

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIX.—3.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1848.

NEW SERIES—NO. 45.

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, PAINTS, VARNISHES, PAINERS, DYE STUFFS

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. 23, 1840.

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

The Cheap Book Store, Opposite the BANK, Gettysburg, Penn'a.

Sign of the BIG BOOK.

EMPORIUM OF
STANDARD LITERATURE.

WHERE may be found a large and choice collection of the standard works in the general department of Literature, including—

- Agriculture, Domestic Economy, &c.
- Biblical and Theological History and Literature.
- Biography.
- History, Ancient and Modern.
- College and School Books.
- Essays, Belles-Lettres, Education, &c.
- Mental and Moral Science, Criticism.
- Natural Science, &c.
- Voyages and Travels.
- Natural Embellished Works.
- Medical and Surgical Science, &c.
- Dictionaries and Encyclopedias.
- Politics, Political Economy, and Statistics.
- Poetry and the Drama.
- Juvenile Works.
- Miscellaneous works.

The above with a general assortment of Maps, Guide Books, Charts, Games, Stationery, &c., are for sale at the Original Cheap Book Store of

KELLER KURTZ,
Opposite the Bank.
March 17, 1848.

IN THE MATTER of the intended application of a license to a Taverner to keep a Tavern in the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county—being an old stand.

WE, the subscribers, citizens of the township of the Borough of Gettysburg, do hereby certify, that we are personally & well acquainted with Jas. A. Thompson the above named petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences, for the lodging and the accommodation of citizens, strangers, and travelers; and we do further certify, that we know the House for which license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood believe it to be suitable for a Tavern, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travelers.

Wm. S. Hamilton, Wm. Steinst,
Peter Stallsmith, P. Aughinbaugh,
Wm. King, Allen Grist,
R. Ziegler, George Little,
H. Smith, J. B. Danner,
Nicholas Weaver, George Geyer.

March 24, 1848.—St.

NOTICE.

THE first and final Account of GEORGE SWORS, Assignee of HENRY G. WOLF, has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and the Court have appointed Monday the 17th day of April, for the confirmation and allowance of said account, unless cause to the contrary be shown.

A. B. KURTZ, Prothy.
Prothonotary's Office,
Gettysburg, March 24, 1848.

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testimonial on the Estate of ANAN GARDNER, sen., late of Baltimore township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, he hereby gives notice to all who are indebted to said Estate to call and pay, the same, without delay, and those having claims are desired to present the same properly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. ROBINETTE,
March 24, 1847.—St.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of ANTHONY FLETCHER, late of Mount Pleasant tp., Adams co., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, he hereby gives notice to all indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

DAVID T. SPENGLER,
Adm'r.
March 3, 1848.—St.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.
And the night of sorrow's reign,
While all is dark and drear,
'Tis cheering to the weary soul
To feel a friend is near;
One who through trials firm will stand
And yield a generous aid
To bear above the storms of time,
A being God hath made.
We cannot claim a right to live
Aloof from others' woes,
And pass in splendid luxury
On to the grave's repose:
The wealth of earth may gild our path
And blind the rich man's eyes,
But ah! it cannot light the tomb,
Whence'er the spirit flies!
In every brother should we see
A brother and a friend,
And feel that life's first duty is
Our fellowship to lend:
How much of human woe would then
Be banished from our race!
And all our acts would meet the smile
Of God's approving grace.

VICE.

In vain the heart that goes astray
From virtue's spiraling way—
May hope that feelings just and free,
Mek peace, or firm integrity,
Or innocence with snowy vest
Will consoling to its guest,
As soon within the viper's coil
Might pure and white-winged spirits dwell,
As soon the flame of vivid gleam
Glow in the chill and turbid stream;
Sweet emblem of truth, scarce of all purity,
Connects our wanderings with our pain—
And heaven ordains it thus, to show
That hands of vice are bonds of woe.

THE POISONED CUP.

Away! away with the poisoned cup!
It hath no charms for me!
Fill, fill to the brim the goblet cup
With water pure and free—
With water from the mountain-fall,
Sparkling and cool, the goblet fill.
The wine-cup you offer, tho' radiant and bright,
It stains by the sight and taste:
It may give to the palate a moment's delight,
But how soon will its glow disappear!
Each moment of pleasure is followed by pain,
And we fly to the wine-cup for succor in vain.
Oh! give me the nectar, pure gushing and free,
From the fountain, the streamlet, or rill:
Sweet emblem of truth, scarce of all purity,
From thy offerings my goblet I'll fill:
From thee will I draw inspiration—in vain
Shall the tempter allure to the wine-cup again.

