

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887.

[VOL. 8—NO. 22.]

THE GARDEN.

(With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care.)

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.
LINES
Inscribed to the Hon. THADDEUS STEVENS, as a
"feeble tribute of respect to talents that honor
Pennsylvania."

BY OLIVER ORMSBY M'CLAN.

As! in her grave, Athens can no more
Hear as 'twas warbled by her sunny shore,
Borne on 'Eolian breezes o'er the tide
The song, that hail'd her Freedom's chosen bride,
Chanted by Greece's many mermaid-isles
As the sea girl went with a zone of smiles.
—And there—Rome's crumbling skeleton
Doth fill the view of centuries of shame,
And marks where did Dominion's Mastodon
Once and forever rest its mighty frame.
—So too it will be—the dust must turn
The loftiest trophies, and the proudest name
Futurity will ever list to learn
As on its car doth peal the trump of Fame,
Must have its latest echo borne away
To where Oblivion doth none other make,
And in whose void domain, not e'en Decay
An answer, to its idling voice shall wake.
Such as repeateth glory's fading swell
Where doth grim Ruin like a hermit dwell.
—Thou, Time, Oblivion's Charon art; but none
Need take a moiety of what he's won [grave,
From life's vain commerce, when he seeks the
To pay thee for his passage o'er the wave,
The glassy ware of the world's memory.
A beggar—Reputation is to thee—
But yet not long upon thy pittance fed—
For place, 'mong things that are, it most doth find
When wither'd by the curses of mankind,
Or mummied 'mong Tradition's musty dead.
Thou art not friend to Greatness—thou dost spoil
The monument on which was spent the toil
Of centuries, yet o'er the leaden lid
Beneath whose dust a Monarch's name lies hid,
Thou dost with closest caution wary thy wing
To drop the dust it has been gathering.
The earth's sarcophagus soon wastes the bones
Of its inhabitants, but as their thrones,
And pyramids, and palaces are shorn
Less rudely of their beauty, and are worn
More idly downwards to their builders' tomb—
Thou turn'st them all to silent sepulchres,
And o'er them mak'st thine ancient moss to bloom,
Where, as the pilgrim-trav'ler stops, he stirs
Th' embodied spirit of funeral gloom.
—Yet—there's a glorious Empire, founded long
Before Earth erudited thee in infancy,
That had antiquity of triumph, 'mong
The very heavens where woke thy lullaby.
A City too—where each eternal spire
Mounts to reflect far brighter, holier fire
Than that, that in the solitude of space
God kindled to direct thy weary race—
Upon whose pageants, o'er whose banner'd walls,
There gleams a glory that shall ne'er expire,
And in the palace of whose festivals
Thou never wilt hang e'en Echo's lyre:
That Empire—MINE!—That City is the Soul!
Gettysburg, November, 1837.

THE BEBOBBOBY.

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

The Human Heart.

The weakness of the heart forms a deplorable instance of the imbecility of human nature; and it has been a matter of so much comment, that it would be almost supererogatory to add any thing by way of remark; and it were also absurd to say aught as regards discontent against its operations. The human system has been framed and constructed by an all-wise Creator; and it would be unchristianlike, and exhibit a want of fidelity to Him, to descant in rigid or even dissatisfactory terms on any of His works, which we are taught to believe are all congruous with His great end and aim. But, notwithstanding, as the human eye takes a retrospect, or even but a *coup d'oeil* of the vast field of human nature, and perceives its dreadful workings—the numerous sympathizing instances of its frailty—it cannot but lament its marvellous imbecility. If we scrutinize human record, we will find hundreds of scenes in proof of the weakness of the human heart—yet will read (although they are mostly fiction, they are nevertheless a correct representation of the heart,) of instances of broken hearts, caused merely by unrequited or deserted affections—of the delicate and lovely female pining away with sorrow to an untimely grave—of being prematurely entombed within the dark recesses of the earth, solely because of the infidelity of the opposite sex. The heart is the seat of love. It is there affection generates, and explodes in its destined consequences; and as the heart is the sphere of love, we cannot love unless we love from the heart. And with those who stand in relation to each other opposite to a correlative position, the pervading influence of love, if both parties are unfeignedly so, controls in their different hearts, that nothing short of death can separate them; they will cling to one another alike through the storms of adversity and the sunshine of prosperity. It has been truly expressed by a writer who conspicuously stands at the head of the literati of our own famed country, and whose lines upon the subject "run smooth as the surface of the glassy waters," that there have been numerous instances of broken hearts, and there is a possibility of dying of disappointed love. Although not a malady often fatal to the male sex, it verily withers down many a lovely young woman to an early grave.

