THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XXI—43. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 205

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

The Largest Assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

S. H. BUEHLER has just received from the City a large additional supply of Books, and has now on hand, at his old established Bookstore, in CHAMBERSBURG STREET, the largest and best assortment of

STANDARD BOOKS,

of every variety, Classical, Theological, Literary and Miscellaneous, ever offered in this market, all of which will be sold, as usual, at the very lowest rates.

He has also constantly on hand a large and full assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY, Pen-knives, Gold Pens, Pencils, Letter Envelopes, Visiting Cards, Motto Wafers, with a variety of Fancy Articles, to which the attention of purchasers is invited.

The subscriber returns his acknowledgment for the long continued and liberal patronage extended to him, and thinks that, in the variety and excellence of his present assortment of Cheap Books and Stationery, will be found evidence of a determination to continue to merit that patronage.

☞ Arrangements have been made by which any Books not embraced in his assortment can be promptly ordered from the City.

GETTYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY.

THIS Institution, under the direction of Miss WALLACE, will be re-opened on *Monday the 2d of September*, and continue in two sessions of five months each, until the last of June; leaving July and August for vacation instead of May and October.

TERMS.—Ten dollars per session of five months; with extra charges for the Languages, Drawing and Fancy Work. Pupils will be charged from the time of entering till the end of the session; and no deductions from the price will be made, except for time lost by the Teacher, or protracted illness of the pupils.

Reference is respectfully made to the following gentlemen:

J. B. M'Pherson,	Rev. Dr. Schmucker,
J. A. Thompson,	Rev. Dr. Baugher,
R. G. Harper,	Rev. Dr. Krauth,
Dr. D. Horner,	Prof. Jacobs,
Hon. M. M'Clean,	Prof. Stover,
J. R. Danner,	Rev. R. Johnston,

Aug. 30, (March 3,)—1y

FOR RENT.

DWELLING HOUSES, OFFICES, SHOPS & A Public Hall

FOR Exhibitions, Concerts, Associations, &c. ☞ Apply, before 15th of January, to D. M'CONAUGHY.

Dec. 20, 1850.—tf

100 AGENTS WANTED,

TO travel in the Southern, Middle or Northern States. Steady employment will be given for a number of years to respectable young men of business habits and possessed of a good common education and gentlemanly address. Such young men would find it greatly to their advantage, as it will afford an opportunity to see a large portion of the country, and at the same time earn, besides all expenses, from $300 to $500 a year. Some agents have earned double that amount. Much depends upon ability to act, perseverance and economy, it being a pleasant business. Those who desire further information can obtain the same by addressing, *post paid*,

JACOB MONK,

Dec. 13, 1850.—3t *Philadelphia.*

FOR SALE OR RENT,

THAT SMALL Two-story Brick House, on Railroad street, in the rear of Minnich's Hotel. Terms of sale very accommodating. There is a never-failing well of water, and also a good brick Stable on the premises. Also for sale,

5 ACRES OF WOODLAND,

on the Seminary ridge, immediately North of the railroad cut. Apply to

Dec. 20.—2t D. A. BUEHLER.

CELEBRATION.

THE "BERLIN BENEFICIAL SOCIETY" will have a Celebration and Procession, on NEW YEAR DAY, (January 1st, 1851) at East Berlin, on which occasion the association will be addressed by H. L. Fickes, Esq., of Gettysburg, in the Village Church. The ceremonies will be enlivened by a Band of Music.

☞ The citizens generally are invited to be present.

J. A. WOLF,
J. S. HILDEBRAND,
A. P. BAUGHER,
S. MINTER,
MICHAEL BOHN,
Committee.

Dec. 20.—2t

Collectors, Take Notice.

THE Collectors of Taxes in the different Townships in Adams County, are hereby notified that they will be required to bring their duplicates to be settled before *Wednesday the 1st day of January next*, on which day the Commissioners will meet at their office to give the necessary exonerations.

