THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—48. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 11, 1848. NEW SERIES—NO. 38.

DRUG & BOOK STORE,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE Subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to the Public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh SUPPLY OF

DRUGS & MEDICINES, PAINT-BRUSHES, Paints, Varnish, Dyestuffs

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of

Classical, Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery

of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Inkstands, &c. &c., all of which will, as usual, be sold ☞ *AT THE LOWEST PRICES.*

☞ Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Cities.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1849.

☞ I have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

Read! Read! Read!
Great News from Saint Valentine's Kingdom.

THE merry-hearted monarch has announced, by his special courier, Cupid, that he will be in proper person in the Borough of Gettysburg, *this day*, and remain here through the greater part of February, and furthermore invites calls immediately. On the 14th of February, his birth-day, he will be on hand particularly, and distribute his favors of every description.

Acrostic,	Henpecking,
Burlesque,	Love encouraging,
Beautiful,	Love sick,
Bewitching,	Loving,
Comical,	Lampooning,
Curious,	Laughable,
Courting,	Matrimonial,
Characteristic,	Original,
Caricature,	Pathetic,
Despairing,	Picturesque,
Enigmatical,	Poetical,
Espousal,	Proposing,
Enlivening,	Romantic,
Funny,	Sentimental,
Grotesque,	Serio Comical,
Humorous,	Silly,
Highflown,	Spiteful,
Heart-aching,	Serio-Tragical,
Heart-rending,	Suicidal,
Heart-piercing,	Tragical.
Heart-killing,	

Besides a few other kinds. His head-quarters will be at KELLER KURTZ'S Book-Store, opposite the Bank, where all who wish to obtain a missive will call and obtain one of St. Valentine.

Feb. 4, 1848.

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE PHILONATHEAN SOCIETY of Pa. College, will celebrate its seventeenth anniversary on *the 18th of February next*, in Christ's Church, at 6½ o'clock, P. M.; on which occasion several Orations will be delivered by active members of the Society. The friends of Literature and the public generally are invited to attend.

E. MILLER, J. E. SMITH, H. S. KOONS, S. YINGLING, A. O. SCOTT, } Committee of Arrang'mt.

Jan. 28, 1847.—td

LITERARY NOTICE.

THE PHRENAKOSMIAN SOCIETY of Pa. College will celebrate its 17th Anniversary, in the Eng. Luth. Church, Gettysburg, on the evening of the *22d of February inst.* Several Addresses will be delivered by active members of the Society. The friends of Literature and the public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

E. M'PHERSON, J. F. CROCKER, D. J. BARRICK, W. J. T. CARROL, J. F. PROBST, } *Committee of Arrang't.*

Feb. 4. 1848.—td

COUNTY TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

THE Adams County Temperance Convention will assemble in St. James' Church, in Gettysburg, on *Tuesday the 22d day of February next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The different Temperance Societies in the County are requested to adopt measures to secure the attendance of full delegations, and furnish the usuual Temperance statistics.

The friends of the cause and the public generally are invited to be present at the sessions of the convention.

☞ The Anniversary Address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. SCHMUCKER.

D. A. BUEHLER, D. M'CONAUGHY, Secretaries.

Jan. 28, 1848.

NOTICE.

THE account MOSES ZIEGLER, Trustee of the estate ELIZABETH EHRHART, (Lunatic) has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and the Court has appointed *Tuesday the 22d of February next*, for the confirmation and allowance of said account.

A. B. KURTZ, *Proth'y.*

Prothonotary's Office, Gettysburg, Jan. 28, 1848. } 3t

OLD WINTER.

OLD WINTER is come in earnest—black!
How icy and cold is he!
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,
He's a saucy old chap to white and black,
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack—
For a jolly old fellow is he!

A witty old fellow this Winter is,
A mighty old fellow of glee!
He cracks his jokes on the pretty, sweet miss,
The wrinkly old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dew of their lips—for this
Is the way with such fellows as he.

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—
He is wild in his humor, and free—
He'll whistle along for the "want of thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the laces the pretty girls bought—
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old winter is blowing his gusts along,
And merrily shaking the tree!
From morning to night he will sing his song;
Now moaning and short, now howling and long;
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a wicked old chap, I ween—
As wicked as ever you'll see—
He withers the flowers so fresh and green,
And he bites the pert nose of the miss of sixteen,
As she flippant walks in maidenly sheen—
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,
As tough as ever you'll see;
He'll trip up our trotters and rend our clothes,
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes,
He minds not the cry of his friends or his foes—
A driving old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,
A cunning old fellow is he!
He peeps in the crevices, day by day,
To see how we're passing our time away,
And mark all our doings, from grave to gay—
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

A GEM—BY SHELLY.

