THE STAR AND BANNER.

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[From the National Era.

LABOR.

In every temple swelling toward the skies,
Hard-handed Labor is the corner stone,
And as such should be precious in all eyes,
For if it fall, the whole is overthrown,
And on its ruins Want may sit and moan;
The toiling masses are the *real men*,
The pearls and shining gold are all their own;
And when they learn their worth, and not till then,
Earth will be truly great—a thing that hath not been.

The world were happy, if that every soul
Knew that it was a soul of priceless worth;
War's angry thunders would no longer roll,
Shaking in maniac fury all the earth,
To give one man an hour of hellish mirth;
The smiling fields would bless the tiller's hand,
Unsoak'd with blood, undoom'd to years of dearth,
Which leave them barren as the ocean's strand,
That lives in battle may be cheap as grains of sand.

That uncouth being that thou scornest so,
With rough, soiled hand, familiar with the ground,
And look of care, and body bended low,
Is a true man, whose worth doth more abound
Than those for whom loud, boastful trumpets sound;
Let him, and such as him, once truly find,
What in dim gropings one day willl be found,
That in his brain lies undeveloped mind,
And chains and fetters thenceforth will be woven wind.

Oh, it is sweet to toil, if toil may reap
The golden harvest that its hand hath sown;
The weary millions, led like silly sheep,
Should stop, and think, if they no portion own,
If they may never gather where their hand hath strown.
If men are men, then all have equal rights,
And the huge tyrannies that long have thrown
A deepning shadow on their path of light,
Should all come thundering down beneath an arm
Of might.

Let Knowledge once be wide-spread as the air,
All ears drink in the magic of her voice,
And no proud few will carve the lion's share—
Men will be rulers by the People's choice,
And plenty, fairly shared, make all rejoice;
No need of clanging steel, or cannon's roar,
Or gargling blood to plead with hollow voice;
With ignorance, all tyranny is o'er,
And might, usurping right, will vex the world no more.

The power of thought transcends all other power;
Then what shall be when *all* have learned to think?
Can weak Oppression bind them for an hour?
When men are men, will sinewed millions shrink
Before the man, and tremble if he wink?
The world moves onward; let the weary hope—
The steps of Wrong are tending to a brink,
Where its dull eye for once will wildly ope,
Yet see beyond the verge no smooth and grassy slope
W. S.

PENN YAN, N. Y., 1848.

[For the "Star and Banner."

THE STUDENT'S REVERIE.

The student sat by his midnight oil,
His fair brow furrow'd by mental toil,
Whilst thought well'd up from its fountain deep,
And held in the distance refreshing sleep.

His mind sped back to a sunny glen,
Where he sported in youth amid wood and fen,
And play'd on the banks of a moss-bound stream,
Or pensive, indulg'd in a fancy dream.

He thought of a neat, white, simple cot,
Far down the glen, in a shady spot,
Where a maiden with glossy tresses dwelt,
Before whose shrine he had whilom knelt.

He thought of a mother, whose every sigh
Was laden with prayer for her darling boy;
Of a father who hoped that his bright one's flight
Might be onward, and upward, and pure, and bright.

Then he thought of the turf above the head
Of his parents dear, in their earthy bed,
And his sparkling eye show'd a pearly tear,
As he thought that their spirits linger'd near.

He wiped the drop from his moisten'd eye,
And his heart with a noble hope beat high,—
A hope of winning a deathless name,
And placing it high on the scroll of fame.

He trimm'd anew the flick'ring light
Of his lamp, while his eye shone doubly bright,
And a feeling of rapture thrill'd through his frame,
As he thought that oblivion would ne'er seal his name.

But a change came over his spirit's dream,
And blasted this noble hope's first gleam,—
The student laid him down to die,
And breath'd out his life with a gentle sigh.
CROAKER.

Gettysburg, Pa. June 1st, 1848.