F. G. MORRIS,
JOHN MUSSELMAN,
JACOB GREST,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. ACHESON, Clerk. Nov. 22.—td

RIBBONS! RIBBONS!

THE Ladies' attention is asked to a very large and varied assortment of Plain MANTUA and SATIN RIBBONS, of every width and color that may be desired.

Oct. 4. J. L. SCHICK,

An Adventure AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF QUITO.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The thunder began to roll, and resounded through the mountain passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning; flash following flash—above, around, beneath—every where a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and, with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extremely dark, that, if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it, even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavored to discover, by groping, whence the sound proceeded.

They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green color; strong claws upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "We have come into the den of a ——" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if he reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay.

There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by his glowing eyes, which he rolled glaring with fury upon us. His frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barreled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, but it missed fire. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone, which (for the moment depended on, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln followed, and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave—I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, which had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave, in the most wild and impetuous manner; then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl.

Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from his tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke afresh into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having, at length, succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware of what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them, than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale: the songs of the birds were again heard in the neighboring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hungs from the leaves. We saw, through the aperture, how all nature was reviving, after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance: and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength; and his limbs being stretched out at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of teeth stood far enough apart to show his large, red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once, another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose, and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

The howls which the tigress gave when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every thing of horrible we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward, with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased.

Our Indians descended from the tree, and called upon us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves, by instant flight; for that that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the the cave, which they were, no doubt, acquainted with. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff, with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, utered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be used with safety by the light feet of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side.

Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavoring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff, except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastening by which the bridge was attached to the rock.

He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put the to the farther progress of our pursuers, but he was mistaken; for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavoring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost.

But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and, with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while, with his right he wrenched and violently turned the sword, that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold and fell back into the abyss.

A MOTHER'S CLAIMS.

Filial kindness is always suggestive of the good and the beautiful. There is not a more touching picture in the Bible than that of Ruth, while answering the entreaties of her mother-in-law, Naomi, to return unto her own people: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

"I will never marry a man who does not treat his mother well," said a lively friend to us once. "And why not?"—we querried. "If he is unkind to her to whom he is so deeply indebted," she replied, "what need we expect from him to whom he owes comparatively nothing?" There was sound philosophy in this remark. Most of our truly great men have been noted for the kindness—yea, *reverence*, even—with which they have treated their mothers. Washington revered his; Roger Sherman treated his with the most marked attention; and it was one of the famous Judge Story's last requests that he might be buried beside his mother in Mt. Auburn. But filial respect and love is not often rewarded as in the following instance:

Gustavas III., King of Sweden, passing one morning through a village in the neighborhood of the castle, observed a young peasant girl of interesting appearance drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a draught. Without delay she lifted up her pitcher, and, with artless simplicity, put it to the lips of of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said, "My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

"Ah, sir," replied the girl, "I cannot accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the Providence of God has placed me; but if I were I could not for an instant hesitate."

"And why?" rejoined the King, somewhat surprised.

"Because," answered the girl, coloring, "my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist and comfort her under many afflictions; and no earthly bribe can induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires from me."

"Where is your mother?" asked the monarch.

"In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her.

The King, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and behold, stretched on a bedstead, whose only covering was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch addressed her—

"I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

"Alas, sir," answered the venerable sufferer, "I should he indeed to be pitied, had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it for her good," she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of possessing an exalted station; and, putting a purse into the hand of the young villager, he could only say, "Continue to take good care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good bye, my amiable girl; you may depend on the promise of your King."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life on her mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

BARNUM'S FIRST OPERATION.—A few years ago, a small drove of Buffaloes were driven east for exhibition—but the speculation proving a failure, they were sold in Utica, N. Y., to pay expenses. The Cleveland Plain Dealer says:

