

# Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS

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[WHOLE NO. 322.]

## THE GARDEN.



"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens culled with care."

### SABBATH MORNING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN LAW RHYMES."  
Rise, young mechanic! Idle darkness leaves  
The dingy town, and cloudless morning glows;  
Oh, rise and worship Him who spins and weaves  
Into the petals of the hedge-side rose  
Day's golden beams and all-embracing air!  
Rise, for the morn of Sabbath riseth fair!  
The clouds expect thee—rise! the stonchot hops  
Among the masses of thy granite chair:  
Go, toll the plover on the mountain tops,  
That we have chorish'd nests, and hidden wings—  
Wings! Aye, like those on which the Seraph flings  
His sun-bright speed from star to star abroad:  
And we have music, like the whisperings  
Of streams in heaven: our labour is an ode  
Of sweet, and praise to Him who loves the right.  
And cannot He, who spins the beautiful light,  
And weaves the air into the wild flower's hues,  
Or fill thy veins with sunbeams, and diffuse  
Over thy thoughts the green wood's melody?  
Yea, this and more He can and will for thee,  
If thou wilt read, engraven on the skies  
And restless waves, "That Slott is misery;  
And that our worth from our necessities  
Flows, as the rivers from His clouds descend!"

### The Evening of a Village Festival.

BY HENRY ALFORD.  
While our shrub walks darken,  
And the stars get bright aloft,  
Sit we still and harken  
To the music low and soft,  
By the old oak yonder  
Where we watch the setting sun,  
Listening to the far-off thunder  
Of the multitude as one.  
Sit, my best beloved,  
In the waning light;  
Yield thy spirit to the teaching  
Of each sound and sight,  
While those sounds are flowing  
To their silent rest;  
While the parting wake of sunlight  
Broods along the West.  
Sweeter 'tis to harken  
Than to hear a part;  
Better to look on happiness  
Than to carry a light heart.  
Sweeter to walk on cloudy hills  
With a sunny plain below,  
Than to weary of the brightness  
Where the floods of sunshine flow.  
Souls that love each other,  
Join both joys in one;  
Blest by others' happiness,  
And nourished by their own.  
So with quick reflection,  
Each its opposite  
Still gives back, and multiplies  
To infinite delight.

## CRITICISM.

### FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.

A CRITIC REVIEWED.  
Qui stultit aliquid, pule invidit altera;  
Egum liest stultit, hanc opunt ad. SENeca.  
"If you decide upon hearing only one side of a controversy, although such decision prove correct, he has acted unjustly."

MR. EDITOR: In looking over the columns of your paper this morning, my attention was arrested by an article, professing to be a criticism on the recent contest between the two Literary Societies connected with Pennsylvania College. And truly, the learned critics of the nineteenth century, may boast their newly acquired champion; for judging from the specimen of his genius, submitted to the public gaze, we would spontaneously conclude, that the spirit and poignant sarcasm of Julius have crossed the Atlantic, and are now being manifested over the signature of "A Farmer's Son." Surely it is enough to cause every novice in composition, to shrink from the piercing, cutting gaze, and withering sarcasm of this prolific critic! But lest I should appear to be premature in my conclusion, in reference to the profundity of thought, intellectual command, refined taste, and sound judgment, which so peculiarly characterize this mammoth critic, I will proceed to glance at his splendid criticism.

But first, let me premise, that (if there was nothing else by which we might judge,) the criticism of "A Farmer's Son," affords sufficient internal evidence to convince every candid reader "what manner of spirit he is of." I had indeed supposed, that no true "lover of learning," sustaining the relation he does to one of the parties concerned, had so little integrity and uprightness, as to attempt to palm such a piece upon the public as the views of a spectator, who was unprejudiced, and whose mind was free from the bias of pre-existing causes. For my own part, Mr. Editor, having only an ordinary mind on which to rely, I have found, that "plain, good intention, is a healing and cementing principle." Had "A Farmer's Son," acted on this principle, he would have expressed more of that candor and magnanimity, which always become an honest purpose. Like the fiends in Macbeth, he made the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the heart.

