

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the "Star of the North."

NELLY.

Oh! thou art now at rest, Nelly,
Thy body lies in the sod;
And thy freed spirit waded home
Unto its maker—God.

But one short year ago, Nelly,
Thou wert happy, blithe and gay;
And now thy body lies beneath
The cold unfeeling clay.

Thou'rt free from earthly pain, Nelly,
Thy sufferings here are o'er;
And we hope thou'rt in that "Happy Land,"
"Where mortals weep no more."

We mourn thee "loved and lost," Nelly,
We miss thee from our band;
But trust thou'rt singing praises now
With the saints at "God's right hand."

The friends whom thou hast left, Nelly,
As the tear drops dim the eye;
Will grieve that one they loved so well,
So soon should drop and die.

But we'll bid thee now farewell, Nelly,
And dry our streaming eyes;
And strive to live that we at last,
May join thee in the skies.

Hemlock Col. Co., Pa. LILLIAN.

SPEECH OF HON. S. A. DOUGLAS.

DELIVERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA MASS MEETING OF 20,000 PEOPLE IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.

FELLOW DEMOCRATS—I have before me a sure guarantee of that triumph which certainly awaits us at the polls in this election.—When, on any former occasion, was there ever such a dense mass of Democratic voters assembled to ratify the nominations for the Presidency and Vice Presidency? This vast assemblage, which may be measured by the acre, rather than counted by thousands! It shows the deep and heartfelt interest which the people of this country feel in the momentous contest in which we have just emerged.

Never since that memorable contest of 1800, which resulted in the election of the immortal Jefferson, has there been a time when issues, so pregnant with good or evil to our institutions, have been presented, as in the one which is now before us. Great questions of foreign policy, great questions of domestic policy; questions fraught with the most intense import, are now before us.

In our foreign policy there is a question which involves in its settlement the peace, the perpetuity of this glorious Republic. It is simply a question whether the principle of self-government upon which all our institutions rest, shall be maintained in the States and Territories of this Union, subject only to the limitations of the Constitution of the United States. [Cheers and long applause.—Hurrahs for Squatter Sovereignty.]

The Cincinnati Convention has performed its duty honorably, wisely, and patriotically; upon all points presented to them. It has presented to the country a platform which commands the hearty approbation of every sound national man in the country; and it has presented candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, worthy of the platform on which they stand. Those nominations have been made, and that platform has been adopted by a unanimous vote—receiving the vote of every delegate from every State of this great and glorious Republic.

Shall I therefore be said that the Democratic party is not a National party? What other party ever existed in this country which could proclaim its creed by an unanimous vote. A creed to be construed alike in Pennsylvania and Virginia, in New York and Georgia, in Illinois and Louisiana, in the North and the South, in the East and the West. Wherever the Constitution reigns, there the Democratic creed is one and the same. It is a creed that can command the faith and support of every Democrat—aye, and of every old line Whig who is true to the principles of Clay and Webster.

It is to be remarked, and never to be forgotten, that in 1850 the leaders—the champions of the "true gill" political party—your Clays and your Websters, your Casses and your other patrons of the Democratic party—united and agreeing upon a common creed in respect to this vexed question of slavery, which should be common alike to Whigs and to Democrats.

We agreed then, that we might quarrel and differ as much as we pleased in respect to banks and tariffs, and public lands, and other questions of expediency; but upon that great question, upon those fundamental principles which involve the integrity of the Constitution, the stability of the Union, all patriots of all parties and shades of opinion would agree that the great principle of State equality and self-government, under the Constitution, were paramount to all party conflicts and party differences. Hence, in 1852, when the Whig party assembled in their national convention, to present candidates to the country for their suffrages, they resolved that the principles of the compromise of 1850 should be firmly, steadily and honestly carried out; when the Democracy assembled at Baltimore and presented our ticket for the same offices,

we passed resolutions to the same effect.—Whigs and Democrats agreed on the great platform involving the Slavery issue, the question of State rights—the question of the right of self-government in the territories.

