

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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THE POET'S FLOWER.

In his study at a youth alone—
Fool-light illumined his eye,
And on his lofty brow there shone
Thought glorious and high.
He sat as one entranced in song,
My stars, from the soul;
As the some vivid dream along
His spirit's chords had stole.
An humble flow' beside him lay—
The product of that time,
Where, wreath'd in dance and joy in play,
Dropt the sacred Nine.
'Twas 'twixt the earliest gifts they sent
His sorrow'd heart to cheer;
Pride, Hope and Joy were in it blend—
His spirit held it dear.
A voice wildness in his ear,
And brighter grew his eye—
'Twas that he long had wished to hear,
It brought unto his heart high
Hope, and gentleness 'round his brow
A beauteous wreath to time,
If with his humble flow' he'd bow
Before that spirit's shrine.
There he went with a beating heart,
And laid his quill down,
And turned long for the beauteous wreath,
'Tis 'till he found 't was his own.
That chaplet 'round his longing brow
Was never twined, and where
Hope gave speed to his spirit's flow,
Hang dawning despair.
Gettysburg, Feb.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CORAL ISLE.

When the world was young, and fresh the ocean
Over earth and sea,
A fate, where deep ocean waters it might,
Fate, me was given.
But still, the depths of that dark destiny
Were not so deep, as fate,
That Hope and mightly Joy despaired to see
Me from this ocean rise.
What from the ocean rises, like an isle
Of silver, for the beam
Of Genie made, who, living there, beguile
With light the wand'ring beam.
What on the sea appears as a Queen,
In dazzling beauty dress,
As the some coral stacked came to beam
Upon the ocean's breast?
That is my coral life, where ever shine
The sun's selectest beams,
And where the sea nymph comes, her hair to twine,
While splendor 'round her streams.
A thousand years, beneath the mighty wave,
Is but a twinkling, now and then,
'Till morning, dipping from its ocean grave,
The sun slowly creeps.
Earth has no spirit, nor the restless sea
A mermaid, nor the air
A fairy, but will linger here with me,
Upon this isle so fair.
Travelers o'er the sea, as ye pass near,
Fold up your wings and give
Your wondering thought to spirits, how they
In peace and gladness live!
Gettysburg, Feb. 10, 1848.

HE WILL FORGIVE YOU, FATHER!

He stood leaning upon a broken gate
In front of his miserable dwelling. His
breeze lifted the matted locks which cover-
ed his noble brow. His countenance was
beaten and disfigured, but in his eye there
was an unwearied look—a mingled ex-
pression of sadness and regret. Perhaps
he was listening to the melancholy voice
of his patient wife as she soothed the sick
lute, on her bosom; or perchance he was
gazing on the sweet face of his eldest daugh-
ter, as at the open window she plied her
needle to obtain for her mother and the
poor children a sustenance. Poor Mary!
for herself she cared not; young as she
was, her spirit was crushed by poverty,
unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate
stare stood, his eyes wandered over the
miserable habitation before him. The
windows were broken and the door hinge-
less, scarce a vestige of comfort remained,
yet memory bore him back to the days of
his youth, when it was the abode of peace
and happiness. In infancy he saw again
the old arm-chair where sat his father with
the bible on his knee, and seemed to hear
again the sweet tones of his mother as she
laid her hands upon the head of her dar-
ling boy and prayed that God would bless
him and preserve him from evil. Long
years had passed away, yet tears came into
the eyes of the drunkard at the recollec-
tion of his mother's love.
"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well
that thou art sleeping in the grave; it
would break thy heart to know that thy
son is a wretched drunkard and degraded
being—a miserable outcast from society."
He turned slowly away. Deep within
an adjoining forest was a dell where the
beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated.
Tall trees grew on either side, whose
branches, meeting above, formed a canopy
of leaves, where the birds built their nests,
and poured forth happy songs. Thither
the drunkard bent his steps. It had been
his favorite haunt in the days of his child-
hood, and as he threw himself upon the
soft green sward, the recollection of past
scenes came crowding over his mind.
He covered his face with his hands, and
the prayer of the prodigal burst from his
lips—"Oh God! receive a returning wan-
derer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown
around his neck, and a sweet voice mur-
mured—"He will forgive you, father."
Startling to his feet, the inebriate saw stand-

ing before him his youngest daughter, a
child of six years.

