THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XIX. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, 1849. NEW SERIES—NO. 80.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY MR. WILLIAM BRYANT.

Rut and mole slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the noise of feet that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the flitting figures come—
The mild, the fierce, the stony face,
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They—to toil, to strive, to rest:
To hall or shop where the feast is spread;
To chamber where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.
And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door—
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
Youth, with pale cheeks and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Count thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die!
Keen son of trade, with anxious brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now?
Or melt the glittering towers in air?
Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till day-light gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?
Some, famine struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light!
And some, who quaff amidst the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
Each, where his task or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not;
There is a Eye which hovers, who holds them all
In His large love, and boundless thought.
These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to an appointed end.

THE LESSON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Three young ladies were seated in a richly furnished apartment. They were the Misses Amanda and Emma Ellis, and their cousin Delilah Carleton. The latter was engaged in the womanly occupation of sewing; the two former in discussing critically a ball at which the three had been present the preceding evening.

"I dont like that Mr. Barton at all," said Miss Amanda, continuing the conversation.

"Nor I either," responded Miss Emma, who was the eldest.

"And why not, cousin?" asked Delilah. "I am sure he is handsome enough, is he not?"

"Yes but—"

"But what, coz?" said she to Emma, who had spoken last. "Surely, his manners are pleasing and his language polished—without affectation."

"Yes, yes, but for all that he is vulgar," said Emma, pettishly, "vulgar in his ideas."

"Vulgar!" exclaimed Delilah, "you must again allow me to differ with you, coz," she continued, looking into her cousin's face with a smile, "I think he is quite refined—more so than Mr. Price or Mr. Brown, and many other gentlemen."

"Only think of comparing Mr. Barton with Mr. Price or Brown—to *gentlemen!*" exclaimed Miss Amanda Ellis. "Why Mr. Barton is a *mechanic!*"

"Well, suppose he is, dear," said her cousin, "does that make him vulgar or less respectable? For my part, I think a mechanic can be as much a gentleman (in the true sense of the word) as a millionaire."

"Well, I declare, cousin Lisle, you do have some of the funniest notions," said Miss Amanda, "just for all the world like pa; he thinks one man just as good as another, even though he be a laborer."

"Yes," said Emma, "I do wish he would be a little more circumspect, and find better company for his daughters than *mechanics*. It is his fault that Mr. Barton comes here; he gives him such pressing invitations. I suppose he wants me or you Amanda. Would it make a fine paragraph in the papers? Miss Amanda, or Emma, daughter of James Ellis, merchant, to Mr. Charles Barton, mechanic. Oh! dear," said the spoiled beauty, (for both sisters possessed great personal attraction,) and threw herself upon the sofa and laughed heartily, as also did her sister.

"Well, well, girls," said Mr. Ellis, who, hidden by the half open door of the apartment, had been an unobserved listener to the conversation and who now entered the room, "you may live to regret that you did not try to obtain Mr. Barton for a husband," with that he left the apartment, "Father is just the man that I should have thought that pa was fascinating," said Miss Amanda, "but I don't care, if there is not Mr. Barton coming!" exclaimed Emma, who was looking through the blinds. "Come," she continued, addressing her sister, "let us go into the other parlor, and leave cousin Lisle to entertain him; it will be a pleasure to her," for she is partial to mechanics," and the sisters left the room.

The object of the foregoing conversation was a young man whom Mr. Ellis had introduced to his daughters and sister, some months before as a master mechanic. But unlike their father, who valued a man for his character and not for his money, the Misses Ellis were great ticklers for respectability—their standard for which was, riches—and the consequence was, as we have seen, that Mr. Barton did not stand any too high in their good graces. Mr. Ellis knew that a false estimate of respectability was a prominent fault in his daughters' character, and he determined to give them a practical lesson. How he succeeded the sequel of our story will show.

A few moments after the sisters had left the room Mr. Barton entered. He was about the middle height, with a fine figure, regular features, and intelligent countenance. His eyes were of deep blue—his eye brows finely arched, and his forehead high and white, from which the jet black hair was pushed back, displaying its fine proportions. He was certainly a handsome man, which fact even the Misses Ellis did not attempt to deny, and the ease and politeness with which he greeted Miss Carleton, spoke his claim to that which that lady herself had awarded him—the title of gentleman.

