THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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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.

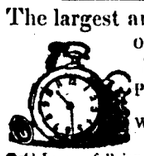
S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1847.

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

The largest and cheapest Stock

OF GOLD AND SILVER



WATCHES,

Plain and Fancy Jewelry,

IN PHILADELPHIA,

Wholesale and Retail—No. 413½ Market street.

Gold Levers, full jewelled, 18 carret case, gold dial,	$40 00
Gold Lepines, do. do.	$25 to 30 00
Silver Levers, full jewelled,	20 00
Silver Lepines, jewelled,	12 00
Silver Quartier Watches, splendid quality,	8 00
Silver imitation Quartiers;	5 00
Second hand Gold and Silver Watches, at all prices, from	$2 to 25 00
Gold Pencils,	1 75 to 2 00
Gold Bracelets, with topas and other sets,	3 00
Pure Silver Teaspoons,	4 50
Diamond point Gold Pens, with pencil and solid silver holders, only	1 25

Gold chains, breast-pins, finger-rings, ear-rings and Jewelry of every description, at the lowest Philadelphia or N. York prices; gold and silver Levers, Lepines, and Quartier watches, still much cheaper than the above prices. A call will be sufficient to convince purchasers that this is the place to get good and cheap articles. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. Orders from the country punctually attended to. Old Gold and Silver bought for cash, or taken in exchange. All kinds of watches repaired and warranted to keep correct time.

N. B. I have a splendid gold independent seconds watch for timing horses. Also, Gilt and Galvanized Watches, for traders' use, and goods of all kinds in my line, at

LEWIS LADOMUS'S

Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Store, No. 413½ Market St., above 11th, north side, Phila.

Philadelphia, Aug. 6, 1847.—7m

Cheap Watches and Jewelry.

Full Jewelled Gold Levers for $40, warranted by

Jacob Ladomus

No. 246 Market street, Philadelphia, who

HAS constantly on hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, at the following low prices:

Full Jewelled Gold Levers,	$40 00
" Silver "	20 00
Gold Lepines, Full Jewelled,	30 00
Silver Lepines,	12 00
Silver Quartiers,	8 00

with a large assortment of Fine Jewelry, such as Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Breast Pins, Bracelets, Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Chains, &c. Has also on hand a complete assortment of patent and plain Watch Glasses, Main Springs, Verges, Dials and Hands, of every description—in fact, a complete assortment of Watchmaker's tools and Watch materials, to which he would call the attention of the Country Trade. Those wishing anything in the above line, will find it to their advantage to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Philadelphia, Aug. 6, 1847.—6m

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned having formed a partnership for the practice of the Law, will attend the Courts of York and Adams, and also visit the neighboring counties if desired. Office in York street, Gettysburg, between the Bank and Public Offices, where one of the firm will constantly attend, and where communications will receive prompt attention.

JAMES COOPER,
R. G. M'CREARY.

June 18, 1847.—6m

BUILDING FOR SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale, *on the 18th of March next*, the

Large Stable

on the lot N. E. corner of South Baltimore and East Middle streets—purchasers to remove it on or before 1st of April. Terms accommodating. D. GILBERT.

Feb. 25, 1848.—3t

EXTRACT OF PATCHONLY.—This delightful extract for the Handkerchief is sold by

KELLER KURTZ:

THE DYING CHILD.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wond'rous bright—
I see the angel children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold and red are floating all around me—
They are the flowers the angel scattereth;
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone to death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine!
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing—
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

THE HEART! THE HEART!

BY ELIZA COOK.

The heart! the heart! oh! let it be
A true and bounteous thing:
As kindly warm, as nobly free,
As eagle's nestling wing.
Oh! keep it not like miser's gold,
Shut in from all beside;
But let its precious stores unfold,
In mercy far and wide.
The heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own:
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare
A sigh for other's pain;
The breath that soothes a brother's care
Is never spent in vain.
And though it throb at gentlest touch
Of sorrow's faintest call,
'Twere better it should ache too much,
Than never ache at all.
Oh! the heart—the heart, that's truly blest,
Is never all its own;
No ray of glory lights the breast
That beats for self alone.

DASH THE WINE CUP AWAY.

BY WM. H. BURLEIGH.

Dash the wine-cup away! though its sparkles should be
More bright than the gems that lie hid in the sea;
For the Demon, unseen by thine eye, lurketh there,
Who would win thee to ruin, to woe and despair!

