

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 2.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1850.

NUMBER 9.

Grand Jurors for April Term 1850.

Anthony—Wm McVieher, Aid Holdron
Bloom—Peter Shuck,
Briarcrest—Wm Herrin, Enoch Rittenhouse,
Cattaraugus—Thos Harder, Abraham Ludwig,
Danville—Henry Vandling,
Greenwood—Elijah Albertson,
Jackson—Fred'k Knouse,
Limestone—Daniel Dildine,
Mahoning—John Heimbach,
Madison—Wm Dildine,
On—Wm Hillburn,
Orange—John Rembly,
Roaringcreek—Samuel B. Deimer, Solomon Fetterman, Daniel Keller,
Sugarloaf—Reuben Davis sr., Andrew Laubach, Wm Appleman,
Valley—Allen Welliver, David Heimbach, David F. Blue,
TRAVELERS JURORS FIRST WEEK.
Anthony—Jonathan Strouse, Lucus Young,
Beaver—Jacob Brown,
Bloom—Mahlon Hamlin jr., Eli Criveling,
Philip Christman,
Briarcrest—John Doak, V. Richard,
Centre—Emmett Aickman, Wm Hutchinson,
Danville—Wm C Yorks, Abraham Lechler,
Henry P. Baldy, Wm Becher,
Derry—James Miller, Alexander Cummings,
Franklin—Michael Mensch,
Fiskingcreek—John Bright,
Greenwood—Isaac R. Kline,
Hancock—Adam Stroup jr.,
Liberty—John Simington, Israel Mischamer, Redding Herring,
Mt. Pleasant—Jacob Shipman,
Madison—Enoch Fox,
Montour—Jno Deltrich,
Mifflin—John Bond,
Orange—Conrad Adams,
Roaringcreek—John Snyder, P. R. McMurtre, Peter Harboin,
Sugarloaf—Wm Stephens, Reuben Davis,
Philip Fritz Gearhart Kile,
Valley—Andrew Childs,
TRAVELERS JURORS—SECOND WEEK.
Anthony—James G. McKee,
Beaver—John Hoatz, Henry Lehr, Isaiah Longenberger,
Bloom—Geo. Gilbert,
Cattaraugus—Jacob Gensel Paul R. Baldy,
Centre—H. D'Knorr, Andrew Freer,
Derry—John McConigal, Robert P'ee,
Franklin—Valentine Vocht,
Fiskingcreek—Daniel Thomas, J. D. McHenry, Peter Criveling,
Hancock—Alexander Roat, James Roat,
Liberty—John Bower,
Limestone—John Gouger,
Maine—Daniel Fenstelmacher Daniel Yester,
Mahoning—Edwan Morrison, John Kocher,
Madison—David C. Albertson, Wm Hlaender-shot,
Mifflin—Thomas Atter, Peter Smoyer,
Orange—Isiah Conner, Geo Appleman Wm Delong,
Roaringcreek—Isaac Rhodes, P. S. Yeager,
John Perry sr., Jacob Fisher,
Sugarloaf—Elijah Hess,
Valley—Chas. Fenstelmacher.

List of Causes For Trial at the April Term, 1850.

