

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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Choice Poetry.

ALONE.

BY MARY EMMA GILLESPIE.

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

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

The widely loved—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal;
The clear bright heart—nice table spread—
The charm of all things thrown—
The sweetness in white'er she said—
All gone—he was alone!

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

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

ADDRESS ON EDUCATION.

BY HORACE GREELLY.

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

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

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

The word Philosophy, in its proper and derivative meaning, denotes a love of wisdom or knowledge. But it is more commonly used in an accommodated and inaccurate sense, as indicating a system or circle of whatever pertains or ministers to the intellectual needs of man. Taking the word in this, now its almost universal sense, we may say that the world of

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

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

But in this basing education upon industry, activity, efficiency, I do not of course mean to confine it to material ends. Its feet are planted firmly on the earth, only that its head may be exalted to the skies. Let our educated youth be first capable, skilful, efficient, independent workers, in order that they may develop and evince a nobler manhood, a truer and sweeter womanhood, than we

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

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

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

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

She hovers before him as the pillar of light before the wandering Israelites, and her beams are reflected in his face. To him the word mother is synonymous with everything pure, sweet and beautiful. Is he an artist? In after life, the face that with holy radiance shines on his canvas is that of his mother. Smiles and soft, low voice, will bring her

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

At an examination of the College of Surgeons a candidate was asked by Abernethy—
"What would you do if a man was blown up with powder?"
"Wait until he come down," he coolly replied.
"True," replied Abernethy, "and suppose I should kick you for such an impudent reply, what muscles would you put in motion?"
"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I would knock you down immediately."
He received a diploma.

ONLY ONE O'CLOCK.—Mr. M., coming home late one night from "meeting," was met at the door by his wife.
"Pretty time of night, Mr. M., for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning, you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family!"
"Tisn't three—is only one; I heard it strike; council always sits till I o'clock."
"My soul! M. you're drunk—as true as I'm alive, you're drunk. It's three in the morning."
"I say, Mrs. M., it's one. I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, two or three times!"

A fast man undertook the task of teaching an eccentric preacher:
"Do you believe," said he, "in the story of the 'Fatted calf?'"
"Yes," said the preacher.
"Well, then, was it a male or female calf that was killed?"
"A female," replied the divine.
"How do you know that?"
"Because, (looking the interrogator in the face,) I see the male is still alive."

From "The Compass, With Variations," BY TOM HOOD.
Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most feignal;
The sails, I wot, were soon forgot,
And hope was at the pinnacle;
When rose on high the frightful cry—
"The devil's in the binnacle."

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

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German sea
Of fiction the event is;
But when they at the compass looked,
It ceased and compass ceased.

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

No Use for Trowers.
On the morning of the meteoric shower in 1833, Old Peyton Roberts, who intended making an early start to his work, got up in the midst of the display. On going to his door, he saw with amazement, the sky lighted up with the falling meteors, and he concluded at once that the world was on fire, and that the day of judgment had come.

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

Old Peyton, whose fears had near overpowered him, faintly answered as he fell sprawling on the earth—
"Trowers, Peggy! what the h—ll's the use of trowers when the world's on fire?"

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

GENTLEMEN AND THEIR DEBTS.—The late Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar at Sheffield, once said to the late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, "Mr. Peech, how is it you have not called upon me for your account?"
"Oh, said Mr. Peech, "I never ask a gentleman for money."
"Indeed," said the Vicar, "then how do you get on if he don't pay?"
"Why," replied Mr. Peech, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

MR. MARCY TO COL. BERRETT.
BALLISTON SPA, July 2, 1857.
"My Dear Colonel: I do not know when I shall be likely to find myself so much at leisure as now to write to you; I have, therefore, concluded to bring up my arrears in our correspondence, though I do not expect you will be at Washington when my letter will arrive there."
"I have been at this place more than a week. There is very little company here, but in fifteen minutes I can be in the midst of that at Saratoga."
"Very much to my surprise and gratification, Gen. Thomas (Assistant Secretary of State,) appeared in this place on Saturday morning. We spent Sunday at the Springs. He will, I do not doubt, give you a surprising and wonderful account of the performance of a young lady in a trance whom he heard at the Springs. The visit he made was, I assure you, a very agreeable one. * * * You were not remembered in our two days' conversation."
"I make but slow progress in adjusting my affairs preparatory to my European excursion, and I have doubts whether I shall be ready to take my departure so soon as the 1st of August."
"No man more suddenly withdrew his thoughts from politics than I have mine. I scarcely look at the newspapers. * * * I hardly care to tax my memory with the fact that there is such a place in this country as the White House."
"I am right glad that our friend Governor [P. F.] Thomas thinks he can do better than he would have done in exile among the Mormons."
"I have received a day or two since a bill from Mr. K. silversmith, at Balliston. If you can tell what amount you paid him for me, and when you paid it, I wish you would make a note of it when you next write to me. Take my purchase and my presents, I shall abound in uncollected silver."
Yours truly,
W. L. MARCY.

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

THE LATE WILLIAM L. MARCY.
HIS HOME—HIS STUDIES, AND HIS CLOSING LIFE.
A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Albany, N. Y., communicates the following in regard to the late William L. Marcy:

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

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

What page it was on which the volume was opened I know not. Perhaps it was on that most appropriate passage, where the great philosopher thus discourses on 'Death.'
"A mind fixed and bent on something that is good, doth avert the deluge of death; but above all believe it, the sweetest ordinance is 'memento mori,' when a man hath obtained worldly ends and expectations."
The following letter, for which we are indebted to Col. Barret, of Washington, one of Mr. Marcy's most intimate friends, will show the cheerful and pleasant frame of mind in which the veteran statesman passed his closing hours. The numerous allusions to spiritualism, to his friend Thomas, who had received a nomination as Governor of Utah, to the silver service which he was about to receive from the merchants of New York, will be readily appreciated.

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

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