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THOMAS K. ROBSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT
EASTON, Md.

TERMS.

Two Dollars, if paid within the year, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the end of the year. Clubs of ten, cash in advance $15

☞ No paper will be discontinued, except at the discretion of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months.

☞ Books received free of postage will be promptly noticed under the editorial head.

☞ Single papers five cents.

The Easton Star.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL—DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, ADVERTISING, &C.

VOL. 15--NO. 1. EASTON MD., TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1856. WHOLE NO. 700

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

The Star has the largest circulation of any paper published on the Eastern Shore, and therefore is the best means of advertising.

Terms.—One square three insertions $1.00, and 25 cents for every additional insertion.—A liberal deduction in prices to those who advertise by the year, or for six, or three months.

Advertisement sent to the office *not marked* the number of times to be inserted, will be continued till ordered out, and charged according to regular rates.

Special notices, inserted before deaths and marriages, ten cents a line for each insertion

Marriages and Obituary notices inserted free of charge.

COAL! COAL!

PERSONS can be supplied with the best Anthracite Coal at low prices, by applying to MANSFIELD & HARRISON.

☞ A fresh supply of Mason's best SODA CRACKERS for sale by *M. & H.*

sep 18

NEW GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from Baltimore with his usual variety of **NEW GOODS,** which have been bought on the best terms for cash. To an inspection of which he invites his customers and friends.

The public's ob't. serv't.,

oct 23 CHARLES ROBINSON.

1855, '6.
NEW FALL GOODS.

CHEEZUM & EMORY

HAVE just returned from the cities of **Philadelphia and Baltimore,** with a general assortment of

FALL GOODS,

which they respectfull invite their friends and the public generally to call and examine.

oct 9, 1855.

Guns! Guns!!

The subscriber has just opened a lot of fine single and double barrell Guns, Shot Belts, Powder Flasks, Game Bags, Gun Wads, Gun cleaners, Gun Tubes, best Walker water-proof and G. D. caps, and Powder and Shot.

oct 23 CHARLES ROBINSON.

THE ONLY SUPPORTERS FOR LADIES under Eminent Medical Patronage, and the only Supporter lectured on by the Faculty this session, viz: 1854—'55, in Philadelphia.

Physicians of the highest standing who have used Mrs. Betts Utero Abdominal Supporters with great success: University of Pennsylvania—Profs. Jackson, *Homer*, Gibson, Carson Chapman.

Jefferson Med. College—Profs. Mitchell, Hustou, J. D. Mutter, Pancoast, and by Doctors Harris, Jackson, Wiltbank, McClellan; Hartshorne, Rand, Randolph, Goddard, Hays &c.

Please call for a pamphlet to be had gratis —at the Drug and Chemical store of

LEVIN *H.* CAMPBELL,
Sole Agent for Talbot county.

REINHARDT'S PATENT GLASS PAD Double and Single Lever Truss, for the support and cure of Rupture, or *Hernia*; suitable to all sizes and ages,—for *Men*, Women and children, and recommended by Profs. Smith, Dunbar, Hall, [illegible] Hayes, Bowkur, Annan, Handy, &c., of Baltimore,—for sale at the Drug and Chemical Store of

LEVIN H. CAMPBELL,
oct 16 Agent.

Blacksmithing.

The undersigned having commenced his trade, of Blacksmithing, at the Chapel, in the Chapel District, solicits a share of public patronage, and hopes by strict attention to business, to render general satisfaction.

J. THOMAS KIRBY.
nov 6—tf (G)

TO THE LADIES.

WE have just received and have now opened an additional supply of

DRESS GOODS,

viz:—black and colored Silk, plain, plaid and striped,—Mousdelaines, very handsome, from 12½ to 87½,—French Merinoes, Coburg Cloths, —Cloths for Ladies' cloaks; ginghams, calicoes French worked collars, &c., which we most respectfully invite our friends and the public generally to call and examine.

oct 30 CHEEZUM & EMORY.

STOVES.—1 Parlor Air-tight Store,
1 Chamber do. do.
used only a few times, for sale cheap.
nov 6 *H.* C. MACKEY.

CARD.

