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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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We find the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Dr. O'Connell, in the National Intelligencer. Although unaccompanied with the writer's name, no one acquainted with his glowing and graceful style, can fail to recognize in it the pen of the Rev. Thomas B. Balch, one of the best writers in the country:

CHALMERS.
From Britain's coast the last arrival brought
The startling news that Scotia's moral king,
Whose lips and pen so long have wisdom taught,
Had passed away to where the angels sing:
A man beloved of all that hallow'd land,
From whose lips northern mountain towers
To where its Yarrow locks twin mirrors stand,
And doubling all their heathen-brood side flow'r:
Profaned, sincere, replete with simple aims
And large designs; the generous friend of Man,
On whom his race drew untold precious claims
For records rich in every useful plain.
With giant arm he grasp'd the sacred Cross
And held it long, to his credentials true,
Where presents flock'd of hills and dale of moor,
And from his Sabbath robes instruction drew.
In Fishacre vale he sway'd his Shepherd's crook,
And then whose spirit adorn the noble City;
Then whose steep steps Edina's homes o'erlook,
And learning, Taste, and Genius all reside.
His voice was heard amid Kirk's and letter'd Halls,
Enforcing Truth in accents loud and bold:
From Highland caves to London's ranging walks,
He straved his way with grains of moral gold,
But of his life this was the greatest deed—
Those cords which chained the Kirk at Win-
sor's gate,
He rent in twain—and from the boundary Tweed
To Orkney Isles he selected Church and State.
Now, in that Kirk's sequester'd evergreens,
This one event his honored name embalms,
With farthest men who pass'd their purple scenes,
To martyr robes and victor's splendid palms.
For he gave up the Premier's sparkling or,
His hose, and robe, and Academic mace,
And, like his Sires who lived in days of yore,
For conscience' sake the plumes of pow'r and
place.
Before that time Baronial Halls were proud
To own their guests, and lofty feudal domes
Kept open gates. But when he nobly vow'd
To free the Kirk, he turn'd to Cottage homes—
Where peasants came, and in their tartan frocks
Their homage paid, from Dee and Avon swift,
From Nith and Spey and wild exterior locks,
All clamoring down this every mountain cliff,
My dirge is o'er. This theme we freely yield
To ministrals rich in more eloquent lays,
Who penate harps and lute and cymbal wild,
By Angli's lakes or Scotia's moorland bays.
And, as New Zealand birds, whose powerful songs
Are said like swart and penate birds to sound,
So may Britannia's birds, in concert throng,
A requiem sing at his sepulchral mound!
But yet a bard in mountain bliss who spends
His floating days, may pluck one cypress leaf,
And send it on to where Edina bends
O'er that dark path, which wraps her moral chief,
Ringwood Crag, (V.) June 26.

HEROISM—WHAT IS IT?
"One murder makes a villain,
Millions a hero."—*Shakespeare.*
The day was, and perhaps now is to some extent, when to be a hero was to be a villain, a cut-throat; when to gain this title it was necessary to tread the rough and thorny road of carnage and desolation amid the revelry of glittering spears, and the roar of thundering cannon. But, thanks to the influence of Christian truth, and enlightened reason, a new era is dawning upon the world, the age of moral chivalry—when heroism shall be manifested, not on bloody fields of human butchery, and amid the smoking ruins of burnt cities, but on the broad field of moral conflict, where many deeds of peaceful rivalry shall decide the claims of the aspirants for fame. The man who sacrifices the most for his race in propagating truth, who shall break with the greatest moral courage the assaults of tyrant wrong, shall best deserve the name of hero.
Who does not say speed the hour! And who does not give a hearty response for the day of consummation of that period,
When men shall call
Each man his brother—each shall tell to each
His tale of love—and pure and holy speech
Be need for the soul's high festival.
EFFECTS OF NEGRO EMANCIPATION.—The slaves constituted formerly the wealth of the planters; now, as free and remunerated laborers, they are the soul of our island commerce, and as such, are the wealth of the merchants. Let us look back at the commercial revolution which has taken place in Trinidad since the dawn of freedom. The signs of comparative wealth among the laboring people everywhere appear. The great change in this condition has greatly stimulated trade of every description. Mechanics of every class have increased a hundred fold among the lower order of society; these are rapidly rising in respectability and wealth, and promise to do very distant day to set an important part in the internal trade and affairs of the colony. In consequence of the possession of money by the people, our island imports have increased to a most surprising extent, in the course of a few years. —*Trinidad Spectator.*
Nothing can be more unfounded than the notion that a love of reading, or of science, or of any kind of knowledge, unfits a man for his daily occupation, or makes him discontented with it.
STIMULUS.—Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain, the further you can hear them. Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.
THE TONGUE.—There is a world of meaning in the following from an old scrap book:
If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes:
What thou speakest, and how, beware,
Of whom, to whom, when and where.
The Parent who would train the child in the way he should go, should go in the way he would train the child.
MAN is a name of honor for a king.

