THE STAR AND BANNER.

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AFFECTION'S PRAYER.

BY E. M. SMITH.

Let me be beloved: I ask no higher boon,
Oh! glorious Earth, from all thy store of sweets;
Though bright they be, alas, alas, too soon
The canker-worm into their being eats,
And they lie crushed and dead.
When I like them have fled,
Like them the mantle of curruption wear,
Let this be proved,
That on my grave there fell the silent tear—
That I was loved!

I know the dew-drop will lament my fate—
The cypress mourn, and o'er my tombstone wave,
That winds will sigh and to the stars relate
How one more form has sought the quiet grave;
For these, oh Earth, declare
Thy passion and thy tear,
As one by one each son of thine departs:
Let this be proved,
That thou but echoest grief of human hearts—
That I was loved!

Will there be eyes to weep that I have fled—
Voices to sorrow that I am no more—
That the lone hearth no longer hears my tread,
That my dim shadow darkens not the door,
And at the festal bower,
At evening's quiet hour,
No voice of mine sounds out its welcome note:
Will this be proved
That in some ear those tones will ever float—
That I was loved!

Let me be loved: then, Fame, thy fleeting breath,
Might come and go, as best might suit thy mind;
I could forego thy fading crown, thy wreath,
And in some heart a sure, sweet refuge find;
There in its deepest cell,
I could contented dwell,
Nor change, nor time, disturbing my repose
And this be proved
That life no greater gift on man bestows,
Than to be beloved!

Let me be loved; I crave no monument,
Ambition, from thy hand to guard my dust—
No blazing scroll with wordy praise besprent,
No sculptured niche wherein to place my bust;
But I would fain receive
(What thou can'st ever give,)
A living shrine whereon to carve my name;
And this be proved
That in the lapse of years I still could claim
That I was loved!

Let me beloved: I then could leave the earth,
Could bid thee, Life, a long, a last farewell;
Could hail thee, Death, and chronicle thy worth;
And to the yawning grave thy virtues tell.
Then could my spirit soar,
On wings untried before,
Through boundless space, and revel in delight;
So this were proved,
That as my spirited took its heavenward flight,
I still was loved!

THE CLOSING YEAR.—The year is fast drawing to a close—a mere breath of eternity—but in that breath, how many changes have been wrought! Spring, with all its buoyant hopes, has passed away; and summer too, with all its green fields, and sunny skies, and balmy winds, and gorgeous landscapes, and soft, tender, dewy eves, has passed away; and autumn, with its changing hues, and falling leaves, is fast departing, and soon we are to encounter rude winter, with all its icy terrors. In the domestic circle, or in the springs of our affections, or in the deep wells of feeling, have there been no changes in this brief respiration of Old Father Time?—Have we committed to the sanctuary of the dead a father's or a mother's remains, or stood by the grave of a sister or brother, while tears of unavailing regret bedewed the fresh earth? Or, have we parted from some dear relative—some cherished companion—who has left the homestead to buffet with a cold and selfish world, from the promptings of ambition, or from the necessities of pinching biting want? If there have been no changes by death or separation—vacant seats at the family board, and the absence of the kind look and friendly greeting of some loved one as you approach the family hearth—what changes have been wrought by the capricious nod of fickle future? Are we not wiser, sadder, for the experience the closing year has brought? Have we not discovered that most of our pursuits are vain, and our pleasures transitory and illusive? And, finally, have we not found that we place too high an estimate upon life, and upon those who figure in its busy scenes?

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY—Nature is most industrious in adorning her domains: and man, to whom this bounty is addressed, should obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain—in his making his home, the dwelling of his wife and children, not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasant objects—in decorating it, within and without, with things that make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness and peace. Ye parents, who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them up in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful, and a happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them; but plant in their minds and souls, in the way proposed, the seeds of virtue and prosperity.

