

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God in our Country.

[Two Dollars]

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**THE IRON HORSE.**  
There were noble steeds in the days of old,  
They were fierce in battle, in danger bold;  
They drank in armor, and alone in gold,  
And they wore their riders with kindly pride;  
But the Iron Horse, there were none like him!  
He whirled you along till your eye is dim,  
Till your brain is crazed and your senses swim  
With the dizzy landscape on either side.

He springs away with a sudden bound,  
His hoof, unshod, spurns the ground,  
Like the first faint clouds of a thunder shower;  
And a steady moment he ever hath,  
When he rushes forth on his iron path,  
And woe to him who shall rouse his wrath,  
For cutting him it is beyond the hour!

While other steeds must be champing hay,  
Must repose by night, and be fed by day,  
Let the Iron Horse have his level way,  
And he asks for no more than his fire and  
water.

He wears no bridle, nor curbing chain,  
He brooks no spur, and he needs no rein;  
Only set him forth on the open plain,  
And he'll be the fastest horse to weary or loiter!

At all seasons and times he will fearless brave  
Whether hot shines the sun, or the north  
wind's rave;  
He flies o'er the earth, and he tides the wave,  
Like a shadowy cloud o'er the harvest  
fields;

He neighs aloud, as he dashes by,  
And the fire-sparks flash from his gleaming  
eye,  
And vales resound, and the hills reply,  
To the rapid rush of the flashing wheels.

His breath is not as the shoe's blast,  
As it hisses forth through his iron teeth,  
And it rolls up slow, when he hurries past,  
Like the morning mist, in a snowy breath.  
And you'd better stand in the van of war,  
Where the volleyed death shots fly free and  
far.

And thousands fall, ere the fight is o'er,  
Than to cross the path that he flies upon,  
Whichever the hand that loathes rattling car,  
Like a thunder god, comes rattling on!

On our mountain ridges his chariot gleam,  
He follows the track of the winding stream,  
He carries us forth from our early homes,  
To the fairy scenes of the glowing West.  
Where the Father of Waters in grandeur  
rains;

Through broad savannas in verdure  
dressed,  
Away I away! with his ceaseless roar,  
The valley and stream he will hasten o'er;  
Away I away! where the prairie lies,  
Like an emerald sea, 'neath the fair blue  
skies.

With man in view save the waving grass,  
The flowers that bend as his chariot pass,  
And in black and fearful host array,  
The countless herds of the buffalo,  
That start at the gleam of his shining car,  
And away, low! following and thundering  
on.

With a speed that no foot of the deer can  
pass,  
The prairie horse shall toss the mane,  
Tear the ground with their hoofs and neigh  
aloud,  
When this stranger steed o'er their free do-  
main  
Comes rushing on like a flying cloud;  
But he heeds them not as he onward speeds,  
With a tread as loud as a thousand steeds,  
A sound shall be heard through the moun-  
tain caves,  
A sound through the gloom of the pathless  
glens,  
Like the hollow murmur of breaking waves,  
Or the measured tramping of mail-clad  
men!

'Tis the Iron Horse; he hath passed the  
bound  
Of the wild sierras that fenced him round;  
He hath no more on the land to gain,  
His path is free to the western main!

**Special Verdicts.**—The verdicts rendered by  
juries are sometimes rather queer documents,  
as most lawyers have had means of know-  
ing, but there was one returned by a Cata-  
wagus county, (N. Y.) jury recently more  
laughable than any other we have heard of  
or read of. It appears that three men were  
tried in that county for shooting and mortally  
wounding a dog, and the written verdict of  
the "twelve good men and true" was in the  
following words, to wit:—"All three guilty,  
plaintiff's damages assessed at sixpence;  
and each of the defendants to have another  
shot at the dog!"

A lady took umbrage at the use by a  
gentleman of a very common word,  
of which the primary and most obvious sense  
was unexpectable, while its most remote  
and unusual signification was indicated.—  
"I beg pardon," said the offender, apologeti-  
cally, "I certainly did not mean what you  
was thinking of!"—a retort which was as  
philosophical as it was just and severe.