After the great triumph of 1852, it became my duty as the organ of the Senate upon that question to report the Kansas Nebraska Bill. [Great cheering.] The Cincinnati Convention said, by a unanimous vote, that the great principles of State rights and popular sovereignty, embraced in the compromise of 1850, endorsed by the Whigs in National Convention of 1852, affirmed by the Democracy in the election of Gen. Pierce of 1852, were rightly applied in the organization of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854.

I ask, then, what Democrat can depart from the faith of the party, as proclaimed at Cincinnati, without repudiating the long cherished principles which he, as a member of the party, has advocated from the time that he came on the stage? And I ask further, with emphasis, what Whig, what disciple of the immortal Clay or the godlike Webster, can depart from the principles embraced in the compromise measure of 1850, and re-asserted in the Nebraska bill, without repudiating the principles to which every Whig stood pledged in the election of 1852?

If a man was an honest Whig then, in order to be consistent, he must vote for James Buchanan now; if a Whig believed that the great compromise measures of 1850 were right then, he must carry out the platform of the Cincinnati Convention now, in order to be true to the memory of the great Clay and the great Webster, whose last great act was to adopt those measures. [Great cheering.] Yet you will find men who have proven false to the Whig party, with which they once acted, and have gone into the secret Lodges of Know-Nothingism, taunting Whigs for not following them into those dark places. I ask you, can a Whig join the Know-Nothing Order or connect himself with the Black Republican party, without repudiating all the principles which the Whig party has advocated for years? Hence the Cincinnati Convention acted wisely and properly when they asked all men to co-operate with them in their principles, and to unite in the election of their nominees now, without reference to past political differences.

We are told by the allied enemies, composed of Black Republicans, Know Nothings, and the other affiliated evils, that the Democratic party are to be condemned because of our policy in regard to Kansas territory. I ask you to observe for one moment what has happened in Kansas and Nebraska. Those two territories were organized by the same law. In Nebraska, where there has been no foreign interference, where Abolitionism has not conducted its operations, to which the Emigrant Aid Society did not extend its efforts, there is nothing but peace and quiet.—On the other hand, in Kansas, where Abolitionism has appeared, where the Emigrant Aid Society attempted to control the people, you find violence and discord, and rebellion against the laws of the land. Do not these two facts show that the principle of the Nebraska bill was right? The only difficulties that have occurred, have arisen from the fact that the opponents of the measure were determined not to give the bill a fair chance.

If you will examine into these facts, you will find that the allegations have not one particle of ground on which to stand. Our principles are the principles of law and order, of peace and quiet. Our remedy for existing evils in Kansas is that the Constitution and laws shall prevail. We are the advocates of the supremacy of the laws; our opponents are the advocates of lawless violence and of rebellion against the constituted authorities of the country. One of the great questions to be now decided is whether the law shall prevail, or whether violence shall triumph; and the decision of that question is involved in the election which is now to take place.

In regard to this present election our enemies are in the habit of asking the question: How can James Buchanan stand upon the platform which has been made for us at Cincinnati? I ask, and do it with emphasis—how can James Buchanan, with his antecedents, stand on any other platform than the one made at Cincinnati? Our opponents have been in the habit of saying that they have made a Douglas platform, and then put Buchanan on it. I ask you to examine this matter for a moment and you will find that James Buchanan and myself occupy identically the same position, and have done so for years, on this slavery question, in all its phases.