"Why are you here Anne?" he said,
ashamed that the innocent child should
have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow
upon the banks," she replied; "see I
have got my basket full, and now I am go-
ing to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?"
asked the father, as he turned his eyes to
the basket, where among the broad green
leaves the sweet lilies of the valley were
peeping forth.

"The child hesitated, she thought she had
said too much; perhaps her father would
demand the money, and spend it in the
way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me, Anne," said
her father, kindly. "Well, I do not blame
you, I have no right to my children's con-
fidence."
The gentleness of tone touched the heart
of the affectionate child. She threw her
arms around his neck, and exclaimed,
"Yes, father, I will tell you. Mother
buys medicines for poor little Willie. We
have no other way to get it. Mother and
Mary work all the time they can get to
buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's
heart. "I have robbed them of the com-
forts of life," he exclaimed: "from this
moment the liquid fire passes my lips no
more."

Anne stood gazing at him in astonish-
ment. She could scarcely comprehend her
father's words; but she saw that some
change had taken place. She threw back
her golden ringlets, raised her large blue
eyes, with an earnest look to his face—
"Will you never drink any more rum?"
she whispered timidly.

"Never! dear Anne," her father replied
solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we
will be so happy. Oh, father, what a
happy home ours will be!"

Years passed away. The words of lit-
tle Anne, the drunkard's daughter, had
proved true. The home of the reformed
man, her father, was indeed a happy one.
Plenty crowned his board, and health and
joy beamed from the face of his wife and
children—where once squalid misery
alone could be traced. The pledge had
raised him from his degradation, and re-
stored him once more from peace and hap-
piness.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.—
Of the influence of music, my more, of its in-
fluence upon melancholy, I need not look
for evidence in the universal testimony of
antiquity, nor remind such an audience of
its recorded effect upon the gloomy dis-
temper of the perverse mind of Saul. I my-
self have witnessed its power to mitigate
the sadness of seclusion, in a case where
my loyalty as a good subject, and my best
feelings as a man, were more than usually
interested in the restoration of my patient;
and I also remember its salutary operation
in a case of a gentleman in Yorkshire
many years ago, who was first stupefied,
and afterwards became insane upon the
sudden loss of all his property. This gen-
tleman could hardly be said to live—he
merely vegetated, for he was motionless
until pushed, and did not speak to, nor
notice any body in the house for nearly four
months. The first indication of a return of
any sense appeared in his attention to mu-
sic played in the street. This was ob-
served, the second time he heard it, to
have a more decided force in arousing him
from his lethargy; and induced by this
good omen, the sagacious humanity of his
physicist offered him a violin. He seized it
eagerly, and amused himself with it
constantly. After six weeks, hearing the
patients of the house pass by his door
to their common room, he accosted them,
"Good morning to you all, gentlemen, I
am quite well, and desire to accompany you."
In two months more he was dis-
missed cured.—*Sir Henry Hallford's Es-
says and Orations.*

When the celebrated engineer Brunel,
who accomplished the desperate experi-
ment of tunnelling the Thames river, was
brought before a committee of the British
Parliament, he was asked if a speed of
eighty miles per hour on a certain railroad
would be much more dangerous to the
traveller upon it than a speed of forty.
"It would be just the same," said he.
"And a speed of ninety?"
"Just the same!"
"And a speed of one hundred?"
"Just the same!" For, said he, "if the
cars should be run off the track at the rate
of forty miles per hour, the passengers
would all go to ruin, and at one hundred
miles per hour they could not conveniently
go any farther."