He was soon seated and in conversation with Delilah. Delilah was a charming girl. It is true that she did not exhibit the exquisite proportions and the regular features of the two cousins, but there was a sunny smile upon her face, and a cheerful sparkle in her clear, light blue eye, and she had such light and bounding spirits, that made her appear, if not as beautiful as her cousins, at least more bewitching; at least so thought Mr. Barton, as he gazed upon her laughing countenance. How much better, thought he, would it be to possess her as a wife, dependent as he she is upon her uncle, and dowerless as she would be, than either of the Misses Ellis, with their fortunes. Thinking thus, it is not to be wondered at that he left her with a half formed determination to win her love, if it lay in his power.

When Delilah appeared at the dinner table that day, many were the meaning and inquisitive glances her cousins cast upon her. At last, unable to restrain their loved habit of "running" their cousin, they spoke.

"I hope you spent a very pleasant morning, cousin," said Miss Amanda, with a mock arch look.

"A very interesting tete-a-tete, was it not!" whispered Emma across the table.

"I spent the morning very pleasantly," answered Delilah, blushing slightly.

"Oh, I dare say," said Emma, sarcastically, "I suppose he gave you a dissertation on mechanics, did he not, coz?"

"Well, and suppose he did," said Mr. Ellis, who had been listening patiently, but into whose honest face the color now rose. "Is it not better to listen to that than to the senseless conversation of the foplings, half man half monkey, who disgrace humanity!" and the old man cast such a look upon his daughters as made them quail beneath it.

"But never mind, Lisle," he continued in a milder voice, "never mind; Mr. Barton is worth three or four such would be gentlemen as Mr. Price and Mr. Brown, in more ways than one. Mark that, girls. *He is worth three or four such in more ways than one!*" The last sentence he addressed to his daughters.

Days, weeks and months rolled by, and Mr. Barton had become a frequent visitor at Mr. Ellis'. It was very evident that he was paying 'particular' attentions to Delilah Carleton, and it was also plain to see that they were not unacceptable. This fact furnished an ample subject for the sisters' sarcastic remarks. As for their father, whenever they indulged in them in his presence, a knowing smile would play upon his face, and he would repeat to them his assertion, that they would some day wish they had obtained Mr. Barton for a husband.

Thus things continued for some time.—At length one morning about three months subsequent to the period when our story commences, Mr. Ellis entered the parlor where his daughters were sitting, with a light step and sparkling eye.

"Well, what do you think of it?" said he, rubbing his hands in a glee.

"What?" asked both the young ladies in a breath.

"The wedding we're going to have."

"The wedding! what wedding?"

"Your cousin."

"Delilah?"

"Yes. She is going to honor the mechanic with her hand. What do you think of it, eh?"

"I don't think much of it," said Miss Emma, with a toss of her head.

"Nor I," said Amanda.

"You don't eh! Well, suppose I was to tell you she is going to marry a man worth two hundred thousand dollars, would that *alter* your opinions?"

"Why, what do you mean, pa?"

"Listen and I will tell you, girls," said the old gentleman, bending upon his daughters a grave and somewhat stern look. "The father of Mr. Barton to whom your cousin is soon to be married, was an old friend of mine; we were playmates in boyhood. He was apprenticed to the carpenter's trade about the same time that I entered the counting house. Soon after he had finished learning his trade, he went to the city of Baltimore, and there started business for himself, and where he married. Being possessed of genius, and having a good education, from a master mechanic and builder he soon became an architect; and so subsequently amassed a large fortune. Knowing the reverses of fortune to which all are liable, he resolved to make his only son a good architect, so that if ever the 'fickle dame' should desert him, he would have wherein to earn honestly his daily bread. He succeeded. A year or two ago he died, leaving his son his whole fortune, his wife being already dead, and Charles being the only child. About six months ago Charles came to this city on a visit. He called upon me as his father's friend. In the course of our conversation I asked him why he was not married. He said that he never yet met with a young lady that he thought worthy of calling his wife; that he could find enough who would marry him for the sake of his *money*, but that such a one he would never marry. I told him that I would introduce him to some of our city ladies, and see if he could not find one among them to suit him. He required then that I should conceal his wealth, and introduce him as a master mechanic. I acquiesced, and knowing your false estimate of respectability, I embraced the opportunity of teaching you a salutary lesson. I knew when I brought him home and introduced him, that neither of you would be his chosen, because I was certain that you could not *stoop* so low as to marry a master mechanic, but the event which will soon take place I easily foresaw. Your cousin knew nothing of his wealth until to-day. I see you look surprised, girls, but did I not tell you that you would be sorry some day that you did not obtain him for a husband? And did I not tell you that he was *worth* two or three such ninny hammers as Mr. Price and Brown, in more ways than one? Remember, girls, that wealth is a false standard by which to judge of respectability and worth. Not that a rich man may not be respectable, but very often he who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow is more of a gentleman than he who counts his thousands."