- 1 Commonwealth et al. vs. Mathias Kline
- 2 Commonwealth vs. Charles F. Mann
- 3 Edmund L. Piper vs. John Baldy
- 4 Eliza B. Stelzer vs. Samuel Stofler
- 5 Henry Hartman vs. Noah S. Prentiss
- 6 Isaac Welliver vs. John Runyan
- 7 Isaac Tyler vs. Benj. P. Frick
- 8 Geo. Fox, Adms. vs. Andrew Emmons, Amr.
- 9 Lloyd Thomas vs. Peter Meuret
- 10 Thos. Wiltoner, Adm. vs. Robt. Lockart.
- 11 Same vs. Same.
- 12 John Shively vs. Jacob R. Howar
- 13 Manassa Bowman vs. Joseph Sharpless
- 14 Anne Dilman vs. S. M. B. Yeatz
- 15 John Davis et al. vs. William H. Wooden
- 16 Isaac Bartheimer et al. vs. J. K. Frederica et al.
- 17 Levi Ashton vs. Abraham Cool
- 18 Frederick Beates Exr. vs. James Hartman
- 19 David Ritter et al. vs. Joseph Maus
- 20 W. Donaldson et al. vs. J. P. Grovo et al.
- 21 Charles Kalfus vs. Nicholas Seybert
- 22 John Baret vs. Thomas Welliver
- 23 Samuel Uter Adm. vs. Elijah R. John admr. et al.
- 24 Daniel Hosts et al. vs. Wm Schuyler
- 25 David Masters et al. vs. Henry Johnston
- 26 John T. Davis vs. Charles F. Mann
- 27 Thomas Brandon vs. Benjamin Wintersteen
- 28 Jesse Hughes vs. Benj. P. Frick et al.
- 29 Alem Sechler et al. vs. John M. Fiester
- 30 William McKelvey et al. Simon P. Kase
- 31 Charles Kram vs. William E. Albright et al.
- 32 Samuel P. Huey vs. the Montour Iron Co. et al.
- 33 Jacob B. Maus vs. Samuel Boudman
- 34 Lafayette Kessler vs. Eliza H. Hess
- 35 William Sloan vs. Joseph J. Fry
- 36 Frederick Taler vs. John K. Grotz
- 37 Azima Vallerchamp vs. Geo. Mears
- 38 David Ritter vs. Lewis H. Maus
- 39 Wm. Montgomery exr. vs. David N. Kow-nover.
- 40 Drake & Bechtelvs. Nicholas Seybert
- 41 Isaac Pollock vs. O. C. Kahler.
- 42 Dr. John Ramsey vs. Rev. John P. Heister.

CHARLES B. BUCKALEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BLOOMSBURG, COL. CO., PA.
Office—Two doors below the Court-House, North side of Main Street.
Nov. 8, 1849.

PROCLAMATION.

NOTICE is hereby given that the several Courts of Common Pleas, General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and Orphans' Court, Court of Oyer and Terminer and Jail Delivery, in and for the County of Columbia, to commence at the Court House in Bloomsburg, on Monday the 15th day of April next, to continue two weeks.
The Coroner, Justices of the Peace & Constables, in and for the county of Columbia, are requested to be then and there in their proper persons, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, and other remembrances, to do those things to their several offices appertaining to be done. And all witnesses prosecuting in behalf of the Commonwealth against any prisoner, are also requested and commanded to be then and there attending in their proper persons to prosecute against him, as shall be just—and not to depart without leave at their peril. Jurors are requested to be punctual in their attendance, at the time appointed agreeable to their notices.
Given under my hand at Bloomsburg the 12th day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty—and the Independence of the United States of America the 74th.
PETER BILLMYER, Sr. (God save the Commonwealth.)

BLOOMSBURG ACADEMY.