When young, I loved. At that delicious age,
So sweet, so short, love was my sole delight;
And when I reached the season to be sage,
Still I loved on, for reason gave me light.
Age comes at length, and livelier joys depart,
Yet gentle ones still kiss these eyelids dim;
For still I love, and love consoles my heart,
What could console me for the loss of him!

COMMUNICATED.

A SKETCH.—'Tis evening. The gentle breath of Autumn fans the sea, while the waves dance merrily upon the liquid plain, ruffling the quiet of "Old Ocean." Gay clouds flit in the expanse of Heaven and reflect their paler light upon the deep blue vault above them. Now they appear like mountains of snow piled high over each other: anon like wreaths of gold, as the last ray of day lingers upon their airy edges. The sun sinks to rest, "pillowing his head" upon the western wave, and tinging the sea with a mellow glory. All nature, robed in beauty, smiles upon the scene.

A noble looking vessel, with sails all trimmed and fluttering in the gentle breeze, leaves her mooring and plows with gilded prow the trackless path of ocean. Merry voices and glad hearts dwell within that stately vessel. Fond hopes and high expectations of pleasure to be realized in the future, burn within many a bosom. The loud laugh and the merry song are borne aloft, until that vessel seems alive with the spirit of gladness.

Night, with her sable mantle, closes around, and envelops within her dusky folds that fearless traveller of the deep. The merry voices are hushed; the loud laugh and joyous tones are no longer heard. That happy band of passengers has gone to rest, and naught is heard but the gentle ripple of the wave as the ship glides onward. The little stars twinkle forth from their hiding places, like so many diamonds, and look down upon a world wrapt in slumber. But now a dark cloud may be seen rising, as if from the very bosom of the ocean. Steadily it moves upwards and onward, spreading its dusky form, and blotting from the sight star after star as it proceeds. The winds begin to sigh among the cordage of the vessel. The sea, till this moment calm, spreads out upon its troubled bosom a white foam. Onward, and still onward, comes that deep, dark cloud, laden with wo for the devoted bark. The ocean now heaves with the violence of the wind. The "sea bird" screams with frantic joy amid the fury of the blast, while in the distance the "grim sentinel of the storm growls forth his angry summons." With deafening peal and vivid flash the tempest bursts upon that doomed vessel. Crash after crash thunders along the battlements of heaven, succeeded by blue streams of lightning, which seemed to play in wanton sport around the tops of the masts. Each mariner is at his station; but can the puny arm of mortal avail aught against the hand that holds the storms? Louder and still louder waxes the voice of the tempest. Larger and still larger grow the briny waves, until they appear like mountains rolling in quick succession. High upon the top of each succeeding wave rides that stately vessel, and again sinks into the yawning gulf, as each swell passes onward. Once more it rises upon the side of a mighty wave, but the timbers tremble, the whole vessel groans: one bold, strong effort to gain the tops of the wave, and—it sinks beneath the wave!

The storm spends its fury. Morning dawns bright and clear, and the bosom of the ocean is calm as if never disturbed by an angry blast.—Years roll away, and still the inmates of that bark sleep beneath the wave. "They sleep, and never more their names shall strike upon the ear of man: their memory bursts its fetters," until they shall hear the voice of the Angel, declaring by "him that liveth forever, there shall be time no longer."

Gettysburg, Feb 4, 1848. PHASMA.

"Mr. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing*, in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for this flattering compliment, let me remind you that you occupy my upper story entirely."

☞ Rev. Mr. Stewart advised three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: 1st. Is it right? 2d. Is it kind? 3d. Is it necessary?

BAD CHARACTERS IN SCHOOL.—It has has been decided in Massachusetts that a pupil cannot be turned out of school for bad character. The judge ruled that the worse the boy's character was, the more need of school influence to reform it.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Last year, the old Bay State appropriated $622,870, for her public schools.

[From the Home Journal.

THE MARRIAGE AND COURTSHIP OF BELZAC.

