

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 arrears 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 enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

THE PRESS.

BY MRS. ADY.

Oh! the wondrous Press has a magic sway
In its great and giant force,
To the east and west it sends its way
And it takes o'er the seas its course;
Gay dazling stores may the good ship fill
In the pride of vain excess,
But it boasts a treasure more precious still,
In the wealth of the mighty Press.

The sun of genius, unsought, unknown,
May his heaven-born flames pursue,
Their brightness gladden himself alone,
For his friends are far and few.
But see, in the ranks of fame he stands,
Lo! thousands his lays possess,
And his name is blazoned in distant lands,
Through the aid of the mighty Press.

The poet's numbers, the scholar's love,
Cast their radiant spell o'er all;
Those strains are coned in the cottage poor
That enchant the lordly hall:
And the Book more holy than all besides,
Which alone can truly bless,
To the heathen shines as a lamp and guide,
By the power of the mighty Press.

Alas! that a scene so bright, so dear,
Should a dark reverse disclose;
Alas! that a boon so great, so dear,
Should be ever linked with woe;
But the lawless doctrines of men profane
To the world their guilt address,
Proving to thousands a snare and bane,
Through the sway of the mighty Press.

Yet the summer-sky has its wintry doom,
And the rose reveals a thorn,
And evil must ever mix with good
In a race to evil born;
We must bear the pangs of a thwarted will
Where we fondly hoped success,
We must sigh o'er the mass of social ill,
Diffused by the mighty Press.

Yet the light of Faith let us humbly seek
To illumine our dangerous road,
Let us deem all knowledge poor and weak
That would lead our hearts from God;
Then may we welcome instruction's tide,
As it flows our land to bless,
And greet with unmingled joy and pride
The gift of our glorious Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

AN INTERESTING FRENCH TALE.

A YOUNG and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own.

"Allow me," said he, "thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me—I tremble lest all this be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness some malignant fairy steps in to throw the victim into grief and despair!"

"Re-assure yourself, my dear Frederick," said the lady. "I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton and to-day I am Madame de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy.—This is not a victim, but a history."

Frederick de la Tour had some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy's wand; for in the course of two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune he had been raised to happiness and to wealth beyond desires. A friendless orphan, twenty five years old he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when, one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. "Monsieur, Monsieur," said she at the same time, on a given signal, the footman leapt down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederick to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. "I have received your note, sir," said the lady to M. de la Tour, in a very soft and sweet voice; and in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party."

"To see me, madame!" cried Frederick.

"Yes, sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons," continued she, with an air of confusion; "I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so much like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me! Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one."

Of course, Frederick replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M. de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance.—Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; and to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitor at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow was encircled by admirers. One by one, however disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the ladies' whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederick used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune.—He was not ill looking certainly; but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent; and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feeling, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue.—Could he hesitate!

When the marriage contract was signed his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of a large property both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederick felt some strange fears, in spite of herself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her from being spirited away from his view.

"My dear Frederick," said the lady smiling, "sit down beside me, and let me say something to you."

The young husband obeyed, but still did not quit her hand. She began.

"Once on a time—"

Frederick started, and half seriously exclaimed, "Heavens! it is a fairy tale!"

"Listen to me, foolish boy!" resumed the lady. "There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprang up, and induced them to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the decent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital."

"The mother soon followed, and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with this story, this was the moment of her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless—Next day was again without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her face with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received and stooping so as to stimulate age, she went out into the streets. When there she held out her hand. Alas that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it up in the folds of the veil as if it had been leprosed. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself, and asked, 'A sou, a single sou to get bread?' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed.—The mediant thought that experience of distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart."

"The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the police appeared to keep the streets clear of all mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer-by. It was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and, diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and, placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I! you are begging. To the office with you! come along!'"

The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant of whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and

addressing himself to the policeman, said reprovingly, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is—one whom I know.' But, sir, said the officer—I tell you, that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger. Then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old woman, he continued, 'Come along my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl he then led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have, take it, poor woman.'

'The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine,' continued the lady; 'and, as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil distinctly saw your face and figure.'—

'My figure!' said Frederick, in amazement.

'Yes, my friend, your figure,' returned his wife: 'it was to me that you gave arms on that night! It was my life—my honor, perhaps—that you then saved!'

'You a mendicant—you so young, so beautiful, and now so rich!' cried Frederick.

'Yes, my dearest husband,' replied the lady, 'I have in my life received almost once only—and from you; and those arms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night an old woman, in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a seamstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with my mistress whom I served, and indeed I did my best, by unwearied diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt my history. The result was that he sat down by my side one day and asked me plainly if I would marry him.'

"Marry you!" cried I in surprise.

"Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife? I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity as well as you have done adversity. I made my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it!'

