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

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The Little Girl's Good Morning.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Oh! I am so happy!" the little girl said, as she sprang like a lark from the low trundle bed.

"The morning, bright morning! Good morning, papa!"

Oh give me one kiss for good morning mamma! Only just look at my pretty curly hair, Chirping his sweet "good morning to Mary!" The sunshine is peeping right straight into my eyes.

Good morning to you Mr. Son, for you rise Early to wake up my little and me, And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl," And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl— "Happy as happy can be—But think of the One Who wakes you, this morning, both you and the sun."

The little one turned her bright eyes with a nod, "Mamma, may I say good morning to God?" "Yes, little darling one, surely you may—Kneel, as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes looking up earnestly into the sky, And two little hands that were folded together softly she laid on the lap of her mother:

"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said, "I thank thee for watching my snug little bed, For taking good care of me all the dark night, And waking me up with the beautiful light, Oh, keep me from naughtiness all the long day, Bless Jesus, who taught little children to pray!"

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled; But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

THE STOLEN KISS.

My dear Fred, did you ever steal a kiss from a beautiful girl, in some unguarded moment, when she was totally unconscious of the close proximity of your lips to her own, until the treasure was pilfered and past redemption?

If so, then listen to me, and I will give you an account of a bit of fun in that line when I was at the mature age of 14. At the district school where I attended, there was a little blonde classmate of mine whose roguish eye and dimpled cheek played the mischief with my studies.

Every day, after school was dismissed, I galled Kate B. to her home; and when there was snow on the ground I always insisted on her taking a seat on my sled, while I, proud of my load of love-letters, would draw her up the hill to her home. The other boys, envious of Kate selecting me as her champion, seemed determined to ridicule us to the extent of their power; and when Kate and I were on our way to school, our appearance on the play ground was the signal for a perfect broadside of raillery.

"There's Kate and her beau," said one, "Halloo, Jack! why don't you look arms with your sweet heart?"

"Oh, they ain't engaged yet," answered another.

And poor Kate would blush into the school room, and I would propose some play to turn the conversation.

The intimacy between us grew stronger day by day, until I used to call at her house for nothing else but to hear her sweet laugh and talk, until it was time for me to leave.

One fine summer evening, I thought I would walk up to Kate's and find out what she thought of a small ring I had sent her the day before by an urechin that I had hired, as I had not the courage to give it to her myself. As I neared the house, I saw Kate reclining on a small lounge that had been removed from the sitting room into the open verandah. Her father was reading a paper and smoking a large pipe with his feet placed on an old chest that stood in the corner of the kitchen, and her mother sitting in the rocking chair, with her knitting work in her hand, while, to complete the group, a monstrous mastiff dog lay under the table, asleep. I crept softly up to the lounge without being discovered. She was gazing through the lattice work at the moon, and humming a favorite song of mine. How beautiful she looked!

"I'll kiss her if I have to swing for it," said I to myself, while the blood rushed through my veins like red hot lava, and my breath grew quick and hurried.

I pressed nearer to her and stood near enough to catch the covered cup of water; but my courage failed me, and I should have given it up as a bad job, if the little witch had not at that moment held up to the bright moonlight an exquisite little hand, with the very finger had sent her, on the third finger. She looked at the ring for a moment, and then with a quick motion pressed it to her lips. "Aho, ama, amat! I could kiss it no longer. In an instant I had encircled her little waist with my arm, and glued my lips to the sweet creature's mouth. Oh, ye gods and little fishes! what a scream she gave!

She slipped from my embrace like an eel, and sprang for the open door. I caught her by the waist again.

"Kate! Kate! I don't you know—" "Will I ever!"—and down I went, flat on my back, with old Topsy's dental arrangements fastened in my shoulder.

"Get out, Towser! Father, father, help! he'll kill him!" cried Kate, who had recognized my voice; and the poor girl was in an agony of tears.

Outraged Squire B., and loosed me from the grip of the dog. Kate's mother made me take off my coat, that she might see the extent of my wounds. They were not dangerous, and after applying some ointment, she said, "I'll take care of you, and I took a chair by the side of Mrs. B."

"Why, what in the world made you scream so Kate?" said her father.

