THE STAR AND BANNER.

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NINA TO RIENZI.

BY MRS. IRVING.

It is recorded, that when the "Last of the Tribunes" saw in the discontent of the people, and the withdrawal of the favor of the Church, approaching peril, he bade his young wife seek shelter with those who would cherish and shield her, and leave him to meet danger alone, But she nobly preferred suffering and death with him, she loved to life with separation from him.

Leave thee, Rienzi! Speak not thus,
Why should I quit thy side?
Say, shall *I* shrink with craven fear?
Thine own, and freedom's bride!
Whence comes the sternness on thy lip—
Needs Nina to be *tried?*

I leave thee! did'st thou win and wed
A fond, weak girl—to twine
Her arms around thee in thy joy—
To press her lips to thine,
And breathe a love, borne of the heart,
But not the soul divine!

To thrill with childish awe, whene'er
Thy brow grew dark with thought,
And when the threat'ning lightnings gleam'd,
Thy dark'ning sky athwart,
Shrink from the crash, and leave thee lone,
Amid the wrecks it wrought!

Am I not thine—wedded to thee
In heart, and soul, and mind—
Thou, and free Rome, within my breast
As one, one altar shrined—
My destiny, my very life
Closely with thine entwined!

Thou call'dst me thine, when freemen flung
Fame's laurel on thy brow,
And am I less thine own—my love
Less fondly cherished now,
When Rome-dishonoring miscreants dare
That fame to disavow!

Look in mine eyes! thou know'st thy love
Has been to me a heaven
In which my soul has floated, like
The one pure star of even,
Proud in the lofty consciousness
Of glory gained and given!

Nay, strive not to look coldly, love,
Thou reck'st not of the power
With which my heart will cling to thine,
In mad misfortune's hour—
Glowing more bright its changeless truth,
As darker storms shall lower.

And, oh, Rienzi! should heaven deem
Thy sacred mission done,
How glorious twere to to *the* with thee,
My own, my worshipped one,
As, bathed in living light, the day
Dies with the setting sun!

FOR THE "STAR AND BANNER."

A SONG TO MISS C.

Now fare thee well, my dearest G.,
For 'tis my bitter fate,
Not only to outlive thy love,
But to incur thy hate.

Yet tears of mine shall never tell
My bosom's inmost woe;
Deep in my heart I'll hush my sighs,
And none my griefs shall know.

And if in secret I may mourn
The bright hopes now o'erthrown,
I'll wear a smile when friends are nigh
And weep my tears alone.

Look back on all my happier hours,
And all thy smiles to me,
Then ask thy heart if I deserve
The frowns I've borne from thee.

I have borne—and will bear—the last,
Nor murmur at my lot:
The time will come, thou would'st give worlds
The past could be forgot.

No more—the days of joy are gone,
And fled the smiles I won;
Thy heart is sear'd and mine is chill'd,
If we must meet no more.

THE WESTERN HARP.

Penn's College, Oct. 19th, 1847.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

We are acquainted with two men, residents of this city, (says the Cincinnati Chronicle,) who are fair types of human character in general. The one has been blest with all that wealth can bestow; lives in luxury, takes his ease "in the inn," rides in coaches, and, in a word, cuts a "grand flourish" in this little world of ours. He is fond of contributing large sums to public enterprises, particularly when his name is likely to appear in the papers in connection therewith—boasts of his public spirit and liberality, and is punctual in his attendance at church on each Sunday.—But withall, he is proud, vain, haughty and imperious. He looks upon those less favored by fortune, and beneath him in social life, as unworthy his attention. He has not a grain of charity in his soul. He would pass by a poor man, in suffering, without deigning to look upon him. He never contributed, perhaps, in all his life, a dime to relieve the distresses of the weak and suffering. Humble want, the wail of the son and daughter of adversity, have no claims upon him. He walks by them with a pompous step and an unfeeling heart.

The other character is just the reverse of this, both in condition and in heart.—Poor from childhood, he has never known the moment when he was free from want. His means have been small, his wants numerous. Yet in poverty and in gloom, he has endeavored to do what little good he could to relieve the miseries of his fellow sufferers. Toiling incessantly for small wages, he has often divided the rewards of his labor with some poor, needy widow. He has a soul—a soul full of charity, of love, and of truth. His heart is as broad as the wants of humanity itself.