The marriage which has made much the most sensation in the Parisian world, is that of BALZAC, the novelist—Balzac, the idolized receiver of the eternal gratitude of women past thirty. The eloquent and uncontradicted assertor and prover of the fact, that it is only after this age that woman attains her full ripeness and appreciative readiness for love, has, (as our readers probably know,) tossed off his fifty years in a cup of sparkling celibacy. He is now just married, and the writer from whose narrative we are picking out, here and there, a gold thread, thus gives the spicy history:

"One morning, the luxurious author was particularly at home. His servant had orders to admit nobody, and he, in his morning gown and embroidered Greek cap, was lounging on his sofa, dreaming out some new type of the sex, which he so ably retouches after Nature. A sudden rather *brusque* opening of the door aroused him from his reverie, and, looking up, he found a lady before him, who had walked past the dismayed servnt, and assumed the responsibility. Balzac's first thought brought a frown upon his eyebrows, but, with an instant's glance, he saw that the intruder was a lady of the best claim to politeness.

She was, in fact, a person of singular nobleness of mien, agreeable countenance, and voice full of the difficult music of high-breeding; and she received Monsieur Balzac's phrases of complimentary reception with the skill and unconsciousness of one who was used to flattering homage. It was, however, with a little tremulousness of voice that she replied to his inquiry as to whom he had the honor of receiving.

"And now that you know my name," she said, "it remains for me to mention the motive of my visit. I have seen in the papers that your pretty country-house is for sale. I should, properly, I know, have treated with you through my man of business; but you must pay for your celebrity by excusing my coming personally to make inquiries."

"I have never felt more sensibly, Madam," replied the author, "the value of the echo which my works have given to my name. And it is true that I wish to abdicate my little throne in the country. I am only distressed that I am not there to show you its beauties to the best advantage."

"Yes, your presence would have, indeed, given this delicious hermitage another charm—for an exquisite spot it is, furnished with absolute taste and elegance, as well as with a luxury which only a writer of your boundless celebrity could afford."

"Ah, Madam! I have spent too much money there—but I do not say it to heighten the value of what I have to sell. I know well enough that the second owner never expects to pay for the extravagance of the first."

"I am told," added the Countess, "that your outlay there has been at least $150,000, and it is precisely the sum which I come to offer you for it."

"Pardon me, Madam, $10,000 is my price, and I could not consent to take more for it."

"I do not permit bargaining with me, Monsieur, and I will not abate my offer of fifteen times your nominal price. But I may as well explain that I offer thus much for the house exactly as it stands—furniture, pictures, and even your own copies of your own works, which stand in the library so magnificently bound."

The Countess rose, at this, and commenced carelessly and carefully examining the apartment of the great romancer, making a running soliloquy of criticisms, full of finesse and spirituality, and asking the freest questions with that well-bred ingenuity which makes a compliment of an impertinence. Balzac bore this scrutiny of his bachelor apartment with the philosophy which could not fail one of his genius and habits, and when, at last, they walked together into his little working room, at the side, he said:—

"And now, Madam, will you condescend to inform me of the object of your visit?"

"But, it seems to me," said the Countess, "that I have already explained that with sufficient clearness."

"Pardon me, Madam, if I believe that, under a pretext to inquire about a place which you have no intention of buying, you conceal the veritable motive which has given me the priceless pleasure of this interview. I am no sorcerer, but I am hard to deceive. It is one of the privileges of experience that it gives us some fruits in exchange for the flowers of which it robs us. My entire life has been given to the study of woman—I have made this science my profession—gaining thereby a penetration which I turn to account in my books, but which I am at liberty to use also in the chances of private life which concern only myself."

"You think, then," said the Countess, listening eagerly, "that it is only curiosity which has brought me here?"

"No!—or, it is a curiosity linked with a deeper motive."

"That is to say, you suppose——"

"You think you mystify me, and we will proceed as if we had met at a masquerade—for, though I see your face, that is no clue for me, as I never saw you before. But now, what say you to my divination—my fair masquerader, *I know you*."

"What recognition can there be in words?"

"I will explain," went on Balzac, with a confident smile; "your face is strange to me, but still I have known you before. Superior minds that have a peculiarity of expression for their thoughts, speak as they write. A great author says, "THE STYLE IS THE MAN." I have received, during my literary career, many letters of many kinds, and I *know* the writers—and among them I have preserved the correspondence of those who have given me the most pleasure."

As he spoke, the author drew from his secretary a package of letters, carefully envelloped, and withdrawing one, he held up its superscription to the countess.

