

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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[From the Orphan's Advocate.]

Oh! Listen!
Hear and heed the Orphan's cry,
Lest his soft pity's sigh,
Soothe his woes, and quell his fear,
Whispering that a friend is near!
Ye who darling dwell above,
Early taken from your love,
Oh, receive the orphan's plea,
Bless him, shield him, as your own!
Let him of your bounty share,
For his mind and morals care;
God a rich reward bestows,
When we heal another's woes!
In the far-off future,
May be strength and joy to thee,
And the orphan's powerful arm,
May preserve thee from harm.
Revered from his mother's breast,
Like the ivy twining tree,
Bid him sound by heart entwined—
God will prosper thee and thine!

Stanzas.

By R. H. STODARD.
Along the glassy slope I sit,
And dream of other years;
My heart is full of soft regrets,
Misses eyes of tender tears.
The wild bee hummed about the spot,
The sheep bells tinkled in the air,
Last year when Alice sat with me,
Beneath the Evening Star!
The same sweet star is o'er me now;
Around the same soft hours;
But Alice moulders in the dust,
With all the last year's flowers!
I sit alone, and only hear
The wild bee on the slope,
And distant bells that seem to float
From out the folds of sleep!

A REFORMED DRUNKARD.

THE EXPERIENCE METING—EXCITING SCENE.

A great "experience meeting" was held one evening in the church where the speakers, as usual, were to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman who will call Alice, was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced, a late member of Congress arose with apparent sadness and said:—Mr. President, although I had consented at your urgent solicitation, to address this large assembly to-night, yet I felt so strong a reluctance to do so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word, I could not violate it. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I would to heaven that just ten years of my life were blotted out!

The speaker paused a moment, already much affected. Then resuming in a firmer voice, he said:—
"But something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce."
"Pictures of real life touch the heart with power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fade from the perception, like figures in a dream."
"Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar in a neighboring State. Nay, more than that—he represented his county three years in the Assembly of this Commonwealth, and more than that still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods."
"At this moment the stillness of death pervaded the crowded assembly."
"And yet more than that," he continued, "his voice sinking into a thrilling tone—"he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these blessings have departed from him," he continued, "his voice growing louder and deeper in his efforts to control himself. "He was unable to throw him off because he had deluded himself and disgraced them. And worse than all—she who had borne him two dear babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to abase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-stricken from me?"
"Alas! my friends, this was a mad indulgence, intoxicating drinks. But for this, I were now an honorable and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country's good, and best in the home circle with wife and children."
"But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of perfect sobriety brought me many terrible thoughts, I therefore drank more freely, and was more rarely, if ever, under the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years but never saw her once during that time—a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in my life, that my wife urged on by her friends no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could easily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next Congressional canvass, I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district."
"Three years have elapsed since then. For two years of this period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulse of the appetite that required. Then I heard of this new movement—the great temperance cause. At first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger, and I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have deemed. It set me once more upon my feet—once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to Him, who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost—but not all—not my wife and children. Ah! I should myself and these the law has laid its stern impassible interdiction. I have no longer a wife, no younger children; though my heart yearns towards these beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are overling-

ering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle; I see ever before me the once pleasured face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twined about my neck; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ear."
Here the speaker's emotions overcame him. His utterance became choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and silent limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half stifled sobs. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A female figure before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by the speaker until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his eye, and lifting his eyes, they instantly fell on Alice—for it was she that was walking onward—her head forward towards her with sudden uplifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue quietly by his side. For a moment or two they stood thus; the whole audience, thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet and extended forward, when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick wild gesture. Thus for the space of a minute they stood—each one fully, by a single intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward and separated them.
"No, no," said the reformed Congress-man, "you cannot take her away from me. I have vowed that I should do that, and I will do it." "By your confession she is not your wife."
"No, she is not," returned the speaker, mournfully.
"But she is ready to renew her vows again," Alice said, smiling through her tears, that now reigned over her face.
Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, was said in a broken voice the marriage ceremony that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man with his thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two who had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his aged eyes that streamed with drops of gladness, he said in a solemn voice:
"What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."
"Amen," was cried by the whole assembly, as a single voice.

