

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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CHOICE POETRY.

THE OLDEN TIMES.

Old Time has hurried me swiftly on
Upon Life's rapid river,
And scenes of pleasure and childish joy
I now have left for ever.
I've roamed afar from my olden home,
I've been in cot and palace,
I've joined the dance, and in wailing song,
I've quaffed the rosy chalice.

I've stepped in beauty's glittering bow,
And left her chains around me,
And I smiled as Fortune bore me on—
At the transient spell that bound me.
But memory still is flitting back
Unto the hours of childhood;
I sigh for friends of the olden time,
The cottage and the wildwood.

I'm thinking oft, at the sunlight hour,
Of hallow'd ties now broken;
And then I recall the parting scene,
When sad adieus were spoken.
I think now, over some humble grave,
Sweet roses now are blowing;
And in the walks, by the brooklet's side,
The wild, rank weeds are growing.

In dreams I picture a happy band
A round the fireside sitting;
My father there with his pipe of clay,
My mother with her knitting,
My sisters playing in pleasure pure,
Gay peals of laughter ringing,
The house-cat stretched on the glowing hearth,
The kettle gaily singing.

But death has despoiled my olden home—
Those gay hours have departed,
And now I roam in this fruitless world
An orphan, broken hearted.

In my lonely way I sometimes pause
And court the bright ideal;
But hope never pictures a scene so fair,
So pure, as the olden real.

From the Detroit Free Press, Aug. 23d.

LETTER FROM GEN. CASS.

On Know Nothingism and the Power of Congress in the Territories.

DETROIT, Aug. 23d, 1855.

To the Editor of the Free Press:

Sir—The public journals contain a letter dated July 24th, written by Gen. Houston, which has just met my eye, and in which he says he perceives, by the papers of the day, that "General Cass has approved the platform of the American order, as proclaimed to the world by the convention at Philadelphia." I had observed the statements to which Gen. Houston alludes, and had he let them pass unnoticed, it would be a hopeless task to endeavor to correct all the misapprehensions and misrepresentations to which it is my lot, as well as that of all other public men, to be exposed in these days of party strife. And, indeed, I could not suppose that such assertions would deceive any one who had heard or who had read my remarks in the Senate of the United States, on the fifth of February last, upon the presentation of the resolutions of the Legislature of Michigan, instructing the Senators of that State to vote for an act of Congress prohibiting the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States. Upon that occasion, while declining to comply with those instructions, I took the opportunity to express my sentiments in relation to the new political movement, which sought to acquire and exercise power by secret combinations, bound together by the sanction of an oath, which, it is said, made it the duty of its members to surrender their individual convictions to the expressed will of a majority of their associates. I then observed: "Strange doctrines are abroad, and strange organizations are employed to promulgate and enforce them. Our political history contains on such chapter in the progress of our country as that which is now opening. The questions of constitutional and policy, which have been so long the battle-cry of parties, are contemptuously rejected, and intolerance, religious and political, finds zealous, and it may be they will prove successful, advocates in the middle of the nineteenth century boasting with much self-complacency of its intelligence, and in this free country, founded upon emigration, and grown prosperous and powerful by toleration. * * * We want no new parties, no new platforms, no new organizations, and the sooner these dangerous efforts are abandoned, the better will it be for us, and for those who are to follow us in this heritage of freedom."

I might well suppose, after the expression of these views upon the floor of the Senate, and under circumstances of peculiar responsibility, that any further action on my part would be necessary to prove my consistency, as a disciple of the school of Washington and Jefferson, and Madison, and Jackson, in the rejection of a dangerous innovation, inconsistent with all the principles those patriots taught, and which, in effect, aims to transfer the great political duty of an American citizen from the light of day where it should be exercised in this land of freedom, to secret conclaves, as unfriendly to calm investigation, as to wise and patriotic decision. But the extract from the letter of General Houston has shown me that these reports have received more credit than I had be-

lieved, and the consideration has induced me thus publicly to notice and to contradict them. My opinions, indeed, upon any subject are but of little consequence, except to myself; but if they are worth referring to, they are worth the trouble of making the reference a true one.

