

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.]

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Choice Poetry.

A LONE.

BY MARY EMMA GILLIES.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
 The husband of the dead;
 That day the dark dust had been thrown
 Upon her buried head.
 Her orphan'd children round him slept,
 But in their sleep would moan,
 Then fell the first tear he had wept—
 He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
 But, ah, no more for him!
 His little world once warm and bright—
 It now was cold and dim.
 Where was her sweet and kindly face?
 Where was her cordial tone?
 He gazed around the dwelling place,
 And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
 The self-denying zeal—
 The smile of hope that chased despair,
 And promised future weal—
 The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
 The charm of all things thrown—
 The sweetness in whatever she said—
 All gone—he was alone.

He looked into his cold white heart,
 All sad and unregarded;
 He asked how he had done his part,
 To one so true—so kind!
 Each error past he tried to track,
 In torture would atone—
 Would give his life to bring her back—
 In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last; and then he dreamed
 "Perchance her spirit woke,"
 A soft light o'er his pillow gleamed,
 A voice in music spoke—
 "Forgot—forgiven all neglect—
 Thy love recalled alone,
 Thy babes I leave; oh, love, protect!
 I still am all thine own."

Victims of the Plague Disinterred after Two Centuries.

During the excavations which are now taking place near the tunnel of the East Kent Railway, at Ordnance Place Chatham, the workmen have discovered a great number of human remains, amounting in the whole to said, to nearly fifty. The skeletons were discovered at a depth of scarcely three feet below the surface of the ground, nearly the whole of them appearing as if having been buried in coffins. The discovery of such a number of skeletons has caused a vast amount of interest in the neighborhood, and speculation is rife how they came to be buried at the spot in question, which is far removed from anything like a churchyard.

Sham Stock Sales in New York.

On two days of last week, Tuesday and Wednesday, there were sold at the New York Board of Brokers nominally 18,000 Reading Railroad shares amounting in value at par to \$900,000 when the city holds under 50,000 shares, one half of which have not changed hands in the last eighteen months, and at least 10,000 of the other half is held in trust for buyers on the other side of the ocean.

The people believe this of course; they believe too that notwithstanding this condition of the stock that during the last forty days 194,325 shares have been sold as reported, which at \$50 per share amounts to \$9,666,100, and if kept up at the same rate until the year is completed it would amount to over \$77,000,000, which is over \$26,000,000 more than the entire banking capital of that city! This extraordinary business, at which we can anticipate the eyes of readers not skilled in financial operations, stretched to the size of goggles, is only the operations in Reading with a stock limited to 223,668 shares. On the 7th, the total operations for that day only amounted to the sum of \$3,678,358, and if kept up at that rate during the year, would aggregate \$776,655,380—a beautiful return for the capital employed!

On the 8th the sales reported were \$2,981,400, which is evidently a mistake of the printer, or may have been omitted in the entry of the charter of the New York and Erie. With this we have nothing to do. We have reverted to this state of things to show that there are only 30,346 shares of the Reading Railroad left—all the rest have gone.

The accounts of the crops over the country continue to be most encouraging.

ADDRESS ON EDUCATION.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

At the Anniversary of Wyoming Seminary in Kingston, Tuesday, June 30, 1857.

Reported for the 'Record of the Times.'

(Mr. GREELEY stood behind a large melodeon, on which six immense folios, volumes of the Biographia Britannica, were piled as a stand for his notes; and with a voice and manner which seemed as if his muse were pitchforking great loads of thought out of his interior, with tremendous effort, but which grew gradually easier, began as follows:)

I come before you to-day with no elaborate address prepared; for I think the speech which will best suit the occasion will be one inspired by the occasion. The theme is of course the one, the only one, which would be fitting here and now; I need scarcely name it; EDUCATION. Yet not as an advocate of Education am I here to address you; she needs no advocate here, or you would not be here to-day. All this vast multitude, gathered from distant homes, have come as her advocates. There is surely no need of dwelling on the value and importance of that which is the engrossing theme of thought and interest with all I see before me. The intelligence, beauty and attention here collected, the halls in view of which we are assembled; the addresses we have already heard, all the memories our young friends bear from their place, and all the hopes which beckon them to the future, are so many testimonials to the importance of Education.—But, that we may bring our thoughts to some practical issue to-day, indulge me with your attention, and while my feeble voice can make you hear, and so long as your patience ought to be taxed, I will offer some remarks as the fruits of my reflection and experience, on EDUCATION,—ITS MOTIVES, METHODS AND ENDS.