DR. FRANKLIN.—*A Scene in the British Parliament in 1775.*—On the 8th of February, 1775, Lord Chatham brought into the House of Lords the outlines of a bill respecting the "troubles in America," which occasioned much discussion. Lord Dartmouth said that it contained matter of such magnitude, that he hoped the noble Earl would be willing it should lie on the table for consideration. Lord C. answered, "I expected no more." Upon this Lord Sandwich rose, and in a petulant, peevish manner, opposed its being received at all: he said, it ought immediately to be rejected with the contempt it deserved:—that he could not believe it to be the production of any British peer: that it appeared to him to be the work of some *American*. Here, turning himself round toward Dr. Franklin, who was leaning on the bar, he added, that he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country had ever known. In reply to this, Lord Chatham declared the bill to be entirely his own, but that he had no scruple to add, that if he were the first minister of the country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of the American affairs as the gentleman alluded to and so injuriously reflected on—one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with the Boyles and the Newtons—a man who was an honor not only to the English nation, but to human nature!

☞The following, although brief, is beautiful and comprehensive:—

"Every fly, and every pebble, and every flower, are tutors in the great school of nature, to instruct the mind and approve the heart. The four elements are the four volumes, in which all the works are written. Every man has in his own life follies enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough—without being curious about the affairs of others."

If the speculator misses his aim, every body cries out "he's a fool," and sometimes "he's a rogue." If he succeeds, they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

A CONTRAST.

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared, on an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and Benevolence, which Adams possessed in such an eminent degree. A like career opened to both: Born, like Adams, a subject of a king—the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams, he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But, unlike Adams, he could not wait the dull delays of slow, and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became, like Adams, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul.—But there were other Consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles and was Consul for life. But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers, and sisters, not ennobled, whose humble state reminded him and the world that he was born a Plebian; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the imperial crown. He scourged the earth again, and again. Fortune smiled upon him, even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities on his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburg's imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a Monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a Monarch by divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of Monarchs. But there were other Monarchs who held sway in the earth.—He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave, one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from Jura to the Ocean. He marshaled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal Dominion, which seemed almost within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted Fortune too far. The nations of the earth resisted, rebelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The Crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride, forsook him in the hour when fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a citizen, but an exile and a prisoner, on a lonely island in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off, at the earliest dawn and in the evening's twilight, toward that distant world that had just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around, with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearied watching was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The pageant of Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again reinvested with the pompous pageantry of Royalty. The Daughter of the long line of Kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his Child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, and their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark, and England, gath their mighty hosts to give him battle.—Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest.—He waved his sword aloft, and cried, "Tete d'Armee." The feverish vision broke, the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loose, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

POPOCATAPETL.—The statement that a number of American officers had ascended Mount Popocatapetl, in Mexico, has recalled, by the recurrence of the outlandish name, a paraphrase of Horace's twenty-second ode, written by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in 1836, in which the name is oddly introduced:

The Man, in virtue's garb arrayed,
Of Christian Truth a liver,
Needs not the sharp Toledo blade,
Nor venom-freighted quiver.
What though he wend his toilsome way,
O'er regions wild and weary—
Throughout Zahra's burning desert stray,
Or Asia's jungles dreary,
What though he plough the billowy deep,
By lunar light or solar;
Meet the resistless Simoon's sweep,
Or iceberg circumpolar;
In bog or quagmire, deep and dank,
His foot shall never settle.
He mounts the summit of Mont Blanc,
Or Popocatapetl.

An Irishman took an under garment, called shirt, from a hedge, and was discovered by the washerwoman, as he was making off. "Young man," cried she "you'll pay for that at the last day." "Faith, madam, do you trust so long? I'll e'en take another then!" he coolly replied.