A HIGH SCHOOL For Young Ladies and Gentlemen. J. E. BRADLEY, Principal.
The next Summer Session of this Institution will commence on MONDAY the 8th of April.
Text Books.
Emerson's Spelling Book and Reader.
Geodrich's Geography.
Bullion's English Grammar.
Parker's Progressive Exercises.
Aids to English Composition.
Blair's Rhetoric, University edition.
Davies' Arithmetic.
Algebra.
Geometry.
Surveying.
Mensuration.
Shea's Book-keeping.
Ackerman's Natural History.
Cutter's Anatomy, Physiology, & Hygiene.
Guernsey's History of the United States.
Lardner's Outlines.
Olmsted's School Philosophy.
Barritt's Geography of the Heavens.
Johnston's Turner's Chemistry.
Wood's Botany.
Schmucker's Mental Philosophy.
Wayland's Moral Science.
Webster's Dictionary.
LATIN—Bullion's Latin Grammar, Bullion's Latin Reader, Anton's Cæsar, Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Folsom's Livy, Leveritt's Latin Lexicon.
GREEK—Bullion's Greek Grammar, Bullion's Greek Reader, Robinson's Greek Testament, Xenophon's Anabasis, Xenophon's Memorabilia, Pickering's Greek Lexicon.
GERMAN—3 J. Adler's German Grammar, Ollendorff's method of Learning the German Language, Adler's German Reader.
There will be frequent exercises in Declamation and Composition. Instruction will also be given in Penmanship and Book-keeping.
Pupils attending this School can enjoy the advantages of instruction on the Piano Forte at a moderate charge.
It will be the aim of the Teacher in this School, to impart to the pupils a thorough knowledge of the branches studied, to educate their minds, and thus to prepare them for honorable places in life.
TERMS.
The Summer Session will consist of twenty-four weeks or two quarters of 12 weeks each. The price of tuition will be as follows per quarter:
For Reading, Penmanship, Grammar, Arithmetic, Book-keeping by single entry, Geography, History of U. S. \$3 25
For same, and Algebra, Geometry, Surveying, Mensuration, Book-keeping by double entry, General History, Natural History, Physics, Philosophy, other English branches, and Drawing. \$4 50
For Latin, Greek and German. \$ 75
Good boarding can be obtained in private families at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week.
REFERENCES.—Col. Joseph Paxton, Hon. Stephen Baldy, Hon. Geo. Mack, Michael Brobst, Esq., John McReynolds, Esq., Rev. Daniel Steck.
Bloomsburg, Feb 21, 1850.

CHEAP TAILORING.

The subscriber is now doing a large business at Tailoring in Light Street, and invites all who wish for fashionable, well-fitting and cheaply-made garments to visit his shop and give him a trial.
He has two shops in operation, turning off work. One is at the upper end and the other in the lower part of Light Street. He regularly receives the CITY FASHIONS, and asks only for a trial to insure satisfaction.
Particular attention will be paid to cutting out.
B. F. DOLLMAN.
Light Street, April 12, 1849-ly

Boots and Shoes.

Encourage your own Mechanics, and your Country's Resources.
The subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he has on hand, and makes to order all kinds of BOOTS AND SHOES, at the following low prices:
Men's fine calf or Morocco boots, 2 40
do calf shoes, 2 00
do cow hide, 2 00
do cow hide, 1 75
do miners', nailed, 2 25
Ladies' gaiters, 2 25
do boots, 1 62
do thick-soled slippers, 1 27
do Pump soled, 1 00
do Excelsior, 1 25
Boys', youths' and children's shoes in proportion. He manufactures his work of the best of stock, and warrants it to wear; and he is determined to sell it as low as others can their Yankee or city work. Call and see for yourselves. Shop on Main st., next door below Hartman's Store.
WARREN RUSSELL.

Horse Bills.

Of any desirable style, neatly and cheaply printed at this office.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

is published every Thursday Morning, by Weaver & Gilmore.
OFFICE—Up stairs in the New Brick building on the south side of Main street, third square below Market.
TERMS—Two Dollars per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription received for a less period than six months; no discontinuance permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editors.
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each additional insertion. A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year.

THE ENGLISH FACTORY GIRL.

'Twas on a winter morning,
The weather wet and wild,
Three hours before the dawn,
The father roused his child;
Her daily morn'g bringing,
The darkness room he paced,
And cried, "the bell is ringing,
My helpless darling, haste!"
"Father, I'm up, but weary,
I scarce can reach the door,
And long the way and dreary,
Oh, carry me once more!"
To help us, we've no mother;
You've no employment nigh,
They killed my little brother,
Like him, I'll work—and die!"
Her wasted form seemed nothing,
The load was at the heart,
The sufferer he kept soothing,
Till at the mill they part.
The overlooker met her,
As to her frame she crept,
And with his hand he beat her,
And cursed her as she wept.
Alas, what hours of sorrow,
Made up her latest day,
Those hours that brought no morrow,
Too slowly passed away;
It seemed as she grew weaker,
The threads the spinner broke,
The rapid wheels ran quicker,
And heavier fell the stroke.
The sun had long descended,
But night brought no repose;
Her day began and ended,
As cruel tyrants choose to do,
At length to a little neighbor,
A half penny she paid,
To take her last hour's labor,
While by her frame she laid.
At last, the engines ceasing,
The captives homeward rushed,
She thought her strength increasing,
'Twas hope her spirits flushed.
She left, but oft she tarried;
She fell, and rose no more,
Till, by her comrades carried,
She reached her father's door.

