

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—46.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1848.

NEW SERIES—NO. 36.

THE REWARD.

Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the specter of his mispent time,
And, through the shade
Of funeral cypresses, planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead?

Who bears no trace of Passion's evil force?
Who shuns the sting of a terrible remorse?
Who feels not care
Half of the wrong from him, but to win
Wasteful oblivion for the wrong and sin
Of the sealed past?

Alas! the evil, which we vain would shun,
We do, and leave the wished-for good undone;
Our strength to-day
Is but to-morrow's weakness, prone to fall;
Poor, blind, unprofitable servants all,
Are we away.

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eye-lids wet with grateful tears,
If he has been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid in some nobler cause,
His fellow men?

If he has hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin;
If he has lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, ministered his creed
Or his, his heart?

He has not lived in vain; and while he gives
The praise to Him who moves the world and lives,
With thankful heart
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he never more
Can henceforth part.

THE ATHEIST.
By F. M. M. M. M.
The Atheist in his garden stood,
"At twilight's penitence hour,"
His little daughter by his side
Was gazing on a flower.

"Oh, pick that blossom, Pa, for me,"
The little sister said,
"It is the fairest one that blooms
Within that lowly bed."

The father plucked the chosen flower,
And gave it to his child;
With smiling lips, and sparkling eye,
She seized the gift, and smiled.

"Oh, Pa! who made this pretty flower—
This little violet blue?"
"Who gave it such a fragrant smell,
And such a lovely hue?"

A change came o'er the father's brow,
His eye grew strangely dim;
New thoughts within him had been stirred
By that sweet artless child.

The truth flashed on the father's mind,
The truth—in all its power:
"There is a God, my child," he said,
"Who made that little flower."

THE VOICE OF MOONLIGHT.
By CHARLES KEATS.
I have burst through the rent of a broken cloud,
And I've drunk of the meadow streams;
Where the deep gloom of midnight the mountain
Shrouds around.

I have laughed out my peevish beams,
And I've roamed along through the forest glade,
Where the nightingale's song so soft music made,
With the plaint of the breeze, and the distant ruck
Of a tinkling wind.

I have sailed the crest of a rolling wave,
And I've walked on a lovely bay;
And I trembledly creep through a cold dark cave,
Listening to the rattle wind's wail,
As the wild storm rose o'er the fatigued deep,
And the spray of the waves made my bright eye
weep.

And the fierce thunders marched down the quaking
land
I laid on a shadow to sleep.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.
If our young readers will consent to memory
the following lines, they will ever after have a
correct idea of the arrangement of our Solar System.
It will fit in the memory like the length of the
months by the old "Thirty days hath September,"
&c.

Poised in the centre hangs the glorious Sun,
Round which the rapid Mercury doth run;
Next in due order Venus wheels her flight;
And then the Earth, and Moon, her satellite;
Next Mercury pursues his round career;
Beyond the circling Aëreas appear;
The belted Jovian comes next;
With his four moons attendant, thro' the skies;
The belting Saturn comes more distant still,
With seven rings around him doth his circuit fill;
With six satellites that round him roll,
Uranus slowly circulates the whole.
But far beyond, unannounced by mortal eye,
In widening spheres, bright suns and systems lie,
Circling in measureless infinity.
Pause o'er the mighty scene, O man, and raise
Your feeble voice to the Creator's praise!

PLEASANT DOCTRINE.
Our minister preaches, and labors to prove,
"Thy duty, my neighbor, to cherish and love."
In such doctrine there is improve and more,
For young Harry Rutherford liveth next door!

EDUCATION.—The multitude think that
to educate a child is to crowd into his mind
a given amount of knowledge; to load the
memory with words. No wonder that they
think every body fit to teach. Its office
is to call forth powers of thought, affection,
will, and outward actions, powers to be
exercised; to lead to judgment; to give
power to adopt good customs; and to in-
fluence them, to govern ourselves and influ-
ence others, to gain and spread happiness.
The intellect was created not to receive
passively a few words, dates and facts, but
to be active for the acquisition of truth.—
Education should inspire a profound love
of truth, and teach the process of investi-
gation. A sound logic, by which we
mean the science and art which instructs us
in the true laws of reasoning and evi-
dence, is an essential part of a good educa-
tion.—Channing.

