THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XX.—6.] GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1849. [NEW SERIES—NO. 82.

UP, BROTHERS, UP!

BY C. D. STUART.

Up, brothers, up! the light begins
Along the eastern sky,
To promise that the night is past,
And better days are nigh;
A clarion voice rings o'er the hills,
The valleys catch the sound—
And freedom is the stirring cry
That fills the world around!

It pierces through the fading gloom,
Its strength the peasant feels—
And old oppression from its throne
With shame and terror reels;
All men lift up their hearts and hands,
More fearless and more free,
And loud rings out the common shout,
No more we'll bend the knee!

From smithy forge, from fisher's cot,
From ploughs that break the lea,
From iron looms, from smoking mines,
From ships that cleave the sea—
One voice unites and mightier
Sweeps on and ever on;
The tyrant's day, the vassal's work
Are gone, forever gone!

Up, brothers, up! and share the light!
Rejoice, the day has come,
When freedom decks the lowest shrine,
And guards the poorest home;
Rejoice, and pledge with strengthening ties
The new born heart and mind,
To keep the boon and pass it on
To all of human kind.

Rejoice, that ye have broke at length
The strong and heavy chain,
Which neither age nor human strength
Can bind ye with again;
Rejoice, and swear ye will not bend,
Nor give the guerdon back,
Though glistening steel disputes the way,
And flame is on your track!

For the "Star and Banner."

BLIGHTED HOPES.

I, of all other men, am most forlorn,
And, ofttimes wish that I had ne'er been born
To tread life's weary, rugged, winding ways,
Where no bright sun illumes my short-lived days:
For, though they're short, most lengthened do they seem—
As life perchance is only but a dream—
Yet, dream or not, whatever life may be,
Dame Fortune hath a smile for all but me.

I've toiled for years to climb her gaudy mount,
To drink fresh waters from her pearly fount:
With anxious eye I saw its riplets gleam—
Dame Fortune's sun had gilded o'er the stream,
And made my willing fancy faintly hear
The sound of waters gurgling on my ear;
And when I fondly thought, "I'm nearly there,"
The bubble burst and left me to despair.

And this, alas! has always been my doom,
To grope my way amid dark sorrow's gloom,
With not a friendly sun to lend one ray
To pierce the clouds that so obscure my way.
And so perchance 'twill ever be with me,
Till I awake in immortality;
But then, oh! pitying hope, I trust to thee,
Forsake me not, to blast eternity.

W. J. M*****.

Gettysburg, April 14, 1848.

CONSCIENCE.

It has been remarked, that the forebodings of a guilty conscience are rarely, if ever, fully realized in this life. Threatenings of a guilty mind pursue it to the last moment of earthly existence, and still promise a fearful retribution to be realized beyond the grave. "The wicked travelleth with pain all his days. A dreadful sound is in his ears. He knoweth that the day of darkness is ready at hand. Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid."

The life and death of many a renowned skeptic, prove that this is no exageration of the truth. The dread word REMORSE, indicates the fearful reprisals which conscience is sure to levy upon guilt. The most successful course of crime is not safe from the terrific visitations of this inward monitor. Conscience may sleep during a long course of crime, but she never dies. She will GNAW AGAIN. The hour of calamity, the moment of death, arms her with tenfold terrors.

If there be not, therefore, a future state of retribution, the last pang of human guilt is a lie—a lie for which the creator is responsible. We almost tremble at the language we have used, though it be but hypothetical; and we fly to the alternative in which alone the mind can rest, that GOD IS TRUE—that man lives beyond the grave, and that the soul that perseveres in sin is hastening to a ruin, which it MUST meet at some point of its future existence.