At night, with tortured feelings,
He watched his sleepless child,
And close beside her kneeling,
She knew him not, nor smiled.
Again the factory's running,
He last preceptions tried,
When from her straw bed springing,
'"This time!" she shrieked, and died.

That night a chariot passed her,
While on the ground she lay,
The daughter of her master,
An evening visit to pay.
There, tender hearts were sighing,
As negro's wrongs were told,
While the white slave was dying,
Who gained their father's gold!

Incident of Byron.

BY N. P. WILLES.

It was getting towards midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James Street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprang to the head of the horse, but, as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissension among the noble masters. Behind the line of coronet vehicles stood a hackney coach, and a person in an attitude of eager expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could do without exciting immediate attention.
'"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was near, standing with his foot on the step.
'"Altogether, of course," said another.
'"Let's make a night of it."
'"Pardon me," said the deep and sweet voice of the last out of the club: "I succeed for one. Go your ways, gentlemen!"
Byron stood looking after them for a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his half halting steps, however, he came suddenly in his side.
'"My lord!" he said, and was silent as if awaiting permission to go on.
'"Well," called Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and looking closely into his face by the light of the street lamp.
'"Come to you with an errand, which perhaps—"
'"A strange one, I am sure, but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me?—for I am ready!"
'"This is strange!" exclaimed the man.
'"Has another messenger, then?"
'"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once!"
'"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"
'"Do I know her?"
'"She has never seen you. Will you come

at once, and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney coach when Byron entered it without further remark.
'"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we will scarce be in time, I fear!"
The heavy tongue of St. Paul's struck twelve and the rolling vehicle hurried on through the lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants had spoken. Byron sat with folded arms and bare head in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed suppressing some violent emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage wheels.
'"She was, a moment since—but be quick!"
Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the back room they entered. A lamp shaded by a curtain of spotless purity threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed, the dying girl moved the fingers of her hand lying on the coverlet; and slowly opened her languid eyes—eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"He is here!" she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."
Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. Apparition from another world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the more worldly and scornful undercurrent of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, his knees trembling beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.
Propped on pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head towards the proud poet and noble standing by the bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips.

In that smile the face reawakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed brea blessedly upon her looked on such incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and noble contour still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed on a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hands, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—hurricane as were the surroundings, and strange no had been his summons to her bedside.
'"And this is Byron!" she said, at last, in a voice bewildering sweet even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has been long burdened. Come near—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die!"
She hesitated, and as Byron took the thin hand she held to him, she looked steadily upon his noble countenance.
'"Beautiful!" she said; "beautiful as the dream of him which so long haunted me!—the intellect and spirit of a spirit light! Pardon me, that at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression!"
She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow, faded again, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity. "I am near—near enough to death," she resumed—"near enough to point you almost to Heaven—for where I am; and it is on my heart like a where I am; my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! dross give me, as power, with your own pleasures, be not lost! Do not, for the poor creature of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so glorious through the universe—do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short sighted!"
'"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort, as struggling with a deep pang, he again drew up his form, and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.
The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upwards, the slight motion of her lips betrayed those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to the bedside, but with his hands on his breast and his head bowed, he seemed to be watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.
She suddenly raised herself on the pillow—her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful, kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly, she sank back upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids drooped, she