A VERMONT SQUIRREL HUNT.—*Essex, N. H., Sept. 16.*—Quite an amusing affair came off, near here last week, to wit, an old-fashioned squirrel hunt.

The beach-outs of last fall furnished a hundred snares for the squirrels during last winter, and the consequence is, that they come forth this summer in great numbers. The have they are creating in the ripening corn-fields and orchards, urged the farmers to determine on their extermination.

A squirrel hunt is arranged in the following manner. The number of hunters are divided into two parties, and each agrees to hunt for a certain number of days, and, at the end of the time, in technical phrase to "count the tails." A red squirrel is considered one tail; a gray one four tails; a skunk, twenty tails, and so on, the tariff of tails increasing for those animals noted for scarcity or ferocity.

The party that shoot the most animals, or gets the most tails, wins; and the defeated hunters "pay the shot."

The party commenced their destruction on Monday last, and ended Friday evening, when, on counting, it was found that one side had shot 4,720 tails, and lost; the other side having shot 8,591.

The winning side shot beside, one black bear, and 650 foxes. Verily, who for the future will doubt the story of Sampson and his 300 foxes.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE COMPANY OF WORKS.—He cannot be an unhappy man who has the love and smiles of a woman to accompany him, and every department of life. The world may look and feel cheerless without, enemies may gather in his path, but when he returns to the fire-side and sees the tender love of woman, he forgets his cares and troubles, and is a comparatively happy man. He is not prepared for the journey of life who is without a companion, who will divide his sorrows—decrease his joys—lift the veil from his heart and throw sunshine amid the darkest scenes. No man can be miserable who has such a companion, be he ever so poor, despised, and trodden upon by the world.

WILD FIRENS. have been remarkably numerous in the region of Plattsburg (New York) this season. The roost of the birds is in the forest, some six miles long and two wide, each tree containing from twenty to eighty nests. Companies of pigeon-catchers went out from Vermont, and they, with others, have sent more than one million eight hundred thousand birds to the city markets. Seven hundred bushels of grain were fed out to them in baiting. Hauls have been made of twelve hundred at a time. The noise made by the birds at their encampment were so great that persons could not converse five yards apart. They disappeared on the 17th of July, taking their flight over the forests north of Vermont, towards Maine. The flight over Plattsburg continued for several days.

EXPERIMENTAL HANGING.—The N. York police returns tell a queer story about an amateur Jack Ketch, named Coffigan only 13 years of age, who had his imagination so excited by reading the accounts of Stoney's execution in the newspaper, that he thought he would "try it on" himself. Accordingly, he procured a noose, fastened it on a beam in the garret, poked his head into it, and "swung off, in the most approved manner. The little shaver, however, soon discovered that hanging is hanging. The noise was drawn so tight that he must have been immediately victimized, but for his groans, that brought the neighbors to the rescue. When cut down his face was black and blue, his tongue protruding from his mouth, and life very near extinct.

Loaf, for Indian summer. The solarizing season of smoky gloom is at hand.

The Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin.

The "Advance," Capt. De Haven, has arrived, in the order her name betrays, from a voyage undertaken in philanthropy, full of peril, full of incident, and full of success. The first grand cause for triumph is, that all her hardships, enterprise, and danger have not cost the sacrifice of a single life. How eminently this blessing is owing to a protecting and ever watchful Providence will be apparent from a simple narrative of the incidents that befel the expedition and the peculiar trials by which the Advance was tested, in those hitherto unknown and untraveled seas. Truly God was on the waters shipping the destiny of this great mission of charity, even though fated not to discover the long lost wanderer. But let us begin our narrative:

The American Expedition entered Wellington's Sound on the 23d of August, 1850, where the ship Capt. Perry with the "Lady Franklin," and "Sophia," and were afterwards joined by Sir John Ross and Commodore Austin. On the 27th, Capt. Perry discovered unmistakable evidence of Franklin's first Winter quarters—three graves with inscriptions or wooden headboards dated as late as April, 1846. Their inmates, according to these inscriptions, were of his crew—two from the Erebus and one from the Terror. There were beside fragments of torn canvas, articles of clothing, wood and cordage, undoubted evidence of a large and long encampment; but affording no indications which would serve as guides to the searchers or give assurance to hope the Expedition forced through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being locked in the ice. But they so far succeeded, and on the 11th reached Griffin's Inlet, the ultimate limit of their Western progress. From there they set sail on the 13th, with the intention of returning to the United States, but were locked in near the mouth of Wellington's Channel. Here commenced those perilous adventures, any thing compared with which, were never encountered and survived. By force of the northern ice drift they were helplessly drifted to 75° 25' N. Lat., and thence drifted again into Lancaster Sound, somewhat, we should say, in a south-easterly direction. The agitation of the ice drove the Advance nearly seven feet from the stern and keeled her 2 feet from the starboard. In this position she remained, with some slight changes, for five consecutive months. And while in it the depth of winter closed its frozen horrors around the expedition. The polar night fell upon them, and for eighty days no ray of solar light broke upon them. The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero, and sometimes sank to 46.

Early in this awful night, the rescue was abandoned, for the purpose of economizing the fuel, and the crews of both vessels determined to brave their fate together. Every moment exposed the embarking ice would crush the vessel to atoms, and consequently stood prepared, sleeping in their clothes with knapsacks on their backs, to try chances on the ice, mid storm, and terror, and night. For this terrible trial they had every preparation, had provision stowed and every thing in readiness which might be useful for such a journey. They were then 90 miles from land, and so certainly did they expect that they should make this alarming trial that on two occasions (8th December and 23d January) the boats were actually lowered and the crews assembled on the ice to await the catastrophe.

During this period the scurvy became epidemic, and assumed an alarming character. Its progress defied all the usual remedies, and only three men escaped the attack. Capt. De Haven was himself the greatest sufferer. The constant use of fresh water obtained from melted ice, and the care of Divine Providence, arrested any fatal result, and the disease yielded to a beverage composed of a sort of apple tea and lemon juice. After entering Baffin's Bay, Jan. 13, the ice became fixed, and the little expedition became stationary and fast in the midst of a vast plain of ice, 90 miles from any land. The stores, materials and cordage were stowed away in snow-houses, erected on the ice, and the appearance, if not the solidity, of terra firma. The tables of ice varied from three to eight feet in thickness.

Nor was this situation of peril and awe without its attractions. Auroras Parhelic (mock suns) and mock moons, of the most vivid lustre succeeded one another without intermission, and as day approached, the twilight, streaking the northern horizon, were vividly beautiful. At length the God of day showed his golden face (18th Feb.) and was hailed with three hearty American cheers. Gradually his influence was felt and the waxen-like color of the complexion, which the long night had superinduced, gave place to fresher hues and tan. The disease, too, quickly disappeared.

On the 13th of May the Rescue was re-commenced. The disruption of the ice was sudden and appalling. In twenty minutes from its moving the vast field, as far as the eye could reach, became one mass of moving floes, and the expedition once more drifted southward. By a continual providential assistance it passed the perils of Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, and on the 10th of June entered into open water, lat. 65° 30' N., a little south of the Arctic circle, being thus released from an imprisonment of nearly nine months, during which they helplessly drifted 1,000 miles. While in Lancaster Sound the roar of the falling water and tumbling ice exceeded all earthly usual, and was sometimes so loud and stunning as to render both voice and hearing useless.

Capt. De Haven's first care on his escape was to repair damages and restore the health and vigor of the crews. With that object he visited Greenland, where he resided. After a short delay, with unshaken courage and unflinching purpose he

once more bore northward. On the 7th of July the expedition spoke some whales, and on the 8th passed the whaling fleet by the Dutch islands, there arrested by the ice. By the 11th the Expedition reached Baffin's Island, and entered through masses of loose ice. Here the Prince Albert joined. They continued in company till August 3d, warping through the ice when the Prince determined to try the southern passage. He never persevered in his course until the 8th, when he became completely entangled in floes and bergs. Here again the Expedition encountered perils of the most alarming kind. The floating ice broke in the bulwarks, and covered the deck broken masses like rocks tumbled pell mell by a mountain torrent. The more than iron endurance of the gallant ships was severely tested by the crush of the closing ice, but they rose to the pressure as if defying the elemental strife, baffled its fury, and somewhat disabled, but still without a plank yielding in any vital part rode safely in an open road on the 19th day of August.