RESPECT DOES NOT FOLLOW EXTRA-
VAGANCE.—The man who takes care of his
earnings is far more respected than he who
squanders all in "riotous living." So with
the young lady. Although she may spend
her last dollar in the purchase of a new
dress or a costly shawl, and follow the
whims of fashion as closely as does the
fashionable belle who has thousands at her
disposal, she cannot make people believe
she is richer than she really is; and she
is more likely to incur suspicion as to her
rectitude of character, and keep away
such young men as make good husbands
from her society, than if she lived prudently
and dressed plainly.

Somebody thinks that the Sons of Temper-
ance should try and reform the money
market, because it has such a habit of get-
ting tight.

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.
BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.
VII.—JACOB'S WELL AND THE SAMARITANS.

Our last view of Jerusalem was very
fine. We looked back from a ridge on
the northern road, and saw it lying, bright
and stately, on its everlasting hills; but it
looked lower than from most other points
of view, from the Moab mountains forming
its lofty background. We descended the
slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy
City forever.

Again we were struck with the vivid
coloring of the scenery. All this day, the
hills were dressed in brilliant hues—the
soil, red, gray, and brown; the filled por-
tions of the brightest green, and the shade
was purple or lilac. All the hills show
traces of having been once terraced; and
they were still completely so in the neigh-
borhood of our encampment this evening
—the terraces following the strata of the
stone, which all the strata. This gives
a singular air of wildness to the most cul-
tivated spots. Here and there were basins
among the hills, the red soil dropped
all over with fig and olive trees, or
full of corn; and the upland tracks wind-
ing among slopes all strewn with cistus,
iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bris-
tling with tall flowering hollyhocks. On
we went, past deep old wells yawning in
the hollows, or stone cisterns where the
cattle were crowding to drink; past a few
carnels here and there, browsing in the
dells; past groups of Arabs with their
asses, carrying corn to the city; past
stone villages crowning the steep, till, at
6 P. M., we encamped beside a beautiful
old pool. We are under the shelter of a
rock, whose moist crevices were fringed
with delicate ferns. While dinner was
preparing, I went back on one road—the
narrow, stony road which wound round
the verdant promontory opposite our rock
—to find a honey suckle which had seen
climbing and blossoming to a great height;
and I brought back a charming handful
of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent,
a sound of snuffing was heard outside; and
when our dragoman next entered, he was
out of breath. We afterwards heard the
whole story, and were amused to find how
zealous our Mohammedan servants could
be in the cause of Christians. Some Ar-
abs, with their loaded mules, had come
with the intention of encamping beside the
pool; and on finding the ground partly oc-
cupied, though there was plenty of room
left, they became abusive, and wretched
slandering us. Our dragoman, who had
heard of this, and threw the speaker down
over the tent-ropes. There was then a
stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help,
and the Arabs falling upon one another
over the tent-pegs in the dark, they had
the worst of it, and went off howling ven-
geance. We heard no more of them, however.

The next morning we saw the Mediter-
ranean, like a basin of deep blue water
between two hills. We were not going to-
wards it, however, but to Nablous, the an-
cient Sychar, where lies that Jacob's Well
at which the woman of Samaria was wont
to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile val-
ley, now called Hawarrath, where the crops
were splendid for miles, and the villages
were thickly planted on the hills. The
ground was a series of table lands, of which
there was a succession of three, when we
were leaving the rich Hawarrath valley.
The roads in this part of the Holy Land
were mere lanes, full of stones, be-
tween walls, or tracks through olive
grounds and meadows, or paths running
along shelves of rocks, with a bit of rocky
staircase at each end, about ascending or
descending which our good horses made
no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old
Sychar lay between the mountains Ebal
and Gerizim, we came to the fine, fertile
parcel of ground which Jacob bought.—
The valley opens out into this wide basin;
and near the junction of the valley and the
basin is the old well which is the supposed
scene of the conversation of Jesus with
the Samaritan woman. Some of our pas-
sage round the base of the hill to the
well; and some (and I for one) rode by
the upper path, over the shoulder of the
hill, and came down on the other side. I
had thus a fine view of the whole locality;
of the valley where the city lies—a narrow
valley, rich with fig and olive groves, and
overlaid by the rocky bases of Ebal and
Gerizim, where the square black entrances
of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks.—
From this height, Jacob's land looked a
beautiful expanse. The well is a mere
rough heap of stones, with a hole in the
middle, nearly closed up. What there is
below ground, I cannot say; but it is all
that is to be seen on the surface. It is in
a well likely to be in use now, for there
are many springs and shallow cisterns
(though no well) between this and the town
which lies about a mile and a half off.

