THE STAR AND BANNER.

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OUR CHILDREN.

BY WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

"The beautiful vanish and return not."

They are stricken, darkly stricken;
Faint and fainter grows each breath,
And the shadows round them thicken,
Of the darkness that is Death.
We were with them—bending o'er them—
And the Soul in sorrow saith,
"Would that I had pass'd before them,
To the darkness that is Death!"

They are sleeping, coldly sleeping,
In the grave-yard, still and lone,
Where the winds, above them sweeping,
Make a melancholy moan.
Thickly round us—darkly o'er us—
Is the pall of sorrow thrown;
And our heart-beats make the chorus
Of that melancholy moan.

They are waking, brightly waking,
From the slumbers of the tomb,
And, enrobed in light, forsaking
Its impenetrable gloom.
They are going—they have risen—
And their spirit forms illume,
In the darkness of Death's prison,
The impenetrable gloom.

They are passing, upward passing,
Dearest beings of our love,
And their spirit forms are classing
In the beautiful above;
There we see them—there we hear them—
Through our dreams they ever move,
And we long to be anear them,
In the beautiful above.

They are going, gently going,
In their angel robes to stand,
Where the River of Life is flowing
In the far-off distant land.
We shall meet them—we shall raise them
From our broken little band;
But our souls shall still caress them,
In the far-off Silent Land.

They are singing, sweetly singing,
Far beyond the vale of Night—
Where the angel harps are ringing
And the day is ever bright.
We can love them—we can greet them—
From this land of dimmer light,
Till God takes us hence to meet them
Where the day is ever bright.

"I Think of Thee."

I think of thee when on the shore is dying
The sun's last ray;
I think of thee when autumn woods are sighing
At close of day.

I think of thee when in the summer bower
I sit alone;
I hear thy voice, when at the midnight hour
The wind makes moan.

I think of thee when maids are out a-Maying,
And garlands twine;
I think of thee, when rustic pipes are playing
Amid the kine.

I think of thee, when in the hall are dancing
The young and fair:
Look around and see thy form advancing—
The loveliest there.

I sit by thee, in closest bonds united,
Though far away;
And oft renew the vows we two have plighted,
Ay, many a day.

I long for thee, to call thee mine forever,
My joy, my pride!
Nor time nor space our hearts or minds can sever,
My spirit's bride!

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

The following beautiful passage is from "Richard Edney," the recent work of the Rev. Mr. Judd. The touching reflections are suggested by the death of "Little Violet:"

"It is, in common language, hard parting. However joyous or certain may be immortality, however desirable, in any instance, may be the prolongation of this earthly existence; however certified we are of the salvable condition of our friend—still, it is hard parting. Not the immediate prospect of Heaven, not the presence of the Angel of Bliss, can prevent the bitterness of emotion. We weep from sympathy, and we weep from sorrow: and sympathy makes the sorrow of many a one. In a moment, as by electric communication, all hearts coalesce.

"It is hard parting; the cessation, the giving over, the farewell, the last view; the absence, the being gone; nothing for the eye to look upon, or the hand to feel, or the tongue to speak to: the withdrawal of the spirit, the burial of the body; the silence, and the loneliness.

"It is hard parting; but it is not all parting; there is a remaining too. All does not go. There are blessed memories and sweet relics still in our hand, still sleeping in our bosoms, still sitting by our hearthes, still coming in at the door. Beauty, Holiness, Love, are never sick; for them there is no funeral bell. That face visits us in our reveries when we wish to be all alone with it; an ascended face, it shines on our despondency, and smiles on our love; it peoples the solitude with a sacred invisibility; it introduces us to the realm of the departed, to converse with spirits—to commune with saints. The medium between us and the dead is a purifying one. It cleanses the character; we see nothing bad in what is gone; there is no remembrance spy more of sin; we are ravished by virtues perhaps too late recognized; we adore where we once hardly tolerated."

CORRECT SENTIMENT.—The following extract from Noah's address to young men, is a gem of surpassing beauty:

"I would frown on vice, I would favor virtue—favor whatever would elevate, would adorn character, alleviate the miseries of my species, or contribute to render the world I inhabited, like the heavens to which I looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Though I were to exist no longer than those ephemra that sport in the beams of the summer's morn, during their short hour, I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than to creep in the gutter with the reptile, and bed my memory and my body together in the dunghill. However short my part, I would act it well, that I might surrender my existence without disgrace, and without compunction."

