore become the imperative duty of the American party to interpose, for the purpose of giving peace to the country and perpetuity to the Union.—That as experience has shown it is impossible to reconcile opinions so extreme as those which separate the disputants, and as there can be no dishonor in submitting to the laws, the National Council has deemed it the best guarantee of common justice and of future peace to abide and maintain the existing laws upon the subject of slavery, as a final and conclusive settlement of that subject in spirit and in substance.

Resolved, That regarding it the highest duty to avow these opinions upon a subject so important, in distinct and unequivocal terms, it is hereby declared, as the sense of this National Council, that Congress possesses no power under the Constitution to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the States, or to exclude any State from admission into the Union because her Constitution does or does not recognize the institution of Slavery as a part of her social system; and expressly pre-empting any expressions of opinion upon the power of Congress to establish or prohibit Slavery in any territory. It is the sense of this National Council that Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of Slavery in the territories of the United States, and that any interference of Congress with Slavery as it exists in the District of Columbia would be a violation of the spirit and intention of the compact by which the State of Maryland ceded the District to the United States, and a breach of the national faith.

Minority Report.—The minority resolution was as follows:—Resolved, That the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was an infraction of the pledged faith of the Nation, and that it should be restored, and that if efforts to that effect shall fail, Congress should refuse to admit any State tolerating Slavery which shall be formed out of any portion of the territory from which that institution was excluded by that Compromise.
The minority resolutions were signed by the representatives of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois—twelve in all. Delaware and New Jersey also endorsed the first clause. New York, alone of the Free States, went for the majority resolutions, and united with Minnesota and the District of Columbia, enabled the South to carry the majority report in Committee.

In discussing the resolutions, Gov. Gardner declared that neither he nor his State, nor a majority of the free States, would abide by the resolutions first reported. The party could not carry a village in Massachusetts upon them. He charged the New York Delegation with deserting the North. The resolutions of the majority will undoubtedly pass.

Going to Sleep.
It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall fall gently to sleep. The good is come, not past; the limbs have just been stretched enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perception creeps over you: the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye, 'tis closed. The mysterious spirit is gone to take its airy rounds.

Beautiful Extract.
When the summer of youth is slowly washing away on the nightfall of age; and the shadow of the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earliest years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our fireplaces, then the rough place of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the many spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

Subator Hunter on the Proscriptions of Catholics.

The Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, the distinguished United States Senator from Virginia, has lately been lending his powerful aid by speeches in parts of that State, towards causing the triumph of the American national feeling over the Know-Nothing Conspiracy, in the pending election for Governor. The *South Side (Va.) Democrat*, gives us the following passage from one of his speeches:
A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Among the many fine passages in the speech of Mr. Hunter on Tuesday night, none elicited more unbounded applause than the following:—We do not of course pretend to give the exact language, but the thought:
'Deprive' said he, 'the Catholics of all the offices, bar them out from every avenue to political distinction, deny to them the opportunities which you accord without hesitation to Infidels and Atheists, and when you have done it all, when you have placed their honest ambition to enjoy the honors and emolument of political preferment under the ban of a ruthless proscription, your work is not yet finished.'

'There will still remain offices for them. Yes my friends; the sweet offices of Christian love will still be left, and in the midst of your persecutions, their Bishops and Priests as in the recent pestilence in your Southern Cities, will through the hospitals and the pest houses, bringing succor and consolation to the poor victims of the plague.—Aye, and their Sisters of Charity will still brave the terrors of loathsome and infectious disease, will still wipe the death damp from the suffering brow, will still venture in when the courage of man shrinks back appalled, and will point the dying gaze through the mysterious gloom of the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the Cross and the Crucified!'

High Life of a Banker.
The recent failure of the Lancaster Savings Bank, judging from the tone of the papers there, continues to cause much excitement. This is not surprising, considering the amount of loss sustained by many dependent families. The defalcation of the Treasurer, we understand was the result of extravagant living, speculations in real estate, and large operations in Shamokin coal stock. The probability is strengthening that the loss of depositors will be nearly complete, and quite equal to the first announcement. Boughter, we understand, had been unsuccessful in the dry goods business before he went into the institution, and though he accepted office at a low salary, soon commenced an extravagant style of living; was a liberal church giver, and ever had a hand open to dependent friends. Notwithstanding all this was seen, and generally known, thousands of hard earnings were entrusted to his keeping with as much confidence as though the government treasury had been the recipient of the amount. Depositors now raise their hands in amazement, and wonder how they could have acted so blindly. How many persons in this city are monthly carrying their little savings to the custody of men whose honesty of purpose they know of no more than did the Lancaster people know of Boughter?—*Ledger.*

Why there is no Rain in Peru.
In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual south-east trade winds. Though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of the great South Sea Boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The south-east trade winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the north-west, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are heavily laden with vapor, which they continue to beat along across the continent, depositing it as they go, and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes, and here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that that very low temperature can extract.—Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slopes beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and with no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected to on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean before they become charged with fresh vapor, and before, therefore, they have any which the Peruvian climate can extract. Thus we see how the top of the Andes becomes the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.—*Lieut. Maury's Geography of the Sea.*

Beautiful Extract.
When the summer of youth is slowly washing away on the nightfall of age; and the shadow of the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earliest years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our fireplaces, then the rough place of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the many spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening of age.

Going to Sleep.
It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall fall gently to sleep. The good is come, not past; the limbs have just been stretched enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perception creeps over you: the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye, 'tis closed. The mysterious spirit is gone to take its airy rounds.

Beautiful Extract.
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Mr. Rice of Hallowell, Maine, has invented a press by which he can print upon any kind of carpet cloth, any figures and colors. It is all done by machinery, carried by steam, and the colors are struck through by steam, and are said to be as good as those woven in. About four square yards can be printed by one press each minute.
In order to give tone to the stomach, it is recommended to swallow the dinner-bell.