Everybody knows that the Jews had
friendly dealing with the Samaritans in
the time of Jesus. The quarrel had then last-
ed above five hundred years. How many
sons had gone down upon their wrath!—
The Samaritans had wished to assist the
Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusa-
lem; but the Jews hated them as a mixed
race, and would not admit that they had
any right to share in temple worship or
any other Jewish privileges. It really
was a most serious objection to the Samar-
itans, that they were of a mixed race; not
only because the Jews believed that they
held the promises in the very ground of the
party of their race; but because the
intermarriages of the former Samaritan Is-
raelites with Assyrians and others disposed
them to idolatry, or at least to a worship
as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans
were excluded from the rebuilding of the
temple, above five hundred years B. C.
And not being permitted to help, they did
all they could to hinder. About one hun-
dred years after, they obtained leave from
the Persian Court (to which both the Jews
and they were subject) to build a second
temple to Jehovah; and they built it on
Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking

impety in the sight of the Jews; and it
was the occasion of a number of tax-mind-
ed Jews, who had broken the law, by mar-
rying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who
wished to worship Jahovah in his temple,
resorting to Sychar, to join the
Samaritans, and render their race yet more
mixed. This was the quarrel which the
woman of Samaria referred to, when she
spoke of the question, whether, "men
ought to worship in this mountain or in
Jerusalem?" and thus is explained her
wonder that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask
water of her, who was a Samaritan.—
There was also a quarrel about their scrip-
tures; the Jews insisting, to this day, that
the Samaritans had altered two or three
texts, relating to these two mountains, E-
bal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy
of the books of Moses; the Samaritans,
insisting, of course, that theirs was the true
copy.

From my early youth, I had taken a
strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling
sympathy with both parties, and a keen de-
light in the wise and soothing words of Je-
sus concerning it. What a truth it was
for both parties to hear, that God was now
to be worshipped everywhere; and that
all places were henceforth to be as sacred
as the Jerusalem temple, or the mountain
at Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality
it was to the Jews, when he gave honor
to the Samaritan in the parable, on account
of his good works, above the sacred priest
and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem.
Both parties were, of course, wrong in
their fierce anger; but each had much to
plead on his own side. The Jews were
bound to keep their race and worship pure;
and held, as an essential matter of faith,
that Jehovah would have but one dwelling
place; which was their view of their
temple. And the Samaritans were surely
right in their endeavor to worship Jehovah
in accordance with the laws of Moses, as
they did not believe in strange gods; and,
if the Jews could not admit them to wor-
ship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could
not be blamed for building one for them-
selves.

Such was always my view of the mat-
ter; and, such being my view, it was with
indescribable interest that I looked this
day upon Mount Gerizim, and remember-
ed that somewhere in the city we were
approaching was treasured that sacred copy
of the Samaritan Pentateuch. (Books of
Moses), which the possessors believe to be
the true one, and to be 3,500 years old.—
The most learned men among the Chris-
tians do not believe it to be near so old
as that; but they have a high opinion of
its value, and would follow it sooner than
any other, I believe, excepting instances
where the disputed texts about Ebal and
Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate
the Christians as heartily as the old inhab-
itants used to hate the Jews. The present
inhabitants are Mohammedans of the most
bigoted character; and they would admit
neither Jews nor Christians within their
gates, till within a few years; when the
Government of the country (then Egypt)
compelled them to better manners.—
They dared not refuse us admission; but
they behaved with great intolerance. We
had to ride from end to end of the city, our
saddles being pitched on a green on the other
side. Our horses had to go as slowly as
possible through the narrow street, which
would not hold two abreast, and was pav-
ed with large slippery stones. As we rode
along one by one, in a series of table lands,
of which there was a succession of three,
when we were leaving the rich Hawarrath
valley. The roads in this part of the Holy
Land were mere lanes, full of stones, be-
tween walls, or tracks through olive
grounds and meadows, or paths running
along shelves of rocks, with a bit of rocky
staircase at each end, about ascending or
descending which our good horses made
no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old
Sychar lay between the mountains Ebal
and Gerizim, we came to the fine, fertile
parcel of ground which Jacob bought.—
The valley opens out into this wide basin;
and near the junction of the valley and the
basin is the old well which is the supposed
scene of the conversation of Jesus with
the Samaritan woman. Some of our pas-
sage round the base of the hill to the
well; and some (and I for one) rode by
the upper path, over the shoulder of the
hill, and came down on the other side. I
had thus a fine view of the whole locality;
of the valley where the city lies—a narrow
valley, rich with fig and olive groves, and
overlaid by the rocky bases of Ebal and
Gerizim, where the square black entrances
of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks.—
From this height, Jacob's land looked a
beautiful expanse. The well is a mere
rough heap of stones, with a hole in the
middle, nearly closed up. What there is
below ground, I cannot say; but it is all
that is to be seen on the surface. It is in
a well likely to be in use now, for there
are many springs and shallow cisterns
(though no well) between this and the town
which lies about a mile and a half off.

