

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

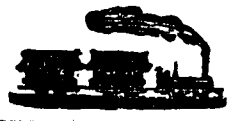
"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 19, 1851.

NUMBER 41.



"GETTYSBURG RAILROAD."

THE Commissioners of the "Gettysburg Railroad Company" hereby give notice that books will be opened at the following places for the subscription of stock in said Company, on *Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the 18th, 19th and 20th days of December next*, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M. of each day:

At the Wheatfield Inn, in the city of Baltimore,	" Swan Hotel, " Lancaster,
" White Swan, " Philadelphia,	" White Hall, in the borough of York,
" Mr. Lea's, " Hanover,	" Eagle Hotel, " Gettysburg,
" Globe Inn, " " "	" Franklin House, " " "
" Harnely's Store, " " "	" Greenburg Springs, Adams county,
" Laughlin's Hotel, New Chester,	" Barker's, " " "
" Myers, " " "	" Niles, " New Oxford,
" Shively's, " Fairfield,	" Hiller's, " Abbotstown,
" Duddy's, " " "	" Smith's, " " "
" Sailer's, " " "	" Schwaartz, " " "
" Myers, " " "	" Dicks, " " "
" Grant, " " "	" Drem's, " " "
" Storer's, " " "	" Wright's, " " "
" Newnam's, " " "	" Lower's Store, " " "
" Hulick's, " " "	" Swope's, " " "

By order of the Com'rs. &c.
November 29, 1851.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application has been made to the Court of Common Pleas in and for the County of Adams, to grant a charter of Incorporation to an Association of persons under the name, style and title of the "Church Council of the Mountjoy Evangelical Lutheran Congregation in the County of Adams and State of Pennsylvania," and that if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary, the said Charter, at the next term, to wit: on the third Monday in January next, 1852, will be granted and declared that the persons so associated shall become and be a corporation or body politic according to the articles and conditions in an instrument of writing set forth and duly filed in said Court.

By the Court,
JOHN PICKING, Clerk.
Prothonotary's Office,
Gettysburg, Nov. 28, 1851.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *Administration Accounts* of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned, will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, for confirmation and allowance, on *Tuesday the 23d day of December next*, viz:

271. The first account of Zephaniah Herbert, Administrator of the estate of Peter Zollinger, late of Adams county, deceased.
272. The first account of George Wolf, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Joseph Bittinger, deceased.
273. The first account of Wm. Bittinger, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Joseph Bittinger, deceased.
274. The first account of Joel B. Danner and Robert Sheads, Executors of the last will and testament of Peter Sheads, deceased.
275. The first and final account of Frederick Sturgeon and Margaret Sturgeon, Administrators of the estate of Lucey Sturgeon, deceased.
276. The first and final account of Jacob Martin, Administrator of the estate of Bartholomew Sullivan, deceased.
277. The second and final account of Robert Bell, Executor of the estate of James Bell, Jr., deceased.
278. The first account of Adam Robert and John Robert, Administrators of the Estate of Jacob Robert, deceased.

WM. W. HAMERSLY,
Register's Office, Gettysburg,
Nov. 28, 1851.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!

THE Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, and for lowness of rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in Insurance, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be gained.

The Managers are: Samuel Miller, A. R. Stevenson, Geo. Swope, and D. A. Buehler, Gettysburg; Wm. B. Wilson, Mendenhall; Robert M'Curdy, Cumberland; Jacob King, Strasburg; Andrew Heinzelman, Franklin; A. W. Magiety, Hamiltonburg; J. L. Noel, Oxford; J. Muselman, Jr., Liberty; H. A. Picking, Reading; Jacob Griest, Lattimore.
Nov. 21, 1851.

BUFF CASSIMERE.

THE attention of gentlemen is invited to a very superior quality of BUFF CASSIMERE, at the Establishment of SHELLEY & HOULIHAN, Merchants, Tailors, Gettysburg, where may be found FANCY CASSIMERES, of every variety and quality.