In 1846, when Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, proposed the Wilmot proviso, I, then in the House of Representatives, proposed as a substitute, to extend the Missouri Line to the Pacific ocean. You all remember, that in October, 1847, James Buchanan wrote his celebrated "Harvest Home letter," of Berks county, and in that, proposed to extend that line to the Pacific ocean, as the dividing line between slavery and freedom. He did not maintain then that the Missouri Compromise was founded on sound or wise principles, but finding it on the statute book, rather than hazing the peace and harmony of the country, he was willing to close the controversy forever by extending it to the Pacific, rather than to raise sectional strife even to carry out a sound principle. Acting on that same theory, in August, 1848, I proposed, in the Senate of the United States, a law to extend the Missouri line to the Pacific ocean, in the same sense and with the same understanding, with which it was originally adopted.—That proposition passed the Senate and was voted down in the House of Representatives,

by Northern men with Free Soil and Abolitionist proclivities. Had the policy of Buchanan, as proposed in his "Harvest Home letter," then prevailed—the same policy which I advocated in the law of 1848—there would have been an end to this sectional controversy forever. Who is responsible for the defeat of the proposition to extend that line to the Pacific? Certainly not James Buchanan—certainly not myself—certainly not the Democracy. The men who were responsible for that were the Abolitionists, the Free Soilers, the present Anti-Nebraska men of the country.

They then told us that the Missouri law was an infamous measure; said that if slavery was right on the south side of the line, it was right on the north side. They said it was right to leave the people do as they pleased on the south side of 36.30, it was right to grant them the same privilege north of 36.30. They said they would agree to any measure but that infamous measure, the Missouri Compromise. By the defeat of the expression of the Missouri Compromise line in 1848, as proposed by Mr. Buchanan in his Harvest Home letter, as proposed by myself in the Senate of the United States, the country was plunged into a whirlpool of dangers of sectional agitation and sectional controversy which was the result of the defeat of the proposition to extend the Missouri Compromise line as proposed by Mr. Buchanan, and introduced by myself.

In 1850 the controversy had raged to such an extent that the best men in the land trembled on the fate of the Republic. Even the immortal Clay, who, after a long life of patriotic public services, had retired to the shades of Ashland, to prepare himself for another and a happier existence. There in his retirement he heard the mutterings of the approaching storm—heard the angry voices of discord breathing sectional hatred and sectional strife, until he felt bound to come out from his retirement into the Senate of the United States, the scene of his greatest triumphs, and proudest services, to see, if he, by his age, his experience, his counsel, could not do something to calm the troubled waters, and restore peace and quiet to a distracted country.

From the moment when Clay appeared in the Senate, all party strife was hushed, patriotic feelings subdued factional resistance; Clay became the leader of all the Union men of the country. He had the great, the immortal Clay, whom you have heard tonight, for his right hand man, and the godlike Webster for the left, and there ranged around him all the patriots, Union-men, Whigs and Democrats united by a common object, animated by a common spirit, and that was to restore peace to the country, to quell the sectional strife that abolitionism and free-soilism had produced, in consequence of defeating the proposition of Mr. Buchanan to extend the Missouri line to the Pacific ocean. For five long months we assembled in the Council room each morning to plan the operations for that day—to head off faction—to suppress combination against the institutions of the country; and there we arranged step by step the propositions until they resulted in the adoption of the measures known as the Compromise Measures of 1850.

You all remember with what shouts and rejoicing the passage of those measures was received throughout the country. You all recollect the great meeting you then held here in Philadelphia, composed of Whigs and Democrats—Union men of all parties—who approved of the settlement which was made by those measures of that vexed question; and now let me remind you my friends, that among the proudest productions of that meeting—in fact the chief ornament of that meeting—is the letter of James Buchanan upon the restoration of peace by the establishment of the great principles of the Compromise measures of 1850.

Thus we find that Mr. Buchanan was among the first to approve of those measures. He had been for the Missouri line—so had I. We tried to carry it out and were voted down. Failing in that we took the next measure and succeeded in that, and, fortunately for the country, that measure was a return to the true principles of the Constitution of the United States, as the great Washington, Madison, Hamilton and Franklin and other sages formed it in the Hall. From 1850, having returned to the Constitution, having abandoned all of these patch-work compromises, which were outside of the Constitution, James Buchanan has stood firm and immovable by those principles.

