

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1837.

[VOL. 8—NO. 34.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



The Fashionable Hats, Caps and Bonnets.

Wm. W. Paxton,

HAS now on hand a very large assortment of HATS, CAPS & BONNETS at his old stand in Chambersburg Street, two doors from the Court House.

CONSISTING AS FOLLOWS: Men's Castor HATS, "Roram do," "Spanish body do," "Silk do," "Plan, Russia do," "Youth's Fur do," "Old Men's Broad Brims do," "Low Crown do," "Ladies FUR BONNETS," "SILK do."

Also a GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FUR CAPS, of different kinds: HIR SEAL CAPS for MEN and BOYS.

All of which he will sell at Low Prices wholesale and retail—for Cash and Country Produce—such as Wheat, Corn, Rye, Buckwheat, Oats, Wood, &c. &c. Call and judge for yourselves. November 17, 1837. (f-33)

YOUR MOST OBEYANT!



THE Subscriber, after thanking his friends and the public for the very liberal encouragement he has heretofore received, begs leave to inform them, that he continues the business, in all its various branches, at his old stand in South Baltimore Street, and will keep constantly on hand a GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF

HATS,

of his own manufacture, which, for neatness and durability, cannot be surpassed.

HE HAS FOR SALE, Black and White plain Russia HATS, Latest Fashions! Gentlemen's Beaver, Castor and Roram do. Youths', Boys' and Children's do. SILK HATS, Black and White, for MEN and BOYS.

LADIES' BEAVER BONNETS, very neat and fashionable. Good Wool HATS. Also—Otter, Nutria, Musk, Chinchilla and HIR SEAL CAPS, a general assortment.

All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms, wholesale and retail. SAMUEL S. McCREARY. November 17, 1837. (f-33)



COACH LACE, FRINGE AND TASSELS.

THE Subscriber has now on hand a large stock of very superior

COACH LACE, FRINGE AND TASSELS,

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE, which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms.

Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. Any Pattern made to order. Address

JOHN ODELL, Gettysburg, Pa. N. B. All kinds of MILITARY work done to order. November 17, 1837. (f-33)

Information Wanted.

ON the 1st day of May, 1836, a young man, (Son of the Subscriber,) named William Baldwin, left his home, at Cumberland Furnace, Cumberland county, Pa., on a short journey, and has not been heard of since. Fears are entertained that some accident may have happened to him. If he be still living, any information respecting him, communicated to the Editor of the "Sentinel," Gettysburg, or to his distressed mother, at Cumberland Furnace, will be most gratefully received. JANE BALDWIN. November 3, 1837. 3t-31

THE GARLAND.

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

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

PARAPHRASE

Of an extract from remarks made by THADDEUS STEVENS, Esq., in the Constitutional Convention, on the 8th of July, 1837.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Yes! rather would I be a soul-crush'd slave, Beneath a Southern master's iron sway; Who looks for no redemption but the grave, And sows with blood, and tears, his weary way; Who grovels crush'd to earth by scorn and toil, On whom hope never beams, joys never smile!

Ah! rather this degraded slave I'd be Than the free subject of a Northern State, Who basely fears to pour his soul cut free Among 't his country's children in debate! I'll speak boldly! Let the coward fear, I'll sooner die than feel the tyrant's snare!

Oh! that I own'd the whole degraded land That lies a blot upon my country's name; That I might break the chains from every hand, And FREEDOM! to their starved ears proclaim! Then should I witness a soul-thrilling sight! Their first glad dance of Freedom's wild delight!

How glow'd that noble Speaker's generous breast, With the high ardor of the free and brave! While the clear voice so dauntlessly express'd This holy wish of mercy for the Slave! O! let this voice of rich Philanthropy Re-echo through our land, from sea to sea!

LIBERTY, Tioga County, Pa.

THE SAVING'S BANK.

"The Spirit of the Age to Benevolence."

Every day in France, new, useful and ingenious establishments arise. Some are occupied in increasing the power and perfection of manufactures, others turn their attention to agriculture and the arts.

All the energies of man seemed to be called forth to increase the progress of civilization and human happiness; but nothing contributes more to the comfort and improvement of the laboring classes than the Savings' Bank. People may there safely place the money they have earned over their present wants, secured by commercial honor, and managed by the highest financial economy, and thus provide for the future.