The word Philosophy, in its proper and derivative meaning, denotes a love of wisdom or knowledge. But it is more commonly used in an accommodated and macerate sense, as indicating a system or circle of whatever pertains or ministers to the intellectual needs of man. Taking the word in this, now its almost universal sense, we may say that the world of Philosophy has produced two great thinkers, Plato and Bacon, who, above all others, have been and continue to be kings in the realms of thought.—Plato was acknowledged as supreme dictator of the human intellect for ages before Bacon wrote; and, indeed, among scholars, in our colleges and academies, our systems of education, and the literary world at large, the philosophy of Plato still wields a paramount authority. We may say that nine-tenths of the thinking world bow to him.—These two names then, raised on high, stand to-day as landmarks to all who go forth upon the sea of thought.

Plato's philosophy begins by contemplating the soul rather than the body. It views man more as a pure spirit than as an agent in the material world. It deems the noblest work of education to be, not so much the workman as the man. Its objects are inward, and its means, therefore, are chosen for their reflective action on him who employs them, not for their power in the world. But while Platonism thus builds on intuition, Baconism seeks its foundation in reason.—It begins with facts, and aims at fruits. It rejects everything from the beginning but clear, proved facts, and calls forth all the energies of its disciples in the search for practical; useful results. The Baconian idea regards man as placed on earth to be a worker; and the true education as that which best fits man for his work. It therefore cuts off from youthful training everything which gives no promise of being turned to account in manly work.

The civilized world, as I have said, sat for more than fifteen centuries at the feet of Plato; receiving his words with an implicit faith as was given them in his own school at Athens. And still his ideas prevail in our scholastic system. Ask an old school professor of to-day why he insists so much on the general study of the higher mathematics, the dead languages, and such other branches as have no practical work to do in the hands of these pupils; and he is sure to answer you as an orthodox Platonist; To discipline the mind. This is the great aim of our college and academy systems. But since the general diffusion of the art of printing, the opposite or Baconian idea has been steadily gaining ground. And now the great question in which the educational mind of our own age is engaged, is whether this idea shall be adopted in the training system of the coming era.

Baconism, then, commences with a careful, intelligent observation of facts. It assumes nothing; proceeds by strict education; takes nothing for granted; and postpones all theorizing until by an adequate intercomparison of facts, we shall be poised irresistibly to the conclusion. The model Baconian of our own nation, and of what we may call our own age, in comparison with the vast extent of history, was Benjamin Franklin. He was not, indeed, a model man; as a man his character had many faults; but we speak of him now only as a thinker, and in this light, he was a model Baconian. Other illustrious disciples of this school, however, belong to these times; such as Fulton, Watt, Whitney, Morse, Daguerre, and many more. For this is the age of practical men, who do their work.

Now I too, in my poor way, avow myself a follower of Bacon. I would apply his

touchstone to all our processes of education. I would affirm that the mind is disciplined best by its own proper work; and not by making this discipline the great end. I would say to the farmer's son, poring over Greek verbs and Hebrew roots and accents; to the damsel of sixteen, wasting her sweetness on algebra and geometry, what do you propose to do with this, when you shall have mastered it? What is its use, its purpose, its end, so far as you are concerned? If you propose to turn it to some practical account, very well; but if you only acquire it with an eye to mental discipline, then I protest against it as a waste of time and energy. Action, action disciplines the mind; the acquisition of what we need to know, better than that we don't need.

