

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The Liberty to hear, 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 forbidden 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 enrich'd
From various gardens culled with care."

THE WARNING.

AFTER THE MANNER OF BERANGER—BY R. M. CHARLTON.

Maiden of the blooming age,
O'er whose path the sunlight lingers,
O'er whose brow despair and rage
Ne'er have swept with loathsome fingers!
Virgin! pure in heart and mind,
Shun the spot where Love reposes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Damsel! thou whom Time hath kissed
Slightly on thy lips of coral,
By the charms that thou hast missed,
Learn, oh! learn the simple moral:
Time may seem to thee unkind—
Love a brighter fate disclose;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Warrior, from the battle-field,
With thy laurel wreath around thee,
Arm thyself with sword and shield,
Fly, ere yet the foe hath bound thee!
Love, for thee, a spell hath twined,
Where the eye of Beauty closes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Father! thou whose tottering gait
Tells of lengthened years and sorrows—
Tells what soon will be thy fate,
Ere the sun brings many morrows—
Love will seek e'en thee to bind,
Ere Death's portal o'er thee closes;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

Maiden, damsel, warrior, sire!
Shun the spell of this enchanting;
Come not near his hidden fire,
Heed ye not his idle banter:
He is fickle, false and blind—
He the source of all our woes is;
Oh, beware! or thou wilt find
Sharpest thorns among his roses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Book.

THE NEW MINISTER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What kind of sermon did the new Minister give you this morning?" asked Ellen May of her sister Mary, as the latter came in from church on a bright Sabbath morning in the pleasant month of June.

"Oh, it was delightful!" replied Mary with animation. "He is a splendid looking man with an eye as bright as a diamond. And such a voice! It was the finest for an orator I ever heard."

"What was the text Mary?" said Mrs. May, with a grave countenance.

"Why it was—'It was in the—I declare mother I cannot recall it at this moment; but it's on my tongue's end.—It was in the—it was there where it speaks about—'"

"You paid more attention, I see, to Mr. Elbertson's eyes and voice than to his sermon, Mary," said her mother seriously.—"I'm afraid I shall not like our new Minister if his person is to make a deeper impression than his words."

"Indeed mother, it was an elegant sermon," urged Mary, "and now I remember the subject. It was on the 'Beauty of Holiness,' and the text was 'Be ye holy, for I am holy.' Mary's voice sunk into a lower and more serious tone, as she repeated this brief portion of the Holy Word. 'I never felt so like being religious in my life, as I did while he was preaching. The life of holiness was so beautifully pictured. I were to hear such sermons every Sunday, I am sure I should be much better than I am.'"

"You were much pleased, then, with the new Minister, Mary," said her father who came in, in time to hear her closing remark. He had pushed at the door to have a parting word with a close neighbor.

"Indeed I was," replied Mary warmly. "And boy did you like him, father?" asked Mrs. May, looking into her husband's face, with an expression that indicated no small degree of concern. "She was a woman whose thoughts were much occupied on religious subjects, and she therefore, felt a good deal of anxiety about the new Minister who was to take the place of good old Mr. Morrison, recently removed by death from his labors."

The husband smiled, and remarked in a quiet tone.
"He certainly preached an excellent sermon as Mary says."
"But is he at all like dear, good old Mr. Morrison?" said Mrs. May, the rising moisture dimming her eyes as she thought of the gray-headed old minister who had preached to them for the last thirty five years.

"No he is not like Mr. Morrison. No two men are alike. And there are few of the same class of men as Mr. Morrison left. Every new generation differs in some degree from the preceding one, and the ministers differ as the people."
"Then I shall not like Mr. Elbertson," said Mrs. May, despondingly. "I don't think I can ever hear him preach."
"Yes, mother you will like him, I am sure you will!" spoke up Mary, with warmth and animation. "Don't you think she will, father?"

"Indeed Mary I cannot tell. Your mother was very much attached to the excellent minister who has been taken away from us and I should not at all be surprised if she would be a long time in getting reconciled to the loss. Mr. Elbertson is a young man. But notwithstanding his fine talents and I trust sincere piety, he is a very different person from old Mr. Morrison. He may be a better minister, and a better man, but—"

"Never! Never!" said Mrs. May with warmth, interrupting her husband.
"I did not say he was," replied Mr. May smiling pleasantly at his wife's warmth of expression. "I was only going to suppose a case."