And they did remember it. For in after years they showed in their choice of husbands that they had not forgotten their honest father's lesson.

GEMS.

The Hope of happiness is a bridge woven but of sunbeams and the colors of the rainbow, which carries us over the frightful chasm of death.

Human knowledge is a proud pillar, but it is built in the midst of a desert of ignorance, and those who have ascended the highest have only gained a more extended view of the waste.

Adversity overcome, is the brightest glory, and willingly undergone the greatest virtue. Sufferings are but the trials of valiant spirits.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good action, nor excuse when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are hundreds who heartily hate us for our success.

Every time a man laughs he adds to the duration of his life.

We know men who habitually carry their heads downward, and seldom look their fellow men in the face. The reflecting mind naturally concludes that guilt is stamped upon their brows.

Whoever is contented with his lot is rich. Not he who hath little, but he who desires more is the poor man.

The miser is a dangerous member of society. He become a prey to his own passions, and scourges others with his vices.

The two most precious things this side of the grave are reputation and life—yet the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one and the meanest weapon of the other.

There is a luxury in the uninterrupted enjoyment of sorrow, but it is when the tear can steal along the cheek unseen, and when the pride of stoicism all men possess yields to the genuine call of humanity.

Kissing.—If there is anything in the manners of modern society that is truly offensive to our ideas of delicacy, it is the vulgar commonness to which kissing has been degraded. As to the shaking of hands—that, though we would not have it too indiscriminately practised, is a matter of comparatively little moment; but the basial salute—the pressure of the lips—should be an interchange of affectionate greetings, or tender farewell, sacred to the dearest connections. Our parents—our sisters—our wife—our loved one, ready to become our wife—our bosom's inmate, the friend of our heart's core, to them, and to them only, it has been truly said, should be consecrated the lipe of delicacy.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE BLIND SLAVE OF THE MINES.

BY REV. PRESIDENT HITCHCOCK.

Allow me here to refer to a case that lately fell under my observation, which illustrates more forcibly than I had ever conceived, the priceless value of the Christain's hope to the most unfortunate and degraded. I had descended one thousand feet beneath the earth's surface, in the coal pits of the Mid Lothian Mines in Virginia, and was wandering through their dark, subterranean passages, when the sound of music at a little distance, broke upon my ear. It ceased upon our approach, and I caught only the concluding sentiment of the hymn.

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

On advancing with our lamps, we found the passage closed by a door, in order to give a different direction to the current of air, for the purpose of ventilation, yet this door must be opened occasionally to let the rail cars pass, loaded with coal. And to accomplish this, we found sitting by that door an aged blind slave, whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by a blast of gunpowder many years before, in that mine. There he sat, on a seat cut in the coal, from sunrise to sunset, day after day; his sole business being to open and shut the door, when he heard the cars approaching. We requested him to sing again the hymn whose last line we had heard. It was indeed lame in expression, and in the poetic measure very defective, being, in fact, one of those productions which we found the pious slaves were in the habit of singing, in part, at least, impromptu. But each stanza closes with the sentiment,

"I shall be in Heaven in the morning."

It was sung with a clear and pleasant voice, and I could see the shrivelled, sightless eyeballs of the old man roll in their sockets, as if his soul felt the inspiring sentiments; and really the exhibition was one of the most effecting that I have ever witnessed. There he stood, an old man, whose earthly hopes, even at the best, must be very faint; and he was a slave—and he was blind—what could he hope for on earth? He was buried, too, a thousand feet beneath the solid rocks. In the expressive language of Jonah, "He has gone down to the bottom of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about him forever." There, from month to month he sat in darkness. Oh, how utterly cheerless his condition! And yet that one pleasant hope of a resurrection morning was enough to infuse peace and joy in his soul.