This man is neglected, unnoticed, uncared for; while the other is the object of adulation and eulogy. How unequal, how unjust are the rewards of this world! But with all this, we would rather be that poor, neglected man, with his broad expansive, gushing heart, than the haughty aristocrat, with all his wealth, station and power.

THOUGHT.—Thought is the electricity of the brain; it shoots to the remotest periods of history, and touches the first link of life. It passes through the elements of fire, air, earth and water. It penetrates to the depths of knowledge and rises to the gates of Heaven. Thought is an infinitesimal ray of the Deity bestowed on humanity: it returns to Him, from a corruptible to a spiritual existence. Cultivate it, and you will be refined; neglect it, and you will be debased.—*J. R. Prior.*

HEAVY.—A man said to another, "which is the heavier, a quart of rum or a quart of water?" "Rum, most assuredly," said the other, "for I saw a man who weighed 220 pounds staggering under a quart of rum, when he could have carried a gallon of water with ease."

A FALSE FRIEND is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

(From the People's Journal.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

II.—BETHLEHEM—ZION—JERUSALEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetry the next morning, (March 30,) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which every day would now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the Desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past, the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(this morning about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents;) and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But, instead of the rocks and sands of the Desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but it was quite enough for us were eager about every old tree, and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the Desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook, while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt, it occurred to me, how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David, when, in his divine songs, when he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water," and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted, and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and of the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and Prophecies comes over one's mind with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sun-set light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive-looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun rays passed over it to gild the western hills and another village which there lay hid up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, one of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take the right-hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent, built over the spot where Jesus is believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night through the window of lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near, the gentle Ruth went about her gleaning, little dreaming, in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz, among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and the father of a yet mightier, who should build the great Temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys, in the presence of His greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said, that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the Old Dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows, who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying that it profits not a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul.

In the morning, we went into the church of the convent. I cared little for the upper part, with its chapels for Greek, Latin, and Armenian worship; and not much more for the caverns under ground, where the friars believe that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the census, it is hardly probable they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect, after coming down from the sunshine, of the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chanting.—We returned when the service was over and saw the star in the marble floor which marks, as the friars believe, the precise spot where Jesus was born, and the marble slab which is laid in the place of the manger. When I saw, throughout the country, how the Arabs now use the caves of the hills to bed their goats and cattle, this belief of the friars appeared less absurd than it would with us; but still, it is so improbable that the precise spot of these transactions (whose importance was not known till afterward) should have been marked and remembered, that I felt little interested in them, in comparison with the landscape outside, about whose leading features there could be no mistake.

From the bottom of the garden we overlooked the great valley which expanded to the northeast; and one enclosure there—a green spot, now occupied by olive trees, was pointed out to us as the field where the shepherds were abiding on the night when Christ was born. Behind it, to the east, lay range behind range of hills, stretched off to the north; and among these, we knew, lay the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, where it pours its waters into that lifeless and melancholy lake. As we left the convent and village, and descended the rocky road, with terraced vineyards and olive groves on either hand, we knew that Joseph and Mary must have come this way from Jerusalem, when summoned to the census; and this was more to us than all the sights the friars had shown to us in their zeal and kindness. We looked in at the tomb of Rachael, and at the convent of Elias; but our thoughts were bent toward Jerusalem. I remember, however, that here I first saw the waters of the Dead Sea, lying blue in a little gap between the hills.

As soon as I mounted my ass before the convent of Elias, I saw from our ridge some buildings on the rising ground which now showed itself before us. I was not immediately certain what they were: but the news soon spread among us. That rising ground was Zion, and those buildings belonged to Jerusalem, though they stood outside the walls. Immediately after, the walled city itself came in view, lying along the hills. Most of the party were disappointed. I was not—partly because I knew that we were approaching it from the least favorable side, and partly because my expectations had much underrated the size and grandeur of the city. What we now saw was a line of white walls on a hill side, with some square buildings and small white domes rising within.