"But it is wrong to suppose what is not true. Mr. Elbertson never was and never will be, as good a man or as good a minister as Mr. Morrison."

"But you have never seen him nor heard him preach mother," said Mary.
"No, nor never wish to," resumed Mrs. May evidently losing command of her feelings.

"Well just never mind mother" said Mr. May soothingly. "It is not right you know to form an unfavorable opinion of any man before having a fair opportunity to become acquainted with his true character. You must go to hear Mr. Elbertson, and then I have no doubt but you will think well of him."

"That evening Mr. Ellis and his wife came in to sit an hour or two."
"You were not at church this morning Mrs. May" said Mrs. Ellis, after her bonnet and shawl were taken off and handed into the next room by Ellen May.

"I could not well leave home," replied Mrs. May.
"Of course you did not hear our new minister" said Mr. Ellis in rather an equivocal tone. He doesn't preach like good old Mr. Morrison, I can tell you that for one shall never be reconciled to the change!"

"I am sure I shall not," responded Mrs. May. "I don't think I can ever hear him preach. I am told that he is a young foppish fellow; one of our preachers that try to create a sensation; and Mrs. May shook her head while an expression allied to sadness flitted across her countenance."

"There is something of the dandy about him I must confess," said Mr. Ellis. "And as to his preaching it was nothing at all like old Mr. Morrison's."

"Ah me!" sighed Mrs. May. "I wish the good old man had only lived a while longer. The new minister was also the burden of conversation between Mr. Ellis and Mrs. May."

"How were you pleased with Mr. Elbertson?" asked the former.
"Why I must confess that I am prepossessed in his favor. His manner and style of sermonizing is so different from that of our late pastor, that it is not easy at once to be reconciled to so great a change. Any change, even the better, shocks the feelings and hinders the judgement from estimating it truly."

"But it's not possible that you mean to intimate that Mr. Elbertson is a better minister than Mr. Morrison was?" said Mr. Ellis in surprise. "Why, my dear sir, he won't bear comparison with him. I am surprised at the vestry for making so unsuitable a choice!"

"But you judge him prematurely," replied Mr. May, in a calm but earnest tone of voice. "He is a young man, and was evidently ill at ease this morning in his new position. He seemed to me to feel that in the minds of the congregation there must, all the while, be an involuntary process of comparison going on between him and the venerable and much beloved man, who had so long stood at the desk where he was standing. He has some mannerism about him, but every minister has these and they are only unpleasant when first observed. Mr. Morrison had some peculiarities to himself, but we were so used to him, and liked the man so well, that we did not see them."

"I am sure I could never see any," responded Mr. Ellis, catching in the true spirit of controversy at the last remark.—"His like I never expect to see again. And as for this Mr. Elbertson, the more I think about him, the more do I feel dissatisfied. It is a shame to place such a man over the sainted Mr. Morrison's congregation! I almost wonder the old man can sleep quietly in his grave."

Mr. Ellis was evidently warming, and as he allowed his feelings to become excited, the more blind did he become in his perceptions of the character of the new minister. Perceiving this, Mr. May made an effort to change the conversation but could not succeed; and was forced, for nearly the whole evening, to oppose a mild remonstrance to the severe things that were said about the new minister. In these strictures all joined but Mary, and she was on the side taken by her father.

While these animadversions were going on let us look upon the unconscious subject of them. We will find him seated at a table in his chamber, with his head resting upon his hand. His new position has agitated him in spite of every effort he can make to keep his feelings calm. He is a young man of fine talents well educated and deeply conscious of the responsibilities attached to his sacred office.

Thus seated the thoughts that passed through his mind troubled him. His reception by the people, over whom he had been called as a minister it seemed to him was not cordial.

"Surely," he said mentally, "they are disappointed in me. It was not well for one so young as me to take the place of that long tried, faithful and aged servant."

Just at this moment there was a loud knock at his door, and Mr. Bisbee, one of the vestry men entered.