Such is the teaching of human nature—such the teaching of the Author of human nature. All the efforts of a perverse ingenuity have never been able to invalidate this testimony, as it is written upon the very frame-work of the soul of man.—However, unbelief may continue to blunt the sensibilities of the conscience, and for a time to spread a delusive calm over the mind, by the influence of things seen and temporal, yet it can never change the essential nature of the soul. It may pervert its powers and bear it on to ruin, but it can never entirely tranquilize its instinctive presentiment of the doom that awaits it.—*Biblical Repository.*

MOHAMMEDAN YOUTH.—The children of Moslems are early taught to reverence their parents. After a certain age, the child salutes the father upon entering the room by kissing the hand, and he remains standing until he has permission to sit or depart. They are taught from infancy to cherish a tender affection for the mother, and this feature of their character they retain through life. The father commences to instruct his son as soon as he is of sufficient age in the religion of the Prophet, teaching him the Kalimah or profession of faith and the prayers. He instructs him how to take his food, in what manner he is to dress, and how he is to demean himself in the presence of others. He is taught never to speak ill of any one, nor to talk too much, never to turn his back upon another, nor to eat too much, and never to spit in any assembly.

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DYING CHILD.

THE following passage has a touching interest. It is extracted from Mrs. McIntosh's "Charms and Counter Charms." Euston Hastings, the father, is an infidel.

The child's disease was scarlet fever.—Ten days and nights of ever-deepening gloom had passed, and in the silent night, having insisted that Evelyn, who had herself shown symptoms of illness through the day, should retire to bed, Euston Hastings sat alone watching with tightening heart the disturbed sleep of the little Eve. It was near midnight when that troubled sleep was broken. The child turned from side to side uneasily, and looked somewhat wildly around her.

"What is the matter with my darling!" asked the father in tones of melting tenderness.

"Where's mamma!—Eve wants mamma to say, Our Father!"

Euston Hastings had often contemplated the beautiful picture of his child kneeling with clasped hands beside her mother, to lisp her evening prayer, or, since her illness forbade her rising from her bed, of Evelyn kneeling beside it, taking these clasped hands in hers, and listening to Eve's softly murmured words. Well he knew, therefore, what was meant by Eve's simple phrase, 'To say our Father.'

"Mamma is asleep," he said; "when she awakes we will call her."

"No, no, papa; Eve asleep, then."

"I will call her at once, then, darling," and he would have moved, but the little hand was laid on him to arrest him.

"No—don't wake poor mamma; papa, say Our Father for Eve."

"Will Eve say it to Papa? Speak, then, my darling," he said, finding that though the hands were clasped and the sweet eyes devoutly closed, Eve remained silent.

"No—Eve too sick, papa—Eve can't talk so much—papa, kneel down and say, Our Father, like mamma did last night—won't you, papa?"

Euston Hastings could not resist that pleading voice; and kneeling, he laid his hand over the clasped ones of his child, and for the first time since he had murmured it with childish earnestness in his mother's ear, his lips gave utterance to that hallowed form of prayer which was given to man by a Divine Teacher. At such an hour, under such circumstances, it could not be uttered carelessly; and Euston Hastings understood its solemn import—its recognition of God's sovereignty—its surrender of all things to Him. He understood it, we say—but he trembled at it. His infidelity was annihilated; but he believed as the unreconciled believe, and his heart almost stood still with fear awhile. "Thy will be done on earth even as it is in heaven," fell slowly from his lips.

Soothed by his compliance, Eve became still, and seemed to sleep, but only for a few minutes. Suddenly, in a louder voice than had been heard within that room for days, she exclaimed. "Papa—papa—see there, up there, papa!"

Her eyes were fixed upward, on the ceiling, as it seemed to Euston Hastings, for to him nothing else was visible, while a smile of joy played on her lips, and her arms were stretched upwards as to some celestial visitant.

"Eve coming!" she cried again, "Take Eve!"

"Will Eve leave papa?" cried Euston Hastings, while unconsciously he passed his arm over her, as if dreading that she would really be borne from him.