The admirable institution saves every day the expenses of self-indulgence or dissipation, and gives the excellent habit of regulating and enriching ourselves. It is established in Rue de la Valliere, near the Bank of France, and is open on every Sunday from 9 to 2 o'clock. A commissary of the Administration presides over it, and people may place there from 1 to 50 francs, which is put to use and pays an interest every six months without any expense to those who wish to save their surplus money. It is managed by persons employed in the Bank of France, who under the surveillance of a person distinguished by rank and fortune, receive the numerous deposits that are made by all classes.

Nothing can be more interesting to the philanthropist than this sight: artisans and workmen who bring not only that which has been saved by self-denial, but sometimes that which has been taken from their waists. There you may see an old porter, increasing every month his little treasure, which shall save him, when he is old and infirm, from going into a hospital. Here you may see a young woman bringing her earnings, that she may have something towards housekeeping. On this side is a rich old man, who wishes to increase the prosperity of the useful establishment by a sum that shall cause his name to be remembered and blessed. On the other a poor Savoyard, who takes from his purse, the grans of his best day, as an offering to his old mother. Among them a fashionable young man is sometimes seen, with the winnings of the evening before, which he brings as the fruit of his resolution to break the dreful passion of gaming. This multitude of people, presenting in one hand their money, and with the other a small book, in which are inscribed the sums placed in the bank, appears like a swarm of industrious bees, who come to their hive loaded with the fruit of their labors, and murmuring with the pleasure of success. Among the persons who rarely failed to bring something every Sunday, to add to a capital already formed, a man named Laurent was noticed. He was an engraver of metals; his face carried an expression of mischief; but it was at the same time intellectual; his person and clothes indicated either extreme poverty or avarice. He carried two small books, in which was regularly entered the sum he brought; sometimes it was small, at others large; and which he placed in the bank with an earnestness and avidity that denoted an ardent desire for accumulation. As the crowd was always great, and as it was necessary to go at an early hour to save time, he always carried his breakfast in his pocket; it generally consisted of a small rye loaf, moistened with barley water; 3 sous were sufficient to procure it. He ordinarily dined at 11 o'clock, at a cheap restaurant which he lived below him in the same building. We may believe that his personal goods were analogous to his life. However, he always had a good bed and clean linen, and took, every morning a glass of wine.

People were the more astonished at his parsimony, because he was an excellent workman and added skill and quickness to industry and talent. He would earn six and seven francs a day, besides what he gained at home. Every one had something to say about his manner of living.— Sometimes he was suspected of gaming, or venturing in lotteries. Sometimes he was accused of waiting upon ladies. This imputation made him smile, and only amused him; naturally caustic, it pleased him that under his costume they should suspect him of having any portion of "the tender passion."

Laurent had a sister, the wife of a man named Duhamel, who was a jeweller in the Palais Royal, and who was as brilliant and extravagant as his brother-in-law was rough and grasping. Madame Duhamel had tried every means to attract the companion of her childhood and first friend to her house, for Laurent was several years older than his sister; but he was inflexible in his resolutions and unchangeable in his habits, and did not wish that the proud Duhamel should suffer by his presence.

The humble engraver, notwithstanding his poor appearance, had all the pride of an independent soul, and would not put himself in the way to receive the least neglect; he never asked any thing of any one, and comforted himself in his obscurity by not being obliged to require any thing from the society he shunned. He never went to the house of his sister except on her birthday. On the morning of that day he took a two-penny bouquet of flowers, entered the back door, kissed Madame Duhamel and her two daughters, the eldest of whom was his god-daughter, then left the house, and never went again through the year. The mother and her daughters sometimes visited him in his garret, but they always forewarned him of their coming or they would have found the door shut. Madame Duhamel remarked that he shaved himself for these meetings, and always had on clean linen. On these occasions the ties of blood regained their empire, and they were received with the greatest affection. But he never made the least gift, not even to his god-daughter, or the offer of the smallest refreshment; he had always something to say about economy, and kept up his austerity of manner. Ten years passed away, during which Laurent went regularly every Sunday to place his money in the Savings' Bank. The two books, of the existence of which no one in his family had the least suspicion, showed a capital which had increased by its own interest. The imaginations of people were to him of little importance, he even rejoiced in secret at them; while his riches increased every year, he only redoubled his parsimony. In the meantime, the prodigal jeweller saw his fortune diminish every day, more by foolish expenses than by losses which every one experiences in business. He insensibly lost his credit, and to re-establish, he bought and sold in the stocks, which soon completed his ruin.