Here finding the north and west already closed against them, the American expeditions set their sails and bore homeward, after having dared and suffered, and overcome difficulties and dangers such as scarcely if ever beset the path of the mariner.

It is supposed the English Expedition wintered at or near Fort Martin, and there prosecuted their voyage westward. The American Expedition, therefore was in a position more favorable to the search. It was in a far higher latitude, and the so-called *polya* (open sea) could not have been far distant, but the inevitable drift into the waters of Lancaster Sound was fatal to its Spring progress, and fatal to the chances which its enterprise had won.

The officers and crew of the other vessels of the expedition were all in good health and spirits up to the 13th of Sept. 1850.

The Advance parted with her consort in a heavy gale of the Banks. The latter is expected momentarily. The advance brings several fragments from the encampment of Sir John Franklin, a pair of fine Esquimaux dogs and some articles of curiosity.

Thus ends this noble expedition, without any satisfactory index to the fate of Sir John Franklin; but at the same time, without any evidence to conclude further hope. Sir John might have been found where the Advance was becalmed on the fatal drift into Lancaster Sound. If so, and it is not impossible, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of himself and crew surviving in those regions where nature has adapted the resources of life to the rigors of the climate.

The gratification of officers and crew on once more reaching their native land is in no small degree enhanced by the recollection that in no scene, no matter how trying, was their trust in the mutual love for each other interrupted; and Capt. De Haven retains the most lively recollection of the gallant, unflinching conduct of officers and crew.

A COMET ENDANGERING THE EARTH.—Stodard, in the "Common Place Book," relates that in A. D. 1712, Whiston predicted that the comet would appear on Wednesday, 14th October, at five minutes after five in the morning, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the Friday following. His reputation was high and the comet appeared. A number of persons got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place. South Sea and India Stock fell. A captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river that the ship might not be endangered. At noon, after the comet had appeared, it was said that more than one hundred clergymen were ferried over to Lancaster, to be prepared, there being some in the church service. People believed that the day of judgment was at hand, and some acted on this belief, as if some temporary evil was to be expected. On Thursday more than 7000 kept mistresses were publicly married. There was a prodigious run kept on the bank; Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director, issued orders to all his fire offices in London, requiring them to keep a good look out, and have particular eye upon the Bank of England.

TEMPERANCE—THE MAINE LAW.—A remarkable spectacle can be seen in the streets of the city of Portland. Temperate men, and nothing but temperate men, walk her streets. No places are open to sell strong drink, and there are no visible signs of intoxication. A strange quiet prevails. The clamor, and rioting, and mere turbulence of drunkenness are nowhere seen. It is strange. Probably in no other city can just this condition of things be found. What a noble spectacle, could the eye be gladdened always by the sight of even one city thoroughly relieved from the curse inflicted by strong drink. Blessings on our broad land, if she holds fast the faith she has professed, and continues the example she has of late exhibited.

EXECUTION.—Aaron B. Stoddy, convicted of murdering a colored man, in March last, was hung at New York on Friday. He addressed the crowd as follows:—
"My dear fellow creatures, I am here before you to die, and hope to give your God in a few moments. I am sorry I have to tell you to beware of Rum—beware of Rum—never touch nor handle it, nor let it be near you. I am sorry that I am under the gallows, and I hope God will have mercy on my soul, and that all the hope that I have in this world, and I pray God will look down on me and receive my soul." The young man of our country should take warning from this admonition from the gallows.

A friend of one of our contemporaries says that he has been without money so long that his head seems "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that we live in a world of "change" is a great fallacy.

Where Faddy Intended to Lay his Land Warrants.

In one of the cities of the Upper Mississippi, situate not a thousand miles from our own, worthy minister of the Gospel, after dwelling upon the beauty of nobleness and the hatelness of sin, took occasion to impress upon his hearers the danger of occupying the neutral ground, trusting to merely moral walk, without faith or works, as being sufficient to insure them a rich reward in the "good time coming."

