

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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## THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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## CHOICE POETRY.

### COURTSHIP.

Jennie sighed, and Robin sneezed her  
Pretty little trembling hair,  
Then with outstretched arms he seized her  
Half reluctant form, and—  
"Loose me!" but he clasped her tighter—  
"Jennie, say, will thou be mine?"  
Then her bright face grew much brighter,  
And she whispered, "I am thine."  
Then they clasped each other fondly,  
Close together as two bricks;  
And they kissed each other soundly,  
And I left them in that fix.

### Won't Take Twenty Dollars.

Some waggish students at Yale College, a few years since, were regaling themselves one evening at the Tontine, when an old farmer from the country entered the room (taking it for a bar-room) and inquired if he could obtain lodging there. The old fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at once that he was to be made the butt of their jests; but quietly taking off his hat, and telling a worthless little dog he had with him to lie under the chair, he took a glass of proffered beverage. The students anxiously inquired after the health of the old man's wife and children, and the farmer with affected sympathy gave them the whole pedigree, with numerous anecdotes regarding his farm, stock, &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one of the wags.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and so did my father before me."

"Well I suppose you would not tell a lie," replied the student.

"Not for the world?"

"Now what will you take for that dog?"—pointing to the farmer's, who was not worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars? why he is not worth twenty cents."

"Well, I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who with his companion was bent on having some capital fun with the old man. "Now you say you won't take a tie for the world, let me see if you will not do it for twenty dollars, I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not? Here, let me see if this won't tempt you to tie," added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, from which he commenced counting numerous small pieces upon the table. The former was sitting by the table with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and then, as quick as thought, scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, and then exclaimed:

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as the dog is worth; he is your property!"

A tremendous laugh from his fellow students showed the would-be-wag that he was completely "rowed up" and that he need not look for help from that quarter: so he good naturedly acknowledged defeat. The student retained his dog, which he keeps to this day as a lesson to him never to attempt to play tricks on men older than himself, and especially how he tries to wheedle a Yankee farmer.

### The Child and the Queen.

Befurechte (gardner to Elizabeth, consort of Frederick II.) had one little daughter with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens at Schonhausen, and was so much pleased with her, that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untainted courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendour on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, and gold and porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands, she sang with clear, childish voice, the words:

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness  
Are all my ornament and dress;  
Fearless, with these pure garments on,  
I'll view the splendour of thy throne."

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety, in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, "Ah, happy child! how far we below you!"

[Translated from the German.]

## SPEECH OF THE Hon. JOSEPH HOWE

In the Nova Scotia House of Assembly, on the 21st of Feb. 1855, in opposition to the Prohibitory Liquor Law.

"After much reflection upon the subject, he had not been able to bring his mind up to assume the responsibility of voting for this bill. He approved of the efforts made by the Temperance Societies, and wished them success, so long as they sought to reform by persuasion, by argument and by example. When they attempted impossibilities—when they sought to coerce the people into temperance, he conscientiously believed they would fail—he believed that all the good they had done would be perilled by a resort to harshness and coercion.

The Deity had not prohibited the use of wine. On the contrary he had given the grape to man with immeasurable other bounties. Our Saviour had not prohibited the use of wine. He had sat with those who had drunk it, and had, by a miracle, replenished their cups at the Marriage Feast. The apostles had not forbidden the use of wine. Its use was denounced in the Koran, by the Pagan Mahomet, but was not, so far as he could perceive, in the Bible. What, then, the Almighty had not done or attempted—what He could have done with so much ease, yet had refrained from doing—he thought it not wise for man to attempt.