In 1854, it became my duty to report bills to organize Kansas and Nebraska, or the principles laid down in 1850, endorsed by the Whigs; endorsed by the Democracy; sanctioned by Mr. Buchanan's letter to the Philadelphia Ratification meeting; and I brought in the Nebraska bill in the form that it now stands, from the Senate book.—[Cheers.] That bill passed the Senate by a majority of the Whig party then in the body, also by a majority of the Democratic Senators receiving the votes of a majority of the Northern Senators, and also of a majority of all the Northern Senators; and yet we are told that the country was betrayed in the passage of that bill, (a voice—"no such thing.") betrayed by whom? Betrayed by a majority of the North? Betrayed by the whole South? Betrayed by a majority of the Democrats? Betrayed by a majority of the Whigs—and that, too, in carrying out a principle to which every Whig and every Democrat two years previously had pledged his honor to carry out in good faith.

The fact is, that these Old Line Democrats who stood immovable by the principles of

that bill, were true to their pledges, true to their instincts, true to those immortal Democratic principles which we all love and cherish; and those Whigs too, then and now, stand firmly and proudly by those same principles embraced in the Nebraska bill, stand where Clay stood, where Webster stood; by the principles that were consecrated by the death of Clay, and in the grave of Webster. Old Line Whigs are now asked to abandon the faith of their party; they are asked to repudiate the principles of Clay when yet the grass is hardly grown over his grave; they are asked to repudiate the great Constitutional principles of Webster, while yet his family are wearing the weeds of mourning, and they are asked to do this in order to join with those who not only despise the Whig leaders, but denounce Washington, a Jefferson, and a Madison, and all the great patriots, in consequence of their having lived in the Southern instead of the Northern section of the country.

It is simply a proposition to be decided whether we shall be governed by sectional lines or Constitutional principles. The policy of the Abolitionists is to array the North against the South—section against section—State against State—until civil war and disunion shall be the consequence. I ask, are you prepared to engage in such a controversy? Are you prepared to imbue your hands in a brother's blood? [Voices—"never, never."] Did our Fathers of the Revolution make any distinction between a Northern and a Southern army? ("No, no.") When they made the Constitution, was there any line drawn between a Northern and a Southern Patriot; and are we now, when the Constitution is assailed,—to enquire whether it has been assailed on its Southern or its Northern border? What matters it to me if that great instrument is assailed, whether it be upon a point that affects the rights of the South or the rights of the North? It is enough for me to know that that great palladium of American Liberty has been rudely touched by a scurrilous hand. I ask, if a foreign enemy should land an army here to invade our country, would you stop to enquire whether the invasion was made upon the line of the Northern Lakes, or upon the Gulf of Mexico, or upon the Pacific coast? Would it change your patriotism whether it was a Northern or Southern invasion? (No, no.) Then, why will you hesitate, when the Constitution is infringed, to enquire whether the infringement is upon the Southern man's rights, or the Northern man's rights? Our motto is: "The Constitution as it is; the Union as it was made, as it now is, and as it shall be in the future,"—and these are the principles endorsed on the platform of the Cincinnati Convention.

All men who believe in the integrity of the Constitution, and the perpetuity of the Union, are asked to rally under these principles, which are essential to the preservation of either. Can any sectional party, animated with sectional prejudices, safely be entrusted with the preservation of this Union? [Cries of "No, no."] Has any other party sloughed off all its aims, and received the reformed, regenerated, purified principles which insure the preservation of the Union, like the Democracy? Has any other party such claims to nationality which assure enough to cross either the Potomac or the Ohio, and carry their principles foremost on their banners? And yet you are asked to trust a party whose sole aim is disunion instead of combination, hostility instead of fraternity, disunion instead of union.

Now, my friends, these principles, these issues, are all involved in the present election. Never had an American so much to animate his soul, and inspire his patriotism, as in this contest. With a platform that is our own, expressing our principles, cherishing and sustaining all our feelings and domestic tranquility at home, and whose policy, if carried out, will command respect and honor abroad. With a compact so formed, can even calumny itself, with its thousand heads, dare to stain the private character of either?