Just as the reverend gentlemen touched upon this portion of his sermon, a sturdy weather-beaten son of the Emerald Isle peered into the room, and with that politeness peculiar to the Irishman, quietly helped himself to a seat, and lent an attentive ear to the speaker. The clergyman portrayed in an able and striking manner, the beautiful and attractive scenery which every where meets the enraptured vision throughout the boundless plains and leafy groves of this neutral ground, leading the senses captive by their exceeding loveliness, and filling the soul with sweet contentment. "The picture would seem to have had a magical effect upon the Irishman, like the sudden and unexpected realization of some fondly cherished hope; for, without waiting for an application of the figure (of which he was not dreaming) he all at once rose to his feet and exclaimed in all the richness of the brogue, "I thank your honor for the same news, for it's myself that has two of the most beautiful females in that man ever fought for in Mexico, and it's a notion I have to locate them in that same beautiful country of which you have been speaking." The effect was electrical. The congregation could not restrain their risibles, and the services were brought to a sudden termination by the singing of a hymn. Poor "Faddy" was a thousand times sorry for his mistake, and he mistook the congregation for a "black-guard" political meeting entirely, and that if any one would introduce him to the person he would beg pardon for having unintentionally played the devil with his discourse. We tell the tale as it was told to us, and know it to be true.—*Burl. T.*

AWFUL TRAGEDY.—A gentleman from Gibson county, informs us that an awful tragedy was enacted in that county last week. It seems that two brothers, named Harper—one living in Kentucky, the other in Gibson county—had been disputing in regard to the ownership of a slave. The Kentucky Harper visited Gibson county, accompanied by his son, a small boy, and seized the negro with the intention of carrying him off. His brother determined to resist this summary process, and a bloody fight occurred. They met and fought for some time, but the Tennessee Harper shot the other with a musket, and was himself shot in return. The Kentucky died immediately after shooting; the Tennessee lingered a short time after and died also. The son of the Kentucky, seeing his father fall, rushed upon his assailant and stabbed him with a knife.—*Nashville Republican, Sept. 25th.*

THE POOR BOY. Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace. It speaks for you a better mother. For our patch on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions, and it is a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, try good food, but walk on.—We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Be a good boy, and if you are poor you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man addicted to bad habits.

A TWELVE RESPONSE.—Mr. Everett, in the course of his remarks at the festival of the Common in Boston, a few weeks ago, alluding to railroads, said with emphasis, "it is unnecessary to pursue the subject, 'railroads speak for themselves!'" At this moment the *Standard* steamed whistling of the Providence cars, which were then just entering the depot, blew long and loud and shrill.

"As if he fiend, from heaven that fell,
Had raised the banner-cry of hell,"
which startled the vast assembly, and furnished a convincing and astounding proof of the truth of the orator's remark. It is hardly necessary to say that the incident was greeted with tremendous cheers.

A BLACK GENERAL.—Gen. Avales, the Commander-in-chief of the Mexican forces in Tamaulipas, is about as black as the present Emperor of Hayti. Dr. Miller, our Commissioner to settle the land claims on the Rio Grande, jocosely told Avales that if he were caught east of the Colorado, he would readily sell for a prime negro, and he put to work in a cotton field.

INSOLENT LIST.—An exchange paper says: We often read these lists in the Baltimore papers, and have remarked that the name seldom occurs of one who has been an habitual advertiser of his business in those papers. The man who advertises judiciously, but seldom becomes bankrupt.

"No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the Marquis Spinola, one day, to Sir Horace Vere. "He died, sir," replied he, "of having nothing to do." "Alas, sir," general of us all," Montesquieu says: "We, in general, place illness among the blessings of heaven; it should rather, I think, be put among the injuries of hell." Aestiva calls it "the burying a man alive."

Religious toleration is a duty, a virtue, which man owes to man; considered as a public right, it is the respect of the government to the consciences of the citizens, and the objects of their veneration and their faith.—*Porteus.*

DRUMMING.

To the uninitiated, who do not understand the term, we say that drumming is persevering, personal sollicitation on the part of jobbers or persons hired by them to induce strangers, or country merchants, just arriving, to buy goods of the particular house making the application.