But to the criticism: After making a short preliminary, by way of introducing himself to the literary world, he proceeds with his learned comments—and truly it may be, that

"To laugh, is want of goodness and grace."  
Yet to be grave, exceeds all power of face."  
Only think—a treatise of such elaborate ingenuity and factitious ornament, embodying so much wisdom and patient investigation, the result of only four weeks' labor! Almost incredible—but so it is!  
First, the critic objects to the performances "on mass," on account of their length. As regards this point, I have only to say, that all the performances have to pass under the inspection of the President of Pennsylvania College, (if I am not misinformed,) and if "A Farmer's Son," thinks he knows more about such matters than the President, and those who have the direction of its concerns; or that the performances should be accommodated to the crude and capricious notions of "The Mountaineer," be it so.

What would the critic say, if the performances had been an hour long, as they are at some institutions? He next proceeds to remark, in reference to the first essay, "It bordered a little too much on Abercrombie, and was almost too metaphysical for an audience composed principally of young persons," &c. Now, I have two or three things to say about this criticism. The first is, that the essay contained, if I recollect aright, not one sentiment distinctly from that author; but I can easily account for this "Abercrombie" style. The learned critic had brain enough to discover, that the general character of the essay was rather metaphysical, and as he never saw any work on mental philosophy, save Abercrombie's elementary work for beginners, he very justly concluded it must border on Abercrombie! The next remark is, that he very highly compliments the audience, assembled on that occasion, by stating, they were principally young, and consequently incapable of appreciating an essay, based on the principles of mental philosophy. Truly complimentary to the literary character of the citizens of Gettysburg! What! not able to comprehend the metaphysical disquisition of a Sophomore!—ha! ha! ha!

He then notices the second essay: "that of George's," (G—notice the two genitive cases.) I wish the reader to mark the consistency of his criticism & the congruity of his sentiments. This is too "flimsy, and figurative, and better suited for the young." The critic evidently has not discernment enough to discriminate between what is flimsy and what is figurative. In this case, the essay is "adapted to the taste of the young"—while, he says, there were a good many deep-searching queries waiting for weightier substance; and still these "queries" waiting for "weightier substance," were incapable of comprehending Master Charles' essay, because "it bordered a little too much on Abercrombie, and was almost too metaphysical!" This appears to be rather a "non sequitur bull!" How precious is consistency! especially when found in the honest "Farmer's Son." He could no doubt discern better between a "fater hill" and a mole hill; and surely he would not make such prodigious blunders in ploughing corn, or sowing turnips! How forcibly am I struck with the old Latin proverb—"Nec ultra ultra erigimus." Yes, my dear sir, you would better have remained between your plough-handle, content with your "homely joys and destiny obscure."

The critic next discharges a volley of his satire at "Gottlieb," who, he affirms, used "flaming eloquence and vehement gesticulation"—a charge, by the way, not very well founded in fact. Indeed, I thought he was cool enough. But supposing he did, what then? Does the critic not know what great importance the Romans attached to gesticulation? And is it not reasonable to suppose, that, in describing their greatness, grandeur and glory—in speaking of the Tribunal, the Bistum, the Comitia and the Curia—in reverting to those walls, which once echoed with the electrifying peals of aully's eloquence, and reverberated with the acclamations of applauding Senators, the speaker should be animated and imbué some of the Ciceroan spirit? "But," continues he, "when Christian arose, he soon, by the calmness of his speech and manliness of his gesture, showed me, and I have no doubt the majority of the audience, the folly of Gottlieb's wishing to thwart nature." &c. This is very good irony; or, if the critic intended it as a burlesque, it does very well!

He next proceeds to give "old James R." a touch of his sublime criticism: And here it may not be amiss to remark, that the term "old," as here applied, is very common among a few of the lower class of students, and is used without any definite idea attached to it. He says, "old J. R. with figures and allusions almost enchanted the assembly, especially the female part of it, whose tender passions are generally very much lifted up by such descriptions." Now, the very nature of the subject discussed, and the position sustained by "old James R.," rendered it absolutely indispensable for him, to show, to illustrate, and to describe the influence of education and civilization upon the refinement and consequent happiness of the domestic life—to point, in the most fascinating imagery, its influence in unfolding the lofty powers of the mind, in developing all the sensibilities of our nature, and in refining, dignifying and purifying all that is noble and admirable in a depraved and degraded, yet truly wonderful being. And yet all this, so admirably adapted to adumbrate the beneficial effects of education, and place it in a captivating aspect, was not to the point—only calculated to lift (a very classical expression to be sure!) the passions of those tender creatures, THE LADIES—intimating, that their passions and feelings could be elicited by mere shadows without substance: Quite a compliment, ladies, to your heads and hearts! Well may we exclaim with Ovid—

"Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora coeque Noctibant!"