SPEAK NO ILL.

Nay, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard—
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good is known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's faults expose:
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base!
No! let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search of good,
And speak of all the best we can.
Then speak no ill!—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're first in fault to see,
Be not the first to charge it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

FLORENCE AND WALTER.

A LOVE SCENE FROM DOMBEY & SON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[A late number of Dombey and Son contains a passage that we think will be particularly interesting to some of our readers. We would premise that Florence—the abuse of her father having swelled to a point beyond even her meek endurance—has left the house forever, and sought a refuge at the "Wooden Mithras," now kept by Captain Cuttle. Walter has come back from sea, and has been back three or four days when the following scene occurs:—]

"Florence had been weak and delicate of late, and the agitation she had undergone was not without its influence on her health. But it was no bodily illness that affected her now. She was distressed in mind; and the cause of her distress was Walter. Interested in her, anxious for her, proud and glad to serve her, and showing all this with the enthusiasm and ardor of his character, Florence saw that he avoided her. All the long day through he seldom approached her room. If she asked for him, he came again for the moment's earnest and as bright as she remembered him when she was a lost child in the staring streets, but he soon became constrained—her quick affection was too watchful not to know it—and uneasy, and soon left her. Unthought he never came, all day, between the morning and the night. When the evening closed in, he was always there, and that was her happiest time, for then she half believed that the old Walter of her childhood was not changed. But circumstances would show her that there was an indefinable division between them which could not be passed.

And she could not but see that these revivings of a great alteration in Walter manifested themselves in despite of his utmost efforts to hide them. In his consideration for her, she thought, and in the earnestness of his desire to spare her any wound from his kind hand, he resorted to innumerable little artifices and disguises. So much the more did Florence feel the grossness of the alteration in him, so much the oftener did she weep at the estrangement of her brother.

The good Captain—her unerring, tender, over-zealous friend—saw it too, Florence thought, and it pained him. He was less cheerful and hopeful than he had been at first, and would steal looks at her and Walter by turns, when they were all three together at an evening, with quite a sad face.

Florence resolved, at last, to speak to Walter. She believed she knew now what the cause of his estrangement was, and she thought it would be a relief to her full heart, and set him more at ease, if she told him she had found it out, and quite submitted to it, and did not reproach him. It was on a certain Sunday afternoon that Florence took this resolution. The faithful Captain, in an amazing shirt collar,

was sitting by her, reading with his spectacles on, and she asked where Walter was.

"I think he's down below, my lady lass," returned the Captain.

"Should like to speak to him," said Florence, rising hurriedly as if to go down stairs.

"I'll rouse him up here, beauty," said the Captain, "in a trice."

Thereupon the Captain, with much alacrity, shouldered his book—for he made it a point of duty to read none but very large books on a Sunday, as having a more staid appearance; and had bargained years ago, for a prodigious volume at a book-stall, five lines of which utterly confounded him at any time, inasmuch that he had not ascertained on what subject it treated—and withdrew. Walter soon appeared.

"Capt. Cuttle tells me, Miss Dombey," he eagerly began on coming in—but stopped when he saw her face.

"You are not so well to-day. You look distressed. You have been weeping."

He spoke so kindly, and with such a fervent tremor in his voice, that the tears gushed into her eyes at the sound of his words.

"Walter," said Florence, gently, "I am not quite well, and I have been weeping. I want to speak to you."

He sat down opposite to her, looking at her beautiful and innocent face; and his own turned pale, and his lips trembled.

"You said, upon the night when I knew that you were dead—and oh! dear Walter, what I felt that night, and what I hoped!"

He put his trembling hand upon the table between them, and sat looking at her. "That I was changed. I was surprised to hear you say so, but I understand, now, that I am. Don't be angry with me, Walter. I was too much overjoyed to think of it, then."

She seemed a child to him again. It was the ingenuous, confiding, loving child he saw and heard. Not the dear woman, at whose feet he would have laid the riches of the earth.

"You remember the last time I saw you, Walter, before you went away?"

He put his hand into his breast, and took out a little purse.

"I have always worn it around my neck! If I had gone down in the deep, it would have been with me at the bottom of the sea."

"And you will wear it still, Walter, for my old sake?"

"Until I die!"

She laid her hand on his, as fearlessly and simply, as if not a day had intervened since she gave him the little token of remembrance.

"I am glad that I shall be always glad to think so, Walter. Do you recollect that a thought of this change seemed to come into our minds at the same time that evening, when we were talking together?"

"No!" he answered in a wondering tone.

