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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FOOLS' PENCE.

The following interesting narrative is from a tract recently published in London, and forwarded to this country by a correspondent of the Religious Magazine, from which we copy it: Have you ever seen a London shop? There is perhaps no better shop in the magnificent city of England. No expense seems to be spared in the building of the furnishing of a gin shop. Not many years ago, a gin-shop was a mean-looking, and by no means a spacious place, with a few small bottles, not bigger than a doctor's largest vial, in the dusty window. However poor many of the working classes may be, it seems to be their pleasure to squander their little remaining money upon number of these places, as if they were determined that the persons whom they employ to sell them pain, should dwell in the midst of luxury and splendor. I do not mean to say that we have a right to throw all the blame upon the master or the mistress of a gin shop. For my part, I should not like to be one, and be obliged to get rich on the money of the poor infatuated creatures who will ruin both soul and body in gin-drinking; but, at the same time, the master of the gin-shop may say, "I don't force the people to drink, they will have gin, if I do not sell it to them, somebody else will." The story of "The Fools' Pence," which follows is worthy attending to. A little mean-looking man sat kneeling to Mrs. Crowder, the mistress of the Punch-bowl. "Why Mrs. Crowder," said he, "I should hardly know you again! Really I don't say you have things in the latest style. What an elegant paper! What noble chairs! What a pair of red-screens! All so bright and so fresh! and yourself so well, and looking so well."

eyes, and ragged garments. He turned them upon the stately apartment in which they were assembled; he saw that it had been fitted up at no trifling cost; he started through the partly opened doorway into the parlor, and saw looking glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy in a silk gown sitting down to her piano forte; and he thought within himself, How strange it is! by what a curious process it is, that all this wretchedness on my left hand is made to turn into all this rich finery on my right. "Well Sir, and what's for you?" These words were spoken in the same shrill voice which had made the "fools' pence" ring in his ears. George Manly was still deep in thought, and with the end of his rule (for he was a carpenter) he had been making calculation, drawing the figures in the little puddles of gin upon the counter. He looked up and saw Mrs. Crowder herself, as gay as her daughters, with a cap and colored ribbands flying off her head, and a pair of gold ear-rings, almost touching her plump shoulders. "A pint of ale, ma'am, is what I'm waiting for to-night," (no more spirits he thought within himself, will I touch?) and then, as he put down the money for the ale, he looked her calmly in the face, and said, "There are the fools' pence, and the last fools' pence I intend to pay down for many a long day."

George Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were sitting at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small, that its warmth was scarcely felt; yet the commonest observer must have been struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the apartment, and every thing about it. "This is indeed a treat, girls! to have dear father home so soon to-night," said Susan Manly, and she looked up at her husband, as he stood before the table, turning his eyes first upon one and then another of the little party; then throwing himself into his large arm chair, and lying back, and smiling, he said: "Well, children, a't you glad to see me? May not those busy little fingers stop a moment, just while you jump up, and throw your arms about your father's neck and kiss him?" "O yes, we have time for that," said one of the girls, as they both sprang up to kiss their father: "but we have no time to lose, dear father," said Sally, pressing her cheek to his and speaking in a kind of coaxing whisper close to his ear, "for these shirts are the last of the dozen we have been making for Mr. Farley, in the corn market." "And as no work can be done to-morrow," added Bessy, gravely, who stood with her small hand in her father's, we are all working as hard as we can, for mother has promised to take them home on Monday afternoon."

George Manly told his wife that evening, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and two daughters, and when he thought of his own hard working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, and drinking, night after night, more like a beast than a man, destroying his own manly strength, and the fine health God had given him, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He made his determination from that hour; and as he made it not in the confidence of his own strength, but in humble and watchful dependence upon Him from whom "all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," the resolution that he made, he kept. It was more than a year after Mrs. Crowder of the Punch-bowl had first missed a regular customer from her house, and had forgotten to express her wonder as to what could have become of the good-looking carpenter that generally spent his earnings there, and drank and spent his money so freely. "There, get on as fast as you can dear; ruin, girls, and don't stop for me; your beautiful dresses will be quite spoiled; never mind me, for my levantine is a French silk, and won't spot." These words were screamed out as loud as her haste would permit her, by Mrs. Crowder, who was accompanying her daughters one Sunday evening to the tea-garden. She was answered by Miss Lucy, "You know, ma, we can't run, for our shoes are so tight." "Then turn into one of these houses, dears," said the mother, who was bustling forward as fast as she could. "No indeed," replied the other daughter, who found time to curl her lips with disdain, notwithstanding her haste and her distress; "I'll not act a part in such a filthy hotel." "Well, dears, here is a comfortable tidy place," cried the mother at length as they hastened forward: "here I'll enter, nor will I stir till the rain is over; come in girls, come in." The rain was now coming down in torrents, and the two young ladies gladly followed their mother's example, and entered the neat and cleanly dwelling. Their long hair hung dangling about their ears, their crumpled bonnets had been secured in vain by their fringed parasols, and the skirts of the silk gowns were dragged with mud. They all three began to stamp upon the floor of the room into which they had entered, with very little ceremony; but the good natured mistress of the house felt more for their disaster than for her floor, and came forward at once