In proceeding, he says, "if I understand the question of debate rightly," &c.—which, by the way, was a good interpolation; for he evidently understood no more about the precise point at issue, than an unlettered cuf does about integral calculus, or comic sections. He says, "his arguments were as the asymptote," &c.—wishing, in the meantime, to leave the impression, that he had studied comic sections; when his not knowing how to spell asymptote, plainly demonstrates that he knows nothing about them, and that he has only heard something about the asymptote, and he thought it was an asymptote." So much for his mathematical tact. He thinks, however, "Tobias W." exposed the fallacy of Mr. K's arguments, and established his own side pretty well. And, upon the whole, I am not astonished that the truly wonderful critic, with all his precocity of genius, with all his disinterestedness, critical correctness and boundless information, should come to such a conclusion—especially since he is so well acquainted with Abercrombie's Mental Philosophy! But really, Mr. Editor, I just thought of it. I must stop.

So—I must pass over his remarks in regard "to the rigging off of body"—only observing, that it is not strange to me, that an individual, born and bred in the suburbs of one of our towns, and who has seldom exhibited his beautiful physiognomy within the pale of polite and refined society, should make such a tirade against plain, genteel dress; for I saw very few plebeians.

And now, Mr. Editor, I have endeavored, in noticing this famous criticism, which would lose nothing by a contrast with that of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "nothing to extenuate," nor to set down aught in malice." My object has been, not to vindicate either party, but merely to repel the aspersions invidiously cast upon some of the performers, by "A Farmer's Son," and to show the baseness of conduct that is prompted by interested and selfish motives—and, in part, to illustrate the truth of Sir Walter Scott's remark, that "Envy always dogs at the heels of Merit."

\*The error in spelling here alluded to, was a typographical one, and for which the "Critic" should not be blamed.

"A Farmer's Son" has shown, he is just about as capable to criticize the productions of others, as to succeed in his own; and, indeed, judging from his peculiar clearness, and purity, and felicity of expression, one might readily suppose, that he, like the author of Hudibras, had held personal communion with the Goddess of Truth in her fragrant bow! And if the beautiful Creator has deigned to bless "A Farmer's Son" with greater talents than the rest of us, I ask, is it just, is it reasonable, for us to envy him their possession? No—no—Let us rather remember the crutle opinion of the Dutch magistrate:—"If God wills that a man shall pile off his own nose, why he will pile it off!"—and, by the same mode of ratiocination, if "A Farmer's Son" is destined to possess the same genius with which Junius was endowed, why surely it will inspire him with the same conceptions.

CLODHOOPER, JR.  
Gettysburg, (Pa.) Monday, May 30, 1836.  
THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE NEW YORK LADIES' COMPANION.  
The Conflagration.

A TALE.  
"Ah, Granger, my good fellow how are you?" exclaimed George Ruten, to his friend as they met one December day, in Wall street. "Every thing is settled, have spoken to the clergyman, and this evening you will call the lovely Caroline yours. What a lucky fellow you are—every thing prospers with you!"

"Why yes," replied his friend, complacently; "have nothing to complain of—my affairs are every thing I could wish."  
"Your store is filled with hundreds of thousands worth of goods—your new house is completely furnished in the most costly manner, and to night you will choose the chosen one of your heart!"

"Yes, it is true, and I wish all my friends were as well off as myself."  
George sighed—"Oh, that I were as lucky as you." But I am one of the most unfortunate fellows alive. Every thing goes against me—I have been unlucky in business and in love. The Lord did mother of my Julia not only refuses her sanction to my attachment to her daughter, but is using every endeavor to force her into marriage with that old Seldford, because he is rich."

"Well, well! keep up your spirits, my poor George. They say fortune's wheel is always turning, and if you are at the bottom, you are sure when it moves, to go to the top, while at every change I must be plunged the deeper."

"Perhaps so—but, good morning. The church will be lighted at seven—after the ceremony, we shall repair to your house, where the supper I have ordered I hope will suit you."