When Lieut. O'Brien was blown up in the Edgar, and thrown on board the Admiral, all black and wet, he said to the commander, with pleasantry, "I hope, sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I left the ship in so great a hurry that I had not time to change my dress."

THE SKATING REGIMENT.

WINTER SCENES IN NORWAY.

In Norway, the ground is overspread with snow for three quarters of year, and not unfrequently to the depth of ten feet. When a thaw comes, it is only the surface of the mass that melts; and then the next frost of course covers the whole country with a crust of ice. In such circumstances, there is no getting along in the usual way. The people must still ascend the hills and dive into the valley in pursuit of game; they must still traverse the hoary forests to gather wood for fuel; and they must still journey to the distant towns to bring food to their isolated hamlets.—In these excursions, whether long or short, they use skates. Skating is with them neither a mere amusement nor a gymnastic exercise; it is a means of locomotion which the nature of the ground renders indispensible, and a man who could not skate would be unable to walk to any useful purpose.

It is melancholy to think that one of the most delightful winter customs has, like many other things good in themselves, been pressed into the service of war. In the army of Norway, there is a company of skaters, dressed in the dark green of English riflemen, and armed merely with a slight musket slung upon the shoulder, and a dagger-sword. They are likewise provided with an iron pointed staff, seven feet long, resembling those used by the Swiss when traversing the glaciers; which serves to balance them as they sweep along the ice, and which they strike deep into the ground when they desire to stop in their headlong career. The aim is so indispensible in affording rest for their pieces when they fire. Their dress is of a peculiar construction, being singularly long; and when thus shod, it is a strange sight, and in times of peace an amusing one, to see this light company climbing with ease the icy hills, gliding down their precipitous sides, and striding, as Klopstock says, with winged feet over the waters, transmuted into solid ground, as if in defiance of the common laws of nature.

Skating was known to the ancesters of the Northmans, if we take the date assigned by some authors to the Edda as evidence, eight centuries ago; the God Uller being represented in the Scandinavian scriptures as remakable for his beauty, his arrows and his skates. The excercise is not mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers, though so well acquainted with all other gymnastics; but Klopstock, Gœthe, Herder, and other German poets, sing the praises of the art. In Holland it is practised, as in Norway, not for its gracefulness but for its utility; and there it is common for the country people to skate to market. During the famous expedition of Louis XIV., this art of locomotion was used against the Dutch themselves in one of the most curious and daring exploits recorded in history. When the states sued for peace, the terms offered by the pride of Louis, were so monstrous that the people tore open their sluices and laid the country under water. The frost, after a time, however, rendered even this unavailing; and at length Gen. Luxumbourg, one dark and freezing night, mounted twelve thousand men on skates, and sent them over the ice from Utrecht to surprise the Hague. The result is given as follows by a writer, who take his facts from a French historian:

"When they left Utrecht, it was clear frosty weather, and the effect of the moon and stars upon the even sheet of ice, over which they swept like a breeze, was truly magical. By degrees as they advanced, the visible horizon of earth was obscured by vapor, and they could see nothing around, above, or beneath them, but a circular expanse of ice, bounded at the edge by thick gray clouds, and canopied by the starry curtain of the sky. The strange groaning sound which ever and anon boomed along the frozen wilderness, had at first something inexpressibly terrific to the imagination; and as it died fitfully away in the distance, the space surrounding them seemed extended almost to infinity. The sky at length was gradually covered by the vapors rising, as if from the edges of the circle of earth; a veil of dull and hazy white overspread the heavens, and obscured the stars; and a dim round spot of watery brightness was the only indication of the site of the moon, by which alone they could steer their course.

"A rapid thaw had come on; their skates sunk deeper and deeper into the ice at every sweep; and at last the water gathering upon the surface, as it was agitated by the night wind that had now risen, assumed the appearance of a sea. The wind increased, the sky grew blacker and blacer; their footing became more spongy and insecure; they plunged almost to the knee; and the ice groaned and cracked beneath them. Every one looked upon himself as lost; and the horrors of a fate hitherto untold in story, and appearing to belong neither to the fortunes of the land nor of the sea, appalled the boldest imagination.