THE HUMANIZING INFLUENCE OF CLEANLINESS.—A neat, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house, exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of a family peaceable and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other; the connection is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others and for those high duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its noisome site, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its unfortunate inhabitants selfish, sensual and regardless of the feelings of each other; the constant indulgence of such passions renders them reckless and brutal, and the transition is natural to propensities and habits incompatible with a respect for the property of others or for the laws.

In a very old copy of a work, now extant, on necromancy, is the following quaint passage:—Question: How to raise a devele? Answer: Contradict your wyfe.

(From the People's Journal.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I.—ENTRANCE.

It was on Sunday, March 28, that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came forth from our tent in the dawn of this morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know at what hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the Desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old Faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed the bulrush cradle to that on which he died; for to the East we should this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead Sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in His very footsteps, and see what He saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild flower, in the outlines of all the hills, and the track of all the water courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills, where the ground was green, and weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent: and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the daises and butter-cups and flouring mallows which grew abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing which way we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but in a mile or two we felt that we were, indeed, in the native land of Christ, and probably on His very track. He might have been here. His relations lived at Hebron; and during the first thirty years of His life, He had probably visited them, after meeting them at the feasts of Jerusalem. He might have walked over the hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which yawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must have been familiar to His eyes; the thorny acacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—which here strewed the ground for acres around the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock and wild hedge. I did not know before that these weeds were as common here with us; and never before did the sight of them give me so much pleasure. It would have been pleasant any where to meet these familiar weeds so far from home; but the delight to-day was to think that He and His disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon traces which showed that the expanse of pure country was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in any other country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruin showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been people to a degree nowhere known. The first plowing we had seen for many weeks, was a striking sight to us, a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village. Presently we saw a rude plow, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a height farther on were the remains of a large ancient building, with two broken pillars standing, marking the sight of the Aroer of Scripture. Then, though there were water-courses about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with arim with holes in it, to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day—partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards who know nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills somewhat sheltered from the cold wind; and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had sat down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed. In the morning early I went out to see for myself, and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thickest with towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the Teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to day what they were before his eyes; but where He saw towns on every height, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on the hill side, a camel or two brousing here, and a flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced, on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the land marks, which are here used, instead of fences, to bound field property. We entered upon thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvulus, and fragrant herbs abounded. Soon after noon, a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost every plot rose a garden house. This was a sure sign that we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right, we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born, and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin, in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too, is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty-six from Jerusalem, and in those days, when a large amount of yearly travelling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives must has often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mohammedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before us in the same quest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HABITS AND MANNERS OF THE MEXICANS.

"J. E. D." the well-known Monterey correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, thus writes about the habits and manners of the people of the "magnanimous nation:"

The Mexican is never without his blanket, clinging to it with a singular and admirable tenacity of purpose; they are inseparable by night and day; through sunshine and storm, heat and cold, he clings to his blanket as his main-stay through life. If friends desert him, if his mistress prove false, if the world frowns and looks cold on him, he can turn to his blanket and forget all beside in the warming embrace of his best friend. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins"—so does a Mexican blanket, *tambien*; it is a cover for poverty and rags and a cloak for rascality. When the Mexican, exercising his national propensity for appropriating to himself other people's goods, "bags" anything, his faithful blanket hides it; when he goes forth on some murderous errand with his deadly weapons in his girdle, his blanket conceals the keen, glittering steel; it is his cloak by day and bed by night. A pair of leather breeches, coarse cotton drawers and shirt, stiff leather sandals and a *sombrero*, completes the Mexican peasant's dress on ordinary occasions; his hair is generally somewhat long in front, tangled and shaggy, and rarely ever any beard or whiskers are seen upon his face. The country is infected with vermin—the men are alive with the most repulsive kind, while the heads of the women suffer some, their kindness and assiduity to each other notwithstanding.—There is not a day in the calendar that the females do not hunt each other's heads, and this is not confined to the lower classes by any means. I have seen monkeys in a menagerie perform the same operation, but really the Mexican women appear to derive quite as much satisfaction from the operation as the monkeys. I am not much addicted to slandering people and this is no slander. It is the misfortune of the country and the people that such a course is necessary.

