

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA., MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1836.

[VOL. 7—NO. 37.]

THE GARLAND.



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

TO A PARTICULAR FRIEND.

BY ELIZABETH CHANDLER.

"We took sweet counsel together, we went to the
house of the Lord in company."—PSALMS.

We've sat beside the forest stream,
And watch'd the bright water rippling by,
Now flushing back the summer beam,
Then dark'ning like a half-shut eye,

As whispering to the joyous breeze,
Down closer bent the shadowing trees.

Thy hand was clasp'd in mine, my friend,
And heart to heart was answering then;

Although, perchance, our tones might send
No echo down the rocky glen—

Or if we spoke, 't was less a language,
With all the others' voiceless thought.

Oh! it was sweet to linger there,
Beneath a sky so purely blue,

And breathe the gather'd sweets, the air
Hail'd stol'n from flowers it wander'd thro'—

How could there come a thought of ill
Amidst a scene so calm and still!

But yet, a holier chord than this,
Around our hearts its power hath twined;

And though, perchance, those hours of bliss
May fade, like moonlight, from the mind,

Can love aside be careless cast,
O'er which the breath of prayer hath past?

Oh, no! and though not oft we meet,
Within the house of worship now,—

The hours may come, less calm and sweet
Than those beneath the greenwood bough;

Those hours may never be wholly roven,
Which side by side have bow'd to Heaven.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE LAST BELL.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1826, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved, and I believe the only girl that ever loved me, any how she was the only one that ever loved me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamer to warn me of the moment that was to part "my love and me." It came to pass in the course of my history, that in order to accumulate a little of this world's "gear" that I might be the better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the where-withal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled like me, to leave the home, and the girl they loved, to wander in search of gold! And—good gracious! how many have been disappointed! Most of them perhaps, for though they may have obtained the gold—like me may be they did not get as much as they wanted. But to the piazza—

Well—we were sitting in the piazza, and as may be supposed, were talking of our love, and separation, and all the ceteras of our situation. We were waiting for the most unwelcome sound that ever saluted our ears, namely—the steam boat bell. It is known to all who know any thing of steam boats, that their bells give two warnings to those who have engaged for a voyage—the second is the signal for starting. You may rely on it we talked fast—we thought fast, and breviated our words into such rugged sentences, that no body but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rung—the sound rolled over Mr. Harris' corn-field and water-melon patch to the piazza, like the knell of hope, and I sprang upon my feet, and trembled like an aspen. "O George, wait till the last bell rings," said Helen, as the "big bright tears" came over her eyes of blue. "Do no such thing," answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he rose like a specter from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider. "Do no such thing," he repeated, "and George," he continued, "carry this advice with you to your grave—and it may be of service—Never wait for the last bell." I was off like a steam boat—the last bell rang as I approached the steamer boat, and I had scarcely time to get aboard, before we were pushed from the wharf—On my passage I had time for reflection, and after a few flutterings at my heart, occasioned by the separation from its idol, I composed myself to cool reasoning, and the conclusion of the whole matter was, that it was dangerous to wait for the last bell. My career in the search of pelf, has in a degree been successful, but I verily believe, had not the old farmer told me, "never to wait for the last bell," that I should now have been as poor as I was the morning the farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lovely Helen.

I came to the big city—took lodgings at a hotel, and any persons who have lived at a hotel but for a single day, can rehearse the dangers of waiting for the last bell. I did it once—it was the day I entered—and I lost my dinner. I have always been ready for the dinner bell since then, and the first stroke has found me at the table. I mingled with mankind, and I saw thousands who were waiting for the last bell. In business they were slow—and bargains slipped by them. In the payment of their liabilities they were backward, and their credit suffered.

For six months I was a clerk—it was a short apprenticeship—but my never waiting for the last bell, that is to say, my doing every thing I had to do in the right time, won a place for me in the affections of my employer, which induced him to offer me a partnership. I accepted—and in every instance when the bell rung it found me ready. I have been in business and married nine years, and I have yet to be caught napping when the bell rings.

The first love letter I wrote contained an approval of the sentiment of farmer Harris, & Helen was not long in settling her opinion for our side when I informed her that if I had waited until the last bell, she would not have received it by that boat. I had almost forgotten to tell you that Helen is my wife, and she for one will never repeat the morning I took her father at his word, and run for life over the water-melon patch and corn-field to get to the boat in time.