THE OLD WOMAN'S RACE WITH A LOCOMOTIVE.—In a cottage not very far from the well-known village of Ecclefechan, which can boast of more bridges than even the metropolis itself, there resides a gude wife who is now in her 92d or 93d year, and is able, notwithstanding, to read without the aid of spectacles, and to use her legs with more vigor than many of her juniors by a couple score of years. From her cottage she commands a view of the Caledonian railway for nearly five miles, and often amuses herself with watching the trains careering along, speculating on the unco changes which have taken place since the days of her girlhood. While discussing these matters the other day, she made a bet of a crown piece with her son that she would start from her house, which is three quarters of a mile from the line of railway, as soon as the mail train came in sight, and reach an accommodation bridge which it crosses before the mail train came. The proposal agreed to, she kilted up her petticoats as soon as the locomotive showed its fiery nose, and away she ran, three-fourths of a mile against four and three quarters; but for the one a very elderly pair of legs, for the other the steam steed rushing along with more than the velocity of the race horse. For once, however, even steam was too slow, and, with wind in very fair order, the nonagenarian gained the bridge, ran below and back again, ere the ponderous train whizzed above the arch. During her race she met a younger female acquaintance who wished to speak with her. "I hae nae time the noo; eh, eh, I'm runnin' a race wi' the train, ye see, eh, eh, unless, eh, eh, ye keep up wi' me." This her friend attempted to do, but soon found that she had bellows to mend, and was forced to give in. The winner went home triumphantly, and pocketed the stakes with great gusto, and was so little the worse for exertions that she offered to run the same distance against her son, who, after the specimen he had just had of his mother's powers in the racing line, very prudently declined the proposal. There is evidently no great need of sanitary reform among the braes of Anandale.—*Scotch Paper.*

STRANGE STORY.—The following anecdote of Sir Robert Strange is related by the late Richard Cooper, who instructed Queen Charlotte in drawing, and was for sometime drawing master to Eton school: "Robert Strange was a countryman of mine, a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when Duke William put them to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended to the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated. She was at her needlework, and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising, or being the least disconcerted, *desired him to get under her hoop.* He immediately stooped, and the amible woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched. The lady continued her work as before; and the soldiers, upon entering the room, considering Miss Lumsdale alone, respectfully retired. Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his covering, kissed the hand of his protectress; and at that moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. *He married* the lady; and no person, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily. Strange afterwards became a loyal man, though for a long time he sighed to be pardoned by his King; who, however, was graciously pleased to be reconciled to him, and afterwards knighted him.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.—An Eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the apportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand; but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,792,656 grains of corn, or near two hundred millions of bushels.

The story of the horse-shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above, is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man, selling a fine horse, is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty-fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proves to be worth eighty thousand dallars.

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

THE KING AND THE FOOL.—In the days of 'auld lang syne,' it was not unusual for kings and sometimes noblemen, to have among their domestics one who was denominated the fool, who by the bye, was anything else according to our acceptation of the word. One day, the fool returning from rather a longer absence than usual, was accosted by his master, with—

'Where have you been so long?'

Fool.—'To hell; what's that your business?'

Master.—'Indeed! Well how do they all get along there?'

Fool.—'Pretty much as they do here—them that have the most money get nearest the fire.'

Pride and indolence make more slaves than oppression.

THE DEATH OF CROMWELL.

We extract this touching picture of the incidents connected with the death of Oliver Cromwell, finely illustrative of his religious character and experience, from Mr. Headly's forthcoming work on Cromwell, soon to be issued by Messrs. Baker & Scribner;

In the intervals of his suffering, he spoke incessantly of the goodness of God; and forgetting himself in his anxiety for the church, prayed: "Lord, though I am a miserable wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may—I will come to thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them good and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others would wish and would be glad of my death: Lord, however Thou dost dispose of me, continue to go on and do good for them. Give them consistency of judgement, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people, too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer: even for Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen." At length the last night came that was to usher in his *fortunate day*. The 3d of September, the anniversary of Dunbar, and of Marston, came amid wind and storm. In this solemn hour for England, strong hearts were every where beseeching heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of Kings had issued his decree; and the spirit that had endured and toiled so long, was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," broke thence from his pallid lips, and then he fell, in solemn faith in the covenant of grace. His breath came difficult and thick: but amid the pauses of the storm, he was heard murmuring, "Truly God is good; indeed He is; He will not——" his tongue failed him; but, says an eye-witness,* "I apprehend it was, '*He will not leave me.*'" Again and again there escaped from the ever-moving lips the half-articulate words, "God is good—God is good." Once, with sudden energy, he exclaimed, "*I would be willing to live, to be further serviceable to God and his people; but my work is done. Yet God will be with his people.*" All night long, he murmured thus to himself of God; showing how perfect was his trust—how strong his faith. Once, as some drink was offered him, he said, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to God."

