

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

By Weaver & Gilmore.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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advertise by the year.

Song of the Tea-Kettle.
With a gurgling noise in its sput,
And an unusual sigh,
A tea-kettle old, and most worn out,
Sat itself down to die;
Slowly and sadly it sang,
Regretted with soot and smoke;
I never heard that a tea-kettle's tongue
Could have uttered so sad a croak.
Sing, sing, sing,
The long winter evenings through,
I've sometimes hoped at a coming spring,
I'd have nothing left to do.
O man, that makes the fire,
O woman, that drinks the tea,
Oft of your labors ye weary and tire,
Why don't you have pity on me?

"Tea, and coffee, and toast,
Coffee, and toast, and tea,
Ye eat and drink, while I burn and roast,
Why don't you have pity on me?
Crack, and snap, and burn,
The fire my song derides,
Not only wood and coal to burn,
Out a poor old tea-kettle's sides.
O ladies, who drink your sousechong,
And pour out your hyson with glee,
Remember the boys and frogs in the song,
And that it's no sport for me.
Aunt Farnhall's dish-kettle fate,
Surely was nothing to mine;
That had variety still in its state,
But I never got out of my line.

"Fill, fill, fill,
The tea-kettle up to the brim,
As fast as hot water for coffee goes out,
Cold water for dishes comes in.
Sing, sing, sing,
For breakfast, dinner and tea;
O, there's a rest for every thing,
But there's never a rest for me."

EATING ICE CREAM RAW.

BY JONAS JONES.
On a very warm and sultry evening dur-
ing the summer of '50, as Dr. B—
and myself were seated in a fashionable saloon
of our town, indulging in the cool luxuries
which the proprietors of the establishment
know so well how to prepare, and chatting
the while upon such subjects as fancy and
caprice suggested—a tall, limber-looking
fellow of about twenty-three, made his ap-
pearance, and after looking about him for
some time in bewilderment and doubt, seat-
ed himself at a table close by the one at
which we were sitting. The young man
was apparently a stranger, and from the
country; and the illuminated sign, with "Ice
Cream" and "Confectionaries," &c., blazoned
thereon, had evidently taken him in. Know-
ing the Doctor to have a great propensity
for practical joking, I turned to see what effect
this new arrival would have upon him; and
one glance at his restless, twinkling eye, sat-
isfied me that there would be sport.

After sitting some time, as if uncertain
how to proceed, the young man plucked up
sufficient courage to address us, and inquired
whether he could "get some ice cream and
a couple of confectionaries," stating, at the
same time, that he had "never been in the
canawl afore, and didn't know how people
acted at such places." He was informed by
the Doctor, that if he would ring a small
bell which stood upon the table, his wishes
would be gratified. The green "un did as
he was directed, and in due time was served
with the ice-cream and "confectionaries."
After eyeing for a few minutes the articles
before him, he took the spoon from the glass
took a small quantity of the cream, and put
it to the tip of his tongue; and then looking
about the room with an air of great satisfac-
tion and delight. Soon, however, another
idea seemed to strike him; he rammed the
spoon deep into the glass, took out heaped
full, and in a moment its contents had dis-
appeared.

At this instant I felt a twitch at my side—
the next the Doctor was on his feet—had
clutched my arm convulsively, and with one
hand pointing towards the victim, almost
screamed:

"Shocking! that young man is eating his ice-
cream raw!"