A Christmas Carol.

A pean sing
To the hale old King
Who has reigned for many a year!
With his joyful train
He comes again,
The wint'ry hours to cheer!
Though locks of snow
Rest on his brow,
And the hoar frost drapes his chin,
Yet his eyes shine bright
With a merry light,
And his heart beats warm within.
To old and young
His gifts are flung,
As he speeds on his gleesome way,
And our spirits bound
At the joyous sound,
"Old Christmas comes to-day!"
The lord of yore
Aro metence more,
And hand is clasped in hand;
While friendship's chain
Long snapp'd in twain,
Is linked at his command.
With one glad voice
Let earth rejoice,
To welcome his cheerful reign;
And a warmer glow
Our hearts will know,
As we echo back the strain.
As loudly raise
A hymn of praise,
While our souls with rapture thrill,
To wit whose birth
Brought peace on earth,
And unto men good-will!"

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, Or, the Rich and the Poor.

BY MRS. SARAH H. HAYES.

"The poor ye have always with you."

It was the evening before Christmas—that happy, happy season when, notwithstanding the cold weather, the hearts of the young are bounding so lightly within their bosoms, and when even age forgets its wrinkles and its cares to participate in the general mirth and preparation. It would have done you good to walk up and down the streets, just for the purpose of seeing the brilliant shops, and the numerous beautiful and costly gifts and toys (many of them rare specimens of ingenuity) displayed for the purpose of attracting the eye, and opening the purse strings of those who have money to spend, both grown persons and children. It is also pleasant to watch the many groups of happy, eager faces constantly passing and repassing, each one intent upon gratifying either themselves or some beloved relative or friend by the purchase of a gift. How many surprises are in preparation for that eventful morning—how many an hour has been stolen to complete in secret the piece of handiwork which is to make some beloved being happy, and which is the more acceptable because some sacrifice has been necessary in order to effect its completion—it is, therefore, a most disinterested token of affection. The Christmas season is truly a blissful period! How many, knit by the closest ties, are then gathered about the hearth—parents, children, brothers, sisters—all to whom this day has been a solitary star upon their path! They have looked forward to it as a time of reunion; they can look back upon it as a green spot which must always remain fresh in the waste of memory. But to proceed. The weather, though clear, was bitter cold; and as the wayfarers trod the busy streets, each one quickened his pace, or wrapped their cloaks and furs more tightly about them, in order to keep out the keen biting air; and yet two children might be seen hour after hour standing before the shop windows where an uncommon display was made of fruit, toys or confectionery. Now they jumped to keep themselves warm; then breathed upon their stiff, blue fingers, or drew their thin clothing closer, as if to impart warmth. Yet still they lingered, ever and anon making some such expressions as these:

"Oh, Tommy, isn't that doll beautiful? And look at these candy baskets!"

"Yes, these are well enough, Susan," said her brother; "but do look at this sugar rabbit, and that little turkey! Don't you wish we had some money?"

"Yes," said the little girl, unconsciously sighing; "if we had a cent, only one cent, it would buy a whole stick of candy."

At this moment a boy passed, whose dress denoted that he belonged to wealthy and fashionable parents. He was wrapped in the richest fur and attended by a colored servant, carrying a basket. He held a purse well filled in his hand, and as he passed, evidently heard the conversation of these children of poverty; for his face flushed, and he looked at them with evident interest and curiosity. He did not, however, bestow upon them a single penny; but after speaking to his servant, quietly entered the shop, and the children almost immediately after took their way home, whither we will follow them. The street they inhabited afforded a striking contrast to the one they had just left. It was long, narrow and deserted, and they were obliged to proceed to the extreme end, until they stood before the door of a miserable tenement, when, lifting the latch, they entered a small room, around the gate of which two other little creatures were hovering, closer and closer, as the cold wind crept through the crevices of the wall and penetrated their slight clothing. Their mother, an emaciated looking woman, bro-

ken down prematurely by poverty and suffering, sat sewing beside the low window, husbanding the last gleam of daylight; and well might she have sung the "Song of the Shirt" while bending over her work, and looking around her cheerless home, where her utmost efforts barely sufficed to keep body and soul together.