[Translated from the German for the 'Star']  
BY VAY-HAH-ESS.

**THE FOUR SEASONS.**  
"Alas! I wish that it would always remain  
winter!" said Ernest, after he had made a  
man of snow, and taken a sleigh-ride. His  
father desired him to write this wish in his  
memorandum-book; and he did so. Winter  
passed away and spring came. Ernest  
stood with his father near a flower-bed on  
which were blooming the hyacinth, the aric-  
ula, and the narcissus. He was entirely  
beside himself for joy. "This is a joy of  
spring," said his father, "and will soon pass  
away again."—"Alas! I would that it were  
always spring!" Write this wish in my  
memorandum-book," said his father; and  
he did so. Spring passed away and sum-  
mer came. Ernest went with his parents  
and several playmates to the nearest village,  
on a warm summer-day; and they remained  
there the entire day. All around them they  
saw green corn-fields and meadows, deco-  
rated with thousand fold flowers; also pas-  
tures in which young lambs were dancing,  
and waltz foals were skipping about.—  
They ate cherries and other summer fruit,  
and enjoyed themselves right well during  
the whole day. "Is it not true?" asked his  
father, on their return, "that this summer has  
also its joys?"—"Alas," replied Ernest, "I  
would that it were always summer." He  
was also obliged to write this wish in his  
father's memorandum-book.—At last autumn  
came. The whole family spent a few days  
in their vineyard. It was no more so warm  
as in the summer; but the atmosphere was  
mild and the heaven clear. The vines were  
hung with ripe grapes. On the hot bed  
were seen melons; and the boughs of the  
trees were bent down with ripe fruit. Indeed  
it was a feast for Ernest who liked nothing  
so well as fruit. "This fair season," said  
his father, "will soon be over for winter is  
already near at hand, to drive away autumn."  
"Alas," said Ernest, "I wish that it would  
stay away and that it were always autumn."  
"Do you really wish so?" asked his father.  
"Really?" was his reply. "But," continued  
his father, whilst he pulled his memoran-  
dum-book out of his pocket—"Look on one  
moment and read what is written here"—  
"I would that it were always winter."—  
"And now read here on this page, and see what  
is written"—"I would that it were always  
spring."—"And what is of this page?"—"I  
would that it were always summer."—  
"You continued, 'do you know who wrote this?'"  
"That, I wrote," replied Ernest. "And  
what did you wish just now?"—"I wished  
that it might always be autumn."—"That is  
singular enough," said his father. "In the  
winter, you wished that it might always be  
winter; in the spring that it might always be  
spring; in the summer that it might always  
be summer; and in autumn that it might al-  
ways be autumn. Think all moments what  
follows therefrom."—"That all times of the  
year are good."—"Truly they are all rich in  
joy and manifold blessings. Also that the  
great God must understand the making of  
worlds better than we poor mortals. Had it  
depended upon you last winter, you would  
have had no spring no summer, and no au-  
tumn. You would have covered the earth  
with eternal snow, simply in order that you  
could sleigh ride and make men of snow.  
And how many other joys we would then  
have been obliged to do without! It is  
well that the way things should be in the  
world does not depend upon us; how soon  
would we deteriorate it if we could!"

"Father, I want a dollar," said a country  
boy—a strapping lad of sixteen, who meas-  
ured two axe handles, in his stockings—to his  
daddy one Sunday night—"I want a buzzum-  
pin amazingly; all the big boys in town  
have got 'em but me!"

"Fudge," replied the squire, "a buzzum pin!  
nonsense! You'd better get a pair of shoes  
or a new felt, for a dollar; or set in of some  
consequense—but b-u-z-z-u-m-p-i-n!—  
pshaw!"