T. P. DILL & CO.,

HAVE OPENED AN IMMENSE
CLOTHING PALACE,
AND
MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
ON
Chesnut St. Philadelphia, No. 165
(One door below Fifth, North side.)

GENTLEMEN who wish to purchase their Clothing Ready Made, quite as good as can be made by any Merchant Tailors, in the United States should visit this magnificent store, where goods of the finest class are kept ready made, and in the piece, which will be made to order at the shortest notice and perfect satisfaction warranted.

Also, a full assortment of furnishing GOODS, and every article is marked with the lowest cash prices in plain figures.

oct 30, 1855—6m

EXTRA NICE—Goshen Butter, N. York Buckwheat, Cheese, Crackers, crushed and Pulverised Sugars—Superior Green and Black Teas just received, of the finest quality and for sale by

nov 27 J. H. GRACE.

PHILAD. Buckwheat Flour—a prime article and superior flavored cheese just received and for sale by

nov 13 TALBOTT & RAISIN.

40 sacks Ashton's fine salt—10 do. Ground Alum for sale by

nov 13 TALBOTT & RAISIN.

100 BUSHELS OF KEEPING APPLES and 500 Gallons pure Cider for sale by P. F. HEMSLEY.

nov 13 2w

SHOVELS & TONGS, Andirons, Sad Irons, Grid Irons, Waffle Moulds, and a great variety of Castings, for sale by

nov 13 H. C. MACKEY.

Boots and Shoes.

FOR FALL & WINTER,
Purchased in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, at the lowest
CASH PRICES.

I AM now opening at my store in Easton, a large stock of servant's coarse Boots and Brogans, and Women's Lace Boots and Shoes, which have been purchased in the above markets with great care, and will be sold to farmers and others at the lowest city prices.

Also—a large supply of Gen'ts heavy and fine **BOOTS,** Oxford and Congress Gaiters, Ladies Walking Shoes, heeled and plain

Gaiters, &c.

together with a general assortment of Boy's and children's Boots, Shoes, &c., all of which will be sold at a small advance. Also a general supply of

DOMESTICS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES, &c.

TERMS CASH.

The public are respectfully invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

oct 23 ROBERT KEMP.

TO FANNY FERN'S 1,000,000 Readers.—*A New Book coming.*—We have the pleasure of announcing that we have in press, and shall publish about the first of December, a new work of fiction entitled Rose Clark, a Romance, by Fanny Fern. The last work, and first continuous tale of this brilliant and fascinating authoress, "Ruth Hall," achieved a success unexampled in the annals of letters. In the language of a leading periodical, it "created a more profound sensation than any which had been issued during a quarter of a century." But it is unnecessary to allude to the merits of "Ruth Hall." Judging from the number of copies of it we have sold, we judge that every body in the United States have read it. As respects the work we have now in press, "Rose Clark," we can only say that we regard it as in every respect, a greater, better work; and we are confident it will not only sustain, but even increase the reputation of its distinguished authoress. We have reasons for thinking "Rose Clark" will make a greater sensation than did "Ruth Hall."

It will form an elegant 12 mo. volume of over 400 pages. Price $1.25, on receipt of which copies will be sent by mail, post paid. It will be for sale by all booksellers.

Published by
MASON BROTHERS.
New York, nov 27, 1855

Anti-Freezing Pump.

P. S. FORBES,

(*Formerly of Delaware,*)

HAVING located in Easton, is prepared to settle the well known Anti-Freezing Force and Suction Pumps, in Talbot, Queen Ann's, Caroline and Dorchester counties. These Pumps have patent metallic boxes and a wood pipe which is saturated in a composition which renders it impervious to the water, and prevents decay. They are not likely to get out of order like those with wood and leather boxes. He is also prepared to dig and brick up wells on the most improved plan.

References—H. H. Goldsborough, William B. Clark, Samuel Hambleton, John Donovan, M. M. Dawson, and others who have used the above Pumps.

All orders addressed to me or left at Marshall's Hotel will meet with prompt attention.

sep 18—3m

FOR RENT.

THE dwelling apartment of the Easton Academy having lately undergone a thorough repair, and being now entirely disconnected from the School Rooms, will be for rent for the ensuing year.—The building and premises as now constructed, is one of the most desirable residences within the limits of Easton.