I had often listened to touching music—I had heard gigantic intellects pour forth enchanting eloquence, but never did music or eloquence exert such overpowering influence over my feelings as did this scene. Never before did I witness so grand an exhibition of sublimity. O, how comparatively insignificant did earth's mightiest warriors and statesmen, her princes and emperors, and even her philosophers, without piety, appear! How powerless would all their pomp and pageantry, and wisdom, be to sustain them, if called to change places with this poor slave! He had a principle within him superior to them all; and when that morning which he longs for shall come, how infinitely better than theirs will his lot appear to an admiring universe.

And that morning shall ere long break upon thy darkness, benighted old man! The light of the natural sun, and the face of this fair world will never indeed revisit you, and the remnant of your days must be spent in your monotonous task, by the side of the wicket gate, deep in the caverns of the earth. But that bright and blessed hope of a resurrection morning shall not deceive you. The Savior, in whom you trust, shall manifest himself to you even in deep darkness; and at the appointed hour, the chains of slavery shall drop off and the double night which envelops you shall vanish into the light and the liberty and the glory of heaven. And just in proportion to the depth of your darkness and degradation now, shall be the brightness and the joy of that everlasting day.

VIRGINIA GOLD MINES.—*Great Success.*—The Washington Union, in noticing the arrival of one of Fulton's patent steam pumps at Richmond, from this city, on its way to the gold mines of Major Heiss and Com. Stockton, says:

"We met a friend a day or two since, who told us he had seen a certificate from the mint, of nine thousand dollars worth of gold deposited as the result of five or six days' work, with about as many hands, at the Whitehall mine in Virginia, of Messrs. Heiss, Stockton, &c. Six negroes, we learn from another entirely reliable source, had obtained *thirty five pounds* of gold from the 1st to the 6th or 7th of this month. 'The last day's working of *three* negroes was worth $1,594.' If this result be the product of a regular vein, as we learn it is, who can foresee what a few weeks may not bring forth?"

CHARACTERISTIC OF THE SEX.—It is said that a celebrated English duchess, on being told that she must be bled or she would die, assumed the prerogative of her sex, and replied, "I won't be bled; and I won't die;" and she didn't.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched mouth
The moistening tear-drops calls!
O, if they knew, who walk the earth
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest, and the poorest, may
The simplest pittance give,
And bid delight to wither'd hearts
Return again and live;
O, what is life if love be lost?
If music dwelled in man,
Or what the heaven that waits beyond
Thy blest companionship?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mirror glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Betray their sacred shrine;
O, then, be kind, who e'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath;
And it will brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

THE "TEN LOST TRIBES" OF ISRAEL IN AMERICA.

Major NOAH, in an interesting article in the last Sunday Times, is of the opinion that the "ten lost tribes" of Israel were the originators of the cities whose ruins strew Mexico and Central America. He concludes thus from a variety of circumstances, and especially from the fact that all our tribes of Indians, bearing the strongest marks of Asiatic origin, are identified with the Israelites by the following religious rites:

1. They believe in one God. 2. In their computation of time by their ceremonies of the new moon. 3. In their division of the year into four seasons. 4. In their erection of a temple, having an ark of the covenant, and also in their erection of altars. 5. By the division of the nation into tribes, with a chief or general at their head. 6. By their laws of sacrifices, ablutions, marriages, ceremonies in war and in peace, prohibitions of eating certain things, by traditions, history, character, appearance, affinity of their language to to the Hebrew, and finally by that everlasting covenant of heirship exhibited in a perpetual transmission of its seal in their flesh, a custom only of late relinquished.

The Phoenicians (Canaanites) had discovered the continent 600 years previous to the migration of the Israelites, and were, is assumed, the builders of the pyramids of Mexico and Central America, and of Palenque, Cholula, Otumba, Tlascala, and other cities of which the ruins now excite our astonishment; and also the introducers of hieroglyphics, plenispheres, zodiacs, temples, military roads, viaducts and bridges from Egypt, Tyre, Babylon and Carthage. In the apocryphal book of Esdras, of great antiquity, it is said:

"Whereas, thou sawest another peaceable multitude; these are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners out of their own land, in the time of Osea, whom Salmanazer, King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, so they came into another land.

"They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go into a further country, where never man dwelt, that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land. (Assyria,) and there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a half."