"Come, Eliza; let us take a walk—the shades of evening are approaching, the hot sun is just descending the western horizon, and it has become really pleasant out—quite cool and refreshing," said the lively Jane Ilig, at the close of a hot sultry day, to her fair and more melancholy cousin, Eliza Morton.

"Oh, dear cousin," answered Eliza, "I wish you would excuse me for this time. I am to-day afflicted with a troublesome headache, which alone you might deem a sufficient palliation for my non-compliance. Besides, I feel otherwise indisposed."

"What," replied Jane, assuming a serious air, "is it possible that you have relapsed into one of those baneful fits of melancholy of late so deplorably frequent with you? They will yet be the death of you. Come, cheer up; your habitual sadness recently, is to me a source of extreme pain, and doubly so, as I am totally at a loss what to ascribe it to. Surely it cannot be the consequence of the bereavement of a devoted friend, or of isola-

ted or unrequited affection, and remain concealed from me, hitherto your faithful confidant. Dear Eliza," continued Jane, as she wiped from off her dimpled cheek a tear which had stealthily glided down, caused by the sadness of the theme and moment, "reveal to me the cause of your sorrow. If you have suffered ought or been wilfully wronged, candidly confess to me, and I will cheerfully contribute my feeble mite towards mitigating your sufferings, or repairing your wrongs. You know I have always acted the part of an undisguised friend; therefore, why, in this instance, do you secrete from me the reason of that sorrow which is obviously preying on your mind?"

She paused for a reply. Eliza remained mute, she answered not; which fully corroborated Jane's suspicion that there was something inwardly that operated like a canker-worm, that was eating away her vitals, and promised ere long to terminate her then burdensome existence, as life was to her a grievous clog—a something which she vain would have removed—or she would not have thought so. But her thoughtless cousin never as yet experienced the aught of the pains, the troubles—of the griefs, the sorrows of the human heart—never even felt a pang of that species which proceeded from the operations of the heart, and sometimes contains a never ending chain of barbed griefs! Therefore, she was perfectly excusable—her total ignorance of her cousin's melancholy, palliating.

But why should I protract? Why I go to any further extent, occasionally commenting on her afflictions and sorrows in a tone which must surely preface, in explicit letters, the sequel of her griefs and pining, without informing the reader the cause (although he might pretty fairly conjecture from what has already been related) of that melancholy which was seated on her countenance, and that sorrow which was preying upon her heart?

Her story is brief, but affecting—concise, but serious and pathetic. It might occupy pages, but can with as much elaboration and simplicity, although perhaps not so satisfactory, be comprehended in a few words. She was, as I have already implied, a victim of the human heart. She had bowed at the shrine of love, and was sacrificed! She knelt at the altar of human affection, and was impaled! In short, she was a victim of disappointed love—of unrequited affection. She had lived for awhile in the elysium of loveliness—although only plausible, but was considered unfeigned—She pined away, and finally crumbled into dust, a sacrifice of human love—a victim of a broken heart!