For terms and particulars, apply to either of the subscribers.

SAM. HAMBLETON, Pres't.
WM. B. CLARKE, Sec'y.
to Board Trustees Easton Academy.
nov 18 tf

LOST.

One day last week, in or near Easton, a pocket book, containing some papers and memoranda, of no value to any one but myself. The finder will very much oblige me by leaving it at the Post Office, or at the Star Office, in Easton.

B. M. RHODES.
nov 27—tf

FOR SALE.

A fine bay mare, five years old next spring, thoroughly broken to the saddle and partly broken to harness. She has been used very little since 1st of August, and is now in fine condition. Warranted safe and perfectly sound. Halter and cover with the mare.—Apply to

T. F. TILGHMAN,
nov 20—tf Office Md. and Del. R. R.

For Rent.

FOR THE ENSUING YEAR 1856.

THE two Story Brick Store Room and Dwelling, in the town of St. Michaels, lately occupied by Wrightson Jones. The stand for a Store is one of the best in St. Michaels, and the property is in good repair with all necessary outhouses attached. For terms apply to

HUGH MARSHALL.
nov 20—tf

Cut Nails—Cut Nails.

50 kegs Philadelphia Cut Nails—all sizes—just received and for sale, at a small advance by the keg, by

nov 20 TALBOT & RAISIN.

SAWS AND PLANES.

HAND SAWS, Panel do., Ripp do., Tenon do., Dough Tail do, Compass do., and wood saws, of Spear and Jackson's,—Butcher's & Taylor's make, also Fore Planes, Jack and Smoothing do. single and double irons; rabbet, bead, and tonge and grove do. of Balti. Chapin's make, together with every variety of Carpenter's tools, in store, and for sale by

TALBOTT & RAISIN.
nov 20

Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year, there's winter on thy brow,
Thy vernal trappings, one by one, have fallen from thee now;
The days are gone, when we went to meet the morning light,
Or linger round the sunset, till it faded from our sight.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year,—thy chill and icy breath,
Tells us of Time's quick transit or Mortality, and Death.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year;—the fitful evening breeze
Doth chant thy mournful requium, amid the leafless trees;
And laden clouds are hanging o'er, like sombre funeral pall,
And dreary is the landscape now, and sad the prospect all.
Like some dark fiend, that lingers yet, till all is lone and drear;
Thou makest all things desolate, ere thou dost disappear.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year, with all thy varied train
Of hope, and joy, and happiness, of woe, disease, and pain;
Thou hast rescued some from sorrow, thou hast bowed full many a head.
And many that were lovely thou hast numbered with the dead.
The impress of thy presence, thou hast left, with powerful hand.
In every nation, every clime, throughout the sea and land.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year;—upon thy deathless page
Are records that must stand for ages, through the eternal age;
And thoughtless things that have been thought, and deeds that have been done,
Are graven, with an iron pen, upon a book of stone:
Our dead account, of good or ill, is settled with thee now;
Thou hast garnered up thy harvest of future weal or wo.

Thou'rt passing out from us, Old Year;—But with thy farewell voice
Are mingled dulcet tones, that bid the Christian's heart rejoice;
Still speeds to us, in holy strains, the chorus from on high,
That first, by humble Shepherd swains, was heard, in time gone by.
Aye blended with thy funeral dirge, are sounds of "Peace on Earth;"
The voice that wails thy requium proclaims Messiah's birth. W. E. L.

From the New York Ledger.

THE GAME AT CARDS.

BY MERL LEE.

"The darkies are mine," said the gamester, striking his fist upon the table; "show 'em up, and let us see what they look like."

The young planter, who had lost, sent one of the boat servants below for John and Henlen. The passengers awaited the appearence of the servants, in silence, for a long time; but they came not. The servant had informed them of the change of owners, and they dreaded to see their new master. They were attached to the young planter and his wife, and did not like to leave them; beside, they had children of their own at home; and what was to become of them?

The winner began to wax impatient at the delay, and exclaimed:

"Come, Danton; hurry up the niggers. They must move quicker than this, when I send for 'em, or they'll never know what hurt 'em."