"What, Mr. Speaker, what shall I
say to my constituents?" exclaimed a
wretched member of Congress on the pas-
sage of a bill to which he was utterly op-
posed. "What shall I say?" he repeated,
but found it impossible to get beyond the
interrogatory.

"Tell them," replied the wagging Speak-
er, "that you tried to make a speech and
couldn't."

DAN MARBLE IN A POSITION.

Actors are very tenacious about their
"position" in their profession; and some
of them are even particular about their po-
sition in private; but the most anxious
man about the latter that we ever knew of
was the famous Dan Marble, upon one oc-
casion. We believe it was at a supper—
or some sort of a conviviality—gross af-
fairs which we never attend, our "Senior"
usually taking on himself such responsi-
bilities—when one of the company, a
grave faced man, declared that he could
not only see as far into a millstone as oth-
er people, but much farther through a stone
wall; in short let any man go into a
passage, shut the door, place himself in
any possible position, and he would tell
what position it was! This stirred Dan
to an expression of incredulity, but the
proposer stuck to his point, backing his
assertion with an offer to "bet the wine,"
the company to decide, which was finally
accepted, and out went Dan to put himself
in position.

There was a table in the entry, an empty
armoire, a chair or two, and the com-
edian was puzzled as to how he should
bring them all into requisition, so as to
present a combination which should defy
investigation through an inch plank, and
the further to secure himself, he stopped
up the key-hole with a five dollar bill, the
most available matter for the purpose at
hand. After sufficient cogitation, and con-
sultation with the friend accompanying
him, and a nervousness as to whether
there was not "peeping" going on, Dan
mounted the table, and at the risk of his
neck assumed his position! Imagine the
broad figure of the Yankee, heels up and
head down, supported on his hands, as we
see the bad boys invert themselves against
sides of houses—his watch in his mouth,
and his coat flaps forming a drapery at
the back of his head, and the blood at the
same time filling cheeks and eyes to bursting!

"Will that do?" said Dan to his friend.

"Oh, just the thing, exactly!"

"Sure they ain't peeping, eh?"

"No, you're safe enough!"

"Very well, then," and in a tone of ex-
ultation he gave the challenge:

"What position am I in now?"

"The position of a fool!" was the re-
sponse.

Dan's coat tail took its natural hang ama-
zingly quick; he did not conceive it neces-
sary at all to refer the matter to the com-
pany; the wine came, and the next morn-
ing, the "sell" having prevented him from
drinking it earlier, an inquisitive Yan-
kee was heard inquiring if any body had
seen a five dollar bill in the keyhole?

ADVICE OF COUNSEL.—There is a well
known custom prevailing in our criminal
courts, of assigning counsel to such pris-
oners as have no one to defend them. On
one occasion, the Court finding a man ac-
cused of theft, and without counsel, said
to the lawyer who was present—
"Mr. —, please to withdraw with the
prisoner, confer with him, and then give
him such counsel as may be best for his
interest."

The lawyer and his client then with-
drew, and in fifteen or twenty minutes the
lawyer returned into Court.

"Where is the prisoner?" asked the
Court.

"He is gone, your honor," said the hope-
ful legal limb. "Your honor told me to
give him the best advice for his interest,
and as he said he was guilty, I thought
the best counsel I could offer him was to
'cut and run,' which he took at once."

**A GOOD STORY WITH A BETTER ILLUS-
TRATION.**—The Louisville Journal says
that a certain Democrat went to Washing-
ton to get an office from Mr. Polk just be-
fore the Presidential election. Mr. Polk
designated an indifferent office which he
could give the applicant then, but told him
that if he would wait till after the fourth
of March, Gen. Cass, who would then un-
doubtedly be President, could give him
something better. The poor fellow, as
his ill luck would have it, chose to wait
until after the fourth of March.