While this scene was passing in that solemn chamber, all was wild and terrible without. Nature seemed to sympathize with the dying patriot and hero. The wind howled and roared around the palace; houses were unroofed; chimneys blown down; amd trees, that had stood for half a century in the parks, were uptorn, and strewn over the earth. The sea too was vexed; the waves smote, in ungovernable fury, the shores of England; and vessels lay stranded along the coasts of the Mediterranean. It was a night when there are

"As they say, [death
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
And phosphorizing, with accents terrible
Of dire commotion, and confused events
Now hatched to the woeful time. * *
* * * * some say the cattle
Were feverous and did shake."

But all was calm and serene around the dying bed of Cromwell. On that more than kingly brow, peace, like a white-winged dove, sat; and that voice which had turned the tide of many battles, now murmured only prayers. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of just such a storm, shouted, "*Tete d'armee,*" as his glaring eye fell once more on the heads of his mighty columns disappearing in the smoke of battle; but Cromwell took a noble departure.—The storm and uproar without brought no din of arms to his dying ear—not in the delirium of battle did his soul burst away; but, with his eye fixed steadfastly on the "eternal kingdom," and his strong heart sweetly stayed on the promise of a faithful God, he moved from the shore of time, and sank from sight forever.

He died at three o'clock that day—on the very day, which, eight years before, saw his sword flashing over the tumultuous field of Dunbar—the same which, seven years previous, heard him shouting on the rampart of Worcester. But this was the last and most terrible battle of all; yet he came off victorious; and triumphing over his last enemy, death, passed into that serene world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the hatred and violence of men never disturb.

* Underwood.

A SPORTSMAN'S STORY.—'As I was once hunting on the bank of the Saranic,' said John Hawkins, a sportsman famous for shooting, both with a long rifle and a long bow; 'I saw a fine buck on the other side of the river, and blazed away at him. Just as I drew the trigger a big salmon jumped up in the middle of the stream, right between me and the deer. Fish and buck both dropped. Quick as thought, I stripped, jumped in, secured the salmon and made for the deer. After passing through him I found the ball had bored into a bee tree, and the honey was running out in a stream as big as a gun barrel. I looked round for something to plug up the hole with, but there was nothing at hand but a rabbit. So I caught him up and tried to jamp his tail into the hole, but he struggled so hard, that he made me mad, and I flung him away so hard, that I knocked over three braces of partridge and a woodcock with him.'

☞A Chaplain at one of our State prisons, was asked by a friend how his parishioners were. "All under *conviction*"—was the answer.

☞A fellow wishing admission to a show, demanded a ticket at half price, giving as a reason, that he could see with only one eye.

THAT 'ERE IS THE DEACON FOR ME.

"Father," said Deacon Smith's young son,
(A most precocious wight;)
"I had a dream; and a funny dream,
Was the dream I dreamed last night."

"Well, son, what was that funny dream,
That has put you in such a glee?
Were I to guess from your laughing phiz,
I would say that you dreamed of me."

"Father, I dreamed—you will think it strange,
Yet still it is true, I snore;—
I dreamed that the king of the country below
Walked into your grocery store!"

"The devil!" "Yes, father, the devil! and you
Were drawing a glass of gin
For Ambrose Jones—who drownd his wits,
And broke his babe's arms in one of his fits,
The ugly old imp of sin.

"I dreamed that the devil walked boldly in,
And swung his *long tail* on a chair,
And asked if you wasn't a deacon, he did;
And (without looking,) you said that you were.

The devil he laughed, and he switched his long tail,
And he grinned as he nodded to me;
Says he, with a wink, (and the sparks flew like hail,)
'*That 'ere is the Deacon for me!*'"

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

This new form of Temperance organization is making rapid progress through the country, and is evidently accomplishing great good. The following brief history and description of the order is taken from an address to the people of Illinois by a Committee of the Sons of Temperance in Chicago:

"The Order of the Sons of Temperance was organized in the city of New York, on the 29th of September, 1842, by sixteen Washingtonians. Its general objects are moral and benevolent, and its peculiar design is to insure success to the important Temperance Reform, by concentrating the moral and social power of the friends of total abstinence, and creating for their pledge and principles that continuance and permanent life and activity, which are essential to the triumph of Temperance.

It in no wise designs to supersede or diminish the highly useful operations of other Temperance Societies.