The young planter's aristocratic face flushed crimson at this rude and brutal exclaimation, but he made no reply. He was about to send another servant for John and Helen, when his purpose was strayed by the appearance of Mrs. Danton. Her husband had been gaming, and she had been weeping, ever since the boat left Cincinnati; and we were now far down the Mississippi. No wonder, then, that she was pale and wan, and that her eyes looked as though they had been nearly wept away, but she was exquisitely lovely, nevertheless.

Although many pears have passed since that evening, I can see the sorrow-stricken young wife now, as she glided up to the table and looked her husband in the eye. He could not bear up under her gaze. He had lost all their money, and in a fit of desperation had also staked and lost the two slaves. Laying her little had upon his arm, she said:

"Is it true, Charles, that you have lost John and Helen?"

Her husband made no reply; he could not even look up.

The passengers were now fast gathering round, and the scene was growing painful. My father (who had come North to fetch me from school, and was taking the longest possible way home) was holding me by the hand, and I knew, by the tightening of his grasp, that he was becoming much excited.

As Danton did not seem inclined to answer his wife's question, the gamester roughly said:

"Yes, ma'am; John and Helen are mine; and I want to see 'em, quick."

Danton sprang to his feet, and stooping across the table, hissed in the very teeth of the gamester:

"Vallin! don't you presume to speake to my wife again.,'

The look with which this menace was accompanied was perfectly blasting, and made the swarthy and pitted face of the gamester fairly turn white.

How inconsistent is man! That accomplished and high-born husband conld deliberately jeopardize the property and corrode the happiness of his wife, hour after hour, day after day, and night after night; but he could not bear that the man whom he had chosen for a companion should even so much as speak to her.

"Yes, Mary; John and Helen are lost," he said at last, as he let the gamester from under his gaze;—"they are lost, and it can't be helped now; so don't let us have a scene about it."

"I shall not let them go," said Mary, firmly; "and I *will* have a scene about it. I did not say a word about the money. but now that you have played them away—— Oh, Charles!" and she leaned her head on her husband's breast.

"Ah! here they come!" said the gamester, as John and Helen approached.

John was a powerful and fine looking mulato; his face indicating unusual intelligence and kind-heartedness. Helen was was much whiter then her husband, and remarkable handsome. The gamester's evil eyes gleamed as he surveyed her; and turning to a savage-looking man near him he said:

"I'll sell you John, in the morning, Hammond; but Helen I shall keep—at least for a few days."

"I'm agreeable," said the slave trader, for such he was; "but I'd like the gal as soon as possible.

A look of indignation ran round the group at this brutal colloquy.* My father's grasp grew tighter still; and, encouraged thereby, I whispered to him to buy John and Helen himself; but he shook his head, and motioned me to keep silent

"I tell you, I shall not let them go," repeated Mrs. Danton, addressing the stranger; "they were brought up in my mother's family; beside, they have children at home, from whom it would be cruel to separate them."

The gamester and slave trader exchanged sneers at Mrs. Danton's sentimental reasons for not letting the slaves go, and her husband said:

"It can't be helped now, Mary: let us go to our room."

"O, Missus! don't go and leab me wid dat man," shrieked Helen; "I shall die, or jump oveerboard. O,. don't leab your own true Helen, who sabed your life when you fell in de-by-oo."*

"I shall not leave you, Helen. Do not be alarmed; I——"

"Bress de Lord for dat," interrupted Helen; "I knows we're safe, now, kase you allers does jes' what you says you will."

"I think it's about time this nonsense was stopped," said the gamester, rising from the table. "You acknowleage, Danton, that these niggers are my property; consequently, they are mine, and I've a right to do what I please with 'em no bill of sale is necessary between gentlemen. And now, you niggers, just come along with me, and don't make a fuss, or I'll have you flogged and put in irons."

The scene now became extreamly exciting. John drew Helen to his side, and clenched his teeth and fists, while their young mistress stood close in front, as if with her feeble arm she would protect them from the clutches of the gamester. I was wild with excitement, and urged my father either to buy the slaves or shoot the gamester—I did not care which. A bloody fight seemed inevitable, when a young New Englander, who had been very quiet during the whole trip, disowed his way to the table, and asked the gamester at what sum he valued the slaves.

