

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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The Prisoner for Debt.

Look on him—through his dungeon grate,
Faded and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if he loathed the sight.
Reclining on his straggled bed,
His head upon his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his grey, neglected beard;
And o'er his bonny features low
His long dishevelled locks of snow.
No grateful fire before him glows,
And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-closed person goes
The frequent sigh and thrill.
Silence—save ever and anon
A sound, half stammer and half groan,
Fesses apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
Oh! and the crushing in the fate
Of change chained and doleful!
Just God! why lives that old man there?
Whose eyes, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red.
And the rude, old and heartless Jew
Fell over on his loathing ear;
And, or in wretchedness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh and bone give
When'er that ruffian's loathing limb
Crimes with murder, touches him!
What has the grey-haired prisoner done?
Has murder stained his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one—
God made the Old Man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invaders' sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!
And thou, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain!
Look forth, thou man of many years,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument erected to thee:
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The hand reaps thy service well!
The bells toll for the guns,
And ring the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lips are hoarse
O'er back their cradle shouts!
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the post's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"
But when the patriot's cannon jars
The prison's cold and gloomy walls,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that the prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and falling eye
Is kindled with your pageantry?
Narrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What's your carnival to him?
Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freedom, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!

The Rattlesnake Bite.

Twenty-one years ago, the goodly town
of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, wore a
different aspect from what it does at the
present day. In this brief period a mighty
change has taken place in the condition of
things around it. Railroads were, as yet,
things unknown—the rushing of the steam
locomotive with his long train, rivalling the
speed of the wild pigeon, had not yet dis-
turbed the echoes of the mountain valleys
of Franklin county.
In those days might be seen, in all their
glory, those renowned Pennsylvania teams
that now only live in the memories of men.
They have passed away, and have given
place to the swift car, or the slow, ungainly
cavalry. A grand sight it was to see
sometimes a dozen of those great teams in
one long string, drawn by five or six stout
horses, moving steadily along at the rate
of twenty miles a day, and headed by a
wagon whose body was whiter bleached,
and whose body was painted a bright
blue, than the rest, and whose harness
and housings were trimmed with gay red
fringe, and strings of bells on iron arches
above their collars, that made merry music
as they moved along. How proudly stepped
the horses, and with what an air did
the driver twist himself in his saddle, and
crack his whip, and cry "wo hoy!"
In this manner all the merchandise for
supplying the "Western country" was
when transported to Pittsburgh. "Going
over the mountains" was a very different
affair from the easy three days' journey of
the present. And the tavern along the
great turnpikes are changed as sadly as
the means of locomotion. Every pretty
town did not then boast of its Washington
or American House, with a paltry imita-
tion at table of the etiquette of the lordly
Astor or Tremont. The good old names
of the "Green Tree," the "Spread Eagle,"
and the "Rising Sun," were then in vogue.

There were large yards around these taverns for the accommodation of the teams, and there might often be seen ten or twelve wagons halted around with a long trough fastened to the tongue, and five or six horses standing up to each, quietly munching their oats after the short journey of the day. An air of comfort reigned within the house, and at the table profusion was more plainly discernible than style. Who knew better than the Pennsylvania landlady of that day how to stew a chicken and make a cup of coffee? Or who better than she could bake the crisp brown waffle-cake, and bring it to the table smoking hot and swimming in butter?
"But past is all their fame: the very spot where once in pride they flourished, is forgot."
On a bright, warm evening in June, 1825, at the sign of the Cross Keys, in Chambersburg, the landlady was talking to some Ohio merchant, who had been to Philadelphia to purchase goods, and was thus on their return home, travelling on horseback. Around the door were various people and mechanics of the town, who had dropped in to have an hour's chat, and to hear the news from the city, brought by the teamsters—for the people then contrived to live without the eager haste for news that characterizes the present generation; and however we may smile at their simplicity and ignorance, such a thing never entered their heads as killing horses and breaking the necks of their riders for the sake of getting intelligence a few hours sooner than by regular course of mail. By degrees their discourse turned to politics, and the Presidential election, and the inauguration of John Quincy Adams, which had taken place a few months previous, were the topics. The anti-administration party was the most numerous on this occasion. See Stimmel, the blacksmith, was loud in his dissatisfaction at the result, and little Tom Pierce, the white barber, roundly asserted that Gen. Jackson had been cheated out of his election. "But look out, boys," said he, "and it won't make him President next time, you may hang me for a false prophet!"