Everybody knows that the Jews had
friendly dealing with the Samaritans in
the time of Jesus. The quarrel had then last-
ed above five hundred years. How many
sons had gone down upon their wrath!—
The Samaritans had wished to assist the
Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusa-
lem; but the Jews hated them as a mixed
race, and would not admit that they had
any right to share in temple worship or
any other Jewish privileges. It really
was a most serious objection to the Samar-
itans, that they were of a mixed race; not
only because the Jews believed that they
held the promises in the very ground of the
party of their race; but because the
intermarriages of the former Samaritan Is-
raelites with Assyrians and others disposed
them to idolatry, or at least to a worship
as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans
were excluded from the rebuilding of the
temple, above five hundred years B. C.
And not being permitted to help, they did
all they could to hinder. About one hun-
dred years after, they obtained leave from
the Persian Court (to which both the Jews
and they were subject) to build a second
temple to Jehovah; and they built it on
Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking

impety in the sight of the Jews; and it
was the occasion of a number of tax-mind-
ed Jews, who had broken the law, by mar-
rying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who
wished to worship Jahovah in his temple,
resorting to Sychar, to join the
Samaritans, and render their race yet more
mixed. This was the quarrel which the
woman of Samaria referred to, when she
spoke of the question, whether, "men
ought to worship in this mountain or in
Jerusalem?" and thus is explained her
wonder that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask
water of her, who was a Samaritan.—
There was also a quarrel about their scrip-
tures; the Jews insisting, to this day, that
the Samaritans had altered two or three
texts, relating to these two mountains, E-
bal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy
of the books of Moses; the Samaritans,
insisting, of course, that theirs was the true
copy.

From my early youth, I had taken a
strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling
sympathy with both parties, and a keen de-
light in the wise and soothing words of Je-
sus concerning it. What a truth it was
for both parties to hear, that God was now
to be worshipped everywhere; and that
all places were henceforth to be as sacred
as the Jerusalem temple, or the mountain
at Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality
it was to the Jews, when he gave honor
to the Samaritan in the parable, on account
of his good works, above the sacred priest
and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem.
Both parties were, of course, wrong in
their fierce anger; but each had much to
plead on his own side. The Jews were
bound to keep their race and worship pure;
and held, as an essential matter of faith,
that Jehovah would have but one dwelling
place; which was their view of their
temple. And the Samaritans were surely
right in their endeavor to worship Jehovah
in accordance with the laws of Moses, as
they did not believe in strange gods; and,
if the Jews could not admit them to wor-
ship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could
not be blamed for building one for them-
selves.

Such was always my view of the mat-
ter; and, such being my view, it was with
indescribable interest that I looked this
day upon Mount Gerizim, and remember-
ed that somewhere in the city we were
approaching was treasured that sacred copy
of the Samaritan Pentateuch. (Books of
Moses), which the possessors believe to be
the true one, and to be 3,500 years old.—
The most learned men among the Chris-
tians do not believe it to be near so old
as that; but they have a high opinion of
its value, and would follow it sooner than
any other, I believe, excepting instances
where the disputed texts about Ebal and
Gerizim are concerned.

feasts in the year, going up Gerizim as the
Jews used to go up to the Temple.
The synagogue was a small, ordinary
looking building, within a curtained recess
of which I kept the old copy of the Penta-
teuch. It was shown to us, after some
entreaty on our part; but I found it was
impossible that I could be allowed to touch
it.

