THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on—and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks and ticks the live-long night,
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er fashed, nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By pride and wealth possessed:
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended,
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

FRANKNESS.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do on every occasion; and take for granted you mean to do what is right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one; the man who requires you to do so, is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all men: you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing to a man's face, and another behind his back. We should live, act and speak out of doors, as the phrase is, and say and do what we are willing should be known and read by man. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but as a matter of policy.

RESPECT TO AGE.—There is a story of an occurrence at Athens during the celebration of games in honor of a god, illustrative of the respect paid by the Lacedemonians to old age. The seats in the theatre were crowded, and an old man entering late found no seat. Some young men beckoned him toward them and offered him a seat; but as he advanced they sat closer together, making the vacant seat further along, and continued to do so as he approached it, so as to excite the laughter of the audience. There were departments in the theatre devoted to foreigners, and as the old man approached the seats of the Lacedemonians they all arose. The Athenians, with characteristic impetuosity, cheered their courteous neighbors with tremendous applause, and the old man, turning around, remarked: "The Athenians *know* the right, the Lacedemonians *do* it."

The present age might learn a lesson from the Lacedemonians. The politeness every where shown to ladies makes a poor excuse for the inattention to old age. In steamboats, railroad cars, and hotels, and elsewhere, an old man receives but a passing glance, and it is not an unfrequent occurrence to see a man scarcely able to walk, supporting himself in a car by the back of a seat, which a young, strong man, occupies near him. We saw a lady give up her seat to an old gentleman once in such a case, and half a dozen chairs were instantly offered her by gentlemen who had witnessed unmoved before. Americans know what is politeness, if they do not practice it.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.—There are probably no four lines in the English language that are repeated so many times daily as the following:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And it is not only children and youth that repeat them. Many whose heads are silvered over with age," have been accustomed to repeat them as their last prayer before closing their eyes in sleep, every night since they were taught them in childhood. The late ex-President of the United States, John Quincy Adams, was a firm believer in the number. A Bishop of the Methodist church, in addressing a Sabbath School, told the children then he had been accustomed to say that little prayer every night since his mother taught it to him when he was a little boy.

"Have you a coat of arms?" "No, I have nothing but a jacket. But talking of coats o' arms, do you know what the postmaster-general has for his'n?" "No." "His a tortoise going it slow, with a letter on his back marked 'despatch.'"

[From the N. Y. Organ.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Here is a tale for the juveniles: a short story. Bless their little hearts—we would not give them a long one, lest they should leave it half read to go and play with their little hobbies, and never have patience to read us again.

There was once a boy. Now don't cry yet; for there has been once a boy and twice a boy; but this, we would have you to know, was a certain boy that lived in a certain place—we are not permitted to tell where. His mother became a woman of sorrows and died. That grieves us, but truth must be told. He and a little sister were left alone—alone, for their father was a drunkard. Hand in hand they went forth into the street, and sat down upon a marble carriage step, fronting a large brick dwelling. The cold stone-seat struck another chill to their desolate hearts; they looked into the windows of the rich mansion and saw young faces bright and happy there, glowing in the sunshine of health and plenty; and they wept. It made them feel more keenly their own hapless condition.

And there they sat—without covering to their heads or shoes to their feet, and their thin garments "all tattered and torn." A cold October wind blew upon them.—They shivered and sat closer, and put their little feet together to keep them warm.—As the stranger passed, they instinctively covered their pale faces to conceal their tears. At length a gentleman addressed them—

"Children, run home," said he. "Why do you sit here and freeze?"

"Our mother has gone and left us," replied the boy. "There is no one left but my poor little sister and me. We looked at her old rocking chair, and saw it empty; and it made us cry and feel lonesome."

"And did she send you out to beg while she was gone?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, no," returned the boy, "dear mother taught us never to beg. Besides, she will never come back any more; for they put her into a coffin, and took her away and told us she was dead." And their tears ran afresh.

"But your father?" queried the stranger. "Where is he?"

The children shuddered perceptibly, but shook their heads, and made no reply.—Their little hearts swelled with pride, and choked their utterance. They could not speak the words:—"Our father is a drunkard!"