"Yes, Walter. I had been the means of injuring your hopes and prospects even then. I feared to think so, then, but I know it now. If you were able, then, in your generosity, to hide from me that you knew it too, you cannot do so now, although you try as generously before you. You do, I think you for it, Walter, deeply, truly; but you cannot succeed. You have suffered too much in your own hardships, and those of your dearest relation, quite to overlook the innocent cause of all the peril and affliction that has befallen you. You cannot quite forget me in that character, and we can be brother and sister no longer. But dear Walter, do not think that I complain of you in this. I might have known it—ought to have known it—but forgot it in my joy. All I hope is, that you will think of me less irksomely when this feeling is no more a secret one; and all I ask is, Walter, in the name of the poor child who was your sister once, that you will not struggle with yourself, and pain yourself, for my sake, now that I know all."

Walter had looked upon her while she said this with a face so full of wonder and amazement, that it had room for nothing else. Now he caught up the hand that touched his, so entreatingly, and held it between his own.

"Oh, Miss Dombey," he said, "is it possible that while I have been suffering so much in striving with my sense of what is due to you, and must be rendered to you, I have made you suffer what your words disclose to me. Never, never, before Heaven, have I thought of you but as the single, bright, pure, blessed recollection of my boyhood and my youth. Never have I from the first, and never shall I to the last, regard your part in my life, but as something sacred, never to be lightly thought of, never to be esteemed enough, never, until death, to be forgotten. Again, to see you look and hear you speak, as you did on that night when we parted, is happiness to me that there are no words to utter; and to be loved and trusted as your brother, is the next great gift I could receive and prize!"

"Walter," said Florence, looking at him earnestly, but with a changing face, "what is that which is due to me, and must be rendered to me, at the sacrifice of all this?"

"Respect," said Walter in a low tone, "and reverence."

The color dawned in her face, and she timidly and thoughtfully withdrew her hand; still looking at him with unabated earnestness.

"I have not a brother's right," said Walter. "I have not a brother's claim. I left a child. I left a woman."

The color overcast her face. She made a gesture as if intending that he would say no more, and her face dropped upon her hands.

"They were both silent for a time; she weeping.

"I owe it to a heart so trusting, pure and good," said Walter, "even to tear myself from it, though I rend my own. How dare I say it is my sister's?"

See was weeping still.

"If you had been happy; surrounded as you should be by loving and admiring friends, and all that makes the station you were born to enviable," said Walter, "and

if you had called me brother, then, in your affectionate remembrance of the past, I could have answered to the name from my distant place, with no inward assurance that I wronged your spelt truth by doing so. But here—and now!"

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Walter!—Forgive my having wronged you so much. I had no one to advise me. I am quite alone."

"Florence!" said Walter, passionately. "I am hurried on to say, what I thought, but a few moments ago, nothing could have forced from my lips. If I had been prosperous—if I had any means or hope of bettering one day able to restore you to a station near your own—I would have told you that there was one name you might bestow upon me—right above all others, to protect and cherish you—that I was worthy of in nothing but the love and honor that I bore you, and in my whole heart being yours. I would have told you that it was only claim that you could give me to defend and guard you, which I dare accept and dare assert—but that if I had that right, I would regard it as a trust so precious and so precious, that the unvidued truth and favor of my life would poorly acknowledge its worth."

The head was still bent down, the tears still falling and the bosom swelling with its sobs.

"Dear Florence! Dearest Florence! whom I called so in my thoughts, before I could consider how presumptuous and wild it was. One last time let me call you by your own dear name, and touch this gentle hand in token of your sisterly gratefulness of what I have said."

She raised her head, and spoke to him with such a solemn sweetness in her eyes; with such a low, soft tremble in her frame and voice that the innermost chords of his heart were touched, and his sight was dim as he listened.

"No, Walter, I cannot forget it. I would not forget it for the world. Are you—are you very poor?"

"I am but a wanderer," said Walter, "making voyages to live, across the sea. That is my calling now."

"Are you soon going away again, Walter?"

"Very soon."

She sat looking at him for a moment—then timidly putting her trembling hand in his—

"If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Walter, I will go to the world's end without fear. I can give up nothing for you—I have nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with my last breath I will breathe your name to God if I have sense and memory left."

He caught her to his heart and laid her cheek against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no more forlorn, she went in, upon the breast of her dear lover.

Blessed Sunday Belle, ringing so tranquilly in their untorn and happy ears; Blessed Sunday peace and quiet, harmonizing with the calmness of their souls, and making holy air around them! Blessed twilight stealing on, and shading her so soothingly and gravely, as she falls asleep, like a hushed child, upon the bosom she has clung to!

Oh! load of love and truthfulness that lies so lightly there! Aye, look down upon the closed eyes, Walter, with a proudly tender gaze; for in all the wide world they seek but thee now—only thee!