Down went ice-cream, spoon, confection-
aries and table, upon the floor, and leaped
the victim at least ten feet toward the mid-
dle of the room, gasping for breath—his
eyes protruding from their sockets—and
countenance exhibiting marks of the great-
est terror and helplessness. In a moment
the Doctor was by his side—felt his pulse—
unbuttoned his coat, waistcoat, and shirt-
collar, as if to admit fresh air—then gently
pushing him into a chair, commenced fan-
ning him with the skirt of his coat. It was
then that the victim's tongue first became
loose, and with imploring look, he half-whis-
pered, half sobbed—

"Oh, kin I live?"
Upon this the Doctor looked mysterious,
felt his pulse again, examined his tongue,
and then, in a solemn tone, replied:
"It may be, young man, that by implicit-
ly following my directions, you can yet es-

cape the consequences of your rashness and
folly. I would advise you to—"
"Anything, I'll do anything you tell me,
so I kin get over this spell, and find my way
home again."
"Well, then, sir, take off your coat." The
young man did so. "Tie a handkerchief a-
bout you." He was obeyed. "And now,
sir, go to the door, run three times around
this square with all the might that is in you;
and then come back to me, and I will tell
you what further to do."

The young man vanished, and we re-
sumed our seats; in a few minutes, how-
ever, he returned, puffing and blowing and
apparently in better spirits.
"Now," said the Doctor, "do you put on
your coat, button it up close to your chin; go
to your lodging-place, and turn into bed im-
mediately; and let me advise you, young
man, that hereafter, before you undertake to
eat ice-cream, see that it is properly pre-
pared; and let me particularly charge you
(and here he assumed a very serious air,
never again do you attempt to eat ice cream
raw.")

The young stammered forth his thanks,
and then left—we followed soon after.

Speech of Mr. Frazer of Lancaster

In the Williamsport Convention, on the Appoint-
ment of a State Central Committee.

MR. FRAZER said: The appointment of a
Central Committee is of the utmost impor-
tance to the Democratic party of the Com-
monwealth. Upon its industry, integrity,
disinterestedness, watchfulness, and zeal, mainly
depend the triumph of our candidates, our
measures, and our principles, at the ballot-
box. If, Mr. President, you select a body
consisting of one from each Congressional
district, then you have a scattered, non-
central committee. They cannot meet often
to consult, advise, organize, and prepare for
the campaign the army of Pennsylvania
Democrats, to meet and conquer the com-
mon foe. In my view, sir, and as far as my
experience extends, a quorum of the com-
mittee, at least from six to ten, should reside
at Harrisburg, the seat of government, where
the means of information from every part of
the state, and communication with same,
are more easily had, than at any other point.
The committee may have a member also
from each Congressional district, and such a
committee; thus combining central energy
with extended numbers in the different parts
of the state, would render most efficient aid
to the "good cause," and to the magnani-
mous and noble party, whose order and or-
ganization are almost entirely dependent
upon its action and labors. He hoped,
therefore, that the Convention would thus
constitute this most important committee.
Let us (said Mr. F.), take heed from the foe,
and surpass them in energy and activity. In
1848 their efforts were untiring—a travelling
candidate for governor, no so much to in-
fluence the people by reason and argument,
as to plan and devise an entire and efficient
organization of the opposition, traversed the
entire state. In addition, paid colporteurs or
travelling agents were set into every nook
and corner of the Commonwealth, and mon-
ey was scattered with prodigality far and
wide among the train bands of Federalism.

The Democracy, confident of their large
and decisive majority, rested on their arms;
the central committee did little if any labour,
and the integrity of our cause, and the love
of our principles alone, brought the people
to the polls. And yet, strange to say, the
Democratic candidate for governor, received
22,000 more votes than Governor Shunk did
the year before, (1847) when he had 18,000
majority, and the Federal candidate received
40,000 more votes than General Irvin, also
the candidate of the same party (and a most
popular man), received the year before. Yet
I have never doubted, that a large amount
of those Federal votes were illegal, and that
the Democratic candidate was really elected
by a very decided majority. Certain Fed-
eral districts in the county of Schuylkill pol-
led more votes in 1848, by a large amount
than the list of taxables as lately taken; and
we all know, that in times even of the
greatest excitement, the full tax list cannot
be voted within thirty per cent, save in 18-
38, when the treasonable frauds of Millers
town, &c., nullified the voice of the people
and corrupted the honesty and purity of the
ballot-boxes. This full and complete orga-
nization of our party is of vital importance.
In Democratic counties the people are easily
moved in full force to the polls. Not so in
the Federal; there the influence of power
crosses the path of Democrats, to crush and
sneer them out of their political faith.