I felt it a great event to have seen it.—
It is written on a sort of vellum, in the
Samaritan text, clear, small, and even. The
vellum is tattered; but it is well mounted
on parchment. The priest himself dares
not touch the MS. without careful precau-
tion; and he holds it by the ends of the
rolls on which it is fixed as a scroll, like
the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.
We were lighted through the archway
of the street, on our way home, and down
the hill, by a single candle, which burned
steadily in the still air.

Our employment this evening was read-
ing aloud the history of the Jewish and Sa-
maritan controversy, and the fourth chapter
of the Gospel of John. While we were
thus reading in our tent, the jackal was in
full cry on the slope of Gerizim.

THE USEFUL AND THE ORNAMENTAL.
The great error of modern times, in the
education of females, is in giving prefer-
ence to the ornamental branches of learn-
ing rather than the useful. Both are prop-
er, but the substantial virtues and duties
of life ought always to be regarded as of in-
comparable more importance than the
mere embellishments. A young miss may
be sent to a fashionable boarding school,
and instructed in a thousand graces, with-
out learning one of the many necessary
vocations which will always deprive on
the wife and mother. Those accomplish-
ments which are deemed so indispensable
in fashionable society, are not much better,
often much worse than useless, at the do-
mestic fireside in the family circle. We
could by no means condemn or undervalue
fashion, fashionable society, or fashion-
able accomplishments. They are all well
enough in their way. They are indeed
among the acquisitions to be desired when
they are considered only as additional gra-
ces to a mind well cultivated in the domes-
tic "arts and sciences," which enable a wo-
man to fill the interesting place assigned
her in the scale of being, with dignity and
honor to herself, and advantage to all to
whom she may stand in the relation of
mentor or guardian. It has been said
that the women who reign queens of the
ball room are seldom found capable of gov-
erning their own children. Without draw-
ing any argument from this against the ball
room, we may make the remark a fit in-
strument in enforcing home upon the mind
an important truth—Persons seldom excel
in more than one line of virtues or qualifi-
cations. Those who select music, dan-
cing, feasting, parties, &c., as the sphere
in which they will shine conspicuously,
will seldom be excellent in any depart-
ment of life, where all is sober reality in-
stead of amusement and excitement. Too
much pride is taken in material distinctions
instead of useful. The former may dazzle
and captivate us for a moment, but sooner
or later the illusion vanishes, and nature,
true to herself, sighs for a natural compan-
ion. Says a judicious writer:

"The system of female education, as it
now stands, aims only at embellishing a
few years of life, which are in themselves
so full of grace and happiness, that they
rarely want it, and then leaves the rest of
existence a miserable prey to idle insignif-
icance. No woman of understanding and
reflection can possibly conceive she is do-
ing justice to her children by such kind of
education. The object is to give to chil-
dren resources that will endure as long as
life endures, habits that will ameliorate
instead of destroy, occupations that will render
sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age
venerable, life more dignified, and useful,
and therefore death less terrible, and the
compensation which is offered for the om-
ission of all this, is a short-lived blaze, a
life temporary effect, which has no other
consequence than to deprive the remain-
der of life of all taste and relish."

PAROXYSM OF IRRITATION.—Having
witnessed the growth of the young mind
in the feeblest of common-place. There
is no law, however, precise and absolute
in the matter. The difference of age at
which men attain maturity of intellect,
and even imagination, is very striking.
The tumultuous heat of youth, has certain-
ly given birth to many of the noblest things
in literature, painting and poetry; but few
of the productions have sprung from the ripe-
ness of years. Chatterton wrote his
beautiful lyrics, exhausted all types of life,
and saw nothing better than death at the
early age of eighteen. Burns and Byron
died in their thirty-seventh year, and I think
the strength of their genius was over. Ra-
phael, after filling the world with divine beau-
ties, perished also at thirty-seven; Mozart
earlier. They might have produced still
greater works. On the other hand Handel
was forty-eight before he "gave the world as-
surance of a man." Dryden came up to
London from the provinces, dressed in
Norwich drugged, somewhat above the
age of thirty, and did not even then know
that he could write a line of poetry. Yet
what towering vigor and swinging ease all
at once in "Glorious John!" Milton had
indeed, written his Comus at twenty-six;
but blind, and "fallen on evil days and evil
tongues," he was upwards of fifty when
he began his great work. Cowper knew
not his own might till he was far beyond
thirty, and his task was not written till
he was near his fiftieth year. Sir Walter
Scott was also upwards of thirty before he
published his Minstrelsy, and all his great-
ness was yet to come.—Auld's Old Buch-
eller.