"Good evening, good evening, Mr. Elbertson! How do you do to night," he said bustling in and taking a chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Quite well," responded the minister, endeavoring to smile cheerfully, but in vain. But so much occupied was Mr. Bisbee with his own thoughts that he did not perceive the feelings of the smile, nor the almost sad expression that followed it.

"I dropped in this evening, began his visitor, to have a little talk with you in a friendly manner. I am a free spoken man you must know; but I always mean well. Every thing with me is honest and above board. And so I will say to you, that as I know the people a great deal better than you do, a few hints, such as I can give, may be of great use to you."

"I shall certainly be indebted to you for any such kind offices," replied the minister endeavoring to rouse himself up to that state of indifference which is often assumed as a protection to the feelings.

"I mean all well, you may be assured, sir," said Mr. Bisbee. "And so I will come at once to the point. In the first place, your sermons was too long to day, by a quarter of an hour. Mr. Morrison never preached over thirty minutes and the people can't endure to sit any longer. And then you reasoned too much; our old minister always brought a subject right home to the feelings of the congregation, in the most simple, touching way imaginable.—I am not alone in this opinion for I have talked with twenty since this morning about it, and they all agree that such kind of preaching won't suit here. And no one knew the strange hymn you gave out. It is in the book it is true; but Mr. Morrison always stuck to the old familiar hymns that we have known and sung ever since we were children. And I must say that you had too much action; Mr. Morrison used to lay his hand upon the Bible impressively, and never lifted or waved it about more than once or twice during the whole sermon. I have heard this particularly objected to in you. I am thus frank, Mr. Elbertson, because I know you are desirous of pleasing the people; and unless you know what they like, how can you please them?"

"I am certainly indebted to you, Mr. Bisbee, said the young minister, quietly, and shall endeavor to profit by your hints."

"That is right—that is right, Mr. Elbertson, responded his visitor, warming with pleasure at the idea of the good office to the church and the minister both, that he was performing. It is some satisfaction to advise a man when he is willing to profit by what you say. But another thing: I have heard some object to your dress.—They don't think it is as plain as becomes a minister."

"I really don't see how I can dress plainer," replied Mr. Elbertson, glancing down at himself. "My clothes are new and fit me well. You certainly would not have me go with faded or shabby clothing."

"Oh no—no indeed, sir. But there, said Mr. Bisbee, there is something in the way your clothes are made and put on that kind of looks foppish. It would be well if you could remedy this in some way. Mr. Morrison always dressed very plain."

"He was an old man you must remember, said the minister, and dressed as became his age. I am a young man, and must dress as becomes my age. In all things there should be fitness and propriety. And you should remember, that it is the kind and quality of the garments which clothe the mind, that are of most importance. My external clothing I have made after the fashion in which all men around me wear it. Beyond that it costs me but few thoughts."

"But if the way you dress offends your brethren, are you not bound to change it for their sakes?"

"If they are offended without any real cause existing in me, the cause is in them, and it is certainly more important that they should remove the real cause from themselves, than the imaginary one from me.—Unkind and censorious feelings involve a greater wrong, certainly, than a simple suit of well fitting clothes, made in the way that other men wear them."

To this Mr. Bisbee was at a loss to reply.

It was to him, altogether, a new form of argument.

"I trust I have not offended you Mr. Elbertson, he said, by the freedom of my remarks. I assure you I spoke in the utmost sincerity."

"I do not doubt that, Mr. Bisbee; and it would ill become me as a minister, to be offended at the sincere admonition of any one of my people. Still I may be able to perceive errors in them as readily as they can perceive them in me. The fault found with me, as far as you have brought it to my notice, is altogether in mere forms and externals. Nothing has been said in reference to the purity of the doctrines which I taught, nor of their power, through divine aid, to change the heart."

"O, no sir, no, responded Mr. Bisbee, quickly. "The doctrine was sound enough, it was only the manner."

"Then don't you perceive, said the minister, mildly, but with impressive earnestness, that you have stopped to criticize the conformation of the shell while the kernel, in which all the substance resides, has been suffered to fall to the ground?"