This reminds us of Pat's dream, con-
tinues the editor of that sprightly journal.
"I once dreamed," said Pat, "I was with
the Pope, and he ax'd me would I drink?
I thinks I wud a duck wam, and seeing
the Irishwomen and the lemons and sugar
on the sideboard, I told him I didn't care
if I tuk a thrap of Punch! 'Could or hot?'
axed the Pope. Hot, yer holiness, I re-
plied, and be that he stepped down to the
kitchen, for the billing water, but before he
got back I woke straight up, and now its
distressing me that I didn't take it could!"
—*Portsmouth Journal.*

BEAUTIFUL SAYING OF A DYING MAN.—
The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickin-
son College, a short time before his death
addressed his wife as follows: "You will
not mourn for me when God has been so
good to me. And when you visit the spot
where I lie, do not choose a sad and mourn-
ful time; do not go in the shade of the
evening, or in the dark night. These are
no times to visit the grave of the Christian;
but go in the morning in the bright sun-
shine, and when the birds are singing."

TERRIFIC THEORY.

Professor Silliman mentions the fact,
that in boring the Artesian wells in Par-
is, the temperature of the earth increased
at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet
towards the centre. Reasoning from
causes known to exist, he says:

"That the whole interior portion of the
earth, or at least a great part of it, is an oc-
ean of melted rock, agitated by violent
winds, though I dare not affirm it, is still
rendered highly probable by the phenom-
enon of volcanoes. The facts connected
with their eruption have been ascertained
beyond a doubt. How then are they to
be accounted for? The theory prevalent
some years since, that they are caused by
the combustion of immense coal beds, is
perfectly puerile, and is entirely abandon-
ed. All the coal in the world would
not afford fuel enough for a single capital
exhibition of Vesuvius. We must look
higher than this, and I have but little doubt
that the whole rests on the action of elec-
tric and galvanic principles which are con-
stantly in operation in the earth.

Lyle does not regard the theory as found-
ed on any sufficient data, which teaches the
doctrine that the whole earth is a mass of
melted rock, except a crust of a few miles
in thickness, as an outer covering. True,
there are ever three hundred active volca-
noes to exist; but these are more like-
ly to be strictly local and limited in their
extent downward and laterally, than the
outlets of one continuous mass of liquid
minerals, reaching from the earth's centre
to the base of these volcanic cones. Prof.
Silliman encouraging the comforting opin-
ion that the fragile shell on which we
live is from one to two hundred miles thick,
and little likely to burst asunder and let us
drop into the boiling iron and granite.

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION.—It amazes
me ministers don't write better sermons—
I am sick of the dull prosy," said a
lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter my good wo-
man, to write good sermons," suggested
the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are
so long about it; I could write one in half
the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the
parson, "I will furnish that. Take this
one from Solomon—It is better to dwell
in a corner of a house top, than with a
brawling woman in a wide house."

"Do you mean me, sir?" enquired the
lady quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave
response, "you will never make a good
sermonizer; you are too soon in your ap-
plication."

"Aye, faith: an' ye always was the boy
who know'd how to save pennies. But
where is that letter agin'?"

"To Mistor O'Toole in Kilkenny."

"An' who'll carry it if the Post Office
don't?"

"Well, you see I'm going to Kilkenny
myself, to see Mr. Toole, and I thought
I'd write this letter and take it along, as I
shall save the postage, because you know
it takes a power of contrivance to get a
long now-a-days, the times is so hard."

Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irish-
man giving the password at the battle of
Fontenoy, at the time Saxe was Marshal.

"The password is Saxe, now don't for-
get it," said the Colonel to Pat.

"Saxe, and I will not, wan't my father
a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel,
after he arrived at the post.

Pat looked as confidently as possible,
and in a sort of whispered howl, replied:
"—Baga, yer honor."

I'VE DONE WITH TOBACCO.—A writer
in the Boston Recorder cordially and just-
ly congratulates the author of the above
decision, on behalf, first of personal clean-
liness; second, the joy of his wife; third,
his pow in the church; fourth, his purse;
and fifth, his children. I make you wel-
come, he says, to all the quietness of mind,
calmness of nerves, cleanliness of person,
household purity, and feminine smiles,
which through purgation from tobacco
carries in its train.