Do as you agree.—There is no necessity of breaking your word. In the first place, never promise anything unless you know it to be in your power to fulfill; and in the second place, make up your mind before you promise, that whatever you do promise you will fulfill. By so doing, you will gain and enjoy the confidence of those around you. When such a character is established, it will be of more value than ermine, gold or princely distaffs.

A WORD.—Say not what you had better leave unsaid. A word is a little thing we know, but it has often occasioned bitter strife. Suppressing the truth has ruined many a character—a many a soul. A word unuttered, and Hamilton would have lived the pride of his country. Who can tell the good and bad effects of a single word? Be careful what you say. Think before you speak, and you will never be mortified with yourself, or cause a thrill of pain to flash through the heart of a friend.

AMERICANS TORTURED.—We find, in a letter from an officer of the U. S. steamer Spiritus, a statement of a horrible affair which took place at Talascoy, Mexico, a few days previous to the 20th of February. Five Americans, captured near Vera Cruz, were taken to Talascoy, tied to stakes in full view of each other, and then their tongues, eyes, nose, ears, and hands of one were deliberately cut out! After the first one died another was treated in the same way, and so on. If this does not call for retributive justice, what will!

EQUANIMITY OF TEMPER.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life, must seek to maintain constant equanimity, and carefully to avoid every thing which too violently lays his feelings. Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind. We know that anxiety and care can destroy the healthiest body, and that fear, yes, even excess of joy, can do so. They who are naturally cool and of a quiet turn of mind, upon whom nothing can make too powerful an impression, who are not too easily excited, either by great sorrow or great joy, have the best chance of living long and happily, after their manner. Preserve, under all circumstances, a composure of mind which no love, no misfortune, can too much disturb. Have nothing too violently, hate nothing too passionately, fear nothing too strongly. For still, eventually, everything which befalls thee, the good as well as the bad, deserves neither immoderate love nor immoderate hatred; and already, on many occasions, hast thou perceived, though truly often too late, that thou hast placed too high a value on those things which passionately charmed or pained thee.—[Stray Leaves from the German.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

The annexed description of the character and habits of the present throne-holders in Europe, is by Rev. Dr. BARR, who recently returned from an interesting tour in Europe, and is at present delivering a course of lectures in N. York on the political, social, and religious condition of the European States. The events that have since occurred in France, will invest the description with peculiar interest, especially the portion relating to Louis Philippe:

There are in Europe, twenty-two kingdoms, thirty-two duchies, which are really as much kingdoms as the others, four principalities, and eight republics, including the four free cities of Germany. There are, therefore, sixty-six governments in Europe.—Two years ago, there were sixty-eight, but since that time the republic of Cracow, and the duchy of Luca, have ceased to exist. The number of governments, though still large, is much smaller than it was at the commencement of the present century, as the tendency to consolidation among the smaller governments is very great. In Germany alone, at one period, there were three hundred and sixty distinct governments. There are only twenty kingdoms, twenty-nine duchies, and five republics, which are independent governments. The others are dependent upon some of these.

Fifteen kingdoms, twenty-three duchies, and eight republics, have constitutional governments—in all, forty-six governments which have constitutions. At the epoch of the American Revolution, there were only seven republics, and two monarchies which had constitutions. The King of Prussia, the King of Denmark, and the Pope, will probably soon grant constitutions to the people.

There are twenty sovereigns, three of them queens, viz: the Queens of England, Spain and Portugal. The male sovereigns are all married, except the Pope. As to their religion, ten are Roman Catholics, eight Protestants, one belongs to the Greek Church, and one is a Mohammedan.

In point of intellect, Louis Philippe stands first among the sovereigns of Europe—he is about seventy years of age, but possesses vigorous health—he is a man of fine personal appearance, though evidently growing old.

Louis Philippe is the most learned monarch in Europe. He has had extraordinary advantages for acquiring information, and he has diligently improved them. He possesses much shrewdness, a deeply intriguing disposition, extraordinary conversational powers, and an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor.

No one of his ministers is equal to him in talent. He bends them all to his purpose. Lafayette, and other distinguished men who were instrumental in placing him upon the throne of France, were not aware of his character or disposition. They did not know the man, but since he has developed his character, they have bitterly regretted the step they took.

His family are well educated. None of his sons possess their father's talents.—The Duke of Orleans, who was killed accidentally some years ago, was the ablest of them. His widow is, perhaps, the most accomplished woman in France. She is a Protestant, and is sincerely pious. Her son is the heir apparent to the French throne.