"Two thousand dollars," said he; "do you want to buy?"

"I have only a thousand dollars," the young man answered; "I will give you that for them."

"No, *sir;* but I'll stake 'em against your thousand dollars, and play you a game of poker for the pile."

"I don't understand the game," said the New Englander.

"What game do you play?"

"I have played a few games at all-fours, but I never gambled for a cent in my life."

"Well; I'll play you a game at all-fours, then, if you like, and stake the niggers against your thousand dollars."

To the surprise of every one present, the young man accepted the challenge, called for a new pack of cards, staked his thousand dollars, and the game commenced, the gamester having the first deal.

As the company drew more closely round the table, it seemed as though a watchmaker's shop were in our midst, so distinctly we heard the ticking of the watches.

The first hand the New Englander made three to the gamester's one, at which a buzz of pleasure ran round the group. The second hand the gamester made three, and his opponent nothing; the third hand they each made two, which left the New Englander two to go, while the gamester had but one, and it was his turn to beg. This was a great advantage, and everybody seemed to give up the thousand dollars as lost.

The New Englander dealt the cards with a steady hand, however, and turned up the jack of hearts, which placed him even with his antagonist; but when he raised his cards I saw that he had not a single trump in his hand, and his adversary was hesitating whether to "stand" or beg;" if the former, the game was his to a certainly; if the latter, there would be another chance for the slaves. After drumming on the back of his cards a short time, he looked at the New Englander, to see if he could determine by his manner what it was best to do; but the young Hill met his gaze without flinching; and there they sat for a long time gazing into each other's eyes.

"Run the cards," said the gamester, at last.

I could have hugged him for his mistake.

Bunker Hill again dealt, and the queen of spades was turned. Every heart stood still as the cards were for the last time lifted.

"They are mine!" shouted the New Englander—"or rather, they are yours, madam," said he, in a milder tone, to Mrs. Danton, as he threw down the ace of spades.

The beautiful and impetuous Southeren threw her arms round the winner's neck, and three defending cheers (in which even the slveholder joined,) told the satisfaction of the audience.

Many years after I again met the New Englandor on the Mississippi, and claimed his acquaintance, on the score of having been one of his most enthusiastic partizans on the night of his well-remembered triumph. He had prospered in business and become rich; and was making his annual pilgrimage to the family hearthstone—a stone which has more potent charms for good, than that at which kneel Mahomedan devotees in the city of their prophet. He said he had never touched a card since that memorable game; that the thousand dollars he then risked, was the sum total of his savings for many toilsome years; but that he staked it, and played the game, with a perfect conviction of success.

Danton had sought him out kept up the acquaintance ever since; and Mrs. Dantoncould now travel the world over with her husband without fear, for he had forsworn gaming from that never-to-be-forgotten night.

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*Bayou; the name which Southern negroes give to every stream or body of water.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

The following letter is from the Rev. Thomas Timpson, an able and pious minister in London, the author of many valuable theological and other works; and a person who has distinguished himself as the originator of various benevolent movements in that city. It breathes a spirit of peace and good will towards America, creditable alike to the head and the heart of the writer. To such sentiments we heartily respond, and hope the peace and intercourse now existing between England America, may long be preserved inviolable.—*Ed. Amer. Sat. Cour.*

"London, (Eng.) March 22.

"*Mr. Robert Sears*—My dear Sir:—I am constrained by a sense of obligation, to testify to you, on the part of myself, my sons, and my daughters, the inexpressible gratification that we feel in the possession of the sixteen volumes of your beautiful works which now adorn my library with their elegant bindings. I look at them with astonishment as I reflect on their having been the production of one individual; comprehending, as they do, so large a variety of the most important subjects, and compiled, as their valuable contents show, from a vast number of the best publications, and by a gentleman otherwise engaged in an extensive business! Having been honored with the commission to offer a set of them to Victoria, queen of Great Britain—and which she has graciously accepted—I examined these volumes more particularly, and I feel admiration of their excellent and useful information, their pure and Christian morality, and their truly scriptural theology. I may most justly apply to you, what a reverend doctor of America once said to me, after examination of my rather numerous publications, 'I have not observed a line of all your writings, which you may wish to blot out when you come to die.' I considered that a very high compliment from such a judge.