murmured, "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

OPPRESSION AND INJUSTICE.—Several meetings have been held in Philadelphia, having for their object the improvement of the condition of the Tailoresses of that city and county. From an appeal published by them it would seem that they are most outrageously oppressed and imposed upon by tailors & others, who compel them to work at less than living prices, paying but from 37 1/2 to 75 cents for thick heavy men's satin coats, 50 cents for making heavy blanket coats, 10 & 15 cents for summer pants, from 15 to 20 cents for flannel shirts and drawers and from 15 to 50 cents for linen and muslin shirts. They state that "in many cases the trimmings furnished are insufficient to make up the garment, and have to be furnished by the tailoresses themselves" and ask can any woman find bread for her children at such prices? Their object is, with the help of the benevolent, to form an association, open a shop where they can sell their work at fair prices, become their own employers and reap the profits of their own industry. God speed the undertaking.—*Easton Argus.*

PROGRESS IN MEXICO.—In the Monitor Republic of the 18th and 19th appears a report of a commission, charged with matters of colonization and industry, which is remarkable for the sentiments of toleration which it proposes as one of the means of rescuitating that country. The report states that Mexico has not one-tenth of the population which it is capable of sustaining, and that the policy of the country should be to induce emigrants to come into it. It attributes the growth of the United States to its wisdom in allowing emigrants of all religious denominations to come into the country and enjoy equal religious rights. The exclusive religion of Mexico keeps desirable emigration out of the country. The commissioners goes on to speak of the importance of railroads, and other facilities for intercommunication, and of the condition of the cotton, woolen, glass, and paper manufactures which have been established, and deserve the protection of the government. From the sentiments contained in this report, it is evident that there are minds in Mexico which are full awake to the causes which interfere with a nation's prosperity, and the influence of such persons upon the minds of the people at large, must eventually be productive of the happiest effect. The intercourse which has sprung up between the Mexicans, and the Americans will tend to hasten this result.

Andrew Jackson.

Friday last was the 83d anniversary of the birthday of General Jackson, and our State Legislature marked and honored it by meeting in joint Convention to hear his Farewell Address read. No more devoted patriot ever lived than ANDREW JACKSON, and next to the immortal WASHINGTON, his name, his fame, and the glorious principles he inculcated, should be kept in perpetual remembrance.

Glorious New Hampshire.

The Democracy of the granite State remain true as steel to their principles. At the election on Tuesday last, the Democrats elected all the State officers and a large majority in the Legislature, about 3 to 1! by much heavier majorities than at the last election. The Free Soil vote has been considerably and Federal Whiggery is fast running into a state of complete apathy. This is the first gun for the year 1850, and its sound comes booming up from "away down East" with tones of encouragement to the Democracy everywhere, while at the same time it chaunts the requiem of defunct Taylorism! 100 guns for the glorious Democracy of New Hampshire!

Seventy-five cents per gal.

"Seventy-five cents per gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, on looking over the Price Current. "Why, bless me, what is the world coming to, when the gals are valued at only seventy-five cents!" The old lady pulled off her spectacles, threw down the paper and went into a brown study on the value of a proper appreciation of the true value of the feminine gender.

The Spring Elections.

In the County of Philadelphia, on Friday last, resulted gloriously for the Democracy. In Southwark they elect 5 of the 7 Commissioners. Spring Garden has been effectually redeemed from Taylorism—so has Kensington. The Northern Liberties and Moyamensing are Democratic all over. The other Districts have also done their duty. So we go.—The campaign of 1850 opens auspiciously.

"Isn't it strange," asked a friend, the other day, "that Sir Isaac Newton should ever have indulged in clownish freaks?" "When did he?" we inquired. "Why when he was dividing the rays of light, to be sure—for wasn't that cutting up shins?"

RATHER MORE THAN 30 PER CENT. AD VALOREM.—An importer in New York attempted to smuggle some diamonds in a letter has had them forfeited to the Government. Their cost was \$600.