Mr. Bisbee was silent and the minister proceeded:—
"There are duties, reciprocal between a minister and the congregation. And especially is there a duty of charity and forbearance due from a congregation towards a new minister, whom they have invited to take charge of them, that if he is sincere in his calling as a minister, he will endeavor to preach for their good. For a time at least until the embarrassments of his new position shall have worn off and until he shall begin to feel at home among his people, should they treat him with great consideration. Instead of expecting every thing from him, they should yield something of their own for the sake of the stranger. By and by, they will know each other better, and charity, like a tender vine, in its spontaneous growth will spring up, and unite them in the bonds of Christian fellowship."

When Mr. Bisbee went away that evening, it was with very different feelings than those which moved him to call upon the new minister. He found him to be a man of a different character altogether than he supposed him. He was mortified at his meddlesome and weak interference, but not by any means sored in his feelings toward Mr. Elbertson, for the mild, earnest manner of that individual had disarmed him.

On the next Sabbath morning, the minister entered the pulpit with subdued feelings. He had experienced during the week various trials from the unguarded expressions of many of the members, who too freely objected, one to his peculiarity and another to that. At times, he had almost given way to despondency; but remembering in whose cause he was laboring, and in whom he put his trust, he looked upwards, and received strength to sustain him. After going through the regular services, he announced his text in a voice that slightly trembled. The words were—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

The impressive and somewhat subdued tone of his voice, and the devout and elevated expression of his countenance, had the effect to throw the minds of such of his congregation as had before been disposed to find fault, off the minister, and to fix them upon his subject. And in this, before he was done, they found enough suited to their peculiar conditions. Perhaps, of all who were present, Mr. Bisbee best understood the whole bearing of the sermon. He never once thought of the strange hymn, the excess of action, nor did he observe that Mr. Elbertson's dress was at all unbecoming. And certainly he did not think it long although it extended to just one hour.

Among those present was Mrs. May, whose husband, backed by the persuasions of Mary, had induced her to go. A great many allegations had been made in her presence against the new minister by sundry neighbors during the week, and instead of finding her estimation of him at all increased, it was at a lower ebb than ever. Of course, she was in no way prepared to hear with an unprejudiced mind.

"I never heard a sermon like that before, in my life, said Mary, as the family entered the house together, after the conclusion of the service."

Mrs. May was silent.
"Did you, mother?" said the prepossessed daughter, not at all satisfied to have her mother remain uncommitted in the minister's favor."

"Of course I have, many a time, replied her mother, in a tone indicating a slight degree of irritation."

"Well, I am sure I never did," responded Mary. "Wasn't it a most excellent sermon, father?"

"It was certainly a good sermon, Mary, and I hope as you admire it so much, you will endeavor to practice some of its precepts."

"I can at least try replied the daughter in a tone somewhat serious."

On that evening Mr. Bisbee called in to see Mr. May.

"Well, I think our new Minister improves," he said after he was seated. "I took the liberty of talking to him a little last Sunday evening, and I am pleased to find that he has taken some of my hints. Did not you like him better this morning, Mr. May?"

"Yes I think I did, though I was well pleased with his sermon, on last Sabbath, was the reply."

"Well, I am sure I didn't see any thing extra in his discourse, said Mrs. May.—There was too much fiery about it for me."

It made me almost cry to think that the good old Mr. Morrison's place should be filled by such a young, foppish looking fellow with his fine motions, and milk and water doctrines. I was afraid to say he'll I suppose; and talked as tenderly about sinners going away into eternal banishment as if he were afraid of offending them. Mr. Morrison would't have mumbled the matter in this way. He would have given sound doctrines in the words of Scripture. Such kind of preaching won't do Mr. Bisbee. This young fellow will no doubt, turn the heads of all the girls in the village, as he has already turned our Mary's; but no good will come, see if it does, of vestrymen having selected a young fellow, instead of some good, old time minister."

Mrs. May spoke with warmth, for she felt a good deal excited. She had not before spoken so freely; but once in the way of speaking her sentiments on the matter, she found her ideas flowed more freely than she expected they would, and that, in reality, she had a good deal more to say on the subject than she thought she had. A tap at the door interrupted further remarks, and much to the surprise, and some little to the confusion of Mr. May, the individual of whom she was so freely speaking, entered in company with a neighbor.