PULASKI.

From the Saturday Courier.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was at the battle of Brandywine that Count-Pulaski appeared in all his glory. As he rode charging there into the thick of the battle, he was a warrior to look upon but once, and never forget.
Mounted on a large black horse, whose strength and beauty of shape made you forget the plainness of his caparison, Pulaski himself, with a form six feet in height, massive chest and limbs of iron, was attired in a white uniform, that was seen from afar, relieved by the black clouds of battle. His face, grim with the scars of Poland, was the face of a man who had seen much trouble, endured much wrong. It was stamped with an expression of abiding melancholy, bronzed in hue, lighted by large dark eyes, with the lip darkened by a thick mustache, his throat and chin were covered with a heavy beard, and while his hair fell in raven masses, from beneath his trooper's cap, shielded with a fringe of glittering steel. His hair and beard were of the same hue.

The sword that hung by his side, fashioned of tempered steel, with a hilt of iron, was one that a warrior alone could lift.
It was in this array he rode to battle, followed by a band of three hundred men, whose faces, burnt with the scorching of a tropical sun, hardened by northern snows, bore the scars of many a battle. They were mostly European; some Germans, some Poles, some deserters from the British army. These were the men to fight. To be taken by the British would be death, and death on the gibbet; therefore they fought their best and fought to the last gasp, rather than mutter a word about "quarter."
When they charged it was one man, their three hundred swords flashed over their heads, against the clouds of battle. They came down upon the enemy in terrible silence without a word spoken, not even a whisper. You could hear the rattling of their scabbards, but that was all.
Yet when they closed with the British, you could hear a noise, like the echo of a hundred hammers, beating the hot iron on the anvil. You could see Pulaski himself, riding yonder in his white uniform, his black steel rearing aloft, as turning his head over his shoulder he spoke to his men: "Forward, Brothers, forwards!"

It was broken German, yet they understood it, those three hundred men of sunburnt faces, wounding and gasping. With one burst they crashed upon the enemy. For a few moments they used their swords, and then the ground was covered with the dead, while a living enemy scattered in panic before their path.
It was on this battle-day of Brandywine that the Count was in his glory. He understood but little English, so he spoke what he had to say with the edge of his sword. It was a severe lexicon, but the British soon learned to read it, and to know it and fear it. All over the field, from yonder Quaker meeting-house away to the top of Osborne's Hill, the soldiers of the enemy saw Pulaski come, and learned to know his name by heart.

That white uniform, that bronzed visage, that black horse with burning eye and quivering nostrils, they knew the warrior well; they trembled when they heard him say, "Forwards, Brothers, forwards!"
It was in the retreat of Brandywine, that the men of Sullivan, badly armed, poorly fed, and shabbily clad, gave way, step by step, before the overwhelming discipline of the British host, that Pulaski looked like a battle-fiend, mounted on his demon-steed.
His cap had fallen from his brow. His beard had shown in an occasional unburnt, or grew crimson with a flash from the cannon or rifle. His white uniform was rent and stained; in fact from head to foot, he was covered with dust and blood.
Still his right arm was free—still it rose there, executing a British herring, when it fell—still his voice was heard hoarse and husky, but strong in its every tone—"Forwards, Brothers, forwards!"