I have no sympathy with this plan of political organization—none whatever neither with the means it employs nor the objects it seeks to attain. Its secrecy, its oath bound obligations, its control of the ballot box, its system of proscription, striking both at political rights and religious duties, and its inevitable tendency to array one portion of the community against another, and to carry deadly feuds into every corner of the land, or which we have just had a terrible proof, written in characters of blood, and are doomed to have many more; if this movement goes on, for this is but the first instalment of death, and how many others are to follow and to what extent, and when the last is to be paid, and after what lamentable vicissitudes, is known only to Him who foresees events and can control them—these characteristics mark it as the most dangerous scheme which has ever been introduced into our country to regulate its public action or its social condition. It is the organism of a republic, scarcely better in principle than its monarchial prototype—of a republic whose freedom and equality justify as little as they invite the introduction of a machinery whose operation is concealed from public observation, but whose consequences are as clear as they are alarming.

Gen. Houston gives credence to the reports that I approve "the platform of the American order, as proclaimed to the world by the convention at Philadelphia." I am aware that changes have been made both in the name and in some of the principles of this new organization. But these changes do not remove my objections to it. Its spirit of exclusion and intolerance remains, and with it, its evils and dangers. It is a book to which I cannot be reconciled, whatever addition, whether the new one or the old one, is offered to me. There is, indeed, one principle laid down in that convention which meets my concurrence, and that is, the declaration that "Congress ought not to legislate upon the subject of slavery, within the territory of the United States." I regret, however, that the body which thus pronounced against the exercise of the power did not also pronounce against its existence, but carefully permitted—to use its own words—the expression of any opinion upon that point. Still, I approve its action upon the subject, so far as it goes. It is a step in the right direction, and I should rejoice to see it followed by every political party in the country. It is a step, too, towards the security of political rights—the opposition to the legislation of Congress over the internal affairs of the people of the territories, and among others, over the relation of master and servant, or that of husband and wife, or parent and child; for these matters domestic policy are subjects which should be left to the Territorial communities, and to divert them of the power to regulate them is an act of unmitigated despotism. The negation of all power of interference by Congress in the internal government of the Territories, is the true constitutional doctrine, and the only safe and practical one, and I am rejoiced that, after years of opposition—of obloquy, indeed—it is fast establishing itself upon unimpeachable grounds. The misapprehension which has prevailed upon this grave subject is among the most extraordinary political events of my time. One would naturally suppose that in this country the dogma of the right of internal government by an irresponsible Legislature over a distant community, unrepresented in the ruling body, would find little favor, and put in operation a government might as well be defended, while the power to control all the concerns of human life would be left without an advocate. The difference is broad and practical, and should be dearer to us, as it was the very consideration urged by our revolutionary fathers in their contest with the mother country, which began by argument, but ended by arms. It was asserted as early as 1774, when the Continental Congress declared that the English colonists "are entitled to a free and exclusive power of legislation in their several provincial legislatures, where their rights of representation can alone be preserved, in all cases of taxation and internal polity, &c." In that great struggle the patriots who conducted it conceded to the British Parliament the authority to organize colonial governments, but denied their right to touch the internal polity of the people; and for the support of the great principle, denied and derided as it is now they went to war.

I observe that a highly respectable and intelligent gentleman, Gov. Hunt, of New York, in a letter just published, speaks of the Nebraska bill as "based on the absurd theory of territorial sovereignty." I never heard a man support that measure or approve it for such a reason. Gov. Hunt has mistaken the sneers of its enemies for the views of its friends. The Nebraska bill rests upon no such theory—upon no theory at all, but upon the stable foundation of the federal constitution, and of the natural rights of man.