Eliza Morton was the only child of an opulent gentleman who had formerly resided in the city; where he was extensively engaged in the mercantile business; but growing weary, retired from business to a splendid country seat, where he contemplated passing the remainder of his days in retirement. His family was small, consisting of a few servants, wife, daughter and a niece, about the age of Eliza, who had previously come to live with him—her parents having died, leaving Mr. Morton sole executor of their large estate, and guardian to their only daughter. Eliza was at this time about the age of sixteen, and the charming beauty of womanhood was just making its appearance on her features. Her countenance had assumed a serious cast, which ever after was discernible; and upon her cheek dimpled with girlish loveliness, the beautiful tints of mature womanhood was assuming its place with slow strides. The idol and love of her dotting parents, she lived in all imaginable felicity—the charm and pride of the neighborhood, her days went by as it were upon the wings of the dove. All loved her for her kindness and benevolence; admired her for her beauty; lauded her for her magnanimity; and, consequently, she was, in the estimation of all who knew her, destined to lead a life of comfort and joy.

Thus time glided swiftly and happily by for two years; and comfortably did the Morton family pass a life that seemed impossible for any thing to have been thrown in their way calculated to extenuate aught their comfort or blast their felicity. Eliza was then just eighteen, in the meridian of her beauty and loveliness, respected and loved more than ever. She roved about like the busy bee from flower to flower, adding verdure and fragrance to every one that she lit upon. She wandered to the different poor and sick in the neighborhood, opening her purse to the needy, and extending the hand of relief to the afflicted. Thus Eliza Morton passed her young days, and how could she be otherwise than loved? Her sphere was one of kindness and loveliness, and how could she be otherwise than admired and respected? The atmosphere in which she lived, was one of sweetness and fragrance; and then how could she be otherwise than happy and contented—extolled and beloved?

About this time there removed to the neighborhood in which Mr. Morton resided, a family by the name of Green. Mr. Green was a gentleman in good circumstances and had children. The eldest of his sons, named Henry, was a young gentleman at this time about eighteen years of age. He was a promising young man, of fine talents and handsome appearance; but vacillating and inconstant. He had already graduated at one of the most celebrated Colleges in the country, though his extreme youth was an obstacle, which however he soon surmounted by the rapid progress he made in his studies. The appearance of so handsome and respectable a young man as Henry Green, created a great talk among the ladies—the pride and beauty of the day. All admired his politeness of deportment, and commended his handsome features, as well as his shining talents. In short, he became the admiration of the young ladies, and consequently he reciprocated their feelings of kindness. He was ushered into their society, and was an object of female panegyric; and why should he not have been? They deemed him handsome, talented, polite and, as they thought, honorable—handsome, polite and talented he truly was; but thoroughly honorable and confidential he was not. Although some feelings of honor pervaded his heart, which is the chief and most desirable accompaniment to the constitution of honor, he was of a restless and unconfiding spirit—which, in most instances, entirely subvert or stifle those honorable emotions which emanate from the soul—that magnanimity which characterizes the movements of all honorable persons, and with which the bosom of every confidential individual glows. He was benevolent in his disposition, and liberal in his actions—all of which eminently contributed to make him a kind-hearted man; but his acts of kindness were so limited a nature as not to admit of his being termed, with truth, either a benevolent or an honorable man. When he became acquainted with a handsome female, he would lavish all possible kind attentions upon her—would treat her so affectionately, and as a fatal concomitant with it, talk so softly, sweetly and persuasively, thereby commanding such a mellowing and soul-stirring influence, casting its mildow upon their pure and

unaffected hearts, which he so easily penetrated, that they could not, without acting in contravention to their natural feelings, abstain from regarding him in the light of an honorable young man; and after having bestowed for some time his attentions upon her, happening to observe another female who in his estimation, eclipsed the one he then paid his attentions to, he would suddenly fly to her and pour upon her the oil of his affections; and so going on, making a never-ending chain to his restlessness and inconstancy, which conducted to make him an individual of extraordinary vacillation, in whom no confidence could be safely reposed.

Among the many ladies, and the last one, of the neighborhood Henry Green became acquainted with, was Eliza Morton; and an unfortunate moment it was for her. As she was the belle of the neighborhood, Henry fixed upon her as a prize which to win would be an honour; and when once won, would prove invaluable, little imagining that his affections, which were ever roving, would be so limited and truly lamentable—little thinking, that when once he had vanquished the citadel of her heart, and centred within its precincts his own distrustful image, impressing it deep—aye, deep that its extinction, ere his fleeting love had been realized, would have been impossible.