"Where have you staid so late, my children?" said she, drawing a screaming babe from the cradle and pressing it closely to her shrunken breast; its hollow eyes and emaciated appearance bearing evidence of the insufficiency of its nourishment. "I have been uneasy about you; and did you do the errand I bade you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, holding his almost frozen hands over the hot coals of the grate contained, yet at the same time making room for his little sister, thereby displaying the real benevolence of his disposition, for he reduced to practice the principle that there is not so much generosity in sharing what we do not need as in parting with what seems absolutely necessary for ourselves. Tommy was a fine little fellow, notwithstanding his pinched and poverty-stricken appearance, and there is no telling what he might under other circumstances have become.

"Well, what did Mrs. Gibbons say about the shirts?" continued the mother, and what kept you so late?"

"She said she was very well pleased with them," said Susan, drawing to her mother's knee, "only she thought you might have put two rows of stitching on the wristsbands, instead of one, and she wants the other half a dozen in three days."

"Two rows of stitching! Oh! my God," said the mother, raising her tearful eyes to Heaven, then resting them upon the babe at her breast, "could she but see these five miserable children, and feel these aching eyes and weary limbs, she must think one row was sufficient; and she must have the other six in three days. Well, I must work at night to finish them."

"She didn't keep us waiting either," said Tommy, "but we stopped to look at the beautiful things in the shop windows, and to see the rich people going to buy. Oh! mother, why did not God make us rich?"

"I cannot tell, my child," returned his mother, mournfully; "doubtless we occupy the station he knows is best for us. There must be lowers of wood and drawers of water in this world, as well as people to ride in gilt coaches."

"Yes, but I would rather cut wood and draw water, if I were big enough," said Tommy, "than to see you stooping all day long over that horrid sewing, that you say gives you such a pain in your side."

"Perhaps your father will come some day," returned his mother, hopefully, "and then I will not be obliged to toil so hard."

"Oh! why did father ever leave us here," cried little Susan. "When he was here and could get work, we always had molasses, and sometimes meat and coffee. Oh! why did he go away?"

"I do not know, my child," replied her mother, "unless it was because he was not so strengthened by hope as a woman. He had seven months to feed with the work of one pair of hands, and it was hard; so he despaired and left us. But how is a woman to contend with the difficulties that overpower a man? God knows I cannot sleep at nights for thinking where to-morrow's victuals are to come from, let alone the fuel and the rent."

"But, mother," said Susan, "to-morrow is Christmas, and every body will be happy then: will you not just this once give us some Christmas gifts?"

"Do, mother," cried Tommy, while all the little ones joined in chorus—"Do, mother, get some of the money you are to be paid for the shirts and buy us some cakes."

The tears started to the eyes of poor Mrs. Bailey as her children spoke. She remembered her own childhood—how she had looked forward for weeks to that period, and how regularly her fond parents had superintended the filling of her stockings, which she was induced to believe was the gift of "Kris Kringle." Her voice was choked as she replied—

"I wish I could indulge you, my dears; but I can hardly get bread to satisfy your hunger by my labor; so how can I buy cakes and presents? But come, Tommy, you light the lamp, and I will give baby his supper, and you shall have yours."

The baby's supper, which consisted of corn gruel, was soon prepared, when each of the children had a slice of coarse bread and a drink of water, and were put to bed, where, notwithstanding the scanty covering of their miserable pallet, their eyes were soon closed in sleep. But not to wish their poor mother. She took out her sewing, but before she proceeded to take a stitch, she leaned her head upon her hands and wept long and bitterly. And who may tell the emotions which sometimes harrow up the souls of the poor? They have all the feelings of humanity, like passions with ourselves, and their children, however uninteresting they may appear unto us, are dear to them; they participate in their joys and sorrows; and when they are obliged to deny them the gratification which childhood so eagerly demands, and so

them pining for indulgence which they can never enjoy, and the pleasures of which are magnified because out of their reach, it is oftentimes a bitter trial, especially to one who has the finer sensibilities of a woman.