The news from far-famed Berks, [after an
election, always warms our hearts. We can
then only feel the greatness of her power,
the magnificence of her swelling majorities,
and the grandeur of her crushing victories
over the many-named foe. Westmoreland,
Northampton, Montgomery, Clarion, Greene,
Monroe, Luzerne, Columbia, and many other
counties, also swell the noble list of popular tri-
umphs. Columbia did I say? Yes! victo-
rious, never conquered Columbia, (applause)
who has never failed to come to the rescue
in the day of danger, has now, through the
vile treachery of the ingrate Best, in league
with the Federal whigs, been shorn of her
fair proportions, cut up and dismembered,
her voice disregarded, her Democratic yeo-
men insulted and betrayed, so that the mis-
erable traitor could get a small pea-patch
county taken from her Democratic area; and
thus minister to his own selfish interests,
and destroy, if possible, the very Democracy

to whom, under written pledges, prior to his
election, made voluntarily and unasked for,
he promised, "to stand by and support, in
all regular Democratic nominations, county,
state, or national, and that "he was opposed
to any division or other dismemberment of
Columbia County." And yet, with the ink scarce-
ly dry in which the pledges were written,
did the entire Whig party, in the Senate of
Pennsylvania, by the aid of the casting vote
of "Valentine Best" himself, degradingly elect
this same Best Speaker of their body, whilst
he in return, gave them the present infamous
and unfair apportionment bill, and they in
return gave him Montour, by his misrepres-
enting the Democracy of Luzerne and Col-
umbia, with 2500 majority. Degraded spec-
tacle! worthy only of Arnold Isarot, and the
pibled enemy who jointly effected these
infamous measures; and yet, I see this
arch-traitor hovering around this Convention
like a carrion-crow (great laughter), seeking
for more food to satiate his voracious appet-
ite. But I say to the betrayed, yet undis-
tinguished Democrats of noble Columbia, to let
"Repeal" be the watchword, never to tire in
their efforts, until their beautiful hills and
dales shall resound its triumph, like "Ex-
punge" in the Senate of the Union, when
the fair fame of Andrew Jackson was res-
cued from the foul aspersion then cast upon
its mantle. (Cheers.)

We have a noble work before us, fellow-
Democrats. The state and nation must be
brought back, at the coming gubernatorial
and presidential elections, to the Democratic
cause. Her candidates, her measures and
principles must then again be in the ascend-
ant, and must, as she has during the
present century, with but a few short inter-
vals, control and direct this great state and
advancing nation. (Applause.) Federalism
is not qualified for power, having no prin-
ciple but a lust for privileged power, cor-
rupt and irresponsible, protected capital, de-
pressed labour, and distrust of man's capa-
bility for self-government, and these con-
cealed under various disguises and pretences.
Her administration of the national govern-
ment exhibits broken pledges, villianous in-
decision, Galphin plunderers, and heartless in-
difference to the cause of suffering freedom
in the land of the Roman and Hungarian.
(Renewed applause.)

Then let us rally our ranks again, and ele-
vate Pennsylvania to her lofty position by
the side of chivalrous Virginia (where a
Federal vote of 1799 to the present time
has never been cast), and exhibit to the na-
tion the Keystone Commonwealth, founded
in "mercy and justice," rendered illustrious
by the genius of Franklin, Rittenhouse, and
Fulton, by the valour of Wayne and Decatur
and the incorruptible democracy of Snyder,
Wolf, and Shunk, crowned with victor
laurels that shall be green for ever. (En-
thusiastic applause.)

