

"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, MARCH 6, 1837.

[VOL. 7--NO. 49.]

THE GARDEN.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens call'd by care."

HE DIED.

He died! This sentence comes with fearful sound
On every mortal ear; He died! He died!
Is written on the page of history
From Adam, downward to the present day.
The consummation of the lot of man,
With all his years, his good and evil deeds,
His hopes, and fears, and joys, is this, He died!
The Hero liv'd—
He conquered states and kingdoms, with their kings;
He raz'd the stately city to the ground,
He led his myriads to the battle-field,
And made earth fat with blood. At length, He died!
Fame blazes forth his acts—but Pity weeps,
And kind Humanity conceals her face;
While Virtue blushes at his epitaph.
The Monarch sway'd the sceptre of a realm,
His will was law, he held the destinies
Of many millions. He was honor'd, fear'd,
Perchance below'd—The wide world knew his name,
His fellow men knell to him; yet, He died!
His name is written for posterity,
Who bless or curse his memory, as his deeds
Seem good, or evil, in their partial eyes.—
He died! The old man with his snowy hair,
His trembling hands, his weak and weary feet,
And tottering frame is ready for the grave,
And who is he? who lies outstretch'd before us?
He has been
All that we now are who surround his grave;
A fair young mother's joy; a father's care;
Their hope and pride; a happy cherub'd child.
He too has climb'd the steep and arduous path
Of literary fame, with ardent soul,
And eye fix'd on the ever-verdant wreath
That Science proffers to the brow of Genius.
His hopes were high; were realiz'd, or crush'd,
It matters nothing now. And he has been
The true and ardent lover. He has known
The pure, sweetest passion of the heart,
The bliss of virtuous love with full returns.
She was as faultless as a mortal maid
Could be. As beautiful as sought of earth
Has ever been. As fond as Woman's love,
Her young, confiding, earth-untaught love
Has ever prov'd itself. And he had sense
To see her worth; to love her whole fond heart
Safely within his own; to keep untouch'd
The treasure of her confidence in him,
And they were wholly happy. This is past—
Long years ago he laid her in the grave
And all his glances wander here. He has been
A kind and tender father. He has seen
His sons and daughters, at her beautiful breast
In their first infancy, while her bright eye
Turn'd to her babe, and from him to heaven.
He saw them flourish, beautiful and strong,
Like olive-plants, around his hearth;
And pour'd his thanks to God. And here they are now!
Scatter'd to every clime! Save that grave man
Whose hair is dash'd with silver; and who looks
Upon the open grave with swathing eye,
This is the youngest of the little band.
That us'd to gambol round him, yet he stands
With children, and grand-children, dressed in weeds
For their patriarchal father. He has been
A father to the people; honor'd, lov'd,
Consulted, and believ'd, a nation's heart
Has bow'd before his virtues. Yet, He died!