Now I would just beg leave to say a few words to young men about this thing of waiting for the last bell. When I arrived at Baltimore, I waited on some gentlemen, to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation; one was soon offered, which I was told had been refused by four young men to whom it had been offered before I came to the city—the salary was low; but said I, "they are waiting for the last bell," and I was not slow in accepting it—and glad am I of it, for it was the making of me.

Shortly after I became a partner in my present business, our custom having increased considerably, we advertised for an additional clerk, the salary at the beginning was the same that I had received; many called who were out of employment, but they seemed as if they had rather wait for another bell and refused—I knew them all, and the young gentleman who accepted, is worth four times as much as any one of them. "Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it until you get a better; remember the common adage, 'half a loaf is better than none'—and be assured that if you are worthy, he your first offer what it may, if it is respectable, it will lead you onward—upward."

I once knew a young man of first rate business abilities, but he formed the disgusting habit of stopping at the tavern whenever he could make the opportunity; here he always waited for the last bell, reluctant to leave while he could spare a moment; he is now an habitual drunkard, and if he is not careful, the last bell of life will find him in a bad condition; it will be hard for him to bid a long farewell to his last glass. Life is short; hours fly with the wind's rapidity, and he who habitually puts off until the last bell, the affairs which claim his immediate attention, will come out, according to farmer Harris' prediction, at "the little end of the horn."

Shakespeare says "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." My young friend—he who waits for the last bell, can never take this tide at its flood; the man only who is watching to embrace the first opportunity can have the least hope of success.

Young Ladies, I have a word for you: In the street I live in, there is a lady who has been seven years in choosing her partner for life. She is handsome and pretty well off, and she had several respectable offers, but she was waiting for the last bell, and she is likely to remain to the last a belle, for she is turned to thirty, and says she will agree to take the first proposal that is made her, but it is perhaps too late—and she must abide her blessedness forever.

Now I beseech you, my dear young friends, all of you who read this little sketch, put not off to-morrow what you can do to-day. This is the true meaning of the injunction which has been of so much service to me; whenever you feel a disposition to postpone any thing, no matter how trifling, remember the words of farmer Harris—NEVER WAIT FOR THE LAST BELL.

The Road to Happiness.

AN ALLEGORY.

On returning from a visit to the city, at a season when it is most gay, I sat myself down under an ancient, and I may properly term it an hereditary, oak-tree, whose broad and hoary branches seemed to expand to afford me a shade and a solitude. In a few moments I fell into a state of insensibility, when I had the following vision:

Methodist a spirit, arrayed in light, stood before me; the expression of whose countenance was meek as the rainbow, and whose features, were mild, beautiful, and fair. With an eye radiant with sympathy, he paused, looked steadfastly upon me, and gently taking my hand, he said, "Fear not," he said, "young man, offspring of heaven, pilgrim on earth, arise and follow me."

With a throbbing heart, I obeyed—and, tremblingly, pursued the angel. He walked close by my side, and, as he moved along, frequently shed upon me a smile, which was truly celestial. Methought we journeyed on, until we arrived at the divarication of two roads, which suddenly stretched from each other in an opposite direction. The one on the left, as far as the eye could reach, seemed narrow and covered with thorns. That on the right was green, fragrant, and teeming with all the voluptuousness of spring; there bloomed the rose and every other flower, and zephyr sported amid the odours. Dazzled by the prospect, my eye fixed itself on that beautiful path, and I should have pursued it, had not the angel warned me to beware.

"That path," he said, "leads the heart astray of my son; it conduces to the abode of GOLIATH, of which dwell, also, ANTI-SIN and WENUS. The pagan view that opens to the view, and the luxurious prospect it contains is the path to sorrow—the avenue to woe! Turn thine eye to that narrow path on the left: though the prospect there be barren and solitary, depart not from it; for that is the road to HAPPINESS. At first, it will not afford any solace; thou wilt rather experience much pain and uneasiness; but be thou courageous, my son, and thy bosom shall be calmed by the joys of a good conscience, and the peace of VIRTUE."

"Thanks," I returned, "fair messenger, for cautioning my unwary heart against that flowery way, that brilliant snare. None, save the favoured being, enlightened by a spirit from heaven, would avoid that path, where every thing is tinged with the hues of bliss, and all compiles to lure the pilgrim to destruction. Regardless, now, of the pain which it then assayed I must at first experience, I shall, according to thy counsel, pursue the narrow path." I ceased; my breast still heaved, and my eyes streamed with tears. Unable to continue, I looked feelingly at the angel, who wiped my eyes; and again taking my hand, "My son," he said, "was thou adventured with me, mark every object that shall present itself to thy view. How doth the road now appear?"