I walked the rest of the way. On our right were hills, the summit of one of which was Aceldema, bought by the priests with the money which the wretched Judas returned to them, when he had found too late what he had done, in his attempt to force His Lord to assert His claim to a temporal sovereignty. On our left was the plain of Rephaim. When we arrived at the brow of the high ground we were on, we were taken by surprise by the grandeur of the scene. Zion now appeared worthy of her name, and of her place in the hymns of David, and in history. We were now overlooking the valley of Gihon, more commonly known by the name of Hinnom. From its depths and its precipitous rocks on our side, I shall call it a ravine. This deep dell contains the lower pool, now dry; and the aqueduct from Solomon's Pool is seen crossing it obliquely. Its opposite side is Zion, rising very steeply, still terraced for tillage in some parts, and crowned by the city wall. To the right, sweeping away from the ravine of Gihon, is the deep and grand valley of Jehoshaphat, clustered with rocks, relieved by trees, and leading the eye round to the slope of Olivet, which, however, is best seen from the other side of the city. The black dome of the tomb of David was the next object; and after that the most conspicuous roof in the city—the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple.

By this time there was silence among us. I walked behind our cavalcade, as it slowly ascended the rocky way—glad of the silence permitted by each to all; for it was not possible at the moment—nor will it ever be possible—to speak of the impressions of that hour. We entered by the Jaffa gate; and every echo of our horses' feet in the narrow, stony, picturesque streets, told upon our hearts, as we said to ourselves that we were taking up our rest in Jerusalem.

STORY OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

There is a sort of *premier pas* known, we believe, amongst gamesters—at least trusted to very implicitly, we remember, among schoolboy gamesters—that which commences a run of good luck. When the cards, or the dice, have been cruelly against us, if the tide *once* turn, it will flow steadily for some time in its new and happier direction. In the palace of a certain Russian Prince, whose name, of course, it is impossible to remember, for it is one of those names you do not think of attempting to pronounce even to yourself—you *look at it*, merely, and use it as the Chinese do their more learned combinations of characters, where they pass at once from the visible sign to the idea—in the palace of this prince, you are surprised to see in the most splendid of its splendid suit of apartments, suspended behind a glass case—a set of harness!—common harness for a couple of coach horses, such as you may see in any gentleman's stable. Of course it attracts more attention than all the pictures, and marble tables, with their porphyry vases and gold clocks.

"The thing you know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there!"

You inquire and are told the following story:

The Prince was one night led into deep and desperate play. He had staked estate after estate, and lost them; he had staked his plate, his pictures, his jewels, the furniture of his house, and lost them; his mansion itself, and lost it. The luck would not turn. His carriage and horses had been long waiting for him at the door, he staked them and lost! He had nothing more; he threw up the window, and leaned out of it in utter despair. There stood his carriage and horses, the subject of his last wager. He had now nothing left.—Yes! There was the *harness!* Nothing had been said of the harness. The carriage and the horses were lost, but not the harness. His opponent agreed to this interpretation of the wager. They played for the harness. He won! They played for the carriage and horses—he won.—They played for the palace, for the plate, the pictures, the furniture—he won.—They played for estate—he still won.—He won all back again, and rose from that table the same rich man he had sat down to it. Had he not good reason to suspend that harness in his very best saloon!

EFFECTS OF THE EPIDEMIC.—A little boy about ten or twelve years of age, came before the Recorder of New Orleans a few days since, and stated that his mother, his father, his brother and two sisters, had been carried off with the fever, and that without a friend he was left alone in the world.

MAJOR ANDRE'S DEFENCE.

A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, who seems to be fortunate in the possession of sundry curious old papers and other memorials of the past, as well as of corresponding knowledge and memory, has furnished for the columns of that paper a document which we do not remember to have ever seen before—the defence read by Maj. ANDRE before the Court which condemned him to death as a spy. We have no doubt that it will be read with lively interest by many:

"I came," he said, "to hold a communication with a general officer of the American army, by the order of my own commander. I entered the American lines by unquestionable authority; when I passed from them it was by the same authority. I used no deception. I had heard that a provincial officer had repented of the course he had taken, and that he had avowed that he never meant to go so far as he had gone in resisting the authority of his King.

"The British commander was willing to extend to him the King's clemency—yea, his bounty, in hopes to allure others to do the same. I made no plans; I examined no works. I only received his communications, and was on my way to return to the army, and to make known all I had learned from a general officer in your camp. Is this the office of a spy? I never should have acted in that light, and what I have done is not in the nature of a spy. I have noted neither your strength nor weakness. If there be wrong in the transaction, is it mine? The office of a spy a soldier has a right to refuse; but, to carry and fetch communications with another army. I never heard was criminal. The circumstances which followed after my interview with Gen. Arnold, were not in my power to control. He alone had the management of them.