"By your publications, you have made all classes through the whole community in the United States very greatly your debtors. This they are in some good measure acknowledging, as I perceive, by the large and increasing demand for your valuable works; but the man who has placed in their hands illustrated pictorial volumes, relating to such a variety of that which is wonderful in 'nature, art, and mind;' so much that is instructive in biography and history, and what is most divinely consoling in religion and the oracles of God—in forms well adapted to promote the edification of all classes, especially those in the peculiar condition of the millions so widely scattered as the people of your vastly extended Union, cannot easily be remunerated for the requisite expenditure of mental and physical labor, with the large amount of property employed in producing these works.

"'The Pictorial Family Instructor,' the 'Wonders of the World,' the 'History of the American Revolution,' and 'Information for the People,' must be invaluable treasures to the rising members of thousands of families throughout America; especially because of the necessarily limited sphere of observation on men and manners existing in the 'Old World'; while the 'Description of Great Britain and Ireland,' will afford them the most ennobling ideas concerning the people, the riches, and glory of their 'father-land,' and the 'mother-country.' For this good service we are indebted to you as Britons.

"Your 'Bible Biography,' 'Pictorial Sunday Book,' and 'History of the Bible,' cannot fail to be highly prized by those of a more religious or established Christian character; on account of the precious stores of pure divinity which they contain, and the concentration of the rays of heavenly light which they throw upon the Scriptures. You cannot wonder that I rejoice to see my name and labors so prominently placed in one of your volumes, with my 'Thirty Dissertations' on the Scriptures, from my 'Key to the Bible,' in your 'Bible Biography.'

"It is natural for you to wish my jugdment—as that of an Englishman, more particularly—upon your 'Description of Great Britain and Ireland.' Regarding this work especially, as I am acquainted with most parts of the country, I beg to assure you that it does very great credit to your talents, research and industry; the information, I perceive, is derived from the best sources, and the pictorial representations are good—many of them equal to those of the same kind published in England. You have done wisely by giving so extended an account of London, our wonderful metropolis; for, though Edinburgh and Dublin are truly splendid cities, as the ancient capitals of the kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland; and, while Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Sheffield, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow are really magnificent as provincial boroughs, great manufacturing centres, and emporiums of trade—London, with its sister city of Wesminster, is the seat and source of intelligence, wealth, legislation, and government of the vast British empire. The palaces of the sovereign and the mansions of the nobility are grand. No language or pictorial description can, however, adequately represent our mighty metropolis to a stranger; yourself, on a personal survey, will be like the queen of Sheba in her visit to King Solomon and Jerusalem.

"One word as to the spirit of your writings. I admire them exceedingly, the benevolence, liberality and enlarged philanthropy which they all breathe; indicating the author to be, in the best sense, 'a citizen of the world.' I cordially delight in the unsectarian Christian spirit which pervades those that are religious: this is worthy your profession as a follower of the world's Redeemer; and as to your work on 'Great Britain and Ireland,' I tender you my warmest thanks for the noble sentiments it expresses. I cannot look upon the Americans but as our own brethren. As an Englishman, I feel the full force of the significant expression uttered by some of our profound worldly politicians—'England and America against all the world!' but as a minister of the blessed 'Prince of Peace,' the Redeemer of all nations, I would rather say, what in my judgment your work is happily designed and adapted to promote, and the whole body of British Christians would joyfully echo my words—'England and America for all the world!' May we continue increasingly to co-operate, by the Bible, Missions and Commerce, in promoting the intelligence, liberty and happiness of every people!

"I am convinced that the two countries are deeply interested in the prosperity of each other. Our people are one in blood, one in language, one in science and art, and one in religion. Ourselves mutually united in the bonds of peace and friendly intercourse, both must prosper, and essentially serve each other; and, increasing in population, by our moral influence, our intelligence, religion, liberty and commerce —all improved and perfected—we may be the means of removing the ten thousand evils of despotism, supersition, and false religion, which afflict the great nations of Europe, Asia, Africa, and many parts of America, and of regenerating the world, under the gracious providence of God.

