

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—3.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 3, 1846.

{ WHOLE NO. 835.

## POETRY.

### FORGIVE AND FORGET.

By the author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,  
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,  
And meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,  
By the heart of ingratitude wrong—  
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,  
While the anguish is festering yet,  
None, none but an angel of God can declare:  
"I now can forgive and forget."  
But if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,  
And the lips are in penitence steeped,  
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,  
Though scorn on injustice were heaped:  
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,  
When the cheek with contrition is wet—  
And every one feels it is possible still,  
At once to forgive and forget.  
To forget! It is hard for a man with a mind,  
However his heart may forgive,  
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,  
And but for the future to live;  
Then how shall it be? For at every turn  
Recollection the spirit will fret,  
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,  
Though we strive to forgive and forget.  
Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,  
And mind shall be partner with heart,  
While thee to thyself I bid conscience to reveal,  
And show thee how evil thou art;  
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes—  
How vast is that infinite debt!  
Yet mercy has saved by seventy times  
Been swift to forgive and forget.  
Brood not on insults or injuries old,  
For thou art injurious too—  
Count not the sum till the total is told,  
For thou art unkind and untrue;  
And all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,  
Now mercy with justice is met;  
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,  
Nor learn to forgive and forget?  
Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy weeps,  
Be quick to receive him a friend;  
For thus to his head in kindness he heaps,  
Hot coals to refine and amend;  
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,  
As a nurse on her innocent pet,  
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,  
And whisper forgive and forget.

## MISCELLANY.

From Frazer's Magazine.

### MABEL;

OR THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

The sun had scarcely topped the high grounds which had enclosed the valley of Glensleath, when its whole community, like bees disturbed, were seen in strange commotion from the bartizan of the tower, whither the kinsmen had repaired to hold some private converse while the morning meal was served in the hall below. It was well that this isolated place had been chosen for the interview; and feelings he would not have betrayed in the presence of any but a favorite kinsman, here were freely vented while Hugh Maxwell consigned his beautiful lady to his cousin's care.—Not a word escaped the young knight's lips, but silently wrung the borderer's hand, looked on with a melting eye, which but a brief month before, would have kindled at a call to arms, then whispered in the bridegroom's ears,—  
"Hugh, when I neglect the trust thou hast confided to me, may dishonor sit upon my crest and Heaven reject the recreant!"  
The last sad meal was now over, whose dream of bliss had been almost too exquisite for mortals to imagine, and the dispersion of which had caused the poignance of grief attendant on human mutability, when the bowl of joy, sparkling at the laughing lip, is dashed from the drinkers grasp, by the withering touch of unexpected misfortune—the borders were in the saddle. Ralph Maxwell's pennon was flaunting in the wind, and as powerful a brown charger as ever bore a full armed knight upon a battle-field pawed the earth impatiently. Why dallies the lingering rider, while every face beside responded to a proud motto with which a king had once rewarded the alacrity of that gallant house when their royal master had called them to his aid? Cold man! little knowest thou what the lover feels when severed from a bride—and such a bride, too, as Mabel Foster. The knight of Carlarock guessed well the scene that was passing in the tower—'twas charity to end it. "Sound the bugle, Hubert!" he said to an attendant; and ere the bugle note was answered by the mountain echo, Dark Hugh was in the saddle. The riders silently remarked that their chief's vizor was down, the word to march came through the close-barred helmet; for, were the truth known, a moistened cheek was hidden beneath the steel head-piece of the borderer. As slowly as the gallant horsemen passed through the winding strath, many a glistening eye was turned on the loved riders for the last time. Two female forms were seen upon the bartizan which overlooked the valley; one was the deserted bride, the other Hugh Maxwell's mother. In silent agony, poor Mabel's tear-dimmed eye followed the receding figure of her handsome lord, and a wild burst of lamentation marked her sorrow, when a huge rock shut the riders from her view. Well might the fair bride grieve!  
"Long may that lady look in vain!  
She ne'er shall see his gallant train  
Come sweeping back."  
Of that bartizan the aged dame who stood at Mabel's side had viewed the bold moss-troopers, who role at the command of her departed lord, prance merrily down the strath when "bound for the border," and when her son's followers reach-