Believe not the tempter who tells thee of joy
In the bright flushing goblets that lure to destroy!
Nor barter thy birthright, nor give up thy soul,
For a moment's mad bliss, to the Fiend of the Bowl.

Oh, the mighty have fallen!—the strong and the proud
To the thrall of the wine-cup have abjectly bowed;
For its maddening delights flung their glory away,
And yielded, insanely, their souls to its sway.

The wise, and the learned in the lore of the schools,
Have drunk—and become the derision of fools;
And the light that made radiant the spirit divine,
Hath often been quenched in a goblet of wine.

Youth and Beauty, while yet in their strength and their glow,
Have been marked by the fiend and in ruin laid low;
And the Preacher and Statesman together have kneeled
To the wine-god obscene, till in madness they reeled!

Up—up to the rescue! The land must be torn
From the grasp of the Demon whose fetters we've worn—
Our homes, by his touch, be no longer profaned—
Our souls in his thraldom, no more be enchained!

Dash the wine-cup away! we will henceforth be free—
Earth's captives their morn of redemption shall see,
And the foul fiend that bound them be thrust back to hell,
While the songs of our triumph exultingly swell!

CHARITY LIKE THE BREEZE

Night kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone, and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden draft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost broken-hearted, it drooped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now, the gentle breeze, who had been gambolling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and toising the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on the errands of mercy and love, and fondly bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers. The young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous deed was performed; yet not without regard—for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity, like the breeze, which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.

CRUSHED AFFECTIONS.

How many suffer from unrequited affection! They are attached strongly to those who return them cold words, indifferent looks, and even avoid their presence. A word that might not otherwise be noticed often sinks deeply in the heart of one whose life is bound up in another. Where an object is cherished, each motion is watched with solicitude, and a smile gives exquisite pleasure, while a frown sends a dagger to the heart. There is no greater sin than to crush those warm affections, gushing freely from a generous heart. It dries up the fountain of the soul—fades the smile on the cheek, and casts a shadow over every bright and glorious prospect. Draw near to the heart that loves you; return the favors received, and if you cannot love in return, be careful not to bruise or break it by a careless word—a [illegible] expression, or an air of indifference.

NEVER GIVE UP.—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, he mends it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles do not stop forever,
The darkest day will pass away.

From the New York Times.

RATTLESNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LOUISIANA SWAMP DOCTOR.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way North to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an'ingenius negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well-worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the rattlesnake as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist—nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven-eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas girl's apron, twenty-three rattles, and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiatory offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation.—Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure had arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young Cockney lady, who, hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request, that the young doctor "would make the hanimal oler!"—a process which the proverbial abstemiousness, when in confinement, of the "hanimal," was accomplishing rapidly, without any intervention on my part. Politeness wouldn't allow me to refuse; and, as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept continually stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung alongside of the wharf-boat at V——, and, transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me an opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous, until, thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast," as the steamer Congress came booming along, and, after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way—obtaining none, however, but myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin-deck, in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimneys, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was a bright, luminous night in the autumn. The clear croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains from the dark woods lining the river, like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A goodly number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars, and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations, and colors.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner in which he choked a "cobra de Capella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account, had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oath, he said he wasn't afraid of any thing in the snake line, from the seaserpet down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met with the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattle-snake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa constrictor in a fair fight, should be afraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake, that never grew bigger round than a marlinspike!"

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter amazement, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake!

I was so horrified and astonished, I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage—and yet there he was at liberty, in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals. The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissin'," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but *I knew it was a rattlesnake in its deadly coil.*

The horror of that moment I shall not attempt to describe; every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh; and I knew, if a vein were stricken, no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It seemed monstrous like a rattle-[illegible]," observed a passenger; "but there is no doctors or fool students on board, and nobody but cussses like these would be taking snakes 'bout. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst, when a rattlesnake, belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers.—The poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's 'prentice not much longer, I reckon."

My hair stood on end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't zactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler climblin, for that would have been taken the law inter our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swaller-fork slit under-bit and half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island, up to his mouth in water, and the river risin' a slam foot an hour!"

Not knowin but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this awful recital of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailability of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not entirely abolished.