We will now leave Mrs. Bailey. Her case was not one to excite uncommon sympathy. She had seen in her youth better days—at least days in which she enjoyed many of the comforts of life. Her husband was a poor young man, but honest and industrious. He had, however, no trade, but was dependent solely upon his daily labor for support; sometimes he had work and sometimes none—it was just as it happened; and when he found a family of some size gathering about him, who were many times needy, even distressed for necessities, he had not fortitude nor strength of affection sufficient to induce him to bear with the ills of life for their sakes. Never thinking or caring how his unhappy wife was to get along without his assistance, he left them; and sorely had she struggled for more than a year to keep them together, the meagre pittance she received for her work barely sufficing to procure a shelter for their heads and to preserve them from starvation. Will our readers look with us into the interior of a dwelling, the extreme opposite of Mrs. Bailey's wretched hovel? A lady and two children, of the ages of 12 and 14 occupy the drawing room, where every article of furniture is of the most fashionable and luxurious description. The heavy velvet curtains are drawn across the windows, to keep out every breath of cold air, while the blazing coal fire imparts warmth, and gives it an air of cheerfulness and comfort. Lighted by the softened glow from the alabaster lamps, Mrs. Stanton and her children are engaged in finishing a Christmas tree. This consisted of a real fir tree, brought from the forest and placed for the time being in an ornamented box. It was hung with fruit, toys and confectionery; every branch bore its appropriate share, both in quantity and variety, and looked as though Kris Kringle himself had superintended its decoration. It was intended as a pleasant surprise for the younger children, and as a gratification to their numerous young friends, who would be sure to give them a call on Christmas morning.

"How exquisite this bouquet looks!" exclaimed Walter, as he finished tying one, placed it in a small globe of water, to one of the lower branches. "The flowers are the very choicest Mr. G.'s hot-house afforded. And do not you think, mamma, that in this warm room, suspended in water, I shall be able to preserve them fresh until morning?"

"I think it probable you may," returned his mother; "however, it would have been better to have deferred getting them until morning."

"Walter is always impatient to see how a thing looks," said his sister, archly, "and I dare say he had pretty Ella Marshall in his mind's eye when he selected it."

Walter colored, as boys of fourteen-always will, if detected in any slight predilection for a fair companion; but as his mother did not appear to take any notice, he made no reply. Mrs. Stanton did not rebuke, for she did not wish to impair the confidence her children reposed in her by checking their playful rivalry. It was not her desire that fear should take the place of love; and, although far from indulging every whim and gratifying every wish, she always appeared interested in whatever claimed their particular attention, and sometimes, although not juvenile in her habits, joined with them in their sports and plays, in order more thoroughly to understand the peculiarities of their characters and dispositions. She felt the importance of the trust committed to her keeping—the training of immortal souls for time, for eternity—and was indeed what may be termed a good mother. She kept in view the eternal, as well as temporal happiness of her children, and beautiful as her character, its greatest charm was her piety; for although her many accomplishments and great wealth entitled her to a distinguished place in the highest circles, yet she never for one moment forgot that time also was a talent, and that there was a duty approaching when she must give an account of her stewardship.

"I have observed, my children," said she, as the finishing stroke was given to their fairy employment, "what pleasure you have taken in selecting and arranging these beautiful gifts for your little brothers and sisters and young friends, and your love to anticipate the delight with which they will receive them. Have you ever thought of the gift of God?—the greatness of the offering he made, without money and without price, to the world on this night many hundred years ago? He sent his son to endure every privation and affliction, only that through his sufferings a free pardon might be offered to every transgressor. And how has he been received! By many with not as much gladness as you will so displayed on the presentation of your worthless gifts. I would wish you, my children, not to think of this as a holiday season merely, but remember it as a night on which the Savior of the world was

born—the night when the greatest of all gifts was presented to a sinful world—and think of it as a season when the needy and distressed have peculiar claims upon you."