He was obliged to leave his brilliant shop in the Palais Royal, sell his stock of silver and a beautiful collection of paintings. Madame Duhamel parted with her jewels, and could no longer retain the masters who had instructed her daughters on the harp, and in the song and the dance. They retired to the fourth story of a house; and Madame Duhamel being without a domestic, employed herself in the hardest of the work; Flora and Leila took care of the lightest part; while the father, to provide for their subsistence, was obliged to solicit work of those whose equal he had once been, by which he suffered great humiliation.

Laurent, who had foreseen this catastrophe, appeared neither surprised nor afflicted by it; indeed some persons thought he enjoyed a secret pleasure at the fall of his brother-in-law. The latter now entirely changed his manner towards Laurent; he did not blush, as formerly, at seeing him; he did not any more criticize his patched over-coat, his leather cap, his pantaloons of cotton velvet, or his large shoes, made stronger by iron nails; it was now, my good brother here, my dear Laurent there. He went to see him every Sunday, praised his domestic habits, congratulated him on having so little to do in the world, and even admired his economy, but all did not produce any result. Laurent remaining without the least expression of concern in his countenance, and with perfect coldness of manner, did not make the least offer of assistance, and with his eyes fixed on the graver, he continued to work, without either blaming or consoling his brother-in-law, who left him, firm in the belief that it was not in his power to assist them.

Notwithstanding the indifference of Laurent towards Duhamel, he was less rigid when he saw his sisters and her two daughters. When they visited him in his garret, which did not appear so high as formerly, when they told him of their troubles and the vain efforts of Duhamel to get a living, and made at last the painful confession of having sacrificed every thing to preserve their honor, and there was now not anything left, and that they were reduced to labor with their hands, he was troubled in spite of himself, and his face showed the combat of his heart. One day, near the end of Autumn, Flora and Leila, who had, not long ago, worn the most elegant clothing, were now so badly clad that their uncle remarked it; these poor girls confessed that this was all they had to preserve them against the severity of winter.

"It must not be," cried he, with an expression of feeling they did not know he had. "No, not this ought not to be; I cannot suffer my niece, my god-daughter, to perish with the cold; no, if I sell the little I own."

A few days after, the sisters, each one, received a present of a cloth cloak and merino dress; they were not of the first quality, but they would make them comfortable during the severity of the season. This first gift that Laurent had ever made, caused a great surprise and a gratitude, the acknowledgment of which went to the bottom of his heart, and made him acquainted with the inexpressible luxury of doing good. He renewed his gifts with all possible economy, leaving them in the belief that they were at the expense of his own wants and privations. He took less that week to the Savings' Bank; but how could he see his sister and his two charming nieces exposed during the winter to the horrors of want! They, on their part, were touched by the sympathy of their uncle; and convinced that what he had given them was the fruit of his labor, they redoubled all their efforts not to abuse his goodness. The mother, who had worked at the making of fringe before her marriage, now resumed her old business; and her two daughters joined with so much success, that they were patronized by the richest merchants in the capital. They worked from morning till night, and each one was soon able to gain forty sous a day, which could enable them to support themselves.

Duhamel, on his part, earned a little by working for jewellers; but the mortifications he suffered, and the severe conflicts of his pride, weakened him and effected his health. He was attacked by an illness that soon carried him to his grave, regretting too late that he had yielded so easily to the attraction of vanity, and shuddering to think of what might be the fate of his family, to whom there was left, besides their own efforts, only the feeble support of his brother-in-law, who, he was convinced, could not aid them by his purse.

Laurent, who was still refrained from appearing to take any interest, was delighted with the industry and perseverance of Duhamel. Under the pretence of uniting them more strongly, he proposed to put in a common stock, the produce of their labor, and to bear himself a third part of the expenses of housekeeping. They gladly accepted his offer, for Madame Duhamel had always preserved for her brother a tender attachment, notwithstanding his indifference and parsimony. Flora and Leila felt a great affection for their uncle, and paid him every respectful attention. Laurent left his garret, and took decent apartments in the same house with his sister. It was a great distance from the one in which he had worked during 21 years; but it suited his years to work by the piece, and it also enabled him better to fulfil the duties he had assumed, that of replacing the father of the orphans.

This re-union made the happiness of all who composed it; and Madame Duhamel and her two daughters were soon enabled to open a work room for the making of fringe.

They had gained by their skill and industry the patronage of the first merchants in the city, and principally one who lived in the Rue aux Fers, and conducted himself a large business. He took a great interest in the family of Duhamel, and gave them his most important orders. Laurent on his part being occupied with his graver, improved all his time, but hid his gain as much as possible from the family.