She died! The young, the lov'd, the beautiful,
The wife, the mother died!—Sordid agonies
Were paying on her vital, cruel pangs
Rack'd every nerve, each pulse beat fitfully,
Her hands were cold, her eyes were wild and dim;
Yet tears were streaming o'er her death-white cheek
Upon the little face that fondly still
Is prest against her bosom; one pale arm
With strong and stiffening grasp is twined around
Her sobbing husband's neck; while broken words
Utter'd at intervals, amidst her pangs,
Command her infant to its father's care;
While every word, and agonizing look
Prove how low triumphs in a woman's heart
O'er agony, and death. While every throeb
Is but a death-pang, and its errand o'er rack'd
With life's last tension, and the blood grows cold,
And curdles painfully within its cells;
Still, still it overflows with tender care
And love towards its treasure.—Oh! how high
That heart has soared to bliss—what thrilling hopes
Have play'd amongst its young elastic strings,
Making joys melody! Ah! she has been
The happy careless girl, the worship'd bride,
The fond expectant mother! And, She died!
Her widow'd husband's heart will heal ere long
And find another treasure. And the child
For which her dying breath was agonied,
Will never know its loss. Though haply when
Earth's cold reality comes with its bright
O'er young life's joyous fancies, it may say,
"Had my own mother liv'd, I should have had
One friend who would not thus have cheated me!"
He died! The miserable vagabond
Has found a home at last. No weepers stand
Around his open grave—and some inquire
What strange, and varied scenes of good and ill
His path has led him through. What various climes
His weary wandering feet have travell'd o'er;
How madly he has lov'd; how bitterly
Cold disappointment with her iron-hand
Has wrung his heart-strings; how bereavement stood
Forever in his path—Till manhood's pride
Ceas'd to contend with Fate—and he became
A hopeless, reckless, senseless fugitive,
For Scorn's hard eye to smile at. Yet even then
While braving the proud world, and rushing on
To ruin and perdition, one kind word,
One humid look of sympathy, could reach
The buried spring of feeling in his breast.
Which gushing forth proclaim'd him still a Man!
None care for these things—"Tis enough, He died!"
He died! The feeble infant of an hour
Has felt the pangs of death. A few fond hopes
Are buried with it, a mother's heart
Alone proaches to the words, He died!
He died! She died! Has been pronounced of all
The bye-past human race. And soon these words
Will be our sad memorial, we must die!
Must there is no reprieve—"Tis God's decree.
All that has life must die, and be dissolv'd,"
Mingled with earth's free elements. The form
That seems so passing fair, is so below'd,
Glosses so brightly, and so fondly clings
Round its lov'd ones, soon must pass away.
There is a heart that will not pause, and shrink,
Though throbbing o'er so high with hope and joy,
When this appalling doom rings through the ear,
Long in shivering strings; That will not turn
And seek instinctively with shuddering dread
One refuge, some avenue of escape?
At Nature points to none. Her proudest light

Could never pierce the loathsome shade of death;
He hand still writes on all things, MAN MUST DIE!
Hail glorious light
Of Revelation! brightly streaming forth
From the Eternal Mind—Rise! Nature rise!
Thrust off thy shuddering depondency,
Look through this heavenly beam to future life,
To realms of blessed immortality,
Where pain, and age, and agony, and tears,
And death, and parting, never can obliterate
On the sweet rest that God through Jesus gives.
Read, and believe, we die—TO LIVE AGAIN!
LIBERTY, PA. LYDIA JANE.

FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.
"RISE COLUMBIA!"
ARISE, Columbia, brave and strong,
Arise, put on thy glory;
The voices of the mighty dead
Call from their graves all glory—
"Arise, Columbia, brave and strong,
Thou land of glory and of song;
And earn the glorious wreath of fame,
To twine around thy free-born name."
"Arise, Columbia! bright and brave,
Thy honor keep, thy glory save;
And though revolving years we see,
Columbia still is brave and free."
Columbia! hearken to that voice,
And thou wilt take fair wisdom's choice;
And long thro' time's swift course shalt be,
Columbia fair and brave and free!
GETTYSBURGH, PA. C. K.

THE REPOSITORY.

For the Gettysburgh Star & Republican Banner.

CONSUMPTION.