A tall hearty-looking countryman, dressed in a claret colored coat, with bright buttons, very short waistcoat, and ending high up on the pantaloons in a very narrow white round top, white wool hat, with an extremely new wide brim—a very fanciful colored vest, that seemed to have a quarrel with the pantaloons, which latter were of brown cloth, cut to fit the figure, and resting on a very serviceable pair of boots—called for lodgings at Hotel, and entered his name on the books, as "Joseph Stubbs, III." As soon as he had laid down his pen, a very gentlemanly-looking man, a drummer for a dry goods house, stepped up to him and opened a conversation with him.

Drummer. We have had a very warm day Mr. Stubbs.
Stubbs. (nothing abashed). Well, it has been warm a few.
D. When did you leave home, sir?
S. About a fortnight ago.
D. Have you had much rain with you this summer?
S. Yes, we had a smart chance of wet the fore part of June; since then it has been mostly dry.
D. (rejoicingly). You are on to buy goods I suppose?
S. Well, I reckon to buy a few notions before I go home.
D. How long have you been in the trade?
S. Well, I've been trading off and on ever since I was a boy.
D. (with assumed carelessness). You buy on credit I suppose?
S. No, I always pay my way as I go—that is my motto.
D. (respectfully). And a very good one it is; to be a sear, sir?
S. I don't mind if I do.

And lighting a couple of regalias, the two became quite confidential, and Stubbs is enlightened on the subject of the city trade generally, and more particularly the way that "Dash, Splash & Co." (drummer's employers) transact their immense business, and the true secret—which is not permitted to divulge—of their being able to defy competition and undersell all their neighbors.

At dinner, Stubbs is treated to a bottle of choice wine, which he drinks with as little ceremony as if it were a bottle of country cider. In the evening, arm in arm with his new found companion, he visits the opera, and though the most fashionable portion of playgoers are out of town, he is infinitely amused. In the forenoon he is determined to "see the lions" before he will visit the store; so he is taken in a carriage to Laurel Hill, Girard College, the Fairmount Water Works, the Mint, etc., for all of which, as it costs him nothing, he is of course very grateful. In the evening he attends at the Arch, and is delighted with the performance both in the pit and on the stage.

As the day of gratuitous enjoyment ends, he consents to visit the store. Of course, he is introduced to all hands, who profess themselves very happy in his acquaintance, and at length Mr. Dash, who has him in hand, comes to business.
Dash. Well, Mr. Stubbs, what will you look at first?
Stubbs. Have you any woolen shawls, yalar or red, striped or cross-barred?
The clerks catch their pocket handkerchiefs to prevent an explosion, and Mr. Dash produces the shawls.
S. How much is the damage on these?
D. These, sir, are a very fine article, of our own importation, (them 5) we will sell them to you, sir, at five dollars.
S. Can you say four dollars each?
D. We can't indeed, Mr. Stubbs, they cost us more to import.
S. Well, I'll take this one. Now show me a first chop dolan.

D. Here is a case of very fine colors, at thirty cents, all new styles, and warranted fast colors.
S. This will do exactly; cut me eight yards of this "ere one."
D. (looking a little blank). But we don't cut these goods, Mr. Stubbs.
S. Wh-e-w? then I'm up!
D. (beginning to show some chagrin). What else will you look at, sir?
S. I don't want nothing else, unless it is a comforter for John to wear around his neck. I think I should buy him stuff for a pair of breeches, but I've been told by a chap from a clothing store, that they'll come cheaper ready made. I was going to buy two or three dresses for the old woman, but as you don't sell them less than a piece, why I'm flummoxed, and must try somewhere else.
D. (drawing his hat very fiercely over his eyes).—Mr. Stubbs, there is some mistake here; I thought you told my young man that you were in the dry goods trade.
S. (his little grey eyes twinkling like fixed stars).—I never said any thing about dry goods at all; I told him I had been trading off and on since I was a boy, and so I have; but I never traded in nothing drier than horses. I am sorry you are disappointed, as the young man was so perceptive. Here is the money for your shawl. If any on you should happen out of our way, call in; if I ain't to see you, the old woman will be glad to see you.
And with a very polite bow, Mr. Stubbs departed, to look up the rest of his "few notions."

THE POTATO BLOOM.—The potato crop in New York State is suffering from the blight. Accounts of disease have already been received from nine counties, viz: Madison, Ontario, Erie, Livingston, Genesee, Wyoming, Oneida, Oswego and Cortland. In the three latter, the Syracuse Journal says, the rot is extensive, and the farmers are generally digging and selling to market.