With Buchanan as our leader, and gallant young Breckinridge second in command, we have a representation which commands the entire respect of the whole country. Let me say to you, believe not that in supineness, we can achieve an easy victory. Do not be lulled into indifference and lethargy; but remember that our enemy is an arch fiend, who has sworn hatred, discord, heresy and schisms among men. Brethren, without the name, and dressed in different guises in each separate locality—in one place a Native American—telling America by Americans—in another, a Black Republican—in another, an Abolitionist—in another, a Free Soiler, and in another, an anti-Nebraska man—changing his name and his colors wherever he goes—but he is the same insidious enemy of Democracy wherever he may be found, and whatever his name. [Applause.] I have often said, and now repeat, that all of these different factions and these factions, are akin to each other. They will fuse and act together when the time of election comes. [That's so.] Hence we have to fight them as an allied army; and when we get to pile up such a majority on the top of the key of the arch, as will keep it forever firm and immovable in its place. (Continued Applause.)

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a wooden ladle."—Goldsmith.

"Some are born with a tin ring in their noses, and some with silver ones."—Silversmith.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass, or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things," would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter pang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who married my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "what a noise!"
Girls always Hector over boys?
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or take it all did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head and said "good lad,"
And gave sixpence, "all he had?"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

THE UNION IS SAFE!—A Western poet says the Kuckkerbocker, composed the following in just an hour by a Connecticut clock.—There can be no danger while there is so much 'Spirit' in the country:

What! but this glorious Union up,
An' go to drawin' triggers,
Just for a thunderin' parcel of
Emanicipated niggers?
The glory of America,
Though flu across the seas,
An' threwed the bloody British lion
Ker slump upon his knees?
Say, shall we rend him lim' from lim'?
Wun wing wun way, an' wun tuther,
An' every seppertin pin feather
A flyin' at the other?
It can't be did!

"THAT LETTER FOR ME!"—A rather amusing scene was witnessed at the Columbus, Ohio, post office, the other morning. A rough, uncouth looking customer inquired for a letter at the general delivery. He received one, and not being sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him. The postmaster, with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows:

"Dear S.—This letter comes a hop-pin'! I take my pen in hand to inform you that we are aw well, and hope you are enjoyin' the same blessin'. I am sorry to hear that you have been on another drunken spree."

"Stop!" shouted the attentive listener, "stop, I say, that 'ere letter's for me; here's your five cents, and fork that 'ere document over!" And amid a general laugh of the bystanders, he vanished.

A CHILD'S ANSWER.—A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child about five years old: "Mary you are not good for any thing."

"Yes, I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you good for—pray tell me, my dear?"

"I am good to love you, father," replied she at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.

Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any other mortal can possibly confer is, to live in the full exercise of affection.

WHAT IT COSTS.—The people of the United States, in gratuities to ocean mail steamers, pay about twice as much as England pays for the same mail service. There are paid to two of the companies, viz., the New York and California and the Collins, upwards of sixteen hundred thousand dollars a year, while the receipts of postage from both are only about one-third of the money paid to them.

ANECDOTE.

Old Parson B., who presided over a little flock in one of the back towns of the State of —, was, without any exception, the most eccentric divine we ever knew. His eccentricities were carried as far in the pulp as out of it. An instance we will relate.

Among his church members was one who invariably made a practice of leaving church ere the parson was two-thirds through his sermon. This was practised so long, that after while it became a matter of course, and no one, save the divine, seemed to take notice of it. And he at length notified brother P. that such a thing must, he felt assured, be needless, but P. said that that hour his family needed his services at home, and he must do it, nevertheless, on leaving church he always took a roundabout course, which by some mysterious means always brought him in close proximity with the village tavern, which he would enter, "and thereby hangs a tale."

Parson B. ascertained from some source that P.'s object in leaving the church was to obtain a ' dram,' and he determined to stop his leaving and disturbing the congregation in future, if such a thing was possible.