Yes; I demand of education, and of every part of it, fruits. I test its value by its standard of practical utility. Let us learn first, at least, what we personally and positively need to know; afterwards, if ever, that which we can profit by only as exercise or discipline. Let all our education recognize that we are here as doers, not as dreamers. Yet does this Baconism not really affirm, as some say, the subordination of the man to the workman, the mental to the physical.—It affirms for the latter a precedence in time only, not in importance. "First the blade, then the ear; afterward the full corn in the ear." The child must creep before it can walk, however decided the superiority of the latter mode of locomotion. We insist, then, that education should first qualify its work for his subject;—that is, for a career of assured usefulness and independence; because, in default of this, there is scarcely a chance that he can be morally good or intellectually great. Bread is not so noble as thought, but in the absence of food, the brain is paralyzed or absorbed in the consciousness of hunger. Let every human being be first trained to an assured ability usefully to earn at least a livelihood, and thus shielded from the all but inevitable moral degradation of the dependent and the beggarly. Every man who has had, with myself, the ad experience and observation afforded by a residence for upwards of a quarter of a century in a great city, will agree with me, when I say no sight is more pitiable than the educated men, having no means of support by their hands, either through ignorance, weakness or pride, who huddled in their crowded palisades.—We see there a host of such wails, intellectual wrecks, literally begging for a chance to coin their thinking faculties into food. Mental elevation is of course impossible to such men; and they are the inevitable product of our present school systems.

We want a more practical, physical, industrial education, for many urgent reasons. 1st. To advance physical health, strength and longevity. 2d. For the proper cultivation of the earth, and the development of its mineral and vegetable treasures. We have but begun in this age to know the wealth of nature. What is the present state of agriculture, the first of arts in time, the first in necessity? 3d. For improvement in machinery, in manufactures, and in household economy. 4th. To diffuse leisure and taste for study among the uneducated. It is a very common complaint that thrifty, untaught farmers grudge the cost of a thorough education for their sons and daughters.—Hodge industrious and independent in his ignorance scorns his educated neighbor, who is but a drone and a beggar with all. "I have succeeded well enough," says he, "without education; why shouldst thou children do the same." Now I realize, and regret Hodge's contempt for learning, but I cannot pretend to be surprised at it. On the contrary it seems to me most natural, and not very blameworthy. For do but consider that the educated son or daughter too often returns to the paternal home with an ill-disguised contempt for his homely roof, and a positive aversion to its downright labor.—Who would expect a sensible homestead parent to relish and value such education?

That son is not truly educated who cannot grow more corn on an acre than his unlearned father, and grow it with less labor. That educated daughter has received a mistaken and superficial training if she cannot excel her mother in making soap or cheese or butter. All these are chemical processes, 11 which her education should render her an adept, far beyond any untaught person. The educated lawyer, doctor or clergyman, whose garden is not better, (to say it larger), and his fruit trees more thrifty and productive than his illiterate neighbor's, sadly discredits and damages the cause of education. The prejudice against muscular, physical labor is a product of barbarism and slavery. It ought long since to have vanished in the light of liberty and civilization. Of course, he who can earn ten dollars per day as a lawyer should not desert this toil for a dollar per day as a plowman or canal-digger. This would be folly. But the lawyer or physician who cannot earn the ten dollars per day, nor one of them, and who stands idle, and runs in debt for his board, rather than plow or dig, has been very badly taught, and is a poor creature. Let each do his best; but let no man make his presumed ability to do something better an excuse for doing nothing. "Six days shalt thou labor," says the Book; and there is hardly a commandment worse understood or worse obeyed.—Each of us is under a perpetual obligation to usefulness; and this is not discharged by the fact that we cannot find just the work we would prefer to do. Every one lounging around taverns, or idling in office, or waiting for some one to employ him as a lawyer, a doctor, or in some such capacity, and meantime doing the world no good, but liv-

ing on the earnings of others, is a scandal and a clog to the cause of education.