In their manner of living, as well as every thing else, the Mexicans are far behind the age. Their dwellings are all rude and and uncomfortable, from the cane *jacale* on the banks of the Rio Grande to the rude, rough house of *adobes* in the cities. In the poorer houses you see generally one comfortable bed, a pile of skins, a few saddles and bridles, a couple of benches, several cushions of the same material as their blankets, a crock with water, a meagre display of leather breeches, and a beggarly account of other wearing apparel; on the walls a few rough daubs of saints and rude ornaments; upon the ground floor a number of naked children, or sometimes partly clothed, and any quantity of rubbish. You very rarely see a Mexican, either man or woman, sitting upon a chair or bench, even when they have them, a sort of natural propensity inducing them to *squat*, if I may be allowed the use of the word. They squat to eat, to work, at grinding corn, washing, cooking, and almost every thing else. A Mexican ranchero's wife has but little rest, for they grind all the corn for the family consumption. They use no French cook-books, and live very simply, their principal articles of food being beans, corn, tortillas, boiled beef or goat, and a sort of olla podrida of vegetables, every compound abounding with grease; coffee and tea, they rarely get, but use chocolate instead. They eat but little in the morning or at noon—the lower classes I mean—their principal meal being at night. In the middle of the day, after the midday meal, every body takes a *siesta*. In a large town you may go through the streets from 12 o'clock till 4 in the afternoon and find hardly a door open and see scarcely a solitary person in the streets. At the expiration of that time they go to vespers, or say their prayers in their own domicils, and are on hand, for good or evil for the rest of the day.

A VETERAN'S REPLY.—An officer of distinction and tried valor refused to accept a challenge sent by a young officer, but returned the following characteristic answer: "I fear not your sword, but the sword of my God's anger. I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot hazard my soul in a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth for the good of my country, but I want courage to storm hell."

FORMATION of character depends on circumstances apparently the most trivial.

O'CONNELL.

EXTRACT FROM MR. SEWARD'S ORATION.

The independendence of the Irish nation, although future, is not distant. Its righteousness and its necessity have been demonstrated. The spirit of the people is changed. They cannot again relapse.—England, too, with a Reformed Parliament and a falling aristrocracy, is no longer the England of the twelfth, the sixteenth, and of the eighteenth centuries. Political economy will unite with political philosophy in enabling Ireland to retrieve her prosperity, and that can be effected only by allowing her a distinct Legislature.

We may not doubt that the appalling distress of the Irish people bowed down the otherwise unbending mind of O'Connell. Sorrow for afflictions that he had hoped in vain to avert, and that he could not alleviate or sooth, brought on quick-coming because long-procrastinated age.—O'Connell dies like Anchises, in a foreign land, winning the favor of men and propitiating Heaven with prayers and sacrifices for the restoration of his people.

What shall be his rank among the benefactors of mankind? We pause not a moment to disperse the calumnies that followed him to the grave. They were but tributes to his greatness, yielded by ungenerous minds; for it is thus that Providence compels the unjust to honor virtue.

O'Connell left his mighty enterprise unfinished! So did the founder of the Hebrew State; so did Cato; so did Hampden; so did Emmett and Fitzgerald. Will their epitaphs be less sublime by reason of of the long delay which intervene before they can be written? The heroic man conceives great enterprises, and labors to complete them. "Success he hopes, and Fate he cannot fear." It is God who sets the limits to human life and the bounds to human achievement.

But has not O'Connell done more than enough for fame? On the lofty brow of Monticello, under a green old oak, is a block of granite, and underneath are the ashes of Jefferson. Read the epitaph—it is the Sage's claim to Immortality:

"Author of the Declaration of Independence and of the Statute for Religious Liberty."

Stop now, and write an epitaph for Daniel O'Connell:

"He gave Liberty of Conscience to Europe, and renewed the Revolution of the Kingdoms toward Universal Freedom, which had begun in America, and had been arrested by the anarchy in France."