I know of no one who claims sovereignty for the Territories. All concede their dependence upon the United States. But within this relation there are mutual rights and duties, and the questions—what power may Congress lawfully exercise, and are the people of the Territories divested of all rights? must be determined, not by politico-metaphysical considerations arising out of the attribute of sovereignty, but by the constitution of the United States. To the law, and

to the testimony. By that constitution, the general government is a government, not only of granted but of limited powers, and Congress can exercise no authority which is not given by the great charter that brought it into existence. Let any man put his finger upon the clause of that instrument which confers this power of internal interference, and I will abandon the principle, long as it has been cherished by me. And that is many years, and will appear by reference to the Globe of March 31st, 1832, which contains an article written by me, and entitled "A review of the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Cherokee case." In that article I observe that the clause of the constitution authorizing Congress "to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the U. States, refer to territorial rights, and grants no jurisdiction over persons. Among other things I say: "The power to dispose of, and make needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States, and the power to exercise general jurisdiction over persons upon it, more essentially different and independent. The former is general, and is given in the clause referred to; the latter is special, and is found in another clause, and is confined to the federal tract, (the District of Columbia), and to places purchased by consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock yards, and other needful buildings." This is the same doctrine subsequently advocated, and more fully developed in my Nicholson letter. I repeat that this power of internal legislation cannot be found in the constitution, and vain have been the efforts by pressing into its service a thousand and one expressions in that instrument, to prove it to be there; a diversity of reference which of itself, furnishes a strong presumption against the authority, even if there were no other ground of objection.

Judge McLean, of the Supreme Court of the United States, in some considerations published by him on this subject, and to which I have elsewhere referred, well remarked, that "there is no specific power in the constitution which authorizes the organization of territorial governments." He adds, "If this power be implied from the specific power to regulate the disposition of the public lands, it must, under the above rule, be limited to means suitable to the end in view. If Congress go beyond this in the organization of a Territorial government, they act without limitation, and may establish a monarchy. Admit that they may organize a government which shall protect the lands purchased, and provide for the administration of justice among the settlers, it does by no means follow that they may establish slavery." Judge McLean here brings the Constitution of the United States to the support of the good old revolutionary doctrine, that the right to establish colonies or territories does not carry with it the just power to interfere with and regulate the domestic concerns of the people who inhabit them. He pronounces slavery to be one of these concerns, saying that, "It is a municipal relation of limited extent, and of an equally limited origin. It is a domestic relation, over which the federal government can exercise no control."

I have never known the time when the democratic party was called upon by higher considerations to adhere, faithfully and zealously, to their organization and their principles, than they are at this day. Our confederation is passing through the most severe trial it has yet undergone. Unceasing efforts are making to excite hostile and sectional feelings, against which we were prophetically warned by the father of his country; and if these are successful, the days of the constitution are numbered. The continued assaults upon the South, upon its character, its constitutional rights and its institutions, and the systematic perseverance and the bitter spirit with which these are pursued, while they warn the democratic party of the danger, should also incite it to united and vigorous action. They warn it, too, that the time has come when all other differences which may have divided it should give way to the duty of defending the constitution, and when that great party, equal with the government, should be united as one man for the accomplishment of the work to which it is now called, and before it is too late. It is the American party, for it has neither sectional prejudices nor sectional preferences, and its care and its efforts extend wherever the constitution of its country extends, and with equal regard to the rights and interests of all. I believe the fate of this great republic is now in its hands, and, so believing, I earnestly hope that its action will be firm, prompt and united, yielding not one hair's breadth of its time-honored principles, and resisting to the last the dangerous efforts with which we are menaced; and, if so, the victory of the constitution I doubt not will be achieved. I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant.

LEWIS CASS.

How can a good Methodist be a Know-Nothing?—The following "Article of Faith," is to be found in the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It will be seen that by necessary implication, all oaths are forbidden except they be made before a magistrate legally authorized to administer them:—"As we confess that vain and rash swearing is forbidden Christian men by our Lord Jesus Christ, and by James, his apostle, so we judge that the Christian religion doth not prohibit, but that a man swear when the magistrate requireth in a cause of faith and charity, so it be done according to the prophetic teachings in justice, judgment; and truth."

GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year.
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.
It maketh poverty content;
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.
A charm to banish grief away,
To smother the brow from care,
Turns tears to smiles, makes sadness gay,
Spreads gladness every where;
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A balsam for love, as true
As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threatening storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide;
Where waves conflicting foam:
So comes the seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
Whose power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity!
Good temper—nothing more.
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman home and boudoir bring,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

The White Slave.