Speech of Mr. Frazer of Lancaster

In the Williamsport Convention, on the adopt-
ions of the Resolutions reaffirming the Bal-
timore platform.

MR. FRAZER followed in support of the re-
port of the Committee, and in reply to Mr.
Magraw. The gentleman (said Mr. F.)
attempted to place us in a position we do
not occupy, which I will not permit whilst I
can reply. The rights of a state and territory
are clear and distinct, and the powers of
Congress equally so; and, without the Con-
stitution confers upon that body the jurisdic-
tion now claimed, expressly and clearly, the
Proviso legislation (unmeaning as it ever
has been, save for evil) would be, if suc-
cessful, a flagrant usurpation of power. I
differ directly with Judge Thompson as to
the power of Congress to legislate on this
subject over the territories. Surely there are
no words in the Constitution that confer
it. And again, who would contend that
Congress now could establish slavery in
Minnesota or Oregon? Who, among those
from the Northern, Western, and Middle
States, where this domestic servitude does
not exist, but would do deny any such
authority in Congress. The mere statement
of the proposition carries its refutation
in itself, if Congress cannot establish the in-
stitution—is devoid of constitutional author-
ity—how, I would ask, can she prohibit it?
The territories are the common property
of the nation—the common treasury, obtain-
ed, like the Union, "in a common cause,"
by "joint counsels, joint efforts, by common
dangers, sufferings, and successes." Sure-
ly the citizens of every state have an equal
right to participate therein, and settle there
with their families, servants, and property.
No wonder that the people of the Southern
States rise up unanimously against this at-
tempt to deprive them of their constitutional
rights. This common soil is open to all,
and the people, the Democracy of the terri-
tory, will soon settle the question them-
selves in the territory, and in the state, when it
is formed therein. This sovereign power
can only be exercised by the sovereign peo-
ple; and, as the majority there decide for or
against domestic servitude, so it must be.
Were I a citizen of the territory or state, I
would vote against it, but I could and would
not deprive my neighbor of voting for it;
and, if in the minority, I must submit or re-
move away. I am not for its extension;
but I will not take away from any citizen of
this Union, nor can Congress, his constitu-
tional rights of emigration, with servants
and property, and voting according to his
own sovereign will and pleasure, in the terri-
tory to which he may go. This is the
doctrine of the Democracy—the great meth-

sure of non-intervention—so nobly advocat-
ed and manfully sustained by the states-
man and patriot, Cass, in the Senate of the
nation, in his great speech of the 21st and
22d of last January. It will triumph, and he
will triumph, and this great constitutional
measure, of union and freedom, will save
and harmonize this nation, and like the bow
set in the clouds, will be prophetic of our
enduring constitutional covenant among the
American States, firm as their mountains of
Rock, and lasting as the oceans that wash
the shores of the mighty continent over
which they expand. (Great applause.)

This Convention, representing the entire
Democracy of Pennsylvania, now responding
warmly and cheerily to these sentiments,
causes my heart to thrill with delight; and
I am rejoiced to say, that, with but few
exceptions in our ranks, they are the unani-
mous voice of the party throughout the Com-
monwealth. Here let me do justice to the
report on our Federal relations made in our
last Legislature by the Hon. Andrew Beau-
mont, the Representative from Luzerne, in
which the same doctrines are ably advocat-
ed and sustained by this pure-minded Cato
and veteran in the Democratic cause. And
I cannot pass by the able speech of the Hon.
Thomas Ross, the Representative in Con-
gress from the Bucks and Lehigh district in
the House of Representatives at Washing-
ton, on this same important subject. It is
well worth the perusal of every patriotic
Pennsylvanian, and is a high honor to his
gallant author. (A pause.) This Wilnot
Proviso has been omnipotent for evil to the
Democratic cause; has divided our ranks,
wherever it has many advocates; has sacri-
ficed all our leading measures to this one
bald idea and been of no service, even to its
friends, but of great advantage and useful-
ness to the common Federal enemy in hel-
ping them to triumph, and to place in pow-
er a slaveholding President, and elevate to
high places the revilers of Andrew Jackson,
the very men who spied upon and traduced
Van Buren in the days of his Democracy,
and who triumphed over him, with demoni-
ac glee, in the hardy cider campaign of 1840
(Cheers.)