"Thank you—you are a very efficient groomsmen. Good morning—we meet at seven."

At the hour appointed, the bride party entered the church, and as Augustus Granger led his lovely bride up the aisle, the friends assembled around the altar thought they had seldom looked on a finer couple. Young Ruten came next, but he had not the felicity of walking with his Julia, as she was forced to enter by the side of her rich, but disagreeable lover. The ceremony over, the whole party drove to the elegant mansion of the bridegroom. As he led his young wife into the brilliantly lighted rooms, and placed her on a sofa, he gazed anxiously into her face to mark the first impressions of her new house. With a smile of pleasure, Caroline glanced around her—

"Augustus, you have displayed much taste in your furniture."

"Do you like it?"

"Indeed I do. Had I selected it myself, I could not have been better suited, and see, Julia there is a darling French work-table in the next room, on purpose for me, oh we shall be so happy here!" Julia enjoyed her cousin's happiness, but sighed at that her own loved one had not such a home to offer her, and then she should not be sacrificed to the ambitious views of her mother. Julia possessed a yielding, timid disposition, and had not courage to withstand her mother's arbitrary will, but accepted the attentions of the rich Seldford, altho' devotedly attached to young Ruten.

At nine, the company began to assemble, and soon the rooms were graced with a select few of the fashion and beauty of the city. The supper was announced complete, and hilarity and happiness reigned in the hearts of all. During a temporary lull in the conversation at table, the alarming toll of fire bells was heard—at the same time the windows were shaken by a violent gust of wind.

"What a terrible night for a fire!" said Julia: "pity the poor creature who shall be turned out in this cold weather."

"Come, come, cousin," said Augustus gaily, "away with such chilling imaginations. Here take some champagne. No one must mar my wedding feast with such gloomy anticipations. Let the world go as it will, we will be happy here."

This sentiment found universal approbation, and the glasses were filled to the happiness of the bride and groom. At that moment, the door opened, and a young man entered, who touched the shoulder of the groom, and retreating to the end of the room, beckoned him to follow. Granger astonished at the interruption, would have refused, but there was something so appalling in the pale face and disordered dress of the young man, whom he recognized as his head clerk, that he arose and was soon engaged in a low, but animated conversation. In a few moments after, he beckoned to Seldford and Ruten, who immediately left the room in great haste. By degrees, all the gentlemen had gathered in a group. Something extremely agitating seemed to be going forward, and the cheek of the bride blanched. A stillness reigned over the table which had so lately echoed to their gaiety. The tolling of the bells and tumult in the streets became louder and louder. The gentlemen had nearly all left the room, when the door again opened, and one of them returned.

"Come, Granger," said he, "you have not a moment to lose, if you would save your papers. Half the town is on fire! So dreadful a sight I have never seen—where it will end, heaven only knows."

Augustus approached the bride. His mouth quivered with emotion, but he struggled for composure. "My love, I must leave you, even on my bridal night, if I would save you from ruin—my all is at stake! But keep up your courage, and I hope to return ere long."

"So soon to part!" she exclaimed, and for a moment the head of the bride sank on her husband's shoulder; but raising herself, she added, "Away, dearest! you will find me worthy of you; whatever happens, I will bear it with fortitude." He sprang from the room, followed by the remainder of the gentlemen, and the bride sat surrounded by her friends, hour after hour, awaiting their return. At last one of the guests arrived. His accounts of the tremendous conflagration, and destruction of valuable goods trodden under foot, made them sick at heart.

"Thank heaven, my store is out of danger. If it were not, I should be a poor man indeed—it is filled with valuable goods; but I have locked it up, and here is the key."

He had scarcely finished when a servant opened the door followed by a gentleman—Mr. Allerton, he observed, "I am commissioned by the Mayor to request the key of your store, for the purpose of blowing it up; that is the only means which can be used to stop the raging element, which is devouring the city. Engines are of no use, the hose lays like a frozen serpent upon the ground."

Mr. Allerton gazed a few moments on his wife and daughters; but the next, handed the key to the gentleman: "It is for the good of the community. All I am worth in the world is in that store," he said.

"Sir, you act as a Christian, and doubtless will receive your reward."