When "hard times" commenced in New York it was estimated that from twenty-eight to thirty thousand seamstresses were thrown out of employment in that city alone. The revelations of their actual condition, which appeared in the daily newspapers, were sad enough to bring our cant of progress to a pause, and convince us that the nineteenth century—with all its railroads, telegraphs, and millennial rhapsodies—has infinitely more paupers, ragged, filthy starving paupers—than the ninth. A momentary money pressure was sufficient to show the true aspect of modern society—that painted sepulchre, which is so fair and beautiful outside, and within nothing but rottenness and corruption.

In the age of abolition, negro-philly, and tender sympathy for the African race, which is comfortably housed, fed and clad in this portion of the country, and usually makes more in its "after hours" than the stipend of many New York trades—in this blessed era of humanitarianism, and friendliness, and brotherhood, and Christianity, and socialism, and petticoat philanthropy—read the following paragraph, and estimate the value of sentimentalism and cant. The shirt-making statistics of New York are a terrible reproach to our bombastic boasters:—

"The standard price is twelve and a half cents per piece, and the garment must be well made, as it has to undergo a thorough inspection, with hose and no shirt—bringing from one dollar twelve and a half cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents at retail. The material in these shirts cost thirty-seven and a half cents; so that the total cost is fifty cents, which leaves a clear profit to the employer of one half at least for the purchase of the material, the cutting and the sale. Two of these garments are, no doubt, a full day's work, making the extent of the weekly earnings one dollar and a half. With this miserable pittance many of them have to feed small families, pay house rent, and clothe themselves and children. It is needless to say that it cannot be done, and the consequence is a large amount of misery and destitution."

Would that Thomas Hood were alive once more to sing another "song of the shirt," the melancholy cadence which might smile the hard heart of the North, as with a Moses wand and open the fountain of tears.

"Oh, men with children dear—
Oh, men with sisters and wives—
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures lives!"

Dresses &c. of California Ladies.

The New York Home Journal publishes a letter from an acquaintance in California, in which, after describing the quicksilver mines, corn twenty-four feet high, seventeen feet to the ear, and wild oats, which, when on horseback, he could tie a knot over his head, &c., he says:—"This is all true—but you will not believe the half, so I pass to equally true and more credible—the extravagance of the ladies in California. Stepping into G—'s in San Francisco, to buy a watch-key, he showed me a six thousand dollar set of Diamonds, which he had just sold for a ball to come off in a few days. A Montgomery street merchant having told me he had sold two five hundred dollar and two seven hundred dollar dresses for the same ball, I made up mind to go to that ball, and go I did—though I felt something like the country member of the Legislature the first time he attended one of our 'Jams.' 'Jingo! I wish our gals could see this.' 'There is no use talking, child! it was a magnificent affair. The dresses were elegant; and as for diamonds, you would suppose they bought them here, like potatoes, by the basket!—I just left a fair lady, whose evening dress of embroidered satin was clasped by one of your India-rubber belts, but a band of gold quite as broad! If I had a wife, I'd not bring her here until I was worth a million—for extravagance among the Ladies of California is a perfect epidemic. All in all, this is the most extravagant country I ever saw. To eat with gold forks, gold spoons, and sip your wine with golden goblets, are more matters of course. The 'hard times,' have stopped some in their mad career; but others seem only the more desirous to show 'outsiders' that they are unaffected by them."

A NEW BOOK.

"Which: THE RIGHT OR THE LEFT?"—This work is upon Fashionable Religion, and shows the difference between Christ's and Society's Church in a talented, forcible manner. The style is easy, and breathes throughout a spirit of deep-toned religiousness. It should be read by every fireside in every land.