When Benedict Arnold was about to
die, he rose from his bed, and with diffi-
culty clothed himself in an old suit of the
American uniform, with which he had
never parted during all his peregrinations,
and then, with the name of his country up
on his lips, expired. Poor Arnold, but
for one false step, no general officer in the
Revolution would have respected more honor
than he. A braver man never existed;
and his perseverance and energy in his
Canada campaign were alone enough to
immortalize him.

THE MARSHAL RELATION.—The cele-
brated English writer, Addison, has left
on record the following important sentence:
—"Two persons who have chosen each
other out of all the species, which design
to be each other's mutual comfort and en-
tertainment, have in that action bound
themselves to be good-humored, affable,
discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful with
respect to each other's frailties and imper-
fections to the end of their lives."

A FAIRY-TALE.

O did you not hear in your nursery
The tale that the goodies tell
Of two young girls that came to drink
At a certain fairy well!

The words of the younger were as sweet
As the apple of her ruby lip;
But the tongue of the eldest seemed to move
As if venom were on its lip.

At the well a bigger secreted dim,
(A sprite in mean disguise),
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,
The youngest with tearful eyes.

Cried the fairy, "Whenever you speak, sweet girl,
Pure gems from your lips shall fall:
But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."

And have you not met with these things oft,
In the hearts of the old and young—
The first with her pure unadorned lip,
The last with her serpent tongue!

The first is soon a queen,—dresses bright,
O'er the darkest theme she throws;
And the last is always, leaving the bright
Of the snake wherever she goes.

[From the New Hampshire Gazette.]
A New Hampshire Mystery.

The remarkable history we are about
to relate, occurred within our recollection,
and near a certain locality in New Hamp-
shire. The exciting event will be recog-
nized and remembered. About two miles
from a small town in the State we have
mentioned, the road crosses a considerable
eminence, beyond which a valley of a
mile broad, called by the people an "inter-
vale," lay extended. This piece of land
from over tillage, was worn out, and be-
longed to a man who kept a tavern by the
road side. Near the top of the hill, on
the side nearest the valley, was a deep
pond—a strange place, it is true, for such
a thing to exist, but the nature of the
ground made a permanent lodgment of the
water in the hill perfectly natural. Near
this pond there stood a rude tenement,
in which there lived a woman, looked up-
on in the neighborhood with great dis-
trust and suspicion. She had a little girl
with her, a child of five years of age,
whom she called her daughter, and who
was her only companion in the hut in
which she lived.

A farmer, who resided upon the out-
skirts of the town, upon opening the door
one morning, discovered this poor little
girl, bare-footed and ragged, crouched be-
neath the eave of the house, and seem-
ingly very terrified. When he questioned
her, she said she had come to tell him some-
thing dreadful, but she feared her mother
would kill her for doing so.

"Oh, good air; I think it is right that I
should tell you, for it is something very
bad—but my mother would kill me if you
tell her."

The farmer quieted the child's fears, and
then heard from her the horrid relation
that her mother had last night murdered
and robbed a traveller, who stopped at her
house. It had stormed dreadfully during
the night, and a strange man, she said, had
come to the lonely hut looking for shelter.
He had gone to sleep stretched upon the
floor, before the fire, and hearing a groan
in the night, she woke up and saw her
mother killing the stranger with a knife.

She lay still, in great terror, and saw her
mother take money from the man's pocket-
s and hide it, and then drag the body in
a narrow space behind the chimney and
cover it with brush-wood, used for fuel,
after which the miserable murderer crept
into bed by the child's side. The poor
girl could not sleep, and at the first peep
of morning she saw her mother rise again,
drag the body from the chimney to the
pond, at the back of the house, in stones
to it, and with a long pole, force it down
into the thick mud at the bottom.

Terrified, almost speechless with fear, the
little girl fled from her mother's habitation,
and ran a mile and a half to a farmer's
house, to relate the horrible details.

