

# 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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WHOLE NO. 334.

Office of the Star & Banner  
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF  
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

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

The following effusion from the London Times is not only highly poetical, but it assists the mind to realize all the sublime agonies of those who were engulfed with the President—

## THE PRESIDENT.

Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual seal  
Lift up thy surges, with some signal word,  
Show where the pilgrims of the water bed,  
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stir'd.

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,  
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;  
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide  
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,  
Mad that the strength of man should with thee strive,  
And proud thy rival element to tame,  
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie  
Their stately ship, a carcass of the foam?  
Say, is the old affection yearning still  
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or is it over? Life and breath, and thought,  
The living feature and the breathing form,  
Is the strong man become a thing of naught,  
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou stern and haughty sea,  
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.  
Roll on, ye tears! Oh, what can comfort be  
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair!

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,  
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;  
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep  
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

What, tho' they woke the whirlwinds of the west,  
Or rous'd the tempest from his eastern lair,  
Or clave the cloud with thunder in its breast,  
Lord of the awful waters, thou wert there!

All-merciful! The fate—the day—were thine;  
Thou didst receive them from the seething seas;  
Thy love too deep—Thy memory too divine,  
To quench them in an hour unworthy Thine.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale;  
If their feet fail'd them, in Thy paths they trod;  
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,  
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### MARK MERIDEN.

BY MRS. H. P. D. STOWE.

'Come, Mark Meriden! don't settle down into an old grandmother before your time—a pretty wife's a pretty thing, Mark, and a pretty house is a pretty thing—but hang it!—one must have a little of life.'

Mark Meriden stood at his desk, giving a last look at his books, while Ben Sanford, the roguish, the merry, the song-singing, the Ben of all Bens, was thus urging on him the claims of a projected frolic that evening. Now Ben was precisely the messenger, for such an embassy—there was fun in the twinkle of his blue eye, and a world of waggery in the turn of his head, and in a pair of broad roguish dimples that went merrily dodging in and out of his cheeks every time he spoke, and he had laid hold of Mark's arm to drag him away. But Mark shook off his hands, and finished summing up a column of figures—put the blotting paper into the book, and the book into the place, wiped his pen—all with an air of great thoughtfulness—and, at last, turning to Ben, said—'I think I won't go this time.'

'Now why not?' said Ben, eagerly.

'Because—because,' said Mark, smiling; 'because I have an old fancy that I should like Mrs. Meriden's company this evening.'

'Hang Mrs. Meriden—beg pardon, Mark—hang myself for saying so—but one don't like to see a fine fellow buried alive—come take a real walk up with us.'

'Thank you, Ben, but I haven't been asleep and don't need it. So I'll go home and see my wife;—and thereat Mark turned a resolute step homeward as a well trained husband ought.'

'Now,' says one of our readers, 'who

was Mark Meriden? You would not have asked, good reader if you had lived in the town of —, when his name first appeared on the outside of one of its most fashionable shops 'Mark Meriden' surrounded by those waving insignia of grace and fashion that young belles need to have their eyes turned off from beholding. Every thing in the tasteful establishment told of well arranged business, and Mark himself, the mirror of fashion, faultless in every article of costume, quick, attentive, polite, was every day to be seen there winning 'golden opinions from all sorts of people.' Mark's shop became the resort of high-toned—the fashionable exchange, the promenade of beauty and wealth, who came there to be enlightened as to the ways and means of disposing of their surplus revenue—to see and to be seen. So attentive, polite and considerate was Mark, so profound his bows, so bright his eyes, so unexceptionable his whiskers, that it might have proved a dangerous resort for the ladies, had not a neat, tasteful house, going up in the neighborhood, been currently reported as the future residence of an already elected Mrs. Meriden; and in a few months, the house neatly finished, and tastefully furnished, received a very pretty lady, who called herself to that effect. She was as truly refined and lovely a woman as ever formed the centre flower in a domestic bouquet, and Mark might justly be pardoned for having been fortunate enough to secure her.

