

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES—NO. 57.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIX.—15.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 23, 1848.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

In pursuance of a writ of *Facienda Exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on Friday the 23rd day of June next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court-house, in the Borough of Gettysburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

No. 1.—A Tract of Land situate in Liberty township, Adams county, Pa., containing

170 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of Joseph Shultz, Hugh Sweeney and others, on which are erected a

ONE AND A HALF STORY LOG DWELLING HOUSE, and other out-buildings. About 15 Acres of this tract is cleared and in a state of cultivation; the residue is covered with good timber.

No. 2.—A Tract of Land, adjoining the aforesaid, containing

50 ACRES, more or less, being principally Timber or Mountain Land.

No. 3.—A Tract of Land situate in Liberty township, Adams county, Pa., containing

250 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of John Florb, John Ferguson, and others—also being Timber or Mountain Land.

No. 4.—A Tract of Land situate in Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., containing

60 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of Barnabas Divin, Reever & Co., and being west of the "Virginia Mills" of Mrs. Mary Myers—also Timber or Mountain Land.

The first above mentioned three Tracts being seized and levied on as the property of SAMUEL and JOHN DUPHORN, and the fourth and last Tract being seized and levied on as the property of JOHN DUPHORN.

Persons purchasing property at Sheriff's sale, will have to pay *in full* the purchase money on the day of sale.

BENJAMIN SCHRIVER, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, Pa. May 19, 1848.

## EXAMINATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

An Examination of the Schools of the Borough of Gettysburg will take place during the present month, commencing as follows:

At the School-house of Miss Matilda Scanlan, on Monday Morning the 26th of June inst.

At the school-house of Mr. Robert S. Paxton, on Monday afternoon following.

At the School-house of Mr. Wm. Withers, on Tuesday morning.

At the School-house of Mr. Thomas Martin, on Tuesday afternoon.

At the School-house of Mr. William Bogle, on Friday morning and noon.

At the School-house of Miss Ann M. Curdy, on Thursday afternoon and evening.

At the School-house of Miss Sarah C. Lord, on Wednesday afternoon.

The parents of pupils and the citizens of the Borough are respectfully invited to attend.

By order of the Board,  
H. J. SCHRIENER, Secretary.  
June 9, 1848.—td

## NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEORGE WORTZ, DEC'D.  
To Accept or Refuse, &c.

AT AN ORPHANS COURT held at Gettysburg, in and for the County of Adams on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1848, before William N. Irvine, Esq.,

President, and his Associates, Judges, &c. assigned, &c.

ON MOTION the Court grant a Rule on all the heirs and legal Representatives of GEORGE WORTZ, late of Conowingo township, Adams county, deceased, to wit: Sarah, intermarried with Michael Ryder, and now the widow of said Michael, residing in the County of Lancaster, Pa.; Mary, intermarried with Jacob Ryder, who is deceased, leaving issue as follows, to wit: Molly, intermarried with Isaac Stoen; residing in Lancaster county, Pa.; Maria, intermarried with Jacob Peters; Catharine, intermarried with Henry Ryder; Jacob Ryder, jr.; Sarah, intermarried with William Ehrhart, and now the widow of said William; Elizabeth, intermarried with John Ehrhart; David Ryder; John Ryder; Susanna, intermarried with Joseph Black, all residing in the counties of Preble and Montgomery, and State of Ohio; Jacob Wortz; Marcus Wortz; Peter Wortz, whose share has been assigned to Jacob Wortz; Catharine, intermarried with Christian Stouffer, residing in Columbiana county, and State of Ohio; and Henry Wortz,—to be and appear at an Orphans Court to be held at Gettysburg, in and for the county of Adams, on the third Monday of August next, to accept or refuse to accept the Real Estate of the said deceased, at the valuation made thereof, agreeably to the Intestate Laws of this Commonwealth.