"Come wife, come girls," continued Mr. Allerton, when the gentleman had departed, "let us go and take one more look at our home—heaven only knows how long it will be ours."

The carriage of the other guests soon after arriving they all departed, and left Julia and Caroline alone. Midnight had passed, and for two dreary hours after they wandered from window to window, in hopes of seeing Mr. Granger return. But it seemed to them as if the world was on fire, and they were alone left to struggle with the devouring element. The heavens were illumined. Lurid clouds loaded with flakes of fire were passing incessantly over the city, while vast masses of flames were springing up to the heavens, and goods were piled in the street, and confusion reigned over all. Occasionally, an explosion shook the house to its centre, and sent them trembling to each other's arms. Two more hours passed over: Caroline at last heard her husband's foot. He entered—but oh! how different from the elegantly dressed, the confident and happy bridegroom of the evening!

"My poor Augustus!" exclaimed Caroline, throwing her arms around his neck. He heeded her not, but stood gazing into the fire, an image of calm despair.

"Caroline," he said, in a low and sad tone, "I am a ruined man! Four hours ago I was worth half a million; now, not a cent. My fine store and rich goods are reduced to ashes; and the men who owed me, are involved in the wide destruction; and what is worse, I have ruined you. Oh! it is that which rends my heart. Were I but alone, I could bear it better."

"Dearest Augustus, do not grieve for me: you know I can live on a very little with you."

"But I have not that little to offer. You must now beg for a living."

"Beg! Oh, no! I can work. I am strong and healthy, and will work for you. How many women support themselves by the labor of their hand, and why cannot I?"

Augustus pressed her to his breast. "I have not lost all, ingrate that I am! You, my dearest treasure, are left. 'Tis true, my earnings of years are gone; but I can go to work again, and may be able to keep you from want."

Caroline by her soothing manner and dauntless confidence aroused her husband from his despondency and inspired new life in him. "This costly furniture," she said, "must all be sold, for plainer will suit our fortunes better; two rooms we can reserve for ourselves, but as you have lost your store you shall have the rest. This front room will make a very nice office, and with your friends and good character, you will still be able to stem the torrent; while I, to do my part, will discharge some of the servants, and wait on myself!"

With thanks and almost adoration for her kindness, he left her to endeavor to assist his friends in their distress. When he had departed, Caroline called on the weeping Julia to assist her, and with the help of the servants proceeded to put her plans into execution. The costly curtains and carpets were removed. The rosewood chairs, chandeliers and other ornaments were taken out; and when young Granger returned at daybreak, with Seldford and Ruten, with a few goods saved from the fire, they started with surprise to see the metamorphose. A plain carpet was on the floor, and a few chamber chairs stood around. From a costly drawing room, it was changed by some magician into a comfortable office. The fire burnt brightly, and on the table was placed a hot supper which gladdened the sight of the cold and weary trio. Augustus seated his friends at the table and departed to seek for the ministering angel who had so devoted herself to his comfort. The hour passed with his young bride there, was fraught with more true happiness than any in his most prosperous days.

Ruten was sooth by the side of Julia, "Heaven has been kind to me," he said, "I have lost nothing, but Seldford, whose money lay in insurance, is ruined."

Julia clasped her hands and a glow of pleasure almost elapsed over her cheek. "Alas, poor man!" she exclaimed, checking herself—"I am very sorry for him. Now, however, I shall be released, for mother only wished me to marry him for his money."

"To-morrow I will once more apply to your mother, and I am sure she will not object."

Nor did she. The utter prostration of her plans, seemed to the stricken woman, as an interposition of Providence, and she no longer opposed her daughter's happiness. They were married soon after, and were received in Caroline's house as boarders, who thus sought to lighten her husband's expenses. With his Caroline to encourage and assist him, Granger has gone to work with double energy, no longer despairing of retrieving his fallen fortunes, and no one feels more truly the force of those oft repeated lines of Scott:

Oh woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—  
When care and anguish wring the brow,  
Oh! then a ministering angel thou!

## THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

"One spirit—His.  
Who were the platted thorns with bleeding brows—  
Ruled universal nature. Not a flower  
But shows some touch of freedom, streak or stain  
Of His universal pencil. He inspires  
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,  
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,  
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,  
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.  
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds  
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,  
Or what he views of beautiful or grand  
In nature, from the broad majestic oak,  
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,  
Prompts with remembrance of a present God." [Cooper]

Of the three grand departments into which the works of the Lord in the natural world are divided, none exhibits a greater variety of forms of usefulness and beauty than the vegetable kingdom. Its treasures are poured forth over the face of the whole earth, and as man walks abroad, clothed in a body formed of the elements of the material world, the Lord God has caused to spring forth from the dust beneath his feet "the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit," to nourish and sustain his natural life.

No zone or climate from the equator to the poles is destitute of its appropriate vegetable productions. The torrid regions, robed in unfading verdure, present a never failing succession of fruits and flowers in almost endless variety. There we find the monarch of this extensive kingdom, the lofty palm tree towering to the skies, the banian, spreading itself into a continued grove, and the baobab, extending its giant shade hundreds of feet in circumference.

It is a wonderful proof of the care and kindness of the beneficent Creator, that in those burning climates where the unabated influence of the sun causes almost perpetual thirst, the fruits are filled with abundant and wholesome juices, to refresh and exhilarate exhausted nature. The cocoa-nut with its store of vegetable milk, the agreeable acids of the orange and the lemon, and delicious pine-apple, and medicinal tamarind, abound in those regions where they are best calculated to promote the health and comfort of man.

Here too are produced the rich spices and powerful aromatics which ripen only beneath the rays of a tropic sun; and which afford a useful and necessary addition to the simple food of the natives of those countries where they are found, as well as a salutary preventive against the diseases of the climate.

The fig and olive, the grape and sugar-cane enrich the warm regions, and vast fields of rice and cotton, cultivated with little labor, supply the inhabitants with food and clothing.

And in our own temperate zone, the changing seasons bring to perfection some of the most valuable and useful treasures of the vegetable race. Here early Spring, awaking the earth from her wintry slumbers, dresses her in robes of fresh and tender green, wreathed with garlands of beautiful flowers, on which the eye rests with more intense delight from their being the bridal ornaments in which she welcomes the vernal sun.

Next come the summer fruits, bursting forth in their juicy richness, from garden, field and forest, as the scorching heat renders their timely refreshment a blessing to the parched lip and thirsty palate. And now the yellow harvest fields, laden with various grains, are ready for the hand of the reaper; and when the autumnal frosts have reached the bright green foliage, and changed its summer hue to gaudy red and yellow, the later fruits appear in rich profusion; and the peach and plum the pear and apple crown the declining year with bounteous fulness, and furnish for the coming winter an important supply of culinary stores.

The intense heat of the sun during the few summer weeks in the frigid zone, clothes those dreary climes for a short time with vegetable beauty, and leaves a valuable covering of mosses which defy the attacks of the cold season, and furnish the chief food of the hardy reindeer, and a tolerable substitute for bread to the inhabitants. But if so superficial a view of the wonders contained in this department of nature excites in us emotions of admiration, and calls forth the best feelings of the heart in love and gratitude to the adorable Creator, how delightful must be the sensations of those to whose inquiring eye the hand of science has unlocked the hidden secrets of the world of plants and flowers, analysed their internal structure, explained their nature and properties, and taught their regular arrangement and classification.

BOTANY!—enchanted science!—How much of unalloyed and stainless pleasure dost thou bestow on those who seek thy flower-wreathed temple; and, wrapt in contemplation of the sublime and beautiful in vegetable life, learn to worship that God whose glory and excellence is dimly shadowed forth in these lowly representatives of Divine mercy and goodness. If the mind is enlightened by the rays of this elegant science, not a walk in the garden, the meadow or the forest, will be unproductive of useful and delightful instruction. The smallest flower that springs in our path, will be replete with interest; the blossoms of the field lose their inanimate character, and almost breathe and speak as we behold them.

Few minds of true sensibility are indifferent to the charms of the floral tribes. The Lord himself has

pointed them out to us as objects of our particular attention, and has commanded us to "consider the fields of the field, how they grow."

Great and good men of all ages have loved their beauties, and studied their qualities and virtues; and that daughter, or wife, must be destitute of the innate perception of delicacy and beauty which constitutes one of the most interesting attributes of the female character, who delights not to train around her dwelling the blended blossoms of the Lily and the Rose.