The stranger, who had seemed rough and coarse in his manner, was touched. He quickly surmised the truth and asked of the boy—

"What are your names, my little lad?"

"Mary and James Milford," he quickly replied.

"The children of William Milford?" muttered the stranger with evident emotion, in a tone of half inquiry, as if to satisfy a suddenly occurring idea.

"Yes, sir," responded the boy; and at this moment the rude wind played roughly with their little bare heads and pierced their thin garments; the boy drew his sister still closer to his side; and the stranger was gone. In a few minutes after, a lady with a kind benevolent face, and we trust a warm heart, came and took them by the hand, and led them away.

A short time after this we attended a temperance meeting. One of the speakers in the course of his remarks, related as follows:

"For many years I kept a dram-shop. I heard of temperance doings in divers ways, and ridiculed them. I went to their meetings and made sport. I heard of wives being murdered, and children beggared through the influence of strong drink, and was unmoved. All argument assailed me in vain, for I was hardened in my course. One cold, windy day, I walked into the street and saw a little boy and girl half-naked and shivering, sitting on a stone step. They were a drunkard's children, I had known well in the days of prosperity. Never saw I more beautiful children. Their father had begun his drinking course, and squandered much of his property at my bar. His wife, a young and lovely woman, and once happy and joyous, had sunk into the grave, sorrowing and broken hearted. The sight of these motherless children so suffering and innocent—too noble to beg—too proud to own their father was a drunkard—accomplished what every other argument had failed to do. And I felt within my breast the sting of a murderer. From that day I never sold a drop of liquor. I took the children into my family; and they shall never want while I have a dollar to divide." It was James and Mary.

He paused. At this moment the pledge went round, and was spread upon the table. A man in a ragged and filthy garb came forward and subscribed his name.—IT WAS WALTER MILFORD.

My dear young readers, this is one little sketch enacted from the myriads of facts around us. If it interests you, the writer may one day give you another.

The Persians have a saying that "ten measures of talk were sent down upon the earth, and woman took nine."

[From the New York Christian Messenger.

The Unexpected Friend.

"It must be, my child!" said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brothers, starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I may be better.—Go, Henry, my dear;—I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow of about ten years, started up, and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it. It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first at one person then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry!

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurly taking a walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three cornered hat, and a face that was mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him, he felt all his tears vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long that his eyes were quite swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten anything for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the boy, and saw the deep blush which spread over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he kindly, laying his hand on the boy's shoulders; "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month's time died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do.—But night before last mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so much worse that"—here the tears poured faster than ever—"I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice; "is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house in this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side."

"Have you sent for a Physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay neither for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars—take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow.—He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak, and almost exhausted; and on the bed at her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper in misery and want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if——" Here emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consoling to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent stranger, "think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hand of the child who sat with her on the bed, and, tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other paper," said she, "but perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines on the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and went away.

Scarcely had he gone when the elder son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, now, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may He still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness and a compassion that was a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read through again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehensions of she knew not what.

"Ah, read, read, mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than "my God!" she exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell back, fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited her more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable employment; and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, they placed in proper situations, where they were not only able to support themselves, but to render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy.

Let the children who read this story, remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of its inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but it is only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

A POOR ENDORSER.—"A worthy but poor minister," writes a friend from the country, "requested a few days ago the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank, and in the note requesting the favor he said that if the cashier would oblige him, he would pay him in ten days, on the faith of Abraham. The cashier returned word that by the rule of the bank the endorser must reside in the State!"

Col. JOHN W. GEARY, of the second regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, has been appointed Postmaster at San Francisco, California.

[COMMUNICATED.

LINES,

Written on hearing of the departure of two young friends for California.

To that far Southern land where the soil teems with gold,
Where Fortune's enthroned with a spade in her hand,
The winds are fast wafting them, hearts strong and bold—
None bolder shall dig in that far Southern land.

O! ye winds, be ye gentle when 'round them ye play!
Bear them safely and swiftly and steadily on!
Should your cave-God in tempest come forth, guide his way
Where his wrath may not burst on their bark frail and lone!

O! ye waves, should the winds rage do ye then rebel,
And obey not the storm when it bids you arise
For ye bear on your bosom what many love well—
Oh! return them both safe to our fond weeping eyes!