"Humph!" returned the juvenile, "these  
one things you spoke on are all well enough  
in the fall; wout my palm-leaf den for this  
summer, and can't I go bare-foot now?"  
"But," sobbed out the strapping, "I'm really  
suffering for a buzzum pin!"

**SCENE IN COURT.**—A prisoner being brought  
up in Court, the following dialogue passed  
between him and the sitting magistrate:  
"How do you live?"  
"Pretty well, sir—generally a joint and  
pudding at dinner."

"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"  
"I beg your worship's pardon: some-  
times at the baker's, and sometimes at the  
grocer's."

"You may be as witty as you please, sir,  
but I mean simply to ask, how do you do?"  
"Tolerably well, I thank your worship,  
hope your worship is well."

"Why my child, what is the matter?" ex-  
claimed a lady to her little boy who rushed  
into the house, out of breath, a short time  
after dark.

"What's that, mother," said the lit-  
tle fellow, pointing to something white  
swinging back and forth in mid-air.  
"That," replied the mother, "that's why  
that's father's shirt upon the clothes line."  
"O, I thought it was a Galpin!" gasped  
the little fellow, much relieved.—Ohio Ed-  
ger.

**A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE RAIL-ROAD.**

"Ferventesque auras velut e fornace profan-  
da. Ore trahit, curruque suos condesecro sen-  
tit."  
METAM. II. 229.

My privacy has been invaded by the Rail-  
road Company, coming through my prem-  
ises and cutting asunder my bam from my  
house, turning my back into my front, and  
setting fire to two haystacks by sparks from  
the locomotive. Upon the bene qui latuit bene-  
dixit plan of Ovid, I soon after graduation  
determined to cultivate retirement, and  
thought I had attained it; but who can calcu-  
late on anything in these days of galvani-  
sm, steam, and Detention and Bude lights,  
to say nothing of Paine's which has been  
snuffed out. Since the paroxysms of my  
commencement speech, and the horrors and  
publicities of the ensuing fall, where I fig-  
ured according to the mode of that day in  
clotted hair, and small clothes, I resolved  
on a hermitage; but the steam car has ruined  
all!

Who would have thought that the cosiest  
nook in the Jerseys could have been trans-  
muted as by magic into a focus of observa-  
tion? Diligently did I eschew all high roads.  
There was not a post office within ten miles.  
A swamp on one side and a mountain on the  
other made my locality, I thought, as inac-  
cessible as the vale of Raseasis. My books  
were piled on my front porch, when I had  
done turning them over under the willow  
tree I played old tunes on my single-keyed  
flute with no more dread of molestation than  
Alexander Selkirk. My back yard, now my  
front, was an Arcadia of milk-pans, and a  
tame calf browsed on the grass. As to tail-  
or's bills, they extended only to the wed-  
ding dress when Amy was married, and my  
old coats and clouted shoes gave me that so-  
lacious Lucullus with his two thousand  
vestments never knew. Alas and alas! My  
twilight is turned into noon-day. My house  
is like that of Spurius, who, as Plutarch says  
desires his builder to make him one into  
which all the city of Rome might look at  
will. I cannot enter into my closet, for pri-  
vate chambers we have none. The hawl  
and shriek of the steam whistle gives me  
night-mare panics after my first nap, and  
the smoke of the moving volcano eclipses my  
skies. My wife and daughters are twice  
a day dressed and seated upon *ci-cede*  
candy back piazza; and I am fain to retreat  
to a neighboring barn to avoid a recon-  
naissance by curious passengers. To complete  
my misery a station has been fixed a half  
a mile from us, which turns our rural solitude  
into a mimic forum.

The Company has paid me for my half a-  
cre of land, but what compensation on earth  
can indemnify me for the loss of sovereignty?  
I was a man of peace, gloriing in the  
*audi me tangeri* insultation, a nook which  
nobody knew anything of; now all the  
world is passing every few hours, peering  
into my windows and scanning my petty  
garden, counting the hen coops, the peices  
in my laundry, and the very dishes on my  
frugal board, and ogling my respectable but  
too inquisitive wife and daughters, who have  
never been able to satiate their curiosity in  
regard to this intrusive wonder, nor abide at  
any in-door work from the time they hear  
the sounds of the cars.