With eyes still fixed upwards, and extending her last strength in an effort to rise from the bed, Eve murmured in broken tones:—"Papa, come too—mamma—little brother—dear papa—"

The last word could have been distinguished only by the intensely listening ear of love. It ended in a sigh; and Euston Hastings felt even while he still clasped her cherub form, and gazed upon her sweetly smiling face, that his Eve had indeed left him forever. That she had ceased to exist, with the remembrance of that last scene full in his mind, he could not believe. Henceforth heaven with its angels, the ministering spirits of the Most High, was a reality; it was the habitation of his Eve; and his own heart beat longingly to see it. His proud, stern, unbending nature had been taught to tremble at the decree of "Him who ruleth over the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." The Being and Nature upon which he had hitherto speculated as grand abstractions, became at once unspeakably interesting facts. Would He contend with him in wrath? Would He snatch from him one by one the blessings of his life, crushing the impious heart which had reviled His attributes, and denied his existence—or was He indeed "so long suffering," so "plenteous in mercy," that He would prove even to him that His might was the might of a Saviour?

Such were his thoughts, as with still concentrated agony he turned from the grave of his cherished child to watch the bedside of the suffering Evelyn. She had taken the terrible disease from her little Eve, and lay for many days insensible to her own danger or her husband's agony. But God was merciful and her husband and father received her back as from the grave. The heart which judgment had aroused, mercy melted. A consciousness of his own unworthiness of God's mercy—a fear that he could not be heard—checked the cry which anguish would have extorted from Euston Hastings; and the first real utterance from his heart to heaven was in the language of thanksgiving.

PERSEVERANCE OF AUDUBON.—An accident that happened to two hundred of my original drawings, nearly put a stop to my researches in ornithology. I shall relate it merely to show how far enthusiasm—for by no other name can I call my perseverance—may enable the observer of nature to surmount the most disheartening difficulties. I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of the Ohio, where I resided for several years, for Philadelphia, on business. I looked to all my drawings before my departure, placed them carefully in a wooden box, in charge of a relative, with the injunction to see that no injury should happen them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasure of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced and opened; but reader, feel for me—a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper which but a month previous represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain, was too great to be endured, without affecting my whole nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion—until the animal powers being called into action, I took up my gun, my note book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gaily as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make better drawings than before. And ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed my portfolio was again filled.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.—Sir James Macintosh, in his defence of Peltier, spoke of Queen Elizabeth's influence over the English nation in these words:

"She breathed unto them those grand and powerful sentiments which exalt vulgar men into heroes—which led them into the battle of their country armed with holy and irresistible enthusiasm, which ever cover with their shield all the ignoble interests that base calculation and cowardly selfishness tremble to hazard, and shrink from defending. A sort of prophetic instinct—if I may so speak—seems to have revealed to her the importance of that great instrument for rousing and guiding the minds of men, of the effects of which she had no experience—which, since her time, has changed the condition of the world—but which few modern statesmen have thoroughly understood or wisely employed—which is no doubt connected with many ridiculous and degrading details—which has produced, and which may again produce, terrible mischiefs—but the influence of which must, after all, be considered as the most certain effect and the most efficacious cause of civilization—and which, whether it be a blessing or a curse, is the most powerful engine that a politician can move: I mean the press. It is a curious fact, that, in the year of Armada, Queen Elizabeth caused to be printed the first Gazettes that ever appeared in England; and I own, when I consider that this mode of rousing a national spirit was then absolutely unexampled—that she could have no assurance of its efficacy from the precedents of former times—I am disposed to regard her having recourse to it as one of the most sagacious experiments—one of the greatest discoveries of modern genius—one of the most striking anticipations of future experience that we find in history."

A SMOKING EMPEROR.—A letter from Olmutz contains the information that the new Emperor of Austria has discarded from his Court the severe old Spanish etiquette which formerly reigned in the household of that proud monarchy.—"After dinner the Emperor smokes his cigar, a habit which he adopted in the camps of Italy. This is an immense innovation at our court, as no member of the Imperial family of Austria was ever known to smoke." This appears to be regarded as a portentous sign of the times. "All is lost!" said the Frenchman when Roland went to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles.

A Polish prince was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom; and on any particular occasion, he would look upon it and say:—"Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father!"

SAD.—Fitz Greene Halleck, Esq., the distinguished poet, who has shown symtoms of insanity for some ten days past, is now a confirmed lunatic, and has been placed by his friends in the asylum at Bloomingdale.

SCENE AT A PAWNBROKER'S SALE.