"Ah!" I sighed, "everything looks waste and melancholy."

"Why lookest it thus, my child? Alas! because there are so few who dare have courage to pursue this path. Many there be who follow it awhile, but growing impatient of the monotonous view, and perceiving naught to cheer them on their journey, return, and rush into the path on the right! Then over the green they trip, with their brows bound with flowers, dancing, as they go, to the sound of music; they reel on till they find themselves on the brink of Woe. Then the spell melts away. Every shrub is blighted—every flower fades; and they are unable to proceed or to return. In this desperate situation they pause awhile, necked with the pang of conscience, and are finally

swept by the angel of death into the gulf of PERDITION. Not so the narrow path which thou pursuest. Though, in the beginning, it is dark and painful, still lose not courage; thou mayest, at times, discover amid this solitude the tracks of some who have gone before thee. And bear this truth in memory, that thou canst do what other men have done. And soon shall the prospect be changed. For, as thou advancest toward the end of thy career, a place like Eden will brighten before thy vision: there thou shalt repose thy wearied limbs—and wake in heaven! Say then, young pilgrim, wilt thou persevere?"

"I will," I exclaimed with emotion, and wept.

When a large leaf, falling from the tree upon my face, caused me to awake, instructed and encouraged, from my slumber.

Female Education.

Let your first care be to give your Daughters a good physical education. Let their early years be passed, possible, in the country, gathering flowers in the fields, and partaking of all the exercises in which they delight. When they grow old, do not condemn them to sit eight listless hours of the day over their books and their music. Be assured that half the number of hours in real attention to well ordered studies, will make them more accomplished and more agreeable companions than those commonly are who have been most elaborately finished in the modern acceptance of the term. The system by which young ladies are taught to move their limbs according to the rules of art, to come into a room with studied diffidence, and to step into a carriage with a measured cadence, and premeditated grace, are only calculated to keep the degraded idea perpetually present that they are preparing for the great market of the world. Real elegance of demeanor springs from the mind, fashionable schools do but teach its imitations, while their rule forbid to be ingenious. Philosophers never conceived the idea of so perfect a vacuum as is found to exist in the minds of young women supposed to have finished their education in such establishments.

Shut the Door.

At this season of the year, it may not be out of place to make a few remarks on this subject. It is well known that much inconvenience, as well as great mischief, frequently result from what are considered trifling errors. And although we cannot now refer to a case where any serious evil has been caused by neglecting to comply with the advice urged in the caption of this paragraph, yet it cannot be denied, that from this neglect has resulted much inconvenience and vexation. How many ebullitions of temper, hard scoldings, violent, and in some instances, profane sentences, might be prevented, if one and all would remember during the cold season of the year to shut the door. How much irritation, and vexation, and peevishness, and ill humor, attention to this apparently trifling matter would prevent. After all, it is no trifling matter on a day when the thermometer stands sundry degrees below the freezing point, to have one's door left open, especially when it communicates with the wide world. More cold is thus admitted in five minutes, than can be expelled in two hours—and there is thus a heavy draft on our temper and our fuel—we have even heard it doubted whether a person can be a good citizen, or an honest man or woman, who is habitually guilty of neglecting to shut the door. At all events, it is a breach of good manners. Reader, while you live, remember, when the chill bleak winds of Autumn or Winter are howling around, to SHUT THE DOOR!

FREEDOM OF MIND.—I call that mind free which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which compares pride and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, which bends events to its own improvement, acts upon an inward spring, for an immutable principle which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cover to human opinions, which feels accountable to a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be a slave of the many or the few.

It appears from the report of the officers charged with mustering into service the volunteers called off under the act of Congress of the last session, that most presented themselves at the place of rendezvous in Tennessee, than were sufficient to meet the requisition which had been made by the Secretary of War upon the Governor of that State. This was occasioned by the omission of the Governor to apportion the requisition to the different regiments of militia, so as to obtain the proper number of troops, and no more. It seems just to the patriotic citizens who were prepared to the general rendezvous, under circumstances authorizing them to believe that their services were needed, and would be accepted, that the expenses incurred by them while absent from their homes, should be paid by the Government. I accordingly recommend that a law to this effect be passed by Congress, giving them a compensation which will cover their expenses on the march to and from the place of rendezvous, and while there: in connection with which, it will also be proper to make provision for such other equitable claims growing out of the service of the militia, as may not be embraced in the existing laws.