I am loth to fly to Snake Hill or Schraalen-  
burg, where I am told ancient virtue is still  
unmolested, and too rigid to change my  
habits.—Chagrin has eaten out my comforts.  
Home is no home, in sight of a railway.  
I have already sent my Zimmerman to an-  
tion. My evening walk used to be in the  
very line now overlaid with the iron plagues.  
My orchard is divided into train. In short,  
I feel stripped and exposed to the gaze of  
an impatient generation; whose whole  
business it seems to be to career from place  
to place by means of this perverse miracle  
of degenerate art.

Think not, that I have ever compromised  
my dignity by entering one of these vehi-  
cles. The car of Phaeton would not be  
more dreadful, and I would sooner yoke me  
to the horses of the sun. Dear old Lord  
Mombodo ascribed the decline of Europe  
to the effeminate use of coaches: what  
would have been thought of a steam car-  
riage! A pedestrian of sixty years' prac-  
tice, you may be assured that when I ex-  
changed crabs, it was for Doll, my easy  
ambling nag, on whose back I might just  
read without fear of losing my iron-rim-  
med glasses, and who has often grazed a-  
long the sides of green lanes, when her  
master was steep in the Aislephron of Bishop  
Berkeley. *Ulinam gentium sumus!* What e-  
vil spirit possesses our people? What gad-  
fly has bitten them into the furor of locomo-  
tion. Whence come the thousands who look  
out of those impudent windows as they  
steam by like lightning? Whither are  
they going? Who pays for the transit and  
the time? Who cares for their forsaken  
households? How do they find food and  
lodging? How many hecatombs of neat  
cattle must add to the smoke of our capitals?

Resolve these questions, O gifted ones, for  
an injured, invaded, and bewildered solitary.  
I have in vain turned over Adam Smith for a  
clearing of my doubts.

The ancient civil law provided for action  
in case of *atitididum*, or injury by the dropping  
from a neighbor's eaves; but here is  
cave-dropping on a gigantic scale, and fam-  
ily secrets revealed to a world in motion.  
Cicero tells of a suit brought by a Roman a-  
gainst one who, by bringing on the opposite  
hill, obstructed his prospect; but all my  
prospects are blackened by what issues from

this fiery Leviathan. I have read in Coke,  
that every man's house is his castle; but  
mine is a castle invested by foes, and attack-  
ed *ferro et igne*, by rails and steam. In rail-  
ing, indeed, I could match them; but be-  
fore I could begin my abjuration the audi-  
ence would have vanished, and I should talk  
to the air.

Imagine the beautiful ruralities of Amer-  
ica cut up by a reclamation of railways such  
as covers the recent maps of England! Since  
Atlantic there has been nothing so barbaric.  
A green sequestered lap of land will soon be  
as rare as the Phoenix or the Dodo, and we  
shall understand half of our classic or  
descriptive poetry, no more than we do the  
characters on the bricks of Babylon. City  
merchants, I hear, breakfast at home forty  
miles off, and then get to daily business in  
Front Street or the Bowersy. This is the  
next thing to fighting against nature. Half  
the old manor-houses within twenty miles of  
the great towns, where lofty trees and lawns  
of velvet and wildmeasures of shrubbery be-  
spoke the quiet abode or noble hospitality of  
better days, are bought up by city, who  
spend in them their nights and Sundays.  
*O tempora! O mores!* I say nothing of mar-  
kets. My foolish daughters grudge me the  
very egg I used to take with my breakfast,  
and my strawberries get in little baskets to  
Washington market. Sorry am I to add,  
they must needs go themselves! And I  
wish you could see the fashions with which  
they return. My good woman, though deaf  
as a post, (no disadvantage), they tell me,  
in the cars,) has been long providing; herself  
a series of caps, wherewithal to make a  
grand appearance on a projected visit to a  
cousin in Bridge street; and I expect soon  
to be called on to sell another piece of land  
to pay the costs.