Let the Statesmen of the age read that epitaph and be humble. Let the Kings and aristocracies of the earth read it, and tremble.

Who has ever accomplished so much for human freedom, with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people, by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army, navy, or revenues—without sword, spear, or even a shield?

Who but he ever subverted tyranny, saved the lives of the oppressed, and yet spared the oppressor?

Who but he ever detached from a venerble constitution a column of aristocracy, dashed it to the earth, and yet left the ancient fabric stronger and more beautiful than before?

Who but he has ever lifted up seven millions of people from the debasement of ages to the dignity of freedom, without exacting an ounce of gold or wasting the blood of one human heart?

Whose voice yet lingers like O'Connell's in the ear of tyrants, making them sink with fear of change, and in the ear of the most degraded slaves on earth, awakening hopes of freedom?

Who before him has brought the schismatics of two countries together, conciliating them at the alter of Universal Liberty? Who but he ever brought Papal Rome and Protestant America to burn incense together?

It was O'Connell's mission to teach mankind that liberty was not estranged from Christianity, as was proclaimed by Revolutionary France—that she was not divorced from law and public order—that she was not a demon, like Moloch, requiring to be propitiated by the blood of human sacrifice—that Democracy is the daughter of Peace, and like true Religion worketh by Love.

I see in Catholic emancipation, and in the repeal of the act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, only incidents of an all-pervading phenomenon—a phenomenon of mighty interest, but not portentous of evil. It is the universal dissolution of monarchical and aristocratical Governments, and the establishment of pure democracies in their place.

I know this change must come, for even the menaced Governments feel and confess it. I know that it will be resisted, for it is not in the nature of power to relax. It is a fearful inquiry, How shall that change be passed? Shall there never be an end to devastation and carnage? Is every step of human progress in the future, as in the past, to be marked by blood? Must the nations of the earth, after groaning for ages under vicious institutions, established without their consent, wade through seas to reach that condition of more perfect liberty to which they are so rapidly so irresistably impelled? Or shall they be able, notwithstanding involuntary ignorance and debasement contracted without their fault, and notwithstanding the blind resistance of despotism, to change their forms of Government by slow and measured degrees, without entirely or all at once subverting them, and from time to time to repair their ancient constitutions so as to adapt them peacefully to the progress of the age, the diffusion of knowledge, the cultivation of virtue, and the promotion of happiness?

That which we call Death, is but Life in other forms of sanctity and power.

The dead are like the stars by day,
Removed from mortal eye:
Yet not extinct—they hold their way
In glory through the sky.

The world is populous with good and useful men, though their forms are in the keeping of the grave.—*Rev. Wm. Adams.*

It is said that the potato is a native of Peru and Chili, where it exists as a deadly poison, with a small bitter root. It was not known to Europe until 1588.

THE DEATH-BED.

The following poem, by Thomas Hood, is probably familiar to many of our readers; but fine poetry, like fine music, however familiar, is always welcome. The pathos and beauty of "The Death-Bed" has never been surpassed:

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As *we had lent her half our powers*
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—*she had*
Another morn than ours."

JENNY LIND AND MESMERISM.

In the Manchester Courier we find the following singular statement, which we give without note or comment:

"On the 3d instant, Madlle. Jenny Lind, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs Schwabe, and a few of their friends, attended a *seance* at Mr. Braid's for the purpose of witnessing some of the extraordinary phenomena of hypnotism. There were two girls who were in a warehouse, and who had just come in their working attire.—Having thrown them into the sleep Mr. Braid sat down to the piano, and the moment he began playing, both somnambulists approached and joined him a singing trio. Having awakened one of the girls, Mr. Braid made a most startling announcement regarding the one who was still in sleep. He said, although ignorant of the grammar of her own language when a wake, when in the sleep she could accompany any one in the room in singing songs in any language, giving both notes and words correctly—a feat which she was quite incompetent to perform in the waking condition. Mr. B. requested any one in the room to put her to the test, when Mr. Schwabe played and sang a German song, in which she accompanied him correctly, giving both notes and words simultaneously with Mr. Schwabe. Another gentleman then tried her with one in Swedish, in which she also succeeded. Next Jenny Lind played and sang a slow air, with Swedish words, in which the somnambulist accompanied her in the most perfect manner both as regarded words and music. Jenny now seemed resolved to test the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost by a continued strain of the most difficult *roulades* and *cadenzas*, including some of her extraordinary *sostenuto* notes, with all their inflections from *pianissimo* to *forte crescendo* and again diminished to thread-like pianissimo, but in all these fantastic tricks and displays of genius by the Swedish nightingale, even to the shake, she was so closely and accurately tracked by the somnambulist that several in the room occasionally could not have told, merely by hearing, that there were two individuals singing—so instantaneously did she catch the notes and so perfectly did their voices blend and accord. Next, Jenny having been told by Mr. Braid that she might be tested by some other language, commenced 'Casta Diva,' in which the fidelity of the somnambulist's performance, both in words and music, fully justified all Mr. Braid had alleged regarding her powers. The girl has naturally a good voice, and has had a musical instruction in some of the 'Music for the Million' classes, but is quite incompetent of doing any such feat in the waking condition either as regares singing the notes or speaking the words with the accuracy she did when in the somnambulist state. She was also tested by Madlle. Lind in merely imitating language, when she gave most exact imitations; and Mr. Schwabe also tried her by most difficult combinations of sound, which he said he knew no one was capable of imitating correctly at once, and that whether spoken slowly or quickly. When the girl was aroused she had no recollection of anything which had been done by her, or that she had afforded such a high gratification to all present. She said she merely felt somewhat out of breath as if she had been running. Mr. Braid attributes all this merely to the extraordinary exaltation of the sense of hearing, and a muscular sense at a certain stage of the sleep, together with the abstracted state of the mind, which enables the patients to concentrate their undivided attention to the subject in hand, together with entire confidence in their own powers. By this means, he says, they can appreciate nice shades of difference in sound, which would wholly escape their observation in the ordinary condition, and the vocal organs are correspondingly more under control, owing to the exalted state of the muscular sense, and the concentrated attention and confidence in their own powers with which he endeavors to inspire them enables them to turn these exalted senses to the best advantage. It is no gift of intuition, as they do not understand the meaning of the words they utter; but it is a wonderful example of the extraordinary powers of imitating sounds at a certain stage of somnambulism. And wonderful enough it most assuredly is."

CHARLES LAMB AND H. C. R.—At the Phi Beta Kappa dinner, Mr. Richmond related the following as given to him in Italy by his friend, one of the parties, Henry Crabbe Robinson, a well-known and benevolent English barrister. When, said Mr. Robinson, I told Charles Lamb the history of my first brief, he said, stammering until he came to the quotation from Pope, which he pronounced in a clear full voice: "Wh-en you g-o-t your fir-fir-st br-br-brief, di-di-did-n't you s-a-y,

'Thou great first cause, least understood!'"

[*Boston Post.*

An interesting discovery was made last month at Tunis. In clearing away a mound in the inner part of Carthage, to extract some stone for the repair of the quays at Goletta, the workmen found a colossal marble bust, which is supposed to represent Juno, in as perfect state of preservation as if it had just been sculptured.

HOW AN EDITOR WAS MADE.

BY THE EX-FRENCH EDITOR.

It has been before remarked, several times, we suspect, that it is strange to observe by what slight and trifling causes the current of human life is changed in this queer world of ours—albeit, the best world we ever saw—and how oddly some men are moved from the plough to Blackstone, or from the anvil to the quill. One of the most singular illustrations of this remark may be found in the case of our old friend, Alick Bullitt, well known in this region, now one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune. We may as well say, *en passant*, that while the legs of Alick carry about a body, the size of which has entitled him to all the privileges of an alderman of the good City of Orleans, he has a heart at the same time that is quite as large as his corporation, and a head stored with as good mental food as the physical delicacies that usually adorn his stomach.