The station which man occupies in the scale of animated creation, is far superior to the near-approach to him as our imagination can possibly conceive. He stands upon a proud pre-eminence; but whether he is lowered in consequence of the departure of our first parents from the primeval state of innocence in which they were created, it is not intended to discuss. His peculiar intellectual endowments, or of themselves sufficient to entitle him to the lofty rank we have assigned him. But this is a part only of the excellence of his nature; the beautiful organization so wonderfully displayed in every lineament; and the graceful ease and dignity of all his movements, are of themselves sufficient to impel us with the belief, that he has been created by a master-hand, for wise and noble purposes. In short, when we take a survey of his towering intellect, and the beauty of his form and features, we are compelled to indulge in the pleasing idea that nothing less than OMNIPOTENCE could have been the architect of so much perfection.
But unfortunately for his terrestrial happiness and enjoyment, the moral and physical evils to which man is necessarily exposed, are in proportion to the superiority of his physical and intellectual endowments. That which stands foremost, perhaps, in the catalogue of what may be termed physical evils, is PULMONARY CONSUMPTION. Notwithstanding the number of deaths produced by diseases attended with extreme emaciation, and which are too apt to be confounded with Pulmonary Consumption, the ravages of this disease upon the human family are very great; and were it not for the respectability of the proof, the numbers annually reported as the victims of this disease would not be credited. A late distinguished medical practitioner of Great Britain informs us, that the number of human beings who annually fall victims to this disease in that kingdom alone, amounts to fifty-five thousand! This disease, though produced by a variety of causes, is evidently, in numerous instances, occasioned by the pernicious influence of *rachitis*, more especially amongst the fittest and loveliest of creation. But unfortunately, the most prolific, as well as the most fatal cause of this disease, is of an hereditary character. Many have witnessed the dreadful ravages it not infrequently commits; whole families falling victims to its resistless violence, sparing neither age nor sex; devouring all alike indiscriminately—its rapacious appetite not being satiated as long as a solitary remnant of a numerous family remains. The lovely virgin of eighteen, blooming with youth and beauty, the object of love and admiration, sinks pale and dejected, as soon as the dormant germ of consumption, which is waiting only for an impulse to develop them are brought into action, and which nothing but the cold hand of death can arrest!
The young hero renowned for his prowess and noble achievements, who has vanquished the foe and returned from the field laden with the spoils of victory, and his brows encircled with the wreath of laurels, falls an easy victim to the insidious attack of this dread enemy of our race!
The fond father, while handling his lipsing boy upon his knee, exulting in the joyful anticipation of his manhood, looking forward to him with a lively hope for support in the evening of life, little dreams that an enemy is concealed under the imposing features of his smiling cherub, awaiting the favourable opportunity when he may snatch him from a fond parent, and add another to his numerous victims!
Witness the heartrending scene of the death-bed of a mother, with her lovely infant in her arms, gazing upon the hectic flush upon her dying cheek, and exulting in the fatal bloom which is only decorating her for death, unconscious that the embryo of the same fatal disease is lurking in its own fair bosom, waiting for the favourable moment to secure its prey!
Hereditary Pulmonary Consumption is a disease insidious in its attack and fatal in its consequences. It has baffled the skill of the most distinguished medical men in all ages and in all countries. There is not one well authenticated case of confirmed consumption upon record, having permanently yielded to remedial means, notwithstanding the numerous empirical reports, with which we are daily annoyed, of miracles performed by panaceas, nostrums and other quack inventions.

VERITAS.
"What's the matter with your eye?" said a gentleman the other day to an honest emigrant, who looked as if he had been playing at fisty cuffs.
"Och, it has been put out, knocked out, annihilated, expunged."
"How can that be?" replied the other.
"Can't you see with it?"
"Oh yes, I can see with it; but for all that it is expunged. Don't you see the black lines around it?"

The Cunning Fisherman.