Organization is the principle of its power, and is the keystone which binds and supports the whole fabric of our lofty Temperance effort.

By its fruits we would claim your approbation. The Order, now but five years old, numbers already 1500 Subordinate Divisions, and nearly 180,000 members. Cast your mental vision forward for the half of another such a term, and, with the beauty and benevolence of the Order on our side, with its great principles at work, and 180,000 "Sons" as so many recruiting officers; who will set limits to our success or tell our numbers? Come and aid our cause, which is also your cause, and UNITEDLY, in one grand army, let us accelerate the downfall of Intemperance, and give a second independence to our beloved country.

Our Divisions, distributed like so many garrisons of regular Temperance troops, overawe our common opponents, inspire the timid friends of the cause, give courage to the stoutest, and confident assurance of victory to all. The members of our order are, generally, far more active than any other equal body of Temperance men of the times. The entire Order, by its quiet, but to the enemy new and alarming, tactics is rapidly and broadly advancing the march of Temperance in the U. States. We have no oaths, no mockeries, no secret mode of recognition, such as many dislike. The spirit of the order is Temperance robed in Love, Purity and Fidelity, associated with Benevolence, Charity, and Good Will to all mankind. Those who cherish this spirit must be improved as men,—fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, and advocates of the Temperance cause.

The order has endeavored to profit by the past experience of other associations, and to adopt their best plans of operation, and is, in our judgement, better adapted to the exigencies of the times than any other organization. Thus you perceive our order is a noble instrument, auxiliary to the great cause of Temperance.

The objects of the Order of the Sons of Temperance are:—

1. A Universal Temperance Reformation.

2. A brotherhood in Love, Purity and Fidelity.

3. The pecuniary relief of sick Brethren.

4. The encouragement of Morality.

5. The diffusion of Good Will to all mankind.

1. The pledge of the Order is as follows: "No brother shall *make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage*, any Spirituous or Malt Liquors, Wine or Cider."

The penalty for violation of the pledge is expulsion; but re-instatement may be had by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting. An individual, after the third offence, can be readmitted only at the same expense, and by the same balloting as a new member.

Brothers are particularly recommended by resolution of the National Division to be individually active in the general Temperance field, and Divisions are warmly recommended by the Grand Division of this State to hold one public temperance meeting during each quarter.

2. A fraternal spirit is continually exhibited and enforced in the charges, odes, ceremonies and rules of the order, and is insisted on as essential to its harmony, happiness and success.

3. The pecuniary relief of sick brethren,—to the extent of not less than three dollars per week—is sustained by initiation fees and weekly dues. This feature of our order has proved itself of inestimable advantage to many afflicted members, for whom, when assailed by disease, whether at home or abroad, the best medical attendance, comfortable lodgings, kind friends, nursing, etc., are always at hand. On the decease of a brother not less than thirty dollars are appropriated as a funeral benefit; on the decease of a brother's wife, not less than half that sum. Widows' and Orphans' funds are springing up in the Order, and will we trust soon be universally adopted.

4. The Order demands that every candidates shall sustain a good moral character—yet makes every allowance for the errors of the inebriate. This it does in the spirit of its great object. Integrity, Honor, Truth, and Virtue, are held up as standard moral principles.

5. Good Will to all men and a suitable benevolence together with a sympathizing interest in others, is enjoined. We are especially directed to look around upon mankind and warn our fellow men from the path of error.

The travelling brother has the right of entering any subordinate Division of the Order in the United States, and wherever such a division exists, finds a pleasant home, and a band of kind and well principled brothers. The secrecy of the Order is such as prudence, manliness, and kindness requires, and is chiefly similar to that which is incident to all social organization; but, inasmuch as the order is too extensive and numerous for any personal knowledge of membership, and every where accords *rights, advantages, comforts, and privileges*, it is needful to provide for the "family circle" some uniform, yet private mode, whereby those rights and benefits may be enjoyed, without exposing them to the vicious and unprincipled. The mode is simple, and consists in our pass-words and their frequent changes. Our ceremonies are simple and appropriate. As an Order, we hold that kindness, reason, argument, appeal, and a good and pure example, are the legitimate means of increase. We, therefore, indulge in no such denunciation of individuals or classes of citizens, but firmly combat vicious principles, habits and customs. We pursue our course mildly and firmly, and shall, on all proper occasions, raise our hands to repress, prevent, or cure the terrible evils, under which society labors, and which we are pledged and banded to eradicate.