"Wishing you success in your various noble, benevolent and Christian enterprises, and that your life and health may long be preserved, to enjoy the fruits of your labors on earth, I remain, yours, in Christian esteem, "Thomas Timpson."

From the New York Ledger.

THE LAKE OF PEARLS.

A pearl of a lustrous, rosy tint is sometimes found in the old pearl fisheries at the head of the Persian Gulf, but these rose pearls are so rare and beautiful, that they are sedulously gathered and retained among the jewels of the richest Asiatic princes, and are seldom encountered in Europe. So few and inferior are the rose-tinted pearls that find their way to European gem-dealers, that the famous pearl called the "blush of the morning" by Persian poets, was almost deemed a creation of fancy; yet they are real facts, not only in the royal caskets of Asia, but in the deep unexplored heart of our own continent.

As the railway to the Pacific progresses westward of the Rio Bravo, the world will be astonished with sudden revelations of a new gold country, and a yet undreamed of land of gems. Still, strangest of all, it will bring within the range of civilized enterprise a rock embosomed lake dripping with the rare and precious rose-tinted pearl of Persian fame.

No matter for the exact locality, but somewhere away to the south of the line traced by the gallant Grey, there exists, in the midst of a wild Indian hunting-range, a salt lake of no great dimensions, but deep and difficult of access, walled in by rugged hills, and shaded by a vine-tangled forest. But few white men dream of its existence or whereabouts, and of those few perhaps not more than two persons besides the writer have a suspicion that its deep and bitter waters enfold immense treasures.

It is a singular fact that, this lake, so far inland, and with no apparent possibility of connection by sub-marine channels, with the sea at such a vast distance, should be filled with water but a little less than the sea, and inhabited by the real pearl oyster, which is eminently a denizen of the sea shore.

The Indians of that range are not good divers, but they sometimes plunge down twelve or fifteen feet, and pluck the oysters out of the shelves and recesses of the rocks, to gather the pearls, but they make little account of this inferior and scanty harvest. They come so rarely in contact with the whites—and then on such unfavorable terms for trade—that neither party has yet learned that there exists such a source for barter.

No diver, however experienced, could go down far enough to rake the bottom and bring up the large oysters, which, in that as in all pearl fisheries, yield the finest pearls in the deepest water. That must be the harvest of some bold and discreet wearer of sub-marine armor.

There are, also, pearl fisheries at the head of the Gulf of California which must await, that or some other invention, for descending deeper, and remaining longer to explore and to gather the oyster than is possible to the most daring and able diver.

When the men and the method are ready, the localities will be revealed, and America will transcend in pearls and precious stones, even as she transcends in gold. Let this saying be recorded for future recollection. We cannot find the Union with an iron belt from sea to sea, without clearing through this yet unexplored though not altogether unknown, region of gems.—This is no dream of the imagination; it is drawn from facts and data within the grasp of the writer. The Lake of Pearls, strange as it reads, is no fairy tale, and at no distant day roseate pearls, rivalling the "blush of the morning," that glowed in the diadem of the Persian prince, will be drawn from its bosom by American enterprise.—The indications of locality here given are purposely indistinct, but he who seeks the prize, with courage, constancy, and discretion, is certain of a rich reward. The feeble and faint-hearted should stay at home, and sleep out life in safe corners; but to the keen search and resolute hand of the daring adventurer, there is, between 30 and 32 degrees north latitude, and midway between the Rio Bravo and the Gulf of California, another golden and glittering California.

☞ The Morse telegraph line, connecting Brooklyn with New York and other cities, has been completed, and is now in full operation.

For the Star.

THOUGHTS ON THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The knell of another year has sounded. By its departure the days of living men have suffered a considerable reduction.—The space into which the closing events of this world have to be crowded, has been contracted. We are thus forcibly reminded that the scenes of earth and time are fast fleeting away; and eternity,—with its dread realities, and its penal destinies is rapidly drawing nigh to all mankind.