By the Court,  
WM. S. HAMILTON, Clerk.  
May 9, 1848.—St

## NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of EYE EYERS, late of Conowingo township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township, notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims upon the estate to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement. JERSE WAITMAN, May 30, 1848.—St

## THE BURIAL.

Mournfully, slowly, the funeral train To the village churchyard wended;  
For Death had bound, with his icy chain, A human heart—and all earthly pain With its last faint beating ended.

Mournfully, slowly, they wound their way By the marble, moss-encrusted,  
And the frether mound, where sleeping lay The maiden that passed but yesterday, Like a star in darkness shrouded.

Mournfully, slowly, the cypress old Waved its arms, the chill wind breathing,  
As they lowered their burden, pale and cold, And covered it deep with the churchyard mold, And prayed for the spirit's resting.

Mournfully, slowly, the funeral train Left the buried ashes sleeping,  
Till death in the village should breathe again, And another flickering taper wane, Midst the sound of wail and weeping.

Mournfully, slowly, I moved along, And my faithless heart grew colder,  
And I thought that all life might be through Me, and away, like a half-burned song, And in Earth's dark bosom moulder.

Hopefully, helpfully, beamed a ray On my heart, from the Throne Eternal—  
"The Earth has received its earthly clay, While the soul from its prison soars away To beauty and love beyond."

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.  
O, for this arm to lean upon my God—  
Hast thou my soul's complaint?  
To tread alone life's dark and dreary road,  
Maketh my spirit faint.

And there are thorns about my erring feet,  
That wound them as I go:  
I look for help into each face I meet—  
None understands my woe.

There is a heavy mist above the way,  
I'm travelling alone,  
Which blinks and glimmers, shroutheth out the ray,  
That beareth from thy throne.

This mist hath quenched my lamp that feebly  
Hath quenched at long ago,  
And now the dangers of the toilsome road,  
How can I see or know?

Only know that I am journeying fast  
To the eternal sea,  
The stream that leads—there must soon be past—  
Death—a dark stream to me!

O, that my lamp were trimmed and burning bright  
To guide me through the gloom!  
The mist dispelled, and all celestial light  
Between me and the tomb.

The darkest path that were comfortless I stray,  
O'er Israel's Shepherd tread;  
Would I walk in His footsteps in the way,  
And ask in them to God.

When forced to part from those we love,  
Though soon to meet to-morrow,  
We yet a kind of anguish prove,  
And feel a touch of sorrow.

But, oh! 't is worth while to paint the tears,  
When from those friends we sever—  
Perhaps to part for months—for years—  
Perhaps to part for ever!

AN ECCENTRIC MINISTER.—There lived a century since, in the city of Boston, an eccentric pastor, known familiarly by the name of "Johnny Morehead." A convention of ministers was held in Boston, and met in his place of worship, to whom President Edwards, then settled at Northampton, was appointed to preach the opening sermon. In consequence of the bad roads he did not arrive in time for the commencement of the service, and after waiting a number of minutes was procured to preach. The service commenced, and while Mr. Morehead was offering up the first prayer, Mr. Edwards, standing below, with his hands on his arms, and walked up quietly to the head of the aisle, where he stood while the prayer was being made. Johnny went on praying for the blessing of God on his eminent servant, whose absence they had so much reason to regret; thanking for his great and distinguished mercies conferred on his church by his pious and useful labors, and supplicating the blessing of God for him, that he might long be continued a great and shining light to the church of God in this waning wilderness in which in his presence his people were planted; and, opening his eyes, he discovered Mr. Edwards standing below. He went on: "But, O Lord! thou knowest that, great and good as thy servant is, he is not to be compared to his wife!"

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.—Here is an anecdote of the Berlin Revolution.—On the evening of the 18th ultimo, a body of the citizens who were engaged in constructing a barricade, broke into a house in the Bramienburgstrasse. They penetrated to the first floor, and, forcing open a glass door, found themselves in the presence of a venerable old man, with long white hair. One of the mob inquired who he was. The old man answered, "My name is Humboldt." "How! is your the celebrated Humboldt?" The old man answered, "I am Alexander Von Humboldt." Instantly every hat and cap was doffed; the mob made many protestations of regret at having inconvenienced their illustrious countryman, and placed at the door of the house an honorary guard of the citizens.