The following eastern tale, written by L. G. Wilkins, Esq. is from Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty*, a superb English annual, for 1837.
"A fisherman had long followed his occupation and supported a large family by the sale of what he caught; he was clever and well versed in all cunning which is so common in the East, and to which, necessity frequently obliged him to have recourse. He had the good fortune to catch a khreet, of a size rarely met with in that species; and thinking it a pity that so fine a fish should be cut into small portions for the market to suit the convenience of ordinary customers, he resolved on presenting it to his sovereign; and repaired with this proud specimen of his sport, to the royal palace. No sooner had he entered the door beneath the sitting room of the sultan, that he was summoned to appear before him, and to explain the object of his visit. "Fortune," said the fisherman, "has given me this fine khreet, which appeared to me of such uncommon size and beauty, that I scrupled to send it to market, and knowing that no one's table was so well suited to receive it as your majesty's, I have bro't it here to lay at your feet, and to beg you to accept it." "Makbool, Makbool—" "The gift is welcome," said the sultan.—"Here are a hundred gold mahboobs; take them and prosper." The grateful and delighted fisherman kissed the ground before him, and retired; but scarcely had he left the room, when the sultan upraid her husband for his extravagant generosity.—"How," said she, "could you think of giving the man a hundred mahboobs for a paltry fish? A hundred mahboobs! Would not one be much more than it is worth? Had you given him five, the present would have been a noble one, and he would have had cause to bless you, and to pray that your life may be long; but to throw away 100 mahboobs in such a manner is absurd. I have no patience with you; men have no discretion. Do call him back, and take them from him. I desire that you do." "How," said the Sultan, "can I take away a gift? It would be unworthy of a monarch." "Not at all: has not he who gives, a right to reclaim his gift?" "A right! yes, but how mean would it be. Would it not be said that Sultan Mustapha was capricious, and did not know his own mind?" "Well, then, said the Sultana, "make some excuse; but take away the money you must." "Yet what excuse can I make; what can I say?" "Say! oh, ask him if the fish is a male or female; and if he tells you it is a female, say you wanted a male." The fisherman was sent for and brought back. "Tell me," said the Sultan, "is that fish a male or female?" "I beg your majesty's pardon, it would be a disgrace to my head if I spoke an untruth; this kind of fish is both male and female." The Sultan could say no more; the fisherman saved his hundred mahboobs, and the plans of the angry Sultana were defeated. But, seeing that the fisherman was aware of the snare that had been laid for him, and admiring the ingenious manner in which he had extricated himself, the Sultan doubted the present, and once more dismissed him with good wishes for his prosperity. The indignation of the Sultana was excessive; all complaint, however, was vain, and she was silent. The fisherman walked slowly across the court, carrying the sack which contained the money on his shoulder; but hearing one of the gold coins fall upon the hard ground, he stopped to look for it; and after searching some time, found it; and proceeded on his way. "Look," said the Sultana, observe the avarice of that wretch; one mahboob fell from his bag, and not contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained, he had the meanness to stop to pick it up, and even to toil in searching for it.—Could he not have left it for some of our servants who might chance to pass that way, and find it? What a vile monster! Do call him back, and take it all away from him. I would have him bastinadoed: he really deserves any punishment; the stick would be too lenient for such a sordid creature. By your head! I—I—Well, you shall be satisfied: I really do think his meanness deserves a severe punishment, and the money shall be taken from him." The fisherman was sent for, and brought again into the royal presence. "Why," said the sultan, "could you not leave that one mahboob which fell to the ground, and rest contented with the hundred and ninety-nine that remained? Could you not spare it for some one who, accidentally passing that way, might have found it, and blessed me for his good luck? Are you so covetous; and that, too, after all my liberality to you?" "It was originally my intention," replied the fisherman, "to have done as you suggest. I was actually pursuing my way, resolved to leave the coin where it fell, when it occurred to me that your majesty's sacred head and revered name was inscribed upon it; and I thought that if any one happened inadvertently to put his foot upon it, and trample upon that blessed head and name, the fault would have been mine; and I should never have forgiven myself for my neglect leaving it on the ground." With this reply, the sultan was delighted; and inwardly commending his quickness, he presented him with another two hundred mahboobs. Then, convinced of his folly in permitting the imprudent interference of the queen, he issued a proclamation, that no man for the future should on any account listen to the advice of his wife; a proclamation which, if true or true, is said to have decreased his popularity with the wives rather more than it increased it with the husbands throughout his empire, and to have led to insurrection in public, and insubordination in private.

"I believe that if Christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, and academics of the philosophers,

the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and purest retreat with woman at the fire-side, her last altar would be the female heart; her last sacrifice would be the children gathered around the knees of a mother; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