The sailor must again have moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his warning rattling again commenced, and *this time*, clear, loud, and continuous, to the tutored ear indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out, "Dont move, for your life! A light! For God's sake, bring a light! Quick! Quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare us, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattles; jest bring one of your real rattlesnakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten the English sailor or not."

Hearing me call so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch; but hardly had reached the deck, when he discovered the monster, his head drawn back ready for striking.

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts, you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down, and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair.—With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattlesnake! Man overboard! Stop her! Out with the yawl! Fire! Snake! She's sinking! Shoot him! Snake! Whose is it! Lynch him! Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs, the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct, above the terrible melee, arose the piercing rattle of the snake who, writhing his huge proportions about, and striking at every thing near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard, and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it, in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it overboard!"

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of my participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation of the rascal that brought it on board than myself.

THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

This rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester, (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for nothing—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall,) is related by Goldsmith, in his life of Beau Nash. It looks, says Mr. Leigh Hunt, like a page out of one of Fielding's novels:

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. James Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart: he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain: he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who, with calmness, lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it.—She advised with his brother who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be fixed there unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion, was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, to turn his fortune, but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectation of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer; he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By heaven, it shall never go for less!" and dashed it against the floor at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desparation immediately excited the attention of the whole company: they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jemmy," said his wife, "you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you are in the wrong, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What, all!" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he; "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear," cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were lately taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and so keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played again even for amusement.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We have often been impressed by the deep significance of the phrase which Dickens has given as a title to one of his Christmas stories, "The Battle of Life." It is full of solemn meanings. All our hours, from the cradle to the grave, are a series of antagonisms.—Hunger, fatigue, sickness, temptation, sin, remorse, sorrow—these are the strong powers with which we must wage continual war. Foes beset us from without and from within, and make life one long and earnest battle. But there are victories to be won on the field, more glorious than those which crimsoned Marathon and Waterloo. Evil habits may be subdued—fiery passions brought under the control of principle—temptations resisted—self-denial cheerfully sustained, and life itself consecrated to high and holy purposes. To triumph over the infirmities of a perverted nature, and render life, once deformed by passion and stained by sin, beautiful with love made manifest in deeds of beneficence, is worthier our ambition than all the blood-wrought heroisms that ever linked a name to a world's remembrance. Every day witnesseth triumphs such as these—yet Fame proclaims them not. What matters it? In the serene depths of these all conquering spirits, God's peace abides, and harmonies are heard, such as the angels make when they welcome the victorious soul from the conflicts of this, to the raptures of the heavenly world.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.—Young Man bestir yourself! Don't stand there leaning on that post, or sit curled up in the corner brooding over your ills. If you are in trouble you can never overcome it so. If you wish to be a *man*, your hairs will be grey first, unless you go to work. Do something. If it is not quite so profitable as some other kinds of business, go at it—keep at it and stick to it—and our word for it—you will prosper. Never say that you are too young and there is time enough yet to be somebody if you don't commence just yet. Soon, very soon, we shall all be old, and if we ever do anything, we must commence while young. Look at *Lafayette*! He was major general in the American army at the age of eighteen; at twenty-two he raised supplies on his own credit at Baltimore, for the army. At the age of twenty-six, Thomas Jefferson was the leading member of the colonial legislature of Virginia, and at thirty-three he drafted the Declaration of Independence. Pope wrote many of his best poems before he was sixteen years of age. Milton, also, at the age of twenty, had written his finest miscellaneous poems. Thousands of other instances might be cited to prove that young men can do something if they will. Look at George Washington; at twenty-seven, at the head of a small army, he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat.

Arouse, then, to action! Decide upon some trade or profession, and never give up until you master it—and you may yet be a bright star in the constellation of fame.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—Mrs. Himes, a young married woman, was frozen to death in Leyden, Lewis county, New York. She went with her husband five miles to church; returning on foot, he stopped at the house of an acquaintance, while she passed on, lost her way, and was found on Wednesday, where she had made her bed in the snow, taken off her bonnet, and laid down to die. From the circumstance of a new pair of shoes being nearly worn out, it is supposed the poor woman walked from Sunday afternoon to Tuesday night.

HENRY CLAY.—We find the following "striking description" of Henry Clay in the Knickerbocker Magazine. It is needless to say it is by a Western man: "He is a man, and no mistake! Nature made him with her *sleeves rolled up.*"

During a fire in St. Lous, on the night of the 7th, a cat and dog were found in one of the rooms of the house, nearly dead; but affectionately locked up in each other's arms, or rather feet. They had lived together through life.