It is important to say that all subjects of political or religious controversy are excluded from our Divisions.

The organization of the Order is simple and clear, and consists of a National Division, of Grand Divisions of States, and their Subordinate Divisons. Grand Divisions receive their charters from the National Division, and are under the constitutional jurisdiction of the same. Subordinate Divisions hold their charters from Grand Divisions, and are under their jurisdiction. Individuals are received into Subordinate Divisions, and are, in general, immediately under their constitutional government. The remedy of grievance is by appeal to the higher body. The Subordinate Divisions are popular and primary. The Grand Divisons and the National Division are representative; the former being composed of such acting and past superior officers of Subordinate Divisions as may be elected delegates,—the latter of such acting and past superior officers of Grand Divisions as may be elected delegates. The Subordinates have regular meetings weekly—the Grand Divisions quarterly, and those of the National Division are bi-yearly. The National Division alone has power to originate, alter, or amend constitutional regulations, and the supreme power of the Order."

THE BULL AND THE TAILOR.—A few years ago, a man who lived at Allenton, near Liverpool, by trade a tailor, but who could occasionally handle his fiddle as well as his needle, on his way home from where he had been exercising his musical talents in entertaining his country neigbors, on passing through a field, about three o'clock in the morning, in the month of June, was attacked by a bull. After several attemps to escape, he attempted to ascend a tree; not, however, succeeding in the effort, a momentary impulse directed him to pull out his fiddle, and fortifying himself against the tree as well as he could, began to play upon it, by which the enraged animal became totally disarmed of his ferocity, and seemed to listen with great attention to the affrighted tailor. Finding his fierce and formidable enemy so much appeased, he began to think of making his escape, left off playing, and was moving forward. This, however, the bull would not suffer, for no sooner had the tailor ceased his fascinating strains than the bull's anger appeared to return as violently as at first. He was therefore glad to have recourse a second time to his fiddle, which instantly operated again as a magic charm upon the enraged animal, who became as composed and as attentive a listener as before. He afterwards made several other attemps to escape, but all in vain, for no sooner did he stop his music than the bull's anger returned, so that he was compelled to keep fiddling away till near six o'clock, when some one of the family came to fetch in the cows, by which he was releived from a tiresom labor and frightful situation.

This is, perhaps, the first man on record who may be really said to have fiddled for his life, and who so truly fulfilled the poet's idea, that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It is proper, and further curious, to observe that this man lodged at the farm-house where the bull was kept, and that, as he frequently played upon the fiddle of an evening, to amuse the family, he had observed the bull, who always attended the cows home to be milked, constantly endeavoring to get as near as possible to that part of the house where he happened to be playing, and always appeared to listen with the greatest attention, which fortunately struck the tailor with the idea of having recourse to his fiddle, and in all probability saved his life.

Wooden Legs.—We se it stated in a Massachusetts paper that the Mexican war has made a fortune for manufacturers of wooden legs in that quarter. Mr. Palmer, of Meredith, N. H., receives an average of one application a day for cork legs, the charge for which is one hundred and fifty dollars each. He has been offered $75,000 for his patent for the United States, which he declines.

A NEW RAT TRAP.—Take a tub or kettle, fill it to within six inches of the top with water, cover it with chaff or bran, and place it at night where the rats resort. By this method thirty-six rats have been taken in one night.

No man is so poor but that he can have a liberal spirit; and no man is so rich but he can have a mean one.

BURNING OF A RUSSIAN THEATRE.