The Duke de Nemours, the second son of Louis Philippe, is to be regent in the event of the death of the king before the young Duke of Orleans attains his majority. He is haughty, imperious and unpopular in his manners, and would, probably, if he became regent, involve himself and the kingdom in difficulty.

The Prince de Joinville is quite well known in this country. He is more popular in his manners, but possesses little talent, except in nautical matters.

The Duke d'Anguleme is Viceroys of Algeria. He is quite young.

In private life, Louis Philippe is very exemplary, one of the best of husbands and fathers.

The King of Prussia is next to Louis Philippe in intellectual ability. He is about fifty-four years of age, a fine-looking man, very near sighted, of very ruddy complexion, and full habit. It has been said that he was intemperate; but this is untrue. He is a self-made man, having never had the advantages of instruction at the universities, but he has endeavored to supply the deficiency by every available means. The Baron Humboldt, one of the most accomplished scholars in Europe, is employed by him to communicate information to him on all sorts of subjects during several hours every day.

The King of Prussia is not exactly popular with the people. He is thoroughly evangelic in his religious views, and ardently desirous for the spread of religion everywhere. He is a man of unbounded will and sarcasm, and has naturally a somewhat violent temper, but governs it better now than formerly. Before he came to the throne, his wife, to whom he is tenderly attached, frequently begged him to control the violence of his temper, and he always replied that he would do better when he became king. Soon after he came to the throne, (about seven years ago,) the queen one day overheard him in the adjacent room, in violent altercation with one of his ministers. She immediately went into the room, said, passing by the king, began to scold sharply for some object. The king immediately left the minister and came to her side.

"My dear Eliza," said he, "for what are you looking?"

"I was searching for the king," was her reply.

The king felt the reproach, and accompanying her to the door, said, "The next time you come into the room, my dear, you shall find him."

The next monarch in Europe, in intelligence and talent, is the Emperor of Russia. He is fifty-two years of age, about six feet two inches in height, and one of the finest looking men in the world.

Though somewhat stout, weighing from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty pounds, he is so perfectly formed as not to be at all unwieldy. There is

that in his air, under whatever circumstances you may see him, which bespeaks the habit of the present throne-holders in Europe, is by Rev. Dr. BARR, who recently returned from an interesting tour in Europe, and is at present delivering a course of lectures in N. York on the political, social, and religious condition of the European States. The events that have since occurred in France, will invest the description with peculiar interest, especially the portion relating to Louis Philippe:

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"I was searching for the king," was her reply.

The king felt the reproach, and accompanying her to the door, said, "The next time you come into the room, my dear, you shall find him."

The next monarch in Europe, in intelligence and talent, is the Emperor of Russia. He is fifty-two years of age, about six feet two inches in height, and one of the finest looking men in the world.

Though somewhat stout, weighing from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty pounds, he is so perfectly formed as not to be at all unwieldy. There is

IRON FORDOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

From the Colonization Herald.
Mr. Editor.—The value of your excellent paper is greatly enhanced by its columns being enriched with occasional essays on topics of generally interesting, while chiefly engaged in judiciously advocating the claims of injured humanity. Thus you not only attract attention to the peculiar advantages offered by the salubrious and picturesque regions of Virginia and Tennessee for wool growing. Permit me then to suggest to your readers, among whom I learn there are many Iron Masters, the relief that might now be afforded to that suffering branch of home industry, if so admirable a material as Iron, was extensively introduced into domestic architecture.

Hitherto, its high price has prevented its being generally used in building. But when we learn that the iron which commanded \$40 per ton a few months since, is now without buyers at \$24, we can not regret to see our builders should send to distant States for granite, or order the brown "gingerbread" stone at much higher cost, which presents in an striking case, the spectacle of a broken architecture threatening to fall on the heads of those who may enter its door, even before the noble edifice has received its roof? We observe that our ever watchful fellow-citizen, Gerard Ruston, affords some instructive statistics as to the immense consumption of iron in England, in the construction of houses, stores, churches, bridges, &c. at home, and for export for similar purposes in India, Africa and the West Indies. Our Iron Masters have added vastly to the prosperity of our common country, enriching the farmer and the operative by the invaluable home market they have provided for food and labour. We regret to learn that the low price of Iron abroad has already closed many of these great auxiliaries of national prosperity; and while orders for \$5,000,000 of foreign railroad iron have been recently sent out, many more must close their doors, unless new sources of employment be found for this chief staple of Pennsylvania.

Happily, its peculiar value for building purposes has been well ascertained; for while granite and stone are highly dangerous in case of fire, and require heavy expensures for sculpture, or ornamented; the most elastic and delicate designs may be reproduced in iron a thousand times, at the mere