Poor Kate blushed to the tip of her fingers, and said nothing, but cast an imploring glance at me.

"What was it, Jack? he inquired.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. B., when I came to the verandah, I saw Kate on the lounge looking so bewitching, that I could not help taking a kiss, and as I took it without her leave, it startled her somewhat."

Squire B. roared with laughter, while Mrs. B. looked at Kate with such a comical expression, that she slipped out of doors to hide her confusion.

I went out a moment after, and found her in a little arbor in the rear of the house.

"Dear Kate," said I, "forgive me, and I will give you back the kiss I stole."

She looked at me a moment, and then turned her head away; but she did not struggle violently when I repaid her the kiss I had stolen under the verandah. I have kissed beautiful girls since, but never found the zest of that stolen kiss. Ah, Kate!

Value of a Wife in the Celestial Regions.

Nothing astonishes the Chinamen who visit the English merchants at Hong-Kong so much as the deference paid to ladies, and the position the latter are permitted to hold in society. The very servants express their disgust at seeing the ladies permitted to sit at the table with their lords, and wonder how men can so far forget their dignity. A young English merchant recently took his youthful wife with him to Hong-Kong, where the couple were visited by a wealthy Mandarin. The latter regarded the lady attentively, and seemed to dwell with delight on her movements. When she at length left the apartment, he said to the husband, in his imperfect English:

"What you give for that wifey yours?"

"Oh," replied the husband, laughing at the singular error of the visitor, "Two thousand dollars." This the merchant thought would appear to the Chinese rather a high figure, but he was mistaken.

"Well," said the Mandarin, taking out his book with an air of business, "I suppose you give her to me, I give you five thousand dollars."

It is difficult to say whether the young merchant was amazed or amused, but the grave air of the Chinaman convinced him that he was in earnest, and he was compelled, therefore, to refuse the offer with much plebeian as he could assume. The Mandarin was, however, pressing, and went as high as \$7,000. The merchant who had no previous notion of the value of the commodity which he had taken out with him, was compelled at length to declare that Englishmen never sold their wives after they came into their possession, an assertion which the Chinaman was slow to believe. The merchant afterwards had a hearty laugh with his young wife, when he told her he had just discovered her value.

A Camel Market.

The Blue Town is especially noted for its great trade in camels. The camel market is a large square in the centre of the town. The animals are ranged here in long rows, their front feet raised upon a mud elevation constructed for that purpose, the object being to show off the size and height of the creatures. It is impossible to describe the uproar and confusion of the buyers and sellers as they dispute, their noisy chattering after they have agreed, and the horrible shrieking of the camels at having their noses pulled, for the purpose of making them show their agility in kneeling and rising. In order to test the strength of the camel, and the burden it is capable of bearing, they make it kneel, then pile one thing after another upon its back, causing it to rise under each addition, until it can rise no longer. They sometimes use the following expedient: While the camel is kneeling, a man gets upon his hind heels, and holds on by the long hair of its hump; if the camel can rise then, it is considered an animal of superior power. The trade in camels is entirely by proxy; a seller and buyer never settle the matter between themselves. They select indifferent persons to sell their goods, who propose, discuss, and fix the price; the one looking to the interests of the seller, and the other to those of the purchaser.

THE DOG WITH A BROKEN LEG.—Some thirty years ago, (perhaps 1820,) Dr. Taft, a stillborn surgeon, resided in Windsor, Vt. A man in that place owned a large and valuable mastiff dog, who had the misfortune to break his leg. The owner, after ineffectual attempts to set the bone, sent for Dr. Taft, who speedily put the bone in its place, and splinted up the leg. For several days the doctor visited the dog and dressed the wound, and then told the owner he should come no more, but if anything seemed to be wanting, to bring the dog to his office. He did so twice or three times, and when he ceased going, the dog would go alone to the doctor's office every morning, and lie down at the door until the doctor looked at his leg, and then he would return, continuing this practice until he was fully cured. Some time after this, the great dog found in the street a little dog with a broken leg, and after smelling around him for some time, he got him upon three legs, and managed to get him from street to street to Dr. Taft's office, where he waited with the little dog until the doctor came and set the bone.