ed the spot where the crag projected its rock mass from the hill-side, she counted the horsemen deliberately, as file after file they disappeared behind it.  
"By Saint Andrew, a noble troop!" she murmured; "three and twenty stalwart riders! Ha! would they were more or less by one,—never did that number bring luck to the name of Maxwell!"  
"Alas!" returned the sobbing bride, "what racks my bosom is not the number who ride out, but that which may return."  
That speech was fraught with evil augury. Of the sturdy band that left the strath, who, hand to hand, would have bidden buffet with the stoutest forayers who ever swam the Tweed, but five returned with life.—  
"To town and town, to down and dale," To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,  
And raise the universal wail.  
Tradition, legend, time and song,  
Shall many an age that wail prolong;  
Still from the sire the son shall hear  
Of Flodden's fatal field—  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield."  
More than a twelvemonth had elapsed since Hugh Maxwell and his retainers had ridden from the strath of Glensleath—a nother harvest had come round. But, oh! what a contrast did the lonely glen present to that which it had exhibited when the sickle the preceding year had been put in requisition! Scarce half the crofts in spring time had felt the ploughshare, a slight return of grain remunerated imperfect tillage; but still the frightful picture of the fearful consequences which follow war, might have been found defective, had not the appearance of those who were employed in gathering the wretched harvest given strong but tacit evidence.

In the ill-cultivated fields, with a few exceptions, old age and youth alone were toiling; not a full-grown form was seen among the feeble group, and woman essayed the labor which lusty manhood should have claimed. Where were the bold riders of the strath? A few were resting in their father's grave—the bones of Flodden. Many a proud family in Scotland had sad reason to curse the folly of their rash and wayward king; but none had greater cause to lament the monarch's infatuation, than the once important house of Nithsdale. When the left wing of the Scottish army was broken, and the right had disbanded for the sake of plunder, the fury of the English chivalry was launched against the centre, where the Maxwells were arrayed beneath the royal banner.—Gallant, but unavailing, was the resistance of that devoted family while they withstood the combined efforts of Surrey's left wing and the English reserve; while

"Front, flank, and rear, their squadrons sweep,  
To break the Scottish circle deep,  
That fought around their king,  
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,  
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,  
Though billmen ply the ghastly blow,  
Unbroken was the ring;  
The stubborn spearmen still made good  
Their dark, impenetrable wood,  
Each stepping where his comrade stood  
The instant that he fell.  
No thought was there of dastard flight,  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight;  
Groom fought like noble—squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her will  
O'er their thin host and wounded king."  
Of five brothers of the house of Carlarock, four died sword in hand—the fifth, young Ralph, being carried from the field by a devoted follower, when Surrey drew off his forces, and from the red hill-side, "chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one  
The sad survivor—all were gone."  
It may be readily imagined that the terrible defeat sustained by the Scottish army, on the fatal 9th of September, plunged the kingdom into universal grief; for there was hardly a noble house throughout the land which had not relatives to mourn.—If the castle were fearfully visited, the cottage did not escape—peasant and peer had been involved in the same desperate calamity; and when the name of Flodden was heard, the old man shuddered for the son he lost, and the smile died on the infant's cheek whom that disastrous day had rendered fatherless. In affliction so general, that of the Maxwells was pre-eminent; for, from the proud earl to the common spearman, many a bereaved family was "left lamenting." Alas! two hundred of the clan had fallen.