In the book *De Finibus*, the philosophic  
Roman says nothing of one great constitu-  
ent of human happiness; it is expressed in  
the phrase—*Let me alone*. There are scatter-  
ed up and down, in every country, hundreds  
of old fellows, who live honestly, pay their  
taxes, and till lately, have slept in their beds  
at night and ploughed in the furrows of their  
sires; troubling no one, plotting no in-  
vasions of Cuba, content that the Union be  
undivided, prying into no one's larder or  
desk, picking holes in nobody's coat, read-  
ing old books, and wearing old doublets:  
all they ask in return for these virtues is that  
they be let alone. And they go to bed early,  
*dine at noon, and smoke their pipe in shady  
places, while the cows are coming home;  
affect beechen shadows in the woods, springs  
where they drank in childhood, and angling  
in dark, out-of-the-way brooks. For their  
self-possession and ease of conscience they  
demand, exemption from domiciliary in-  
spection. But what shall I say! This  
flaming vaporous Astrodus has taken the  
roots off their houses, and laid their secrets  
naked to the day. A sound of tremendous  
roaring is in their ears, and in this world they  
can no longer look for a tranquil day. Even  
the one silent Sabbath is metamorphosed into  
a time of special merrymaking and jaun-  
ting, and the Sunday passengers, who heretofore  
drank more, shont more, and stare more,  
than those of all the six working days put  
together. My choler is by no means disor-  
dered; *tandem*; but strength would fail me;  
and I do but augment the bitterness by  
thus stirring up the bile. Tell me, O tell  
me, of some corner, so hommed in by na-  
ture, so begirt with Serbonian bogs, so rug-  
ged with crags, so arid with sandy wastes,  
that the army of surveyors, contractors and  
diggers shall never convene to mutilate or  
deform it. Reveal to me some basin a-  
mong mountains, where I may sit at sunset  
*in corpore*, with none to molest me, or may  
lead my cells to water at the brook, without  
having them set to scamper away at the ap-  
parition of the uncouth, snoring naacanda  
that now crashes through our vale, breath-  
ing out fire and fury. Comfort me by no-  
thing some limit to this advance of civiliza-  
tion, art and insolence, which has begun to  
sacrifice all homely delights on the altar of  
a corporate Plutus.—Give me the hope of yet  
conning my Latin authors in quietude and  
independence, however humbly; *Die, qui-  
bus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.**

**TULY TESTY.**

**ANTS.**  
Few insects are more difficult to exter-  
minate than the little red ants with which  
many houses are infested. They may be  
kept under, by frequent scalding with boil-  
ing water; the cracks and places from which  
they issue. To smear the cracks of the  
closets between the shelves and the walls  
with corrosive sublimate will destroy them;  
but as it is a deadly poison, it must be used  
with caution. Dishes and jars containing  
articles that the ants seem to like should be  
set in pans of salt water, and the pans  
should be surrounded with a ring of salt.  
If they infest the sideboard, let the feet be  
set constantly in tin or iron cups filled with  
salt and water.

A circle of tar spread around each foot of  
the bench that holds the laves, will prevent  
ants from reaching the bees and destroying  
the honey.

**MOTHS.**  
To keep moths from woolen clothing, car-  
pets and furs, place the articles in linen  
sheets or bags, sewed closely together, first  
bating them, so as to clear off all moths  
and eggs. Camphor or toecaco scattered  
through light trunks, where they are packed  
is also a protection.