On the unexpected breaking out of hostilities in Florida, Alabama and Georgia, it became necessary, in some cases, to take the property of individuals for public use. Provision should be made by law for indemnifying the owners; and I would also respectfully suggest whether some provision may not be made, consistent with the principles of our Government, for the relief of the sufferers by Indian depredations, or by the operations of our own troops.

No time was lost after the making of the requisition, in resuming the great national work of completing the unfinished fortifications on our seaboard, and of placing them in a proper state of defence. In consequence, however, of the very late day at which these bills were passed, but little progress could be made during the season which has just closed. A foreigner just arrived, observed an Owl which a farmer had brought in for sale.

"Pray, what do you ask for this turkey?" said the farmer.

"Why this is an owl."

"I don't care how *owl* it is—only tell me the price!"

A French writer says that "the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

Affliction is a greater enemy to the face than the small pox.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Star & Banner.

Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

MR. EDITOR.—In my former communications, it was my object to show that the human mind may be greatly improved even after the season of youth has been passed; and this position was illustrated by facts. I attempted to prove this, in order to encourage and induce our own citizens to do something for the cultivation of their minds—not that they are less intelligent than their neighbors, but because I wish to see them distinguished above others for their proficiency in all that elevates the human character.

As a people, we are industrious and enterprising; the mechanical arts have arrived at very considerable perfection amongst us, and have furnished a respectable competency to a number of our citizens. But in the prosecution of this industry and enterprise, our citizens have been unaided by Science or an acquaintance with principles, a knowledge of which would eminently conduce to their profitable prosecution. These, we have said, are easily acquired, and for their promotion we propose to establish a Society in which they shall be taught. For the prosperity of our town, we shall ever have to depend upon the skill and enterprise of our mechanics. The soil of the surrounding country is far from being fertile; the superabundance of agricultural products in our vicinity will not make us prosperous, and we are but little favored by nature in any other respect. We have neither permanent streams to propel machinery, nor minerals as yet discovered in the earth, out of which wealth might grow. It is therefore the more necessary that our mechanics should be cherished, and that every thing that Science can add to Skill, should be brought to their aid.

I conclude this communication by recommending it to the citizens of this Borough to hold a meeting on Saturday Evening next, the 17th instant, for the formation of a Society, which shall have for its object the diffusion of useful knowledge. It might be advisable for the members of the Mechanics' Institute to attend at that time.

December 12. PLATO.

For the Gettysburgh Star & Republican Banner.

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

Pursuant to the call published in the various papers of the Borough, a respectable number of persons convened in the Court House, at the appointed hour—1 o'clock P. M. Saturday, December 3d, 1836.—The meeting was organized by calling JAMES McALLISTER, Esq. to the chair, and appointing Col. M. C. CLARKSON and Mr. ROBERT YOUNG, Vice-Presidents; and Messrs. R. W. MINER and HAZELIAN HUGHES, Jr. Secretaries.

An attempt was then made to proceed to the business of the meeting by passing a resolution upon the propriety of forming an Anti-Slavery Society, but after considerable discussion, this was overruled, and a substitute was introduced and adopted, by which it was declared inexpedient to do anything further than petition Congress for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia and in the U. S. Territories. Whereupon the Officers vacated their seats, and those who were dissatisfied with the result, and in favor of the original motion, retired to Mr. Clarkson's school house, which being engaged for the evening they adjourned to meet in the Academy at six o'clock.

Accordingly the meeting convened at the appointed time and place. JAMES McALLISTER, Esq. was called to the chair and Mr. REYNOLDS appointed Secretary. Messrs. Wirt, Reynolds, Denquidde, Benner and Martin were appointed a committee for the purpose, and reported the following Preamble and Constitution of an Anti-Slavery Society.

The fundamental principles of this Society are: 1. That God has made of one blood all nations of men.

2. That all men are created equal.

3. That all men are endowed by their Creator with a Right to Liberty; and that this right is inalienable.

4. That no human being can be rightfully held in Slavery.

5. That the holding or selling any human being as property, is a sin against God, and a crime against man.

6. That immediate emancipation is the right of every Slave, and the duty of every slaveholder.

7. That obedience to the divine commands is at all times, and under all circumstances consistent with perfect safety.

They, therefore, report the following CONSTITUTION.

Article I. This Society shall be called "The Adams County Anti-Slavery Society."

Art. II. The objects of this Society are: 1. The entire Abolition of Slavery in the United States.

