

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



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

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

The youthful maid—the gentle bride—
The happy wife, her husband's pride,
Who meekly kneel at morning ray,
The incense of their vows to pay,
Or pour, amid their household train,
From love's full heart, the vesper strain,
What know they of her anguish'd cry,
Who lonely lifts the tearful eye?
No sympathizing glance, to view
Her altered cheek's unceremonious hue—
No soothing tone, to quell the power
Of grief that bursts at midnight hour;
Oh, God! her heart is pierc'd and bare—
Have mercy on the Widow's prayer!

Not like that mother's heavenward sigh,
Who sees her fond protector nigh,
In hers, who rest of earthly trust,
Hath laid her bosom's load in dust,
Sleeps her young babe! but who shall share
His waking charms—his holy care?
Who shield the daughter's opening bloom,
Whose father moulders in the tomb?
Her son, the treacherous world beguiles,
What voice shall warn him of his wiles?
What strong hand break the deadly snare?
Oh, answer, Heaven! the Widow's prayer!

For not the breath of prosperous days,
Though warm with joy, or winged with praise,
E'er kindled such a living coal,
Of deep devotion in the soul,
As that wild blast which bore away
Its idol to returnless clay,
And for the wreath that crown'd the brow,
Left bitter herbs, and hyssop bough—
A lonely couch—a sever'd tie—
A tear that time can never dry—
Unutter'd woe—unfilled care—
Oh, God! regard the Widow's prayer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I THINK IT'S LIKELY!

"Well, well, I think it's likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbid him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they all starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl of scarcely eighteen years; beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, on which her own was a miniature; and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married against her father's will, and had consequently been disinherited and left to poverty. Old Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine, and sat in his arm chair from morning till night, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles, filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of.

The fond girl went on pleading.
"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what beautiful girl he has married."
"I think it's likely," said the old man, "but don't tease, and open the door a little, this playroom smokes so."

"Well," continued Ellen, "won't you just see her now, she is so good—and—the little boy, he looks so innocent—"

"What did you say," interrupted the father, "a boy? have I a grand child? why, why, Ellen, I never knew it before; but I think it's likely. Well, well, now give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lessons."

Ellen left him. The old man's heart began to relent. "Well," he went on, "Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at college, but I indulged him; and he was always good to his old father, for all that; but he disobeyed by marrying this poor girl; yet as my old friend and soldier, Tom Bonner, used to say, we must forgive and forget. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I've got to know what has become of him. If I could find him or one of his children—heaven grant they are not suffering! This playroom smokes so—now my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was, that Charles married—but I

have never inquired her name. I'll find out, and—"

"Then you will forgive him," said Ellen, rushing into the room.
"I think it's likely," said the old man.
Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes.

"That—that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around her father's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up into his face, and leaped out, "grandpa, what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bosom, and kissed him again and again. After his emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy.

"I am named after grandpa."

"What do I hear," said the old man, "Thomas Bonner your grandfather?"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives with me—"

"Get me my cane!" said the old man, "and come Ellen, you come along; be quick child."

They started off at a quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat looking of his son. There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unable he was to perform the necessary task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out seeking employment, to support his needy family. Mr. Wheatly burst into tears.

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man, as he embraced his old friend, who was petrified with amazement. When they had become a little composed—"Come," said Mr. Wheatly, come all of you home with me, we will live together; there is plenty room in my house for us all."

By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given, and Ellen was almost wild with joy.

"Oh, how happy we shall be," she exclaimed, "and, father, you will love little Thomas—and he'll be your pet, won't he?"

"Ay," said the old man, "I think it's likely."

ANECDOTES OF GEN. HARRISON.

The following circumstance was mentioned during the session of the Harrisburg convention by Judge Burnet, of Ohio, a warm personal friend of Gen. Harrison.