**THE MEXICAN.**

His country is subject to frequent revolu-  
tions, when his property is liable to be taken  
by force by the belligerent parties; beside  
the imposition of forced loans, causing con-  
fidential fear in the minds of those who have  
money; the authorities of the States get the  
general laws at defiance, thus giving rise to  
continual reclamations, interrupting the busi-  
ness of ruining the citizen, before res-  
tress is obtained; the laws are not thor-  
oughly understood or justice equally adminis-  
tered: crimes are not promptly or adequately  
punished; the principal highways are infes-  
ted with robbers, robberies and murders are  
frequent, by armed bands, in towns and vil-  
lages, and no official assurances are taken to  
prevent them or arrest the guilty. The poor  
man is subject to the arbitrary disposition of  
those in authority—forced to do personal  
service on public works in the times of the  
revolutions, and to fight against his own  
people; he may be arrested on the verbal  
order of any Alcade too indolent or ignor-  
ant to write one—and a refusal to obey such  
subjects him to be beaten by the brutal per-  
son bearing it, to collect a simple debt by  
legal process, the loss of time together with  
the expenses renders such proceeding of no  
avail to him; he cannot go from one town to  
another without subjecting himself to deten-  
tion unless he obtains a passport, which  
sometimes takes as much time as to make  
the journey; to travel, he must have a li-  
cense to carry arms, without which he is  
liable to detention and the loss of them, he  
cannot obtain redress for a wrong com-  
mitted by the military; criminals, even  
should be entitled to a speedy trial, but here  
a man may be arrested, thrown in jail and  
years may elapse before he is coulemed  
or acquitted; the dead are allowed to put-  
ry or must be buried out of what is called  
holy ground, unless the surviving friends are  
able to satisfy the exorbitant demands of an  
inexorable priest; the ruthless savage con-  
stantly invades the frontiers and has for years  
spread with impunity death and devastation  
in his path. All this, and even more, the  
Mexican citizen suffers, yet folds his hands  
in silence. The stranger partakes in a mea-  
sure of these evils, and used to a better state  
of things, naturally complains; when it is  
ascribed with too much truth, he is in posses-  
sion of the same liberty and protection as  
the Mexicans, therefore he ought not to com-  
plain.

**GOOD!**  
An Irishman had taken to reading his Bi-  
ble. "And indeed it is true, and a blessed  
book it is."  
"But," said the priest, "you are an igro-  
nant man, and you ought not to read the Bi-  
ble."  
"Well," said Pat, "but your reverence  
must prove that before I'll give up reading  
my Bible."  
And so the priest turned to the place where  
it reads, "As new born babes, desire the sin-  
cere milk of the word."  
"There," said the priest, "you are a babe,  
and you ought to go to somebody who can  
tell you what the sincere milk of the word  
is."  
Pat was a milkman and he replied, "Your  
reverence, I was sick and employed a man  
to carry my milk, and he cheated me—he  
put water in it; and how do I know (saying  
your reverence), but the priest may do the  
same?"  
The priest was discomfited, and said,  
"Well, Pat, I see you're not quite so much  
of a babe as I thought you. You may read  
your Bible, but don't show it to your neigh-  
bors."  
"Indeed I your reverence," says Pat, "I've  
one cow that I know gives good milk; and  
while my neighbor has none, sure I'll give  
him a part of it whether your reverence likes  
it or not."

**Pretty Good.**—"Mother, why does Pa  
call you honey?"  
"Because, my dear, he loves me."  
"No, Ma, that isn't it."  
"What is it then?"  
"I know."  
"Well, what is it?"  
"Why, it's because you have so much  
comb in your head—that's why!"

Like a bell that's rung for fire; like a  
careless auctioneer; like, oftentimes, a  
graceless liar, mischief-making tattler go;  
stopping you with quaking fear, whispering  
as you lend an ear—"Mercy on us, did you  
hear? *Betsy Bean has got a beau!*"

An exchange paper states on reliable au-  
thority, that in Albany the black-smiths per-  
petrate their shops, and have armed chairs made  
for their horses to sit in while having their  
shoes fitted. This is a great age, and gra-  
tious only knows where 'twill bring up.

The editor of the Boston Post has got a  
daguerreotype likeness of the girl that Bar-  
ney was asked to let alone.