The smile that played upon his handsome features, and the respectful manner with which he took Mrs. May's extended hand, on being introduced to her, changed wonderfully in a moment, the hue of her feelings. When Mr. Elbertson went away, he left few serious objections behind him; though still Mrs. May could not help contrasting him in some things, with the late lamented Mr. Morrison."

On the next evening, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis dropped in again and it was not long before the subject of the new minister was introduced. Indeed little else had been talked about in the village since Mr. Elbertson's arrival.

"So you were at church, yesterday, Mrs. May, said her friend."

"Yes, I did venture out, she replied smiling."

"Well, how did you like Mr. Elbertson?" continued Mrs. Ellis.

"Why he preached a pretty fair sermon, said Mrs. May, very deliberately."

Mrs. Ellis shook her head.
"It was not any thing like good old Mr. Morrison's sermons, Mrs. May. Ah me! We shall never look upon his like again."

"No, it was not at all like Mr. Morrison's sermons. But, then, Mrs. Ellis, no two men are alike. Different ministers have different gifts, and we should judge them according to their gifts. I should never be tired of Mr. Morrison, but now that he has been taken away from us, it seems to me right that I should be reconciled, and look upon the one who has been called to fill his place with unprejudiced eyes."

A single evening's contact with Mr. Elbertson, in his social character, had done much to dispel Mrs. May's justly formed prejudices; and the moment her better impressions were opposed, they were aroused into activity, and from feeling more kindly towards him, she was prompted to speak in his favour. Thus, she confirmed, by bringing them out into words, her gradually forming good opinions.

As Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were walking home that evening, the latter said, with a peculiar emphasis upon her words:
"Mr. Elbertson has become a great favorite of Mrs. May's."

"Ah, indeed," responded her husband, "how has that happened?"

"O, she's got a couple of grown up daughters, you know," said Mrs. Ellis, giving her head a toss; although this peculiar and expressive motion could not be perceived by her husband, as they were walking in darkness.

"True, I never thought of that. It is strange how a little self interest will warp persons' opinions and change their views. But Mr. Elbertson is not going to fancy one of her girls."

"No, indeed," responded his wife, "not he. Humph! How weak some people are! A pretty minister's wife one of them would make. Why I've known them both since they were so high! reaching down her outspread hand, to indicate the distance at which these young ladies heads stood once from the ground, and to enforce this strong argument against them."

It so happened, that when Mrs. Ellis awoke the next morning from sleep, she found herself shaking with an ague fit.—This was soon succeeded by a raging fever and for more than a week she remained extremely ill; at the end of that time her life was despaired of. But, at the crisis of the disease, the turning point was in her favor, and she began slowly to recover.—The principal remembrance that she had when her thoughts were calmed by returning health, and the wanderings of her imagination fixed, was the fact that Mr. Elbertson had frequently been to see her, and as often talked to her and prayed with her in the most earnest and affectionate manner. Every day he still continued to call in, and his manner was so tender towards her, and his conversation was so tempered with mild encouragement, and gentle admonition, that every prejudice was dispelled.

"How mistaken we have been in Mr. Elbertson," said she one day to her husband, after she could sit up a little. "I shall never again judge any one hastily."

"We have erred it is true," he replied. "And I hope we shall never forget the excellent lesson for future conduct that you have drawn from it."

The church members that we have introduced were not the only ones who were dissatisfied with the new minister; nor were the prejudices of all so easily dispelled.—Mr. Elbertson had to go through many hard trials from this cause, and he was often much discouraged. But he was a consistent Christian, and the power of consistency will always overcome prejudice. One by one those who were disposed to find fault, were thrown by some unlocked for circumstance into contact with him, in such a way as to be gratified by his ever kind manner. Thus he gradually acquired a power and influence in his new position, not exceeded by that which even good Mr. Morrison possessed.

It was something like a year from the time when the new minister came into the village, that nearly one third of its young folks, and a good proportion of the old men and matrons, were assembled at Mr. May's pleasant cottage. Something unusual, of course was going on; and, whatever it was every one seemed pleased about it.