Suffice it to say, that Eliza was a verity in love with Henry, which he plausibly reciprocated; but how sincere the affection was he bore her, is yet to be expressly told. She loved him, and why should she not? Why should she not fall into the recesses of his dangerous soul—why should she not have linked her fate with his—locked her affectionate heart within the weak fibres of his unconfiding one, when he presented himself to her all "milk and honey," in the enchanting garb of a man of talent, respectability and, best of all, strict honor—all of which being eminently calculated to charm the passions, captivate the heart and enliven the soul of the inexperienced and unsuspecting female? She loved him with all the ardor and sincerity of true love—with all the devotedness and soul-confiding affection that the heart is susceptible of, under the natural impression that he would prove ever faithful—natural impression—aye, more—*natural certainty*—for nothing like a doubt of his inconstancy ever floated across her innocent mind. She could not, *naturally*, be otherwise disposed towards him, after his having, with the seeming sincerity of a true lover, knelt at her hallowed shrine, and poured out the feelings of his heart—the workings of his soul—his deep, his unyielding, his never-dying affection for her.

Months rolled away and matters continued the same. The aspect of affairs in relation to the Morton family were precisely the same. Henry was still the same courtier—still continued his visits to Eliza, whom the public considered his affianced bride, without having settled upon a day or definite period for the contemplated marriage—which, alas! it was destined never to be! The parent's of Eliza were as yet ignorant of any attachment existing between them, and regarded his visits to the family as the dictates of courtesy and familiarity—neither had any proposals been made to them for the hand of their fair daughter—had there been, he would not have been refused, for his family were highly respectable. But Henry had no intention of proposing for her; he avowed his affection alone to Eliza herself; for the sole purpose of gaining her unlimited confidence. He was ostentatious, fond of show, loved the world, delighted in its pleasures and luxuries; he was young yet, and thought he might go through a long train of courtships without producing any casualties, ere he embarked upon the state of conubial bliss, which he then thought would be undurable to a man of his years!

Henry, after having been unceasingly regular and attentive to the Morton family, began to manifest an evident lukewarmness in the ardor of his love, and eventually discontinued his visits. Eliza secretly viewed his conduct with regret—scribed it to different motives, and hoped that he would ultimately return and bring with him joy and happiness. But, alas! vain and deceptive was the ideal! Henry, the black-hearted Henry, entertained no such laudable purpose; but, to be brief, finally abandoned her—left her, speedily to fall into the corroding arms of emaciation, and ultimately to be consigned to a premature grave—merely proving himself to the world to be a heartless monster, a creature devoid of sensibility and unworthy of being ranked amongst a feeling or christian community!

The feelings, situation and condition of the sweet and confiding Eliza cannot be described. She endeavored for awhile to keep all her sorrows from her kind and joining parents, and her cousin Jane; but time and sufferings compelled her to disclose all. From the day she evinced to her cousin such strong symptoms of her malady—while taking the walk already described—a suspicion of the real cause darted across the latter's mind at the moment she communicated her suspicions to Eliza's parents, who determined upon ascertaining the cause of their daughter's sorrows. They made the necessary inquiry and soon learned the reason of her habitual sadness—the nature of her disease! They sorrowed over her unhappiness and wept at her afflictions—they condoned with her, and whilst they were conscious of the incurable nature of her disease, ejaculated a prayer of supplication to Heaven, to receive her into its joys—for they knew that she would die, and therefore hoped for her felicity in the world to come!

Eliza, too, knew that she would soon die—soon leave her tender parents, and many as were the pangs of grief which she had to endure, she endeavored to appear contented as long as she was permitted to totter upon the dreary brink of this world's life. And cruelly as she had been treated by Henry, she unfeignedly prayed for his perpetual happiness; wronged as she had been, she with an angel-like spirit uttered an ejaculation of *εὐχαριστίας*! She knew she was destined to be a victim of sorrow—to be sacrificed upon the altar of false love, and the shrine of man's hard-hearted ingratitude—earth no longer had any attractions, & with a complaisant spirit yielded up all her hopes to smiling Heaven; solacing herself with the anticipation of soon ascending into its bright regions, there to dwell forever and to "mingle with the spirits just made perfect."