2. The intellectual and moral improvement of the colored population of our country.

3. The destruction of those prejudices which are founded on a mere difference of complexion, without regard to intellectual or moral character.

Art. III. With a firm reliance upon the guidance and protection of Him who is the possessor of all power in heaven and upon earth, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity, this Society will seek the attainment of its objects by presenting truth to the understanding, and urging duty upon the conscience in the spirit of love, peace, meekness and humility. No resort to physical violence shall ever be countenanced by this Society, for the attainment of its objects.

Art. IV. Any person not a slaveholder may become a member of this Society by pledging himself to the maintenance of these principles, signing the Constitution, and paying into the treasury the sum of one dollar.

Art. V. The Officers of this Society shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, each of whom shall perform the duties implied in the nature of his office, and shall be elected by ballot, upon the first Saturday in December, annually.

Art. VI. The Officers shall together constitute an Executive Committee of the Society.

Art. VII. The Society shall meet annually, upon the first Saturday of December, and at such other times as may be agreed upon from time to time.

Art. VIII. Any person wishing to dissolve his connection with the Society, may do so by giving the Secretary notice of his intention.

Art. IX. Notice shall be given, in one or more of

the public papers, of every meeting of the Society. Art. X. No alteration of this Constitution shall be made but at a regular meeting and by a vote of two-thirds of those present; and due notice of every proposed amendment shall be given by reading it in two successive meetings of the Society.

This Constitution was immediately signed by thirty-one persons.

An election for Officers was then held and resulted in the choice of the following—

PRESIDENT.

JAMES McALLISTER.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

JOEL WIERMAN,

ADAM WERT.

TREASURER.

HUGH DENQUIDDE.

SECRETARY.

WILLIAM M. REYNOLDS.

The following resolutions were then passed—

1. That a meeting be held in the Gettysburgh Academy on the Second Saturday in January, at one o'clock P. M.

2. That Delegates to the Harrisburgh Anti-Slavery Convention be elected at that meeting.

3. That the various papers of the Borough be requested to publish these proceedings, signed by the President and Secretary.

JAMES McALLISTER, Chairman.

W. W. M. Reynolds, Secretary.

Star & Republican Banner.

At 92 per annum, half-yearly in advance.

GETTYSBURGH, PENN.

MONDAY MORNING, DEC. 12, 1836.

WE learn from the Pennsylvania Telegraph, that there is now in the State Treasury upwards of \$400,000. What a happy commentary upon the economical, wise and skillful course of the State administration.

Mr. KINNARD, Member of Congress from Indiana, who was so badly scalded a short time since on board the steamerboat Flora, died at the residence of Gen. Lytle, in Cincinnati, on the 26th ult. It is stated, that Mr. Kinnard was on his way to Philadelphia, where he was to have been united to a lady of that city, whom he intended taking with him to Washington.

Coal Found.—The Frederick Herald states that considerable indications of Bituminous Coal have been discovered near the foot of the mountain, about six miles North West of Frederick, and strong hopes are entertained that this valuable fuel will be found in sufficient quantity to justify the working of the mine. The specimens which have been exhibited, burn well.

IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS. Correspondence of the New York Daily Express. New Orleans, Nov. 26, A. M.

Gentlemen—I do not know whether you have received the news in your city, that President Houston has, by and with the advice and consent of his council and the Texas Senate, declared the Port of Matamoros to be no longer in a state of blockade. We have his proclamation here to that effect.

LOSS OF THE BRIG ALBION, OF PORTLAND.—Our correspondent at Holne's Hole writes that the brig Albion, of Portland, Thomas, master, from Matamoros, struck on the South Shoal of Nantucket, on the 20th ult. and sunk. The captain and crew, ten in number, took to the long boat, and arrived next day evening at Chilmark, about 4 miles from Gay Head. Vessel and cargo total loss, the latter consisting of say 400 hds. molasses, and 50 boxes sugar.

From the Philadelphia Commonwealth. Course of the Party.

We notice both with pain and pleasure that several of our Anti-Masonic presses in the country have again placed the name of William Henry Harrison at the head of their papers as the "People's" candidate for 1840. We say with pain and pleasure—pain because we consider it premature and uncalled for to take up any candidate without recourse to some convention—with pleasure because we think he is a man deserving the thanks of the people, and one who has the good of his country at heart.