He beheld the division of Sullivan retreating from the field, he saw the British warrior stripping their backs in the maddest of peril. He looked to the south for Washington, who, with the reserve under Green, was hurrying to the rescue, but the American Chief was not in view.
Then Pulaski was convulsed with rage. He rode madly upon the bayonets of the pursuing British, his sword gathering victory after victory; even there, in front of their whole army, he flung his steed across the path of the retreating Americans, he beaught them in broken English, to turn, to make one more effort; he shouted in hoarse tones that the day was not yet lost!
They did not understand his words, but the tones in which he spoke thrilled their blood.
That picture, too, standing out from the clouds of battle—a warrior convulsed with passion, covered with blood, leaning over the neck of his steed, while his eye seemed turned to fire, and the muscles of his bronzed face filled like serpents—was that picture, I say, which made a heart with new courage, nerved many a wounded arm for the fight again.
Those retreating men turned, they faced the enemy again—like grey-hounds at the necks of the wolf—they sprang upon the necks of the foe, and bore them down by one desperate charge.
It was at this moment that Washington came rushing on once more to the battle. Those people knew but little of the American General who called him the American Fabius, that is a general compound of prudence and caution, with but a spark of enterprise. American Fabius! When you will show me that the Roman Fabius had a heart of fire, nerves of steel, a soul that hungered for the charge, an enterprise that rushed from wild like the Skipper upon an army like the British at Germantown, or started from ice or snow, like that which lay across the Delaware, upon borders like those of the Hessians at Trenton—then I will love Wash-

ington down into Fabius. This comparison of our heroes with the barbarian Semiramide of Rome only illustrate the poverty of the mind that makes it.
Compare Brutus, the assassin of his friend, with Washington, the Savior of the people! Cicero, the opponent of Cataline, with Henry, the champion of a continent! What beggary of thought! Let us learn to be a little independent, to know our great men, as they were, not by comparison with the barbarian heroes of old Rome.
Let us learn that Washington was no negation, that he was a man of a positive genius. It was in the battle of Brandywine that this truth was made plain. He beheld his men born down by the British, he heard them shriek his name, and regardless of his personal safety, he rushed to join them.
Yes, it was in the dread havoc of the retreat that Washington, rushing forward into the very centre of the mêlée, entangled in the enemy's troops on the top of a hill, south-west of the meeting house, while Pulaski was sweeping on with his grim smile, to have one more bout with the eager red coats.

Washington was in terrible danger—his troops were rushing to the south—the British troops came sweeping up the hill and around him, while Pulaski, on a hill some hundred yards distant, was scattering a parting blessing among the hords of Hanover.
It was a glorious prize, this Master Washington, in the heart of the British army.
Suddenly the Poleander turned—his eye caught the sight of the iron grey and his rider. He turned to his troopers; his whickered lip wreathed with a grim smile—he waved his sword—he pointed to the iron grey and its rider.
There was but one moment:
With one impulse that iron band wheeled their war horse, and the dark body, solid and compact, was speeding over the valley like a thunderbolt, sped from the heavens; three hundred swords rose glittering in the faint glimpse of sunlight—and in front of the avalanche, with his form raised to his full height, a dark rove on his brow, a fierce smile on his lip, rode Pulaski. Like a spirit rushed into life by the thunderbolt he rode—his eyes were fixed upon the iron grey and its rider—his hand had but one look, one will, one shout, for Washington!

The British troops had encircled the American leader—already they felt secure of their prey—already the head of that traitor Washington, seemed to yawn above the gates of London.
But that trembling of the earth in the valley yonder—what means it!
That terrible beat of hoof—what does it portend?
That ominous silence—and now that shout—not of words or of names, but that half yell, half hurrah, which shrieks from the Iron Man as they scent their prey!—
What means it all?
Pulaski is on our track! The terror of the British army is in our wake!
And on he came—he and his gallant band. A moment, and he had swept over the Britishers—crushed, mangled, dead, and dying, they strewed the green sod—he had passed over the hill—he had passed the form of Washington.