Mark had an extensive circle of business and pleasure acquaintances, for he had been one of the social, companionable sort, whose money generally found its way out of his pocket in very fair proportion to the rate it came in. In short, he was given to clubs, oyster suppers, and now and then a wine party, and various other social privileges for elevating one's spirits and depressing one's cash, that abound among enlightened communities.

But, nevertheless, at the bottom of Mark's head, there was a very substantial stratum of a certain quality called common sense, a trait, which though it was never set down in any chart of phrenology, may be very justly called a faculty, and one too which makes a very striking difference among people as the world goes. In consequence of being thus constituted, Mark, when he found himself in love with, and engaged to a very pretty girl, began to reflect with more than ordinary seriousness on his habits, ways, and manners of life.—He also took an accurate survey of his business, formed an average estimate of his future income on the soberest probabilities, and determined to live a little even within that. He also provided himself with a small account book, with which he intended to live in habits of very close acquaintance, and this book he designed to note down all the savings consequent upon the retrenching of certain little extras before alluded to, in which he had been in the habit of pretty freely indulging himself.

Upon the present occasion, it had cost him something of an effort to say "no," for Mark was one of your easy "clever fellows," to whom the enunciation of this little syllable causes as much trouble as all the gutturals of the German. However when he came in sight of his parlor window through which the bright fire was shining—when he entered and found the clean glowing hearth, the easy chair drawn up in front, and a pair of embroidered slippers waiting for him quite at their leisure, and above all, when he read the quick glance of welcome in a pair of very bright eyes, Mark forgot all about Ben Sanford, and all bachelor friends and allurements whatsoever, and thought himself the happiest fellow on earth.

The evening past off rapidly by the help of music, reading, and the little small talk of which newly married people generally find a supply, and the next morning saw Mark at early business hours with as steady a hand and as cool a head as if there had been no such thing as bachelor frolics in existence.

Late in the forenoon, Ben Sanford lounged in to ogle a few of the ladies, and above all, to rally Mark on losing the glorious fun of the evening before.

'Upon my word, Mark,' he began, 'we must have you put up for Selectman, you are becoming so extremely ancient and venerable in your ways; however, you are to be excused,' he added, 'circumstances considered—female influence!—ah!—well! it's a fine affair this marriage!'

'Better try it, Mr. Sanford,' said a bright saucy girl, who, with her laughing companions, was standing by while Ben was speaking.

'Ah, madam! the whorewithal!' said Ben, rolling up his eyes with a tragic expression. 'If some clever old fellow would be so obliging as to die now, and leave me a few thousands—then, ladies! you should see!'

'But speaking of money,' said Mark, when he saw the ladies busy over some laces he had just thrown on the counter—'what did your "glorious fun" cost you?'

'Pooh!—nothing!—only a ten dollar bill—nothing in my purse, you know!'

'Nothing in your purse!—not an uncrom incident after these occasions,' said Mark, laughingly.

'Oh, hang it all!' said Ben—'too true!—I can get no remedy for this consumption of the purse, as old Falstaff says; however, the world owes me a living, and so good morning.'

illustrate it by doing any thing at all. He was a Lawyer of talents, and would have had an extensive run of business had he not been one of the class of people never to be found when wanted. His law books and law office saw far less of him than certain fashionable places of resort, where his handsome person and various social accomplishments always secured to him a welcome reception. Ben had some little property left him by his father, just enough, as he used laughingly to quote "to keep him in gloves and cologne water," and for the rest he seemed vastly contented with his old maxim, 'the world owes me a living,' forgetting that the world can sometimes prove as poor a paymaster as the most fashionable young gentleman going.

But to return to Mark. When he had settled his accounts at night, he took from a pigeon hole in his desk, the little book afore-named, and entered as follows: To one real wake up, \$10, which being done, he locked his desk, and returned once more to Mrs. Meriden.