to console and assist them. She brought forth clean clothes from the dresser drawer, and she and her two daughters set to work to wipe off with quick and delicate care, the rain-drops and mud splashes from the silken dresses of the three fine ladies. The crumpled hats and the parasols were carefully dried at a safe distance from the fire, and a comb was offered to arrange the uncrumpled hair, such a white and delicately clean comb as may seldom be seen upon a poor woman's toilet. When all had been done that could be done, and as Miss Lucy said, "they began to look like themselves again." Mrs. Crowder, who was looting back at her ease in a large and comfortable arm-chair, and amusing herself by taking a good stare at every thing and every one in the room, suddenly started forward, and cried out, addressing herself to the master of the house, upon whose Bible and at whose face she had been last fixing her stare. "Why my good man, we are old friends; I know your face, I'm certain; still there is some change in you; though I can't exactly say what it is." "I used to be in ragged clothes, and out of health," said George Manly smiling as he looked up from his Bible, "I am now, blessed be God, comfortably clad and in excellent health." "But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never catch a sight of you now?" "Madam," said he, "I'm sure I wish well to you and all people; may, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours were the first means of opening my eyes to my own foolish and sinful course. You seem to thrive, so do we. My wife and children were half naked and half starved, only this time last year. Look at them if you please now; for so far as sweet, contented looks go, and decent raiment, befitting their station, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year, that 'tis the FOOLS' PENCE which have done all this for us. 'The Fools' Pence! I ought rather to say the pence earned by honest industry, and spent in such a manner, that I can ask the blessing of God upon the pence.'"

When Mrs. Crowder and her daughters were gone, George Manly sat without speaking for some considerable time. He was deep in thought, and his gentle, pious wife felt that she knew on what subject he had been thinking so deeply; for when he woke up from his fit of thought, a deep sigh stole from his lips, and he brushed away the tears which had filled his eyes. From the Nashville (Ten.) Banner. General Jackson's Preference.—We think that those friends of the President (if friends they can be) who are endeavoring to array the weight of his name, against his tried, unswerving, and firm friend Hugh Lawson White of Tennessee are making an unauthorized attempt which will frown upon with disdain. On this subject we refer our readers to a communication from Shelby County and the following forcible remarks of our neighbor of the Republican. Perhaps there never before was a question on which the Newspapers of a State were as unanimous as those of Tennessee are in favor of White. We ask the politicians throughout the Union, to notice the conclusion of the remarks of our neighbor, and to mark our prediction, that, as enthusiastically devoted as Tennessee has been to her veteran Jackson, just so devoted will she be to her beloved and respected White; and let who will be a candidate will feel confident that Tennessee will give her vote to White. From the Nashville Republican. General Jackson's Preference.—It must be apparent to the most superficial observer, that an effort is making, both in this State and elsewhere, by those who are opposed to Judge White, to create the impression that Gen. Jackson would decidedly prefer Mr. Van Buren to any other person, as his successor, and thus to bring the influence of his powerful name to bear upon the approaching election. General Jackson is but a man, and like the rest of us, has his preferences and dislikes, and no reasonable person would blame him for wishing for the success of his friends, in opposition to those who have violently and bitterly decried every measure of his Administration. While it is believed that the contest for the Presidency would be between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay, or some other prominent member of the opposition, it was natural, it was to be expected, that General Jackson should prefer Mr. Van Buren, of whose character and capacity he has shown that he entertains a high opinion, by appointing him, on more than one occasion, to an important station. But a different state of things has now arisen. Judge White, a staunch Republican, has been brought