The evils flowing from the excessive use of wine he deeply deplored, as he did the evils flowing from the over-indulgence of any other passion or propensity. But who could argue from excess of any kind that the rational enjoyment of God's gifts was therefore sinful? Who would venture to argue that because mischief was done by many of God's gifts that they should, on that account, be circumscribed or prohibited by human laws? The atmosphere that fans the cheek of beauty—that invigorates the frame—that flutters the leaf upon the tree—that dries the surface of the lake—that gives variety and majesty to the ocean; when accumulated in masses, lashes itself into the tempest and strews the shore with the wreck of human life and property. The leashed member, standing amidst the wreck of navies, and the whitening bones of the human victims, might eloquently describe the scene; but would he, if he could, attempt to restrain the eccentricities of nature, or to forbid to man, by human laws, the benefits of navigation? How beautiful is water! (The Temperance man's own element.) yet how dangerous. The rain which fertilizes the fields sweeps away with its excess, bridges, mills and human habitations. It does not drain off it scours the land, and breeds the pestilence in cities. The fire that warms our hearthstones—that drives our steamers and locomotives, is not less dangerous—Would he deny to man the use of these elements because the casualties by fire and flood are most disastrous? Would he forbid their use because people are burned in cities; drowned in the rivers; because a boiler bursts at sea, or an engine sometimes runs off the track, or kills hundreds by violence of a collision? William the Conqueror, it is true, once denied to the people of England fire and light after the curlew tolled, but the abhorrence in which the act is held would not encourage anybody to follow his example.

Woman is God's best gift to man. The fascination which she spreads around her how difficult to resist—the passions she inspires how intimately interwoven with all that arouses to exertion, and rewards us for our toils. Yet, when even love is indulged in to excess—when reason is overpowered—when passion hurries on to folly, how numerous the victims; how blasting the effects. Yet, who would, reasoning from the perils of indulgence, and the dangers of society, deny to man the companionship which alone makes existence tolerable? The learned member for Annapolis might draw from the sins of vice, or even from the agony of a single victim, some harrowing picture; but would he on that account imitate the Turks, and lock up all the women? (Roars of laughter.) The victims of indulgence in opium I have never seen, but even spirituous liquors do not produce the extent of physical suffering and moral dislocation that results from the abuse of this drug. But would the learned member deny to society the use of that which allays the delirium of fever—which soothes the infant upon the mother's bosom, and saves more lives than it ever destroys? Take gunpowder, which blasts our rocks, loosens our plaster, defends our country, and kills our game. Mark the mischief and miseries it produces when its mysterious power is abused. But who would argue that, because boys blow themselves up, and tyrants use gunpowder for unworthy purposes, its use should be forbidden? Would the learned gentleman, even with the battle-fields of Balaklava or Lutzen before him, attempt to restrain, by human laws, the manufacture and sale of gunpowder? Who denies that law is the safeguard of our lives and properties; that courts are indispensable institutions; that lawyers are the fearless advocates of the innocent and oppressed? But has not even law been abused? How many pill-forgers defile the courts; ensnare the ignorant; waste men's estates; and embitter their lives? Walter Scott's Peobles and Planesman, and Dickens, pictures of the Court of Chancery are familiar to us all. These are but sketches illustrative of the evils inseparable from the dispensation of Equity and Law by the most perfect tribunals of civilized countries.

How are these evils to be mitigated or removed? I would say, by discussion, by exposure, by example, by honest and successful attempts to separate the securities and the

legitimate practice of law from its abuse—

The learned advocate of this bill, to be consistent, should close the courts, imprison the lawyers, and forbid the manufacture of law, or its importation from foreign countries—

Woman, from her first appearance on the scene of life, had brought sorrow and suffering with her. In her train came rivalries, and jealousies, and war and strife. Let the learned member go into his own country, where the pretty faces, peeping through the apple-blossoms, are lovely to behold. Even there—are there no broken hearts, no pale faces, no blighted lives, no dragged reputations? No girls with Burns, pretty excuse upon their lips—

"A dear, loved lad, occasion stung  
A treacherous inclination?"

No youths pleading, in the intonation of passionate repentance, that even—

"The light that led astray  
Was light from Heaven?"

Yet would the learned gentleman, in view of all these evils, point to the pretty girls, and say—"Touch not, taste not, handle not."—Would he, for fear of mischief, coop them all up like crows in a Belgian barn?

The world has come down to the present period from the most remote antiquity with the wine-cup in its hand. David, the man after God's own heart, drank wine. Solomon, the wisest of monarchs and of human beings, drank wine. Our Saviour not only drank it, but commanded Christians to drink it in remembrance of him? In strong contrast with our Divine Redeemer's life and practice, we hear of the Scribes and Pharisees, who drank it not—who reviled our Saviour as a "wine biber," and the "companion of publicans and sinners;" who would have voted for the Maine Liquor Law as unanimously as they cried, "Crucify him!"