Perhaps the great mistake is nowhere more general or more pernicious than in the education of woman. It is the destiny of woman, we carelessly say, to preside over a household as wife and mother; and so it is the destiny of most women, but by no means of all. It is right that all should be educated to fulfil nobly the duties of matrimony; but it is not well that any should be educated so as to fit her for no other sphere but this, so as to render her life as a maiden necessarily a defeat and a failure. Choice with some, disappointment with others, necessity perhaps with more;—these conspire thousands to single life. All must fill this sphere at least for a season. Why then should not all be fitted to exalt and adorn it? The position and sphere of woman is one of the themes which the thought of our age is pondering; and its meditations will not be fruitless.—Greater freedom and wider opportunities for usefulness in maidenhood, a juster and more equal union in married life, these are the essential demands of the clear-sighted, and they cannot always be answered by misrepresentation nor silenced by sneers. Pecuniary independence and self-support in single life are essential to woman, that she may spurn the degrading idea of marrying for a home and a livelihood. For, however proper the marriage state may be, surely an ill-assorted union is worse than none.

To this end, woman must be taught and encouraged to do many things she now shuns;—must be called out into God's sunshine; and made a free producer of those fruits which are his noblest endowments.—The fine arts in all their phases, gardening, the vineyards, the manufactures, all must be annexed to her industrial domain, until it should be impossible, as well as shameful, to exact of her teaching and other service at half the price which man receives for equal ability and equal efficiency. This is among the achievements immediately before us, and it is to be attained through a wiser and more practical education.

But in thus basing education upon industry, activity, efficiency, I do not of course mean to confine it to material ends. Its feet are planted firmly on the earth, only that its head may be exalted to the skies. Let our educated youth be first capable, skilful, efficient, independent workers, in order that they may develop and evince a nobler manhood, a truer and sweeter womanhood, than we, their less fortunate predecessors and progenitors have been aided or able to attain. Let them be armed at all points for the great battle of life, that they may carry through grand testimonies that our feeble and unmailed arms were ever able to achieve.—Let them be skilled in all forms of muscular exertion, so that they shall work out for themselves a genuine leisure for conquests in the dominion of mind. Let them be inventors, thinkers, philosophers, poets, not merely that they may coin their brain-sweat into bread, but that, having secured ample bread, they shall now be ready to labor intellectually for the good of their race.

But would you have every one a mere deliverer you ask. Yes, let every one delve till a way shall open before him to do something better. Let men be called to intellectual work, because needed there, not because needing to be there. Let the relationship of literature to life be placed on a truer, more earnest basis. Now we hear a young man, trained in the prevailing system of education, cry, "Why may I not be an author, and thus earn my bread?" And so he makes an earnest effort to enter the realms of Authorship, as Novelist, Essayist, even as Poet.—But alas! No Post ever deliberately set down to write a poem for either bread or fame.—Poetry, to be real, is the overflow of life, not its mean quantity. True Poets only write because they must; and Jenny Lind's Bird in her beautiful song, that cries, "I must, I must be singing!" Only to think of Homer or Dante going about with, "Please, sir, buy my poem, that my wife and my children may have bread!" I often think with pleasure of an anecdote of Uehler, the great German Poet. When a friend visited him, at a time when he had published nothing for many months, and asked him, "Have you anything in hand now, any great poetical effort not yet finished, that you continue so long withdrawn from the public eye?" he answered "No, I have not left the necessity of writing lately." A true Poet must be silent when he does not feel the necessity of writing. But to write because you have no other means of support, because you cannot live without it, this is to debase your faculty. Yet the world is full of appeals for patronage and employment, which amount to just this. Now the world is not bettered by the book that is written for money; nor by any intellectual labor of which hunger is the inspiration. And all education which makes a man necessarily a lawyer, a physician, a clergyman or an author, is degrading to literature and intellect. The writer ought to be always the persecuted worker.