Passing up Third street, on Saturday, we were attracted by the cry of "going, going, going," at one of these establishments, and entering found it filled with a motly assemblage, examining the mixed display of goods, wares and merchandise, arranged for sale. A cradle, a feather bed, a watch, a bureau, a coat and vest, were successfully disposed of, at prices which struck us to be far above their value, and it was amusing to witness the eagerness with which the competitors sought to possess themselves of the various objects of their competion. We noticed among the group an interesting girl about seventeen years of age, in faded, yet deep mourning. There was an expression of anxious melancholy upon her pale and beautiful countenance, which rivited our attention; she was not among those who were bidding, but was undoubtedly waiting until some article was offered which she was desirous of possessing. At length the auctioneer offered a miniature and a locket. The pale girl started, and rushing towards the counter exclaimed in a voice of deep anguish:

"Oh! don't—don't sell them, sir; for mercy's sake, keep them a little while longer. I shall be able to redeem them. I shall indeed."

"What is bid for them?" continued the auctioneer.

"Do not bid!" almost shrieked the girl. "I had to pawn them to get bread for my little sister; it is my mother's hair which the locket contains—poor dear mother, who gave it to me when she was dying. Oh! do not sell it—pray don't."

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced by this appeal among the assemblage. There was not a solitary bid for the articles; but we saw an elderly gentlemen in the simple garb of a Quaker go to the desk, and in a few minutes afterwards we saw that pale girl press his hand to her lips, and after eagerly kissing something which he handed to her, she rushed from the room. This scene terminated the sale that day, for the audience soon began to disperse, the few that remained evincing no disposition to possess themselves of any of the "unredeemed pledges" left remaining on hand.—*Philadelphia True Sun.*

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURE.—Almost all animals come into the world covered with clothing adapted to their condition. Man is an exception because he can clothe himself. He is not however the only exception—nor is he the only animal that can clothe itself. The Larvæ or grub of that species of moth which is called "clothes moth," manufactures, as soon as it comes into the world, a coat of hair or wool, and for the protection of its tender skin, lines it with silk. This is a curious and singular fact. If this coat was the insect's natural covering, it would grow with the insect's growth—but it is artificial, and some provision, therefore must be made for its enlargement, as the grub increases in size. If additional length only was required, the task would be easy—the covering being cylindrical, all that would be necessary would indeed very easily be effected by adding a ring or two at the top or the bottom. But the coat must be widened, and this is an operation which is not so easily performed—but the little insect, as if it had learned the art of tailoring, accomplishes its object with equal care and success. It begins as an experienced workman would do, by making two slits, one on each side, in order to give additional width, and then introduces two slips of the same material, to fill up the same space—but it foresees—or at least acts as if it foresaw—that if the slits were made on each side, from one end to the other at once, the coat would fall off—it proceeds, therefore, with caution, and at first slits its garment on each side, only half way down, and when it has completed the enlargement of this half, it proceeds in like manner to enlarge the other. What more could be done by a skilful tailor?—And be it observed that this operation is performed, not by imitation, for it never saw the thing done—nor practice, for it is its first attempt. These facts are curious and worthy of attention.

EARLY MARRIAGE.—A "lady," only ten years old was married in Panama, Jan. 12. Females mature in that meridian faster than in any other region. At 8 or 9, young ladies are of sufficient growth to carry on quite serious flirtations.

"When I am dead, my soul will return to France, and dwell in the hearts of the French people, like thunder in the clouds of Heaven, and throb its ceaseless life in new revolutions."—*Neon.*

During the reign of Henry VIII, which lasted thirty-eight years, no fewer than 72,000 persons were executed, being at the rate of 1894 per an.

"Gentlemen," said a landlord to a late and noisy party in his room, the other night "we have all had enough for to-night; but whether you think so or not, I, for one, intend to *shut*." The premises were soon vacated.