Could ye drag to your caves and enchain them forever,
When the prayers of Friendship are daily ascending—
When the heart of a sister to weep shall cease never,
And the form of a mother with grief 's lowly bending!

When they've left the dark ocean and stand on that soil,
Where often in dreams they had wandered before,
Till wary temptation wound around them its coil,
And they left us to mourn lest they come back no more.

May they find even more than those visions revealed,
May their hands, with the power of magic, PENNSAVE
The gold to leap forth where it lies close concealed—
So that useless to them may be shovel and spade,

Should Disease on their strength and their health lay his hand,
Though no mother's affection to soothe them be there—
Nor SISTER in tears by their couch-side to stand,—
May He send his angels to watch them with care.

Gettysburg, Feb., 1849. B. C. J.

[COMMUNICATED.

PLANK ROADS.

MR. EDITOR:

During a visit to the State of New York, last Spring, I found the business community much occupied with the subject of *Plank Roads*, several of which were already in operation, and others about being constructed. Public confidence seemed to be pretty fully established in them. The first satisfactory experiment with them appears to have been made at Montreal, in Canada, where a road was made, and several miles M'Adamized and several planked, when, at the end of five years, it was found that the repairs upon the M'Adamized road had cost more than the prime cost of the plank road, the repairs on which had been comparatively trifling, and the working much more satisfactory than that of the M'Adamized turnpike.

From a very satisfactory article in the "Transactions of the N. York Agricultural Society," I copied the following data, upon which the cost of such roads may be calculated: The roads are constructed with either a single or a double track:—The *single track* is *eight feet* wide with plank, and as much more without it, upon which wagons may turn out. The whole (sixteen feet) is graded at the rate of about 600 feet to the mile, or *one foot in twelve* (a very slight grade—50 feet to the mile being a heavy grade upon railroads.) The road being first covered with clay spread evenly over it, sills are laid down at the sides, and the ends of the plank are made to rest upon these, and at the same time also upon the clay of the intervening road. The ends of the planks are not pinned or fastened in any way whatever, care only being taken that they shall not lie in a straight line upon the sills, but irregularly, so as to give a better hold to wagons coming from the clay on to the plank roads. There is also a good ditch at each side of the road so as to drain it well.

The sills are *four inches square*, which, being two for a mile, would make 14,080 ft. board measure. The planks are *three inches* thick, which would make 126,720 feet board measure for a mile.—White pine and hemlock timber is, I believe, preferred in N. York for the construction of these roads. I believe we could get timber here about as cheap as in most parts of eastern N. York, and the country between this and York, Harrisburg, and Baltimore, is about as favorable as in the neighborhood of Johnstown, in New York, where I found them constructing such a road.

It seems to me that the people of Adams County, and of this neighborhood particularly, are about as much interested in the construction of these roads as any part of the U. States. We are now completely cut off from all the great lines of travel, and if we wish to have communication in a reasonable time with either Philadelphia or Baltimore, this is the most likely way for us to get it. Stages could travel upon these roads at the rate of eight miles an hour, and our farmers could carry double the amount of produce with half the number of horses now required upon our turnpike roads. I hope that our capitalists and farmers will, therefore, turn their attention to this subject, and, as one out of a number of such things that might be produced, invite their attention to the following statement of the results already obtained in this way:

From the National Era.

THE SCHENECTADY AND SARATOGA PLANK ROADS.

A new and rather novel improvement in constructing roads is rapidly developing the resources of the agricultural districts in bringing into play the enterprise of our farmers, and giving them advantages for travel little short of railroads, and in a manner particularly adapted to their accommodation, and at a comparatively small rate of expense.

Plank Roads can be made, as a general rule, for about the year's interest of a well made railroad.

About one hundred companies have already been formed, or are about being formed, to construct these roads in various parts of the State of N. York. The time is coming when most of the roads of the State and Union, where there is any considerable amount of travel, and timber reasonable, will be planked. Thus far, every plank road made in the State has fully equalled, if not exceeded, the expectation of their projectors. The fact that a pair of horses can with ease, and with increased speed, carry double the weight on a plank road that they can on the best common roads, without any other consideration, settles their value.