"It is said that I rode in disguise. I rode for security *incog.*, as far as I was able, but other than criminal deeds induce one to do this. I was not bound to wear my uniform any longer than it was expedient or *polite*. I *scorn* the name of a spy; brand my offence with some other title, if it change not my punishment, I beseech you. It is not *death* I fear. I am buoyed above it by a consciousness of having intended to discharge my duty in an honorable manner.

"Plans, it is said, were found with me. This is true, but they were not mine. Yet I must tell you honestly that they would have been communicated if I had not been taken. They were sent by Gen. Arnold to the British commander, and I should have delivered them. From the bottom of my heart I spurn the thought of attempting to screen myself by criminating another, but so far as I am concerned the truth shall be told, whoever suffers. It was the allegiance of Gen. Arnold I came out to secure. It was fair to presume that many a brave officer would be glad at this time to be able to retrace his steps; at least we have been so informed. Shall I, who came out to negotiate this allegiance only, be treated as one who came to spy out the weakness of a camp? If these actions are alike, I have to learn my moral code anew.

"Gentlemen, officers, be it understood that I am no suppliant for mercy; *that* I ask only from Omnipotence—not from human hands. Justice is all I claim—that justice which is not swayed by prejudice nor distorted by passion—that which flows from honorable minds and is directed by virtuous determinations. I hear, gentlemen, that my case is likened to that of Capt. Hale in 1775. I have heard of him and his misfortunes. I wish, in all that dignifies man, that adorns and elevates human nature, I could be named with that accomplished but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward, and untimely cut off, yet younger than I now am. He went out knowing that he was assuming the character of a spy. He took all the liabilities into his hand at the request of his great commander. He was ready to meet what he assumed and all its consequences. His death the law of nations sanctioned. It may be complimentary to compare me with him, still it would be unjust. He took his life in his hand when he assumed the character and the disguise of a spy. I assumed no disguise, nor took upon myself any other character than that of a British officer who had business to transact with an American officer.

"In fine, I ask not even for justice; if you want a victim to the manes of those fallen untimely, I may as well be that victim as another. I have in the most undisguised manner given you every fact in the case. I only rely on a proper construction of those facts. Let me be called anything but a spy. I am not a spy. I have examined nothing, learned nothing, communicated nothing, but my detention, to Arnold, that he might escape, if he thought proper to do so. This was, as I conceived, my duty. I hope the gallant officer who was then unsuspicious of his General, will not be condemned for the military error he committed.

"I further state that Smith, who was the medium of communication, did not know any part of our conference, except that there was some necessity for secrecy. He was counsel in various matters for Arnold, and *from* all the interviews I had with him, and it was Smith who lent me this dress-coat of crimson, on being told that I did not wish to be known by English or Americans. I do not believe that he had even a supposition of my errand. On me your wrath should fall, if on any one. I know your affairs look gloomy, but that is no reason why *I* should be sacrified. My death can do your cause no good. Millions of friends to your struggle in England you will lose if you condemn me. I say not this by way of threat; for I know that brave men are not awed by them—nor will brave men be vindictive because they are desponding. I should not have said a word had it not been for the opinions of others, which I am bound to respect.

"The sentence you this day pronounce will go down to posterity with exceeding great distinctness on the page of history; and if humanity and honor mark this day's decision, your names, each and all of you, will be remembered by both nations when they have grown greater and more powerful than they now are. But, if misfortune befalls me, I shall in time have all due honor paid to my memory. The martyr is kept in remembrance when the tribunal that condemned him is forgotten. I trust this honorable Court will believe me when I say that what I have spoken was from no idle fears of a coward. I have done."

ADVENTURES OF A GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

The town of Newfane, in this county, was many years since the birth place of an infant who was christened Paul Holland K——. As he grew up to manhood, the spirit of Yankee enterprise carried him to Canada, and in the interior of the country, he commenced the practice of law. His industry and perseverance were rewarded with success, and after a time he removed, for a more lucrative practice, to the city of Montreal. Prosperity and good fortune still attended him, and he soon became a candidate and was elected to the Canadian Parliament, where his ability and good judgement secured to him a respectable position and influence. While a member of Parliament, he received a letter purporting to be written by an old lady in England, also of the name of K——, stating in substance, that she had not a single relative, and was alone in the world, that seeing his name in the papers, as a member of the Canadian Parliament, and it being the same as hers, she thought perhaps he might be of the some family. She further stated that she was possessed of considerable property, and knew of no kindred to whom to leave it, and that if he would come to see her, she would pay all his expenses, and make him heir to her property. Mr. K., supposing this to be a houx, made no answer, and paid no attention to it. Two or three months after, he received another letter from the same person, urging in still stronger terms his visit to her, and with so much apparent sincerity and earnestness, that he resolved to go to England, and see what truth there was in it. He did go, and found the lady as she had described herself. She was living in an elegant mansion and in handsome style. She was delighted with the visit of Mr. K., and spared no pains to make it agreeable to him.