The curse of our time, as I suppose of all times, is inordinate self-seeking. We acquire that we may serve, not mankind, but ourselves. We seek not to keep step in the even march of life, but to steal a ride on the baggage wagon. The spirit of the new age on which we are entering is different; it speaks only of, and seeks for, the equal rights of all. It says to the Legislator, punish crime; but only as the Guardian of Justice and the Protector of the Commonwealth; for the prevention of future crime, and, if it may be, the reformation of the offender. It says to the Thinker, Hate, but be careful to hate only that which is hateful,

which opposes and impedes human good.—And it cries, as it hails the rising generation, Youth, study! Study with all your energies, but study only that you may be a more effective worker! It says to men every where, Work, that you may be more unselfish and effective students. And to all, Live, with all your powers and all your life, that the haughty may be abased, the humble exalted, and God glorified.

I feel that I have reached the limits of my voice and of your patience. I have thrown out these thoughts, thus imperfectly, hoping that they may reach your minds and lodge in them, and become your thoughts; and thus, so far as they are just and right, influence your lives. You know our thoughts are always, if allowed to develop themselves rightly, better than our lives. What then? Shall our thoughts be brought down to the lower level of our lives, or shall the latter be exalted? Let us strive to make education the seed of good thoughts; a sure and faithful teacher that soul is more and better than body. Let it train the young so to use every power that man may be ennobled, and life may be higher and holier.

The Mother's Influence.

I can always tell the mother by her boy. The archer who draws back with doubtful lunge and lunge his plume as if he looks at him askance, has a very questionable mother.—She may feed him, and clothe him, and cram him with sweetmeats, and coax him with promises; but if she gets mad, she will give him a knock on the back; she will drag him by the hair; she will call him all sorts of wicked names, while passion plays over her face in lambent flames that curl and writhe out at the corner of her eyes.

And we never see the courteous little fellow, with smooth locks and gentle manners—in whom delicacy does not detract from courage and manliness—but we say, "that boy's mother is a true lady." Her words and her ways are soft, loving and quiet. If she reproves, her language is "my son," not "you little wretch, you plague of my life, you torment, you scamp!"

She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas is that of his mother. Smiles, and soft, low, voice, will bring her image freely to his heart—"She is like my mother," will be the highest medal in his praise. Nor even when the hair turns silver and the eyes grow dim, will the majesty of that life and presence desert him. But the ruffian mother—alas! that there are such—will form the ruffian character of a man.

There is no disputing the fact; it shines in the face of every little child. The coarse, brawling woman, will have coarse, vicious, brawling, fighting children. She who cries on every occasion, "I'll box your ears—I'll slap your jaws—I'll break your neck," is known as thoroughly through her children as if her unwomanly manners were displayed in the public street.

AN INCENTIVE TO PLUCK.—A hopeful youth who was the owner of a young bull terrier was one day training the animal in the art of being ferocious, and waning some animated object to set the dog upon, his dally, after considerable persuasion, consented to get down upon all fours and make fight with Mr. Bull. Young America began to urge on the dog—"sis-ter-boy, seize him, &c.;" at last the dog "made a dip" and got a good hold upon the old man's proboscis, and get the dog off he couldn't. So he began to cry out with the pain caused by the fangs of the dog. "Grin and bear it, old man!" shouted the young scapgrace! "Grin and bear it!" "twill be the makin' of the pup."

At an examination of the Collage of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy—

"What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"

"Wait until he come down," he coolly replied.

"True," replied Abernethy, "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscles would you put in motion?"

"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I would knock you down immediately." He received a diploma.

ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.—Mr. M., coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife.

"Pretty time of night, M., for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning, you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family?"

"Tisn't three—its only one; I heard it strike; council always sits till I o'clock."

"My soul! M. you're drunk—as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."

"I say, Mrs. M., it's one. I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, two or three times!"

A fast man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher:

"Do you believe," said he, "in the story of the Fatted calf?"

"Yes," said the preacher.

"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed."

"A female," replied the divine.

"How do you know that?"

"Because, (looking the interrogator in the face,) I see the male is still alive."

From "The Compass, With Variations." BY TOM HOOD.

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
 Fear quitted the most finical;
 The sailors, I wot, were soon forgot,
 And hope was at the pinnacle;
 When rose on high the frightful cry—
 "The devil's in the binnacle."