"At that time, Frederick," continued the lady, "I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something always insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this.—Yet every one around me pressed me to accept the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might one day make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James' hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection when started, only increased his anxiety for my consent, and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered to me, I consented to Sir James' proposal."

"This part of my story, Frederick, is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the streets where a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant!"

"Happy, Sir James," cried M. de la Tour, at this part of the story; "he could prove his love by enriching you!"

"He was happy," resumed the lady. "Our marriage, so strangely assorted, proved much more conducive it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed as I could prevail upon myself to accept."

"I was a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! An unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you. I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you! As the lady spoke she took from her neck a ribbon, to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. 'Tis the same—the very same which you gave me,' said she, presenting it to Frederick; 'plugging it, I got credit for a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it.'

"Ah how happy I was, Frederick, when I saw you in the street! The excuse which I made for stopping you was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt

even afterwards lest you should have been already married. In that case, you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to serve and enrich you. I would have gone to England and there passed my days in regret perhaps but still in peace. But happy it was to be otherwise. You were single."

Frederick de la Tour was now awakened as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak and fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with gratitude and affection to the lovely and noble hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy to speak. His wife first broke silence.

"So, Frederick," said she, gaily, "you see that if I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all."

It is easy to see that a greater self reliance—a new respect for the divinity in man—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; in their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

FRIENDSHIP.—A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholesomeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems, and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak the truth, as having none about it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and tend the porch of our fellow man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off his drapery and omitting all compliment and ceremony, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in his course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with himself. No man would think of angling falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age, is worth a lot of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and so spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not his ingenuity but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lie, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all light, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

GOOD FROM EVIL.—Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are picked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him, like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said, is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken of me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

AN OUTLAW.—There is said to be living about 35 miles west of Shreveport in Texas, a man named Rose, who had made himself famous in that region, by his number and audacity of his outrages. His house is built on a bluff overlooking Silver Lake. He is one of those who ran away from Mississippi with his negroes, leaving his creditors in the lurch for many thousands. It is said he has lately killed several men and among the rest a deputy sheriff of the county in which he lives—and has openly bid defiance to the civil authorities. But he

has made his house a castle, having a cannon mounted so as to command any approach to it—has a large supply of arms and ammunition, and has regular guards stationed to give him instant warning of the approach of any one who might be disposed to drive him from his eyrie. By a gentleman recently arrived from Shreveport, the Natchitoches Herald is informed that a strong party of some sixty or seventy in number, were about starting with the determination of storming Rose castle and administering the law of Judge Lynch upon its desperate master. There will no doubt be a smart skirmish on the frontier, for this outlaw can call to his standard some men equally desperate with himself who may fear that this summary mode of redressing wrongs may be practiced upon them. News from the expedition will be interesting.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The House of Assembly in Newfoundland recently passed an Address to the Lieutenant Governor of the Island, requesting further information than had been submitted to that body, in reference to riots which had occurred at the last election. His Excellency, in reply, stated, that he had put them in possession of all the information which he considered necessary, and, in conclusion, said—"So convinced am I of the absolute necessity of the amendment of the Election Law, that I avail myself of this opportunity to state, that, should, unhappily, no Legislative enactment be made during this Session to secure the free exercise of the Franchise and the public tranquility in future elections, I will not undertake the responsibility of issuing Proclamation or Writs for the election of a new House of Assembly, or make myself accountable for the serious consequences, the confusion and bloodshed, so likely to ensue therefrom under the present system; but referring the whole affair to the Supreme Government, I will, as in duty bound, implicitly follow such directions as I may receive in that behalf."

YOUR SONS SHOULD LEARN A TRADE.—There is an important feature in the regulations of a master mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parent's hearts. And that is, the five to seven years' apprenticeship the boy that learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life when he perhaps has a disposition averse to steady employment—when he is inclined to roam at large amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe as they may become, from habit, agreeable; and when his minority expires, his steady habits and industry are established and he comes forth a man, the master of a trade, of fixed principles and good habits—a blessing to himself and to the community.

Parents would but look at it right, they would declare that, had they many sons, they should learn trades. Contrast the youth just alluded to, with him, who having a horror of an apprenticeship is allowed to run at large. At the most critical period of his life for forming habits, he is forming those that are the reverse of industry. He is not fitting himself to be a man, but wearing away his boyhood in idleness. The partial parent sees this, yet has not fortitude to avert it. At twenty one years of age, when the first named lad comes out a good mechanic—it is wonderful, if the other has not fastened habits upon himself that will be his ruin, if he be not indeed, ruined already! More than one excellent man in our community, can say with thankfulness that it turned out so, that to his half dozen years' apprenticeship he knows he is indebted for the habits of industry and sobriety he has obtained. That when he was put to a trade, he was on a pivot, as it were. Had it not been for the firmness of his parents he would not have become an apprentice. If he had not done so, scarcely a doubt he has that he should have been a ruined lad, ere his minority expired. This was the turning point.