The man who never told an editor how he  
could better his paper, has gone to Schene-  
ctady to marry a woman that never looked  
into a looking-glass.

A slanderer of the softer sex, undertakes  
to prove that Satan was a woman, named  
Lucy Fir. Can't believe it, any how.

Why is a sick Jew like a diamond? Be-  
cause he is a Jew-ill.

**THE BACHELOR'S BRIDAL.**

[A PARODY.]  
Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,  
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;  
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,  
At the Benedicet just to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,  
Our heads from the sad sight turning,  
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's  
dim light  
To think he was no more discerning—

To think that a bachelor, free and bright,  
And shy of the girls as we found him,  
Should here by the altar, at dead of night,  
Be caught in the snare that bound him!

Few and short were the words we said,  
Though we heartily ate of the cakes,  
Then escorted him home from that scene of  
dread  
And thought—how awfully he shakes

We thought as we grouped his lowly bed  
With the flowers, the birch and the willow  
How the shovel and broomsick would break  
o'er his head,  
And the tears he would shed on his pillow.

Said he, "They will talk of their friend who  
has gone—  
And every old 'Baeh' will upraid me,  
But nothing rock I, if they let me dream on,  
'Nath the coverlet, just as they've laid  
me."

But half of our weary task was done  
Ere the clock tolled the hour for the other,  
And we left with the hope that the fate he  
had won  
Would never be won by another!

**Preserves and Jellies.**

**General Directions.**—Gather fruit when it  
is dry. Long boiling hardens the fruit. Pour  
boiling water over the slices used, and  
bring out jelly bags in hot water the mo-  
ment you are to use them. Do not squeeze  
while straining through jelly bags. Let the  
pots and jars containing sweetmeats just  
made, remain uncovered three days. Lay  
brandy papers over the top, cover them tight  
and seal them, or, what is best of all, soak a  
split bladder and tie it tight over them. In  
drying, it will shrink so as to be perfectly  
air-tight. Keep them in a dry, but not warm  
place. A thick leathery mould helps to  
preserve fruit, but when mould appears  
in spoons, the preserves must be scalded in  
a warm oven, or be let into hot water, which  
then must boil till the preserves are scalded.  
Always keep watch of preserves which are  
not sealed, especially in warm and damp  
weather. The only sure way to keep them  
without risk or care, is to make them with  
enough sugar and seal them, or tie bladder  
covers over.

**Tomato Preserves.**—Prepare a syrup by  
clarifying sugar, melted over a slow fire,  
with a little water, by boiling it until no  
scum rises, or good molasses may be clar-  
ified by adding eggs, boiling, and carefully  
skimming. Take the Tomatoes while green,  
put them in cold syrup, with one orange  
sliced to every two pounds of tomatoes.—  
Simmer them over a slow fire for two or  
three hours. There should be equal weights  
of sugar and tomatoes. Some, when super-  
ior preserves are wanted, add fresh lymous  
sliced, and boil with the tomatoes a few  
peach leaves and powdered ginger in bags.  
Tomatoes when ripe, make a fine preserve,  
peeled, and treated as above; but the fruit  
is apt to fall to pieces in the process of pre-  
serving, consequently more care is required  
when it is desirable to prevent this.

**Tomato Catsup.**—Use one pint of good  
salt to one peck of sound, ripe, tomatoes.—  
Bruise them and let them stand two days;  
then strain them dry, and boil the liquor un-  
til the scum stops rising, with two ounces  
of black pepper, the same quantity of spice,  
one ounce of ginger, one of cloves, and an  
ounce of mace. Strain through a sieve,  
then bottle and cork tight.

**Raspberry Syrup.**—To every quart of fruit  
add a pound of sugar, and let it stand over-  
night. In the morning, boil and skim it for  
half an hour; then strain it through a flannel  
bag, and pour it into bottles, which  
must be carefully corked and sealed. To  
each bottle add, if you please, a little brandy  
if the weather is so warm as to endanger its  
keeping.