"At length a faint twinkling light appeared in the distance, sometimes seen and sometimes lost in the varying atmosphere; and they had the satisfaction, such as it was, of at least knowing the relative bearings of the place on which they were about to perish. The light proceeded from a strong fort in the enemy's hands, impregnable without cannon; and what added bitterness to their misery, was the knowledge that beyond this fort was a dike, which in all probability afforded a path, however narrow and muddy, by which they could have returned to Utrecht.—The fort, however, was the gate to this avenue of safety; and even if they had possessed the requisite means of siege, if it was defended for a single day, they would either be swallowed up by the water, in the continuance of the thaw, or perish miserably through cold and fatigue.—But anything was better than inaction.—The water creeping insidiously around them was a deadlier enemy than stone walls or cannon shot; and they determined at least to make a rush upon the immoveable masonery of the fort, and provoke the fire of its defenders. It is impossible to account for the result. It may have been the sight of so large a body of men rushing in upon them, as if from the open sea, their numbers multiplied, and even their individual forms distorted and magnified in the mist, struck a panic terror into the hearts of the garrison; while this may have been increased by the shouts of courage or despair, sounding widely over the icy wastes, and mingling like the voice of demons with the rising wind.—But, however it was, the gates of the fort opened at their approach, and the helpless and half-frozen adventurers rushed in without striking a blow."—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH.—The difficulties of religion are not in the understanding. The first problem, salvation by faith alone, is the simplest proposition that was ever placed before the mind of man. It reminds us of a pretty illustration of the childlike simplicity of the Christian's faith, which we once heard in the sermon of a French preacher, Adolphe Monod:

Two children were standing at evening on the summit of a hill, watching the setting sun as it seemed slowly to roll along the bright horizon. What a way, said the elder, the sun has moved since we saw it coming from behind that tree. And yet you remember, said the younger boy, we learned in this morning's lesson with our father, that the sun never moves at all.—I know we did, replied the first; but I do not believe it, because I see it is not so.—I saw the sun rise there this morning, and I see it there to-night. Now can a thing get all that distance without moving?—You know very well that if we did, not move we should remain always just where we are, upon the hill. But our father, said the other, told us that it is the earth that moves. That is impossible, too, replied the elder, for you see it does not move; I am standing upon it now, and so are you, and it does not stir—how can you pretend to think it moves, while all the time it stands quietly under your feet.

These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world from the first to the last, from the gate of Paradise to the judgment seat; there never has been, and there never will be, any other division, but they that take, and they that will not take their father's word. Every page of the Bible is a declaration of this truth; every page of human history is a manifestation of it. The believing and the unbelieving, the righteous and the wicked, the happy and the miserable, the saved and the lost, the justified and the condemned, the dead and the living—we may take the scripture definition of the two parties under what terms we please, explain them, descant upon them, write volumes on volumes to elucidate or to compound them, it comes to the one simple description at last—they that do, and they that do not take their father's word. Can the youngest among us, the most ignorant, the most foolish, pretend to say: we do not understand it, we do not know what is meant by faith, or any faith at all, as if it were some strange mysterious thing. Let us not forget that simplicity of faith; it is the confidence which a child puts in his father's word. And, let us remember, too, that our eternal destiny hangs on our believing or not believing, for it is declared by him that cannot lie, "he that believeth not, shall be damned."

ANECDOTE OF NOAH WEBSTER.—Some years ago the great lexicographer was paying a visit, on horse-back, to his brother. When he reached the town where his brother resided, he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them:

"My son," said the learned doctor, "did you know where Mr. Webster lives?"

"Yes; you aint a brother of his'n, is you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it can't no how be true you is the man that made the spelling book, can it?"

"Yes."

"By golly," rejoined the boy, as he gazed with awe-struck wonder upon the venerable doctor; "by golly, that's a fish story."

The old gentlemen often referred to the incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horse-back ride.

"THAT'S JUST MY CASE."—"Will you pay me that bill, sir?" said a tailor to a waggish fellow, who owed him a pretty long bill.