"Dearest mamma," said the young Clara, whose sympathies were easily awakened, "I have been reading to-day that it is supposed twelve people die annually in our large cities from sheer starvation. Now I can scarcely endure to hear of grown people suffering; and how my heart bleeds at the idea of the privations endured by poor, little children—their early toil and sorrow, and their lives of pinching poverty and hunger. Oh! should we not think of them more frequently and do infinitely more for them than we do?"

"Certainly we should, my dear," returned her mother, kindly. "Do you recollect the touching lines—

"The pittance slight, the one kind word,
With which we all can part,
May take the sting from poverty,
Or save a broken heart."

But I would have you direct charity of its romance; you are not called in these days to practise it upon persons such as we read of in tales and stories—lovely women, broken down prematurely by hardships and distress, but still interesting and charming, or children with disheveled tresses, only requiring a little scrubbing to render them objects of peculiar fascination; but remember it as it almost invariably appears in real life, attended with rags, misery, and many times, filth; for the very poor have so few motives for exertion, and become so unhappy and despondent, that they are excessively careless. It is these you are called upon to relieve, my children, and it is for purposes such as these that God has endowed you with the means. Therefore, dispose of it in such a manner that you may be able, in the great day, to answer with joy and gladness to the fearful inquiry. Where are the talents committed to your keeping?"

"Your remarks, mamma," said Walter, reminded me of a little incident that occurred this evening, which I had well nigh forgotten. On going to the candy shop for a few articles I wanted especially for this tree, I noticed two poor, wretched looking little children. They were shivering in the cold, from which their thin clothing was scarcely any protection, and yet they lingered with a sort of fascination about the window. I heard the little girl wishing for a penny, only one penny, and I would have given her several had I not thought it proper to wait and consult you about a better way of serving them; so I whispered to Roger to follow them; he did so, and describes their home as miserable in the extreme. They had scarcely a spark of fire this cold night, and as he stood by the window he saw their mother give them and several other little things their supper, which consisted of nothing but coarse bread and water."

"God help the poor," said Mrs. Stanton, her eyes swimming in tears. "Yet how many hundreds, my children, throughout the length and breadth of the land have not even this—bread and water. You have not forgotten the account we were reading the other day of the sick, famishing mother, who had saved an old, dry crust to wrap in a calico rag to keep her little infant quiet, remarking, that she could endure any thing but its screams, when suffering from the pangs of hunger."

"Mamma," said Clara, "see how many beautiful things have been left from this tree; look at these oranges and figs and such pretty toys. Do let us pack them in a basket and send them with Roger to these little children. They will at least have some 'Christmas gifts.'"

Mrs. Stanton smiled kindly upon her child as she replied—

"We will send them my love, and they will doubtless delight little creatures who have never had anything of the kind in their lives, but they must be accompanied by something for their poor mother."

Ringing the bell, she gave directions to a servant who left the room, and some time after entered with two or three others, each bearing a basket; Roger bringing up the rear with a large one, evidently calculated as a receptacle for the contents of the rest.

"Now come, Walter and Clara," said their mother rising, "shall we superintend the arranging of these things for the poor woman?"

The children obeyed her request with the greatest alacrity, and displayed almost childish delight in picturing the anticipated reception of their timely gift. What a number of soft brown leaves there were, and what nice pines, cakes, &c., with several pounds of sugar, coffee and tea, not forgetting the sweetmeats and playthings for the children.

"Mamma," said Clara, seeing her put the price of a ton of coal in a small pocket-book and slip it into the sash. "Mamma, you give so much to different charitable objects, are you never afraid of becoming poor yourself?"