"What on earth ever made you an editor?" said we to Alick, one day.

"Why?"

"You were educated for a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Were admitted to the bar?"

"Yes."

"And commenced practice?"

"O, yes."

"Had a good business?"

"Well, I can't exactly say that," responded Alick, "I stuck out my shingle in Louisville, and faithfully followed my profession for three years—during that time *I had precisely one case.*"

"Only *one*?"

"Only one—and that disgusted me with the profession, and satisfied me that I had most distinctly mistaken my vocation."

"How was that?"

"I'll you all about it. You remember the time Lovett—the man whose skull is now preserved as a precious relic by Junius Brutus Booth—was tried for murder, and convicted. Well, I was junior counsel in the case, and made my maiden speech before the jury. There is no doubt that the man was an accomplished villain, and that he had been guilty, in his time, of many startling enormities, and that he richly deserved the gallows; but of the crime with which he stood charged upon this occasion, I feel assured he was perfectly innocent. The evidence against him scarcely deserved the name of circumstancial evidence—it was vague, unsubstantial, incomplete, and trifling to the last degree.—To make my story short, I laid myself out, made a speech in favor of the poor devil of about four hours in length, and sat down under the impression that I had done the business pretty effectually. *That jury gave a verdict of* GUILTY *without leaving their seats*, and Lovett was hung accordingly."

"All caused by your speech."

"It wasn't any thing else—and concluding that I could never make a bright and shining light as Counsellor and Attorney at Law, I forthwith turned Editor."

And a capital Editor has he made, too.—*Cincinnati News.*

FEMALE ARMY IN SWITZERLAND.—We have mentioned in a previous number the two regiments of women of the Canton of Uri, but we find in a French paper a notice of them, which we translate literally:—"The two battalions, numbering fourteen hundred females in military dress, present an aspect at the same time formidable and captivating. In their evolutions and discipline they are drilled to perfection. Curiously enough, superiority of form and beauty has been very much the reason of difference of grade; the handsomest are of the advance guard; and this post of distinction and danger seems willingly conceded them by their companions who are less favored by nature. Some classification has been guided by temperament also. The more vivid and flighty have been enrolled as voltiguers, or light-horse—the more phlegmatic as grenadiers. Those who have figures of more *embonpoint* are in the central body, those of slighter forms are stationed at the wings. The coarse and rude are enrolled as dragoons and *cantinsers*. The creation of this corps, (which with its discipline and enthusiasm, seems likely, at the first throe of the coming political movement of Europe, to take possession of the Helvetian soil,) is an exercise of the powerful genius of Salis Sogalo, who has reserved to himself the general command.—*Home Journal.*

LIFE FROM A LIE.

Charles XII., of Sweden, condemned a soldier, and stood at a little distance from the place of execution. The fellow when he heard this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken replied with a loud voice, "My tongue is still free, and I will use it at my pleasure."—He did so, and licentiously charged the King with much insolence, and as loud as he could speak, with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge.—The King not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. A general officer, unwilling to sharpen his resentment against the poor man, told his Majesty he had only repeated with great earnestness, "That God loves the merciful, and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger." The king was touched by these words and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier, however, in an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion, and repeated to the King exactly the licentious expressions which the fellow uttered, adding gravely that "men of quality ought never to misrepresent facts to their sovereign." The King for some moments stood pausing, and then turned to the courtier, saying, with reproving looks, "This is the first time I have been betrayed to my advantage; but the lie of your enemy gave me more pleasure than your truth has done."

The amount in the Savings Bank at Worcester, Massachusetts, is about one millions of dollars! made up principally of deposits from people at work in the factories along the line of the new rail-road.

If conscience does not point the finger at you, you may laugh at the opinions, with regard to you, which others entertain.