The man who has never taken a newspaper was seen in Cincinnati lately. He was inquiring the way to the poor house.

MY FATHER'S GROWING OLD.

BY E. J. BARBER.

My father is growing old; his eye
Looks dimly on the page;
The locks that round his forehead lie,
Are silvered o'er with age;
My heart has learned too well the tale
Which other lips have told,
His years and strength begin to fail—
"My father's growing old."

They tell me in my youthful years,
He led me by his side,
He strove to calm my childish fears,
My erring steps to guide.
But years, with all their scenes of change,
Above us both have rolled!
I now must guide his faltering steps—
"My father's growing old."

When evening's rosy glory departs,
With voices full of mirth,
Our household band with joyous hearts
Will gather round the hearth.
They look upon my trembling form,
His pallid face behold,
And turn away with chastened tone—
"My father's growing old."

And when each tuneful voice we raise,
In songs of "long ago,"
His voice which mingles in our lays
Is tremulous and low.
He utters a clear, a clarion tone,
So musical and bold,
But weaker, fainter has it grown—
"My father's growing old."

ECONOMY.

BY MRS. J. G. SWINHELM.

"Economy is wealth," says somebody; but it is more than this; it is independence, luxury, freedom of body and mind. The absence of it is poverty, degradation, slavery.—From our own observation we are inclined to think one half the misery in this country is owing to a want of economy. There are very few persons or families who, at some time, have not been in receipt of a sufficient income to make some provision for the future, if they but understood the art of economy. We call it an art, for it is something to be acquired. Almost every one will acknowledge it a virtue, and most persons fancy that they themselves possess it, when no one in two really understands or practices it. To illustrate—we remember a friend we had once, who prided herself no little on her saving propensities, showing us a beautifully quilted skirt, that she had made out of a dress. "You see," she said, "it was beginning to cut along the seam of the sleeve and on the edge of the plait on the side, so I just took the skirt and quilted it, and it is as good as new." "Never let any thing go to loss," she repeated her work with the utmost self-complaisance, and was shocked when we pronounced it a piece of downright extravagance. But she yielded when we had counted up the items. First the silk for the dress had cost one dollar and fifty cents per yard, and fourteen yards was the pattern and trimmings, twenty-six. A cord had been inserted in the seam of sleeve, that had worn its cover off and cut the plait at the side, before the dress was one third worn, then instead of changing the plait and mending the sleeve, the twenty-six dollars were converted into a skirt, which seven yards of silk eighty seven cents or a dollar per yard would have a prettier and more durable one, for the dress, being a heavy, figured material, did not show the quilting so well, and would not wear so long as a plain article; but the owner thought she was very economical. This is a pretty fair specimen of about one half the household economy in the world. Many housekeepers no sooner get a garment made up and naturalized to its proper use than it is forthwith ripped up and made into something else, the good constantly congratulating herself as if she had found the material of the new instead of lost the making and trimmings of the old. Both men and women economize by buying cheap articles, and articles they do not need because they are cheap. Men economize by making large debts to pay small ones, and bringing their own inside of that, instead of measuring their own means, and actual necessities and conforming to them. But a large, perhaps the largest number, despise economy as meanness, and pride themselves on their prodigal expenditure. Very few of this class escape poverty and none contempt. If there is no body of more sense to despise them, they always despise one another, and in truth they are generally despisable. No man can be truly or permanently great, without understanding and practicing economy—without being able to regulate his expenses inside his income. This is what stands in Daniel Webster's way to the first place in the rank of his competitors. His providence makes large sums of money indispensable. To gain these he has done and always will do much he would not otherwise do.

We would not implicitly trust any man who could not save a part of his income to

It great or small.