Such people have existed in all ages of the world. The desire of human beings to dictate to each other what they should eat, and drink, and wear, has been evinced in different countries at different periods. The zealots in the State of Maine are mere plagiarists after all. Sumptuary Laws, tried in many countries, and at different periods of the world's history, are now universally condemned by the good sense of mankind. Laws restraining drunkenness are nearly as old as drinking. It is curious to see what strange experiments have been tried at times. Zaleucus of Locris, 450 years before the Christian Era, ordained "that no woman should go attended with more than one maid unless she was drunk;" and that she should not wear gold or embroidered apparel unless she intended to act unchastely. This sage Law giver punished adultery with the loss of both eyes. His own son broke the law, and the old gentleman, unwilling to deprive his son of both eyes, compromised the matter by putting out one of his own.

As early as 747, laws were passed in England restraining drunkenness in the Clergy—And Constantine, king of the Scots, who was a sort of Neal Dow in his day) punished it with death.

His laws passed away as this law will pass, and a good deal of whiskey has been drunk in Scotland since. In England, in 995, an effort was made to restrain drinking by law, but it failed. Taverns were only introduced in the 13th century. In the reign of Edward the III, there were only three allowed in all London. Now there are thousands. Edward the IV tried to restrain them in 1552, 40 were then allowed in London, 8 in York, but 4 in Oxford. They were not licensed till 1752. The history of wine is curious. Its invention is attributed to Noah, who certainly had seen enough of the evils of waters—The Chinese made wine from rice two thousand years before the birth of Christ, and although it must be allowed that they have tea enough, they make and drink it yet. Wine was but little known in England till the Roman conquest. We are told that it impairs our strength, yet the people who drank it conquered those who did not. It was only sold by the apothecaries (as is now proposed again) in the 13th century. In 1427, Henry VI a sensible king, tried to restrain its adulteration, and we read "that 150 butts and pipes were condemned and emptied into the gutters in London, for being adulterated."

The Stoics denied themselves the use of wine, but their sick soon died out. The Puritans tried the experiment of coaxing people into temperance and virtue, but they signally failed. I invite the honorable and learned member for Annapolis to review this period of English history. I refer to the time when a puritan cause was most triumphant, when Charles had been slain, his followers dispersed, when Cromwell reigned in Whitehall, when his Major General's military command of all the Counties, when the May poles were struck down—the theatres closed—the towers shut up;—when mirth was restrained and temperance enforced by the sword. Now, what was the effect of all this? No sooner was the Protector in his coffin, than the people of England, by a common impulse, threw off a system which they regarded as oppressive. So distasteful had their restraints become, that the people resented the Stuarts, forgot their civil wars and sacrifices—re-opened their theatres and taverns, and so disgusted were they with Puritan domination that liberty was forgotten in the general joy which the restoration of personal freedom occasioned. The wine cup went round, and from that day to this no attempt has been made to re-establish Cromwell's system. Now, what I fear is that, the friends of temperance are about to sacrifice all the good they have done, as the Puritans sacrificed all the reforms that they had established by carrying restraints too far—This law may be partially enforced for two

or three years—but it will coerce people into resistance, and occasion a revulsion of feeling to be followed by universal license.

So far as my reading extends, I may assert that every King, every Statesman, every Warrior who has illustrated the pages of History, drank wine. The apostles who were the companions of our Saviour, drank it. The Prophets whose flights of inspiration still astonish us, we have every reason to believe, drank it. Cicero and Demosthenes, and all the orators of antiquity and of modern time indulged in the juice of the grape. Who can say how much of the inspiration which gave them such power of language was drawn from its inspiration. Have these men been eclipsed by the Dows, and Kellogs of the Platform? What orators have the State of Maine sent us forth comparable with the Pitts and Burkes, and Grattans, and Foxes, and Sheridans of the British Islands, every one of whom drank wine?