Another moment! And the iron band had wheeled—back in the same career of death they came! Routed, defeated, and crushed—the red coats fled the hill; while the iron band swept round the form of George Washington—they encircle him with their forms of oak, their swords thro' the air and away to the American host they bear him in a soldier's battle joy.
It was at Savannah that night came down upon Pulaski. Yes, I see him now, under the gloom of night, riding toward yonder ramparts, his black steed rearing aloft, while two hundred of his own men follow at his back.
Right on, neither looking to right nor left, he rides, his eye fixed upon the cannon of the British his sword gleaming over his head.
"Forwards, Brothers, forwards!"
Then that black horse; plunging forward, his fore feet resting on the cannon of the enemy, while his warrior rider arose in all the pride of his form, his face bathed in a flush of red light.
That flash once gone, they saw Pulaski no more. But they found him, yes, beneath the enemy's cannon, crushed by the same gun, that killed his steed—yes, they found them, the horse and rider, resting together in death, that noble face glaring in the midnight sky with glassy eyes.
So in his glory he died. He died while America and Poland were yet in chains—He died, in the stout hope that both would one day be free. With America, this hope was fulfilled, but Poland—
Tell me, shall not the day come, when yonder monument, erected by those warm Southern hearts near Savannah, will yield up its dead?
For Poland will be free at last as sure as God is just, as sure as he governs the Universe. Then, when re-created Poland rears her eagle aloft again, among the banners of nations, will her children come to Savannah, to gather up the ashes of their hero, and bear him home, with the chaunt of priests, with the thunder of cannon, with the tears of millions, even as repentant France bore home her own Napoleon.
Yes, the day is coming when Kosciuszko and Pulaski will sleep side by side beneath the soil of Re-created Poland.

FATE OF A GAMBLER.—A tavern keeper in Harrisburg died lately under peculiar circumstances. He was in the habit of card playing, for which his house was resorted to by a number of persons, and while engaged in the game, holding the cards in his hand, and in the act of laughing, he fell back and instantly expired. He had said some time previously, on being talked with in regard to his habits, that he intended to play cards as long as he lived. He carried out his design.

DAUGHTER OF A MAN.—A woman's heart is the only true plate for a man's likeness.—An instant gives the impression, and an age or two cannot efface it.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

BY WM. T. RODGERS, JR.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine.—
"Twas a cheerless evening in October: the sun had already set; a young moon was struggling with the dark clouds that at intervals obscured her bright disc, as they were borne along by the resistless fury of the angry wind which howled dismally among the naked branches of the leafless forest trees. Now it came in fitful gusts, scattering the fallen leaves, and whining preciously at its lack of power. Now it fitly ceased in strength, snapping the decayed branches, and bending the tough boughs of the sturdy oaks.
Among it swelled into an overwhelming blast, twisting the garbled trunks, and with a deafening crash uprooting and overthrowing the mighty lords of the soil—then sinking into a sullen moan, it howled a mournful requiem over its spent and departed strength.
Dark indeed, and dismal was the night, and furious the warring of the elements, but darker and more dismal were the reflections, and more fierce the conflict that raged within the breast of the injured party, who forms the subject of our narrative.

Mr. Charles Forman was a young farmer residing within a few miles of Hackensack. At the first outbreaking of our Revolutionary troubles, he had shouldered his musket, and tearing himself from his young and lovely wife, had fought, ay, and bled in Freedom's cause.
He was with the army at Morristown, when, having received intelligence of the illness of his wife, he asked and obtained leave to visit his home.
He had travelled on foot and alone for two days—had crossed the rugged Blue Ridge, and on the evening of the second day had reached his humble dwelling—As he neared the house, the evidences of a Tory visit were—evidences at night—plainly discernible.