The next Sabbath, brother P. left his seat at the usual time, and started for the door, when Parson B. exclaimed:

"Brother P.!"

P., on being thus addressed, stopped short, and gazed toward the pulpit.

"Brother P.," continued the parson, "there is no need of your leaving church at this time as I passed the tavern this morning, I made arrangements with the landlord to keep your toddy hot till church was out."

The surprise and mortification of the brother can hardly be imagined.

A Word fitly Spoken to a Young Minister.

Many a preacher, on whose lips admiring crowds have hung, has had to look back with grateful recollection on some kind word fitly spoken to him at the commencement of his course, as having had not a little to do with the splendor of its subsequent stages. One such piece of counsel Mr. Wardlaw received from his uncle Mr. Ewing Maclean, which proved to him a cherished lesson for life.

"Ralph," said his uncle after hearing him preach his first sermon in public, "did you notice that poor woman in the duffle cloak that sat under the pulpit when you were preaching to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my man, remember that the people like her have souls as well as their betters, and that a minister's business is to feed the poor and illiterate as well as the rich and educated. Your sermon to-day was a very ingenious and well composed discourse, and in that respect you did great credit; but there was not a word in it for the old woman in the duffle cloak." The young preacher, from his literary and scientific studies, and with the learned professors and profound divines before his mind as the model of excellence, had fallen naturally into the error of supposing that sort of thing which would have commanded plaudits in the class room, was equally suited to meet the demands of the pulpit. It was kind to undeceive him on this point; his uncle's strictures did so; and from that point forward he erred in this way no more.—*Life of Dr. Wardlaw.*

CAPITAL HITS.

A good story is told of Marcy and Douglas. At a dinner given by the former to Mr. Buchanan, during his recent visit to Washington City, and when the conversation turned somewhat on the Presidency, the old Premier, turning to the "Little Giant" said: "Douglas, you put me in mind of a story I once read." "What is that?" said he.—"Why," said Marcy, "a man was driving along the road at a furious rate, when he suddenly stopped and inquired of a countryman how far it was to a certain village to which he was going. The latter replied that it was about twelve miles; but (and Marcy fixed a quizzical look upon Douglas, as he uttered the concluding part of the sentence with emphasis,) you will get there sooner if you do not drive quite so fast!" All present (including the "Little Giant," who relishes a good joke, even if it should be cracked at his own expense,) joined in a hearty laugh—and for once in his life Douglas had to knock under.

An excellent story is also told of Douglas and Buchanan. Douglas was sitting in a private parlor at Guy's National Hotel the other night talking with a dozen of Buchanan's friends, when the latter having been sent for, came in and joined the party. "My young friend," said Buchanan, soon afterwards, turning patronizingly to Douglas, "let me give you a little advice." "Thank you!" instantly retorted Douglas, seizing him by the hand, "I expect to choose my Constitutional advisers soon, and am most happy thus to receive your acceptance in advance." "Old Doug" was so confused by this turn in the conversation that he forgot the proffered advice altogether.—*LANCASTER INTELLIGENCER.*

"Any game hereabouts?" said a newly arrived Texan. "Guess so," said the Lone Star, "and plenty of 'em—we have bluff, poke, euchre, all fours and moola, and just as many others as you'll like to play for, all your goods."

"I'm a stranger in a strange place," said a clergyman on entering a printing office; "and you will be a stranger to a better place; replied the typo, "if you do not practice closer who you preach."

Enormous Fraud—\$100,000 Involved.