We make the following extracts for the benefit of our business men and young men who expect to be business men. The hero of the story enters the dry goods business:—
In selling, Samuel gave at first but little promise. For a few months he was rather below than up to the average of new clerks, and it was sneeringly remarked that he would never reach the dignity nor the salary of a "crack" salesman. The reason, according to Mr. Bringham, [the confidential clerk, for some cause or other, did not regard our hero with a favorable eye, was plain: "He was not made for the business." The trouble appeared to be that he would not lie. As First Broadcloth expressed it, "he was too honest—altogether." He had "conscientious scruples;" which would not permit him to represent an article a hair's breadth above its merits, for the sake of "working it off." When asked by a dealer if a certain fabric was "imported," when he knew that it was only imported from one of the four States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, or New Jersey, he was very apt to tell the truth, sale or no sale, and very much to the disgust of First Broadcloth, who "could not understand how he could be such a nippy." When asked if such and such articles were French or English, when he knew that they were neither, but simply domestic products, he had a habit of telling the truth, which sometimes choked off their sale, but did not choke him. When requested to give the lowest net prices of any particular kind of goods, he did so by going down to the lowest mark at once, a proceeding which sometimes resulted in a sale, and sometimes did not, but one which generally won the confidence of the dealer, and induced him, when he called again to look up "the young gentleman who was so particular"—rather choosing to buy of one who preferred the truth to that of one who Samuel created many friends, and few or no foes. City and country dealers who made a purchase of him once, favored him more generally, with a second trial; and, as they invariably found that his statements bore the test of time and examination, in every particular, they "stood by him" in trade. It was not, therefore, necessary for him to "watch the arrivals" and "nab" his customers, when they came again to town. They returned to him of their own accord, in spite of the "flattering inducements" of salesmen of other houses, who "laid for them" with all the cunning of foxes, and "hung to 'em" with the tenacity of bloodhounds. But in vain. The dealers "knew their men" and their man. Samuel was sale'—who bought of him once, bought of him twice; "once a customer, always a customer."

In business parlance, all this "old, in time"—slowly it may be, but steadily; and not more steadily than surely. One drop shows but little in a bucket; but a regular succession of drops fills it by and by to the brim.—Calmly, then steadily, then and without noise, ostentation or parade, Samuel passed tranquilly on; gaining knowledge, experience, and a friend or two at each step; laying a broad, substantial foundation for future operations; and manfully maintaining his probity and his spiritual trust, bravely and faithfully on the way.

His fellow clerks were somewhat slow, at first, to comprehend the chances of his success. "He is a good fellow," they would say, with a knowing wink; "but not made for the dry goods business. He is pious, amiable, and good natured—a first rate fellow in heart and manners, but rather tender in the upper story. Thinks money can be made in our business without oil (angelic lying), soft soap and glibbling (angelic goosing)." Greer, sir—green as the verdure of his native hills!—

But somehow or other, these remarks which were very common for a year or so fell gradually into disuse, and ceased, by and by altogether. In fact, it was noticed that Samuel was not so very unsuccessful after all. He did make some sales; and it was also observed, that city dealers who bought of him once, came again, and again, and always bought of him—every time.

The clerks picked up their ears.

And some one else—Charley Gibbs—noticed that the country dealers within short distances of the city, who made a bill of Samuel's once, did precisely like the city dealers—they called again, and again, and always bought of him—Samuel. And as Charley Gibbs was very friendly to Samuel, he took care to impart the result of his observation to the rest, and—

The clerks turned their eyes askant at each other.

By and by, First Broadcloth made the interesting discovery that eighteen New York, nine New Jersey, seven Pennsylvania, three Vermont, six Canada, twelve Ohio, eight Missouri, eleven Indiana, three Kentucky, six Illinois, nine Wisconsin, four Iowa, seven Georgia, and four South Carolina dealers had not only repeated their calls and orders on Samuel, but had each introduced a brother-dealer to him, all of whom bought, and all of whom promised to do what they could in bringing him other customers. He (First Broadcloth) knew it to be so, "because he had seen, heard, and counted 'em."

The clerks looked down—though briefly.

And then they began to think that perhaps Samuel's system was not so very stupid after all. They didn't know; but they thought so. They might be wrong; there was no saying; but of one thing they were certain—their customers didn't stick to them so steadily, nor take a great deal of trouble to make others for them. They had an idea that they could say that—safely.