On the turnpike, three quarters of a mile west of Chambersburg, lived a good substantial farmer by the name of Peter Bonawitz; each returning year added to his wealth; he had the tallest horses and the fattest cattle that could be seen in Franklin county, when he had a team on the turnpike, and his farm was all fenced in with locust posts and chestnut rails. Of the durability of this mode of enclosure, his hired man, Jake Hoover, had the most exalted idea; he declared that locust posts and chestnut rails would last forever, for Peter Bonawitz had tried them twice. He had one only child, a daughter, fair and rosy as the summer clouds when the sun went down behind the Cove mountain. Kate Bonawitz was eighteen years old, but, most sentimental reader, she had not been educated at a fashionable boarding school, and at that age, I am sorry to say, she was not a proficient in modern accomplishments. She could not play on the piano, nor thrum on the guitar—she could not paint in water colors, nor perform experiments in natural philosophy. But who could spin a finer flaxen thread than she, and weave it with her own hands?—who could bake a whiter, lighter loaf?—who could send sweeter butter to market?—whose voice went up so clear and melodious in Old Hundred, in the good old Lutheran church of Chambersburg? Not one. I will not pretend to say that being so close heirs to her father's broad acres, she might not have been a large ingredient in the admiration that was felt for her by the young men in the region round about Chambersburg; but without this expectancy, Kate was a desirable sweetheart. To a blooming complexion, and a form that had not been spoiled by the milliner, she added modesty and a large share of good sense, and Kate was well fitted to make that much talked of thing, a good wife. No wonder she caused the hearts of the young men to flutter.

In the borough lived a young house-carper, a scion of the ancient family of the Smiths, named John, with a good, manly face and black curly locks, with broad shoulders and industrious habits. He was foremost in all the country frolics of the times; he took the lead in the bass at the singing school, and no quilling or sleighing party was complete without John Smith. Oh! these jolly sleighing parties in the buff! To be wrapped in the same buffalo robe with your partner, and speed away a dozen of miles to a dance! Oh! the music of the bells and the occasional accompaniment of a tilt over a snow-bank—and the delightful task of picking up your companion and brushing the snow from her; and then to start after your horse just to show her how fast you can run, and meeting every few rods with a fragment of your sleigh! You go to the next farm house where you find your horse frightened to death; you borrow another sleigh, and then proceed on your journey. Oh! these jolly sleigh rides in the equity. It was at a party that went out to Lou-

don that John was first fairly smitten with Kate Bonawitz. He had known her long before this; he had admired her at church; he had sighed when he heard her sweet voice at singing school; but not till now did he give himself wholly up to love's sweet dream. But it would have been a heart much less susceptible than John's to resist after riding fifteen miles in the same sleigh, and dancing half a dozen sets with her.

After this it happened that he often turned down the lane to old Peter Bonawitz's, and it also happened that Kate never gave him any cause to believe his visits unwelcome. Indeed there was much to admire in his bold, free character, and by degrees he was smitten too. But say in what climate, and under what sky, comes there not disappointment. The great poet has declared that,

"For aught that ever he could learn,
Could ever read by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."
Old Peter began to remark the increasing frequency of his visits, but he had no idea that his Kate should be carried off in such a hurry. And besides, who was this John Smith? He had but served out his apprenticeship and began business on his own account a year before, and tried in a balance, Kate's expected wealth would make John's worldly possessions kick the beam in a trice. So reasoned old Peter in "Pennsylvania Dutch." He had not arrived at that pitch of refinement to despise him for being a mechanic—it was purely a consideration of dollars and cents. So the old man shook his head, and forbade him the house. Great was the tribulation of John and Kate. But "love laughs at locksmiths," and many an old man has been cheated out of his daughter. It so fell out, that Peter went off on a journey to Carlisle, and John was not slow to take advantage of his absence. On the bright evening in June before mentioned, he dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and was soon down at the farm, and in the kitchen by the side of Kate. I dare not tell the many sweet words that passed between them, but