"Why should I deny it?" said his fair visitor, laughing, "I am happy and flattered that you have found me out. But I knew *you*, also, quite as well before I saw you, and my letters in your hand tell you what I thought of you. Under the mask of an incognita, I could venture to avow to you the impression which your soul had made upon mine."

"And now that you see me, may I venture to hope that you repeat what you have written? If I were younger, you, perhaps, might hesitate at the frankness I ask of you. But at my age you need not measure compliments."

"And if you are not in the fist stage of life," interrupted the Countess, "we are mated in that, for I have long been in the category of 'past thirty,' to which you have given a value so successfully, and for which we owe you a gratitude beyond all limits."

"Your first letter, said Balzac, turning over the package in his hand, dates 15 years ago. May I ask why you did not then come to me as you have come to-day. I should then have been more worthy to reply to you."

"I was a married woman then—to-day I am a widow. I leave to your divination to see the force of my reasons. If you reproach me for not coming fifteen years earlier, you confess at least that there is now no time to lose."

"And you permit me to pay my addresses to you?"

"*I have come from Vienna on purpose.*"

"An offer of marriage so simply put, would have embarrassed, perhaps, almost any other man than Balzac, but (we have it from the best authority,) his reply, his expressions of grateful pleasure, his newly permitted tenderness, were of a tact, a delicacy and a presence of mind which would have turned the head of a younger woman, or of any woman—and the lovers, in a day or two after, started together, in the Countess's carriage for Vienna, near which, in her superb château, the marriage took place. With an income of $100,000, she has commenced, and seems likely to continue to make the great romancer happier in his Fifties than he was in Twenties or Thirties, or the later '*ties* to which reference is made will understood delicacy.

HOW BOB PARTRIDGE "DONE THE BEAF"

BY AN OFFICER OF THE U. S. NAVY.

"Fellers!" said Bob "didn't I never tell you 'bout that fight I had with the old griz'ly."

"No, Bob, you din't; give it to us now," said we.

Well, I guess I will; it's right airly yet: but let's take a drink all around fust, not cause I care a cuss abut the licker," said he, with a wink—"but it's kinder *dampish* like here, an' a fellermight catch the roomatix. That are arpendente ain't bad to drink, is it?" he cotinued—"nor't dont't take much to make feller feel good all over, neither."

"It's pretty good suff, Bob, but it ain't the story; come "cu your patchin."

"Well, we an' Bilbtarted out one mornin' 'fore light arter ek, 'cause you see it's best to take them fllows while they're feedin, seein we doni never hunt 'em with dogs here.

"We'd gone 'long pooty good piece I guess; Bill'd gone nund one side a hill, an' I was a crawlin ound tother, kinder sofly-like, through th bushes, when I seed five great big uns a lettin into th' grass about twenty yards off. One of em rix his head up and pawed zf he scented something, but I jist drawd a bead on him with old Brown-backhere, (his rifle,) an' ther fust thing *he* knored, he never knowed nuthin! The reason em left sudden: an' I loaded up an' tarted on arter em, knowin they weren't wild enough to run fur.

"Arter I'd followedem a ways, I seed they was a goin rigit round where Bill was, so I thought I'd ist take keer the one I'd killed; but when I got within 'bout 50 yards of th' place, the fust thing I seed, was a big griz'ly, a walkin off with my elk, jist th' same zef twas hisen. Lord! wasn't I mad? I rix right up an' growed a small boy in about a niit. But he didn't go fur, *he* didn't! 'Cause *you* know I never pints this old iron, and polls her trigger, 'less somethin comes of it. Tain't no use to shoot them fellows though, I've seed one live three quarters of an hour with a ball straight through his heart.

"Th' old bar dropped the Elk an' made at me right off, a growlin' like thunder,—I know'd there wern's no child's play a cumahin,' an' I hadn't so time to load agin, so I jist drawed my knife and pitched into him. Them bars don't hug, but they tear a feller awful! He fit'cause 'twas his natur, an' I fit 'cause I hates Ingins and griz'lies; an' 'bove that he riled me when he jirked my elk.