## The Human Frame.

It is made for health and happiness, and when we look upon a countenance blooming with beauty, and observe its expression of quiet enjoyment, we feel that the being who formed it is a God of love. But we must not forget, that within that very blooming cheek, there is contrived an apparatus capable of producing something very different from enjoyment. A fibrous net work spreads over it, coming out of the trunk, from the brain, extending every where its slender ramifications, and sending a little thread to every point upon the surface. What is this mechanism for? Its uses are many, but among its other properties, there is in it a slumbering power, which may indeed never be called into action, but which always exists, and is always ready, whenever God shall call it forth, to be the instrument of irremediable and unutterable suffering. We admit that in almost every case it remains harmless and inoperative; still it is there, always there, and always ready; and it is called into action whenever God thinks best.

And it is not merely in the cheek, but throughout every part of the frame that the apparatus of suffering lies concealed; and it is an apparatus which is seldom out of order. Sickness deranges and weakens the other powers, but it seldom interferes with this; it remains always at its post, in the eye, the ear, the brain, the hand—in every organ and every limb, and always ready to do God's bidding.

## True Affection.

BY ROBERT WALSH.

It is a perishable matter, this human life, and old Cato was right in comparing it to iron—if you use it, it wears away, if you do not, rust eats it, and destroys it. Men exhaust or consume themselves by action; if they remain listless and indolent, they suffer more decay than by labour and bustle. In a recent work we have just remarked the following rhapsody, "For love there is no death, no disfigurement, no decay; it dwells for ever in the realms of eternal life and beauty. Wert thou but granted me, oh! enviable lot! Might I but have heart beat over me, when mine can no longer sustain one tear of sorrow fall on my pallid cheek, one trembling hand support my head, one sleep of death would be softer and sweeter than the life of man. It is the mood of many from time to time, that the relations between husband and wife, and child, alone furnish the truly loving and truest love, this what individual at all cultivated and refined or well constituted in general, does not yearn for is a want of our nature, and there is an instinct for it, which in not a few instances, becomes stronger in the autumn of our existence. In the summer of our days we cannot do without mutual and close affection, resulting from sympathies of the purest and most estimable description. Those of more friendship or congeniality are not enough, for even the most religious spirit.

## The Latest Fashion.

It has been adopted by the exclusives of New York, that 4 o'clock in the morning be the fashionable hour for performing the marriage ceremony. We heard of a couple in high life, who were lately united at this hour, and by day they were on their way to the western country. At early start, we should say, for the marriage state and Michigan.—N. Y. Times.

This is nothing new, at all. These morning weddings are all the rage here in Buffalo. They generally happen about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, the customary "notice" (accompanied, &c.) sent to the editors; the parties take one of the morning steamboats at 9 o'clock, and before the evening papers are out containing the "notice," they are half way to Detroit; a few days after they may be seen "settled for life," in some newly-erected "cottage near a wood," in the state of Michigan—and conjugal felicity.—Buffalo C. A.

## The private Treasures of the Sovereigns of Europe.

From an article in the Moniteur, we obtain the following curious particulars:

Russia—The Czars have a treasure begun by Elizabeth, accumulated with rich objects of massive gold, rudely chased, and precious stones from the diadems of Europe, that their power has struck out of the catalogue of potatoes.

Prussia—The King has 400 million of francs—great part disgorged by France after her subjugation to the Holy Alliance.

Austria—The Emperor has not opened it for 40 years but to add to it. From the Mines of Hungary alone, which is his property, he has gold which would coin 12 million of ducats and which never goes into circulation.

Holland—The Dutch King is a second Cæsar—his treasure has been replenished by all the provinces which he has lost or preserved.

Saxony—This monarch has more jewelry than money.

Mecklenburg, Denmark, Sweden, and Bavaria—These potatoes are poor, and scarcely can make both ends meet.

France—Louis Philippe—excessively rich by his Palais Royal seats, left to his ancestor by Cardinal Richelieu.

Spain and Portugal—Prodigal in diamonds, especially Portugal.

Turin, Rome, Naples, and Lucra—poor.

Florence—rich to the amount of 200 millions.

With all their wealth, the Jewish Baphers are their sole reliance—Baron Haber sustains Dea Charles, and Donna Maria writes to Rothschild "Send me on my diamonds if you wish me to reign."