[From the Union Magazine.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

I dreamed I was sitting on an eminence where the whole scene of life was before me—seas, plains, cities, and country—the world and its actors. An old man, with the noble head and serene countenance that befits wisdom, stood beside me, and I turned from a perplexed gaze on this multitudinous human family, to ask him, "Who is that so many seem constantly expecting, and so many others to be blindly pursuing?"

"She is an immortal," he replied, "whose home is not in this world. In truth, she rarely visits it. Her companionship is reserved for those who, in the language of Scripture, "shall see God as he is, for they shall be like him,"—her name is Happiness. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake!"

"Why then are so many pursuing her?" I asked, "why do they not learn from the experience and disappointment of others?"

"The desire of her presence," he replied, "is born with them; the child cries for her; some are ignorant of the means of attaining her; some delude themselves, and others are deluded as to the mode of winning her; few are willing to pay the price of her friendship, and fewer still will receive the truth that she does not abide on earth, even with those most worthy her presence. To them her visits are rare and brief, but they are content to dwell among her kindred, Submission, Tranquility, Contentment, and Patience. Take this," he said, giving me a curious eye-glass, "it will enable you to see the distant, to penetrate every secret path, and to discern untold thoughts."

I took the glass—it fulfilled his promise. I now beheld the whole world in pursuit of this enchanting being. Some were crossing the wide sea, some treading the wilderness, masses were crowding into cities, and others flying to the country, in quest of her. They looked for her where she was never heard of, and what at first was inexplicable to me, those that most eagerly sought her, and sought nothing else, never, by chance, found her.

Tired of my general observation, I finally confined my attention to two young persons who began the course of life together. One was a beautiful girl called Brilliants, whom I first saw in a French boarding school, with teachers in all the arts and various branches of learning.

"Why do they confine me here?" she exclaimed, pettishly, "they tell me I was born for happiness, and have not so much as heard the rustling of her wings in this tiresome place. Well, I must worry it through, but when school-days are over and I am "out," and surrounded by friends, and followed by lovers, and go at will to operas and balls, then Happiness will be my constant companion."

This golden future became Brillianta's present. I saw her wreathed with flowers and sparkling with jewels, admired and flattered, and hurrying from one scene of gaiety to another; but instead of the companion she presumptuously expected, there were only Pleasure and Excitement, and at their heels Satiety and Weariness.

"Alas!" exclaimed Brilianta, "Happiness is not yet with me, but she will come to my wedding—with the bridal gifts and festivities—she will take up her abode in my luxurious home!" But True Love was not required at the marriage, so Happiness refused to be there. Vanity and Pride were among the guests, and were soon followed by the fiend Disappointment. Happiness could not breathe the air they infected.

A few years passed. "Happiness never has been, never will be here!" exclaimed Brilliants. "My husband is so tiresome! my children teasing! my servants tormenting! I will go to foreign lands, I will explore other countries—surely where so many rush to seek Happiness she must be found." And away went Brillianta, but the chase was vain; she never got so much as a glimpse of Happiness, though she went on pursuing till death overtook her. A mist that had been gathering around her settled into darkness, and I saw her no more.

She whom I had seen start in the career of life with Brilliants was named Serena. She came forth daily from a home where all sweet contentments were, from God-loving and God-fearing parents, to her school-tasks. She had an earnest and sweet countenance, but what chiefly struck me about her was unlikeness to the rest of the world. She was not pursuing Happiness. She was too modest to claim her presence, too humble to expect it. She was so occupied with her tasks and duties that she had no time to think of herself, but she was eager enough to obtain the acquaintance of Happiness for others.—What disinterestedness, what self-forgetfulness she practised to achieve this! and, strange to say, when she asked and sought this eluding being for others, she came unsought, unasked, to herself, and when clouds gathered heavily around Serena, so that Happiness could not come, (for her nature requires bright skies,) she sent her helpful handmaid Patience, and Serena was content and grateful. "How many unexpected, undeserved meetings I have with my heavenly friend!" Serena would exclaim. And as I saw, Happiness daily saluted her in the lovely aspect of nature, in household loves, in the prayer of faith, and the peace of acquitting conscience. To Serena, in due time also came the wedding-day, and with the illimitable hope and bright confidence that belongs to that period of a woman's life, she said "Happiness, you will of course preside at this festival?" "Of course," replied Happiness, "for where my best friends gather on the wedding-day—Love, Fidelity and Moderation—am I ever absent? But remember, dear Serena, my stay cannot be long; Care, Toil and Sorrow must come to you; I cannot consort with them, but they will prepare you for my constant society hereafter, and make you relish it more keenly." Care, Trial, Sorrow, stern sisters, who come to all, did come to Serena, but they were not always present, and when they were present, their terrors were converted to a precious ministry by the unfailing presence of Serena's best friend Religion.