Of course, the alarm was instantly
given, and the terrible excitement flew
through the town, and among the neighbors
for miles around. An early hour in the
morning found constables, and a large
crowd of people, assembled at the woman's
dwelling. The unhappy wretch instantly
turned pale, and exhibited every sign
of guilt: first refusing the officer's admis-
sion; then forcing herself between them
and the space behind the chimney, as if
eager to retard investigation, but still ve-
liferously asserting her innocence. An
officer got behind the chimney and picked
up a large knife, which, together with
the floor around, was newly clotted with
blood; but the woman continued insolent-
ly to deny her guilt, and accused her child
of lying, in revenge for having been whip-
ped the night before. This rash assertion
instantly confirmed the guilt, for it was
evident a child of five years old could not
invent such a story, and a burst of in-
dignation against the mother for her unna-
tural charge, told the strong feeling that
was already awakened against her. The
girl still overcame with terror, and kept
in awe by the mother's frown, it required
long persuasion and promises of protection
before she would reveal where the money
was hidden. At last she pointed to a spot,
and the sum of thirty dollars was dug

up, the miserable amount for which a fe-
male demon had launched a human being
into eternity.

The investigation was continued; the
woman was placed in custody, and the
pond, about a quarter of a mile wide, was
dragged with grappling irons in every di-
rection, yet no body was discovered. The
next day the search went on with like suc-
cess, and at length, when all other efforts
seemed useless, it was suggested that the
pond might be drained dry, and by this
process, the body must inevitably come to
light. This plan (after some further search
in which the pole mentioned by the child
was found stained with blood, and with
some remains of apparel attached to it),
was adopted by the authorities, and a sluice
was dug to let the water off down the hill
side. The operation occupied some time,
and when at length a vent was opened, the
impetuous rush of water swept away nearly
the whole bank of the pond upon the
hill side, leaving the floor at one bound,
followed by a mass of pitch, black mud,
dead frogs, fresh water turtles, catfish, pad-
locks, coils, water snakes, and all the
strange tenants of the pool. Still the body
did not appear, and after a thorough exam-
ination of the black bottom of the pond,
vague suspicions of some other kind of
roguery began to be entertained by the
crowd. The child was again examined,
the pond again scraped, and the "inter-
vale" over which the dark sediment and filth of
the pond now lay a foot deep, was care-
fully inspected in all directions, and still
the dreadful mystery was not unravelled.

The evidence of the child, the knife,
the pole, the money, the blood, the wo-
man's heartless and horrid human butch-
ery that had been perpetrated, and fruitless
search after the body, seemed to add new
terror to the excitement. Who was the
unfortunate stranger? Evidently some
traveller from a distance, for nobody in the
neighborhood was missed. Why could
not the body be found? Ten thousand
conjectures flew around, each of which
added to the perplexing mystery. A strange
uncertainty forced itself upon the minds
of the people. By all appearances, it ap-
peared certain that a murdered man had
been thrown into the pond at all; yet had
the bloody deed had been perpetrated, was
from the evidence, exclusively established.

Thus the affair continued, enveloped in
darkness, and all hope was abandoned of
discovering the body. The woman could
not be convicted upon the evidence of the
child, and that evidence itself could not be
substantiated without finding the body.
So while every person was satisfied of
her guilt, it was clear nothing but her
own confession would ever bring the mur-
derer within power of law. She, with
unflinching obstinacy, continued to deny
all knowledge of the murder. At length
she was actually released from confine-
ment, no possibility appearing of ever being
able to secure her conviction.

A few months passed on, and the "inter-
vale" upon which the pond had been emp-
ied and which before had been almost
worthless, now grew to be a flourishing
piece of land, and people would remark
that the draining of the big pond proved a
good thing to the tavern keeper, who owned
the land below.