Interesting to Physiologists and Pharmacologists.
A very curious paper was recently read by M. Nobill before the Medical Society of Ghent, relating the following remarkable case of the loss of great part of the substance of the brain. A youth, 10 years of age, of a gloomy and saturnine disposition, and a limited degree of intelligence, fancied he had been deceived by a girl to whom he was attached, and who he believed entertained a reciprocal attachment. In consequence of the supposed slight, he determined upon committing suicide; and for this purpose fired a pistol, loaded with two balls, through his head. The balls passed out at the same orifice, and with them a portion of the brain sufficient to fill two moderate sized tea cups. On receiving the wound, the young man became insensible, but recovered at the expiration of twenty-four hours, with the loss of his sight. Each day when the wound was dressed, large portions of the brain came away with the dressings; and by the 28th day the part was entirely healed. After the healing of the wound a wonderful change took place in the character of the youth; instead of being gloomy and taciturn, he became lively, intelligent, and talkative. The other senses remained intact, but he did not recover his sight. He never appeared to suffer the slightest aberration of mind, notwithstanding the enormous loss of cerebral substance, amounting in all probability to the whole of the left anterior lobe of the brain. He survived the injury two years, presenting, during that period, a great puzzle to the phrenologist.—*New Era.*

A CRUEL MOTHER.

The Vermont Telegraph says, that the female fiend named Morfit, who whipped her daughter to death for not pronouncing a word correctly, has had a true bill found against her for manslaughter, and been held to bail in the sum of 1000 dollars.

A LONG REASON.

The Portlander says that the reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It is dreadful stretching work.

Situation of the Southern States.

In the range of country around Richmond, Virginia, at the time adverted to in our former number, large assemblages of blacks were almost nightly convened, and the God of Liberty, with pretended piety, was invoked, to aid them in bursting the chains of slavery, and in crushing the power that held them in bondage. In these nocturnal convocations, an extensive and ably organized insurrection had been prepared, which included in its ranks more than thirty thousand blacks. They had matured their plans under the counsel and guidance of an intelligent slave as their General, who though a negro, possessed the daring hardihood of a Hannibal, and the spirit of unrelenting destructiveness that characterized a Christopher Petion, of St. Domingo. The black soldiery of his army, were regularly enrolled, and partially armed with fowling pieces, rifles and swords, while others substituted forks, scythes, and other implements of husbandry, the most dangerous and deadly they could collect. Their purposes were rapine, fire, rap, blood, butchery, and indiscriminate destruction of the whites.

The day of their premeditated vengeance had arrived, and they remained undiscovered and unsuspected. In the afternoon of that dreadful day, however, a valued household servant man, whom his master loved and confided in, exhibited great perturbation of mind, and repeatedly stumbled and broke the dishes, which he was about placing on the table for dinner. His master's perspicacity was not long in discovering that something extraordinary was the matter, and he took him aside, and interrogated him closely, touching the causes of his unwonted conduct. The slave overcome by his feelings, fell upon his knees, and disclosed the particulars of the horrible conspiracy. He said in substance to his master, there is to be an insurrection of 30,000 slaves this night, and Richmond is to be wrapped in flames, and reduced to ashes, and I was designated as the murderer of you and your family. The angry and relentless blacks are to murder all the whites, save the young and handsome women, who are to be preserved and kept as their wives; the banks are to be robbed, and then destroyed; the arsenal is to be stormed and taken, and not a vestige of ill-fated Richmond, except its ashes, is to be left. Thus armed, and furnished with money and provisions, and wagons and horses, the army of blacks is to roll on with a terrible vengeance towards the south, increasing fearfully in numbers and strength as they go, compelling all the slaves to join in the exterminating warfare against the whites, and those who refuse are to be put to death. And the work of death was not to cease until the whole south was desolated and destroyed, or subdued.—This timely disclosure of this horrible plot was instantly communicated to the city authorities and citizens—the drum beat the alarm—all the whites flew to arms, and patrolled and guarded every avenue to the

city. Still there was but a handful of whites compared to the number of the blacks.—Some time after night, the negro army came marching stealthily, but rapidly towards the city, to gratify their vengeance, and to strike terribly for liberty. But, although man was impotent to save, God, who is all powerful, interposed his aid. A terrible tempest and storm of rain came on, and poured a deluge of water on the earth. The little streams and rivulets were soon swollen to the size of mighty rivers, and rolled their towering waves along. The blacks were disconcerted and dispirited; and when they approached a small stream near Richmond, over which they had to pass, they found it too deep and rapid to ford, and were compelled to come to a halt. Their fiery chief, however, on a noble charger, and completely armed, dashed backward and forward through the foaming flood, and loudly urged his soldiers to follow him to liberty and glory; but they dare not do it.