"Barnum hearing of this, lost no time in buying said Buffaloes, getting them cheap. He took them to Hoboken, where he fitted them to keep, saying nothing to any one. He next went to all the ferry-men on the river and asked what their daily receipts were. Ascertaining that, he proposed to charter their services for a single day, paying a slight increase above ordinary receipts. To this they assented, and he bound the bargain by advancing a portion of the pay. Next appeared barn-door bills in flaming capitals, posted all over New York, that on such a day there would be a grand buffalo chase at Hoboken. Eighteen live buffaloes fresh from the prairies, and wild Indians mounted on native chargers to chase them, &c., &c., all to be seen free gratis and for nothing! New York turned out as it had never done before. The ferry-boats ran from early light untill two o'clock next morning, loaded to their guards with passengers. The net proceeds of the whole operation amounted to about $5,000, and this was the beginning of Barnum's success and subsequent fortune.

Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, the yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet o'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For, who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines the artless tale relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crost in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill
Along the heath and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.—
Approach and read (for thou dost read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

RARE FREAK.—About five weeks ago, a strange little bird was observed to have taken up his quarters among a brood of chickens belonging to our informants. He says the bird continues in the flock, up to this time, nightly retires under the hen's wings, and otherwise deports itself as a *bona fide* chickens. When it first came, it was about the size of the chicks, but they have far out-grown the stranger which remains in statu quo. Mr. B. R. Pennybacker is the gentleman who furnishes evidence of this rare freak. He says he never saw any other bird like the one above mentioned. Where did it come from?—[*Parkersburg Gazette.*

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question."—"Because I saw in the old Bible where you married Anna Dominy in 1836, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

INCIDENTS OF A DUEL.

We select from the biography of John Randolph, by Hugh A. Garland, the annexed incidents of a duel between these two men. Notwithstanding the absurdity of the "code of *honor*," as it is most ridiculously termed, the following account shows traits of innate nobleness of character that will be appreciated by all good and great men:

"The night before the duel," says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, "Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked, "Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire—nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head—I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine." His eyes filled, and, resting his head upon his hand, we remained some moments silent. I replied, "My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers,) I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field, and to see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away.—But on this subject, a man's own conscience and his own bosom are the best monitors. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Col. Tattnall your decision. He begged me not to do so, and said that he was very much afraid that Tattnall would take the stude and refuse to go with him. I, however, sought Colonel Tattnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodging, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on the prestige of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tattnall remarked, "Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to stand to see you shot down, you must find some other friend." Mr. Randolph remarked that such was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Col. Tattnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal, at one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last Mr. Randolph, smiling said: "Well, Tattnall, I promise you one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind;" a remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend, Mr. Tattnall.

Mr. Clay and himself met at four o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw "no devil in the eye of Mr. Clay, but a man fearless, and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

I shall never forget this scene, as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality has produced, about to meet in mortal combat.—While Tattnall was loading Randolph's pistols, I approached my friend, I believe, for the last time. I took his hand; there was not in the touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said, "Clay is calm, but not vindictive—I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event remember this." On handing him his pistol, Col. Tattnall sprung the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said, "Tattnall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia, with either a pistol or gun, yet I never fire with the hair-trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am." But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tattnall insisted upon having the trigger. On taking their position, the fact turned out as Randolph anticipated; his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

The moment this event took place, Gen. Jessup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend, if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed it was an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Randolph discharging his pistol in the air.—The moment that Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he instantly approached Randolph, and said, with an emotion I can never forget—"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

The close of this passage in Randolph's career, makes too complete a picture to be ommitted. Returning from his mission as Minister to Russia, broken in health, sick at heart—at death's door—he went into the Senate Chamber, and took his seat in the rear of Mr. Clay. That gentleman happened at the same time to be on his feet addressing the Senate. "Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again." When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which were very few, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded.—Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, he left his place and went to speak to him: as he approached Randolph said to the gentleman with him, "Raise me up." As Clay offered his hand, he said, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir." "No, sir, replied Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I cling here expressly to have this interview with you."

They grasped hands and parted, never to meet more.

DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

The ties of relationship are held most sacred in the imperial family of Austria. Maria Louisa had been taught to reverence them from her infancy. She was tenderly attached to every member of her family, and when the preliminaries of her marriage with Napoleon were arranged, and she knew that she was about to leave all who were so dear to her, and with whom she had passed all her days, her heart sank within her, and the tears flowed incessantly. The day came; she was to leave forever the home of her childhood. She took a most affecting leave of her family, and then shut herself up in her own apartment, where, according to etiquette, she was to remain till the French ambassador who was to conduct her to Paris went to hand her to the carriage. When Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel, went into her cabinet for this purpose, he found her weeping most bitterly. For some time she was unable to speak: at length words of passionate grief found their way.

"I cannot help crying," she said; "everything I look at, and that I am going to leave, is so dear to me: there are my sister's drawings; my mother herself worked this tapestry; these pictures were painted by my uncle Charles."

Thus she went on apostrophizing every article the room contained, even the very carpets, and all her pets of whom she was so fond, so cherished, and caressed; her birds, that she loved to sit and listen to—these were all to be left behind—and the parrot that she herself had taught to speak; but, above all, the little faithful dog, the favorite companion, even he was not to accompany her—for it had been said that the Emperor did not like pet dogs. As she caressed the little creature, her tears fell faster. Berthier was sensibly touched by the marks of affection bestowed by the young princess on all the objects associated with home. He told her that all would not be in readiness for their departure for a couple of hours. So the poor princess was allowed the indulgence of her grief for a little while longer. But the moment came, and she was to tear herself away from the scenes and the friends that occupied all her affections. An enthusiastic greeting awaited her from the crowds assembled to welcome her. Splendor surrounded her on every side; but home and dear friends were far away. As Napoleon led her from the balcony of the Tuilleries, where she had been gazed at and hailed with acclamations of joy by the populace, he said—

"Come, Louisa, I ought to give you some little reward for the happiness which you have conferred on me—the great happiness which I have just enjoyed. Nay, nay, don't be afraid to follow me," continued he, as he led her along one of the narrow corridors of the palace lit by a single lamp; "nay, nay, don't be afraid, to follow me."

Suddenly they stopped at the door of a room wherein a dog was making efforts to get out. The emperor opened the door—the favorite dog was there. He testified his joy at again seeing his mistress by a thousand wild pranks; bounding and jumping about her. The profusion of lamps by which the room was lit up, discovered to Maria Louisa that it was furnished with the very chairs and the carpets of her apartment at Vienna. These were her sister's drawings, and the tapestry wrought by her mother's hands; there were the pictures painted by her uncle Charles; there was her parrot, and there her singing birds; and, above all, the pet dog. Louisa was greatly affected and delighted by finding herself surrounded by these dear, familiar objects. So well had Berthier planned and executed this agreeable surprise for the disconsolate princess, whom he had found weeping over all that had been endeared to her by the fondest associations, that she never suspected his design in delaying their departure from Vienna.

"Come in, Berthier," said the emperor, opening a side door, "and let the empress thank you. There, Louisa, thank him—embrace him who planned this pleasure for you."

How frequently genius affects great ends by the simplest means! It is most interesting to see the greatest difficulties give way before its magic influence.

That nobility is the truest which a man derives, not from his pedigree, but from himself; that excellency is the greatest which is personal; that glory is the most estimable which is fixed in our intellectual and moral attributes, not that which a man locks up with his cash, or puts by with his ribbons.

Let the domestic circle be the scene of woman's ministrations, her infant group the subject for whom she legislates, and home the sphere where her influence is exerted by a well ordered life and godly conversation.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more beautiful than the reply given by one in affliction, when he was asked how he bore it so well. "It lightens the stroke," said he, "to draw near to him who handles the rod."

HON. W. C. PRESTON.—The friends of this distinguished man will be happy to learn that his health has much improved, and he will retain the Presidency of the South Carolina College, the trustees having refused to accept his resignation.

True religion will show its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

"Advice," says Coleridge, "is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind."

If a man is always spitting tobacco juice, how can he expect to run with a gentleman's [illegible]