When the roads are bad, as they usually are spring and fall, four times the weight can be taken on plank roads at such seasons that can be taken on common roads. The farmer can go to market at all times when he cannot work his farm on account of weather or from other causes. And when other roads are impassable, he can trot off with his pair of horses and two tons weight, and return (living some ten or fifteen miles distant from the market,) the same day; while with bad roads, taking the same weight, would require several days, besides great wear and tear of horses and wagons and harness—in fact, leaving little return, after deducting expenses. This is no fanciful calculation—it has been fully proved. This improvement will bring up the value of farms within reach of markets, which have been greatly depressed by the low price of land at the west. The convenience of getting the produce of the farm to market will enable the farmer of the East better to compete with the farmer of the West, although the cost of 'land is' so much less at the West. The expense of distant transportation will serve to confirm the value of farms near the great markets.

The press cannot be too diligent in calling public attention to these roads. At the South, where timber is cheap, and the common roads execrable, they will be of great value; indeed, in every part of our Union they can be constructed to great advantage, giving employment to the laboring classes, increased value to real estate, and a good investment to stockholders.—It is an improvement beneficial to all classes. Some fear has been expressed that the timber of the country would be exhausted by the rage for plank roads; but such will not be the case. These roads will be constructed so as to lead to those districts where the timber is now ready, but of little, or no value to any one, or the land on which it grows, on account of the expense of getting it to market.

These plank roads are about to open sources of wealth to the Northern part of New York, of more value to the public than the gold mines of California. It is found that very little grading is required, one foot rise in from twelve to sixteen can easily be overcome with a pair of horses with two tons. If made perfectly level, advantage would be taken, and teams loaded with four or five tons would pass, without any additional tolls, carrying a weight too heavy for such a road. Legislation will be required to regulate the weight of loads, so as to prevent imposition.

When these roads were first thought of, it was supposed they would not answer, on account of the perishable nature of the material used. But it is now discovered that these roads wear out before they decay; and that, while wearing out, the income is so great, they will afford ten per cent. to the stockholder, (the maximum rate allowed by law in the State of New York,) and from 10 to 20 per cent. surplus, to keep the road in repair, and relay it when necessary.

It will take above 2,000 loads of plank, of three inches in thickness, and eight feet long, to lay the Schenectady and Saratoga road. In about every seven years the worn plank will have to be replaced; the old ones will be valuable to the farmers on the line for many purposes.

These roads will also give a good foot walk at all seasons of the year, free of cost, and save the trouble of much horse harnessing and neighborhood visiting and church going, as well as giving the children easy access to district schools.

These roads are also to be a source of additional income to the great central lines of railroads and canals already constructed. Plank roads diverging from each side of them, extending through fertile valleys up to our mountain regions, will bring all the resources of the State into active play—employing every idle hand, and, every idle dollar—tens of thousands of dollars that are now locked up in our agricultural districts, one hundred here, five hundred there, doing nothing for the want of a favorable investment. Plank roads will call forth such means, and set it at work for the public good, and at the same time give a fair return in interest.

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.—It is a sad, but instructive, thought, that we live in a world of change. From the the cradle to the grave, the evidences of this painful truth are ever impressing themselves on the mind. Of all the varied objects that twine themselves around our hearts in youth, how few cling to us maturer years!—how few of our precious hopes are not wrecked and borne away on the resistless waves of change! Yet, sad as are the other effects of change, it contains in its full quiver one arrow more keen and deadly than the rest. When he whom we have cherished as our "heart's core, aye, in our heart of hearts," meets us with a cold and averted gaze—when the eye that used to beam on us with a tender and mellow lustre, no longer returns our glances, and the face of him that was dearest to us wears "the look of a stranger"—then has change done its worst work for us, and we may smile at its further visitations. It is hard to lose our friends by separation—and yet more painful and solemn is it, to lose them by death; but still we lose them as friends—we lose them while affection is reciprocal; and, as our spirits may still commingle, their memory is "pleasant, though mournful to the soul." But when the being we love lives, and is estranged, "there is," as one has truly said, "a gap between us, deep and wide, which we can neither fill up or cross over. Then the past is desolation, the present is bitterness, the future is a blank, and the only iodyne the crushed heart can hope to find, is the lethargy of forgetfulness!"—*Yankee Blade.*