"Do you owe any body anything?" asked the wag.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then you can afford to wait." And off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's ends yet. So, turning to his creditor, he said—

"Are you in debt to any body?"

"Yes, sir," said the tailor.

"Well, why don't you pay?"

"I've not the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand!"

COLD WATER.—It is said of the celebrated Pliny, "that he considered it a great absurdity that mankind should bestow so much labor and expense, in making, artificially, such a variety of liquors, when nature has supplied to their hands a drink of so superior a quality as water." You can deceive a dog and make him drunk once, but there you must stop, you can never catch him again. Alas! not so with man.

Quin being asked by a lady why there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "Granting the fact, madam, it is is in conformity with the arrangements of nature. We always see more of heaven than earth."

Massachusetts has about three millions of dollars invested in School-houses. A good investment.

CELESTIAL PHENOMINA.

The accompanying observations on the planets of our system are from the pen of Thomas Dick—the Christian Philosopher, and were published recently in one of the Dundee papers. They are very interesting.

For some time past, the starry heavens, unobscured by clouds or mists, have presented a pretty clear field for the astronomical observer; but very few of the planetary orbs have yet come forward for evening observation.

The principal planet to be seen during the evening is Saturn. This planet may be seen due south about twenty minutes past 6 *P. M.*, at an altitude of nearly 37 degrees above the the horizon, till after midnight. Its ring when viewed thro' a good telescope, now appears much more open than it did last year about this time, and although it has ceased to be the line of vision, and appears like a long ellipse, yet it may be plainly distinguished to be a ring surrounding the body of Saturn, appearing somewhat like a handle on each side of his disc. This is one of the most wonderful and interesting pieces of celestial mechanism to be found within the limits of the solar system. It has been supposed by many eminent astronomers that the lately discovered planet Neptune is also surrounded with a ring; but this point has not been so satisfactorily determined as we could wish, though it seems to be admitted by all who have viewed this planet with high powers, that there is an appearance about Neptune that must either be a ring or some other unknown appendage.

Within these few weeks past intelligence has arrived from America that the astronomers at the Observatory of Cambridge, State of Massachusetts, had discovered a third ring around the planet Saturn—a phenomena which had been for some time expected. It is announced that this important fact was ascertained on the night of the 15th of November last. This ring is said to be interior to the two others; and therefore its distance from the body of Saturn must be comparatively small.—It is said to have been observed through the great Equatorial telescope, with powers varying from 150 to 900. The evening on which it was discovered was remarkably fine, perhaps one of the finest since the establishment of the Observatory.

The telescope in this Observatory—which was procured from Munich, Germany, and is 25 feet long and 14½ inches aperture—is perhaps one of the finest achromators now in existence. The eighth satelite of Saturn was also discovered at this Observatory by Mr. Bond, the superintendent, about two years ago.

THE PLANET JUPITER.—This planet is at present a morning star, but, ere long, it will adorn our evening sky. It may be seen shining in splendor about four o'clock in the morning, in the south-eastern part of the sky, near a star of the second magnitude. This is the largest planet of the solar system, which weeps through the heavens at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles an hour, and revolves around its axis in the course of nine hours fifty-six minutes. It began rising on the 1st of February, in a direction east by south, about eleven o'clock in the evening, and continued every succeeding evening to rise somewhat earlier. About the beginning of March it will rise about nine P. M., and will be in a position for telescopic observation, between ten and eleven o'clock. It will then continue to adorn our evening sky throughout the months of April, June, July, August and September, till near the middle of October—on the 26th of which month it is in conjunction with the sun, soon after which it will be seen only in the morning. Were this planet peopled with inhabitants in the same proportion as in England, that is 280 to a square mile, its surface would be sufficient to contain a population of 6,967,520,000,000, or seven billions of inhabitants, which is more than eight thousand seven hundred times the present population of our globe, and nearly fifty times the number of human beings that have existed on the earth since the creation of man.

THE PLANET MARS.—This planet, on account of its great southern declination, and its distance from the earth, will not be much noticed by common observers for for two or three months to come. About the months of October, November and December it will be more conspicuous, as it approaches to its period of opposition to the sun. When it will appear of a ruddy color, and nearly approaching to the apparent magnitude of Jupiter.