Of the many who did not return from the "lost battle," the gallant bridegroom of Mabel Foster was unhappily included.—For many a day succeeding the fatal flight, wounded stragglers dragged themselves to their native glens; and there, were the hurt medicable, the gentle agency of woman was not employed in vain; and if the injury was mortal, the eyes of the dying borderer were closed by those he loved in life. Weeks passed, but Hugh of Glensleath did not come back to his fair bride and lonely tower—nor had the border beauty the pleasure of smoothing the pillow of him for whom kindred and home had been abandoned. Nor to the fallen knight were the rights of Christian sepulchre permitted. Like his royal master's, Hugh Maxwell's corpse could not be distinguished among the maimed bodies which heaped the battle-field, and with many a departed gallant he filled a common grave.

Slowly and doubtfully young Ralph's recovery proceeded. Months intervened before he regained strength to keep the saddle; but the moment he was able to accomplish the journey he hastened to the

house of mourning to offer his condolence to the sufferer, and acquaint the bereaved one that her deceased lord had committed the fair widow to his cousin's care. Indeed protection was required. The consequences of border warfare were always the looting upon the world a number of reckless men, whom loss of property or kindred had driven to desperation. Hitherto the Maxwells were too powerful to dread any wandering marauders, who passed them by, to plunder others with impunity. But the strength of the proud house was shorn—their best and bravest were no more—freebooters no longer respected a name whose anger once the boldest receiver on the borders would not have ventured to provoke. Of all the detached families of the house of Carlarock, that of Glensleath had suffered most severely; and ere six months had passed after the defeat of Flodden, twice had the strath been forayed and a quantity of cattle driven off.

The meeting of Mabel Maxwell and her fair kinsman, was affecting; for the last time she had looked upon her lord, when living, was in the presence of young Ralph, and the fatal parting with her lover was painfully recalled. In the appearance of both, "tokens true" of that calamitous day for Scotland, which laid "her king, her lords, her mightiest low," were visible. The youthful knight no longer exhibited "footstep light and spirit high," as he entered the hall of his deceased kinsman; the bloom had faded from his cheek, and the bright blue eye was lustreless; while she, the once famed border flower, habited in sable weeds, threw herself in speechless agony upon her kinsman's breast, and sobbed as if her heart were bursting. Gently the youth whispered his condolence—minutes elapsed—and suddenly another impulse seized the mourner—she sprang from the arms of him who supported, signed to her cousin to be seated by her side, wiped her tears away, and in a voice that had assumed astonishing composure she asked, "Tell me how Hugh Maxwell died!"

"Alas! dear Mabel," said the young knight, "even in that I am unable to pleasure thee, for, ere that sad event occurred, I was borne to the earth by an English rider, and how I was dragged afterwards from the field I wot not. Evening was closing. Lord Dacre's horse assailed our centre furiously; hedging their wounded monarch with their bodies, the flower of the Scottish nobles were fighting hand to hand, as the English chivalry charged where the royal banner still formed a rallying point for those who disdained to fly. In the thickest of the fray, and for the last time, I heard by brother's war-cry, and at his right hand I saw thy noble husband dealing death around. I knew no more.—Hark! a bugle!"

As the young knight spake he sprang from his seat, and looked from the casement of the tower, which opened down the glen.  
"A sturdy band!" he cried; "St. George embazoned on their pennon, too! English, by Heaven!"  
Young Mabel gazed at the horsemen, who were now within a bow-shot of the tower. Paler and paler grew her cheek; at last suspicion changed to certainty, and, sinking to the seat she had risen from, she exclaimed, "May the Virgin protect me! It is my father! His frown will kill me!"

A few minutes passed. Young Ralph endeavored to restore the lady's courage. The ringing of spurs and rapiers was heard as several armed men ascended the stone stairs, the door flew open, and the warden of the middle marches entered the hall.  
Whatever might have been the old knight's intents, and whether he had come to reproach a daughter who had erred in filial duty and deserted her father's hall, his angry mood instantly gave place to pity.—The stern countenance of the warden softened, he paused within a pace or two of his agitated child.  
"Mabel!" he said in a voice whose compassionate tones betrayed at once the feelings of the father—"how couldst thou wound the pride and wring the heart of one who loved thee so fondly as I did?"