Days flew on, and the shop of Mark became increasingly popular, and still from time to time he was assailed by the kind of temptation we have described. Now it was, 'Mark, my dear fellow do join us in a trip to G—s'; and now, 'Come my old boy, let us have a spree at F—s';—now it was the club, now the oyster supper—but still Mark was invincible, and still as one or the other gaily recounted the history of the scene, he silently committed the account of the expense to his little book. Yet was not Mark cynical or unsocial. His refusals, though so firm, were invariably good natured, and though he could not be drawn abroad, yet he was unquestionably open handed and free in his own home.—No house had so warm a welcome—no dinner table could be more bountiful or more freely open for the behoof of all gentlemen of the dining out order—no tea-table presented more unexceptionable toast, and no evening lounge was more easy, home-like and cheerful, than on the warm sofas in the snug parlors of Mark Meriden. They also gave evening parties, where all was brilliant, tasteful and well ordered; and in fine, notwithstanding his short comings, Mark was set down as a fine open-handed fellow after all.

At the end of the year, Mark cast up the account in his little book; and was mightily astonished at it, for with all his ideas of the power of numbers he had no idea that the two, and fives, and tens, and ones, which on greater or smaller occasions, had found their way into his columns, would amount up to a sum so considerably. Mark looked about him—the world was going well—his business machinery moving in exact touch and time—his house—where was there a prettier one? where a place more replete with every home drawing comfort? Had he lost any thing in pleasure the year past? Mark thought not, and therefore as he walked homeward, he stepped into a book-seller's and ordered some books of superb engravings for Mrs. Meriden, and spoke to a gardener to send some elegant flowering exotics for which he had heard her express an admiration some evenings before.

That same evening came in Ben Sanford, as he expressed it, 'in the very depths of indigno'; for young gentlemen whose worldly matters invariably go on wrong end foremost, will sometimes be found in this condition, however exuberant may be their stock of animal spirits.

'Pray, Ben, what is the matter?' said Mark kindly, as the latter stretched himself self at length in an arm chair, groaning audibly.

'Oh, a bilious attack—Mark!—shoemakers' bills!—boarding house bills!—all sent in for new year's presents—hang 'em all! Mark was silent for a few moments, and Ben continued, 'Confound it, Mark! what's the sense of living, if a fellow is so cursedly poor!—Here you, Mark, born in the same town with me, and younger than I am by some two years—you, have a house, as snug, as cosy, and comfortable as any man need ask—a wife like an angel—peace and plenty by the bushel, and all comes of having a good run of luck in the money line'—and Ben kicked his slippers against the andirons most energetically.

'What has become of Emily P—?' asked Mark, after a pause.

'Poor soul!' said Ben, 'there is she yet with all sweetness and patience, waiting till such a luckless scapgrace as I can give her a home and a husband. I wish to my soul, for her sake, I could afford to be married, and have a home of my own; besides, to tell you the truth, I am tired of this rambling, scrambling, out-at-elbow, slipshod life.'

'Why don't you get married?' said Mark.

'Why don't I? to be sure—use my tailor's bill for fuel, and board bill for house rent, and my shoe bill for bread and butter—hey? Would you recommend a poor girl to try me, Mark—all things considered?' said Ben, bitterly.

Mark reflected awhile in silence, and then drew out his book—his little book, to which we have before alluded.

'Just look at this account, Ben,' said he, 'I know you hate figures, but just for once.'

Ben glanced at it impatiently—laughed when he read over the two or three first items, but his face lengthened as he proceeded, and Mark detected a sort of whistle of astonishment as he read the sum total.

'Well, Mark,' he exclaimed, 'what a very old gentlemanly, considerate trick is this of yours—to sit behind your curtain so coolly noting down the "cost and come to," of all our little frolics—really it is most edifying! How much you must have enjoyed your superior discretion and forethought!' and Ben laughed, but not with his usual glee.

'Nay, you mistake,' said Mark. 'I kept this account merely to see what I had been in the habit of spending myself, and as you and I have been always hand and glove in every thing, it answers equally for you.—It was only yesterday that I summed up the account, and I assure you the result surprised myself; and now Ben, the sum here set down and as much more as you please, is freely at your disposal to clear off old scores for the year, provided you will accept with it this little book as a new year's gift, and use it one twelve month as I have done; and if at the end of that time you are not ready to introduce me to Mrs. Sanford, I am much mistaken.'