Let the learned gentleman glance at the noble structures—the architectural wonders that embellish Europe. Who reared them? Men of gigantic intellect, whose common beverage was wine. Let his eye range thro' the noble galleries where the sculptors have left their statues—where the painters have hung in rich profusion the noblest works of Art. Wine, we are told, clouds the faculties and deadens the imagination. Yet it was drunk by those benefactors of their race, and we cannot, with their master pieces before us, believe the assertion till their works have been eclipsed by artists trained under this rigorous legislation. Has Maine turned us out yet a statue that anybody would look at a picture that anybody would buy? Look at the deliverers of mankind—the heroic defenders of Nations. Was Washington a member of the Temperance Society? Did not Wallace "drink the red wine through the helmet barrel?" Who will undertake to say that Bruce, on the morning on which he won the battle of Bannockburn—that Tell on that day when he shot the apple off his son's head, had not tasted a glass of whiskey or a stoup of wine?

If then, Sir, all that is valuable in the past, if heroism, and architecture, and oratory, sculpture and painting,—if all that has built freedom and embellished life, has come down to us with the juice of the grape; if no age or nation has been long without it, I think it behooves the advocates of this bill to show us some country where their system has been tried—some race of men who drank nothing but cold water.

I turn to the learned member's own profession. I ask him to show me two such lawyers—two judges so eminent as Lords Eldon and Stowell, the one the wonder of the Admiralty as the other was of the Equity Court. Yet it is on record that, at the very time when these men were oppressed with Herculean labors—when day after day they were delivering judgments so masterly and profound that they defy all criticism, each of these great jurists drank his five bottles of Port a day. (Laughter.) I certainly would not advise the learned member for Annapolis to try in this country an experiment so hazardous. In the moist climate of England this might be done, but not in the dry atmosphere of Nova Scotia. I have sometimes seen him, however, when a few glasses would have done him good. Indeed, I sometimes fancy that, both in the Senate and at the Bar, his wit is not so poignant or his logic so acute as in the olden time when he used to take his glass of wine.

My honorable colleague and friend from Cumberland, whose sincerity in this cause I entirely respect, quoted to us last winter the passage from Scripture—"It eating meat causeth my brother to offend, then will I eat no more." But would my honorable friend shut up all the butchers' shops, and forbid by law the sale of meat, for fear somebody would eat too much? Again—he told us, "we have tried moral suasion, and have failed." If so, who is to blame? If a speaker here fails to convince his audience, do we permit him to coerce them into belief by force of law? I resist this bill because it is a violation of the voluntary principle. Because it is defended by the old arguments by which fanatics and persecutors in all ages have sought to propagate religious opinions. Hoping to save men's souls, (more precious than their bodies) Catholics have burnt Protestants, and Protestants Catholics. The right of private judgment was denied. The right of one human being to coerce others into belief, as it is now sought to coerce them into temperance, has been tried a thousand times, and has failed, as this attempt will fail.

REMARKABLE BALLOON ASCENSION.—Wm. D. Bannister, of Adrian city, Michigan, ascended, on Friday in a balloon, from that place, at 10 1/2 in the morning, and descended, in Clarion county, Pennsylvania at 2 1/2 in the afternoon, making the computed distance of three hundred and fifty miles in the extraordinary short time of four hours. This is his second trip, and an experimental one with a balloon of unusually large size. It is thirty feet in diameter, contains over six hundred yards of silk, and is capable of holding nineteen thousand cubic feet of gas. After his ascent to the distance of three miles and a half, the aeronaut struck the eastern current of air, which, he says, is continually blowing in one direction. It carried him south of the lakes, through Central Ohio. His intention was not to descend until dark, as he was above the rain clouds in a clear upper sky, but the excessive cold to which he was exposed brought on the accustomed drowsy sensation, which prevented him from properly managing his balloon. He was in that sleepy state when his "craft" anchored in a tree in Red Bank, having descended in consequence of the evaporation of the gas. The cold was so severe that his feet were completely frozen

## From the London Punch.

### Proverbial Philosophy.

BY SOLOMON.

I. An umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

II. Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou: Therefore be not proud.

III. Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them, she will grieve, not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

IV. Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thine patent leather boots, simply because the pavement before thine door has dried.

V. The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think positively about her.

VI. Educate thy children, lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school without thy vacations.

VII. O how good was nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

VIII. A traveller, journeying wisely may learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

IX. An insane person may lie to thee, and yet be innocent, and thou mayest lie to him, and be praiseworthy. Now all persons are somewhat insane, but do thou beware of lying, as a general rule.