Many years since, while the great tide of emigration was flowing throughout the western states, the hero of the Thames having, for a while, exchanged the arduous duties of a statesman and a general for the more peaceful pursuits of agriculture, was on a hot summer evening, at the porch of his humble "log cabin" asked for shelter and a meal, by a minister of the gospel of the Methodist Episcopal persuasion. The jaded appearance of the steed, and the soiled garments of the rider, proclaimed the fatigue of the day, and with his usual courtesy, the old General welcomed the stranger. After a plain and substantial supper, the guest joined with his host in social conversation; and the latter, laying aside the character of the soldier and statesman, willingly listened to the pious instruction of the traveller. They retired to rest, the good old soldier thankful to a munificent providence, that he was enabled to administer to the wants of a fellow creature, and the worthy minister of Christ, invoking the blessing of Heaven upon the head of his kind benefactor. Morning came, and the minister prepared to depart. He was in the act of taking leave, when he was informed that his horse had died during the night. This loss, however severe, considering that he had yet two hundred miles to travel, did not discourage him in the exercise of his duty; but taking his saddle-bags on his arm, he rose to depart, with thanks for the kindness of his entertainer: The old General did not attempt to prevent him, though he offered his condolence upon the loss, but an observing eye could have detected a smile of inward satisfaction, which the consciousness of doing good alone produces. The guest reached the door, and to his astonishment, found one of the General's horses accounted with his own saddle and bridle, in waiting for him. He returned and remonstrated, stating his inability to pay for it, and that in all probability he should never again visit that section of country. But the General was inexorable, and reminded the astonished Divine, that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," sent him on his way, his heart overflowing with gratitude, and his prayers directed to Heaven for blessings on the venerable hero.

The following touching anecdote of Gen. Harrison's goodness of heart should commend him at least to the respect and good opinion of the Irish citizen; although he might, in the free exercise of his political sentiments, oppose the General as a candidate for the presidency. Generous hearts should always sympathize; although on matters in which the kinder virtues have no concern, they may be allowed to differ. By the way, it is worthy of remark, that Gen. Harrison had no true friends and admirers while he was fighting in the late war against a ferocious enemy, than the noble hearted, whole-souled Irishmen, who were then in the country. *What a contrast!* The Irishman who are here now "in these piping times of peace," who cannot feel and appreciate as their predecessors did, the

services rendered to this country by Gen. Harrison, are his bitter and uncompromising enemies! And why? Their generous natures have been soured against him and their minds and feelings abused by their association with a party who are using them as stock in trade, to make their fortunes out of! Who that has watched the movements of that party for years past, will doubt it? Who that has thus used them will dare deny it?

About two or three years since, a young Irishman, named John Hanley, of respectable parents, emigrated to Cincinnati, Ohio, with his wife, whom he married for love, against his father's wishes, which was the cause of his leaving his country. Some short time after Hanley, who had kept a small store in Cincinnati, heard of the death of his father, who was a man of much property. Having also been informed that he would thereby come into a comfortable independence, he sold out every thing and embarked with his wife for Ireland. On arriving there, what was his sad disappointment to learn that he was left five pounds, or in other words disinherited. He immediately raised a small sum of money to pay his passage and that of his wife, and returned to Cincinnati, where the wife, who was an accomplished and interesting woman, endeavored to obtain a livelihood for her husband by teaching music. Gen. Harrison having heard of the peculiarly distressing circumstances above related, with whose touching and somewhat romantic history he sympathized with that benevolence of heart which has ever been characteristic of his noble and chivalrous disposition. There was the berth of a clerkship in his office vacant. It was worth five hundred dollars a year. Many personal friends of the General solicited it of him in behalf of their sons. He reluctantly refused them all, and gave the place to the poor young Irishman, Hanley. And let all true hearted Irishmen remember, and what Irishman has not a waagn and true heart, that Hanley held the office to the hour of his death, and was paid up to that moment, though for the last six months of his life he had been ill and unable to perform the duties of his station. For authorities of the above statement, we refer you to the three following persons at Cincinnati, viz:—Bishop Purcell, the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, and Dr. Bonner.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DECATUR.