He occupied two small rooms in the fourth story, from which he only came down at meals; and consecrated all his time to labor. All in the house believed it was necessary for him to do so, and which gave him an opportunity of increasing his riches unknown to any one.

However, all saw a change in him! the old patched coat was replaced by a blue cloth one, his crushed leather cap by a round hat, his cotton velvet pantaloons by woolen or nankeen; and his shoes, although not very thin, were without nails. He had yielded insensibly to the desire of pleasing his sister and her daughters, from whose society he experienced those heartfelt ties which are only to be found in united families. Flora and Leila were now twenty years of age; they carried upon their faces the expression of intellect, which reflected the traces of an early good education. Their business increased every day, their work being distinguished by a taste which enabled them to bring it to an uncommon state of perfection. The purity of their morals, and the dignity which they retained of young persons who had been well brought up, contributed to attract the public esteem.

The rich fringe merchant, who came frequently to visit them, was charmed by the union which subsisted between the two sisters, and the respectful attention with which they treated the mother and old uncle. He found a relaxation from the cares of business at the fire house in the evening, and they soon became so intimate as to confide to each other their hopes and prospects. The old merchant wished to retire from business, and having no children, made an offer for Madame Duhamel to purchase his establishment and succeed him in business, if she could give him sufficient security for the payment.

"Your proposition is flattering, and does us honor, but only living by the work of our hands, we have not been able to lay up any thing, so that we have not anything to offer you but our industry and honor."

"If your father," added Leila, "had not had those unfortunate losses which ruined him, we might accept your offer, which fulfils all our wishes, but we cannot dream of it," said she, heaving a sigh, "we must be contented to remain workwomen."

"How much do you value your establishment?" asked Laurent, sitting, until now, unconcerned at the table, and amusing himself with dominoes.

"It is," answered the merchant, "worth at least 100,000 francs; but if I could receive the half, the remainder might remain on security."

"If 50,000 francs will satisfy you," answered Laurent with emotion, "my nieces may treat with you."

"You are dreaming my brother!" cried Madame Duhamel.

"Our uncle wishes to amuse himself at our expense," added Flora.

"He wishes to tease us by building castles in the air," said Leila.

"My children, I am serious," said Laurent, without raising his eyes, and continuing to amuse himself at the table, "each of you possess more than 25,000 francs."

"What do you say, dear uncle?"

"Yes, I have examined your books at the Savings' Bank."

"We do not comprehend you."

He arose at these words, and looking at his nieces, with a smile, he went hastily to his room, from whence he brought an old portfolio containing two small books—one bearing the name of Flora Duhamel, and the other that of Leila; each one containing twenty-five thousand francs. The two young persons to whom he gave them, could not believe their eyes. Madame Duhamel after she was convinced of the reality of this, threw herself into the arms of her brother, and said to him with emotion:

"That mystery which we could not comprehend, is now explained. This is the fruit of so many years of privation and severe economy."

"It is true, dear sister, seeing that your husband would ruin himself by his luxury and foolish expenses, I thought it my duty to prepare for the future. Of the seven or eight francs which I daily earned, I determined to spend only two, it is now seventeen years since I have placed what I have been able to save in the Savings' Bank. I have acquired by adding the interest to the capital 50,000 francs, which I have now the pleasure of offering to my nieces, and which will let them see how much a calculating and persevering economy will produce. You will pardon me for all the mortifications I have made you suffer by my mean appearance, by that parsimony I have used to obtain my wishes. I have suffered on account of it myself more than once, but the idea of saving my sister and her children from misery re-animated my strength and increased my courage. At last I have come, but not without effort, to the term of my privation and my happiness. I shall see you honorably placed in society, holding the rank of merchants in the city."

"I have achieved my work peacefully near you, and shall be able to say in seeing your business prosper, my nieces happily settled in society and their excellent mother surrounded by their children."

"See what the Savings' Bank has produced." At last the dearest of his wishes was accomplished. The Misses Duhamel accepted the addresses of the sons of a rich silk merchant in the Rue St. Dennis. The two sisters received the nuptial benediction the same day. This double marriage, in blending the two fortunes, gave satisfaction to all; and the good old uncle, who insisted upon making his tresseau, led the brides to the altar, which was surrounded by their friends; and when the oaths of fidelity were pronounced by both parties, the happy old man, in regarding them tenderly could not hinder from escaping his lips, these words, accompanied by a smile, "See! see! what the Savings' Bank has produced!"

Hard of Hearing.

A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived "down east," who professed to be deficient in hearing, but, for sooth, who was more capacious than limited in hearing, as the sequel will show.