Such as one can have enjoy the "glorious privilege of being independent."—His impulses and purposes may be pure as the purest, but his necessities will sell him in case of an emergency. It was simply the lack of economy that made Arnold a traitor; it was the absence of it that gave the wives of the puddlers and boilers of our city a pretext for breaking the laws. If their husbands and themselves had practiced this art they would have had money plenty to establish works of their own and to have secured them from all starvation from an interval in work. These men have been getting three and four dollars a day, and now when off work for a few weeks, people talk about them starving. If there is any danger of it, they deserve to be very hungry.—A family that saves nothing, for future exigencies, from an income of three or four dollars or one dollar a day, or even fifty cents, it has to be all they have, has very good reason to expect hunger without food, at some period. We have known two girls who each worked for fifty cents a week and boarding, who dressed well, provided themselves with beds and bedding of superior quality and put money at interest. These girls were independent with their \$25 per annum while we hear talk of folks starving on a thousand a year. We offer no apology for those who would withhold from the laborer the full amount of his earning; but until people learn the use of money it is very little use to them, except as a means of purchasing pampered appetites and ill health; and the family that cannot live on three dollars a day will be likely to starve on twenty. The man who has regularly spent that much—and has no provision for the future need not talk about any one trying to enslave or oppress him. He is his own enslaver—his own oppressor. Three dollars a day should and would keep a family in a handsomely furnished house, with warm carpets, tasteful curtains, sofas, cushions and et cetera—a table supplied with an abundance of wholesome food, and hand some services of china and silver to eat it with, and allow a horse and nice private carriage for evening airing, and little money enough to educate the children, and buy books. We make no allowance, for rent, for we do not think any one should begin to live until he gets a house to live in.—He who will willfully and deliberately pay rent for six years, in this country, should have guardians appointed to take care of him, on the ground of lunacy. We could not sleep at nights if we knew the shingles or clapboards or boards or straw that kept the rain off us, belonged to somebody else. We would live under an oven-shed all summer and save the money allowed for rent, to begin to get a house with, rather than be without. If we were the wife of a laboring man who got but fifty cents a day, and he would not consent to do without tobacco, coffee, tea, spice, butter—to live on potatoes and beans and coarse bread and beef until we would get a little home of our own, we would leave him, go off to the far West, and build a little cabin with boughs rather than live all our life depending on any one for a shelter.

We are anxious for the elevation of the laborer, but he can never be elevated until he gains more independence, and this he can never get until he learns to practice that economy which alone can raise him above the fear of want. Talk as you please about soul and spirit, but when man is long pressed by animal wants he becomes more and more the animal. Whence the high-spirited sons of Erin in their hungry degradation. If the laborer wants to be able to resist the encroachments of capital he must learn to provide in summer for the cold and storms of winter, and if our puddlers and boilers' wives had saved what they throw into the gutters, they need not have committed a breach of the peace for fear of starving.

Interesting from Minnesota.

The St. Paul's (Minnesota) Chronicle, announces the return of Governor Ramsey, on the 12th of February, after a three months absence in the Eastern States.
He reports Minnesota stock high among the Eastern people, and the prospects are flattering that we will have a large immigration next season.
The St. Paul papers are filled with letters asking information from persons intending to emigrate, which would seem to corroborate the statement of Governor Ramsey.
A tract of land north of St. Paul, recently surveyed, says the Register, produces about five hundred dollars worth of cranberries to the acre, and the streams and lakes swarm with the finest trout, bass, pike, pickerel, &c.
White sand of excellent quality being very abundant out in the vicinity of St. Paul. Some of it was taken to the Cincinnati Glass Works by way of experiment, and with it most excellent glass was made. The experiment was so successful that a company is forming in Cincinnati to go into the manufacture of glass at St. Paul this season.
A matrimonial fever, the Register also tells us, has seized upon all the bachelors in that region, and wives are scarce and in demand. Being the dearest article in the Minnesota Market.

FUSS WITH NAPLES.—A letter, received from Naples, and dated the 12th inst., says: Mr. Brown, an American, formerly Consul at Rome, has been ordered to quit Naples within forty-eight hours; whereupon an indignant and angry correspondence has taken place between the American Charge d'Affaires and the Neapolitan government.