Recent English papers give an account of the burning of a Theatre at St. Petersburg, which occasioned a terrible destruction of life. The fire broke out behind the scenes, and the directors of the theatre ordered the curtain to be drawn up, that every one might be aware of the imminence of the danger. Thick smoke and flames poured out toward the body of the house. Laughter was suddenly turned into pallid fear, and shrieks of horror burst from the bosoms of thousands, who, but now, had been convulsed with mirth. Grasping what was dearest to them, all rushed towards the outlets. These were too few for the magnitude of the theatre, and it was very slowly that the foremost made way for those behind them. So much the more rapidly did the flames commnicate to the rosinous planks, and quickly advancing from scene to scene, they stood penetrated into the body of the theatre still swarming with people. As ill luck would have it, one of the large folding doors at the entrance, which opened inward, had, in the confusion, been accidentally pushed to, and resisted all efforts to force it open. Thus only one half of the main entrance was available for escape in this critical moment, and the retreat of the audience was proportionately delayed. The police would not at first suffer private individuals to render assistance, that they might keep the conduct of the business to themselves. A tradesman nevertheless contrived with a spade to break down a board on one side of the theatre, and to drag sixty half suffocated persons out of this harlequin's hell through the apperture, with imminent peril of his own life. The Emperor Nicholas rewarded the worthy man with an order, and, as he was poor, with a pension of 2,000 rubles. Meanwhile the people in the street, as may be supposed, became aware that the matter was no joke. The fearful tidings soon spread through the city that Lehman's theatre was on fire, and that thousands of persons in it were likely to perish. It is impossible to conceive the consternation and despair that seized all Petersburg. There was not a family one or more of whose members might not be among the wretched sufferers. When the Emperor, on the first news of the fire, hastened from the Winter Palace to the spot, women ran up to him and cried, "Sir, save, save!—my son is among them!—my husband is there!—my brother is not yet out!" "Children," replied the Emperor, "I will save all I can." When the fire was over—when the flames and life were extinct, and all who were within lay in a burning and charred heap, the melancholy business of removing the dead was commenced. The sight is said to have been beyond all idea harrowing and appalling, when, on clearing away the timber which had fallen in, the mass of bodies was gradually discovered. They were pulled out one by one with hooks; some were completely carbonized, others roasted; many with glazed eyes, burned hair and charred faces, had on their holiday clothes and decorations, which the flames had not reached, on account of the close pressure of the throng. These presented a far more repulsive spectacle than those which were entirely burned. In one part of the building, where the flames had spread, were found a dense mass of bodies, standing upright, like a host of shades from the nether world. A female was found with her head hanging over the gallery, and holding her hand and her handkerchief before her face. The number of the victims was stated, officially, to be 300, but some who were present represent the number to be much greater.

FATALITY OF THE STUART FAMILY.—The line of the Stuarts is among the most unfortunate in the records of history. Their destiny followed them during the long period of four hundred years. Robert III. king of Scotland, died of a broken heart, occasioned by his oldest son Robert having been starved to death, and his youngest son, James the first, was taken prisoner by the English, and remained in confinement eighteen years. On his return to Scotland, after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, he was assassinated by his own relatives as a punishment.—James II. was killed by a cannon shot at the Roxburg siege. James III. succeeded his father, James II. He put to death his brother John, and would have destroyed his brother Alexander, but he escaped and levied war against him. James was defeated in battle, and having fallen from a horse, took refuge in a mill, where he was discovered and put to death. James IV. was slain in the fatal battle of Flodden Field. James V. died of grief for the loss of his army, at Solway Moss. He left his dominions to his only daughter, Mary Stuart, (better known as Mary Queen of Scots,) who after suffering eighteen years imprisonment, was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, on the 8th of February, 1578. Henry Stuart, earl of Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, died the victom of revenge. His house in Edinburg was blown up in the night by gunpowder, and the unfortunate monarch's body was found next day in the garden adjoining. James I. of England, (and IV. of Scotland,) the son of Henry earl of Darnley, died in 1625, not without suspicion of being poisoned by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Charles I. his son, was beheaded at Whitehall. Charles II. lived an exile and a fugitive the twelve years of the Commonwealth. After his restoration to the throne, he lived a life of licentiousness, and died of apoplexy. James II. abdicated his throne, and died in exile.

☞When you hear any one making a noise about himself, his merits, and good qualities, remember that the poorest wheel of a wagon always creaks the loudest.

"We praise men for fighting," says a caustic writter, "and punish children for doing the same."

Love is an idea—Beef is a reality. The idea you can get along without; the Beef you must have.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the rest of our care, and the calm of our temper.