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

We have, in our day, seen many a tough story of the sagacity of the canine race, but we are about to tell one which will beat anything of the kind we have ever seen or heard. What is better, the incident is true, having actually occurred in a neighboring city. It was related to us by a man of unimpeachable veracity, who knew the dog. Should this meet the eye of the gentleman who related it to us, he will affirm it true. He was a member of Gov. Brigg's council last year, and is as modest and unassuming as the governor himself. But to our story. The owner of this dog was in the habit of giving him a cent at a certain hour every day, and with it the dog would go to the market-house and buy his dinner. His master would carefully envelope the cent in a piece of paper, and the dog would go to the market-man, place the cent in his hand and await his cent's worth of meat. The dog being a regular customer, generally got a pretty liberal slice and went off contented. One day he went to his master at the usual hour and gave him to understand that his dinner had arrived. Seeing the dog's uneasiness, he thought he would let him wait awhile; whereupon the dog seized a piece of paper, and bounded off in the direction of the market. On arriving at the stall at which he was regularly served, he laid his paper quietly down and stepped forward for his supply of meat.—The market-man cut off and gave him his supply and off he ran. The man stooped to pick up his money, when lo! there was nothing but a piece of paper. He related the circumstance to the owner, who, on the next day offered the dog a cent to buy his dinner with, but the dog would not take it. He then attempted to call the dog to the market-house, but it was no go, and for months he could not be made to go to the market. For the absolute truth of this story we vouch. Those who disbelieve may ask and answer this question: If a dog will steal, knowing the act to be a theft, why may he not cheat? Both in our mind, indicate the improvement incident to his companionship with man.—*Boston Museum.*

LUNATICS.

There are some very interesting cases of mania at the Asylum on Blackwell's Island, New York. One old woman, with a fine classic face, claims to be "the spirit which originally breathed upon chaos;" to this she sometimes adds that she is "the Bright and Morning Star." She walks the room with a bible constantly clasped to her bosom, and at times utters the most pathetic and beautiful language.

A gentleman who once was noted for his literary acquirements, imagines himself a king, and has magnificent schemes for governing the world.

One pretty girl, who went crazy from a disappointment in love, will converse on many subjects rationally. She was engaged to be married, but a difference of religion induced the relatives of her lover to break off the match, and she, poor girl, had her mind unsettled thereby.

One man has invented a process for changing sea weed into tobacco, thereby keeping in the country much money which would otherwise go to Havana.

Another has been, by some trick, wronged out of the Presidency.

The most remarkable man in the Asylum is a Spaniard—a powerful man, six feet high, with large black eyes and a swarthy skin, who is the very personification of the demoniac mentioned in the Scriptures, "whom no man could bind." He wears no clothes, as with impassioned gesture he speaks of the scenes which memory or fancy pictures forth, he displays a powerful mind unhinged—a fierce will unguided by reason. He has been a slaver and a pirate, and as he speaks of transactions at the Gallinas and in Brazil, exhibits a blood thirsty countenance.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage:—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

FIDELITY OF A NEGRO BOY.—During the American war, a gentleman and lady were coming in a ship, under convoy, from the East Indies: his wife died whilst on their passage, and left two infant children, the charge of whom fell to a negro boy, seventeen years of age. During the voyage, the gentleman, on some account, left the ship and went on board the commodore's vessel, which was then in company, intending, no doubt, to return to his children. During this interval they experienced a terrible storm, which reduced the ship in which the children remained, to a sinking state. A boat was despatched from the commodore's to save as many of the passengers and crew as possible.—Having almost filled the boat, there was but just room, as the sailor said, for the two infants, or for the negro boy, but not for the three. The boy did not hesitate a moment; but placing the two infants in the boat, he said, "Tell Massa that Cuffy has done his duty." The faithful negro was quickly lost in the storm, whilst the two infants, through his devoted and heroic conduct, were restored to their anxious parent.

Queen Charlotte, who heard of this extraordinary circumstance, requested Hannah Moore to write a poem upon it, but she begged to be excused, saying, "That no art could embellish an act so noble!"

TO WHO! TO WHO!

'Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dismal one to view;
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus' light,
And not a star appeared in sight,
As the thick forest through,
Muggins—as usual, "blue"—
Beat homeward, "tacking" left and right;
When all at once he "brought up" right
Against an old dead yew;
At which he "rounded to,"
And "squaring off," as if for fight,
Said with an oath, I sha'nt indite,
"—— infernal scoundrel, you!
Light, an' I'll lick you, black or white."
Just then above him flew
An owl, which on a branch did light,
A few feet o'er the boozy wight,
And then commenced "To who—
Tu whoot—Tu-whoot—Tu-whoot!"
Quoth Muggins, "Do you think to fright
A fellow of my weight and height
With your Ter-whoot-er whoo,
You cursed bugaboo!
An if you're Beelzebub, its quite
Unnecessary you should light,
For Muggins aint your 'due.'
My money matters are all *right!*
The Printer paid up—honor bright."
Then the owl withdrew,
And Muggins mizzled too.
But there are chaps that might
Be caught out late some dismal night,
Who han't paid what's due!
They know *to who—to who!*

GETTING INTO THE WRONG BOX—STORY OF DOWN EAST.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A few months ago there arrived in the quiet city of Portland, a home specimen of the genus homo, in a packet, all the way from Passamaquoddy. Upon going ashore, he enquired the way to the nearest public house, and was informed that it stood directly at the head of the pier where he landed.

Opposite the head of the wharf stands the "Eagle Coffee House." At the corner is located the "Custom House," the front of which is surmounted by a large gilt spread eagle. Into the latter our traveller walked, carpet-bag in hand; and, having found his way into the nearest room—which chanced to be in the surveyor's department—he threw his luggage against the corner, seized an arm chair, and drew himself up to the fire. Bracing his feet against the grate, he pulled forth a huge pipe, and having very leisurely crowded it with pig-tail, he cocked his hat over his shoulder, and commenced to puff away in right good earnest.

The surveyor gazed at the queer biped a moment, but concluded to wait for the finale of this scene without intruding unprofitable questions. Having finished his pipe, lazily, the traveller turned about to the official with—

"Cold day, nabur."

"Very, sir."

"How long to dinner?"

"To what, sir?"

"Dinner."

"We dine at two," continued the surveyor, discovering the stranger's error, and disposed for once to humor it.

"What's the old man?" (meaning the landlord.)

"The collector is in the next room, sir," said the agreeable surveyor; and our down easter immediately moved himself into the collector's department, toting his luggage along as he went. Having laid down his traps, he stepped up to the counter, where stood a pitcher and tumbler for the use of the room. The cashier looked at him an instant, when the stranger broke silence:

"Brandy-and-water."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the astonished accountant.

"A little brandy-and-water, 'fu please."

Leaving the bar-keeper (as he supposed him) to fix his toddy, he moved forward, and suddenly discovered the collector of the port sound asleep in his easy chair.—Stepping up to him, he gave him a most unceremonious blow upon the back, and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Hello! old feller—how are ye? I say, ole hoss—how d'e do?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the collector.

"Glad tu see yer. Two toddies, barkeeper! Brandy-and-water for me—wot do yer drink, 'squire?"

"Sir!" continued the collector again, imagining himself the victim of some horrid dream.

"Come, come, old feller! wake up," added his tormentor bringing down his huge maulers again between the collector's shoulders, and well nigh knocking the breath entirely from his body.

"There's some mistake here, sir," said the collector, springing back.

"Not a bit uv it, old rusty; I know you jest like an inkstan."

"I don't remember—really—"

"Yis you deu sart'n. But never mind—what yer goin to take?"

"Do you know where you are, sir?" inquired the collector, supposing the man to be a lunatic, whom he had better get rid of as easily as possible.

"Me? Sartin. In Portlan'—Eagle Coffee House. You're ole Brass, the lan'lord; I know you. G—git aout!—We're bound to hev a drink;" and he drove his thumb and forefinger in the collector's ribs with so much good earnest that he nearly 'finished his business' for him.

"Excuse me, sir but—"

"No, sir-ee. No backin' aout, ole squilboy—I've seen you go it afore, yer know. Come, barkeeper, tote aout the licker. All mumchum, yer know. I un'stan'—agin the law to sell brandy in Portlan'—but we know; pass it up."