The World, says a shrewd satirist, is a
mongrel—half spaniel, half wolf. Lash it
often, and when you require it, a whistle
will bring it to your feet. Show the slight-
est symptom of fear, and it will turn round
upon and worry you even unto death.

RULES FOR GOVERNING CHILDREN.
1. Exercise your authority as seldom as
possible, and instead of it employ kind
persuasion and deliberate reasoning, but
when you exercise it, make it irresistible.
2. Be careful how you threaten, but
never fail. Threaten seldom, but never
fail to execute. The parent who is open-
mouthed to threaten, and threatens hastily,
is irresolute to punish, and when the child
is not subdued by the first threat, repeats
it a half dozen times, with a voice of in-
creased violence, and with many shakes
and twitches of the little culprit, will cer-
tainly possess no authority.
3. Avoid tones and gestures expressive
of agitation for trivial matters, indicative
of depravity, and exhibiting only heed-
lessness or forgetfulness of children, for
nothing is more common to all young ani-
mals, than to love to use their limbs. In
such cases the tones should be kind and
persuasive, rather than authoritative; and
even the gravity of authority should be re-
served exclusively for cases of disobedience
or depravity, or for the prevention of se-
rious evil. A perpetual fretting at chil-
dren for little things will inevitably hard-
en their hearts, and totally destroy paren-
tal authority and influence. There never
was a fretting parent, who often threatened
and seldom performed, that had a particle
of efficient government.

HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY RESTS UPON THOSE
WHO WRITE FOR THE PUBLIC.—Tutors of the
world, they may not lightly assume nor
thoughtlessly discharge a very important
office. Every line found wanting in
moral sense should be instantly erased. In-
calculable evil may follow its publication—
for in that depraved and contumacious
and young example and encourage-
ment. He is without excuse, who is
grossly culpable, who writes with the
view of society, or neglects to do good when
opportunity is presented. A bad thought
uttered in print, is not addressed to a
single individual, but to the whole commu-
nity. How important, then, that those who
occupy the elevated position of editors,
should be dignified and virtuous.

"Let me write the ballads of a nation,"
said a witty politician of the olden time,
"and I care not who writes its laws." This
was uttered before that mighty engine, the
press, had assumed its present all-powerful
sway—but the sentiment is not the less
true in our day. Demagogues has not
ceased to be a virtuous and patriotic
profession, and a man of sense and
integrity should not be induced to go
down the mass. One mischief-maker may
mar the peace of a whole community; ear-
ly discord in families, destroy innocence,
light the torch of the incendiary, and give
the town over to pillage and bloodshed.
Powerful for weal or for woe is the pen;
it is sharper than a two-edged sword,
stronger than triple bars of steel, and swif-
ter than the never-tiring foot of time. Oh,
ye, who use it, take good care that ye do
not abuse your vocation. Be jealously
guarded in thought and action, always aim-
ing to enlighten and elevate.

The unpurged press is a
paper press of their country is a
triumphant proof of growing intelli-
gence, domestic prosperity, and social hap-
piness. These causes follow each other
as plainly as the sun and moon, and
follow night. With the dawn of
light, comes the new paper; the first
illumines the world of matter, the last that
of mind. What better proof is wanted of
high moral tone, always the offspring of
civil and religious freedom, than the fact
that we have more newspapers than the
whole world put together! Is not the
boast a proud one? But in our exultation
let us remember that, without integrity,
this press may be destroyed from its legiti-
mate purpose, and made a vehicle of foul
wrong and oppression. Make truth the
basis of the structure—then work with
assiduity until the captive kisses the blush-
ing skies! Courage—courage, brethren
of the press, he should work bravely who
has the good of the world at heart!

Let me think you out of the womb of time
Leap to the Press. Henceforth, no sky, nor clime,
Nor land, nor sea, nor king, nor sect, can stay
his course, or curb it in its onward way.
It is and shall be—all the heavens shall roll
Together in a vast and flaming scroll;
And on that scroll, in words of living fire,
Shall blaze that thought—"All time itself expire!"