After lingering on the banks of this Rubicon, shut out from hope of success that night, the army of negroes retraced their steps; disbanded, and soon spread themselves over the respective plantations; and Richmond was saved, for there were "ten righteous" therein.

As the names of the ringleaders were, through the confessions of the household servant, who first disclosed the plot, made known to the proper authorities, the most prominent actors, with the Gen. of the late negro army, were arrested on the ensuing day, lodged in prison, and securely guarded. And when the black hero of this exterminating plot was questioned as to his hope of success, he boldly declared, that the force they would have been able to muster and embody, would, by the celerity of their movements, have been sufficient to have massacred all the whites; and to have overrun and conquered all the South before they were overcome. And he added, that they would have enjoyed, he knew, only a short period of unrestrained freedom, before the hardy and daring white men of the North, would march by hundreds of thousands upon them and cut them to pieces, and they must be in the end destroyed; but that the South must first have fallen a prey to their fury, and they would have had their revenge. Such was the spirit of that leader of an insurrection, and such the opinion of himself and co-conspirators of the boasted strength and power of the South at that day, when the blacks were not near so comparatively strong and numerous as at present. He, and more than a score of his chief officers it is true, expiated their murderous designs upon the gallows, but the same spirit of vengeance is yet breathed by their survivors—the same rebellious blood yet flows in the negro's veins, and the same daring designs, will, we fear again be formed. This historical tale which was told us more than twenty years ago by a distinguished jurist, now an eloquent Senator in Congress, is substantially as we heard it; our memory, however, may have erred in some unimportant particulars. And if this gigantic plan of destruction was then formed, what we ask is to prevent its recurrence?—The history of the past is the prophecy of the future, and there are those alive we fear, who will yet be called upon to contemplate a deeper and still more dreadful tragedy.

The extensive conspiracy of a band of out-laws, headed by a man named Murel, a cunning, bold and unprincipled villain, to tamper with the blacks of almost all the south, for the basest of purposes, not to do them any good whatever, but to make them the actors and operators in a wide spread ruin of their masters, for the aggrandizement and interest of the conspirators, has been told in detail within the last three years, and serves as another beacon light to warn the south of their danger. It did not succeed, but if it had, the ruin and death would have been dreadful. But, to men wilfully blind, it is almost useless to present the light. When told of their danger, by those who are really their friends, they spurn the kindly admonition, and heap insult and abuse on those who present it. To reason they refuse, for reason deserts them in a moment whenever the subject is mentioned, and angry invective, and threats of violence and bloodshed, and disunion, are all the arguments, all the reason they condescend to offer. Degenerate sons of noble and patriotic sires, they spurn their father's counsel, and instead of reasoning coolly, as they did, they rush recklessly onward, regardless of their future safety, warring with prudence and a wise precaution, and hating, and reviling all who dare to caution them of the consequences of their conduct. Not so the wise framers of the constitution acted. They coolly reasoned on the subject of their slaves, and a compromise, which resulted in the adoption of our present constitution, was the consequence. Not so thought, wrote, and spoke the illustrious Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and others, the founders of our liberties, and the fathers of our republic. They saw the evils that slavery would entail, and they issued their warning voices, as sermons, to posterity. They knew, and every reflecting man in the South must know and confess, that the vast increase of slaves in that section of our country, inevitably renders the white population unsafe—that soon the negro race will far exceed the whites in numbers, and in less than thirty years hence, will amount to more than five millions of souls. They knew that such a mighty mass of bondmen will know—without extrinsic aid or advice—their numbers, their strength, and their wrongs, and will devise powerful, though private means, to organize for their redress; and when the blow falls, it will be too terrible to tell. It is in vain for the southern states to hope for long enduring peace and safety with millions of restless, an' treach-