"The moments winged their way with pleasure," and John's chair had gotten very close to Kate's and (entirely by accident) his arm had encircled her waist, and was gazing right into her eyes, when, tramp!—tramp! on the long porch was heard the heavy footstep of Peter Bonawitz! He had come home a day sooner than was expected. John knew that footstep—he started up with a look of agony, and without even allowing himself time for a farewell kiss, he sprang out of an open window into the garden and running along a narrow walk, he cleared the fence at the bottom with a single bound. "Misfortunes never come singly," the greatest evil was yet to befall him. At the foot of the garden lay a meadow which bordered on the turnpike, and he hurried across across to regain the highway, and so get back to town. He had but taken a few strides after his leap, when he felt a convulsive movement under his foot, then there was a clear sharp rattle, something darted suddenly against his leg, and he felt a stinging pain. The dreadful thought flashed through his mind, that he had stepped on a rattlesnake, and it had bitten him. Filled with horror, he ran, he flew, fear lent him wings, and ghastly pale with anguish and affright; he rushed into the bar-room of the Cross Keys just as Tom Pierce had uttered his prophetic prophecy in favor of Gen. Jackson.

"Why, what's the matter, John?" asked Tom, terrified in turn by his friend's blanched countenance.
"Oh, I'm bitten by a Rattlesnake!" said he.
"Bitten by a Rattlesnake!" was repeated in dismay by every one in the room. All was instantly confusion.
"Run for the Doctor!" roared the landlady.
"Get it out with a razor," cried Tom Pierce, the barber.
"Burn it out with a red hot poker!" shouted Joe Stimmel the blacksmith.
"Lord have mercy on me!" groaned poor John Smith.
They led him to a bed room, and upon examination, a small puncture of the skin was discovered, a little below the knee, surrounded by a faint blue circle, and from which a few drops of blood had exuded.
"Goody gracious! how it's swelling!" exclaimed the landlady, darting out of the room. She had always on hand a specific for the cure of every ache, or pain, or disease under the sun. It was composed of the leaves of green sage pounded to a pulp, with the scrapings of fat bacon. (Brandreth's Pills were yet unknown to fame.) She quickly returned with a jar of her invaluable salve, and spreading a portion of it on a linen rag, she applied it to the wound. "That will draw the pizen out," said she. There was Bill Davis that cut off his big toe with a broad axe, and it made him so powerful weak that he could not walk, and we put on some sage and bacon and it cured him all up in two weeks. And there was neighbor Klingler's son Mat, that was bit in the arm by dandy Jack, the monkey that rode the Suetland,

pony when the many jury (menagerie) was in town, and we put on some of this salve, and it cured him in ten days; and and there was—"

Just then the doctor entered out of breath; all eyes were turned to him; all ears were stopped for hearing any word of the landlady's wonderful cures. The doctor went up to the bed side, and he straightway showed his respect for the sage and bacon by tossing it out the window. "He was one of those men who never let pass an opportunity for giving a lecture. On this occasion he made a careful survey of the wound, and looking around over the tops of his spectators, on an anxious group that surrounded the bed, he began, "My friends, there are three classes of poisons—mineral, vegetable, and animal. The wound was evidently inflicted by some serpent—it therefore belongs to the latter class, and from its exceedingly inflamed appearance I pronounce it a bite of the Crotalus horridus, or banded Rattlesnake. The general character of this species is, acute on the abdomen, acute and scales beneath the tail; rattle at the end of the tail."

"There are five species, all natives of America. The rattle is composed of dry and hollow bones nearly of the same size and form, and is considered by most naturalists as being designed to warn other animals of their danger; and the sound of that instrument often impresses them with such a degree of terror, as to wither every energy of their frames—and incapable of motion, they become an easy prey to their deadly enemy. Their bite is not only poisonous, but rapidly fatal, and has been known to kill a man in a few minutes—and—"

"Lord have mercy on me!" groaned poor John Smith.
"Yes, fix the bite first and give us the speech afterwards!" cried Tom Pearce.
At this sudden interruption of his half finished description, the Doctor frowned terribly, then he gazed round on his audience with a sneer of contempt, for their want of appreciation of science; and then he turned to the poor sufferer, and cutting away a small portion of the flesh surrounding the wound he applied a glass cup to draw out the poisonous fluid implacably there by the force of the electric repelle, and as an indispensable adjunct, he administered a copious dose of olive oil.