According to Major Noah's theory, they marched towards the northeast coast of Asia—some remained in Tartary, and many went into China, where they have been 1,600 years, and are numerous at this day. The main body crossed at Beering's Straits to our continent, the more hardy keeping to the north, Hudson's Bay and Greenland; the more cultivated passed down on the shores of the Pacific, through California to Mexico, Central America, and Peru, where they met their ancient enemies the Canaanites, (Phoenicians,) whom, as once before, they dispossessed of the country. Furthermore it is contended that they resided in California when the ships of Solomon made their three years voyage, and furnished the gold of Ophir to build to the temple; also, that they are the settlers and proprietors of Mexico, Peru and the whole of the American continent, and have been here centuries before the advent of Christianity, and patiently await the promises of redemption.

William Penn, in writing of the Indians, said:

"I found them with like countenances to the Hebrew race. I consider these people under a dark night, yet they believe in God and immortality, without the aid of metaphysics. They reckon by moons—they offer their first ripe fruits—they have a kind of feast of tabernacles—they are said to lay their altars with twelve stones—they mourn a year, and observe the Mosaic law with regard to separation."

These facts, with the opinions of M'Kenzie, Burham, Smith, Penn, Menassah, Ben Israel, the Earl of Crawford, Lopez de Gamara, Acosta, Malvenda, Major Long, Budinot, and Catlin—all eminent writers and travellers—go to prove that the "ten lost tribes" were the progenitors of the races and ideas found in the New World, on its discovery by Columbus. So says Major Noah.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A HISTORIAN.—The New York Courier positively confirms the report that Mr. Webster has been for some years very successfully engaged in collecting material for a "History of Washington's Administration," and that several chapters of the work have been already written. Upon his plan of treating the subject, his work would embrace three volumes.

CALIFORNIA GOLD REMINISCENCE.

The Washington Union publishes an extract from the proceedings of the New York Historical Society, being submitted to the society on the 19th December last, and ordered to be transferred to its records, from which we extract the following curious reminiscence:

It is related by Capt George Shelvocke, in his account of the adventures of the "Speedwell," a ship of 24 guns, and 100 men, fitted out by certain merchants in London, for a cruise in the South seas, that sailed from Plymouth, February 13, 1719, in company with the "Success," under the command of Captain John Clipperton.

After cruising about the Pacific nearly two years, Capt. Shelvocke determined to proceed to the coast of California. He came in sight of the peninsula on the 11th of August, 1721, and cast anchor in the harbor of Puerto Seguro, on the 13th, in the morning. Here he remained until the evening of the 18th, taking wood and water, having constant and uninterrupted communication with the shore and the native savages. On his departure for China, he drew up an account of the country, in which occurs the following remarkable passage:

"Leaving, however, these conjectures to be supported or confuted by future discoveries, I shall confine myself to facts, and report only what I have seen or known, for the information of the present age and of posterity. The eastern coast of that part of California, which I had a sight of, appears to be mountainous, barren, and sandy, and very like some parts of Peru; but, nevertheless, the soil about Puerto Seguro, and (very likely) in the most of the valleys, is a *rich black mould*; which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if *intermingled with gold dust*; some of which we endeavored to wash and purify from the dirt; but though we were a little prejudiced against the thought, that it could be possible that this metal should be so *promiscuously and universally* mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it; and the more we did, *the more it appeared like gold*. In order to be further satisfied, I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion at China.

But, be that as it will, it is very probable, that this country *abounds in metals of all sorts*, though the inhabitants had no utensils or ornaments of any metal whatever; which is no wonder, since they are so perfectly ignorant in all arts."

That Captain Shelvocke had really discovered, as here described, an extensive *placer* of gold, can scarcely be questioned.

STATE OF SOCIETY IN THE GOLD REGION.—Mr. Lee Lynch, American Commissioner at the Sandwich Islands, writes home to his friend at Watertown, New York, under date of August 6th:

"I have visited the diggings, some forty miles along what is called the American Fork of the Sacramento; almost every yard is occupied, and all are getting out quantities of gold. I have about $5 worth of gold dust which I washed out myself in the course of two or three hours. I shall keep it, of course, as a memento of what I myself have done in gold digging. The effect of this discovery will be bad for the morals of the country, and will ruin all its prospects as a farming or agricultural country. I would not again go through what I have to see the country, and I would *not settle down to live in it, for all the gold in the mines.* The mode of life is horrible, and a more dissipated and immoral set of people I never yet saw. People are flocking in here from all parts of the coast, and as soon as the news reaches foreign parts, the worst of their population will emigrate hither. I pity any decent white man who may live in this region six months hence."