With a beating heart he crossed the little court yard, and stood upon the door-step. His heart sank within him, as he felt the latch, and found the door was fastened. Gently he knocked, fearing to disturb his suffering wife; again he knocked, and again he knocked in vain. There was no cheerful light, as of late was wont to beam from his little window, to comfort those within, and direct the weary way; nor was there a single light in the customary place, upon the mantel!
Great Heaven, what a sight did its pale rays reveal to him. Extended upon the floor lay the body of his wife, with her infant clamped to her breast—both cold in death! Blood, too, was there—the life-blood of his guiltless wife, and innocent babe—a cold, congealed pool!
"Oh, God! my wife, my child!" he shrieked—his brain reeled, and tottering a few paces he fell at her side. Soon he recovered himself, and lifting them gently upon the bed, he placed them side by side upon the bed, and stood silently gazing upon the placid countenance of his young wife, peaceful even in death.
There was an eloquence in silence, when the heart is too full for utterance, and a solemn voice in silent grief. "I vain were our attempts to describe the surplus of feeling, the crush of emotions that filled the heart of poor Charles, as he bent over the body of his murdered wife. No word escaped him, no sigh, no tear drop started, but his bosom heaved quickly, his lip quivered, his eye rolled wildly, and with a demoniacal glare. He seemed as though his very faculty of mind was intent upon one word, which should speak the fullness of his misery and desperation, and his lip stretched to give it utterance. At length it came, "Vengeance!" and he started at the hoarse unearthly tones of his own voice. "Vengeance!" and the dark winds swept away the echo as it formed. "Vengeance!" and his wild and solemn vow stood eternally recorded.

All that night he watched by the bodies of his wife and child—and the next morning buried them with his own hands, swearing over their graves, bitterly to avenge them.
As he was returning from his melancholy task, he found lying upon the grass near the door, a large hunting knife still red with blood. Upon the haft was carved in rude characters the name, "CHARLES SMITH."
This Smith was a violent and cruel Tory partisan (a companion of the notorious Vanbrinker) who, with a company of outcasts like himself, and a few negroes, made frequent incursions into the upper counties of New Jersey, and were notorious for their cruel and barbarous treatment of the patriotic females.
Years ago, when the wife of Forman was quite young, he had professed an attachment for her, which she by no means encouraged, and the offer of his hand was, as might have been expected, refused. Even then he swore she should have cause to repent it, and still nourishing a deadly hatred, he had taken advantage of the absence of her husband, and paying a visit with his troops, to Hackensack, with his own hand dealt the blows which deprived both mother and child of life.
"This knife," exclaimed Charles as he gazed upon its reeking blade, "this knife, which has rendered my wife a blank, and utterly darkened my future, shall yet drink thy husband's blood, inhuman monster!" And after carefully wiping the blade, he placed it in his belt, and entered his desolate home.
For more than an hour he sat in silent agony, the big drops coursing down his haggard cheeks, as he brooded over his

wrongs and dreamed of vengeance. Then, starting suddenly to his feet, he cast one last, lingering look upon each familiar object, and rushed from the house, vowing as he shut the bolt, never to return while Smith lived to murder and destroy.
A week had passed; 'twas midnight, and from a small house, situated on the verge of a wood, about a mile to the eastward of White Plains, there issued shouts of boisterous revelry, interrupted only by occasional snatches of some rude bacchanalian song.
Smith and his men were indulging in their accustomed nightly debauch, after having returned from a successful expedition. Near the house stood Charles Forman, leaning upon a fence, carefully marking the progress of this drunken party; his dark eye flashing fearfully, as the conflagrant change of glasses was heard, and his teeth gnashing with rage as the dying cadence of a drinking song came upon his ear. Suddenly he aroused himself, and clutching the fatal knife, he moved toward the house. Pausing a moment at the threshold, to collect his strength, he burst open the door, and stood confronted with his foe.

"Vengeance!" he shouted, and ere the half-drunken wretches could stay his hand, he seized the Tory leader, and dashed him to the floor. "This," cried he, plunging his knife into his bosom, "for my murdered wife, and this," plunging it still deeper, "for my innocent babe!" Haste with you that a widowed husband, made childless by thy hand, has sent thee to deserved torments!"
Then rushing upon the affrighted Tories, he plunged his knife indiscriminately into those who were nearest him, until overpowered by numbers, he fell dead upon the floor, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Sarah!" and "Vengeance!"