"Over and over we went! him a pawin' like mad, an' a givin' me fits; but every time I struck you could hear th' old knife go 'ker-sock!' All at once I thought 'bout my terbacker, so I drops ther knife, hauls out one piece an' then tother, an' slaps em both right in his eyes. Lord! the shines he cut! he couldn't see, but kept a goin' round and round like a spinin ginney. Now's the time, says I! So I jist grabbed the knife, give him *one* good un *where he lived*, an' fotched him. It was a *leetle* the tallest fight I ever had, fellers. He was reg'lar *griz'ly* when we begun, but afore we quit *I done him brown*, by the living jingo!"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

ON LISTENING TO EVIL REPORTS.—The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the rule which I had laid down for myself in relation to such matters: 1. To hear as little as possible whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. 3. Never to drink into the spirit of one who circulates an evil report. 4. Always to moderate as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—*Life of Simeon.*

Praise is the hire of virtue.

From the Boston Bee.

A STORY ABOUT BANVARD.

EVERY one, or, at least, every American, has heard of Banvard, and many have read his adventures, as published in the descriptive pamphlets of his great Picture of the Mississippi. But he is the hero of an adventure which is not published, and which is rather too good to be lost. It is generally known that he speculated in a variety of ways on the treacherous Mississippi to get money to help him through his object.

One of these speculations consisted in fitting up a flat-boat as a museum of paintings, which he floated from town to town, exhibiting these paintings to the inhabitants thereof. He stopped "for one night only," at the little, and almost deserted town of Commerce, Mississippi, and which can be seen in his panorama, a short distance below Memphis. During the exhibition, there was one man who appeared very consequential, and wanted to know if the proprietor had a license for exhibiting his painting? He also said as the "Squire" was out of town, he would assume the responsibility and collect the license himself. Mr. Banvard observed that the exhibition was not in the town, but on the river, and that he had a State license, which gave him the privilege of exhibiting where he pleased within the jurisdiction of the State.

"I can't help that," said the self-appointee magistrate, with all the consequence of a "real genuine squire." "We calculate to have a large town here some of these days, and we want money in our treasury, and as you is making a small sprinklin' off the place, you might as well leave a little on it behind; so fork over the license money."

Banvard found he had an ugly customer to deal with, and was so well acquainted with the people of the wild region, that he knew it was best to get off as easy as possible; for, at a word, this fellow could have the whole town at his back, who would be delighted with the "spree" of "*dornicking*" the boat, and the fellow appeared to be leader among them.

"How much is your license?" said the exhibitor.

"I don't zactly know, but I suppose I will make it ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! why, my dear sir, I have only taken in about six or eight dollars."

"Can't help that; I want ten dollars, or we good citizens will *obfusticate* this boat for you."

"But some other 'good citizen' may demand another ten dollars on the same plea," observed Banvard.

"I will 'sume the responsibilities of my fellow citizens, as I am now the only responsible person in the town."

"Well, sir, since you assume the responsibility, just sit down and view the paintings, and after the exhibition is over I will pay your demand; my business calls me at present."

Mr. Consequence then walked into the large room where the exhibition was going on, and Mr. Banvard turned to his hands, and gave them directions to have all the lines on board, except the "bow line," and to unswing the oar, with poles set ready for starting at a moment's warning, suspecting the fellow would raise a row.—After the exhibition was over, and the *good citizens* began to make tracks for home, the "collector" remained behind and demanded his money.

"Certainly," said the proprietor; "just step back into the cabin with me, and you shall have it;" and back he walked as one of the hands was extinguishing the lights used for the paintings. Just as he and Banvard reached the little cabin, Mr. B. contrived to extinguish the only remaining light, and both were shut in utter darkness. In the meantime all the spectators had left the boat, and she swung back and forth, being held only by the one line at the bow, and the current was rushing furiously by her. It was the intention of Banvard to cast the line loose as soon as the last spectator got on shore. But this last spectator saved him the trouble, for seeing the situation of the boat he thought it would be a fine joke to tell that he cut her loose." This fellow, not aware that the would-be magistrate was on board, but with his bowie knife, severed the line and ran off. The hands on the bow perceiving the boat dropping astern suspected what was done, and taking hold of the line found it cut. They immediately drew what remained of it on board, poled the boat off noiselessly into the current, and all on board were rapidly floating off on the dark bosom of the Mississippi, at the rate of six miles an hour.

"Come, make haste," said Consequence, after Mr. B. had at last succeeded in relighting the lamp.—"I want them are ten dollars in a hurry."

"Certainly, sir, as soon as I find the key of my trunk. You see, sir, my receipts are only eight dollars to-night, and I must get from my trunk the balance of the money. Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?"

"Well, I can, hoss. I got to go to court to-morrow, and I just put that sum into my pocket—hand over your bill."

"Yes, sir, as soon as I find the key to my trunk."