THE PLANET VENUS.—This planet was an evening star, from the beginning of March till the 16th of December, but was very seldom seen in the evenings, for four or five months past, on account of its great southern declination. When the sun set it was just verging on the horizon, and generally set a few minutes after him. It passed the point of its inferior conjunction on the 18th December, and is now seen in the morning in the southeastern quarter of the heavens, a little before sun rise. It may be seen about mid-day with an equatorial telescope, and with this instrument it appears at present like a fine slender crescent, a little to the westward of the sun.—It will continue a morning star till 30th of September, 1851, after which it will be an evening star, but will not be much noticed by common observers, till about two or three months afterwards.

THE PLANET MERCURY.—This planet, which is so seldom seen with the naked eye, will be in good position to be seen in about a week before and a week after the 27th of April, when it will be in pretty high north declination.

One of the leading hotel-keepers, of New York, was written to last week as follows, by a late guest of his house: 'Sir the nite eye stopt with u I left a trave lingbag with a bookinit and a dirty shirtinit.'

Oceans of ink and reams of paper have been expended to reform the social and political condition of man. The only way to effect this object is to "do as you would be done by."

EXTRAORDINARY AVARICE.

In the year 1762, an extraordinary instance of avarice occurred in France. A miser, of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapicity to meet this demand; he pleaded severe losses and the utmost poverty. Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falschood of his plea. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar; to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring-lock, so that on shutting it would fasten itself. By and by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made, the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged; but no Foscue could they find; and gossips began to conclude that the miser had fled with his gold to some part, where, by living *incognito*, he would be free from the demands of the government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock, outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected was the ghastly body of Foscue, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devoirs to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion! What must have been the sensations of that miserable man—what the horrors of his situation, when he heard the door close after him, and the spring-lock effectually imprison him within his secret mine! How bitter must have been the last struggle of that avaricious soul! How terrible must have been the appeals of conscience within that sordid sinner! How each bag must have disgorged its treasure, and each piece of gold have danced in imagination around him as a demon! How hated, when the gnawing of starvation came slowly upon him, must have been that yellow vision; his very heart must have grown sick at that which he once so dearly loved! Gold in bags; gold in chests; gold piled in heaps; gold for a pillow; gold strewed upon the ground for him to lie upon! Whilst his taper lasted, turn where he would his eyes, nothing met them but his gold. When the last flicker died away, and the miser was left in darkness to dwell upon his coming death, and upon his many sins, how awful must have been the agonies of conscience; How, surely, amidst the gloom of that sepulchre of gold, must the poor whom he had oppressed, and the unfortunate whom he had ruined by his avarice, have risen up to reproach him; and, when the mind became fevered by its last deadly struggle, how the faces of haggard poverty, of hate and loathing for the miser, must, in one loud, discordant chorus, have cried for vengence and retribution upon his guilty soul!

WIDOW JONES' COW.

Widower Smith's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and gave the usual signal that he wanted something in the house, by dropping the reins, and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribon on her snow-white cap. Good morning, was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, now, for noth'n, no way, do you?"

"Well, there Mr. Smith, you could'nt have spoken my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me, does not know what to do with so many creatures, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow.—Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—then at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—then at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted.—At length, on Saturday, when the widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had ever so much to do in the house, as all farmer's wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That downing cow is a pretty fair creature—but—" he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow but the cow—

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I dont know—" another look at the widow.

"The downing cow I know before the late Mr. Jones bought her." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out.

"Law! Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, *do you say so!*"

The intentions of the widower Smith and widow Jones were duly published the next day as is the lawland custom in Massachusetts, and as soon as they were "out-published" they were married.

BETTER THAN GOLD DIGGING.—At San Jose, California, last year, John M. Horner raised on 150 Acres potatoes, onions, cabbages and pumpkins, which he sold for $211,800. His onions brought 40 cents a pound, cabbages 40 cents a head. He intends to cultivate 800 acres this year. He has imported ten miles of iron fence, which cost, delivered, $10,600.

"Come here, my dear; I want to ask you all about your sister. Now tell me truly—has she got a beau?" "No, it's the jaundice she's got—the doctor says."