X. Heat expands things, and therefore in hot weather the days are lengthened. Moral heats sometimes expand thy mind, but they tend not to the lengthening of thy days.

XI. Say not that thou knowest a book until thou hast read it all. Yet some books thou mayest throw aside partially read. Herein thou judgest a criminal unheard. What then?

XII. I do not say to thee, "Marry, for it will exalt thee," yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Marry, come up?"

XIII. Cool things are used to cure fever, yet the over coolness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

XIV. We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

XV. By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Lady bird, and bidden to fly away home. The conceit is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

XVI. He who always holds his tongue, will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over-garulous.

XVII. The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind; but if the weathercock stinks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

XVIII. If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

XIX. Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

XX. Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

XXI. A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

XXII. A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelest one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

XXIII. Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark, whereas the sun only shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

XXIV. Solomon knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.

## From the Medical Reformer.

A GOOD ONE.—A medical friend is responsible for the following:—During the raging of scarlatina in a certain city in Delaware our friend had demonstrated the virtues and efficacy of yeast as a remedy in the disease.—Having been uniformly successful in the treatment of an unusually large number of cases, he was at length solicited to attend a child that had been under allopathic treatment for several days. He immediately changed treatment, ordered gargles of yeast and milk, and poultices of yeast to the throat. On the return of the allopath he was made acquainted with the change as well as the medicine used. Raising his hands, he exclaimed—"Brewers yeast! Brewers yeast! Why that's what the old women put in their bread." Our friend, on hearing this, suggested that as the doctor had been employing mercury pretty freely, they should resort to "Quicksilver! Quicksilver! Why that's what the old women have on the backs of their looking glasses!" They did so. The old doctor had nothing more to say.

A Young Man knowing that a young lady, of whom he imagined himself enamored, understood the language of flowers, sent her a beautiful rose as a declaration of love, attaching a slip of paper on which was written, "If not accepted, proceed to the war." In return, she forwarded a pickle jar containing a single mango (man go).

## Sketch of Baron Rothschild.

To Miss Buxton.—Devonshire street, February 14, 1831.—We yesterday dined at Ham House, to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfurt.

"There was not," he said, "room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and he did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on a Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On Thursday I started. The heater I got to England the cheaper the goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money—things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, I will supply you with the material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods. So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time, I made my twenty thousand pounds into sixty. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can; and so I am a match for the man with the patterns, and for all the rest of them. Another advantage I had. I was an offhand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London the East India Company had eight hundred thousand pounds of gold to sell. I went to the sale and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that; and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did. Another maxim on which I seemed to place great reliance was, never to have any thing to do with an unlucky place, or an unlucky man. I have seen, said he, many clever men—very clever men—who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good for me? By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money. I hope, said —, that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that. I am sure I should not wish that, said Rothschild. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything, to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of caution to make great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me I should ruin myself very soon. Stick to one business, young man, said he, to Edward; stick to your brewery; and you may be the greatest brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the Gazette. One of my neighbors is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine close to my walk. So, when I go out, I hear first grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak, but this does me no harm. I am always in a good humor. Sometimes, to amuse myself, I give a beggar a guinea.—He thinks it a mistake, and for fear he should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can. I advise you to give a beggar a guinea sometimes—it is very amusing.

(The above is extracted from the recently published biography of the late Sir T. Buxton. The letter was written by that gentleman.)

## Beautiful Extract.

The following beautiful paragraph we extract from the address delivered before the graduating class of Rutgers College, by the Hon. Theodore Tilton, and commend it to the perusal of the young:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore may live above work, and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society, is the man whose mind has never been trained by the discipline of education; who has learned how to think of the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to nothing; with no interest in the concerns of his country, or even his neighborhood; to be regarded as a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift, and no effort to put forth to help the right or to defeat the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable existence? Never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian and poet, you may truthfully say that—

"If your country stand not by your skill,  
At least your father have not wrought her fall."

Miss Greenwood tells a story of the late Duke of Cambridge, who had a habit of responding with peculiar heartiness to any congenial sentiment uttered in public meetings, and even in church service. During a very dry season, as a prayer for rain was being solemnly read by the minister, his royal highness called out in the emphatic and reiterative style of his illustrious house, "By all means, by all means, by all means!" then added, in a lower, but still distinct tone, "We shall not have rain, however, till the wind changes."