My eye followed the whole course of this "traveller between life and death," and I saw that she met Happiness on many an elevation in her life, at many a bright spot or sudden turn; and finally when the gates of death opened to her, I saw her celestial friend, with open arms, awaiting her, to abide with her forever and ever.

INFLUENCE OF YOUNG MEN.—Throw a stone into the water and mark how circles widen until they are lost. Such is influence—your influence, young men. On which side will you throw it, virtue or vice? You have the power of partially redeeming the world, or making it tenfold more wicked. Which will you do?—with a judgement day before, and a long eternity for reflection, tell us how will you labor? It is a fearful thing to live, and a terrible thing to die, with the ghosts of worse than wasted moments and debased talents staring us in the face. At the time the Roman liberties were attempted to be destroyed, Cataline, knowing the influence of young men, began by corrupting their minds, and leading them to the commission of daring crimes. This fact shows that he understood human nature—with the countenance and support of young men we could regenerate the world—without their support, comparatively futils would be all our efforts. If such is your influence, beware where you throw it. Live to elevate and bless, and not curse and destroy—feel that you are living for other worlds and that your immortal destiny depends upon how you live, move and act.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if love be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenement that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and the atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life is impregnated with death—health is made to elaborate its own destruction! The food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along our path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by the daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors perishing among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world!

EMPLOYMENT OF EVENINGS.—It is a question of great importance, especially to young men, how you spend your evenings. If you have no regular employment, no fixed pursuit to engross your attention, and operate as stimulus to the mind when unemployed, you must of necessity have many leisure and unoccupied hours; intervals when time will hang heavily on your hands and suggest the necessity of some means to relieve it of its weight. The very time which is dissipated in idleness, would, if devoted to study, enable many a young man to obtain eminence and distinction in some useful art.

A sexton's son became an astronomer by devoting a few hours every evening to the study of the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Gifford was, in early life, an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. His destitution was such, that he was compelled to work out his problems on a smooth piece of leather with a blunted awl. David Rittenhouse was a ploughboy, and covered his plough beams and fences with his juvenile calculations. James Ferguson was a shepherd's boy, and learned to read and write, while watching his flocks in the field by no other light than the moon and stars.

THE PRESS.—The art of printing is perhaps the mightiest instrumentality ever contrived by man, for the exertion of moral influence. The Rev. Dr. Adams in his late address at Yale College, remarked:

"In the city of Strasburg, on the eastern frontier of France, there stands, in the principal square, a large bronze statue of Guttenberg, the inventor of the art of printing with moveable types. It is a full length figure of that fortunate individual, with a Printing Press at his side, and an open scroll in his hand, with this incription: *And there was light.* Upon the several sides of the high pedestal on which the effigy stands are four tableaux in bas-relief, designed to represent the effect of the art of printing on the general progress of the world.

In one, stands the names of the most distinguished scholars, philosophers, and poets of all times; in another, the names of those who have been eminent for their achievements in the cause of human freedom; conspicuous among which is an allusion to our Declaration of Independence, with the names of Washington, Franklin, Hancock and Adams. On the third side, is a representation of phylanthropy knocking off the fetters of the slave, and instructing the tawny children of oppression in usful knowledge; and on the fourth, is Christianity, surrounded by the representatives of all nations, and tribes, and people, receiving from her hand, in their own tongue, the words of eternal Truth. Christianity! Heaven-born Christianity! Divine philosophy! look down with indifference or disdain on that bearded man, at work with tools in his smutty shop, away on the Rhine? Affect to overlook and undervalue him as a mechanic? A mechanic, why, out of those bars of wood, and pounds of metal, and ounces of ink, he is constructing a machine to make the nations think. He is constructing wings for Christianity herself, which shall bear her with the music of her silver trumpet to all the abodes of men."

A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the inventive greatness, skill and fortitude of the voyager.