History of Agriculture.

From all data and historical research, we find that agriculture was conducted with success among all the most civilized nations of the earth, until the reign of the emperor Claudius, when it fell into neglect. After the reign of Constantine, the Northern barbaric tribes who overran Europe, paid little attention to the art of agriculture, working with slaves, only, a small portion of the soil contiguous to and around their habitations; having no ambition in this way, and no settled habits of industry, they were satisfied to roam over the vast deserts which their own ravages had made. It is evident that among such a race of people husbandry could receive but little attention.

Although Julius Cæsar has distinctly alledged that Agriculture was introduced into Britain by some of the Gauls about two hundred years before the Roman Invasion, yet the precise time that it began to be practiced is not known.

Great improvements were made in the art of culture, however, by the establishment of the Romans in that country, and it sank only with the declension of the other arts. Vast inroads were made by the Picts and Scots when they overran the north of Britain; and on the arrival of the Saxons and the disastrous wars which followed, the Britains were actually driven from the fields they had cultivated into barren regions. But although the Britains had lost, in a great measure, the science of culture, they encouraged it by their laws, which provided for those who should cultivate the soil.

After the invasion of Britain, by the Anglo-Saxons, they seemed to hold in contempt agriculture, and even enacted a law that it should only be carried on by women and slaves. These haughty warriors were however obliged to pursue the art when the Britons, whom they had plundered of their subsistence, were driven from the kingdom.

The historic details of ancient agriculture cannot be as interesting as an account of the variety of climate, soil and productions of our own country. Nature has provided us with resources of a great agricultural nation, in our vast tracts of fertile lands, untouched by the hand of man—forests beneath whose shades the nations of Europe might find shelter and even support—giant lakes connecting distant regions as with inland seas, upon whose broad bosom the navies of the earth might float. We have also great navigable rivers of immense magnitude, running almost the whole length and breadth of the continent; railroads and canals which connect the most remote regions of the Mississippi valley with the Atlantic, and even now looking to the far-off glittering valleys and mountains of California, even to the busy shore of the great Pacific, to bring the commerce and trade from ancient India to our own seaboard. These public works, while they furnish channels of transportation for our agricultural products and manufactures, are like so many iron chains which bind together our local interests, and make, as it were, a single neighborhood of this great Republic. We possess water power enough to employ all the machinery that can be manufactured, and work up all the products that can be furnished by the soil; but more than all, we possess a free government, which grants to labor a sure or liberal reward. All we want is concentrated intelligence and vigorous industry.

Let me again say to the farmer, stick to your plows, reap your own golden harvests, and you will control commerce, and thereby advance liberty and independence throughout the world. This assertion may appear strange, but it is the tiller of the soil who is the great benefactor of mankind, and should stand higher in the estimation of the community than all the monied aristocracies of the land.

JAMAICA.—*Free Colored Emigration Invited.*—The New York Evening Post learns from the Hon W. W. Anderson, a prominent lawyer in Jamaica, that the "British cabinet have consented to assist in a scheme which is now maturing in Jamaica, to induce free colored citizens of the United States to emigrate to that Island. An agent is expected to visit this country, in the course of a few months, for the purpose of presenting the subject to those whom it may concern."

MR. BARNUM AND FATHER MATHEW.—Mr. Barnum has presented Father Mathew with $500, accompanied by an eloquent letter, in which the services of the worthy Apostle of Temperance are warmly appreciated. The gift will relieve Father Mathew from the immediate pressure of embarrassing circumstances.

MORE WONDERS.—The "ninth wonder of the world" has been discovered in Wisconsin. It is a cave extending under the greater portion of two counties. One field of lead ore was found three miles in extent! A waterfall is in the cave, and a lake 37 feet deep. A party lately passed three days in making explorations.

A Western editor has placed over his Marriages a cut representing a large trap sprung, with this motto, "The Trap down, another fool caught." Wonder if that editor is a married man. If he be, it is not difficult to guess what kind of a life he leads.

As bees can breed no poison, though they suck the deadliest juices, so the noble mind though forced to drain the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and high and noble deeds.