It was introduced into Congress in time of
war, placed as a Proviso to that with which
it has no connexion; was attempting to an-
ticipate the acquisition of new territory; le-
gislate for unacquired possessions; throw a
fire brand into Congress; distract the nation,
and impede the passage of war-measures,
and delay the advance of our victorious
troops in Mexico; thus adding "morally to
the enemies of our country in time of war,
and "giving them aid and comfort."

Its author, by his own true and sincere
friends, was implored to desist; to lay aside,
and to let it rest. He was young, rising in
to eminence, and truly eloquent—had ad-
vocated alone from Pennsylvania in Con-
gress, the passage of the tariff of 1846, stood
high before the country, with distinction and
usefulness awaiting him in the future; who
was a matter of deep regret to those who
knew and admired him, that he should be
led away. All that friends could do was
exercised to save him, but nothing could
save his mad career. In the Presidential
election of 1848, he deserted the Democra-
tic cause; voted for the candidate of a Con-
vention, where blacks were suffered to par-
ticipate; divided his own country, and gave
Taylor 1500 majority, in a region where
Clay was beat nearly 600 hundred by Polk.
(Much applause.) In Congress, last winter,
he voted against the Democratic candidate
for Speaker, supported Root, Giddings, and
others, the most bitter enemies of the Democ-
ratic party ever had, and assisted to delay
the organization of the house for weeks. But
he is gone—joined to his idols; yet I think
he will find, when too late, that the Democ-
racy can do much better without him,
than he without the Democracy. (Laughter
and applause.) I cannot here desist in re-
ferring to Martin Van Buren. A short time
since he was high in our affections; enjoy-
ing the confidence and respect of the whole
American Democracy, and elevated by them
to the highest station on earth; and although
defeated in 1840, was still a favorite, and
looked up to with respect and veneration by
all. In an evil hour he turns round, takes a
nomination from a convention of abolition-
ists and their kindred allies placed on the
ticket with the heir of Braintree, opposing
the very Democracy who had made him all
he was or ever could be, not receiving a
single electoral vote, but causing the success
of the enemy, and the defeat of his former
great party; and like Arnold after his treas-
on, at New London, when the "red coat was
his back, fired upon the glorious Democ-
racy, who in 1832 and 1836 elevated him
to the Vice-Presidency and Presidency of
the Republic, with the steady vote of chival-
rous, noble, and Southern Virginia, if you
please, always cast for him. Out, out upon
such dark ingratitude!!! (Burns of applau-
se.) We can truly say of him,

"Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."
(Cheers.)

But we have the Pittsburg platform, offered
as a substitute for the national platform
now before the Convention. Such a Plat-
form, why, it is narrow for even a Free
Soller to stand straight up full length upon.
(Laughter.) The Pittsburg Convention
should have discarded it at once.

Yet, we are told, we were victorious
in it last fall; that our victory was caused
by How ridiculous! It was the giant
strength of an aroused Democracy, deter-

mined to succeed and bring Pennsylvania
back again to her old position, that caused
our triumph, irrespective of the departure
of the Pittsburg Convention from the national
code.