"You have mistaken your quarters, sir."

"Eh?"

"This is the custom house."

"The wot."

"Custom house."

"Cus—eh!" continued the discomfitted traveller, endeavoring to get the thing through his head—"not the coffee house!"

"No, sir."

"Why, I seen the eagle over the top—they tole me head of the wharf—tavern—an' you say it aint a public house?"

"No, sir."

"Wal—I never!" said the chop-fallen traveller, gathering up his duds. Looking about him to be satisfied of his error, he concluded by inquiring what was the expense. He was informed that there was nothing to pay.

"Wal, old fellow, a mistake isn't a haystack?"

"No—fortunately," said the collector.

"Wal, I wouldn't ha' b'lieved I could ha' made sich a blunder"—and then insisting that the "haul crowd should g'out and take a gin'ral drink," which was declined, he secured his luggage and hastily vamosed, to the no small gratification of the government officials, who had been so queerly startled from their customary propriety.

LINING OUT.—An aged minister was officiating for the first time at the public service of a congregation in Georgia who had been accustomed to having the "hymns lined," as it is termed. The venerable man could not see distinctly, and designed to dispense with the singing. To announce his purpose, he arose and said:

"My eyes are dim, I cannot see."

And immediately the choristers commenced singing the line to the tune of "Old Hundred." Surprise and mortification rendered the minister almost speechless, but he managed to stammer out—

"I meant but an apology."

This line was immediately sung by the congregation, and the minister, now quite excited, exclaimed—

"Forbear! I pray. My sight is dim."

But the singing proceeded, and the couplet was finished by his troubled and beseeching explanation—

"I do not mean to read a hymn."

Strange as it may seem, this was also sung with much energy, and the worthy old gentleman actually sat down in despair.—*Boston Bee.*

FROM THE "SACKRYMENTO."

Sackrymento Diggins, Oct. 30, 48.

TO TIM FLAHERTY:

Howly Moses! Tim, as soon as you read this bit of a note come out at wonst. Right fornenst me where I sit composing over this letther, there's a fortune to be got for the mere sifthing. The sands is all goold powther. Och! If you could only see how beautiful it shines in the sun. An' thin the depth of it. It goes clane down to the centre of the world.—The mountains, Tim, has vains, and ivery vain is full of the circulatin' majium.—Wouldn't you like to bleed them vains, ould boy! We've no horses here, 'cept mules, and as soon as one ov the boys gets a load he puts it on the back ov the donkey and carries it to the *as sayers*.—The as sayers, ye see, is the jintlemen as informs us whether the goold is the rale stuff, or only iron piraties. You see there's a desavin kind of goold they call piraties. Its an invenshun of the ould sarpint, and if yees put it into the fire it vanishes in a thick smoke wid an enfarnel smell of sulfir. Heven be about us.

It is a find healthy rejin is the Sackrymento. There's no disease cept the shaking ager; and the fits come on first rate whin there's yny sifthing to be done. As soon as one o' the boys gets the shake on him he just puts the sifther in his fists, and he'll make a small fortin afore the tremble's off ov him.

We're all rale demmicrats out here, Tim. While I'm writing ov this letther on the side ov my hat—bad luck to the crown there's to it—I can see one of the captins ov the New York melisha washing the goold in the Sackrymento without a screen o' breeches on him, savin' your presence. Even the mishinaries dig like bogthrotters all the week, and deliver mity impressin' discourses to the Haythen on the unrighteousness of mammon on a Sunday. The Injuns is insensed in this way wid the sinfulness ov riches, and sells it chape.

Remember me to Biddy, the darlin', an' tell her if she'll put the breeches on her she can make hapes o' money here, for she knows how to use the spade, an' it's easier diggin' the goold than cutting turf in Kilkenny. But she'd better not be after comin' in her natural duds, for the site ov a pettycoat might breed a ruction in the settlement.

Intendin' to address you agin shortly on the state ov ployticary affairs in this country, I remain, yer affecshinate cozen,

TERRENCE MAHONY.