"EL DORADO.—The Day Book gives the following as the origin of this term:

The early Spanish explorers of South America brought back, among other wonderful tales, a story of a country in the interior of Guiana, where gold was said to be so plenty that the only dress of the king was a thick layer of the precious metal—a real "body coat,"—"skin tight," put on without measuring, or cutting, or stitching, but thus: His majesty's naked carcass was carefully smeared every morning with an unctuous substance, and was then heavily powdered with gold dust until no more would stick to it; and he was then in full dress, making a very brilliant and dazzling appearance, when the sun shown upon the sparkling surface. This (as the story goes) was all scraped off every night, and thrown away as "old clothes," not being valued where there was so much gold that wasn't at all greasy. This distinguished personage and "eminently shining character," was properly called by the Spaniards "*The Gilded One*," which is, in the Spanish language, "EL DORADO."—(*El* "the," *Dorado* "gilded," or "gilt.") And the fabulous country was known in Europe as "the land of the gilded one," and was so much talked of and believed in by the English, that the sage Sir Walter Raleigh once fitted out an expedition to go to it; but not happening to find it, consoled himself by piracy and robbery on the Spaniards, for which he was be-headed many years afterwards, and very unjustly, by the king who commissioned him to do it.

A DARING EXPLOIT.—Wm. Coulter and a Mr. Bartlebaugh were following the tracks of a deer, about ten miles north of this place, on Friday, the 12th inst.; they came to the deer, which appeared to have been lately killed by some animal; its entrails were torn out, and its carcase otherwise much mutilated. They soon observed tracks of a wild cat, and tracing them a short distance, it was discovered the cat had entered a hole in a ledge of rocks. A trap was prepared, and set at the mouth of the hole. Next morning the wild cat, nearly full grown, was found in the trap—fast by the toes of the fore foot. The question was, how to secure him alive.—Coulter directed Bartlebaugh "to amuse him with a stick," and he thought "he could take one wild cat, for Davy Crocket had licked his weight of them." The attention of pussy being taken up with a stick, Coulter caught it by the back of the neck, threw it, and got his knees upon it. They then took their suspenders and tied the feet, and Bill pulled off one of his stockings, and drew it over its head; thus secured, they carried it home, and now have it ready for Mr. Van Amburg, whenever he thinks fit to order it.—*Indiana (Pa.) Register.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR HABITS.—Character is the substance—reputation the shadow only—sometimes longer and sometimes shorter. How important then, is care in the growth and formation of habits, since character is but a "bundle of habits," that years have been picking up and combining; and when combined, you may annihilate the composition, but you cannot alter it. It is no easy matter to drop habits, even those that hang most loosely upon the outside. We have an attachment to them, or they have an attachment to us, which is not readily separated. They are like an old pair of shoes, which, though there are no advantages attending them, still they are easy, and we are loth to "cast them off." They are like an old hat, which, though it has become "seedy" and unsightly, still sits comfortably on our head, and we dread the breaking of a new one.

CAREER OF CRIME.—Some time in September last a man named Stephen Putman was released from the Auburn State Prison, after serving out a term of five years' imprisonment, which had succeeded a previous term of two years, with an intermission of but three months of liberty between the two. On his way from Auburn to Syracuse, in September, he committed a theft and was sent to the Cayuga Co. jail for 30 days. After satisfying this penalty, he returned to Syracuse, and was there convicted of grand larceny. But escaping from custody, he took passage on a canal boat, coming to this city. Before arriving here, however, he stole the Captain's gold watch, and escaped with it.—A few days after this, he offered to sell to the Sheriff an axe; and it being suspected that he had stolen it, he was taken to the police office, where he was recognized as the person described by the Captain as having stolen his watch.

He was convicted of both thefts, and sent to jail, and at the sitting of the county court, was sentenced to confinement in Auburn prison for the term of nine years and four months! Truly a career of unmitigated wickedness. His prompt arrest and conviction for his smallest and greatest crimes exemplifies the proverb, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."—*Rochester Democrat.*

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we walk in the sunshine, but deserting us when we enter the shade.