Ben grasped his friend's hand—but just then the entrance of Mrs. Meriden prevented a reply. Mark, however saw with satisfaction that he had put the book carefully in his vest pocket, and buttoned up his coat with the air of a man who is buttoning up a new resolution.

When they parted for the night, Mark said with a smile, 'In case of bilious attacks, you know where to send for medicine.' Ben answered only by a fervent grasp of the hand for his throat felt too full for him to answer.

Mark Meriden's book answered the purpose admirably. In less than two years Ben Sanford was the most popular lawyer in —, and as steady a householder as you might wish to see. And, in conclusion, as this is a Lady's Book, we will just ask our lady readers their opinion on one point, and it is this: If Mrs. Meriden had been a woman who understood what is called 'catching a beau,' better than securing a husband—if she had never curled her hair except for company, and thought it a degradation to know how to keep a house comfortable, would all these things have happened?

MACHINE POETRY.—SPOONE, of the New York Sunday Mercury, says he has made a decided improvement in the poetical machine. It is now capable of making double breasted poetry, or verse, with rhymes at both ends of the lines. Here is a sample.

TWO ERAS IN A DRUNKARD'S LIFE.

To-Day—Glorious Sensations.  
Live, ye loafers, while ye may,  
Give your souls in mirth to day;  
Drinking drowns all care and sorrow—  
Thinking brings a sad to-morrow.  
Blow, O blow it, boys, out strong!  
Go, O go it, while you're young!  
Mine's a life of fun and frolic—  
Wine's a cure for care and choleric!

To-Morrow—Sober Reflections.  
Life's a humbug—death's a hoax—  
Strifes and griefs are serious jokes.  
Riches have flown—I cannot catch 'em—  
Breches are torn—no wife to patch 'em—  
Blas't the lug and blast the liquor!  
Cast all grog to—! Oh! I'm sicker!  
See the demon! How they're dancing!  
Sprewing, grinning, kicking, prancing!  
Some sit grinning on their beam ends;  
Run! more rum! I've got the TREMENS!

THE IDIOT AND THE BEAUTY.—From a review, in 'Tait's Magazine, of Mr. Combe's Notes on the United States, we quote an interesting passage descriptive of the quickening effects produced on an idiot's mind by his habits of daily intercourse with a beautiful young girl. Moore would turn this anecdote to admirable account in a poem. "In the course of conversation, a case was mentioned to me as having occurred in the experience of a highly respectable physician, and which was so fully authenticated that I entertained no doubts of its truth. The physician alluded to had a patient, a young man, who was almost idiotic from the suppression of all his faculties. He never spoke, and never moved, voluntarily, but sat habitually with his hand shading his eyes. The physician sent him to walk as a remedial measure.—In the neighborhood, a beautiful young girl of sixteen lived with her parents, and used to see the young man in his walks, and speak kindly to him. For some time he took no notice of her; but, after meeting her for several months, he began to look for her, and to feel disappointed if she did not appear. He became so much interested that he directed his steps voluntarily to her father's cottage, and gave her bouquets of flowers. By degrees he conversed with her through the window. His mental faculties were aroused; the dawn of convalescence appeared. The girl was virtuous, intelligent and lovely, and encouraged his visits when she was told that she was benefiting his mental health. She asked him if he could read and write. He answered, No. She wrote some lines to him to induce him to learn. This had the desired effect. He applied himself to study, and soon wrote good and sensible letters to her. He recovered his reason. She was married to a young man from the neighboring city. Great fears were entertained that this event would undo the good she had accomplished. The young patient sustained a severe shock, but his mind did not sink under it. He acquiesced in the propriety of her choice; continued to improve, and, at last was restored to his family, cured.—She had a child, and was soon after brought to the same hospital perfectly insane. The young man heard of this event, and was exceedingly anxious to see her, but an interview was denied to him; both on her account and his own. She died. He continued well, and became an active member of society. What a beautiful romance might be founded on this narrative!"