A simple Hibernian tar, a great favorite with Nelson, used to pray in these words every night when he went to his hammock: "God be thanked, I never killed any one, not any man, ever killed no one. God bless the world, and success to the British Navy."

A woman is now living at Seville who is 118 years old.

Impatience of Young Life.

We contemplate with much amusement the number of worthy, middle-aged individuals, eminent, respectable authors, or hard working men of business—merry old bachelors or happy fathers of families—all of whom were in their youth the most wretched of mortals, talking perpetually of "misery" and "self-destruction." It seems ridiculous now, but it was awfully real at the time. It is no more than a phase of mind which almost every one goes through (except those who are generally happy through life quite comfortably, and are the most "jolly" people imaginable.) But for those others, whose spirits must meet and endure this bitter ordeal, they should be dealt with tenderly and borne with patiently until the trouble ends. It is the finer portion of all finer natures; the restless want, the vague aspiring, the perpetually striving for perfection in poetic dreamings; in idle fancies, inconstant as air, each seeking after something diviner or more beautiful, which is never found; in knowledge, or in the phrenic dissipation of pleasure, all alike ending in nothing, until the only truth of life seems to be that bitterest one of Solomon, the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." This is, perhaps, the story of every human mind in which shines one spark of the fire of genius; the story's beginning, but thank God not necessarily its end.

Many a great, strong spirit has passed—and all are past—out of the cloudy void into a clear day. Shakespeare, who must once have felt, or he could not have painted young Hamlet, reached at last the divine height where, in the universal pot, we lose all traces of the individual man; and he who once wrote "The Sorrows of Werter" lived to be that great Goethe who, from his lofty realm of eighty-two years, could look back on what was, as near as any human life could be, a perfect and fulfilled existence.—*The Head of the Family.*

The Battle of the Bees.

Galignani's Messenger, published in Paris, says a curious circumstance occurred recently at Guilleville, in France. A small farmer had in a field about two hundred bee-hives, containing a vast number of bees. He sent a man with a cart, drawn by five horses, to remove some earth from the wall near which the hives were placed. The cart had occasion to go to the farm house, tied the horses to a tree. Almost immediately after, a multitude of bees, either irritated at the sight of the cart, or excited by the electricity with which the atmosphere happened to be charged, issued from their hives, as if in obedience to a given signal, and with great fury attacked the horses.

In an instant the poor animals were entirely covered with bees from head to foot; even their nostrils were filled with them. When the cart returned he found one of his horses lying dead on the ground and the others rolling about furiously. His cries attracted several persons; one of them attempted to drive away the bees, but they attacked him, and he had to plunge into a pond, and even to place his head under water for a few seconds in order to escape from them. The cure of Guilleville also attempted to approach the horses, but he too was put to flight by the enraged insects. At length two fire engines were sent for, and by pumping on the bees a great number were killed on the horses or put to flight. The horses, however, were so much injured that they died in an hour. The value of the bees destroyed was 1,500 francs, and of the horses 2,500 francs. A few days before that time from the same hives killed seven more goats.

EMBALMING.—The New York Courier and Enquirer says a process was discovered some few years since by Dr. Sureau, of Paris, by which bodies can be embalmed in one hour, so as to preserve them, with the appearance of being asleep, without any cutting or mutilating, except a small incision which is made for the purpose of injecting a chemical fluid. A body prepared in this way preserves a healthy hue, and even the marks that disease and death naturally leave will disappear. The editor of the same paper remarks that he saw a few days ago, at the hospital, the body of a man who was killed four days previous by falling from a window; after it had been taken to the hospital it was embalmed according to Dr. Sureau's process, and though the weather has been so extremely hot, there was not the slightest discoloration. The subject was not the best for demonstrating the process, as it has sustained some severe bruises about the face. Dr. E. Pilato, of New York, has purchased the right for embalming in this country. He refers to Dr. Mott and Berger, and other scientific men.

Coroline is the feminine of Charles, or rather of its Latin equivalent, Carolus. It comes from the German, and has the signification of *brave souled, or courageously patient*. The name has been borne by women who have proved themselves worthy of the name. It is not in the manly breast alone that valor is found, or learned. There are those who, having needed.

How sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong!

have displayed a courage which shames that of the warrior on the battle field.—Coroline is sometimes abbreviated to Caroline, Callie, Cal, and Lino.

"I know a fair young girl, With an eye like the sky's own blue, Or a sweet spring flower when its azure leaves Are bright with early dew— Oh, a thing half earth and half divine Is she—'tis fair young Caroline."

It is all moonshine about the Connecticut girl petitioning Congress to have "sleep year come considerably sooner."

A little child hearing a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out, "Mother, why don't the people 'let the man' out of the box?"

Selling Chickens to the Legislature.

While the Legislature of Missouri was in session, a few days ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this, being divided equally, and thrown across his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of out-stretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag, to whom he had made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but that perhaps he could sell them at that large stone house over there, (the capitol,) that there was a man over there buying on speculation for the St. Louis market, and do doubt, he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him.

"Look here," says he, "when you get over there, go up stairs, and then turn to the left. The man stops in that large room, and is now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him.—He has got chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent other people from selling theirs."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the Hall of Representatives. To open it and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake, to freshen them, he commenced his journey towards the Speaker's chair, the fowls, in the meantime, loudly expressing, from the half-formed crowd to the harsh quarrel, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir," Here he had advanced about half way down the aisle, when he was seized by Major Jackson, the doorkeeper, who happened to be returning from the clerk's desk.

"What the devil are you doing here with these chickens; get out, sir, get out," whispered the doorkeeper.

"No you don't though, you can't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale, get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir, (in a louder tone to the Speaker) are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here."

And he held up his string and shook his fowls until their music made the walls echo.

"Let me go, sir, (to the doorkeeper,) let me go, I say. Five large chickens, let me go, I say, (to the Speaker,) only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the Sergeant-at-Arms?" roared the Speaker—"take that man out."

"Now don't, will you, I can't hard to trade with you. You let me go (to the doorkeeper,) you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir (to the Speaker, in a loud tone,) are you buying chickens to-day?"

"Go ahead," "at him again," "that's right," whispered some of the opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak, "at him again." "He'll buy them." "He'll only want you to take leave—at him again."

"I say, sir, (in a louder tone, to the Speaker,) cuss your pictures, let me go—fair play—two men to one ain't fair, to the Speaker and Sergeant-at-Arms (to the Speaker,) you say you're buying chickens, you say you're buying chickens, you'll take a cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take—Drat your hides, don't shove on so hard, will you? You'll hurt them chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, sir, up there!"

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried, and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend, in high altercation with the doorkeeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs, adding, "that if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony surge, and our friend left the Capitol, saying, as he went down stairs,

"Well, this is the darndest roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."—*Spirit of the Times.*

Jefferson City, Mo.

The Irishman and the Deacon.

A few months ago, as Deacon Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and who was in quest of a brother that came on before him and scolded in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong athletic man; a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sabbath morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired for the nearest road to the church.

Ingalls was a good pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new made acquaintance to accompany him thither, his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by. There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the deacons (who by the way, was very small in stature,) invited brother J. to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to brother J., and in a whisper which could be heard all around, inquired—

"Sure, and isn't this a heretic church?" "Hush!" said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely; when suddenly an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "glory." "Hush!" cried brother J., "rejoice with his loud whisper, which was heard by the

Downingville Baptizations, at Last.

Downingville, State of Maine, July 30, 1852. Mr. GALLES & SEARON, Washington, Seat of Congress.

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—We've made out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't ain't over yet: for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me, in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, between you and me, Major, the 'lection will be a harder job still. I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelings. He's a regular political weather glass, and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head I naturally look out for a tuff spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the *Intelligencer*, didn't you?" And says he, "Yes."

"Well, didn't we do that business up well?" says I. "I don't know about that," said Uncle Joshua; "I have my doubts 'bout it."

"Why don't you think?" says I, "the nomination of General Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizzical, and says he, "It has g'n the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected." And then he set as much as two minutes drumming his finger on the table, and didn't say nothing.

And then he looked up again and says he, "Major who is General Pierce? It ain't a fictitious name is it?"