MEXICAN MOONLIGHT.—"Meet me by moonlight alone" can be practicalized in Mexico with beautiful effect, we should think, judging from the following letter which was published not long since in a Southern paper:

"Perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you that I am writing this by moonshine—yes, the beautiful moonlight of Mexico. Heaven help those in the United States who think they know what moonlight is! They know nothing about it.—Moonlight in Mexico is moonlight—pure, beautiful, beyond description. It is the essence of noonday rarified. Every object stands out in bold relief, and so clear and pure is the atmosphere that the stars and unclouded sky seem within reach. I have enjoyed this enchanting moonlight a hundred times while sitting with my mess in front of our tent, or sometimes we take a promenade around the camp as far as the guard will permit us; and at other times pass out and wander through the beautiful streets of the city and listen to the chatter of a thousand Mexican tongues, jabbering to one another across the streets. It is at such times that we inhale the sweet odor of the now ripening fruits that grow so plentifully in this city—such as oranges, lemtins, limes, figs, dates, and almonds; and then that best of all fruit, the juicy peach, grows here to its greatest perfection. All these things combined will ever give a soldier some happy hours."

LAUGHING IN THE PULPIT.—Said Mr. C——, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came near procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foppish dress, and a head of exceeding red hair. In a seat immediately behind this young gentleman sat an urchin who must have been urged on in his devilitry by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive how the youngster thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his forefinger in the red hair of the young man, about as long as a blacksmith would a nail rod to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith in making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with any thing like mirth.

MARTIN LUTHER A POET.—The great Reformer knew how to appreciate ALL God's gifts, the means of pleasure as well as the faculties for self-discipline. In a conversation with a very ripe scholar, at Liepsic, Luther became the subject of conversation, in connection with the modern reformer Ronge, and the gentleman we refer to, quoted these lines of Luthers:

Wer nicht liebt wein, weib und gesang,
Der bleibt ein narr sein lebelang.

Who loves not woman, wine and song,
That man's a fool his whole life long.

SINGULAR DEATH OF A SWALLOW.—We notice impaled on a lightning rod, on a neighbor's house, a swallow, with outstretched wings. As the rod runs up above the chimney, it is most probable that the bird was dropping down into its place of abode, with the swiftness that is common to the species, and missing its aim, struck the point of the rod directly into its body, and thus came to its death. It remains there yet, a warning to its fellows, "to be sure they are right before going ahead."—*Springfield Republican.*

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.—A lovely girl was bending her head over a rose-tree which a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket-woman in Convent garden market, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's plaising to ye, I'd thank ye to keep yer cheek away from that rose: ye'll put the lady out of consait with the color of her flowers."

ADVERTISING IN GERMANY.—A mercantile house in Berlin has proposed to all the railway companies of Germany to supply all their carriages with silk blinds for nothing. They simply propose to reserve to themselves the right of changing the blinds as often as they may please; and they require the companies to engage themselves not to accept, during fifty years, neither for money or gratuitously, any blinds but theirs. Their object is to cover the blinds with advertisements.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A LITTLE boy of the commune of Hery-sur-Alby, in the canton of Geneva, was lately seized by an eagle at the moment at which he had taken some eaglets from a nest. The bird carried him to a height of upwards of 600 metres, to the summit of a rock; luckily some shepherds saw what was passing, and rushed to the rescue.—The poor boy escaped with a fright, and the deep impressions of the eagle's claws in his flesh.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

The razor strop man, holding forth at the Agricultural State Fair was thus addressed by a young man, who thought himself remarkably smart:—"You're a fool." "One more left of the same sort," said the razor strop man, pointing at the presumptious individual.

INFAMOUS AFFAIR.—By a letter from Tensas Parish, dated on the 11th instant, (says the Concordia Intelligencer,) we learn that a duel was fought at about a mile above St. Joseph, on the 9th, between a man named Shellings, and one named Bowman. They fought with bowie knives—Shellings was killed, and Bowman was badly wounded. The parties were from Mississippi.

A Dublin paper says, that a schoolmaster in Ohio advertises that he will keep a Sunday School twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.