EFFECTS OF JEALOUSY.—The Lenox (Mass.) Eagle, relates the most diabolical result of female jealousy that we recollect to have read of. It appears that one day last week a young lady, whose name is not given, received an invitation purporting to come from a young man to whom she was engaged to be married, to visit a family of her acquaintance in Green River, and went there accordingly. Mrs. Lane, a widow of that place, invited the young lady to her house as she was passing by, and offered her a glass of beer, which, upon tasting, she refused to drink. Mrs. Lane, however, induced, or by the assistance of her daughter compelled her to drink the beer, which contained, as afterwards proved, a large quantity of corrosive sublimate. The effect of the poison was so sudden, that before she was conveyed to one of the neighboring houses her tongue was swelled so as to protrude from her mouth. Physicians were immediately procured, and by the means of a stomach pump the sufferer was relieved to some extent, but it is thought that she cannot survive. As a reason for this most atrocious act, it is said that Mrs. L. was desirous of having the gentleman to whom her victim was engaged, marry her own daughter, and resorted to this means in hopes of accomplishing her purpose! The woman and her daughter are both confined in the Hudson jail.

HARD WORK.—It's hard work (says the Sunday Mercury) to go up hill without leaning forward—and it's hard work for a 'neutral' editor to speak of politics without leaning one way or the other.

It's hard work to make a dinner of grappo shot, unless they are all well boiled; and it's hard work to digest a fool's argument, unless it be soaked in something like reason.

It's hard work to look at the sun without winking; and it's hard work to look at some girls without feeling inclined to wink.

It's hard work to do nothing, and have too much of it on hand; and it's hard work to collect a debt of one who says, 'I'll pay it to-morrow.'

It's hard work to squeeze cider out of a brick bat; and it's hard work to scratch out ideas for a paragraph after being on a spree for twenty-four hours!

It's hard work to hold lightning by the tail; and it's hard work to stem the torrents of a woman's will.

It's hard work to refuse a good offer; and its harder still to be compelled to accept a bad one.

It's hard work for many people to live; and doubly hard for some to die.

DR. BRADLEE.—The Pittsburg Intelligencer, in speaking of this character, who has just been sentenced for robbing the mail, says that he was a regular attendant at the horse races, cock fighting, gambling and drinking frolics in the whole region round about his location, and that he was drunk when taken to the penitentiary. It further says—

'Having heard that he could both read and write, and had confessed it, we called upon our amiable friend, Major A. Beckham, Warden of the Penitentiary, who informed us, that upon putting the usual question to Dr. Bradlee when he came intoxicated, "Can you read or write?" he replied "Yes, in the best style;" and upon repeating it when sober, he hesitated; but upon being told imperatively that the law and practice required the truth on this important point, and that if he could not, he would be taught, the Doctor replied "that he could both read and write," asking in turn the common sense question, "How could he obtain so much knowledge in Medicine, if he could not both read and write?" adding that he had once, a long time ago, made a solemn pledge to some one to deny that he could do either; hence he has neglected to read books, and his mind has wallowed in the lowest filth and mire, and he has employed his talents and influence to corrupt the ignorant and credulous around him, and to prey upon society.'

CAUTION AND SUSPICION.—Vice often treads on the heels of virtue; the line of distinction is to many scarcely perceptible, and in the exercise of what we may deem morality, we may offend against her laws. Generosity often sinks into profusion, useful remonstrance into anger, and respect into servility. Indeed; there is scarce the pursuit of one virtue which may not be 'suffered to degenerate; we may extract poison from the most delicious of fruits. In the intricate and dangerous affair of life, caution is pre-eminently necessary and useful.—There are no two things more distinct.—Caution is the exercise of wise discretion and honest circumspection; suspicion is the offspring of little mindedness. No truly great man was ever suspicious, and no tyrant ever existed who did not accompany his cruelty by the perpetual betrayal of suspicion.

SODA WATER.—An English Chemist lately lecturing at the Royal Institution, said that the great majority of the article sold as soda water, does not contain one grain of soda, but is merely plain water, impregnated with carbonic acid gas; not because soda is too expensive an article, but because the apparatus for forcing the gas into the water costs about \$75, whereas, the cost of the machinery requisite to prepare a solution of soda, is from \$3 to \$4,000.

The Sovereigns of Spain, Portugal, Great Britain and Turkey, are all under 28 years of age; and the three former are females.