"Why, Uncle Joshua," says I, "how you talk! It is General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?" says he; "well now, Major, are you sure there is such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?"

"Yes," says I, "Uncle, I'm as sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it, and no mistake, I come through New Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they say he lived, and asked all about him. The neighbors there all knew him very well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should a seen him myself, and should got his promise to keep the Downingville post office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it for I sent a telegram to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to keep it for you."

Here I see by the look of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he began to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact, that is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?"

"Upon my word and honor," says I, "there isn't a particle of joke about it; it was all done in good earnest."

"Well, then, if you've really got a candidate," says Uncle Joshua, "should like to know some thing about him. Does he belong to the Old Fogey class or Young America class?"

"I guess about half and half," says I, "and he'll be all the stronger for that, because he can draw votes on both sides."

"After all," says he, "I'm afraid it's a bad nomination. The old pillars of the Democratic party, General Cass, and Mr. Buchanan, and Governor Marcy, and General Houston and the rest, will feel so insulted and mortified at being pushed aside for strangers to take the least that they'll be agin the nomination, and their friends too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of fish."

"Don't you never fear that, Uncle Joshua," says I; "them old pillars that you speak of are all very much tickled with the nomination. Ye see, it broke the nose of Young America, and they were delighted with it. As soon as the nomination was out of the mould, before it had time to cool, they all telegraphed right back to Baltimore that nothing in the world would have happened to suit 'em better; it was a most excellent nomination, and they were under everlasting obligations to the Baltimore Convention. You needn't be no fears that they'll feel any coldness towards the nomination. They'll all turn to and work for it like beavers."

"And well, how is it," said Uncle Joshua, "about that boy-candidate for the Presidency that they call Young America? If his nose is knocked out of joint he'll of course oppose the nomination, tooth and nail."

"There's where you are mistaken again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "on the contrary, he goes for it better than any of 'em; and he telegraphed back to Baltimore as quick as lightning could carry it, that the nomination was just the thing, and couldn't be no better. Ye see, he looks upon it in the light that it chokes off all the Old Fogies and leaves the field clear for him next time. He thinks so highly of the nomination, and feels so patriotic about it, they say he is going to stump it through all the States, and make speeches in favor of General Pierce's election. You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua, we've got a very strong nomination, one that'll carry all afore it; everybody is delighted with it, and everybody's going to go for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a moment. I thought you would have all things cut and dried for a rousin ratification meeting by the time I got home."

"Well, you know, Major," said Uncle Joshua, "I always follow Col. Crockett's rule, and never go ahead till I know I'm right. How foolish we should look to call a ratification meeting here in Downingville, and be voted right plump down. You know the Free-soilers are very strong among us; they are very strong in all the Northern States. And you know the Baltimore Convention fixed up a platform to stand on that's all in favor of the compromise and the fugitive slave law, and is dead-set agin the Free-soilers." Now, Major, you must have more understanding than to think the Free-soilers will ever swallow that platform, and if they don't we are dashed."

"You are all wrong again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "for the biggest Free-soiler in

Supposed to be a Portion of the Lost Book of Jasher, lately discovered by Layard amid the ruins of Ninevah.

CHAPTER IX.

1. And in process of time the men returned, and sat again in council, even in the great Sanhedrim in Baltimore.

2. And their eyes were red, but not with weeping; and they were filled, but not with the spirit of wisdom.

3. And the contention waxed great amongst them, and they strove together many days.

4. Then, there arose certain men of Virginia, who said, let us gather ourselves unto Buchanan, the Tariffist, for he is a Hunker indeed, in whom there is great guile.

5. His name is published in many lands, and the sound thereof hath reached our ears, and none can say that we are settlers forth of strange men.

6. But others cried, Nay, for he was raised in the tents of wickedness, and hath blasphemed against us in the language of Ashdod, saying, that he would let out the blood of Democracy, even with a lancet.

7. But the men of Virginia came unto him, and a certain wise man among them said: Why do you murmur? And wherefore make ye known our reproach unto our adversaries?

8. As for that saying, let the memory thereof rot, and let the blackness of darkness cover it forever!

9. Wot ye not, that as the strong man even Samson, found honey, yea, the precious honeycomb, in the body of the dead lion, so, also, my soul smelleth the savor of sweet doctrine, yea, smelleth the odor of pure Democracy, in the carcass of defunct Federalism?