The particulars of a fraud involving property to the amount of \$100,000, perpetrated upon an aged gentleman named James Garvie, residing at Glenn Cove, L. I., have recently been brought to light. The alleged perpetrator is Wm. S. Hanna, a carpenter, living in the third story of No. 103 Lewis Street, and an old acquaintance of Mr. Garvie. It is stated that Hanna, about four weeks ago, induced Mr. G. to visit him and remain at his house while in this city; and after getting him in the house he plied him with drugged liquor day after day for four weeks, thus keeping his mind in an oblivious state; that during this time he persuaded the old man to sign a power of attorney giving him authority to act for him; that by virtue of this instrument Hanna collected money from John Lafarge on a claim of \$1500. He also obtained from Justice Anderson, Garvie's counsel, a deed for two houses and lots in One hundred and twenty-seventh street, near sixth avenue; also a note for \$2900 from Judge Henderson. Besides this power of attorney, Garvie, while under the influence of the drugged liquor, gave Hanna a bill of sale for the sloop Freedom, worth \$1250. Also a bill of sale for an interest in the bark J. Wall, now at sea. Also a lease of 135 acres of land at Glen Cove, L. I., together with the stock, tools, &c., on the place, valued at \$10,000, and to crown all, he got the old man to make a will in favor of his (Hanna's) daughter, and appointing him executor. All this being accomplished, and property to the value of about \$100,000 having been transferred to Hanna, he extorted from Mr. Garvie a promise that he would go to sea. Thus far things worked well, and Hanna and others who acted in concert with him, in order to have the business fully consummated, advertised the whole of the property for sale on the 5th inst. at the Merchant's Exchange. Before the sale, however, the unfortunate victim was allowed by some mistake to get sober, and then by the advice of friends he was induced to go before Justice Wood and make a complaint against Hanna. A warrant for the arrest of the latter was issued, and on Sunday he was captured by the Eleventh Ward Police and locked up in default of \$5,000 bail. The property was not sold as advertised, on the 5th inst., as Judge Anderson and A. Cordaza, counsel for Mr. Garvie, having seen the advertisement, procured an injunction from the Supreme Court. The matter will be investigated before Justice Wood, and parties named will probably be implicated.—*New York Tribune, June 9th.*

Interesting from Russia.

The Emperor of Russia has given the whole of his fleet a new arrangement, which had become necessary in consequence of the events of the late war. The Russian papers in speaking of the new arrangements, say that the saving that will now be effected by the suppression of the expensive Black Sea fleet, in conformity with the terms of the treaty of peace, which amounts to 15,000,000 or 20,000,000, will, in all probability, be applied to the development and strengthening of the naval force in the Baltic, White Sea, and Pacific Ocean.

Numerous projected railways are spoken of in St. Petersburg correspondence. One especially is put forward for continuing the Riga-Danaburg Line up to Kursk, by which the fruitful centre of Russia will be put into rapid connection with the Western provinces and seaports, and will secure the inhabitants of those districts from the return of death from which they frequently suffer. Two other lines are proposed—one from Odessa to Kremenchug, and the other from Theodosia, in the Crimea, to Moscow.

According to the latest advices from St. Petersburg, the coronation is now fixed for August 24th, (Sept. 5th.)

The flatness of trade still continues in St. Petersburg, the demand for Russian goods for export is small; that for imported goods still smaller. The holders of yellow are unwilling to sell at the present prices, and the same appears to be the case with hemp and flax.

The cholera appears to be showing itself again in St. Petersburg. The daily mortality has risen of late from two or three to as many as twenty-one. The number of deaths that have already taken place in the present outbreak is 304.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.—The last number

received of the Nebraskaan, published at Omaha city, says—

"Our hotels are crowded to overflowing, and still the number of new-comers arriving daily is constantly increasing. The steamers, which reach our landing almost every day, all bring with them emigrants by the river for this place, and the 'heavy-wheeled wagons' which cross at our ferry tell of the travel hither by the overland route.

"The fertile and attractive country by which we are surrounded is fast being settled and transformed into cultivated farms, so that we are sure of the substantial wealth, the 'bone and sinew' to sustain our city in its rapid growth."

"A STAGE coach recently arrived in Sacramento, California, with a load of Californians, which may be taken as a sample of the traveling population. In it were two convicts on their way to the State Prison, a counterfeiter, a horse thief, a deputy Sheriff, a slipper, crafty and prominent politician, two county officers, an expressman, a collector of foreign miners' tax, two negroes and four Chinamen.