The only true course is to hold a national
convention. (A voice, "It is, it is.") It will
continue, whilst sectional views or dogmas
can never prevail. I recognise no Pennsylvania
Democracy; no Northern or Southern Democ-
racy, but American Democracy!! Jof-
fersonian Democracy!! that noble, inspir-
ing Democratic faith that is alike acceptable
along the granite hills of New Hampshire,
the mountains of Pennsylvania, the shores
of Virginia, the sands of Carolina, the levees
of Louisiana, the banks of the Mississippi,
the prairies of Illinois, the shores of Michi-
gan, the woods of Iowa, the gold mines of
California, and the valley of the Oregon.
That inspires us with the nobleness of self-
respect, breaks the chain of the oppressor,
vindicates the right of self government, raises
man from the earth, and teaches him to
walk proudly erect with no superior but that
all-wise Creator, whose image he bears and
whose breath he breathes. (Repeated applau-
se.) Let us hold to this creed; it is
from our fathers; under it, our institutions
have prospered; new states added to the
confederacy, now spreading from ocean to
ocean; and one bright star after another ap-
pearing in the canopy of freedom; thus form-
ing a union, whose bright example is des-
tined to overthrow kings and thrones, and
free the world from bondage.

When Pennsylvania sets up a measure or
movement in opposition to the National De-
mocracy, she is always in the wrong. Wit-
ness the Bank and Tariff questions, and the
state candidate in 1832 for Vice-President.
We must stand with our brethren of the U-
nion and go with "the Democracy of the U-
nion for the sake of the Union." Pennsyl-
vania can have no interests that conflict with
the prosperity of the whole nation. We
must become prosperous, through the pros-
perity of the country at large. The people
found this out, when they strayed off on the
Tariff question, and it required the unflin-
ching firmness of Vice-President Dallas, a
national patriot and a national Democrat, to
set Pennsylvania right with his fearless, and
noble, and casting vote. (Immense applau-
se.) Just so this free soil heresy leads
man imperceptibly away from patriotism and
Democracy. (A voice, "So it does.")

It took the Roman firmness of another
great man, to set the mark of the national
creed. The country found him in, Lewis
Cass, the Democratic candidate in our last
campaign. (Cheers.) It is men such as
he—national men and national Democrats—
who are our towers of strength in the times
of peril and danger.

But I am accused by the gentleman (Mr.
Magraw) of loving the South. Loving the
South!! My country—my countrymen!!
American freedom and freedom's own land!
I plead guilty to the accusation, if accusation
it be; and if I did not love the whole South
as well as my whole country (applause), I
would be unworthy of the name of American;
unworthy of its glory, and forever unworthy
of these great blessings enjoyed by no other
people on earth. When I forget Jamestown,
Braddock's Field, Yorktown, Virginia, the
Tenth Legion, Monticello, Mecklenburg,
Eutaw, Charleston, Savannah, Orleans, and
San Jacinto, then will I cease to love the
South. When I forget WASHINGTON, THE
FATHER OF MY COUNTRY; JEFFERSON, the
author of the Declaration of Independence;
Madison, the father of the Constitution; Patrick
Henry, the opponent of the Stamp Act; Giles,
Randolph, John Marshall, Mason, Marion,
Will, Washington, Moultrie, Laurens, Pinck-
ney Jackson, and his veto of the Monster Bank,
then, and not till then, will I, can I forget my
noble countrymen of the much-abused, men-in-
jured, yet heroic, dauntless, and patriotic
American South. (Enthusiastic and long-continued
applause.)

EVIDENCES OF FOLLY.—Aaking the publisher
of a new periodical how many copies he
sells per week.

Making yourself disagreeable, and then
wondering that no one will visit you.

Getting drunk and complaining next day
of the headache.

Judging people's piety by their attendance
at church.

Neglecting to advertise, and wondering
why you do not succeed in business.

Refusing to take a newspaper, and being
surprised that people laugh at your igno-
rance.

"So you would not take me to be twenty!"
said a young lady to her partner, while dan-
cing the polka, a few evenings ago. "What
would you take me for then?" "For better
or worse," replied he.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Dr. Joseph
Carson has been elected to the chair of Mate-
ria Medica, vacated by the transfer of Dr.
Wood to that of the Practice of Medicine.