John now felt a little relief, and he described the spot minutely where the horrid thing lay coiled in the grass, and how he trod upon him and was bitten. It was proposed that a party of five including the blacksmith and Tom Pearce at their head, who armed with long clubs procured at a neighboring woodpile, set off instantly on this bold and dangerous enterprise. They they soon reached the vicinity of the high grass with their clubs, when suddenly they saw a movement, rapidly followed by that clear, sharp rattle heard by John; they started back a step with horror. "Tom, bolder than the rest, raised aloft his club to give the death blow—but his arm was palsied in mid air; his weapon fell harmless to the party. Was he charmed by the snake? No—before him in the bright light of the moon he saw a poor hen sitting on a nest of eggs: Such a shout, as went up from the bottom of Peter Bonawitz's garden.

"Whoever heard of a rattlesnake with feathers?" cried the blacksmith.
"That beats the Doctor's snakes with feathers in the abdomen!" shouted Tom.
They captured the unconscious hen, and hurrying back to the tavern, marched in a body to John's room. The anxious group with solemn faces was still around the bed, and the Doctor was yet at his post anxiously watching the effect of the suction of his cupping glass.
"Did you kill him, Tom?" asked the landlady with breathless haste.
"No!" said Tom, "we have got him alive, and there he is!" and he flung the poor hen uttering a piteous squall, on the bed in their midst.
"Hillo!" cried the landlady, "and John was only bit by a chicken!"
And such another scene at this unexpected termination of their lamentations—such roars of laughter—and John laughed too, and he jumped nimbly from the bed, kicked off the Doctor's cupping glass, breaking it in a hundred pieces, and then danced a Pennsylvania Quickstep for joy at his happy deliverance! In the height of the hobnob the Doctor sloped out the back way wisely reserving the remainder of his description of the Crotalus horridus for a future occasion.

The story spread, and even old Peter laughed and was glad that John was not bitten by a real snake.
And there was good cause for his imagination to conjure up such horrors—imagined by the old man—jumping out of the kitchen window—and his head racked by his thwarted love! Say, "Many wonder how he was frightened!"
But he soon recovered from his fright; and as for being lazier, he thought "those may laugh who will," he was instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole

distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long fuzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed exact to the letter, and receiving no orders himself he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was every where present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously, that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their entrenchments, the British rallied, and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leaders, carrying every thing before them. The sun had now sunk in the West, and the night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, engaged at the obstinacy of the enemy, resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to the charge on the camp itself. "You," said he to one, "was with me at Quebec, you in the wilderness, and you on Champlain—Follow me!" His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their terrified array—the next moment he galloped in front, and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, he struck with a clatter and a crash into the belly-pan of the enemy, where horse and rider sank together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.

Human Love.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest,
Written in wisdom—if there is a word,
That I would utter, as with a pen of fire,
Upon the dimmed temple of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angelic visits, and helps
The misery of ill—'tis human love!
God hath made nothing worthy of contempt,
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have passed away;
The law of heaven is love, and though his name
Has been usurped by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure,
And in those deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we first see
The lavish measure in which love is given;
And in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love:
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate but human pride.

Arnold at Bemis Heights.

Gates took Arnold's division away from him and gave it to Gen. Lincoln, so that when the second battle of the 7th of October occurred, he, the best and bravest, and most successful General in the Army, was without a command. This outrage was enough to madden a less stormy nature than his, and he immediately demanded a passport to Washington. It was granted, but on a second thought he concluded it would have an ugly look to leave on the eve of an important engagement, and resolved to remain. He was in the camp when the cannonading of the 7th of October commenced, and listened, one may guess with what feelings, to the roar of battle, which was ever music to his stormy nature. As the thunder of artillery shook the ground on which he stood, his impatience and excitement could no longer be restrained. He walked about in the greatest agitation—now pausing to listen to the din of war, and now watching the fiercely ascending volumes of smoke that told where the fight was raging. Ah!—who can tell what gloomy thoughts and fierce purposes of revenge were then and there born in his maddened soul—it is terrible to drive the brave to despair. The hero of Quebec, Champlain and Ridgefield, to whom the heading charge and perilous march were a delight, who panted like a war horse for the conflict, was here doomed by an inefficient commander to remain inactive. His brave followers were rushing on death without him, and sudden resolves and overwhelming emotions kept up such a tumult in his bosom, that his excitement amounted almost to madness.