COLONEL YELL.
Col. YELL, who died so gallant a death at the head of a small detachment of his regiment at Buena Vista, was himself the authority for the following story, which forms the conclusion of a *Saltillo* letter from the spirited correspondent of the St. Louis Republican:
The Arkansas regiment of Cavalry had reached camp, and had their fires lighted. Some of us gathered around the tent of the Field Officer, to dry our clothes and tell over the troubles of the day's march. Having talked of some of the ill humor observed on the road, one of the Infantry officers turned to Col. Yell and addressed him: "Well, Colonel, that a good story they told out one of your men at the President."
"What is that?" inquired the Colonel.
"One of our Arkansas boys was standing guard just after dark, when an officer of the day came around. 'Who comes there?' he hailed the sentinel. 'The officer of the day,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the sentinel, 'you had better be getting to your tent for the officer of the night will be round here presently, and he'll give you Jesse.'"
"They tell a heap of stories on my men that are not true," said the Colonel, after a hearty camp laugh had subsided, "and that is one of them. But I'll tell you one that actually did happen to me when I was officer of the day.
"I was going the rounds after midnight, and came to one of my men who had never been on guard before. He hailed 'Who comes there?' in a thundering voice, and I answered, 'The officer of the day.' 'I don't know any such man,' said the sentinel, bringing his gun down to a ready. 'Stand back,' he shouted.
"Well, but, said I; you know me, and I am officer of the day."
"I don't know any body in the night," said he.
"But I have the counterpane, and am going the rounds."
"I don't know anything about the rounds," said the sentinel, getting mad, thinking I was tampering with him. "My orders were to let nobody pass, sign or counterpane, and I tell you what it is, Mr. Officer, you'd better be off for the cocked."
"Well, what did you do, Colonel?" asked a dozen at a time.
"Why, what could I do? I heard the tick as he brought the gun to his face, and saw the fellow would shoot—so I eloped! It won't do to fool with a Racksackener." Poor Yell will no more tell his jokes at mess table or camp fire.

A MONKY DOOR.—An inquisitive Yankee, seeing a laborer employed in digging a retired spot, inquired what he was digging for.
"I am digging for money," was the prompt reply.
The curious, of course, was duly heralded to the scene, and the money digger was visited by 3 or 4 credulous fellows when the following dialogue ensued:
"We are told that you are digging for money."
"Well, I aint digging for any thing else, and if you are wise you had better take hold also."
"Have you any luck?"
"First rate—it pays well!"
"No sooner said than done—the fellows, thinking the generous digger for giving them an invitation to share in his golden prospects, of coats and went to work in good earnest, throwing out many loads of earth, till at length getting very tired of the following colloquy took place:
"When did you get any money last?"
"Saturday night."
"How much?"
"Four dollars and a half."
"That's rather a small business."
"It's pretty well—six shillings a day is the regular price for digging cellars, all over town."
The visiting loafers dropped spades and vanished, quite put out with the man that dug for money at the rate of six shillings a day!
"John, can you tell me the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion?"
"Yes, sir; attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again!"