In another moment nature did the rest, the child was sobbing on her parent's bosom, and tears stole down the rugged cheeks of one of the rudest warriors of that rude day.  
Six months elapsed; the feud between the Fosters and the Maxwells had been stanchd, and under the joint protection of two potent houses the relief of Hugh Glensleath remained undisturbed in her lonely towers. Her castle was respected, forayers no longer ventured to approach the strath. The spirit of her late husband's kindred, which Red Flodden had almost crushed, was gradually reviving. Once more two hundred Maxwells could take the saddle, and as many Fosters were ready to ride at the fair one's command.

Mabel had become a mother, and on the third day after the anniversary of her lord's death, his relict laid aside her mourning, and prepared to welcome a goodly company who were expected that afternoon to honor the melancholy ceremony, which was to give a dead father's name to his orphan heir. When evening came, the hall was crowded with high born guests, while court yard and offices below were thronged with their squires and attendants. The sacred rite was over, a noble banquet followed, all went merrily as a marriage bell, and in deep draughts the Maxwells and Fosters pledged each other right hon-

estly, that for the future their pennons should flutter side by side, and their pickers ride shoulder to shoulder. But in that merry hall more than one aching heart was beating. The baptismal rite had painfully recalled the memory of her deceased lord to the beautiful widow, while sanctioned by a parent's consent, her former admirer was about to renew his suit, and urge, for the second time, his claims upon the fair Mabel's hand. In the deep recess formed by a casement, Ralph of Carlarock was standing aloof from the company, engaged in a deep converse with a palmer, and so deeply were the company engaged in joyous revelry that none seemed to notice or regard them.

At last the noisy merriment subsided for a moment, when the bold knight of Coldingham announced health to the heir and happiness to the lady of the tower. The loud pledge within was answered by a loud cheer without, as every goblet was drained to the bottom, and for a time the echoes of the festal outburst. When silence returned, he of Coldingham respectfully addressed the beautiful widow, urged his unshaken love, reclaimed a hand, his former, and by a father's sanction.

Deep silence followed the knight's declaration, and every eye rested on Mabel Maxwell. Ralph's cheeks turned pale, and as the palmer stretched his tall figure from the recess, he too seemed hanging on the lady's answer with deeper interest than one removed from worldly anxieties might be supposed to feel. The warden whispered in his daughter's ear—it might be to restore her courage or back her lover's suit. Pallid and trembling, the fair one rose. For a few moments her lips appeared to move, but none could catch what fell from them. Some sudden impulse seemed to nerve her—her eyes turned on the wall against which the blood-stained pennon and dinted head-piece of her departed lord were hung, and with a returning calmness which surprised the company, she thus addressed the knight:

"I thank you, noble sir, for the honor you have conferred, & the courtesy with which you have overlooked a former disappointment. For the constant love you profess, a widowed heart like mine could find none to make a suitable return. With the dead my affections are buried, and the hand given to him who rests on Flodden side shall never be pledged to living man again!"

The knight by turns became red and pale. His pride was wounded, and, sooth to say, the refusal on the lady's part was rather unexpected. The warden appeared still more mortified, and springing up he caught his daughter's hand.  
"Nay, sir knight!" he exclaimed, "heed herno! 'tis but a woman's waywardness! Mabel, thou wedded once to pleasure thyself, and thou shalt mate thee now to please thy father! Knight of Coldingham thus do plight thee the hand of Mabel Maxwell!"

"I deny thy right and I forbid the ceremony!" exclaimed a deep voice from the recess, and the palmer stepped forward to the centre of the hall.  
"Who art thou?" exclaimed the angry warden, "who dares gainsay a father's power?"  
"One who brings tidings from the Holy Land, where, under vow of miraculous recovery, he has for many a month been wandering."

"Peace, fellow!" returned the warden, "dost thou impugn a father's right to replace a dead husband with a living one?"  
"How know ye that the fair dame is widowed?" demanded the stranger.  
"Pshaw! thy words, palmer, are sheer mockery! the knight rests in his grave."  
"Tis false!—the knight stands in this hall!" and flinging his russet cloak away, Mabel sprang into the stranger's arms and fainted on his bosom.