Presently, there was a movement in the house, and all the gay young people in the garden and on the green before the door, hastily pressed in to witness the—what?—Why, the marriage ceremony, for there was to be a wedding, and Mary May was to be the bride. A venerable minister from a neighboring town, was already in the centre of the floor with the prayer-book in his hand, and before him stood Mrs. May, and by her side was—who?—Why, the new Minister.

No one kissed the young bride's cheek with more earnest fervor than did Mrs. Ellis, and no one was more officious in his efforts to prove himself pleased than Mr. Bisbee. Mrs. May soon forgot the excellent qualities of good old Mr. Morrison, in the more attractive ones of the young minister, whose voice never seemed so eloquent nor his manners so winning, as when he addressed her with the tender name of "mother."

PAIXHAN BOMBS.—Speaking of these destructive engines, a correspondent of the New York American says:
"This invention by M. Paixhan, a French Engineer, is likely to be of great effect in warfare. The quick detonation of Vera Cruz, of Beyroot, and of St. Jean d'Acre, is in proof. The principle is the projection of bombs in a horizontal line, to burst the moment of striking the object, or as near as may be. They are tremendously effective, and possibly will supersede heavy ships of war, as a large ship is a sure mark than a small one, and might be blown up or disabled by the latter before the advantage of its superiority in metal could be realized. Are we at all prepared in the defence of our seaboard towns for this new instrument of war? Are we yet skilled in the use of this kind of shot? Have we indeed any of them in magazines, with the proper apparatus for the use of them? I confess I am ignorant on this point; but my impression is, that we have done nothing either to resist or to use the weapons."

PUZZLING.—The Berks and Schuylkill Journal proposes among others equally puzzling the following question for the debating society:
"Is it under the circumstances to be presumed, that the Gov. of Pennsylvania, is at length certain, that a new constitution, was adopted by the people of this state, about two years ago?"

When that is ascertained and settled, let the following be decided:—
"Was it through ignorance or intoxication that Gov. Porter quoted, in one of his late messages from a defunct constitution?"—Phila. Star.

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIVES.—A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Plymouth, says, that the sloop Belvidere, of Boston, Captain L. Henshaw, from Princeton, for Boston, with sand, anchored in the Cow Yard on Friday night. During the snow storm she filled with water—and the anchors were shipped, and she drifted upon White Flat. About 2 o'clock, A. M. on Saturday, they got the vessel adrift, and in attempting to make the harbor, were carried outside of the beach, and grounded on Brown's Island. As the vessel struck, the Captain was knocked over by the boom, and drowned. The crew, consisting of four men, clung to the shrouds for four hours, the waves dashing over them every few minutes, when, after two unsuccessful attempts, three were rescued from their perilous situation.

The fourth, an Irishman, named James Fearing, became exhausted, and just as the other men were taken off, fell into the water. Had there been a life boat at hand, all the men might have been saved three hours sooner, and without endangering the lives of the brave seamen who went to their assistance.

A GENIUS.—The Cecil (Md.) Gazette mentions that a black boy in that vicinity has made an entire miniature steamboat with cabins, berthdeck and upper deck, curved stern and figure head, forward and after cabins, with windows, wheel-house and paddles, steering-house, barbor's stop capstan, cable-box, settees, bell, pistons, boilers, levers, chimnies, and all other appliances complete. The machinery is so perfect that it may be put in motion by a child.

IRON.—It is estimated that 200,000 tons of iron are manufactured annually in Pennsylvania, or an increase of 100,000 tons since 1833.

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The fourth, an Irishman, named James Fearing, became exhausted, and just as the other men were taken off, fell into the water. Had there been a life boat at hand, all the men might have been saved three hours sooner, and without endangering the lives of the brave seamen who went to their assistance.

A GENIUS.—The Cecil (Md.) Gazette mentions that a black boy in that vicinity has made an entire miniature steamboat with cabins, berthdeck and upper deck, curved stern and figure head, forward and after cabins, with windows, wheel-house and paddles, steering-house, barbor's stop capstan, cable-box, settees, bell, pistons, boilers, levers, chimnies, and all other appliances complete. The machinery is so perfect that it may be put in motion by a child.

IRON.—It is estimated that 200,000 tons of iron are manufactured annually in Pennsylvania, or an increase of 100,000 tons since 1833.