erous, and daring enemies among them.—They cannot always be kept quiet. Black, and degraded as they are, they still are men, with minds and souls, and bones and muscles, to think, to feel, to plan, and to use; and if Jefferson trembled for his country on the contemplation of this danger, and so declared by saying, "God's justice will not always sleep," will may the present race also tremble for the evil that is upon them.—And in contemplating the illustrious Washington said—
"I can only say that there is not a man living who wishes more sincerely than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it; [slavery] but there is only one effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting."
Let the South then hear the father of his country, and hasten, in their own wisdom, to legislate this evil from among them. Let them act as rational beings, as wise men ought to act. Let them think and reason, instead of rant and rage, and vilify and abuse all those who kindly warn them of their danger. But if they will not hear, and madly resolve to rush recklessly onward into a coming calamity; let them know, that the who being often reproved, and hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." We leave them to their own reflections.

EXTRAVAGANCE—OR MASONIC RETRENCHMENT.

As the expending of public money is a subject which materially interests the public, the following facts should be known to the friends of Justice and Economy. The present Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, Mr. Mitchell, a "Mason," is allowed by the worthy party now in power, to procure the services of a brother MASON, Mr. Krause, as an Assistant Sergeant, paid out of the public money. Not in consideration of the services he renders as an assistant, (as one man is sufficient to do the duties of the office, as is fully exemplified in the case of Mr. J. Ash who was Sergeant-at-Arms during the regular and extra session of 1835-'6, and performed the whole duties of the office with honor to himself and the party that elected him, the business of either session being much greater than the present.) but in consideration of the services rendered by Mr. Krause, to the Van Buren Masonic cause last fall, the author of *falseness* and *Bellings-gate* is allowed to pay for base and party purposes. This is the way in which this truly economical Legislature spend the public money. It is high time that the people should know it, for it is a notorious fact, that while they preach "retrenchment," they are pampering the hired menials of the Lodge—paying them for doing the dirty work of their masters.—The present officer admits that he and his assistant, have to procure, (at sundry times) the assistance of the "Sergeant of the Senate." Now let the public remember that during the Sessions of 1835 and '6, when the business was greater and more complicated, Mr. Ash did himself that which now requires the aid of two assistants! Verily these men must be a swift pair to do business.

DISINGENUOUS.

While the Convention to form a State Anti-Slavery Society was in session at Harrisburgh, a polite request was made for the use of the hall of the House of Representatives during two evenings, for the purpose of delivering lectures on the subject of slavery. This request gave rise to a warm debate, in which Mr. Babbitt took a part, and rejected by a large majority. The course of the House in thus refusing should be denounced by every Pennsylvanian, when the fact is known that but a few days previous that same hall had been thrown open to an individual to lecture on Colonization. When we look at this request, made as it was, by between two and three hundred respectable and talented citizens from all parts of our state, and rejected, because the sentiments which they entertain on an exciting subject did not harmonize with those of a majority of the House, and then turn to the request of, and grant to, a strolling pedestrian from another quarter, we cannot but look upon such conduct in representatives as illiberal and unjust. In attempting thus to stifle and prevent the freedom of speech, which the constitution guarantees to every individual, he being responsible for the abuse of that privilege;—to retard the propagation of the sentiments of the Abolitionists, will fail, and instead of lessening their number will but increase it, by eliciting the sympathies of the good and virtuous of all parties. Persecute the advocates of doctrines, and you put into their hands the very means to disseminate such doctrines. We have always been the friends of freedom of speech, and whether Jew or Gentile, we say, let him be heard.—*Erie Gazette.*

INFANTICIDE.

The Philadelphia Herald says a new born infant was found in an alley, on Wednesday morning, near the corner of Calhoun street and Old York Road, wrapped in a blanket or some rag, and frozen hard to the ground. As there were marks of violence upon it, a large gash being on its head, from which the blood had flowed, the presumption is that it was killed by its worse than brutal mother.

A WESTERN STEAMBOAT.

The Pittsburg Advocate gives the following as the dimensions of a splendid steamboat, to be called the *St. Louis*, now in progress of completion at the wharf in that city. The dimensions of this boat are: 205 feet straight keel, 28 feet beam, 9 feet hold, 230 feet on the main deck, 55 feet from out to out.—The main cabin is 140 feet in length, and the boat will carry about 1000 tons.