"I give on good security my daughter," returned her mother, "for the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' and I always find it so. When your father and I were married, we were

by no means rich in this world's goods; but even at that period of time we gave as we were able. We have endeavored to make it constant practice ever since, and," continued she, glancing round the magnificent apartment with its wealth of gold and crystal, "how greatly have we been blessed."

"Is it not singular, mamma," said Walter, "that so few view these things in the light that you appear to do? I have so often heard fine ladies of your acquaintance urge, when solicited to bestow their charity, that they had so many expenses they really could not afford to give to every object."

"Their hearts were not interested in the matter, my dear," resumed Mrs. Stanton, "I am persuaded, however, that when persons give from a proper motive, that they are almost invariably compensated even in this world; and to convince you that it is at least some times the case, I will relate a fact which fell under my own observation. A person in rather poor circumstances borrowed on one occasion a dollar to bestow upon the domestic missions. He did not know how it was to be repaid, but he felt it a duty to contribute. He did so, and it happened in a few days that a person who owed him a small debt unexpectedly liquidated it and made him a present of a dollar or two more than was his due. Can you after this suppose that the poor man's generosity, escaped the eye of Him who saw and blessed the widow's mite?"

"I wish every body who has the means to do good entertained your sentiments, mamma," said Clara. "How much misery would be relieved."

As this remark was made, their pleasant task was completed and Roger, with another servant, was commissioned to carry the basket to its destination. We will not describe its arrival at length, but in our mind's eye we can follow it. See poor Mrs. Bailey's start of surprise when she hears the knock; mark her astonishment as it is brought in and she is told it is a Christmas present from a lady—watch with what trembling eagerness she lifts the cover and inspects its contents, and then with what thankfulness she raises her eyes to heaven, as if to ask a blessing on the giver. Her joy is so unbounded she can scarcely refrain from waking the children to participate in it; but it is so cold that she concludes to wait until morning; and when morning does really arrive, to witness the gladness that reigns among them, is a balm to her crushed spirit. For once they are happy—her children wild with joy, are dancing round the basket; and she, to whom this unexpected supply has given a blessed relief, is also determined to take a holiday. The coal was brought, they had both fire and food, and happiness and present contentment reigned in Mrs. Bailey's wretched dwelling. All this was purchased at the expense of a few dollars, and are there any among us in even comfortable circumstances who have nothing to bestow at such a period? And oh, what a very trifling comes with a heart-warming influence to the home of the destitute on the evening before Christmas.

An Iowa paper says a certain village there was recently visited by a "Bloomer froshet." On being questioned as to what he meant, the editor says: "The water was knee high in the streets."

The total production of California gold since its first discovery is considerably over one hundred millions of dollars, equal to one half of the total coinage of the country since its separation from Great Britain.

A Poetic Gem.
If a more devout, touching and beautiful song than the following ever came from the depths of the human heart, we have not seen it. It was written for, and sung by Catharine Hays, at her recent concert in Boston. The words by George P. Morris—the music by Wm. Vincent Wallace.

Searcher of hearts, from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be,
And in the deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee!
Hearer of Prayer!—Oh! guide aright
Each word and deed of mine;
Life's battle teach me how to fight
And be the victory Thine.
Giver of All!—for every good
In the Redeemer came;
For shelter, raiment, and for food,
I thank Thee, in His name.
Father and Son and Holy Ghost!
Thou glorious Three in One!
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let Thy will be done.

An Irish musician, who now and then indulged in a glass too much, was accosted by a gentleman with—"Pat what makes your face so red?" "Pleas yer honor," said Pat, "I always trust when I speak to the gentleman."

The following is by Tom Moore, and is very pretty:

Do you, said Fanny, 'other day,
In earnest, love me as you say,
Or are those tender words applied
Alike to fit girls and boys?
Dear, cruel girl, cried I, forbear!
For, by those eyes—those lips—I swear—
She snatched me as the owl I took,
And cried, 'you've sworn, now kiss the book.
Never marry without love or love without reason.