And yet they didn't know. Samuel's way wasn't the regular way of doing things. They had been in the business a good many years, and they had never done it in that fashion, nor seen others do it in that way either.—And yet, somehow, it—worked. There was no mistake in that. It did appear to work. And Samuel did seem to get along, and make fair bills, too. There was that bill which he made up yesterday with that Ellicottville fellow: it figured up over a thousand dollars—the second bill which Ellicottville had made with him. And yet Samuel didn't seem to think much of it, either: as if he was used to it.

The clerks were bothered.

And yet Samuel's system does work; and he don't use oil, soft soap, or gimlets. Ye—yes. That's it. He does make sales and customers, too. And yet—well, there's no saying what won't turn up next! When a man can do business on the next square in dry goods, then look out for any thing, and don't be surprised.

But Samuel—Samuel! How about him? He's in dry goods—isn't he? He sells, and on a square, too—don't he? There it is! But how does he do it? That's the question. I couldn't do it—you couldn't do it. And he can. There it is! But why not? It is simply to tell the truth instead of a lie—which the dealer knows to be a lie. That is common sense, isn't it? If Samuel can make trade that way, why can't we?

There's the trouble. Samuel can stick to the truth, because it's natural to him. Every body knows that, and expects it of him. But we—we are not accustomed to it—it wouldn't answer.

This was a clincher. The clerks couldn't get over it, and they concluded to "continue in the good old way;" that is, to serve their country friends "right"—wrong!

In the meanwhile, Samuel went on in his way, and the system worked to a charm. It was something so new and rare to dealers to find a salesman who carried his Christianity into his business, that they couldn't help speaking of it. Men without of covetous! Speaking of it led to letters of introduction, the letters of introduction led to Samuel, the two led to trade, and the trade led to bills. This was Mr. Townsend's method of reasoning the matter, and he was not very far out of the way, in his commercial logic—generally.

Charley Gibbs reasoned the point over, too, and as he was a fellow of some moral spirit, and never much given to extravagance in anything—not even in business lying he privately concluded to give Samuel's system a trial, on his own account. The result was slow, but not less sure: and ere long, he detected First Broadcloth at the same game. Shortly after, First Cottam fell in to it—sneakingly like, as if he felt ashamed of it; but after a while, a little more openly, and then boldly, like a man who knew what was right, and wasn't afraid to do it, or say it either.

From the Phila. American, Aug. 14. MINNESOTA TERRITORY.

A census of this beautiful and flourishing Territory has just been taken, and enough returns have been received to warrant the statement that its aggregate population at this time is 55,000 souls. This is not sufficient to entitle the Territory to admission into the Union as a State, nor does it appear to be the wish of the inhabitants to apply just yet. Having the territorial expenses paid by the national government, they are not in a hurry to assume the responsibilities and burthens of an independent State. Minnesota, owing to its location in the remote and frigid north has never been a base of contention with sectional politicians, and disturbed by the agitation inseparable from slavery. Minnesota contains the last fragment of the northwest Territory, from which the peculiar institution was prohibited by the ordinance of 1787, but it also embraces a vast quantity of other territory included between the Missouri, Blue Earth and Mississippi rivers, and the northern boundary of the republic. A large portion of the northern shore of Lake Superior is interspersed so thickly with rivers and lakes as to make it about the best watered portion of the Union. Its soil is everywhere very fertile, and yields abundant harvests to the farmer. Besides commanding the terminus of the navigation of the great lakes, it contains the head of navigation on the Mississippi river, and has flowing through its heart the Red River, whose waters empty into Hudson's Bay. All these considerations indicate that Minnesota must some day become a mighty, populous and flourishing State. Her resources are unsurpassed. Wisconsin, directly by her side, has attained a growth which is truly surprising. So also have Michigan and Maine, whose latitude is about the same as that of Minnesota. From these facts, it is apparent that the high northern location of Minnesota is no drawback upon her prospects. Those regions are peculiarly adapted to the production of breadstuffs, and already Wisconsin and Michigan are large growers thereof. On the northern boundary of the Territory are several settlements founded by

Lord Selkirk a portion of which are in Minnesota. They have successfully braved all the perils of that remote interior northern wilderness, and maintained the communities on the banks of the Red river for many years.—When founded, they were all supposed to be on British territory; but when the northern boundary of the United States was adjusted the surveys ascertained that a portion of the settlements were on our ground. Upon the organization of a Territorial government in Minnesota they received attention, and their district became a county, which is regularly represented in the Territorial Legislature. The extension of settlements upon the head waters of the Mississippi has been of great value to these isolated people, affording them opportunities of obtaining supplies of goods more easily. The success of their settlements is evidence that even the most northerly parts of the Territory can and will be used for settlement.