Unable longer to restrain his impulses, he called like the helpless Aegaeus for his horse. Vaulting to the saddle, he rode for a while around the camp in a tempest of passion. At length a heavy explosion of artillery, making the earth tremble beneath him; burst on his ear. He paused a moment, and leaped over his saddle-bow, then plunging his rovels up to the girths in his horse, launched like a thunderbolt away. He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare named Warren, after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field and he immediately sent Col. Armstrong after him. But Arnold, expecting this, and determining not to be called back as he had been done before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him, galloped into the valley, and thus the chase kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reared down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard, ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skillful officer, but the headlong warrior, reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam, and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head, he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole

distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long fuzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed exact to the letter, and receiving no orders himself he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was every where present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously, that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their entrenchments, the British rallied, and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leaders, carrying every thing before them. The sun had now sunk in the West, and the night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, engaged at the obstinacy of the enemy, resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to the charge on the camp itself. "You," said he to one, "was with me at Quebec, you in the wilderness, and you on Champlain—Follow me!" His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their terrified array—the next moment he galloped in front, and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, he struck with a clatter and a crash into the belly-pan of the enemy, where horse and rider sank together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.

This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame, only to awaken elation and disappointment. There is but little doubt, that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointments in a bloody grave. Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the eyes of his countrymen and the scorn of the world!

True as a Book.

The Yankee Blade with its usual keenness of edge, takes off the head of a hideous idol which has been worshipped in this country, just as easy as a practical "Puck" does the caput of his offending slave. Witness the blow.

We saw a statement going the rounds of the papers, regarding the late Judge Martin, of New Orleans, who it seems came to this country a poor boy, and died worth half a million. The fact is blazoned forth as though it were some marvellous thing, that from a poor, penniless vagabond, destitute of home or friends, he should have forced himself up in society to a point where he could count his riches by hundreds of thousands. We can see nothing so very strange in this. Any man, with tolerable sagacity, who has a mind to make money his sole goal, and is resolved therefore to bend his whole energies for life, to the simple end of amassing riches; denying himself other species of pleasure, and never letting a penny slip from his fingers that promises not to return with increased interest; may, with a fair share in luck become as rich and despised as his pleasures. But *qui bono?*—to what good end is all this hoarding; this farthing candle-saving; this toiling in hunger, and cold, and want, through a long series of years? Is it to know that many will hate him and more despise—to know that no one will love him, and that his kindred, if he have any, will wish him dead? Or is it to enjoy a dream of power, (and only a dream, for he can never realize it), that he denies himself the enjoyments and even the comforts of life, studying the crannies of his den with golden guineas, which he has not the heart to use!—Poor, soulless wretch! he lives all his life through the bond-slave of Mammon, and Mammon's slave he dies! The ragged beggar that ever sought subsistence from door to door, is rich in the elements of happiness, an object of honor, in comparison with the mean, stingy old curmudgeon, who with his coffers filled to bursting, yet grudges buying even the necessities of life, and loath-like would extract the blood of the community, returning nothing therefor.

At the Webster dinner, at Richmond, the following toast was drunk with enthusiasm—
"The States of the Union!—Distinct, like the billow, but one, like the eagle."

James Smithson, a Londoner born, and claiming to be the son of a distinguished nobleman, gave his life exclusively to intellectual pursuits, and especially to researches in physical and experimental science. Supplied with larger means than his wants required, and steadily practicing a strict scheme of personal economy, he amassed a considerable fortune. He died at Genoa in 1829, and by his will bequeathed his accumulated property to this Union—a country notwithstanding his change of abode he had never visited, whose citizens he never associated with, but in whose inevitable future he saw the most solid ground on which to cast the anchor of his fame. This legacy, for some time the subject of litigation in the British court of chancery was finally secured, brought over and received into the treasury of the United States on the 1st of September, 1838. Its exact amount when deposited was five hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

The legacy was accompanied by a declaration of its design, and the execution of that design has been assumed, as well by an acceptance of the money as by several open and formal avowals by our government. It was to found an Institution at Washington for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men; to found, not an academy, not a college, not a university, but something less technical and precise, something whose import and circuit should be bolder and more comprehensive: an institution, not merely for disseminating, spreading, teaching knowledge, but also, the foremost, for creating, originating, increasing it. Where? In the city whose name recalls the wisest, purest and noblest spirit of the freest, nearest and broadest land. And among whom? Not a chosen or designated class—not the followers of a particular sect or sect—not the favorites of fortune nor the lifted of rank—but among MEN—men of every condition, of every school, of every faith, of every nativity! men! It was with a purpose thus elevated and expansive thus as well distinct as indiscriminate, that James Smithson committed his wealth to the guardianship of the American Republic.