"Hang it, have I got to wait here till morning for the money?" said Consequence who began to smell a little of the rat.

"Certainly, unless I find the key before that time."

"Never mind the key; just hand me over the eight dollars you have, and let the balance go, we will not quarrel about trifles. Do you hear? or I will have the town about your ears."

"Yes, I hear," said Banvard, as he reached over the head of his berth, and coolly took down a pair of revolving pistols. The fellow seeing this retreated towards the door, shouting out, "Hullo, ashore there!"

"You'll have to call a little louder than that to be heard at town," responded one of Mr. B.'s men, on the bow of the boat, "for, as I take it, we are now about one and a half miles below."

"Why didn't you let me know you were going?" said Consequence, his ardor a little cooled, when he found the boat afloat, and himself trapped.

"Why didn't we let you know? why, for a very good reason—we didn't know ourselves. One of your good citizens, as you call them, cut our line loose before we knew it," replied the man.

"What line?" inquired Banvard—"the new line I bought in Memphis last week?"

"Yes, sir," replied several of the hands at once.

"Put me ashore," shouted the would-be dignitary.

"Not until you pay me damages for my line, which some of your good citizens cut for me," answered Banvard. "You said you would be responsible for their acts, and you were the only responsible person in town. My line cost me fifteen dollars; you say I owe you ten; now pay me five and we will be even; and then I will have you put ashore."

"But, sir," rejoined the man, "do not take me off! I have a suit pending, and I will lose it if I am not there to see to it.—Put me ashore, and I'll say nothing about the license."

"Not until you pay me five dollars damages for having my line cut: and if you do not, I will take you to Vicksburg, and have you committed to prison, for endeavoring to rob a man under false pretences."

"Well, sir, step towards the light, and get the five dollars;" and taking out his pocket-book, Consequence stepped to the light, and gave the five dollars, when Banvard gave orders to have him set ashore. The hands told him they would not risk themselves in a small boat at night, among the snags, without being well paid for it; and Mr. Consequence was forced to give them each a dollar, for which they set him ashore in a thick cane-break, on the opposite side of the river, about three miles below the town. How he got home that night is best known to himself. We venture to say he never meddled with business that did not concern him after passing that night among the musquitoes and alligators.

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

It is said of Dr. Franklin that, during his long residence in Paris, being invited to a party of the Nobility, where most of the court and courtiers were present, he produced a great sensation by one of his bold movements, and gained great applause for his ingenuity.

According to the custom of that age and country, the nobles, after the usual ceremonies of the evening were over, sat down to a free and promiscuous conversation.—Christianity was then the great topic—The Church was always ridiculed, and the Bible was treated with unsparing severity. Growing warmer and warmer in their sarcastic remarks, one great lord commanded for a moment universal attention by his asserting in a round voice that the Bible was not only a piece of arrant deception, but totally devoid of literary merit. Although the entire company of [illegible] a hearty assent to the sentence, Franklin gave no signs of approval. Being at that time a court favorite, his companions could not bear even a tacit reproof from a man of his weight and influence. They all appealed to him for his opinion. Franklin, in one of his peculiar ways, replied that he was hardly prepared to give them a suitable answer, as his mind had been running on the merits of a new book, of rare excellence, which he had just happened to fall in with at one of the city book-stores; and as they had pleased to make allusion to the literary character of the Bible, perhaps it might interest them to compare with that old volume the merits of his new prize. If so, he would read them a short section. All were eager to have the Doctor read a portion of his rare book. In a very grave and sincere manner he took an old book from his coat pocket, and, with propriety of utterance, read to them a poem.

The poem had its effect. The admiring listeners pronounced it the best they had ever heard or read.

"That is pretty," said *one*. "That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the word," was the unanimous opinion. They all wished to know the name of the new work, and whether that was a specimen of its contents.

"Certainly, gentlemen," said the Doctor, smiling at his triumph, "my book is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible; and I have read you the prayer of the prophet Habakkuk."

Let every reader learn wisdom from this incident, and learn to appreciate the unequalled sublimities of the Bible.—*Ladies' Repository.*

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.—Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece for publication in his newspaper. Being very busy, he begged the gentleman would leave it for consideration. The next day the author called and asked his opinion of it. "Why, sir," replied Franklin, "I am sorry to say that I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. But being at a loss on account of my poverty whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue—at night, when my work was done, I bought a two-penny loaf, on which with a mug of water I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning; when another loaf and mug of water afforded me a pleasant breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live very comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred or party passion, for a more luxurious living?" One cannot read this anecdote of the American sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid courts—"*Meal, please your majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing.*"

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all plants I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall: of all beasts, the soft patient lamb: of all fowls, the mild and guiltless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm; but a bush, a humble, slender, abject bush. As if He would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of Man. Nothing produceth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride.—*Feltham.*

The remembrance of a well-spent life is sweet.