The more honestly a man he lies, he affects the air of a saint; the less he does, the more sanctity is a blotch on the face of society.

THE MOH.

The Moh is a demon, fierce and ungenerous. It will not listen to reason; it will not be influenced by fear, or pity, or self-preservation. It has no sense of justice. Its energy is expended in frenzied fits; its forbearance is apathy, or ignorance. It is a grievous error to suppose that this cruel, this worthless Hydra, has political feeling. In its triumph it breaks windows, in its anger it breaks heads. Gratiety it, and it creates a disturbance; disappoint it, and it grows outrageous; meet it boldly, and it turns away. It is accessible to no feeling but one of personal suffering; it submits to no argument but that of the strong hand. The point of the bayonet convinces; the edge of the sabre speaks keenly; the noise of the musketry is listened to with respect; the roar of artillery is unmovable. How deep, how grievous, how burdensome is the responsibility that lies on him who would rouse this fury from its den! It is astonishing, it is so little known, how much individual character is lost in the aggregate character of a multitude. Men may be rational, moderate, peaceful, loyal and sober, as individuals; yet heap them by the thousands, and, in the very progress of congregation, loyalty, quietness, moderation, and reason evaporate, and a multitude of rational beings is a wild, infuriated monster, which may be driven, but not led, except by mischief—which has an appetite for blood, and a savage joy in destruction, for the mere gratification of destroying.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.—American travelers, who visit Europe, have become objects of distinct, and also, it would seem, of dislike, in those kingdoms where "abolitionism prevails." According to the Boston Post, Mr. Bayard, the abolitionist, who has returned from Europe, says that he has seen a notice, says that of William Lloyd, put in the police office at mid-day on a Sunday, to have his passport examined, because he was an American, and that the treatment towards Americans by the Neapolitan and Austrian officials is such as to create the conviction that secret orders have been given by the governments of those countries to embarrass "and harass American travelers as much as possible, in order to drive them out and to keep them 'out of the dominions of the two despots."

ONE MEAL A DAY.—A Washington correspondent of the "Christian Union" has the following:
"The venerable Mr. Talliferro, formerly of the Treasury Department, and formerly a member of Congress from Virginia, eats but one meal per day, and that is his dinner. He is in perfect health. Such is the power of habit. If he goes to a party and is obliged to take supper, he omits his dinner the next day."

Deal gently with those who stray.
Deal gently with those who stray. A kick is worth a thousand blows. A kind word is more valuable than the lost mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would share an appearing brother to the grave.

It is an extraordinary fact stated on authority, that there are at the present time more of an Irish population in the United States of America than there is in Ireland itself.

Advertising is to business what steam is to navigation—the great propelling power. It puts life and motion into all that comes within its reach.

The last words of a good old man, Mr. Grimshaw, on his death-bed, were these: "Here goes an unprofitable servant."

It is shameful for a man to live as a stranger in his own country, and to be ignorant of her affairs and interests.

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT OF 1658.
Wanted, a stout man, who fears the Lord, and can carry two hundred weight.
"Father, they say trout will bite now."
"Well, well, mind your work, and bleed; you'll be sure they won't bite you."

The most attentive man to business never knew was who or who were; on his shop door, "Gone to bury my wife; returning in half an hour."

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze—but a moment of misfortune settles an age of pain.

Nothing is so gracefully upon children and makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors.

The influence which women exert is silent and still, felt rather than seen, not chaining the hands, but restraining the motions by gliding into the heart.

How often do men mistake the love of their own opinions for the love of truth.
O! thy soul remember, what the will of heaven ordains is good for all, and for all, that good for thee.—*Alford.*
Amusement in the happiness of those who cannot think.—*Pope.*
There is no condition that does not sit well upon a wise man.
A grain of produce is worth a pound of craft.—*P. Sidney.*
That pleasure only is according to nature which never drows.
Truth is the name to the understanding, that music is to the ear, or beauty to the eye.—*Kaimes.*
Every virtue carried to excess, approaches to the limited vice.
The slave of custom is the worst of slaves. He may as well be made, but he is not so.