The Juniata Register publishes three deaths
by drowning on three successive days, in
that county. They were all children; the
oldest twelve years old.

The president has recognized James
F. Meline as Consular Agent of France for
Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio.

The youths, after an absence of seven-
teen years, have appeared again in the neigh-
borhood of Lewistown, Pa.

LILLY LEE.
BY ALICE CAREY.
I did love thee, Lilly Lee,
As the petal loves the sea,
As the wild bee loves the thyme
As the poet loves his rhyme,
As the blossom loves the dew—
But the angels loved thee too.

Once, when twilight's dying head
Frore her golden shrouded bed,
And the silent stars drew near,
White and tremulous with fear,
While the night's repelling from
Strangled the young zephyr down,
Told I all my love to thee,
Hoping, fearing, Lilly Lee.

Fluttered then her gentle breast,
With a troubled sweet unrest,
Like a bird too near the net
Which the fowler's hand hath set;
But her mournful eyes the while,
And her spirit speaking smile,
Told me love could not depart
Death's pale arrow from the heart.

Hushing from that very day
Pleading to have way,
Folding close her little hand,
Watched I with her till the sand
Crumbling from beneath her tread,
Lower'd her softly to the dead,
Where in peace she waits for me,
Sweetest, dearest, Lilly Lee.

As the chased heart loves the wave,
As blind-silence loves the grave
As the penitent lover's prayer,
As the pale passion love's despair,
Loved I, and still love I thee,
Angel-sien Lilly Lee.

YANKEE DOODLE.—A late number of the
Knickerbocker contains some amusing ad-
ventures of Yankee Doodle. The following
is a pretty fair illustration of the adventurous
and wandering character of the hardy sons
of New England. Speaking of the won-
derful ubiquity of the true Yankees,
the writer says—

"It is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put
your finger on a territory, disputed or undis-
puted, where the Yankee Doodle is not. If
you go to Land's End, he is there; to Mount
Ararat, he is there; Chimborazo, Himalaya,
the Mountain of the Moon, or the Pyramid
of Cheops, he is there; anywhere, in fine
where an ark, a dove, a camel, a snake can
arrive by their several faculties; bartering,
scratching his name on trees, stones and Afri-
can slaves. He knows the whole map of
the ancient dominions of Prestor John, and
he is hand-and-glove with all the savages in
the world. He has been to Inceboe until
he has scraped it perfectly clean; and if
your English trader has discovered a new
bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire
a gun or two and take possession of it,
in the name of her Majesty, imagine his con-
cernment to discover a dozen of these fel-
lows seventy feet deep in a guano cavern,
scooping it out with their fingers and a Ban-
gook schooner bouncing up and down in a
little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now
if you walk on the shore at Bildarax, you
will find that you are not the first there,
perhaps to your great sorrow, as Captain Jix
swore violently, when, in walking through
the streets of Rundown, at the very limits
of the dominions of Prince Pompadello, in Afri-
ca, he heard a sharp whistler going through
the tune of "Yankee Doodle," with an easy
execution and a devilish unconcern, which
threw him at once into a coast fever. And
just so it was with the poor soul who discov-
ered Bimpax, and was just uncorking a bot-
tle of Maderia in commemoration of the event,
when he saw a Yankee on a hill-side admin-
istering the cold water pledge to three na-
tives."

Chips from the Albany Dutchman.

This is the great paper of these times for
humor and we give from it the following
samples.

The Tribunes goes against ad valorem
duties, because a large number of the im-
portations are undervalued. This fact, we
think, don't prove that this mode of levying
duties is improper, but that we have got a
lot of asses connected with the Custom
House, who don't know their duty. The
appraiser who can't tell a fifty dollar shawl
from one valued at two hundred, is not fit
to be corporal to a clam wagon. Such a man
should be shaved with cold water undery
tariff.