**Currant Jelly.**—Pick over the currants  
with care. Put them in a stone jar, and set  
it into a kettle of boiling water. Let it boil  
till the fruit is very soft. Strain it through a  
sieve. Then run the juice through a jelly  
bag. Put a pound of sugar to a pint of  
juice, and boil it together five minutes. Set  
it in the sun a few days.

**Cherries.**—Take out the stones. To a  
pound of fruit, allow a pound of sugar.  
Put a layer of fruit on the bottom of the pre-  
serving kettle, then a layer of sugar, and  
continue thus till all are put in. Boil till  
clear. Put them in bottles, hot, and seal  
them. Keep them in dry sand.

**Currants.**—Strip them from the stems. Al-  
low a pound of sugar to a pound of currants.  
Boil them together ten minutes. Take them  
from the syrup, and let the syrup boil twenty  
minutes; and pour it on the fruit. Put them  
in sma jars or tumblers, and let them stand  
in the sun a few days.

**To preserve Currants to eat with meat.**—  
Strip them from the stem. Boil them an  
hour, and then to a pound of the fruit, add  
a pound of brown sugar. Boil all together  
fifteen or twenty minutes.

**Raspberry Jam.**—Allow a pound of sugar  
to a pound of fruit. Press them with a  
spoon, in an earthen dish. Add the sugar  
and boil all together fifteen minutes.

**Anecdote of General Jackson.**

In the year of 1811, General Jackson had  
occasion to visit Natchez, in the territory of  
Mississippi, for the purpose of bringing up a  
number of blacks, a part of whom his prop-  
erty in consequence of having been security  
for a friend, and the remainder were hands  
which had been employed by a nephew, in  
the neighborhood of that place. The road  
led through the country inhabited by the  
Chickasaw and Choctaw Indians, and the  
station of the agent for the Choctaws was  
upon it. On reaching the agency, he found  
seven or eight families of emigrants, and  
two members of the Mississippi legislative  
council, detained there, under the pretence  
that it was necessary for them to have pas-  
sage from the Governor of Mississippi. One  
of their number had been sent forward to  
procure them. In the meantime, the emi-  
grants were buying corn from the agent, at  
an extravagant price and splitting rails for  
him at a very moderate one. Indignant at  
the wrong inflicted on the emigrants, he re-  
proached the members of the council for  
submitting to the detention, and asked the  
agent how he dared to demand a pass from  
a free American, travelling on a public road.  
The agent replied by asking, with much  
temper, whether he had a pass. "Yes, sir,"  
replied the general. "I always carry mine  
with me: I am a free born American citi-  
zen; and that is a passport all over the  
world." He then directed the emigrants to  
go up their wagons, and if any one attempt-  
ed to obstruct them, to shoot them down, as  
a highway robber. Setting them, for exam-  
ple, he continued his journey, regardless of  
the threats of the agent.

After conducting this business, he was in-  
formed that the Agent had collected about  
fifty white men and one hundred Indians,  
to stop him on his return, unless he produced  
a passport.—Through advised by his friends  
to procure one he refused to do so; stating  
that no American citizen should ever be  
subject to the insult and indignity of pro-  
curing a pass, to enable him to travel a public  
highway in his own country.—Like all trav-  
ellers among the Indians, at that time, he  
was armed with a brace of pistols; and hav-  
ing added a rifle and another pistol, he  
commenced his return journey. When with-  
in a few miles of the agency, he was inform-  
ed by a friend who had gone forward to re-  
connoitre, that the agent had his force in  
readiness to stop him.—He directed his  
friends to advance again, and tell the agent  
that if he attempted to stop him, it would be  
at the peril of his life. He then put his  
blacks in order, and armed them with axes  
and clubs; at the same time telling them not  
to stop unless directed by him, and if any  
one offered to oppose them, to cut him down.  
Riding by their side, he approached the sta-