ETHAN SPIKE'S FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO PORTLAND.
Portland is the all darndest place I ever seen. I was down there in '33, to see a little about my goin' to Legislature, and such a run time as I had, you never heerd tell on. Did I ever tell you about the Ice cream scrape I had?
We answered in the negative, and he resumed—
"Well, I had been down thar, two or three days, pokin' in every hole an' tho't I'd see every thing that was to be seen. But one day towards sundown I was goin' down by shop in Middle street that looked wonderful slick—there was all manner of candy an' peppermints an' jessaminis an' what not at the windows—An' then thar war sugus with gold letters on them, hangin' around the door, tellin' how they sold Soda, Mead, an' Ice cream thar. I says to myself, I have heerd a good deal about this 'ere Ice cream, an' now I'll be darned if I won't see what they are made of. So I puts my hands into my pockets an' walked in kinder careless an' says to a chap standing behind the counter—
"Do you keep any ice creams here?"
"Yes, sir," says he, "how much'll have?"
"I considered a minit an' says I—a pint, sir."
"The young fellow's face swelled out, an' he liked to have laughed right out, but arter a while he asked—
"Did you say a pint, sir?"
"Sartin'," says I, "but 'praps you don't retail, so I don't mind takin' a quart."
"Wall, don't you think the feller snortin' right out. Tell yer what it made me feel a sort o' pisen, an' I gave him a look that sobered him in a minit, an' when I cinched my fist an' looked so at him, (here Mr. Spike favored us with a most diabolical expression) he hauled in his horns about the quickest, an' handed me a pint of the stuff as pert as could be. Wall, I tasted a mouthful of it, an' found it as cool as the north side of Bethel hill in January. I'd half a mind to spit it out, but just then I see'd the confectioner chap grinnin' behind the door, which riz my spunk. Goll amash it all, thinks I, I'll not let that white livered monkey think I'm afear'd—I'll eat the darned stuff if it freezes my injars. I tell yer what, I'd rather skinned a bear or whipped a wild cat, but I went it. I eat the whole in about a minit.
"Walk in about a quarter of an hour I began to feel kinder grimy about the loze, but continued Ethan, pointing to the various parts of his stomach, "an' kept on feelin' no better, very fast, till at last it seemed as though I'd got a steam ingen' sawin' shingles in me. I got down on a cheer an' I'd grin and bear it; but I couldn't stay still—'I twisted and squirmed about like an angle worm on a hook, till at last the chap an' gin me the cream, who had been lookin' on an' snickerin' says to me,
"Mister," says he, "what ails yer?"
"Ails me," says I, "what er darned stuff of your'n is freezin' my daylightin'." says I.
"You eat too much," says he.
"I tell you I didn't," screamed I, "I know what's a'nuf an' what's too much without askin' you, an' if you don't leave off snickerin' I'll spit yer face."
He cottened right down and said he didn't mean any hurt, an' asked me if I hadn't better take some gin. I told him I would. So I took a purty good horn and left the shop.
"Arter I got out," continued Ethan, "I felt better for a minit or so, but I hadn't gone far afore the gripes took me agin. I went into another shop an' took some more gin; then I got down on the State House steps and there I sot and sot, but didn't feel a darned mite better. I begun to think I was goin' to kick the bucket, and then I thought of father and mother an' of old Sparker—that's father's horse—and when I thought I should never see 'em agin' I fairly blubbered. But then I happened to look up an' see a dozen boys grinnin' and lartin' at me, I tell yer what, it riz my dander,—that had got down to nerr o'—rite up agin. I sprang at 'em like a wild cat, hollerin' out that I'd shake their ternal gizzards out, and the way the little devils scampered was a caution to no body. But arter 'emoment of the horse was over, I felt was agin, an' I couldn't help grinnin' an' screechin' all went along."
At last I thought I'd go to the theatre, but afore I got there the gripes got so strong that I had to go behind a meetin' house and lay down and holler. Arter a while I got up an' went into a shop an' eat a half a dollars wuth of billed isters and four pickled cowcubers, and wound up with a glass of brandy. Then I went into the theatre and seed the plays, but I felt so tarnation that I couldn't see any fun in 'em, for I don't think the isters and cowcubers down me any good. I sot down, laid down, gripe, I gripe, I gripe all the time, an' once in a while I was obliged to screech kinder easy. Every body started at me an' somebody called out—"turn him out!" once or twice. But at last just as the niggar Otello was goin' to put the pillar on his wife's face to smother her, there come such a twinge through me, that I really thought I was bustin' up, an' I yelled out—
"Oh dear! oh seissors!" so loud that the theatre rung again. Such a row you never seed; the niggar dropped the pillar, an' Deuteronomy—or what you call her there—his Wit, jumped off the bed and ran, while every body in the theatre was all up in arms, about larkin' some swearin'—the upshot of it was, the pellice carried me out of the theatre and told me to make my self scarce.
Wal, as I didn't feel any better I went into a shop close by, and called for two glasses of brandy; arter swallerin' it, I went hum to the tavern. I sot down by the window and tried to think I felt better, but 'twas no go; that blessed old ingen' was still swallerin' away inside; so I went out an' eat a quarter's worth o' isters an' piece o' mince pie. Then I went back an' told the tavern keeper I felt kinder sick, an' thought I'd take some Castor ole, a mouthful of cold meat an' a strong glass of whiskey punch, an' then go to bed. He got the kins, which I took an' went to bed.