JUDGE MCLEAN AND THE WAR.—The Cincinnati Gazette states that the following letter was written to a gentleman in in that State, and has been furnished them publication. Judge McLean occupies a high official position, and has been named, and has many friends in the several States, for the Presidency—his opinions and suggestions will be read with interest:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1848.

My Dear Sir: To all human appearance the terminaton of this miserable war with Mexico, is more remote than when the first blow was struck. In my judgment it was unnecessarily and unconstitutionally commenced, by marching our army into disputed territory in the possession of Mexico. And, I think, that Congress, who, unquestionably, have the power, should put an end to the war on just and honorable principles.

After agreeing upon the terms on which a treaty should be made, they should call upon the Executive by resolution to offer a peace to Mexico upon that basis, and during the negotiation hostilities should be suspended. If the President shall refuse to do this, in the military appropriation bills, the army should be required to take such positions as shall carry out the views of Congress. These bills the President could not veto, and he would be bound by their requirements. This may be done by the House.

I hope Congress will refuse to issue any more treasury notes. The notes demanded, in addition to those already in circulation, would flood the country with that description of paper. Such an emission would constitute a government bank, controlled and managed by a party administration. We have now fifteen millions of treasury notes in circulation, and authority to issue five millions more. I would not increase this ciculation a dollar, but would reduce it as rapidly as possible. Such a system would be incomparably more dangerous to the public morals and the public liberty, than any other system of banking that could be devised.

To meet any deficiency of the revenue to pay the current expenses of the war, I would authorise loans at par, paying not more than six per cent. interest, and if loans cannot be made at this rate, let the administration resort to a system of taxation, which shall cause the people to feel the expense of the war. All wars should be accompanied by a system of direct and internal taxation. Nothing short of this can show, in addition to the sacrifice of life, what we pay for military glory. This was the policy in the better days of the republic.

The late war with England was nobly sustained by the people, not only in the field but by the payment of taxes. And they will sustain every just war, in which, you convey [illegible] nothing in saying that an attempt to adopt such a system of taxation would wind up this Mexican war in 90 days. And this shows that the war should be put an end to. This may be done by Congress in 90 days, and I pray God that they may do it.

Very truly yours,
JOHN McLEAN.

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.—A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the winds, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing nothing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere. Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself, from the first, the depository of its confidence—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her, infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason, and afterwards, for the most terrible fears are those which have to do with reason. She will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house letting it handle in merry play everything which could look mysterious to its fearful eyes, and render it familiar with every household sound. Some of the worst fears in infancy are from lights and shadows. "The lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's afternoon, as he ran along the street," says Miss Martineau, "used to cast a gleam, and the shadows of the window-frames on the ceiling, and my blood ran cold at the sight every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle around the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter the drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning, and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair, that I might not see what was dancing on the wall. If the sun shone, as it did at that time of the day, on the glass lustres on the mantle-piece, fragments of gay color were cast on the wall, and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive—a sort of imps."

CAMEOS.—Cameo breast-pins are made of conch-shells. The art was confined to Rome for near half a century, and to Italy until the last twenty years. The first Cameo made out of Italy was by an Italian in Paris, and now about two hundred are employed in making cameos in that city. The number of shells used annually thirty years ago was about three hundred, the whole of which were sent to England, the value of each in Rome being about seven dollars. The number used in France last year was about 1,000,500, in value (shells) $44,800. The average value of large cameos made in Paris last year was about $200,00. In England not more than six persons are engaged in the trade. In America about the same number; but Yankee genius has entered the field of cameo art, and soon we shall be provided with republican gems, carved with republican hands, to deck the bosoms of our republican girls.

CURE FOR CHOLERA.—When the cholera was raging in Vienna, Dr. Marenzeller, staff-physician, administered cuprum and veratrum to 150,000 persons, each of whom fell victims to the disease. The same result was gained amongst [illegible] people in Hungary and Poland. Camphor has also been found successful in cholera.

In doing what we ought we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.