IMPORTANT TO LAWYERS.—The New York American states, that the admissibility of printed copies of English acts of Parliament, as evidence in the United States Courts, was determined last week in a case in the District Court, where the United States were prosecutors against certain imported glass ware. The District Attorney offering to read certain acts of Parliament, procured from the official printer to the Crown, it was objected to by Mr. Paterson on behalf of the claimants, and insisted that such acts could only be received in evidence, when authenticated by the signature of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Court decided that convenience, and a beneficial relaxation of the ancient strict rules of practice—as well as analogy derived from the custom now universal in our Courts, of reading Statutes from books—warranted the District Attorney in using those printed acts, as evidence. Exception was taken in this decision by the counsel for the claimants.

GEN. JACKSON.—It has been rumored that ex President Jackson has failed, in consequence of endorsing for his nephew, Major Donelson, who has been engaged deeply in speculation. His liabilities, it is said will sweep all his property. Every one will regret this, if it is true; yet many who lost larger fortunes than he ever possessed by his administrative policy, will suspect there is 'judgment and justice' in his reverses.—Philadelphia Standard.

INTELLECT.—We are all wise. The difference between persons is not in wisdom but in art. I knew, in an academical club, a person who always deferred to me, who, seeing my whim for writing, fancied that my experiences had somewhat superior; whilst I saw that his experiences were as good as mine. Give them to me and I would make the same use of them. He held the old; he holds the new; I had the habit of tacking together the old and the new, which he did not use to exercise.—This may hold in the great examples.—Perhaps if we should meet Shakespeare, we should not be conscious of any steep inferiority; no: but of a great equality—only that he possessed a strange skill of using, of classifying his facts, which we lacked. For, notwithstanding our utter incapacity to produce any thing like Hamlet and Othello, see the perfect reception this wit, and immense knowledge of life, and liquid eloquence had in us all.

If you gather apples in the sunshine, or make hay, or hoe corn, and then retire within doors, and shut your eyes, and press them with your hand, you will still see apples hanging in the bright light, with boughs and leaves thereto, or the tasseled grass, or the corn-stalks, and this for five or six hours afterwards. There lie the impressions on the retentive organ, though you know it not. So lies the whole series of natural images with which your mind has made you acquainted, in your memory, though you know it not, and a thrill of passion flashes light on their dark chamber, and the active power seizes instantly the fit image, as the word of its momentary thought.

It is long ere we discover how rich we are. Our history, we are sure, is quite tame. We have nothing to write, nothing to infer. But our wiser years still run back to the despised recollections of childhood, and always we are fishing up some wonderful article out of that pond; until, by-and-by, we begin to suspect that the biography of the one foolish person we know, is, in reality, nothing less than the miniature paraphrase of the hundred volumes of the Universal History.

ART.—I remember, when in my younger days, I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting, I fancied the great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spontaneous and standards of militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of school-boys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome, and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was familiar and sincere, that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms, unto which I lived; that it was the plain you and me I knew so well—had left at home in so many conversations. I had the same experience already in a church at Naples. There I saw that nothing was changed with me but the place, and said to myself—"Thou foolish child, hast thou come out hither, over four thousand miles of salt water to find that which was perfect to thee, there at home?"—that fact I saw again in the Accademia at Naples, in the chambers of sculpture, and yet again when I came to Rome, and to the paintings of Raphael, Angelo, Sacchi, Titian, and Leonardo de Vinci. "What, old mole! worstest thou in the earth so fast? It had travelled by my side; that which I fancied I had left in Boston, was here in the Vatican, and again at Milan, and at Paris, and made all traveling ridiculous as a treadmill. I now require titles of all pictures, that they domesticate me, not that they dazzle me. Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men so much as common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are.

SELF-RELIANCE.—If our young men mis carry in their first enterprises, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is ruined. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office in one year afterward in the city or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New-Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who teams

it, farms it, paddles, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dills. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not 'studying a profession,' for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window—we pity him no more but thank and revere him—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor, and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self reliance—a new respect for the divinity in man—must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; in their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

FRIENDSHIP.—A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him, I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholesomeness, with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems, and authority, only to the highest rank, that being permitted to speak the truth, as having none about it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and tend the porch of our fellow man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off his drapery and omitting all compliment and ceremony, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in his course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with himself. No man would think of angling falsely with him, or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him, and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly show him. But to most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age, is worth a lot of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humored; he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and so spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not his ingenuity but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lie, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all light, variety and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature.