If our papers, however, are to come forward, and without any previous consultation take up whom they choose for office, the party must be divided into a hundred factions, and their prospect of success forever destroyed. In many minds caprice and whim govern action more than judgment, and in one county or state General Harrison be the candidate, Webster, Clay, White, Calhoun, and fifty others may be taken up, with the same propriety in other places; and if every man electioneers for a candidate of his own, the party must remain always in the minority.

Different sections of country are governed by different interests, and so self-opinionated are our countrymen, that the moment the door is opened by any one man, assuming individually to dictate to us for whom we shall vote, that instant every other considers himself as competent to judge as the first, and immediately looks about him for some personal friend to whom his vote shall be given.—Thus the party becomes divided, and consequently the strength impoverished and eventually destroyed.

In the late contest a want of unanimity gave this state to Martin Van Buren. Had the entire Anti-Masonic vote been given to General Harrison, Pennsylvania would have gone for him by a large majority. This was not the case, for though the great body of the party voted for Harrison, many were neutral, and more supported Martin Van Buren. These facts, however unpalatable, cannot be denied, and we do not wish the same state of feeling to occur again. Our object is to see the whole party vote cast in its might and full strength for an Anti-Masonic candidate. We wish that candidate to be regularly brought before the people by the Anti-Masonic party—unconnected and uninfluenced by any other, or any thing else, except the pure democracy of all, and untrammelled by aristocracy or Free Masonry in any shape; and if it be General Harrison, he shall receive our warm, honest, and hearty support.

We utter these remarks with no malicious feeling towards those who have taken up General Harrison as the candidate for the presidency for 1840, but with the sincere wish that the Anti-Masonic party may not be merged in another, and

that, to a man, we may centre upon some individual worthy of our suffrages and support. If it is now considered necessary (and it may be so) to choose our candidate immediately, let the proper steps be taken, and we will go heart and hand with our friends.

Should a convention—and we think it should in a National Convention—place before us the old hero, (God bless him!) we repeat that our influence, weak as it may be, shall be given to him with our whole heart.

CATLIN'S LETTERS.—These letters are well written, and describe a country as yet but little known, and a people that in a few years will pass away, and nothing be left of them but their name, and the tale of their suffering and persecution.—"Alas! the poor Indian!" The curse of the mighty has fallen upon thee, and the sword of the white man is sweeping thee from the earth. Never was a nature so little understood as that of the Indian; noble, generous, kind and hospitable, his corn and venison is always spread before the sufferer, and in many cases, even his enemies adopted in families and treated as sons and brothers. Yet with all our civilization, we cannot comprehend this feeling, and despise the warm hearts that would cherish and comfort. There never was a conflict between the white and red man, but the former was the first aggressor. We have examined their history carefully, and we believe the assertion cannot be contradicted.—Philed. Commonwealth.

Paragraphs from the New York Transcript. Noble Effort.—The preservation of the lives of all the passengers and crew of the Bristol who were saved, was effected solely by the bold and daring efforts of three adventurous men, of Long Island, who put off in an open boat, at the risk of their own lives, to save the lives of others. Why are not their names given, that we may do them justice?

Flour in the Canal.—There are 18,000 barrels of flour detained from market on the Erie canal, frozen up in boats in the ice.

Good Dividend.—The Miami exporting company of Cincinnati has declared a dividend of 37 1-2 per cent. out of the profits of the last six months.

A Noble Act.—The American Powder Company, whose works were lately blown up at Acton, Mass. has given five hundred dollars to the families of the two men who were killed in the explosion.

Silk in Texas.—The Natchitoches Gazette says: We have seen a specimen of silk in the possession of a friend, made in Texas, the present season, by the wife of Col. John Thomas, residing near San Augustine, of as fine quality as any ever brought to market.

Suicide.—George Galusha, formerly Governor, and a deacon in the church at Shaftsbury, Vermont, destroyed himself lately by hanging in a fit of derangement. He was in life a good man.

Texas.—General Houston, elected President of Texas, has delivered his inaugural address to the Legislature in Congress assembled, and relinquished the sword, which he wielded with so much honor. Gen. Lamar has done the same as Vice-President. The little Texian schooner, Tom Toby, has captured two Mexican Vessels.

New Governor of Liberia.—The Colonization Society has appointed Capt. Ethan Allen Hitchcock of the U. S. Army, Governor of the Colony of Liberia. It is not known whether Capt. Hitchcock has accepted the appointment.

Going Ahead.—It would appear that when all the Canals and Rail Roads in progress or projected in the State of Louisiana are completed, the length of the canals will be 60 miles, and will cost \$1,450,000; and the length of the rail roads will be very nearly