After having spent some time there, he prepared to return home. The old lady defrayed all his expenses, and made him many presents, and before his departure she renewed to him her promise to leave him all her property, and related the incident which led to the correspondence.—She informed him that in early life she was the betrothed of a young man by the name of Paul Holland, who was an officer in the British Army. That he had fallen in battle before the consummation of their nuptials, and she had remained unmarried and true to his memory. That seeing his name, uniting the name of her lover to her own, she was struck with the singular coincidence, and thought that she could not better show her devotion to the memory of her betrothed, than to bestow her property upon him who seemed by his name to be the representative of both.

He left her, returned to Montreal, and within a year afterwards received intelligence of her death, and that by her will he was made sole heir to her estate. He set out immediately for England, and on his arrival found all things prepared for him. His claim was recognized, and he entered at once into the possession of a large fortune. He is now in the enjoyment of his good fortune at Montreal, and is now, or recently has been, a member of the Canadian Parliament.

This is a true sketch of the history of one Vermont boy, and there are doubtless many such. The regions of fiction, and the highest flights of imagination, do not furnish a more romantic adventure.—*Vermont Patriot.*

HABITS OF ANIMALS.—You cannot alter the natnre of an animal by changing its food. It will still belong to the family, as in this particular bees are better instructed: When they lose their queen bee—which is an entirely different animal from the working bee—if you present another within twenty-four hours they will not accept her nor obey her. They prefer taking an ordinary grub, before he becomes a flier; and feeding it with a particular food and treating it in a particular way, and when it leaves the grub state, it becomes a queen bee, and they always suffer themselves to be governed by her.

The habits of ants are extremely curious. We all have heard of ant houses, sometimes twenty feet in diameter, filled with halls and rooms of great strength.—These and beaver dams are constructed upon strictly mechanical principles.

In some insect species, the males have wings, while the females have none. This is the case with the glow worm, and the female has the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, and were it not for this, the gentleman glow worm would not find the way to his lady's chamber. The Ostrich, unlike other birds, is not provided with means of sitting down. She cannot, therefore, hatch her eggs, but buries them in hot sand, and leaves nature to hatch them for her. Some birds build no nests, like the cuckoo, which deposits her eggs in the nests of others birds—but she knows enough always to select the nests of birds, that have bills shaped like her own, for then she is assured her young will have the same kind of food as she will procure.

A GRAVE REPLY.—"Suppose now that A, for instance, should let you a house," said one of Bob's clients to him, "and suppose he should be taken sick and die!"

"Why, then," said the wag, very gravely, "then, of course, A would be a—*dead letter.*"

"In a hotel here," says the Trinidad Spectator, "a man named Drum is the barkeeper. His friends call him 'spirit-stirring Drum.'"

There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory:—the very best have had their calumniators, the very worst their panegyrists.

AN ODE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Written at the request of the Committee of Arrangement for laying the corner stone of the Washington Monument, at Hamilton square, in the city of New York, on Tuesday, the 19th of October, 1847, and sung by the members of the Sacred Music Society.

MUSIC—"*Old Hundred.*"

A monument to Washington!
A tablet graven with his name!
Green be the mound it stands upon,
And everlasting as his fame.

His glory fills the land—the plain,
The moor, the mountain, and the mart,—
More firm than column, urn, or fane,
His monument—the human heart.

The Christian—patriot—hero—sage!
The chief that heaven in mercy sent:
His deeds are written on the age—
His country is his monument.

"The sword of Gideon and the Lord,"
Was mighty in his mighty hand:—
The God who guided, he adored,
And, with His blessing, freed the land.

The first in war—the first in peace—
The first in hearts that freemen own:
Unparalleled—till time shall cease—
He lives immortal and alone!