10. But the others said: These men be drunken with new wine; let us rather cleave unto Marcy, who dispenseth spoils and giveth much rainment unto those that follow after him.

11. Then replied unto them the men of Virginia, As for this Marcy, we have no inheritance in him; let him remain, like Asher, by the sea-shore, and dwell in his breeches.

True Worth.

BY JOHN BOOKER.

They cry who think that sterling worth Consists in pomp or high degree, There must be more than this wealth or birth, To give man true nobility.

Though born on fortune's highest hill, Possessed of all that man can claim, There may be something higher still, To prove man worthy of his name.

Think not, because a man is poor He should be scorned and cast aside; What matter though his lot be obscure, If truth and love walk with him side!

For in the humblest walks of life, Virtue—the best of treasures—lies; And in the midst of care and grief, It perfects spirit for the skies.

Truth, love and virtue far out-shine The perils of Olympus, Ugarit's gold, The diamonds of Brazilian mine, And rubies of a price untold.

How truth exalts the human mind! How love refines the human breast! No peace on earth can man e'er find, Like that which virtue doth impart.

Naught can with mental wealth compare; True worth consists not in dress; A loving heart is richer far Than all the wealth that kings possess.

Riches are but an empty boast, Poverty and love too are vain; It is the heart that makes the man, It is the mind that makes the man.

Incident in the Life of Henry Clay—His Advice to Young Men.

Two years ago, during Mr. Clay's address to the students of the New York State and National Law School, at Ballston Spa, one object of which is to train young men in the art of extemporaneous speaking, he said, when commenting upon the advantages of the institution: "I owe my success in life to one single fact, viz: that at the age of 27 I commenced and continued for years the process of daily reading and speaking upon the contents of some historical and scientific book. These efforts were made sometimes in a corridor, at others in a forest, and not infrequently in some distant barn, with the horse and ox for my auditors. It is to this early practice of the great art of all arts, that I am indebted for the primary and leading impulses that stimulated me forward, and have shaped and moulded my entire subsequent destiny. Improve then, young gentlemen, the superior advantages you here enjoy. Let not a day pass without exercising your powers of oratory. Cicero controlled men by exciting their ears; Cicero by captivating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of the one perished with its author; that of the other continues to this day."

A HAPPY MEETING.—We can readily fancy how a poor fellow, far from home, must feel upon receiving a gift like the one recorded below. We copy the paragraph from the Sacramento California News:—

"AORRKALE! SURPRISE.—A gentleman of Sacramento city, while passing along the street a few days since, was accosted by a stranger who presented him a small package. He found within the parcel a daguerrotype case which opened with a spring. On touching it the lid flew up and exposed to his astonished vision a perfect likeness of his two young daughters whom he had left more than a year before in the East. At the head was the inscription: 'Here we are Pa.' The delighted father, as might be expected, was completely overcome by the affecting incident.

We have seen a toast like this: 'Woman—She needs no eulogy, she speaks for herself.' And sometimes for the whole neighborhood, says an old Bachelor of our acquaintance.

No street in Constantinople has a name, nor is there a lamp in it, yet there are five hundred thousand inhabitants! There is not a post nor a mail route in all Turkey, nor a church bell!

Downingville Baptizations, at Last.

Downingville, State of Maine, July 30, 1852. Mr. GALLES & SEARON, Washington, Seat of Congress.

MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS:—We've made out to ratify at last, but it was about as hard a job as it was for the Baltimore Convention to nominate. And I'm afraid the worst on't ain't over yet: for Uncle Joshua shakes his head and says to me, in a low tone, so the rest shan't hear, between you and me, Major, the 'lection will be a harder job still. I put great faith in Uncle Joshua's feelings. He's a regular political weather glass, and can always tell whether we are going to have it fair or foul a good ways ahead. So when he shakes his head I naturally look out for a tuff spell of weather. When I got home from Baltimore, says I, "Well, Uncle Joshua, you got my letter in the *Intelligencer*, didn't you?" And says he, "Yes."