TIME.—Time is the preacher; Change is the tone he harps on as he hurries along; Change! he shouts as he lays his hand on the mountain peak and powders it to dust. Change! he thunders as he twists the hale oak up by the roots, Change! as he scatters the thistle-down to the wild. Change! he whispers as he turns the beaver of the young man and points with a grin to the tottering 'step of the aged. Change! as he brushes the vermilion from the cheek of beauty; and Change! he grumbles forth as he lays his hand on the shoulder of old, broad-shoulder and iron nerve, and points to the grave. Change! in his last word to his emissaries, when he sends them forth on their rounds to overturn and destroy.

"Does the Court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the 'Anger of Freedom' intoxicated?"

"Not at all, sir; I merely said that I have seen him frequently so furried in his mind that he would undertake to go out with the snuffers—that's all."

A grave friend of ours says that he and his wife always go to bed quarrelling; and yet, says he, "with all our differences, we never fall out."

## AN OLD CHRONICLE OF THE CITY.

The Abbe Leseur lived in the same century with the sad-fated Marie Henrietta—the extolled of Bossuet—the beautiful sister of Louis XIII. He was curate of the Church of St. Mederic, or, as it is now called, St. Mary, which stands upon the corner where the dirty Rue des Lombards crosses the Rue St. Martin—a corner around which more blood was spilled in the days of the Revolution than almost any other quarter of Paris. It is a queer old Gothic building, with rich tracery about its windows; but the walls are stained with the damps of three or four centuries, and the outside is heavily scarred by the bullets that they round it in 1832.

"The people who say mass at St. Mary to-day are of the vilest population of the city; the beggars who loiter at its steps are the most wretched of beggars; and the priests who assist at the worship of St. Mary, are, if one may judge from their looks, the worst of priests."

It was different in the time of the good Abbe Leseur; for then there were rich houses along the Rue St. Antoine, and noble lords and ladies came to say their prayers at the shrine of St. Mederic.

The Abbe was doing one evening, for he had laid later than was his wont in his confessional box, when he was aroused by the rustling of a dress just beside him. Turning his eyes to the grating through which he had listened to the confessions of his backslidden people, he saw the delicate, jewelled hand of a lady clinging to the bars. The Abbe put his head nearer to the grating, to see who was the owner of the fair hand. He saw a light, graceful form, and presently met the eyes, lending earnestly on his own, of the lovely Mademoiselle d'Estrel, daughter of the poor Baron of d'Estrel—the who had been long the sweetest hand of the flock.

Now, it had been some time rumored in the city, and the rumor had come to the Abbe's ears—for there were gossips then, as there are gossips now—that the beautiful Isabel d'Estrel was bound by her father's oath to marry the Chevalier Verhaiss.

"Methinks it is somewhat late for Mademoiselle," said the Abbe. "What can she wish at such an hour?"

"Your blessing, Father," said the girl, firmly.

"It is always yours, child; but tell me first why at this hour; there is no time for words; why I dare not tell you."

"Then, child, I dare not tell you."

"And you will not?"

"I cannot"—and the Abbe heard the step of Mademoiselle moving from the confessional. He opened his box, and, over-taking her before she had reached the door, drew her into one of the side chapels which may yet be seen each side the great aisle of St. Mary.

"Mademoiselle," said the Abbe, solemnly, "you have some strange purpose in your thought. Is it right that it stay un-revealed?"

"The form of the daughter of d'Estrel trembled under the touch of the Abbe. "Is it strange I want your blessing, good Father, when to-night is my last on earth?"

"The Abbe trembled in his turn. "I cannot be."

"It must be," said the d'Estrel. "You know the Baron—that he does not yield."

"And you will not obey, child?"

"Never; you know the Chevalier Verhaiss—why do you ask?"

"Are fixed for to-morrow night?"

"Child, I can serve you."