Yet let the rock-hewn tower arise,
High to the pathway of the sun,
And speak to the approving skies,
Our gratitude to Washington.

Pretty Thought.

The night is mother of the day,
The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the clouds the starling lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all!

Epitaph on an Infant.

Stain not this urn with sorrow's tear,—
Naught but a blighted leaf is here;
The cherished flower not fully blown,
Its opening beauties scarcely known,
Was severed from its earthly stem,
To deck an angel's diadem.

Advice.

Be temperate—let no suasive word
"Lay flattering unction to your soul,"
To tempt you to the tippling board,
Or taste the proffer'd wassail bowl;
Oh "touch not," 't is the adder's sting.
At last 't will want and misery bring.

The Voice of Flowers.

The common weeds that grow in every field,
And the rich plants that foreign climates yield,
The pale Houstonia, with its fading blue,
The gayer Cardinal, of flaming hue,
All speak one language to the trusting eye,
And say that God is love, and ever nigh,

IMPROVEMENTS IN MECHANICS.

It is well known to many that there are various turning machines in operation for turning shoe and boot lasts—axe handles, carriage and wagon spokes, gun stocks, &c. Recently the same principle has been applied, in the east, for taking copies of statuary. The whole history of the discovery, and of its originator, will be found interesting. A person describing the Bust machine in the Boston Courier, exclaims:

Imagine, gentle reader, a steam engine, in rapid motion, whirling round, and turning out the human head and face divine, with nose, chin, lips, forehead, eyes, ears, neck, breast and shoulders, of a perfect proportion and accuracy to nature! Imagine such an eccentric machine, and you will have some idea of the wonderful stretch of invention which conceived and completed such a faculty.

Such a wonderful machine is now in successful operation in Boston, and if any patron of genius, or any inquiring mind, or any person, will take the trouble to search, he can see a bust of Daniel Webster rapidly revolving in one end of a lathe, and at the other he will see a *fac simile* head of the great expounder, of any desired size, turned out from marble, by machinery.

Busts of Judge Woodbury, of the Supreme Court, have also been turned from the same lathe. Busts and cameos may be turned, after one and the same model, in imitation of any sizes, from a colossal bust to a miniature face, suitable for a lady's brooch.

A genius capable of such an achievement ought to be widely known; and we are told that he is a native of Massachusetts, Thomas Blanchard by name. His genius was developed early. Its first manifestation was in the contrivance of a machine for paring apples.

His next device was a machine for ascertaining, without the trouble of counting in the usual way, the number of tacks made in a factory at which he was at work for his brother.

His next was a machine for making the tacks themselves, which, prior to that, had been turned out by the hand. It made 500 in a minute, and much more perfectly than by the old method.

Next he set about and perfected a lathe for turning gun barrels. It was an easy process to turn the muzzle end, but at the lower part, the machinery, by a self-acting change, was made to accommodate itself adroitly to the oval and octagonal parts of the breech. All this was accomplished with great facility by steam power.

When this apparatus was first started at Springfield, the workmen came round to witness the experiment. On its successful operation, one of the workmen remarked to another, "this man has upset our art." One of the gun-stock makers said he could "not upset him, for the stranger could not turn a gun-stock." Blanchard replied that "he would try."

He finally succeeded in making a lathe to turn out gun-stocks with accuracy and facility, by steam power! He secured a patent for the invention, and it is now in successful operation at Springfield and Haper's Ferry, and it has literally "upset the art" of making gun-stocks by manual labor.

This curious machine was at once applied to making shoe lasts, hat blocks, tackle blocks, and all similar utensils; and while it put an end to the tedious process of making such articles by hand, it produced far more perfect specimens.

Next he invented an improvement in steamboat machinery to enable boats of small draft to ascend the rapids of rivers, and his plan is now in general use for ascending rivers of narrow, shallow, and rapid channels.

Such are among the valuable inventions of Thomas Blanchard, a farmer's son, whose only means of education were the common country schools, in a secluded part of the country.

And finally, Mr. Blanchard now makes statues by steam.