"Well, didn't we do that business up well?" says I. "I don't know about that," said Uncle Joshua; "I have my doubts 'bout it."

"Why don't you think?" says I, "the nomination of General Pierce will put the Democratic party on its legs again, and give it a fine start?"

Uncle Joshua looked up to me kind of quizzical, and says he, "It has g'n the party a pretty considerable of a start already, it come so unexpected." And then he set as much as two minutes drumming his finger on the table, and didn't say nothing.

And then he looked up again and says he, "Major who is General Pierce? It ain't a fictitious name is it?"

"Why, Uncle Joshua," says I, "how you talk! It is General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire."

"General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, is it?" says he; "well now, Major, are you sure there is such a person, or did somebody play a hoax on the Baltimore Convention?"

"Yes," says I, "Uncle, I'm as sure of it as I am that there is such a person as Uncle Joshua Downing. To make all sure of it, and no mistake, I come through New Hampshire, and went to Concord, where they say he lived, and asked all about him. The neighbors there all knew him very well, and showed me the house he lives in. He wasn't at home, or I should a seen him myself, and should got his promise to keep the Downingville post office for you. But you needn't be afraid but what you'll have it for I sent a telegram to him from Baltimore, as soon as he was nominated, to keep it for you."

Here I see by the look of Uncle Joshua's eyes that he began to get hold of some new ideas. Says he, "Well, Major, it is a fact, that is it, that he was nominated in real earnest, and 'twasn't no joke?"

"Upon my word and honor," says I, "there isn't a particle of joke about it; it was all done in good earnest."

"Well, then, if you've really got a candidate," says Uncle Joshua, "should like to know some thing about him. Does he belong to the Old Fogey class or Young America class?"

"I guess about half and half," says I, "and he'll be all the stronger for that, because he can draw votes on both sides."

"After all," says he, "I'm afraid it's a bad nomination. The old pillars of the Democratic party, General Cass, and Mr. Buchanan, and Governor Marcy, and General Houston and the rest, will feel so insulted and mortified at being pushed aside for strangers to take the least that they'll be agin the nomination, and their friends too, and that'll upset the whole kettle of fish."

"Don't you never fear that, Uncle Joshua," says I; "them old pillars that you speak of are all very much tickled with the nomination. Ye see, it broke the nose of Young America, and they were delighted with it. As soon as the nomination was out of the mould, before it had time to cool, they all telegraphed right back to Baltimore that nothing in the world would have happened to suit 'em better; it was a most excellent nomination, and they were under everlasting obligations to the Baltimore Convention. You needn't be no fears that they'll feel any coldness towards the nomination. They'll all turn to and work for it like beavers."

"And well, how is it," said Uncle Joshua, "about that boy-candidate for the Presidency that they call Young America? If his nose is knocked out of joint he'll of course oppose the nomination, tooth and nail."

"There's where you are mistaken again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "on the contrary, he goes for it better than any of 'em; and he telegraphed back to Baltimore as quick as lightning could carry it, that the nomination was just the thing, and couldn't be no better. Ye see, he looks upon it in the light that it chokes off all the Old Fogies and leaves the field clear for him next time. He thinks so highly of the nomination, and feels so patriotic about it, they say he is going to stump it through all the States, and make speeches in favor of General Pierce's election. You may depend upon it, Uncle Joshua, we've got a very strong nomination, one that'll carry all afore it; everybody is delighted with it, and everybody's going to go for it. I didn't expect you to hold back a moment. I thought you would have all things cut and dried for a rousin ratification meeting by the time I got home."

"Well, you know, Major," said Uncle Joshua, "I always follow Col. Crockett's rule, and never go ahead till I know I'm right. How foolish we should look to call a ratification meeting here in Downingville, and be voted right plump down. You know the Free-soilers are very strong among us; they are very strong in all the Northern States. And you know the Baltimore Convention fixed up a platform to stand on that's all in favor of the compromise and the fugitive slave law, and is dead-set agin the Free-soilers." Now, Major, you must have more understanding than to think the Free-soilers will ever swallow that platform, and if they don't we are dashed."

"You are all wrong again, Uncle Joshua," says I, "for the biggest Free-soiler in