It was a stormy night in the ides of March, if I mistake not, when lightning met lightning, and loud peals of thunder answered thunder, that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry "Sal." Jonathan resolved to "pop it" to the old man, the next day; "but," said he, "I think on the task my heart shrinks." To be brief, night passed, and by the dawn of another day the old man was found in his barnlot feeding pigs.—Jonathan rose from bed early in the morning, spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarcely had a minute elapsed after Jonathan made his last resolution ere he bid the old man "good morning." Now Jonathan's heart beat, now he scratched his head, and ever and anon gave birth to a pensive yawn. Jonathan then declared that he'd as lief take thirty-nine "stripes" as to ask the old man, "but," said he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it, a faint heart never won a fair gal!" and addressed the old man thus: "I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter." Old man—"You want to borrow my halter, I would loan it to you, Jonathan, but my son has taken it, and gone off to the mill."

Jonathan (putting his mouth close to the old man's ear and speaking in a deafening voice)—"I've got five hundred pounds of money."

Old man (stepping back as if greatly alarmed, and exclaiming in a voice of surprise)—"You have got five hundred pounds of money! What in the mischief can you do with so much money, Jonathan? Why, it is more than all the neighborhood has use for."

Jonathan (not yet the victim of despair, and putting his mouth to the old man's ear, bawled out)—"I've got gold."

Old man—"So have I, Jonathan, and it's the worst gold I ever had in my life." So saying, he sneezed a "wash up."

By this time the old lady came up, and having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth to the old man's ear, and screamed like a wounded Yahoo—

"Daddy, I say, daddy, you don't understand—he wants to marry our daughter."

Old man—"I told him that our calf halter was gone."

Old lady—"Why, daddy, you can't understand; he's got gold! he's rich!"

Old man—"He's got a cold and the itch, eh! What's he doing here with the itch, eh!" So saying the old man came a blow at Jonathan's head with his walking cane, but, happily for Jonathan, he dodged it. Nor did the rage of the old man stop at this, but with angry countenance he made after Jonathan, who took to his heels, nor did Jonathan's luck stop here; he had not got out of the barnyard, nor far from the old man, who ran him a close race, ere Jonathan stopped his toe and fell to the ground, and, before the old man could "take up," he tumbled over Jonathan, and fell sprawling in a mudhole. Jonathan sprang to his heels, and with the speed of John Gilpin cleared himself.—And poor Sal! she died a nun. Never had no husband.

Who can be an Atheist?

When we look around and behold how beautiful and how excellent, and how adapted to our wants, every thing has been created, must we not admit that there must be an infinitely wise and good being, who is the author thereof! Can we for a moment imagine that all these things came by chance? No, we must at once believe that there is a God, who has created and still preserves them by the word of his almighty power. Let us cast our eyes around us, and behold the beauty of the harvest field, ripe for the sickle, which but three months before appeared as though it would not produce the seed that was sown on it, but at last it brought forth a full crop. Who must not admit that the increase comes from God! If we cast our eye on the corn-field, and see how the corn springs up from day to day, the farmer, it is true, planted, ploughed and hoed the same, but would not all have been in vain had not God added his blessing! If we look about us and behold the domestic animals of every description, how they are adapted to our use, must we not confess that there is a wise and good God?

Now let us for a moment cast our eyes toward the heavens and behold the sun, the moon, and the stars, and all those planets which revolve round the sun, the centre; and could our eyes penetrate through the celestial world, methinks we could see thousands of worlds now invisible—and have these all come by chance! No! it cannot be otherwise than that there is a God.

Now for a moment let us look to ourselves, and see why we were endowed with so much more intellect than any thing else that we see around us; why is it that we are formed so much superior to all other species of the animal creation; why is it that we so often feel an uneasiness in our breast; why is it that we have a conscience which condemns us when we do that which is wrong! Even the infidel, when in danger of losing his life, shows an uneasiness and is not willing to die. Certain-

ly we must confess that there is a God who has created us; and for that purpose—even that we should partake of the many blessings which he has bestowed upon us; he is trying to show us by the many blessings which he confers upon us, that he loves us, and that it is his holy pleasure that we should not be like the dumb brutes who lie down and die and are no more, but that he has given us a soul, which after death must be forever happy or tormented. Does he not wish to give us a foretaste of heaven, when he blesses us so abundantly here on earth! And yet multitudes will curse their Maker, and call to him to damn their souls, and the souls of their fellow men! After all that the Lord has done for us in this world to make us happy, they still hate him and are not willing to enjoy his blessings with contented and grateful hearts; they are determined to persevere in their sins—yes, after he has sent his ministers unto them, to tell them of the glory and the treasures that are laid up in heaven, if they will only comply his commands; and on the other hand, to warn them of the danger and approaching destruction which await them, should they not make their peace with God; and he alone can feel that the Lord has been kind to him, even from the day of his birth.