It is scarcely necessary to state anything more, by way of description, of the privations and sorrows which, unfortunately, became the better portion of the once beloved, beautiful and fascinating Eliza Morton. Her sufferings are left to the imagination of those who may deem this faint and imperfect sketch of a victim of the human heart,

worthy a perusal; and her fate can, without any need of subsequent verification, be presaged by all. Sufficient be it to say, that after enduring for some twelve months, all the tortures, miseries and afflictions which human life is susceptible of, she ultimately fell into the grasping arms of death—consigning her god-like spirit to the illumed domain of Him, who is always ready to receive in His heavenly Kingdom those who had undeviatingly trodden in the smooth path of rectitude and righteousness; and her remains were followed to the grave by a vast retinue of mourning relations and sympathizing friends, who could not but shed tears at the departure of one from "this life," so lovely, beautiful, and withal, so incomparably affectionate and benevolent; and they more deeply sorrowed that she was a lamentable sacrifice of man's hard-hearted depravity—of his dissimulation and inconstancy!

Thus tragically is concluded, this somewhat tedious, although it is hoped not altogether uninteresting tale; and the writer, who is a novice in literary compositions, consoles himself under the expectation, that its defects, numerous as he is fully conscious they are, will be looked over by the indulgent reader. The writer is aware that he is illy capable of delineating in true and fervid colours, the happy and sad events attendant upon scenes of love—the felicity usually connected with the consummation of conubial ties; and the tragical events that generally emanate from the occurrence of blasted, disappointed, or of false fidelity.

LANCASTER, PA.

TO
FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

"My own" ah, surely thou hast not
Thy vows of love and faith forgot.
And yet, methinks it must be so,
Or why that dark and angry brow?
Ah! tell me why I have not heard
Of late from thee one gentle word?
Why dost thine eye so sternly dwell
On her who loves thee "passing well"?
Why dost thy face no longer wear
The smile of love I've welcome'd there?
And why dost not thy footsteps roam
More frequent to my lonely home?—
Ah! tell me, have my lips to learn
For thee a title cold and stern?
Must I—Protector—only be
Sweet names for cherish'd memory?
And must I school my heart to hide,
Its feelings deep, which oft defied,
Thou lighter love had shrunk beneath
The Stander's cold and withering breath—
The love which made me turn from all
Which might fond woman's heart enthral,
To watch thy bright but wayward smile
And love to madoes all the while—
To wait and mark thy changing mood,
When e'er thy noble heart subdued,
To sit beside thy couch of rest
And pillow thy head upon my breast;
To hail my tid—lord in thee,
Oh! this was joy enough for me!

What chang'd the scene—why must I go?
Afar from thee, to feel, to know,
Thy love has fled—Ah! tell me why
So coldly stern thine eagle eye?
But no—I could not bear to hear
Another's smile to thee was dear—
To think that while in lonely sadness
I turn'd from all to dream of thee,
Thou fill'd another's path with gladness
And led mine strewn with misery—
To know, that on thy lofty brow
Where oft my hand in fondness press'd,
Another's touch may linger now,
Another's kiss thy lips have bless'd—
I'd rather die—yes, death were sweet,
Strike, strike—while kneeling at thy feet—
But never let me know, there's one
Who shares the love that's mine alone!

What—did'st thou say 'twas glory spoke
When first thy hallow'd vow thou broke?
Did wild ambition's syren-tone
School thy strong heart to beat alone?
Oh pause!—with bland and gentle smile
Thy steps to ruin she'll beguile.
And when alas! it is too late,
Thou'lt curse thy dark and fallen state,
And mourn thy dreams of power fled
Which hover'd o'er thy slumbering head.
Oh! in that sad and lonely hour,
When storms upon thy sky shall lower,
When clouds shall dim thy mystic star,
Whose radiance now is streaming far—
If then, thy friends have left thee lone,
Oh wilt thou not recall the tone
Of her, whose love and soothing power
Thou'lt feel in many a by-gone hour?
And think there's one whose timid eye
Will only smile when thou art nigh,
Whose love is still unchanged through all,
And clings more fondly in thy fall,
Is happy—blest—if then with thee
Her home on earth may ever be?
Gettysburg, November 5th, 1837.