THE TEETH.—Parents should consult
their family dentist at least two or three
times a year; or as often at least as they
may perceive the least derangement in the
mouths of their children. There are few
parents who acquaint themselves sufficient-
ly with the dental organs to know when
the first set of teeth loosen and come out,
or when the second make their appearance,
at which time the teeth should be carefully
watched, so that the first symptoms of
decay may be detected and eradicated be-
fore it has proceeded too far; for upon the
preservation of the first four permanent
double teeth, (two of the upper and two of
the lower jaw, which usually appear be-
tween the fifth and sixth year, depend in a
great measure the symmetry of the lower
part of the face.

MENDLSOHN, THE COMPOSER.—The
German journals give very interesting par-
ticulars relative to the death of Mendels-
sohn. Mendelssohn was brought up with a sister,
who married an artist of the name of Haen-
sel. He himself married, about ten years
ago, the daughter of a senator of Frankfort.
These two families were inseparable.—
Mendelssohn and his sister, Fanny Haen-
sel, formed but one soul. This remark-
able woman was herself a good composer,
and directed the steps of her brother in his
musical career. About nine months ago,
Fanny Haenkel composed a symphony,
the performance of which she conducted
herself; at the commencement of the fifth
part Madame Haenkel dropped dead of an
apoplectic fit. Since that time Mendels-
sohn wandered about like a shadow among
the living. In a letter addressed to his
wife, he says—"Our common soul has
taken her flight to heaven. I greatly fear
I shall shortly go to meet her, for Fanny
always promised she would come and
take me from this world, should she be
before me." Two months after, Mendels-
sohn died of an apoplectic fit.

WHAT GIRL WOULD BE A QUEEN?—It is
said that Her Majesty the Queen of Spain
is subject to fits of melancholy, and ex-
treme depression of spirits, and that these
sad periods come on suddenly, and form a
striking contrast with occasional sallies of
the most buoyant gaiety. She remains, we
are told, sometimes for hours, sitting
alone, and is often surprised in tears, with-
out being able to account for her grief.—
Her appearance in public is much less fre-
quent than formerly, and it is remarked that
she has become much thinner than before,
and that her face has acquired a sad and
care worn expression. Change is
also said to have been made in the medical
treatment of the Queen. A professor of
the homoeopathic doctrine, of the name of
Nunez, has been entrusted with the care of
her majesty's health, and the skill and ex-
perience of the usual attendants almost, if
not entirely, superseded. In noticing the
opening of the Cortes by the Queen, next
day, the writer says:—On her majesty
passing through the streets, every one re-
marked how thin, care-worn, and even
haggard, she looked; and, though, when
she entered the chamber, a flush overspread
her countenance, yet an expression of sad-
ness was still observable.

BODILY EXERCISE IN EARLY LIFE.—To
fetter the active notions of children, as
soon as they have acquired the use to their
limbs, is a barbarous opposition of improv-
ing their minds and manners, is an insult
to common sense. It may, indeed, be the
way to train up puppets for short-lived
prowesses of learning; but never to form
healthy, well-informed and accomplished
men and women. Every feeling individ-
ual must behold, with much heart-felt con-
cern, poor little puny creatures of eight,
ten or twelve years of age being taught
their stilly penmanship, or rote learning,
or as distinguished for their early proci-
dency in language, elocution, music, or
even some frivolous acquirement. The
strength of the mind, as well as the body
is exhausted, and the natural growth of
both is checked by such untimely exer-
tions.

NEWSPAPER POSTAGE.—The Legisla-
ture of Ohio has adopted, without a dis-
senting voice, a resolution requesting the
Delegation from that State in Congress to
vote for an amendment to the Post Office
Law, which shall permit newspapers to go
in the mails free of postage within thirty
miles of the office of publication.

OPERATION UPON A MARE UNDER THE
INFLUENCE OF CHLOROFORM.—Yesterday
Mr. Lawson, veterinary surgeon, Mount
street, unyoked a mare while under the
influence of chloroform with complete
success. Two small sponges were soaked
in the chloroform and secured in the
nostrils with a piece of tape. In about
ten minutes the mare staggered off and fell.
The operation was then performed. The
mare was so way secured, and lay perfectly
still while the nerve was cut down upon,
and with the exception of a slight twitch
when the nerve was divided, she did not
evince the slightest feeling. The sponges
were then removed, and in about six min-
utes she got up all right. So satisfied has
Mr. Lawson been with the result in this
instance, that he intends to apply the chlo-
roform in painful operations.—London
Paper.

FILLS AND POLITICS.—The celebrated
Dr. Brandreth is one of the members of the
New York Hunter Loocofee Central
Committee, and their harmonious confer-