The late gallant Decatur was a sailor to the very heart's core, and loved to tell anecdotes of the common sailors. I recollect one which he used to relate, to the following purport: In one of the actions before Tripoli, while fighting hand to hand with the Captain of a gunboat, Decatur came near being cut down by a Turk, who attacked him from behind. A seaman, named Reuben James, who was already wounded in both hands, seeing the risk of his commander, rushed in and received the blow of his uplifted sabre on his own head. Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his reward. Some time afterward, when he had recovered from his wounds, Decatur sent for him on deck; expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him to ask for some reward. The honest tar pulled up his waistband, and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what recompense to claim. His mess-mates gathered around him, nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear: "He had all the world in a string, and could get what he pleased;" "the old man could deny him nothing," etc. One advised this thing, another that "double pay," "double allowance," "a boat-swain's berth," "a pocket full of money, and a full swing on shore," etc. Jack elbowed them all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward to which he aspired; it was, to be excused from rolling up the hammock cloths! The whimsical request was of course granted; and from that time forward whenever the sailors were piped to stow away their hammocks, Jack was to be seen loitering around, and looking on, with the most gentlemanlike leisure. He always continued in the same ship with Decatur. "I could always know the state of my bile by Jack," said the Commodore. "If I was in good humor, and wore a pleasant aspect, Jack would be sure to leave in sight, to receive a friendly nod; and if I were out of humor, and wore, as I sometimes did, a foul weather physiognomy, Jack kept aloof and skulked among the other sailors." It is proper to add, that Reuben James received a more solid reward for his gallant devotion, than the privilege above mentioned, a pension having been granted him by the Government. * * * On another occasion, Decatur had received at New York the freedom of the city, as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day, he overheard this colloquy between two of his sailors: "Jack," said one, "what is the meaning of this 'freedom of the city,' which they've been giving to the old man?" "Whv don't you know? Why, it's the right to frolick around the streets as much as he pleases, kick up a row, knock down the men, and kiss the women!" "Oh ho!" cried the other; "that's something worth fighting for!"

THE DOCTOR.

"Pray, sir, is the section of country in which you are about to settle sickly?" said an old gentleman to a couple of young physicians who were displaying their learning on board a steamboat. "Very much so indeed," observed one of them; "I expect to witness many a death-bed scene in the course of next summer." "I have no doubt but that you will," replied the old gentleman, "provided you get much practice."

VERY AFFECTING.

A farmer going to "get his ground" at mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was some how or other knocked into the water by the water wheel, and the bag went with him. He was drowned; and when the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious! what a loss there'll be about that bag!"

AN INCIDENT WORTHY OF RECORD.

A few days since in a town in Illinois, a number of citizens of both political parties assembled to hear a discussion of political subjects. Among those present was an old man whose head was white with the snows of seventy winters. He walked with a long staff, and his hearing failed him. He was placed on the speakers stand. Here he sat patiently hearing the different speakers. At length, a young lawyer came on the stand and shortly commenced a most violent tirade of personal abuse of General Harrison. The old man sat patiently listening to it all until the Speaker pronounced that word appeared like magic on the old man. His eyes, dimmed with age, flashed with renovated fire; seizing his stick, and springing to his feet with all the buoyancy of the age of 20, he seized the speaker by the collar, and in a clear, shrill voice that thrilled through the crowd, exclaimed "you are a liar. I (said the old man) served under Harrison, and you shall not tell that lie on my old commander to my face." The effect may be imagined but not described. The whole crowd, of both parties, became so indignant at the speaker that he had to be smuggled away to protect his person.

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AT THE OPENING OF THE WHIG ASSOCIATION.

At the opening of the Whig Association at Wrentham, Mass., a Silk Purse was presented, on which was inscribed: "The Ladies' Offering to the Whig Association, hoping that by the election of Gen. W. H. Harrison, this and other purses in the country may be WELL FILLED."

LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.—The following is given as an actual speech made before the Tennessee Legislature, by a representative from Knox county:

Fellow-citizens:—I didn't come here to make a speech at this time, but only just to extinguish myself as a candidate. Gentlemen, I am the floating candidate for the superfluous district, and I only want to make a few remarks at this time. A good many of you, gentlemen, has never seen me before, and I merely want to state my views upon the question to be agitated. Gentlemen, I was born in the county of Sullivan, and feacht up in Knox, without parentage, and if it hadn't been for the goodness of God and several other gentlemen, who tucked me when an orphan boy at 12 years of age, and gin me an education, I might have been as ignorant as the common people, or you, gentlemen. Gentlemen, my father was a patriarch of the Revolution, and I am a patriarch. Gentlemen, my father stained the walls of America with his blood, and when Gen. Jackson killed the Indians at New Orleans, I waded up to my knees in mud.—Gentlemen I am opposed to Nullification. Gentlemen, I would rather be a gallypot slave, than for to be Nullifier. Gentlemen, I haint got time to give you my views now, and I will call upon you in a few days, but gentlemen, there is a set of Big Bugs here who are a tryin to put me down, but gentlemen, I defy 'em. Gentlemen, I have always been for liberty, independence, and glory. Gentlemen, I hope to be delivered out of the hands of the bullrashes. Gentlemen, come over across the square, and take something, and we'll get better acquainted.

SANDWICH ISLAND DANDIES.

The principal beauty of the islanders, in their own estimation, consists in their being enormously fat, some of them weighing upwards of three hundred pounds; and measures are consequently resorted to that will successfully and expeditiously produce the much desired result. With this view, the chiefs take little exercise, and eat enormously. Altho' they have stuffed as much as their stomachs will contain, without the risk of positive suffocation, they roll over upon their backs upon the ground, grunting like large swine, when two attendants approach, and place themselves on each side of the patient. One wields a kahili, or feather fly brush, to cool his master and keep off the mosquitoes; while the other commences his operations by punching his fist violently into the stomach of the fallen man, who, with a great snort, acknowledges his consciousness and the pleasure he derives from it. Soon the other serving man follows, and the regular kneading process is performed; but at first, slowly and cautiously, but gradually increasing in quickness and severity, until the attendant is forced to stop for breath, and the poor stupefied lump of obesity forgets to grunt in unison with the rapidly descending blows. This is the operation of *rums-rums*, and is usually continued for ten or fifteen minutes; after which the patient rises, yawns, stretches his limbs, and calls for another calabash of *poe*. This custom is followed almost exclusively by the chiefs, but is not confined to the male sex, the women enjoying the luxury with the men. The *rums-rums* is also practised in cases of abdominal pains, and in dyspeptic complaints. Even foreigners sometimes resort to it, and find it beneficial.—*Townsend's Sporting Tour.*

VANDALISM.

It is stated in the Baltimore Visitor, that there are two persons in that city so lost to every feeling of respect for the memory of the father of his country, so devoid of every sense of honour and the right of property, as to wantonly deface the Washington monument. They laid a wager that one of them could not hit the scroll in the hand of the statue, with a ball fired from a rifle. The fellow made the attempt and succeeded, the ball striking the scroll and shivering off a fragment. We do not, we cannot regard this in the light of a trifling injury done to public property in a wild feat. It is a gross insult to the city of Baltimore and to the State of Maryland; it is an insult to the American people, a sacrilegious outrage upon the memory of the immortal Washington.—*Philad. Inq.*

LIFE IN TEXAS.