It is the Christian that enjoys the foretaste of Heaven while here on earth, and sometimes wishes to leave his tabernacle of clay, and rise and mingle with the angelic host above, to join a dear father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or wife, or husband, or son, or daughter, who have gone before, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

Ah! when the Christian, through the eye of faith, takes a glance into that blessed habitation, and beholds his God, his Saviour, and all these holy beings who have been faithful amidst all the troubles and trials of this wicked world, even those he loved in this world, perhaps his best friends, who have gone before him, he is almost constrained to think that he has left this vale of tears and sorrow—he is so delighted with the scene that it leaves an impression on his mind for many days, and no doubt sometimes to the end of his days—then will he exclaim with the poet:

"O glorious hour, O blest abode, I shall be near and like my God."

But alas! when he awakes, as it were, from his dream, he finds himself yet in the midst of a wicked world, to await his Master's will. But contented, he is resigned to the will of God, in preparing himself better, and endeavoring to persuade his fellow mortals to make their peace with God.

But here I must stop, seeing that my sheet is full, but not without a word to the impenitent— "Stop, Sinner, and reflect what you are doing, and where you are going!"

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.—"Dost thou love me?" asked the youth, in the holiest hour of love, the first, in which souls meet and give themselves away. The maiden gazed on him, but answered not. "Oh! if thou lovest me, speak!" continued he; but she gazed on him still, and could not.

"Then I have but dreamed of happiness, and hoped that thou didst love me; but now all is over—both happiness and hope!" said the youth.

"Dearest, do I not, then, love thee!" the maiden now asked, once and again.

"But why so slow to say it!" inquired he. She answered, "I was too happy to speak, until I lived and felt thy pain."

LIFE.—A man may change his life into a desert, wherein his eyes will rest on nothing but the infinity of earthly littleness and of heavenly grandeur. But is not such an Arabian desert, which contains nothing but the transition from countless grains of sand by day, to countless stars by night, inferior in beauty and fruitfulness to a landscape, wherein are some shadows thrown by trees and clouds?

TIME.—Time is a ceaseless dropping away of moments, which fall and disappear, while the future hangs unchanged on high, and the past is ever growing below, and increases the more, the farther it recedes. What, then, remains to us? I answer, the present: fast as time may fly by, the present is our eternity, and never deserts us.

THE VEIL OF THE FUTURE.—Thou standest before the mighty veil which shrouds eternity, and askest, Is it a veil of mourning or that of Isis! that of a murderer or a beauty! that of a radiant visage, like Moses's, or of a corpse? I answer, Thou wilt one day lift it, and as such thy heart has deserved, such wilt thou lift.

POETRY.—Tell us, thou bee, why makest thou thy wax for masks or for candles—for concealment or enlightenment! The bee answered, "For neither; only for cells to hold my honey." Ask the poet. "Just like me," rejoined the poet; "I seek neither to deceive nor to undecieve; but to give sweetness."

RUINS AND PEOPLE.—Both arise from a common source, as the root and top of a plant spring from the same point in the seed; and though one grows downward and the other upward, both are nourished from the same material; and when separated, both die—but the top first.

GOD'S SLEEPER.—"The Almighty is resting, or asleep," says the heart of man, when his dim eye can no longer follow his footsteps. Thus did men once dream that the sun had sunk to sleep in the ocean, when he was waking and moving over a new world.

MAN.—Moses looked on the animal creation, and said, thoughtfully, "Every beast resembles some one god or goddess; but which is the image of them all!" Then Prometheus formed man, and answered, "Behold him!"

SUBTERRANEAN FISHES.—We saw on Saturday, what seemed a great curiosity. Several living fishes were shown to us, said to have been taken from a spring about three fourths of a mile under the earth, in a cave near Lost River, Indiana. The fishes were about two inches in length, and a little more than one in circumference, perfectly white, without scales, slightly resembling a cat fish shape, and not only destitute of eyes, but of every thing bearing the slightest resemblance to the visual organ. If some friend can tell us to what class of fishes these piscivorous specimens belong, we will yield him the palm of lethology.