But, tell yer what I had rather a poor night. Sometimes I was awake grinnin' an' hollerin', an' when I was asleep I'd better bin awake, for I had such powerful dreams. Sometimes I thought I was shinin' a bear, and then by some hypocritus 'twould all change to 'other side, an' the ternal critter would be a skinnin' me.
Then, agin', I'd dream that I was rollin' logs with the boys, an' jist as I'd be a shoutin' out—"now therr!"—here he goes!"—
I was a log, an' the boys were pryin' me up with their hand spikes. Then I'd sleep agin—to dream that Sparker had run off with me, or that father was whippin' me; or somethin' else, I don't know, but I'm sartin' it was a dream, an' I don't remember nothin' more.
When I got up I hadn't any appetite for breakfast, an' the tavern keeper told me that if I was goin' to carry on, screechin' an' grinnin' as I had the night afore, my room would be sold for my compny.
"I hain't," said Mr. Spike in celebration, "I hain't bin to Portland since, but if I live to be as old as Methusalem, I shall never forget that all-fired Ice Cream."

LAW NONSENSE.
The following, putting into language everybody's thoughts on the subject, we find in the New York Express:
To us it has often been a matter of amazement that a sound or sensible lawyer could read one of his own declarations, or pleadings, without laughing at himself for writing it, or at the nonsense he has put into it. That any human being, without long practice, could ever diffuse one idea over so many sheets, or concentrate so much nonsense on one, is impossible; but that men should be educated for such a purpose, is astonishing. Law is the perfection of human reason; but law practice, in too many cases, we are sorry to say, has become the very perfection of folly.
There can be no good reason why, when a case comes before a court and jury, it should not come in a way and in a language that every body can understand.—Norman, French, or Latin formulas, or the translations of them, ought not to appear in pleadings, either to embarrass the jury or to deprive the juror of the power to comprehend them. Indeed it is next to impossible now for a man, when sued, after reading the pages of the "declaration," served upon him, to understand exactly what he is sued for, or what the plaintiff alleges against him. There are too many notorious and absurd lies mixed up with the real cause of complaint that it takes a "Doctor of Laws" to discriminate among them. These things ought not to be so.
Lawyers need not fear the simplification of law practice, or its translation into plain English and common sense. Law is a science that he who attempts to practice it intuitively, will be about as wise and about as successful as he who attempts ship building or shoe-making by instinct. There must always be a Profession of Lawyers; I. Because men have not time to attend to their own legal business, (and it is cheaper for him to attend to it, and 2d. If they had, they don't know how to attend to it in the best way. Now, the more expensive law is made by forms and formulas, by long declarations and interminable pleadings, by dearly written instead of cheap oral examination, the fewer will indulge in it, and the less the profession will have to do. As things now stand, it is almost always better to lose a hundred dollars than to go to law to do it. Indeed, if a man sues you for a hundred dollars, and is determined upon pressing his suit, nine times out of ten, it is cheaper to pay him, even though you never owed a cent, than to go to law about it. The delays, the harrowing calls, the abstraction from business, make law a ruin remedy for redress, full one half of the time. Thus the simplification of practice would increase the litigation by reducing the expense; and what the lawyer lost in long years on papers called declarations, pleadings, &c., he would make that make up in the increased number of his clients; and the rapidity with which he would then have his causes decided.

THE PRAIRIES.—Bryant has written a delightful poem—second only to his "Thanatopsis"—on these "gardens of the desert." A poetical contributor to the *Burlington* (Vt.) Free Press has also apostrophized them, but in a more practical and familiar style. He says:
Great western world of bottom land,
Flat as a panick, rich as a treasure;
When green an' full as full as today;
O, loneliness, windy greasy place,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail!
The first with dead, lookin' faces,
The last with dreadful sounding fall!
I'd rather live on Canal's ramp,
For I am a Yankee dooble beggar,
Than where they never see a stamp,
And shake to death with lepre-auger.

SWEDISH CHILDREN.—Mr. McDonald, in his Travels through Sweden, says:—Young children, from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wick baskets, which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much noise; where they exist in great silence and good humor. I have not heard the cry of a child since I came to Sweden.

FAST.—The word "Fast," is a great contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was fast, because she was immovable; and then the ice disappeared very fast for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called fast, when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand fast when he is desired to remain stationary. People fast when they have nothing to eat, and eat fast, successively, when opportunity offers.
Graves are but the prison of the poor steps of the angel of eternal life.
Peace is the evening star of the east; its virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.
Eastern is the molten of love, but the daughter is often colder than the mother.