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.—A philosopher stepped on board a ferry boat to cross a stream. On his passage he inquired of the ferryman if he understood Arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic! No sir! I never heard of it before."

The Philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone!"

A few minutes afterwards he asked the ferryman, "do you know anything of Mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and again replied, "No."

"Well, then," said the Philosopher, "another quarter of your life is lost."

A third question was asked the ferryman, "do you understand Astronomy?"

"Oh, no, sir; I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, my friend, another quarter of your life is lost."

Just at that moment the boat ran over a snag, and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the Philosopher, with great earnestness of manner—

"Sir, can you swim?"

"No," said the Philosopher.

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "your *whole* life is lost for the boat is going to the bottom!"

Isn't it rather a curious fact in natural history that the *softest* water is taught when it rains the *hardest!*

PROFIT OF TEMPERANCE.—A worthy mechanic who, from the force of his own convictions, discontinued the use of intoxicating drinks a year ago, celebrated the anniversary of his freedom from a bad habit, by inviting a few friends to partake of a clam chowder. After the discussion of the savory mess, the host opened his desk, and took out a drawer of money. He showed his guests that there was more than $130 in the drawer, and informed them that these were the savings of his "grog money" for the year. Think of this, young men, and remember that the regular savings of this sum with its lawful interest, would insure a handsome independence, in old age for any of you.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.—I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humanity in the unworthy mind. Of all the trees I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in a lofty cedar, nor a spreading palm, but a bush—an humble, slender, abject bush; as if he would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man.

Nothing produceth love like humanity, nothing hate like pride.—*Feltham.*

GOV. SHUNK'S WIDOW.—The Legislature of Pennsylvania without dissent has passed an act, allowing the widow of the late Gov. Shunk $1,557, being the amount of salary from the date of his resignation to the 16th of January.

COMPLIMENT DECLINED.—Gov. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, has declined the proffer of a silver tea service on behalf of his lady, designed as a testimonial of his political services, and suggested the appropriation of the fund to charitable purposes. The suggestion has been adopted.

COLORED MEN'S CONVENTION.—We learn from the Ohio State Journal of the 18th, that a Convention of the colored Freemen of the State of Ohio has been in session in Columbus for several days, and is numerously attended by intelligent and respectable men from all parts of the State. An address which was submitted upon the grievances which the colored people of the United States—both in Slavery and emancipated—is spoken of as a very creditable literary effort, and might bear comparison with the labored efforts of those of far greater fame and far higher pretension. A powerful speech was also made by Mr. Watson, a recently emancipated slave from Virginia.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE WHEN THE BELL RINGS.—A gentleman in Philadelphia, came near getting into a precious scrape on Saturday night last. While passing through one of the streets, he met three young girls carrying a bandbox; they asked him to ring the bell of a house close by. As he was doing so, the girls put down the box and run off. When the bell was answered, he made the best apology he could. The box was taken into the house, and found to contain a live baby two weeks old. It was sent to the Alms House.

ADVICE TO YOUTH.—If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a conversation with her sweet-heart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain—we've seen it tried.

An old sort of a genius having stepped into a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the movements of the machinery, when the miller thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news?

"No! I know on," said he, "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil dead."

"By jingo!" said Jonathan, "is he? who tends the mill, then?"

It is said that the women of Peru, when angry, never nurse their children, for fear of choleric temperament. Do not the women of Peru understand one principle in life's philosophy?

FIGHT AMONG PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL STUDENTS.—The Philadelphia papers give an account of a serious personal rencontre on Wednesday morning, in a *refectory* near Twelfth and Chesnut streets, between parties connected with rival medical institutions in that city, which resulted in two of the party being severely stabbed in various parts of their bodies and limbs. The Times says:

"Dr. Samuel McClintock, demonstrator of anatomy in the Philadelphia Medical College, it is stated, was attacked, knocked down, and beaten and kicked severely, by a half a dozen or more of the shillalah party, and during the melee he received several stabs, and a young man named Farnum had seven stabs inflicted upon him in various places. One or two others were wounded likewise. The wounds of McClintock and Farnum are severe, but not considered dangerous. A legal investigation of the case will take place in the course of a few days."

A TRUISM.—Whoever borrows to pay, builds to sell.