DISTANCE OF A FIXED STAR.—M. Bessel, a German astronomer, has made one of the greatest discoveries of modern times, by having ascertained the parallax of the double star 61 Cygni. He found from repeated observations made from August, 1837, to March, 1840, that the parallax of a Cygni did not exceed thirty-one hundredths of a second, which places the distance of that star from us at nearly 670,000 times that of the sun, or which is nearly sixty four millions of miles, (or more nearly 63,650,000, 000,000 miles.) This immense distance can better be conceived, when we state, that if a cannon ball were to traverse this vast space at the rate of twenty miles a minute, it would occupy more than six millions of years in coming from that star to our earth; and if a body could be projected from our earth 61 Cygni, at thirty miles an hour, (which is about the same rate that the carriages on railroad-travel,) it would occupy at least ninety six millions of years. Light which travels more than eleven millions of miles in a minute, would occupy about twelve years in coming from that star to our earth.

A NOTORIOUS JUDGE.—Virgil A. Stewart, some two or three years since notorious throughout the South in connection with the "Murrell plot" for a slave insurrection, is said to be a Circuit Judge in Texas.

WHAT AMERICANS ARE TOLD ABROAD.—A European correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says:

'We are told of our State Stocks. We are told of the general suspension in the Southern States. We are told that our ships are searched on the Coast of Africa; by beardless boys, the crews insulted by English sailors, and whole voyages broken up because we have no Navy to protect our commerce. We are truly not to be envied. We know what the resources of our country are. We know that she can—we feel that she ought to protect us every where, as well at home as abroad, and we grieve that she does not.'

AN OLD PUBLIC SERVANT.—Richard Harrison, Esq. late Auditor of the Treasury, died at Washington on the 10th inst. in the 92d year of his age. He received his appointment from Gen. Washington.

STRANGE.—The dead body of a man, name unknown, was found a short time since on the roof of a three story house in Vicksburg. No one could divine how he came in such a situation.

THE MORMONS.—A letter from Nauvoo, states that Joe Smith, the leader of the Mormons, has been arrested by the authority of the Governor of Illinois; that the Mormons had taken possession of a large tract of land without authority, and that the strongest excitement prevailed against them in the immediate neighborhood, and fearful apprehensions were entertained lest a sanguinary struggle should take place. The Commissioner sent by the Governor to survey the lands had been seized by the Mormons, and both parties laboured under much excitement.

THE MALEK ADHEL.—This important case, which has occupied the attention of the District Court, since Friday last, was this morning brought to a close, his honor Judge Heath decided against the claimants, on the ground that the vessel is forfeited to the United States for acts of piracy committed on the high seas, while in charge of her late captain, Nunez.

LAUGHABLE, BUT NOT VERY COMFORTABLE.—The Williamston Register notices the following circumstance:—'A horrible accident liked to have happened a few days since, that would have thrown consternation in the midst of the inhabitants of our village. A gentleman, wishing to take a glass of soda water, and having but one tumbler convenient, first drank the soda, and then took the acid upon it; an inward effluence was the consequence, that made him spout like a whale, and he came very near collapsing a flue!'

We believe, in the young, suspense is the most intolerable suffering. Active misery always brings with it its own power of endurance. What a common expression to hear,—"Well, if I had known what I had to go through beforehand, I should never have believed it possible that I could have done it." But it is a dreadful thing to be left alone with your imagination—to have to fancy the worst, and yet know not what the worst may be; and this, in early youth, has a degree of acute anguish that after years cannot know. As we advance in life, we find all things here too utterly worthless to grieve over them as we once could grieve. We grow cold and careless, the dust to which we are hastening, has entered the heart.

INDIAN CORN.—According to the census, the annual crop of Indian Corn of North Carolina, is thirty-four millions of bushels. In the production of this important item, therefore, North Carolina stands second on the list—the annual crop of Tennessee, which is the largest producer, being upwards of forty two millions of bushels.

A STATE PROTEST.—We learn from the Jackson Mississippi, of the 4th inst., that Governor McNutt has received official information that the State has been protested for interest due on a portion of the Union Bank bonds.