Now for the development of this mys-
terious tragedy. A quarrel occurred be-
tween the heroine of this story and the in-
keeper of the "intervale." In her exas-
peration, she came forward and threw a
blaze of light upon this blood-chilling mys-
tery, which at once opened all eyes with
astonishment. A scheme was laid upon
the cunningly devised wheels of which
could never have been set in motion but by
a genuine bread and horse, and thoroughly
educated, son of Yankee land. The in-
venerable keeper wanted his land improved—
he wanted the pond turned on to it, and
soon hit upon a plan to have the job done
free of expense. He laid awake three
nights, matured his plan, contrasted with
the poor woman for fifty dollars, to put it
in operation, and she, with the assistance
of a consummately artful child, carried out.
She killed a pig, smeared a knife and poi-
soned her child's story to tell, and set
out the game in a manner worthy the
best living representative of Lady Mac-
beth. The tavern keeper had furnished
the thirty dollars of the murdered man's
money, but when his objects were gained,
he refused to pay the fifty, not caring a
pin whether the woman would expose his
plan or not. This led to a grand develop-
ment, and thus our thrilling narrative of
"A New Hampshire Mystery," gentle
reader, turns out to be neither more nor
less than a super excellent and surpassing
tragedy executed "Yankee Trick."

A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to
the Post Office, and money to pay the
postage. Having returned with the mo-
ney, he said, "Guess I've done the thing
sleek; I've seen a good many folks puttin'
letters in the post Office through a hole,
and so I watched my chance and got mine
in for nothing."

Judge M'LEAN, it is announced, has de-
clined the nomination for United States
Senator from Ohio. His reasons are of a
private character.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

We find in the Boston Atlas an interest-
ing communication from a correspondent
in the copper mine region of Lake Superi-
rior. One of them details some remark-
able discoveries which have been recently
made a few miles interior from the mouth
of the Ontonagon river. A large mass of
native copper—the weight estimated at
seven tons—was found in the loose ground.
A vast amount of labor had been made to
pry it up and place it on a platform.

All this was the labor of a race of beings
long since passed away. There is too
much skill manifested for the present race
of Indians, and yet the workings are too
ancient to be those of white men. Many
loads of rude stone hammers are found bur-
ied a few feet below the surface. They
are so abundant that in stoning up a cellar,
it was found more convenient to use them
than throw them out. Hemlock trees two
feet in diameter, and, from examination,
two and three hundred years old, are
growing over the workings, and have to
be felled to enable the miners to excavate
the earth. Remains of charred wedges,
and levers and copper gads are found un-
der these trees and under the principal
mass. These ancient workings can be
traced for more than half a mile through
the forest, and an expenditure of \$50,000
at this time, would not pay for the accom-
plishment of a like amount of labor.

Their great antiquity would seem to
carry us back to other tribes. Yet it is
not impossible that the present Indians
may be the descendants of those who
wrought them.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.—It is the law
of Providence for the allotments of mankind
to be various. The general wisdom of
this arrangement is apparent in the adap-
tation of all classes and events to each
other, and in the ability of the Gospel to
give contentment in every condition of
life. It is the duty of all to render to each
other that assistance which God may put
it in our power to grant. In the language
of Sir Walter Scott, the race of mankind
would perish did they cease to aid each
other. From the time that the mother
binds the child's head, till the moment that
some kind assistant wipes the death-damp
from the brow of the dying, we cannot ex-
ist without mutual help. All, therefore,
who need aid, have a right to ask it from
their fellow mortals; no one who holds
the power of granting can refuse without
guilt.

"A lady was overheard in earnest discus-
sion with a gentleman noted for tenacity in
his own opinion. Waxing warm, the
gentleman observed, 'Mrs. C. facts are
stubborn things.' And the lady rejoined,
'Then, Mr. M., what a great fact you
must be!'"

"Has your son Timothy failed?" in-
quired Gubbins of Stubbins, the other
day. "Oh, not at all; he has assigned
over his property, and fallen back to take
a better position," was the reply.

"What are you going to give me for a
Christmas present?" remarked a gay
dancer to us the other day. We meek-
ly replied that we had nothing to offer but
our humble relief. "The smallest favors
grac