Woman's Smile.

BY EDGAR F. CURRIE, M. D.
Off have I gazed with fond delight, upon
The gorgeous scenes, and wild magnificence
Of Nature's mighty work—Oh have I looked
With wonder, on the star gemmed vault of
Heaven.
And marked the onward course of myrral world,
Marching, harmoniously, in grand array
Along the illimitable fields of space—
Oh have I gazed with rapture on
The waving fields—the flower clad hills and vales
Of this terrestrial ball—have oft inhaled,
The perfume of her fragrant bowers and lawns,
And heard the evening melody of birds,
Borne softly to my listening ear, upon
The zephyr's balmy wing.
Yet all the splendor of the Universe—
The starry heavens—the verdant lawns of earth—
The music of the feathered host—all, all,
Were but a blank, unadvised by woman's smile!
Her presence casts the rainbow tints of joy,
O'er life's antediluvian path—her smile, alone,
Disperses the gathering clouds of gloom, that meet
Their shadows on the ears worn brow of man.
The threatening tide of passion, and rolls back
The stormy waves of sorrow to their source,
She is the charm that makes existence sweet,
That softens life's feverish dream of hope and
fear.
And restless aspirations, and calms down
The tempest driven wind, harassed with care,
To hallowed thoughts of love—she is, she is,
Heaven's first, best, gift to man,
Auburn, Maryland.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer of Mr. Schellcraft should put the white man to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years closely studied the characteristics of the race, says: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not as yet find and word more bitter or reproachful than *matlachtaunawach*, which indicates simply bad dog. Many of their nouns have, however, adjective inflections, by which they are rendered derogative. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms to be used in oath or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others, as well as my own, to say that an Indian cannot curse."

A RECORD OF MATHREWS.—The following anecdote is told of Mathews, the actor; it seems the great comedian sat opposite to a gentleman on one occasion, at dinner, who, after using his tooth pick, put it by the side of his plate, on seeing which his next neighbor took it up and did the same. Mathews was horrified, and said quietly, "I beg your pardon, but do you know you are using that gentleman's tooth pick?" "O, yes?" was the reply, and in a few moments he repeated the same trick. Mathews was now unable to contain himself, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Sir, do you not know that you are using that gentleman's tooth-pick?" "Well, sir, suppose I am, I mean to give it back to him," was the answer of the offended citizen.

A BATTERED TYPE.—A journeyman printer has made a revelation of how he got off with his wardrobe when the landlord kept his baggage (an old carpet bag) for board. He had nothing but six shirts and a pair of pants. "Perhaps," said he, "you will allow me to go up stairs and change my shirt." "Certainly," said Boniface. Types went up, put on all the shirts, one over another, and the pants also, and stuffed a pillow into the old carpet bag, came down and deposited it in the bar with special directions "to take good care of it"—and left it. We do not understand from him that he proposes redeeming it. He at least exhibits no hurry in the matter.

DECEASED.—Francis I. asked one day of Duchatel, the learned Bishop of Orleans, if he was a gentleman. "Sir," was the prelate's reply, "in the ark of Noah there were three brothers—I cannot tell from which of them I descended."

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

A poor fellow, in his examination the other day, was asked if he had not been in the court before, and what for? (He had been up for body-stealing.) "It was nothing at all," said the hemlock, "only receiving a fellow creature from the grave."

The London Punch says: "Bloomerism appears to be a plant not likely to thrive in this climate. A few specimens have come out here and there; but the majority of the bloomers have been zipped in the bud."

The editor of one of our exchanges has intimated the whole female sex. He says that ladies wear corsets from a feeling of instinct, having a natural love of being squeezed.

An unkind word from one beloved, infers draws blood from the heart, which we may draw the battle axe of hatred, or the keener edge of vindictive malice.

Do not virtue to purchase wealth.