The best cure for love is sickness. If
any of your friends are troubled with this
complaint, therefore, don't persuade them
to seek consolation in good advice or arse-
nic, but induce them to eat green fruit till
they get the cholera. As Dr. Wing very justly
observes, no man can go crazy about a piece
of calico, as long as his bowels are deran-
ged.

LOOKING NICE.—A term invented to keep
boys off the grass and make girls consump-
tive. In our opinion, dirt is one of the very
elements of health, and no boy should be
denied his legitimate share thereof. Clean
children are always "pale and interesting."

WEEPING STROLLING in the country with
the girls, always hold a parcel over their heads.
It not only keeps the sun from injuring their
complexion, but it often affords you an op-
portunity of exchanging lips even when the
old folks are within listening distance.

BREAKING IN HELPERS.—This is what court-
ing is now termed in Wisconsin and other
Western States. More expressive, we think,
than poetic.

The Democratic Citizens of Pittsburg have
tendered the Hon. Robert J. Walker, now in
that city, a public dinner.

THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL.
The following brief and pungent article
from the Public Ledger, on the subject of
the immigration of foreigners to our land,
breathes a liberal and truly American spirit,
the spirit of our patriotic forefathers, which
we are happy to find in that able and influ-
ential paper:

"ABSORPTION.—A Boston journal observes
that we have received as much of the popu-
lation of Europe as we can absorb; at least
this was said some time ago, since which
we have continued to absorb several thou-
sands more, and are destined every day to
continue the absorption, whether we will or
not. The Boston philosopher is evidently at
fault. There is no principle of absorption
that will regulate or limit immigration. The
surplus of European population will flow up-
on us, and we must receive it, according to
the most powerful principle of nature, which
controls all others, the principle of equaliza-
tion. If God made the earth for man, what
branch of the human family shall claim a
parent right to the exclusive possession of
this vast continent? Does it not belong as
much to the European as to the American,
as a dwelling place? Facts always crush
theories, and the fact is all around, and
about this, that this land of freedom ever has
been, and ever will be, the dwelling place
of the foreigner. Who were our ancestors?
Foreigners. Who are the Americans? The
children of foreigners. What right had the
original settlers, whether of Plymouth, Rock,
or Virginia, or Old Rotterdam, or Pennsylva-
nia, to the land as a dwelling place, not com-
mon to all who came after them? Who dis-
covered this vast continent? Europeans.
Who peopled it? Why Europeans? And
must the ports of the new world now be
closed against the original owners, on a fan-
ciful principle of absorption? What would
"American Vespers" say to this Boston Ed-
itor? What ineffable scorn would curd the
lips of Columbus, were he alive to hear this
superstitious nonsense? The hand of indus-
try is the only patent to land, and that is
given by God. Steam has brought us 2000
miles nearer to Europe, at a time when the
increased intelligence among the people is
crumbling into fragments her oppressive sys-
tem. Is it marvellous that the shock should
send thousands for refuge to the land of Col-
umbus, who cannot obtain food, or defend
their rights in the old world? Nature will
find a remedy for all evils. With a wilder-
ness yet unexplored by the foot of man, a
boundless region extending from the Atlantic
to the Pacific Ocean, what sane mind can
deliberately announce the preposterous idea,
that the United States can absorb no more
European population? We can yet, and
will soon, absorb millions upon millions,
God has written it as an unalterable decree
on the face of human events. With one
half of the human race wanting bread, our
fertile tracts cannot remain barren. Hu-
manity shudders at the thought. Benevo-
lence scouts at the narrow suggestions of a
cruel bigotry. Trade welcomes the access-
ion of laborers. Commerce prospers in
transportation, and agriculture flourishes from
their enterprise. But we have "absorbed"
as much of this "Boston notion" as seems
meet, and consign the rest to the general
reservoir of "wooden nutmegs" and "tin
pans" to which it is, at least, cousin ger-
man."

A Newly Married Editor's Rhapsody.

Some newly caught Editor,