—J. R. Chandler.—A few days after my landing in Texas, I was standing in the gallery of our hotel—they have more hotels here than in Philadelphia—and saw a file of marines in rusty gray uniform coming up street past the Custom House; they had in charge a person in like uniform with themselves, whose arms were pinioned, and entered a Magistrate's office hard by; I followed, and from the officer's examination, learned that the prisoner, who was a Marine in service, at the Navy Yard, at the west end of the town, had some days previous murdered one of his fellows and secreted the body which was only discovered that morning, and some property of the deceased found upon the person of the prisoner fixed guilt upon him; I had visited the naval barracks a few hours before, and it struck me when I saw the want of cleanliness and neatness in the wooden building of the yard, and; the dirty and unsoldierlike look of a half dozen men on duty, that the police of the place was rather lax. The prisoner while in the office chattered and joked with as much nonchalance as if he were merely a spectator and his personal safety not at all implicated; his companions were in quite as good humor, and so was the magistrate, who addressed the prisoner

THE PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO CANAL.

The Cleveland papers announce an event of great importance, the connexion of Pittsburgh and Cleveland by a navigable canal, and the passage of a boat over the Ravenna summit on the 3d inst. The Herald says: The Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal is the work of an incorporated company acting under a joint charter from the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, obtained in the winter of 1827. It was undertaken by the capitalists of Philadelphia, and unlike almost every other work of a company for internal improvement, has been prosecuted to a completion. The work progressed with the funds of the stockholders only, till the passage of the now called 'plunder act' by the Ohio Legislature, when it became entitled to about \$400,000 under that law. We have not the statistics of this canal before us, and cannot therefore give its history in detail. It leaves the Ohio river at mouth of the Big Beaver in Pennsylvania, and extends up the valley of that stream to New Castle. Here it bends westward, ascending the Mahoning to Warren and Ravenna, 501 feet above Lake Erie. Thence descending the valley of the Breakneck and the Cuyahoga, it enters the Ohio Canal at Akron, 39 miles from Cleveland.

ITS LENGTH IS ABOUT 100 MILES.

Its length is about 100 miles, total of lockage something less than 500 feet. From Beaver to Pittsburgh, thirty miles, the boats will be towed by steam, and may proceed by the Pennsylvania Canal to Johnstown, at the foot of the Portage Railroad.

It is impossible to foresee the course of trade in this changing and advancing country. But it is difficult to discover any cause sufficient to divert the spring and fall trade of Detroit and the Upper Lake country from this channel, when the tolls of the Pennsylvania canal shall be fixed at a reasonable rate.

IT IS WELL KNOWN BY ALL WHO RESIDE IN,

or have visited Washington the past winter, that our Democratic President, Mr. Van Buren, the great Head and Chief of the office holders of the Nation, has procured a splendid service of pure massive gold—Golden plates—Golden cups—Golden knives and forks—Golden spoons—Golden goblets, &c. &c. and all purchased with the people's money; for the Commissioner of public buildings at Washington, has said that not one dollar has been paid by Mr. Van Buren for a single article of furniture in the White House. All, all, has been procured with the people's money. And what becomes of this treasure when Mr. Van Buren retires to private life? Does it go to his successor? Scarcely—It will most likely be considered one of the perquisites of his office, and go to swell his already immense wealth. This our Democratic President. Working-men who have hitherto honestly supported Mr. Van Buren, how do you like him? Are you willing to deny yourselves and families the comforts of life that he may eat from golden plates and sip his wine from golden goblets? If so, support him. If not, join with us, and elect a President who will think of something else besides office and gold—who will be willing to dispense with a golden dinner service, and who will pursue a course of policy that will give us employment at old prices. This is the best policy for us, whatever the office holders may say to the contrary.—*The People's New Haven Palladium.*

THE BOSTON TRAVELLER STATES THAT A LITTLE

school girl bantered with her comrades that she could "skip a rope" one hundred times on one foot without stopping. She performed her boast, but it nearly proved fatal to her. She was taken to the school house, and from thence to her home, covered with blood. Not only was the foot on which she skipped bathed in blood, but it exuded thro' every pore of her skin, and stood in drops all over her body, arms and face. She remained in an extremely dangerous state for several days, but is now recovering.