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met, "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?"

"Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned, but they were all found again."

Inventors rarely fail of their reward.—Jenkins invented a new style of lock picker and was rewarded by a "situation" in the jail for a couple of years.

Hon. Thomas F. Marshall has taken the stump in Ky. against the Know Nothings.

## From the Westchester Republican.

Northumberland, Pa. June, 1855.

Dear Republican.—The crops of Schuylkill, Bucks, Columbia, Montour, and Northumberland counties look very promising. The grain appears to be quite as good as in Chester, and the grass much better. It has not been so much injured by the winter, owing I believe to the fact that it was much better protected by the snow.

This place, as you know, is beautifully situated on the gracefully sloping neck of land, formed by the confluence of the North and West branch of the Susquehanna; the land is fertile and unadulating rising gradually back to the Montour ridge, some two or three miles North.

This ridge, I believe, was named after Madagascari Montour, who came to this neighborhood, prior to the French war; and married the Indian Chief Coronodowans. The celebrated Indian Interpreter, Andrew Montour was the offspring of this marriage.

The ridge contains an inexhaustible bed of iron ore from it the Montour works, as well as those of our estimable friend Samuel Wood, and many others, draw their supply. If iron cannot be made here, to complete with the English article, I have seen no place in this country that it can. Here the ore and the flux are in close proximity, and the North Branch Canal supplies the coal, at a very low price.

There is nothing then, but the better paid laborer, (which all would regret to see reduced to the English standard) that makes the manufacture of iron more expensive, in this location, than the most favored place in England or Wales.

The Sunbury and Erie Railroad passes through the town near the West Branch, crosses the North Branch over the island, and curves down the east bank of the river, to the depot which is to be located a little north of the town of Sunbury. The contractors are now at work at the bridge, and the road is graded through the town.

Sunbury is built on the site of Fort Augusta, which was the strong hold of the pioneers in sending the wilderness, under the provincial government, and during the French and Indian war. Here, too, (then called Shamokin), was the wigwam of the brave and intimate friend of Conrad Weiser, the celebrated Cayuga Chief Shikillimus.

The town of Northumberland was selected by Dr. Joseph Priestley, as an asylum from the intolerant mob, that destroyed his valuable library, and collection of Philosophical and chemical apparatus at Birmingham, because he dared to exercise the right of thought and action contrary to the dictation of the established Church; his honor, is but the case of thousands of others both before and since, who have sought this land of freedom for the same cause. Some of his sons had preceded him and selected a most lovely spot on the North Branch where the Doctor erected a large mansion, designing it as a resting place for his brother countrymen, who should be coerced from their native soil for opinion sake.

Dr. Thomas Cooper afterward sojourned with him for a time before he went South. The grounds slopes gently down to the water, and are now densely covered with shade trees, but the privacy of the place has been disturbed, and the ground mutilated, by the North Branch Canal passing through them. The Doctor did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his labor on this beautiful spot—he died 1804, and lies "at rest from his labors," as expressed on his tomb, in an obscure graveyard, in another part of the town—his name can never die; if the seventy volumes of his works should be insufficient to pass his name down to future ages, the single fact, of his being the discoverer of oxygen gas, will.

This place is the residence of Senator Taggart, who is now here with his family. He is a noble looking man, six feet two or three inches in height and well proportioned; is affable and pleasing in his intercourse with the people, and appears to be popular here, though he has given some offence by his course if the Senate last winter on the liquor question—doubtless has made some enemies too; by his active opposition to the election of Simon Cameron to the United States Senate. Simon has a brother living in this country, and I hear it rumored here that he is offering an advanced price for the stock of the Bank of Northumberland for the purpose of getting the control of the Bank that he may visit his vengeance on the Senator, by removing his father who is President, and his brother who is Teller; but this I cannot credit.

You know Mr. Editor, that my opinion of Simon is very exalted, yet I do not believe he is so small a man, as to stoop to such contemptible meanness as that, it would certainly draw a dark veil over the many good acts of his life in the view of honorable men.

Yours truly,  
A VISITOR.

A gentleman crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met, "I think this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?"

"Lost! no, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life; there were several drowned