As the lady gradually recovered, Dark Hugh murmured as he pressed the lovely one to his heart, and covered her blushing cheeks with kisses:

"Yes, Mabel, fondly does the memory of that blessed evening return that made the border flower mine, and all that beauty can bestow was given me in thy peerless self;—all that fancy could picture I found realized, sweet girl, in thee! But ah! what was the lover's rapture to that with which I press thee to this bosom, now my own—my tried—my faithful one?"

**THE PRIMAL CURSE.**—Labour is sometimes thought to be part of the woe pronounced upon Adam. We do not so read it; or, if a woe, it is a lesser woe driving out the greater. We are more inclined to look on idleness as the curse, and labor as the cure. How often are these two words curse and cure, mis-spelt, and one taken for the other; and what mischief arises! The A B C of morals is thought very plain, but learners make sad mistakes.

The following is the best definition of a loafer we have yet seen: "A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him, when he meets them—often looks at his borrowed watch to see the time, and takes the papers six months and then slopes."

Judge McLean declines the Presidency of the American Bible Society. The time of holding courts renders it impracticable for him to be present at the annual meetings of the Society, and he therefore declines to assume the duty which he cannot discharge.

From the German of Richter.

### THE LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

Once came the loving genius of the human race to Jupiter, and prayed "Father, give to me a better language. They have only words to express joy, grief or love." "Have I not given them tears?" said Jupiter. "The Genius replied, 'tears do not speak all the heart. Father, give them another speech, that they may utter their infinite longings—may paint the lingering light of the morning star of childhood—or the rosy dawn of youth, or the golden glow of the life to come, shed on the clouds before them, after the sun has set. Give them a language of the heart, my father.'" Then Jupiter heard amid the melody of the spheres, the Muse of Song approach. He beckoned to him and said: "Go unto men and teach them thy language." The Muse of Song came down to Men and taught them Music, and from that time the heart could speak.

**PRIDE IN DRESS.**—A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.—A little boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress. "See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got; what a nice pair of shoes; it is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I know."  
"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near in the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you.—Why, that silk hat first wrapt up such a worm as I am."  
"There, Miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree—"was stolen from, or cast off by one of my race."  
"What do you say to that, Miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."  
"True," said a sheep, grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were killed not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creature for them; and even then we could not use them, if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

**THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.**—I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched memory that will soon rot.  
I leave to my parents during the rest of their lives, as much sorrow, as humanity, in a feeble and desperate state, can sustain.  
I leave to my brother and sister as much mortification and injury as I could well bring on them.  
I leave to my wife, a broken heart, a life of wretchedness, a shame to weep over them, a premature death.  
I give and bequeath to each of my children, poverty, ignorance, a low character, and remembrance that their father was a drunkard.

**GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD.**—About three weeks since a saw and grist-mill were burnt at Vinalhaven. It was whispered about among the neighbors over the Island that, on a certain day, all the men and boys should assemble with teams, and spend at least one day for the benefit of the sufferer. At dawn the town was in motion.—Between one and two hundred men, and thirty-five teams, repaired to the woods, and soon the old mill-site became thronged with sturdy laborers. The timber for the two mills was hauled, hewn, and the whole nearly ready for raising before night. That was the right spirit; and, with such a principle of benevolence in active exercise, most of the crushing rigors of life could be greatly mitigated or prevented.

*Bangor Whig.*

**BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.**—The Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has unanimously resolved to remain in connexion with the Methodist Episcopal Church; to resist, as it has uniformly done from the first, the introduction of slavery among its members; to hold no connexion with any ecclesiastical body that shall make non-slaveholding a condition of membership in the church, and to stand by the discipline as it is. The Conference has also expressed its determination to favor the division of the general funds of the Church, as provided for in the plan of separation. There was at no time any warmth of feeling or division of sentiment respecting these matters. So says a letter from a member of the Conference, published in the North American.