Another year is gone. But "He that sitting in the heavens" is alone competent to estimate the amount of joy or of sorrow which it brought to the children of men. What hallowed and happy scenes has Jehovah beheld! What clouds of incense,—the prayers and praises of his saints, have ascended to his throne! What acts of piety; what exhibitions of grace; what deeds of philanthropy; have gained his approbation! But has he not witnessed the comparative supineness of his professing people? Has he not seen their worldliness and lukewarmness; their indisposition to duty and to self-sacrifice for his sake? Has he not beheld Zion sitting at ease, while the wary foe has been marshalling his forces, and extending his operations, and threatening to exterminate the army of the living God? And has not God, through many alarming events, been heard to sound the watchword, "To your tents, O Israel?"—In the world at large, what dreadful scenes of crime and of wretchedness have been continually open to the all-seeing eye!—What deeds of murder and rapine, of idolatry and uncleanness, of oppression and wrong have been daily and nightly transacted! What pining penury; what secret sorrows; what dire diseases, what deaths, in forms and numbers multiplied! The open violence and the hidden stroke; the shafts of malignity, and the wounds of injured innocence; the heart sickness of suspense, and the pangs of disappointment; the griefs of infamy, and the distresses of age; have all been unveiled before the Lord! All the expressions of woe—the sighs and groans, the cries and tears of his earthly children are treasured up his memory; and will be adduced to enhance the condemnation of Satan, sin, and sinners, when God shall come to render unto every man according to his deeds.

Another year has closed. The work of Providence is going on. Predictions are hastening to become historical verities.—The political movements, now in course of development throughout the kingdoms of Europe, are auguries of great events. God is shaking the nations. Portents of evil are numerous and startling. Men's hearts are failing them for fear. Antichrist is rapidly gaining ascendancy, striding on with giant steps, from one point of [illegible] and influence to another; and is already proudly, but vainly sounding the note of triumph over the church of the Gospel. The wisest of men may be unable to trace through this complication of events, the connection subsisting between them and the accomplishment of Gods cherished purposes. But "He knoweth the end from the beginning." He can persue the labyrinth from its commencement to its termination. He perceives all, overrules all; and will continue to do so, "From seeming evil still educing good." "The Lord reigneth! let the earth be glad!

A new year has dawned upon us. A blank tablet of time is turned to each of us, to be filled up, as day shall succeed day, with a faithful record of our moral doing. With what characters would we wish that tablet to be inscribed? What would we desire should be its testimony, when we come to close our accounts? The recording angel waits to write—is now writing—and every word, and thought, and purpose, will be found recorded there, when we come to appear before "the great white throne." What a motive to purity, to watchfulness, to holy activity.

"But what motives urges us to the performance of this duty?" Do you ask what motives? Already have I referred you to "the great white throne." Behold the righteous judge of all the earth preparing to decide the unchangeable fates of all the living and the dead. See the mansions of everlasting rest prepared for the reception of the blessed, and the gulf of everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. All these glories and awful realities have an intimate connection with time.

"Time is eternity,
Pregnant with all eternity can give!
Throw years away!
Throw empires, and be blameless! Moments seize;
Heaven's on the wing; a moment we may wish,
When world's want wealth to buy."

Shall we speak of its swiftness, in order to move you by additional arguments to persue your own happiness? The young think they are abundantly rich in time, and therefore suppose they are excusable in wasting it in wantoness. So far from complaining of its swiftness, they are weary of its sluggish motion. Every period of life seems indeed somewhat uneasy under the burden and seeks relief in some species or other of amusement. But oh, did youth and age consider, how much has to be done, before they can have any reasonable hope of escaping the wrath and obtaining the favor of the Lord Almighty, they would start up into sudden alarm, and vain and childish amusements would be forgotten in the rational anxiety to prepare for judgement.

I conclude these reflections Mr. Editor, by wishing your readers a "Happy new year." G. S. M.

Easton, January 1st, 1856.

From the New York Ledger.

THE MODERN MODEL PREACHER.

He takes his texts from the Bible, but preaches from the magazines and novels of the day, and discusses every subject except religion.

Conscious of his lack of dignity and gentlemanliness, he eschews good manners in the pulpit, and emulates the commedian and mountebank; knowing his destitution of accurate knowledge and logical strength, he contemns theological discussion, and deals largely in rhapsodical statement, romantic description, and vulgar anecdote.—His sermons are generally a mosaic of ego-

(*Concluded on fourth page.*)