GOOD FROM EVIL.—Our strength grows out of our weakness. Not until we are picked and stung and sorely shot at, awakens the indignation which arms itself with secret forces. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts; learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him, like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said, is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken of me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb, is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills, passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

AN OUTLAW.—There is said to be living about 35 miles west of Shreveport in Texas, a man named Rose, who had made himself famous in that region, by his number and audacity of his outrages. His house is built on a bluff overlooking Silver Lake. He is one of those who ran away from Mississippi with his negroes, leaving his creditors in the lurch for many thousands. It is said he has lately killed several men and among the rest a deputy sheriff of the county in which he lives—and has openly bid defiance to the civil authorities. But he

has made his house a castle, having a cannon mounted so as to command any approach to it—has a large supply of arms and ammunition, and has regular guards stationed to give him instant warning of the approach of any one who might be disposed to drive him from his eyrie. By a gentleman recently arrived from Shreveport, the Natchitoches Herald is informed that a strong party of some sixty or seventy in number, were about starting with the determination of storming Rose castle and administering the law of Judge Lynch upon its desperate master. There will no doubt be a smart skirmish on the frontier, for this outlaw can call to his standard some men equally desperate with himself who may fear that this summary mode of redressing wrongs may be practiced upon them. News from the expedition will be interesting.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The House of Assembly in Newfoundland recently passed an Address to the Lieutenant Governor of the Island, requesting further information than had been submitted to that body, in reference to riots which had occurred at the last election. His Excellency, in reply, stated, that he had put them in possession of all the information which he considered necessary, and, in conclusion, said—"So convinced am I of the absolute necessity of the amendment of the Election Law, that I avail myself of this opportunity to state, that, should, unhappily, no Legislative enactment be made during this Session to secure the free exercise of the Franchise and the public tranquility in future elections, I will not undertake the responsibility of issuing Proclamation or Writs for the election of a new House of Assembly, or make myself accountable for the serious consequences, the confusion and bloodshed, so likely to ensue therefrom under the present system; but referring the whole affair to the Supreme Government, I will, as in duty bound, implicitly follow such directions as I may receive in that behalf."

YOUR SONS SHOULD LEARN A TRADE.—There is an important feature in the regulations of a master mechanic, which is frightful to some kind parent's hearts. And that is, the five to seven years' apprenticeship the boy that learns a trade must submit to. But it is an excellent discipline. It takes the lad at a critical period of life when he perhaps has a disposition averse to steady employment—when he is inclined to roam at large amid the contaminating influences about him—and puts him to a steady round of duties—severe as they may become, from habit, agreeable; and when his minority expires, his steady habits and industry are established and he comes forth a man, the master of a trade, of fixed principles and good habits—a blessing to himself and to the community.

Parents would but look at it right, they would declare that, had they many sons, they should learn trades. Contrast the youth just alluded to, with him, who having a horror of an apprenticeship is allowed to run at large. At the most critical period of his life for forming habits, he is forming those that are the reverse of industry. He is not fitting himself to be a man, but wearing away his boyhood in idleness. The partial parent sees this, yet has not fortitude to avert it. At twenty one years of age, when the first named lad comes out a good mechanic—it is wonderful, if the other has not fastened habits upon himself that will be his ruin, if he be not indeed, ruined already! More than one excellent man in our community, can say with thankfulness that it turned out so, that to his half dozen years' apprenticeship he knows he is indebted for the habits of industry and sobriety he has obtained. That when he was put to a trade, he was on a pivot, as it were. Had it not been for the firmness of his parents he would not have become an apprentice. If he had not done so, scarcely a doubt he has that he should have been a ruined lad, ere his minority expired. This was the turning point.

IMPORTANT TO LAWYERS.—The New York American states, that the admissibility of printed copies of English acts of Parliament, as evidence in the United States Courts, was determined last week in a case in the District Court, where the United States were prosecutors against certain imported glass ware. The District Attorney offering to read certain acts of Parliament, procured from the official printer to the Crown, it was objected to by Mr. Paterson on behalf of the claimants, and insisted that such acts could only be received in evidence, when authenticated by the signature of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The Court decided that convenience, and a beneficial relaxation of the ancient strict rules of practice—as well as analogy derived from the custom now universal in our Courts, of reading Statutes from books—warranted the District Attorney in using those printed acts, as evidence. Exception was taken in this decision by the counsel for the claimants.

GEN. JACKSON.—It has been rumored that ex President Jackson has failed, in consequence of endorsing for his nephew, Major Donelson, who has been engaged deeply in speculation. His liabilities, it is said will sweep all his property. Every one will regret this, if it is true; yet many who lost larger fortunes than he ever possessed by his administrative policy, will suspect there is 'judgment and justice' in his reverses.—Philadelphia Standard.