But it is a most beneficial achievement—a triumph of Inventive Power—which will multiply the pleasures of mankind and help to diffuse enjoyments among them, which will improve their sensibilities and refine their taste. Its improvement may not appear at a first glance. We have playfully supposed it to be the knell of the sculptors. But the sculptor will yet live; for, so it is, there is no probability that machinery can ever do the work of pure intellect. The immortal conception of the sculptor must irradiate the marble model before that model can be set in the lathe. The great artist will not therefore be superceded; but will perhaps be more frequently called upon than now to supply originals, when the desire for exact copies shall have been increased by the facility of obtaining them through the wonderful contrivances of Mr. Blanchard.

MRS. LAFAYETTE.—In 1784, Mr. John Adams, who was afterwards President of the U. States, was residing in France for a season. His wife, who was a very accomplished woman, called one day on the lady of Gen. Lafayette, and soon this lady visited Mrs. Adams in return. Mrs. Lafayette was very modestly dressed, while the American ladies present were in very gay attire. While at the table, one of those who sat near Mrs. Adams whispered to her, saying, "Good Heavens! how awfully she is dressed!" Mrs. Adams rebuked the observation by saying that "the lady's rank placed her above the little formalities of dress." We wish it was the case now, that all who occupy honorable places would feel themselves above such small matters, and, indeed, that every one would consider that a brilliant and well trained mind, good conduct, and agreeable manners, set those off that possess them to almost infinitely better advantage than costly array and sparkling diamonds.—*Exeter News Letter.*

A CURIOUS ECHO.—I must tell you of a curious echo we heard while lying on the Naples flats. The orders of the captain to the crew given from the upper deck, and the reports of the soundings on the flats, ("two feet scant,") were heard repeated among the tall trees on the eastern shore, without the slighest variation. Some of the passengers, observing this curious effect, began to call out in various tones to Mr. Echo, and they were always favored with a repetition of the question asked, or the latter part of it. Hear some specimens:

"Hallo the shore!"
Echo—"Hallo the shore!"
"How are you?"
Echo—"How are you?"
"Shall we stay here all night?"
Echo—"Stay here all night!"
"Tell me if Gen. Scott has entered Mexico."
Echo—"Scott has entered Mexico."
"Hurrah for your good news!"
Echo—"Hurrah for your good news!"
"Who'll be the next President?"
Echo—"*Zachary Taylor!*"

"Well, that is a curious echo, sure enough," exclaimed an elderly lady, who was rocking herself on the after guard, and smoking a pipe at the same time. We were all somewhat startled by this unexpected answer to the question concerning the next Presidency; but after a short pause the questions were resumed:

"What is the price of corn?"
Echo—"The price of corn."
"What was the reason that Pratt and Campbell didn't fight?"
Echo—"Pratt and Campbell didnt fight."
"What are you doing out there?"
Echo—"*Catching Cat fish!*"
"Ha! ha! ha! ha!"
Echo—"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho! ho!"

Thus ended the *cat*-echism. A sucker was discovered sitting on a log, down at the point, quietly pursuing his evening sports, and brushing off the mosquitoes. Some of the answers had evidently been given by him.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Some days since there was published an account of a suicide by a young girl in St. Louis, committed for being charged with theft. While in the very agonies of death she declared her innocence. Since that sad event the following has made its appearance in the papers:

"HER INNOCENCE PROVED.—The jewelry alleged to have been stolen by the servant girl at St. Louis, Elizabeth Reddick, who committed suicide recently, has been found at the house of her former mistress, and in the very spot where it was placed by her accuser, who afterwards forgot the circumstances."

THE PREDICTION OF AN AMERICAN OFFICER.—Col. Haskell, who lately returned to Tennessee from service under General Scott, in Mexico, and who has since been elected to Congress, thus expresses his opinion upon the manner of conducting the war, and the prospect of conquering a peace:

"I have contended and do so still, that the course pursued by the President, in conducting this war, will not conquer a peace in ten years, the army will have to be recalled from the heart of Mexico and directed to hold a line. I predict that this will be the result of this unhappy war."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday week, the little daughter of Mr. Hollis Davis, of Lancaster, six years old, was instantly killed by the body of a cart falling upon her. The cart body was standing upon end, and the child overturned it in attempting climb upon it. When will men learn the danger of leaving cart-bodies in such a position where there are children. Repeated accidents have happened from that cause.—*Worcester Transcript.*

☞ An awful calamity occurred at Nashville, Tenn., on the 12th inst., by the explosion of a powder magazine, which had been struck by lightning. One hundred houses were destroyed, and a number of lives lost. Ten bodies had been recovered from the ruins.