"Humble as I am," said a bullying spouter to a mass meeting of the unterrified, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this republic." "You are indeed," said a bystander, "and a vulgar one at that."

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

A-lass! A-lass! as the old bachelor said when he felt a desire to marry. He made the same exclamation after marriage, but spelt it differently.

Letter from President Fillmore.

The following is the letter sent by President Fillmore to the New York Celebration of Washington's birth-day anniversary:—

WASHINGTON, Feb 17, 1851.

Gentlemen:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, informing me that the Union Safety Committee intend to unite with their fellow citizens in celebrating the anniversary of Washington's birthday, and inviting me to participate in the festivities. Many considerations would tempt me to accept this flattering invitation, did not my official duties compel me to decline it.

Nothing could be more gratifying than to meet my old friends in your enterprising city. Their uniform kindness has laid me under many obligations, and the noble stand they have taken in support of the laws of the Union is deserving of the highest commendation.

It appears to me, too, that the birth-day of Washington is deserving of every honor which Americans can bestow upon it. It is now more than half a century since the grave closed over all that was mortal of this illustrious man; his voice still speaks from the tomb. His paternal advice still sounds in our ears, and his far-seeing wisdom still warns us of our danger. How truly prophetic is that paragraph in his farewell address in which he says:

"In contemplating the causes that may disturb our Union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations—Northern and Southern; Atlantic and Western—whence *designing men* may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within the particular districts is, to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations. They tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection."

Who can doubt that his calm, contemplative mind looked down the long vista of coming years, and saw in the distance that "*designing men*" would sow sectional jealousies for "selfish objects," which might destroy that Union which he loved so well, and which he justly regarded as the very palladium of our liberties and national prosperity.

But this illustrious patriot taught more as much by his example as his precepts! He was blessed by nature with a vigorous constitution and a well balanced and discriminating mind. Not brilliant, but singularly calm and practical. His judgment was never clouded by prejudice or disturbed by passion. With a never-failing trust in an overruling Providence, he never doubted that a righteous cause must succeed, and with a self reliance which nothing could give, but a disinterested devotion to his country, and a firm resolve—if necessary—to offer himself upon its alter, he proved himself the prudent, brave and the victorious general, and the wise and sagacious statesman. He never sought office, but when conferred he devoted soul and body to the performance of its duties. He shrunk from no labor or sacrifice, and whenever his services could be dispensed with, he voluntarily resigned the high trusts with which he was invested, and, without a regret, retired to private life. It is truly refreshing to contemplate such a character, and slake one's thirst from so pure a fountain of patriotism.

But I have said more than I intended, and must close by returning my thanks for your invitation, and expressing the hope that so far from weakening, the recent agitations may strengthen the bonds of Union; that every sectional jealousy may be dispelled; that every constitutional right may be held sacred and inviolate, and that our glorious Union may be as enduring as the fame of the immortal Washington.

I have the honor to be your friend and fellow citizen,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

HORRIBLE DEATH.—A gentleman of Kent county informs us that the sexton of Law's Church, which is situated on the road leading from Canterbury to Milford, on opening the door on Saturday, to make the necessary preparations for worship on the Sabbath, discovered that the benches and floor were smeared with blood, and on advancing into the interior, he found a corpse laying on the floor, which proved to be the body of James C. Harrington—a man of respectable connexions, but who was much given to intoxication. He was seen the preceding Tuesday evening near the church, with a jug which had recently been filled, at a neighboring grocery, with the "water of death." It is supposed that he entered the gallery of the church by an outer door to obtain shelter from the weather, and fell over the front—his hat and jug being found in the gallery. To all appearances he had fallen head-foremost, and came in contact with the corner of a bench, which made a deep contusion in the upper part of the cheek, crushing the bones of the nose, and making a frightful wound. He must, however, have lived a considerable time after his fall, as the blood was smeared in every direction over the floor and benches, and the door was marked with his hands, making the room look more like a slaughter-house than any other building. As may well be supposed, this occurrence caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood.—*Wilmington (Del.) Rep.*

AMIABLE COMPASSION.—Theodore Hook, being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed "I am very glad, indeed, to hear it." Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "And yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

The happiness of life, like the light of day, consists not in one brilliant flash, but in a series of mild serene rays.