FROM THE NEW YORK MIRROR.
The Changes of Fortune.
[The following tale illustrates one of the many instances of distress existing among the poor seamstresses of the city, and the lady who has communicated it for publication in the Mirror, vouches for its authenticity.]

"Do you give out work here?" said a voice, so soft, so low, so lady-like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birthday gift from his papa.

"Do you give out work here?"
"Not to strangers," was the rude reply.
The "stranger" turned and walked away.
"That purse is very cheap, ma'am."
"I do not wish it now," said I, as taking up my parasol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes, too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable-looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow farther? She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and, oh, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking woman—

"Is there a person living here who does plain sewing?" I inquired.
"I guess not," was the reply. "There is a woman up-stairs, who used to work, but she can't get

no more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow."
"Let me go up," said I, passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.
"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—breathed not—but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit and the pale hand clenched the bedclothes—words broke from his lips—"I cannot pay you now," I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams, his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed wildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were before me—"I came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

"Oh, give it me," she sobbed. "Two days we have not tasted food—and to-morrow—she gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!"

"Be comforted—you shall want no more!"
"I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West Indian isle, her childhood's home. Of the deaths of father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought him in vain, but found, in stead a husband—ho, too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd, all the world to each other, they married—ho procured employment in a school, she plain needle-work. Too close attention to the duties of his school, long walks, and scanty fare, brought ill health and confined him at length to his bed. The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days, for employment—many had none to give—others gave no work to 'strangers.' Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found indeed a Comforter in heaven!"

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I need not the mute, appealing look he gave me; I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—begg'd me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still, deep night I heard her murmur—"Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me; oh mamma, why did you leave me!" Then again she said, "Give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint." Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words to me. I led my husband's children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin. They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the "stranger's heart."

"Light is but the shadow of God," says a modern writer. The prophet Habakuk introduces a similar comparison when he says, "that the brightness of light is but the hiding of His power." We doubt whether the English language could furnish a more beautiful and splendid trope.

EARLY DISADVANTAGES.—"I learned grammar," says William Cobbett, "when I was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my book case, and a bit of board lying in my lap was my writing table. I had no money to purchase candle or oil; in winter time it was rarely that I could get any light but that of the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or sheet of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food though in a state of half starvation. I had no moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amidst the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and bawling of, at least half a score of the most thoughtless of men; and that too in the hours of their freedom from all control. And I say, if I, under circumstances like these, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?"

SELF-MADE MEN.—The return of Mr. Ewing to the Senate from the State of Ohio, which the National Intelligencer considers certain, will be an event on which the nation may well rejoice. He will succeed Mr. Morris, whose term of service expires in March, but as the sense of his constituents will have been ascertained before that, it is to be expected that he and his colleague, Mr. Allen, by whom Mr. Ewing was superseded, will, as advocates for the doctrine of instruction, resign, and let the people be truly represented. When such men as Mr. Ewing and Governor Ritter, both of whom were, it is said, in the humblest occupations during the early parts of their lives, rise to deserved eminence, and have reason to be proud of our country and her institutions.—*Nat. Gas.*

NO NEWSPAPER.—The time is coming when the man who has the means and does not take a newspaper, will be looked at by his neighbors as a fish without a fin, a crow without a wing, a blind horse, a mole or what you please. Such an individual might do well enough to live after the manner of a Robinson Crusoe, but he has no excuse for thrusting himself amongst those who do take newspapers and are better informed, to gather whatever political or general intelligence they may choose to drop for him. We know many such men, and might name them, but we refrain; but you gentle readers, do point them out yourselves.