**SCRATCHES IN HORSES.**—The sprinkling of Plaster of Paris on stable floors, is not only an excellent plan for retaining the fertilizing gas of Ammonia for manure, but it prevents horses having the scratches or sore heels.

"LOOK TO THE SENATE!" are the ominous words of warning with which the Senate has been assailed. We accept the watch-word, while we despise the intention that gave it utterance. We do look to the Senate. We rejoice to believe that the country looks to it, with well-founded confidence in its wisdom and patriotism, notwithstanding the attempts of demagogues to weaken its influence with the people, simply because it stands like a rock in the way of their rash and wicked devices. The country has owed its salvation to the Senate more than once, and we are happy in believing that we are about being indebted to it again for saving us from the guilt and misery of a war for the wilds of Oregon. The presses of the ultra Locofocos are unanimous and determined in their hostility to the Senate, because they find its sober counsels a fatal foil to their wild and ever-changing schemes. For this very purpose it was created by the constitution, and for fulfilling its office it deserves, and will receive, the confidence and honor of the nation.  
*New Jersey Fredonian.*

**SALT TO AID DECOMPOSITION.**—Prof. Johnson has done more than any other man to extend the use of salta as manure, by giving to the world his excellent essay on salt used on soils, and the mass of experiments he has recorded. It appears that salt in small portions, promotes the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances; that it destroys vermin and kills weeds; that it is a direct constituent of some plants, and therefore necessary to their perfection; that all cultivated plants of marine origin contain it; asparagus for instance; and all such succeed better when watered with salt-water, than when deprived of it; that salt preserves vegetables from injury by sudden transitions in temperature, salted soils not freezing as readily as those to which salt has not been applied; and that it renders the earth more capable of absorbing the moisture of the atmosphere.

The seed of sun-flowers has been found to render chickens not only fat, but the flesh is also rendered tender and juicy.—An experiment, stated in the New England Farmer, in which fowls were shut up and fed with those seeds, is worthy the special attention of farmers.

**AGRICULTURAL ENTERPRISE.**—A noble Agricultural enterprise is now on foot for importing into this country, that variety of the Peruvian sheep known as the Alpaca. They will thrive well at the South, and companies have been formed in Kentucky and other States, and funds raised, and a vessel will soon proceed on a voyage for importing the Alpaca.

**SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.**—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle, and cover the same with another of these hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good rich cream, and that you will get double the quantity of sweet delicious butter.

**SHEEP DESTROYED.**—In the different counties in the state of Ohio, sad havoc is made by the dogs among the sheep. In Warren county alone it is estimated that 300 are thus destroyed annually, and that in the State the damage is \$80,000 by this mode of destruction. A farmer in Warren county lately lost fifty sheep by dogs in a single night.

**IOWA.**—Efforts are making towards dividing this Territory so that it may form two convenient States. The line proposed is the forty-second degree of north latitude. The southernmost division of the territory would then be about one hundred and twenty miles wide, thus forming a State compact accessible from all points. The northern division will contain the larger superficies.

**GUILT.**—Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. "The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

**TOO TRUE.**—The time was when industry was fashionable, and none were ashamed to practice it. Such times have changed; fashion rules the world, and labor has gone out of fashion, with those that live without it, and those that can't—and until a reform is had, and industry again become fashionable, we may bid farewell to many a comfort we might otherwise enjoy.

At a late sitting of the Massachusetts Legislature, the organization of a new town being under consideration, several names were suggested. At length a number proposed as the name, *Ashland*, which, with an overwhelming vote, was instantly adopted.

At a late anniversary dinner of the Baltimore Typographical Society, some Typo gave in the detection of his craft to the ladies, in the following toast:  
12. Woman—  
The sweetest types upon the earth—  
The prettiest forms—the fairest faces—  
The loveliest flowers that a or bid blink—  
Or ever clung to man's en-braçes!