A Good One.

The Baltimore Western Continent tells the following good one, combining gallantry and greenness:
Some two weeks since, a young gentleman from one of the Southern States came to Washington, to endeavor to obtain an appointment in one of the new regiments about being raised for Mexico: it was his first trip to the North, and having travelled thro' from Atlanta to Washington, without stopping on the road, he had better opportunity of feeling than seeing the effects produced by the change of climate. On the day after his arrival he was introduced by the member from his district, to several young ladies, with one of whom it fell to his lot to walk from Gadsby's to the Capitol. It was bitter cold, and the young lady was provided with a pious and muff, now so fashionable an article of dress at the North. Our hero was in a dilemma—what to call it or for what purpose it was used, he did not know. But one thing he did know, and that was that it was any thing but polite for a gentleman to allow a lady to bear such a burden.—He scrutinized it with such unbecomingness for some time—he could not divine what it contained, but he was perfectly familiar with the "kiver," and unable longer to restrain his gallantry, he extended his hand, saying,
"Miss Julia, 'low me to toad yer beautiful skin for you!"
"Thank you, sir, don't trouble yourself," replied Miss Julia, blushing very redly.
"Oh, 'tain't no trouble in the least!" replied our hero, insisting on relieving her of her burden.
The merry girl at last consented, rather than enter into so embarrassing an explanation; and taking the muff under one arm, our hero offered the other to his fair companion, with whom he walked boldly along the Avenue to the Capitol, to the no small wonderment of the passing crowd.
It is needless to add that he soon discovered his mistake, and that he has from that hour held all ladies' muff in utter abhorrence.

Expected Return of the Comet of 1850.—As long since as 1751, Mr. Richard Dunthorn, of Cambridge, on comparing the elements of the comet of 1764 and that of 1850, was led to the conclusion that the two were identical, and that its return might be expected about 1848. Subsequent investigations which have been made by different astronomers, confirm this conclusion; and there is, therefore, every reason to look for the re-appearance of this comet during the year 1848, although it would not be surprising if this event should happen even a year earlier or later than this date.—*Scientific American.*

James Smithson.

James Smithson, a Londoner born, and claiming to be the son of a distinguished nobleman, gave his life exclusively to intellectual pursuits, and especially to researches in physical and experimental science. Supplied with larger means than his wants required, and steadily practicing a strict scheme of personal economy, he amassed a considerable fortune. He died at Genoa in 1829, and by his will bequeathed his accumulated property to this Union—a country notwithstanding his change of abode he had never visited, whose citizens he never associated with, but in whose inevitable future he saw the most solid ground on which to cast the anchor of his fame. This legacy, for some time the subject of litigation in the British court of chancery was finally secured, brought over and received into the treasury of the United States on the 1st of September, 1838. Its exact amount when deposited was five hundred and fifteen thousand one hundred and sixty-nine dollars.

The legacy was accompanied by a declaration of its design, and the execution of that design has been assumed, as well by an acceptance of the money as by several open and formal avowals by our government. It was to found an Institution at Washington for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men; to found, not an academy, not a college, not a university, but something less technical and precise, something whose import and circuit should be bolder and more comprehensive: an institution, not merely for disseminating, spreading, teaching knowledge, but also, the foremost, for creating, originating, increasing it. Where? In the city whose name recalls the wisest, purest and noblest spirit of the freest, nearest and broadest land. And among whom? Not a chosen or designated class—not the followers of a particular sect or sect—not the favorites of fortune nor the lifted of rank—but among MEN—men of every condition, of every school, of every faith, of every nativity! men! It was with a purpose thus elevated and expansive thus as well distinct as indiscriminate, that James Smithson committed his wealth to the guardianship of the American Republic.

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A man may have a thousand business engagements, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.