"The saints be near," the helmsman cried,
 His voice with quite a falter,
 "Steady's my helm, but every lock
 The needle seems to alter;
 God only knows where China lies,
 Jamaica or Gibraltar."

The captain stared aghast at mate,
 The pilot at th' apprentice;
 "Twas past the German sea
 Of fiction the event is;
 But when they at the compass looked,
 It seemed non compos mentis."

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
 The wavering point was shaken,
 'Twas past the whole philosophy
 Of Newton and of Bacon.
 Never by compass, till that hour,
 Such latitudes were taken.

No Use for Trowsers.

On the morning of the meteoric shower in 1833, Old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up at once that the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come.

He stood for a moment gazing in speechless terror at the scene, and then with a yell of horror sprang out of the door into the yard, right into the midst of the falling stars, and here in his effort to dodge them he commenced a series of ground tumbling that would have done honor to a rope dancer. His wife being awakened in the meantime, and seeing old Peyton jumping and skipping about in the yard, called out to know what in the name of sense he was doing' out there, dancing round without his clothes. But Peyton heard not—the judgment, and long back account he would have to settle, made him heedless of all terrestrial things, and his wife by this time becoming alarmed at his behavior, sprang out of bed and running to the door, shrieking to the top of her lungs—

"Peyton, I say Peyton, what do you mean, jumping about out there? Come in and put your trowsers on!"

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawling on the earth—

"Trowsers, Peggy? what the h—ll's the use of trowsers when the world's a fire?"

PASSION.—A passionate person is always in trouble—always doing that which he regrets and is ashamed of, in his calm reflecting moments—always an annoyance to his best friends, and confessedly his worst enemy. The indulgences of passion, by parents especially, has a far reaching, a most pernicious influence. A parent who cannot govern himself is totally unfit to govern his children. A fretful, peevish mother will make her children like herself, and nothing less than a miracle can prevent it. An angry word, followed by a blow, goes far to fret and provoke, and sour the temper of your children, and such a course should ever be avoided.

GENTLEMEN AND THEIR DEBTS.—The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar at Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?"

"Oh, said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," said the Vicar, "then how do you get on if he don't pay?"

"Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

At a concert in Wisconsin, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, couldn't you fix the date, that is what we want—just give us the date, Mister." The farmer was right; we have been promised this consummation for many years, but like the rainbow, it recedes as we advance towards it.

MR. PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal is the author of the following:—

"We see that the sprightly, though naughty authoress, who calls herself George Sand, has expressed herself very strongly in favor of being burned after her death. If there is any truth in the scriptures, we guess she will have her wish."

"Well neighbor, what's the most christian news this morning?" said a gentleman to his friend.

"I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman."

"Just like you! who is it you have made happy by your charity this time?"

"My wife!"

Two travelers having been robbed in a wood, and tied to trees some distance from each other, one of them, in despair, exclaimed—

"O, I'm undone!"

"Are you?" said the other, "then I wish you'd come and undo me."

Miles Darden, seven feet six inches high, and weighing over a thousand pounds, died recently in Tennessee. It took 4 men to place him in his coffin. The largest man in the world.

Reputation is often got without merit, and lost without a crime.

Col. JAMES G. BEBETT, Postmaster, Washington, D. C.

THE LATE WILLIAM L. MARCY.

HIS HOME—HIS STUDIES, AND HIS CLOSING LIFE.

A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Albany, N. Y., communicates the following in regard to the late William L. Marcy:

"During a portion of the day, I had time to visit the two houses at different times occupied by the late Secretary—one in the row of houses so much occupied by the Governor, on the east of the Capitol Square, the other, the "Knower House," owned by Mr. Marcy, on State street. They are both large substantial brick buildings, plain in appearance, and noticeably principally from their association with their former illustrious occupant. The sight of them brings back to his old friends a thousand reminiscences of his genial hospitality and sterling qualities, that endeared him to so large a circle, including men of every shade of political opinion.—Indeed, it was in social and domestic life that Mr. Marcy appeared in his most enviable aspect. He loved his family, his children, his friends, and was never so happy as, when away from the burden of official cares, he could freely enter into the pleasures which their presence afforded.