Whether the Red river of the north will ever become more than mere local use for navigation, is a problem yet to be solved.—The settlements we have referred to as being located upon it were established by vessels which entered it from Hudson's Bay, after crossing the Atlantic Ocean. They passed from that great bay into Nelson's river, thence through Lake Winnipeg, and so down into Red River. What was thus accomplished may be repeated; but we know so little of that vast interior region of our continent, that it is impossible to speak of its capabilities. On the eastern continent climates in the same latitude are believed to be essentially milder, and settlements are established even on the shores of the Arctic ocean or its bays. Thus Archangel; one of the principal ports of Russia, is on the White Sea, which can only be entered from the Arctic ocean. The latitude of the city is 65 degrees, and the approach to it is much further north, while Hudson's Bay and its approaches are far south of that latitude. The Hudson's Bay Company have five forts on the shores of the bay, all above the 51st parallel, one being in latitude 59 degrees. From their location on the shores of the bay, we supposed that the company use it for their commerce in furs and peltry.

Is Medical Reform Empiricism?

For some time past we have been fondly hoping that an union of the scattered forces of "Medical Reform" would at no distant day be effected upon a lasting and impregnable basis. As this fraternizing movement approaches its acme we discover that there are some in our ranks who possess so much of the spirit of unorthodoxy that they cannot even submit to the restraints that the immutable natural principles of true medical science imposes; especially if these truths happen to be drawn up in the form of a "creed." Happily for our cause, however these "wide liberty" advocates are composed of but a small minority of new school practitioners, and if we fail in convincing them of the policy of systematic union, the dearest interests of the cause demand that we leave them the liberty to select medicines or poisons, innocuous remedies, or destructive agencies, as their individual fancy may suggest—without principles or fundamental truths to guide them: Let them shun wild and fanatical empiricism as they can; while those who are willing to be restrained and confined within the bounds of truth unite together upon the general and (among us) universally admitted fundamental truths of medical science.

We are willing to allow a consistent latitude of opinion in all the details of medical theory and practice. Indeed we are as truly willing for all men to select what medical principles they think most perfect as we are that they should select the best remedies or course of treatment. But we as medical reformers profess to adopt a system of practice which is in direct antagonism with the old time system of poisoning; and why do we do it? Why do we thus differ from the advocates of old time physics? Because their practice is unnatural and destructive to human health and life. But why do enlightened and learned men adopt such a practice? Because it is logically deduced from abstract "verbal" principles that were never proved to exist, and the principles being admitted the practice must be legitimate.

Now medical reformers have demonstrated the absolute perfection (as far as this is attainable by remedies at all) of an anti-destructive or innocuous practice, and if from this a series of general truths, which we call "medical principles," is correctly induced, how can they be erroneous? how can they be "restrictive"? how can a man that adopts such principles be called "bigoted," "stupid," "ignorant," etc.? Is it not probable that these terms may be much more truly applied to those persons who profess to believe in and adopt such a practice, and will not acknowledge such principles? Without such fundamental truths to guide us in the selection of remedies and the application of curative processes, our boasted eclecticism is but wild and extravagant empiricism. What idea can scientific men have of a medical science that is not based upon some system of admitted facts, as a guide in the practical application of therapeutical agents? Can Medical Reform ever assume the exactness, systematizing the great discoveries of modern times into a legitimate science of medicine, if they are not willing to assent to the "platform of principles" adopted by the "Middle States Savans," we are, at least, ready to unite with them in the adoption of a better one whenever by their extraordinary abilities they discover the existence of general, natural truths adapted to such a purpose.—Medical Reformers.