PERSEVERANCE.—Macklin's advice to

his son.—I have often told you that man must be the maker or marrer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine. He who depends upon incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons the noblest, the most exalted kind. They are creators of fortune and fame, the founders, and never can disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of fortune a tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius you have learning, you have industry at times, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly.—*Perseverance.*

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.—A clock maker

of Vienna whose name is Mathias Ralzenhofer, has constructed a clock of which the following description is given: Its dial-plate, which is fourteen inches in diameter, is in the centre the dial for Vienna, and around and radiating from it seventy-two cities of different parts of the world, each with its own dial the name of the place. It shows the difference of meantime between Vienna and the seventy-two other towns, and is set in motion by a four pound weight only; all the other clocks, however, are put in motion from the centre of the Vienna clock, so that if the work stand still, nothing more is necessary than to set the Vienna clock to make all other clocks indicate the true time.

ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 10,000 IRISHMEN,

all teetotalers, marched the streets of Dublin in procession, in honor of temperance.

as Mr. Cook; after sometime I withdrew; and the guard and prisoner shortly afterwards their appearance and marched towards the fort, on the beach, about two miles east of the town.

There was a grocery next door to the office where this examination had been conducted, as they came opposite to it, "halt!" cried the Sergeant in command, and halt they did upon the instant—urged as well by instinct as discipline, each man was speedily helped to the good liquors of the inn; and mine host with commendable kindness passed the glass to the lips of the helpless Mr. Cook.

In one of our towns of the size of Galveston an incident of this kind would have furnished matter for a week's gossip, and the parade of a prisoner with arms pinioned would have drawn after it a grove of boys; but here, not a solitary urchin followed, nor did I ever hear the matter spoken of.

The location of Galveston is beautiful beyond description, and at no distant day it will be the greatest city on the Gulf of Mexico. The trade along the Gulf Coast is already very considerable and increasing rapidly. An English ship and French brig, besides numerous Yankee crafts are here, and small vessels are daily arriving and departing for Sabine, Margorda, Velasco, Live Oak Point, and other places on the Gulf Coast. A number of small steamboats from the Ohio are engaged in the trade to Houston.

Between this and New Orleans, there is a line of boats plying constantly; the Neptune, New York, and Columbia are as fine steamers as float upon any waters; they make the passage usually in fifty hours, and arrive mostly well freighted with passengers, merchandise, furniture, &c. These boats carry the mail between "the States" and Texas, and as soon as the curl of smoke and vapor is discovered upon the Eastern horizon, a crowd collects upon the wharf, or slip, as they have it in Gotham—and long before the plank is thrown out, will be heard the cry, loud above all other cries from a dozen mouths, "what is our money at New Orleans?" "five for one," was the reply, to these queries when the New-York came in some days since—that is, five dollars in Texas promissory notes for one dollar in silver or "States money;" "damn the New Orleans brokers," was the quick response—the brokers of that city are charged with operating to a great extent upon the Treasury Notes of the Republic. General Samuel Houston is here, in impaired health, but in his fine Mexican blanket still looks well; he was a member of Congress and has just retired from Austin. From all I could learn, he was the ablest member of that body. He is the leader of the opposition and will be its next candidate for the presidency in opposition, in all probability to Burnet.

SIZES AND AGE.—The oldest man in the

House of Representatives is John Q. Adams; the youngest Edward Stanley, of North Carolina; the largest, Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, who weighs over four hundred pounds; the tallest, Aaron Vanderpool; the shortest, J. A. Byng; the prettiest, David Petriken; the ugliest, Alexander Duncan; the man who has the reddest head and the prettiest daughter, is Frank Granger; and the wisest man is H. A. Wise—in his own opinion. All the others enjoy a reputation for wisdom equally extensive.—*N. O. Sun.*

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school girl bantered with her comrades that she could "skip a rope" one hundred times on one foot without stopping. She performed her boast, but it nearly proved fatal to her. She was taken to the school house, and from thence to her home, covered with blood. Not only was the foot on which she skipped bathed in blood, but it exuded thro' every pore of her skin, and stood in drops all over her body, arms and face. She remained in an extremely dangerous state for several days, but is now recovering.

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