Hence, during the last few weeks of his life, when he had a world-wide and honorable reputation, when his circumstances were such as to allow him to rest upon the honors which he had acquired, he was in the happiest condition. His old books and his old friends were his constant solace, and when he stopped at the antique, shaded hotel at Ballston where he died, it was noticed how he would take his chair out under the wide spreading elms and entertain his landlord, and the plain, old-fashioned people who gathered about him delighted with the pleasant stories which he told, and philosophic humor, and shrewdness, and social feeling which twinkled in his keen, bright eye. At other times he would return to his room, as his custom was, and taking up some favorite old author, (he rarely read modern literature), Milton, Shakespeare, Hervey, among the poets, South, Barrow, or Robert Hall, among divines; his French edition of Machiavel, (a favorite work, by the way, with Senator Seward,) or Bacon, among philosophic writings, and would read until he fell asleep.—And this, indeed, was the way in which he fell asleep on the noon of Independence Day. He had retired to his chamber, put his boots in the usual corner, put on his dressing gown, and laying down with Knight's edition of Bacon's Essays—a small red quarto volume, with illustrations. When he was found, he was still on his bed, his eyes were quietly closed, on one side were the spectacles, on the other the well remembered snuff box, and open on his breast lay the book he so much loved—that immortal epitome of human wisdom—the Essays of Bacon, and over it were clasped his hands, hugging it to his heart.—Such was his final sleep—peaceful, serene, and worthy of so great a life—in the midst of the thoughts which commemorated the birthday of the nation whose fame and power he had done so much to uphold and extend.

What page it was on which the volume was opened I know not. Perhaps it was on that most appropriate passage, where the great philosopher thus discourses on 'Death.'

"A mind fixed and bent on somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolois of death; but above all believe it, the sweetest cantic is 'mune dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations."

The following letter, for which we are indebted to Col. Barret, of Washington, one of Mr. Marcy's most intimate friends, will show the cheerful and pleasant frame of mind in which the veteran statesman passed his closing hours. The numerous allusions to spiritualism, to his friend Thomas, who had received a nomination as Governor of Utah, to the silver service which he was about to receive from the merchants of New York, will be readily appreciated.

MR. MARCY TO COL. BARRETT.
 BALLSTON SPA, July 2, 1857.

"My Dear Colonel: I do not know when I shall be likely to find myself so much at leisure as now to write to you; I have, therefore, concluded to bring up my arrears in our correspondence, though I do not expect you will be at Washington when my letter will arrive there.

I have been at this place more than a week. There is very little company here, but in fifteen minutes I can be in the midst of that at Saratoga.

Very much to my surprise and gratification, Gen. Thomas (Assistant Secretary of State,) appeared in this place on Saturday morning. We spent Sunday at the Springs. He will, I do not doubt, give you a surprising and wonderful account of the performance of a young lady in a trance whom he heard at the Springs. The visit he made was, I assure you, a very agreeable one. * * * You were not remembered in our two days' conversation.

I make but slow progress in adjusting my affairs preparatory to my European excursion, but I have doubts whether I shall be ready to take my departure so soon as the 1st of August.

No man more suddenly withdrew his thoughts from politics than I have mine. I scarcely look at the newspapers. * * * I hardly care to tax my memory with the fact that there is such a place in this country as the White House.

I am right glad that our friend Governor [P. F.] Thomas thinks he can do better than he would have done in exile among the Mormons.

I have received a day or two since a bill from Mr. K., silversmith, at Ballston. If you can tell me what amount you paid him for me, and when you paid it, I wish you would make a note of it when you next write to me. Take my purchase and my presents, I shall abound in uncured silver.

Yours truly,
 W. L. MARCY.

Col. JAMES G. BEBETT, Postmaster, Washington, D. C.