out, without solicitation or management, as a candidate for the Presidency, and in all probability the contest will be between him and Mr. Van Buren. In this contest can General Jackson prefer Mr. Van Buren to Judge White? We should think not. If he has a preference, we should suppose his predilections would all be on the side of Judge White. They are citizens of the same State—nearly about the same period of time, young, adventurous and enterprising, they emigrated to the wilds of Tennessee—together they have "grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength"—on the bench and the bar they have toiled together—and for more than thirty-five years they have been united by the bonds of an intimate and uninterrupted friendship. O most of the great political topics of the day they have thought alike, and side by side have they battled for those principles, which have been pronounced by a large majority of the American people to be sound, salutary and correct. Judge White has been an efficient, sincere, and independent, though not a sycophantic, supporter of the most important measures of General Jackson's Administration, and no man would, we are convinced, carry out those measures with more ability, firmness, and discretion. How then can General Jackson prefer Martin Van Buren to Hugh L. White? We will not for an instant believe, that he will descend from "his high estate," to take an active part in the ensuing election, or consent to lend an improper and unrepublish influence in the appointment of his successor; but we speak now of his private and personal feelings, of which, as a man, he cannot entirely rid himself, and we ask again how can he prefer Martin Van Buren to Hugh L. White? Besides all these considerations, nineteen twentieths of the people of Tennessee, we are convinced, are in favor of Hugh L. White, and we cannot believe that General Jackson will separate himself from his long tried, his faithful, and his sincere friends, where no principle is at stake, and every reason exists that they should think alike. The opinion and wishes of General Jackson would have great weight with the people of Tennessee, on any subject, and one of the many causes which will induce them to support Judge White is, that he has been a consistent and straightforward supporter of the Administration of him, whom they "have delighted to honor." We trust then that they will still be found together. If, however, we are mistaken, we are certain of one thing, that—much as the people of Tennessee love General Jackson—much as they venerate his name—they will never surrender, even at his dictation, that glorious prize, for which he and they so bravely contended at the battle of New Orleans—their independence. From the New York Evening Star. MR. VAN BUREN AND THE SOUTH. We have been called upon from several parts of the southern states, to say what was the course of Mr. Van Buren during the late war with Great Britain—what his opinions of southern men and southern principles were—whether he supported Mr. Clinton in preference to Mr. Madison—and what were his views and opinions on the Missouri question. We confess that we are pleased to hear these questions asked—that the determination of Gen. Jackson to press Mr. Van Buren upon the nation as his successor meets with a proper opposition, and that a general alarm prevails at the bare prospect of perpetuating the evils under which the country is now suffering. All that is necessary is for the people to read, to think, to act, to awake from a sleep of delusion, and feel a becoming interest for the country. In answering these questions, what we shall say we can prove—we state nothing on mere rumor—we publish facts and state denials. Mr. Van Buren was elected a senator from Columbia county, for the first time, in 1812, by a small majority. He opposed his election to persons who were opposed to James Madison and the politicians of the south, and he acted to the time faithfully with that party. In November, 1813, he took his seat in the senate, and a few days afterwards a grand caucus was called to select candidates for the electoral college. At this caucus we think John Taylor, of the senate, and Nathan Sanford, of the assembly, presided; the invitation was transmitted only to members of the legislature. John C. Hogeboom, of Columbia, Ebenezer Foot, of Troy, and another person, not named, obtained admission into the senate chamber on that occasion. Mr. Van Buren, who had been preparing himself for this caucus since his election in April, made a strong speech, full of force and vehemence, for nearly two hours, in favor of De Witt Clinton, who had been nominated on the 28th of May, preceding, and was the accepted candidate of the ultra federal party. Mr. Van Buren drew a contrast and comparison between Mr. Clinton & Mr. Madison, highly in favor of the former, and objected to Mr. Madison on various grounds—he pronounced his policy feeble—he considered him wanting in all the essential qualities necessary to conduct the affairs of the nation—he condemned in mass the whole of the southern politicians and their measures, in involving the country in a ruinous war. He avowed his entire conviction that Mr. Madison and his advisers could never conduct that war to successful issue; and his entire belief that nothing could extricate the country from its thralldom and pointing ruin but the success of Mr. Clinton; and the expulsion from the councils of the nation of the politicians of the South. His language was "loud and strong" on these points. "I call on this meeting," said Mr. Van Buren, "to sustain the claims of the State of New York against the untiring ambition of the South—I call on this meeting to sustain the claims of Mr. Clinton to the Presidency—as a man better qualified in mind and in energy of character, to conduct the operations of this government."