"With your blessing, Father."

"Not yet; I will conceal you where not even the powerful Baron can find you."

Mademoiselle hesitated a moment—then lifted the hand of the Abbe to her lips.

The Abbe threw his cloak over her, and they passed out.

Along the dim streets—there were no lamps then—they passed, keeping close in the shadow of the houses. Many people met them; one only had known or saluted the Abbe. None knew, or seemed to know, Mademoiselle.

Turning into a dark by-way, out of what is now the Rue St. Antoine, they stole cautiously in the direction of the fronting tower of the Bastille. At length the Abbe stopped at a low door in an abutment of the outer walls, and leading his charge through a low, dark passage, left her in a little room at the end, in the guardianship of an old woman, his foster-mother.

Two days thereafter, it was noised through the city that Isabel d'Estrel, the beautiful daughter of the Baron of the name, had suddenly disappeared the night before the one set for her marriage with the Chevalier Verhaiss. The Baron had made for many days unsuccessful search and vain inquiries in every direction—he had offered rewards for the smallest tidings, and had given descriptions of the person of his daughter. At length there appeared one who had seen a female figure, of the form described, passing along the Rue St. Antoine at a late hour on the same day upon which Mademoiselle d'Estrel disappeared; and he further testified that she was in company with a man in the dress of a priest. Another gave testimony having seen the curate of the Church of St. Mederic on the evening in question, and in company with a female; and what was doubly suspicious, the curate himself had been recognized in the Rue St. Antoine. None had ever before suspected the Abbe Leseur of wrong-doing. The Archbishop summoned him to appear at Notre Dame.

Two persons appeared, who swore to the fact of seeing the Abbe Leseur walking with a lady in the Rue St. Antoine upon the evening of the disappearance of the daughter of the Baron. There was, however, no evidence to identify this lady with Mademoiselle d'Estrel. Still, to the surprise of all, the Abbe frankly avowed that the person with whom he had been seen was none other than the missing daughter of the Baron. He would tell nothing more.

The Baron was powerful both at court and in the old palace of Notre Dame,—

The next day, the Abbe Leseur was shown his dungeon in the Bastille. At intervals for a month, he was urged to reveal the hiding place of Mademoiselle, but he steadily refused every solicitation.

A year passed away, and the Abbe was still in his dungeon; a new curate sat in the confessional of St. Mederic.—Meantime, the Chevalier Verhaiss had gone out of the kingdom—still, nothing was heard of the lost Isabel.

Three years after, there had been great changes at court; the Baron was no longer powerful; a new governor was set over the Bastille, and it was crowded with prisoners of state. But the lost daughter of d'Estrel and the Abbe were nearly forgotten.

A lad came one evening, and demanded to see the old Abbe Leseur; and when the turnkey came to close the cells for the night, he asked to stop with the Abbe.—There was little care of such a prisoner, and the lad stayed in the cell.

An hour after, when it had grown dark, the turnkeys in the great hall of the Castle were startled by a piercing shriek. They searched the cells, and the dungeon of the Abbe was found empty; but out of the window was hanging a broken ladder of ropes, and below there appeared something moving on the edge of the fosse.

They ran down with torches; they found the poor Abbe crushed to death by the fall. The lad had just strength to give the curate was innocent, and fainted.—They tore open his doublet, to give him air, and found, to their astonishment, that it was a woman. They put the torches close to her face, and one of the bystanders cried out that it was Mademoiselle d'Estrel. The poor girl opened her eyes at the sound—seemed recalling her senses—uttered a faint shriek, and fell dead upon the body of the Abbe.

The remains of the poor Abbe were buried in the cloister of the old palace that stood behind Notre Dame; and, if it is not removed, you can still read upon a slab in the pavement of the Church of St. Mary the name of Isabel d'Estrel.

A GENTLE REPROOF.  
One day, as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was described, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it in water, or broiled it, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time, her husband came home. Some covered dishes were placed on the table; with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Takes off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing—You knew better; I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?"

"Dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and, lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, the sight of which would have made an epileptic of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he.—"Boiled fish! Chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of woman-kind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There's your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discontented husband. "There say it is an unpalatable, willy-wally mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large *broiled frog*, of portentous dimensions and pugnascent aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong, and declared that he would never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

THE WISEST OF THE MOST FORBEARING.—In order to love mankind, expect but little from them; in order to view their faults without bitterness, we must accustom ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which fraternal humanity has a right to demand from wisdom.—Now, nothing tends more to dispense us to indulgence, to close our hearts against her, and to open them to the principles of humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent.—Bulwer.

The mind is like a glowing spark, which when suffered to rest is ever in danger of being smothered by the dross and ashes which life deposits. It must be kept constantly in motion, lest it perish in its youth.

The quiet monotony which is so suitable to the body as it becomes impaired by age is fatal to the mind.

## IRELAND—THE REMOVAL OF MR. MITCHELL.

The Dublin Freeman contains the following account of the departure of Mr. Mitchell: "Precisely as the prison clock struck seven (on Saturday afternoon) the convict van drew up at the front entrance of Newgate, and was immediately surrounded by two squadrons of dragoons under the command of Col. Maunsell and Col. Gordon. In a few minutes an official, bearing the warrant of Mr. Mitchell's removal, entered the prison and delivered the same to the high sheriff. The mounted police and dragoons, with drawn sabres, formed four deep, round the van. The doorway having been opened, Inspector Selwood gave the word at the prison gate, 'all is ready.' One of the turnkeys then came forth with a bundle of clothes, which were understood to be the convict dress, and threw it into the van. Precisely at eight minutes past four the gates were opened and Mr. Mitchell came forth with a firm step and firm demeanor. He wore a brown frock-coat, light waistcoat, and dark trousers, and had a light glazed cap upon his head, the hair appearing to be closely cut. His hand and right leg were heavily manacled, and fastened to each other by a ponderous iron chain. He cast one quick, dignified glance about, and recognizing a friend who called out 'Mitchell,' lowered his eyes and accompanied by four or five inspectors of police. The door was immediately banged to, and the cortege moved forward at a double quick trot up Bolton street, and thence by the circular road to the north wall, where the Sheerwater government steamer was lying in readiness."

The cautions taken to prevent any attempt at rescue on the way to the place of embarkation were effective. There was, however, some rioting at Shelville-place, on the North Strand, where the police were assailed by a mob, the chief leaders of which were women. One amazon was conspicuous by her daring. She headed stones and bricks with unerring aim at the heads of the constabulary, curing lustily the cowardice of the men at Dublin, leaving the fighting to the women. All the efforts of the police to effect her capture were useless, and she finally escaped in the crowd of combatants.

A few hours after the sentence the prisoner's counsel, who, during the trial, had been more than once stopped in his line of defence, by the judge protesting that he was using language no less inflammatory and seditious than that for which the prisoner was on trial, rose in court to repeat and justify all he had said. "My Lords," he observed, amidst the utmost silence, "I wish now to state that what I said yesterday I adopt to-day as my own opinion. I here show all I have said; and perhaps, under this late act of Parliament, her Majesty's Attorney General, if I have violated the law, may think it his duty to proceed against me in that way. Be this act as it may, I now assert in deliberation that the sentiments I expressed with respect to England and her treatment of this country are my sentiments, and I here show them openly." "Call on the next case," was, of course, the only reply of the Court to this declaration, and the ordinary business was proceeded with.

The following severe article appeared in the "United Irishman," subsequent to the conviction of Mr. Mitchell, its late editor. The bitter, fearless tone of the article will serve to give an idea of the feeling which prevails in the Irish ranks who are seeking to break the English and Irish Union.

"These are solemn days. We are walking the brink of an abyss; a faithless yawn the chasm before us; if our hearts sink, if a nerve trembles, we fall and perish with our stone rapid, and we be brave as the coward, but will come forth from the danger triumphant. In these days cowardice is folly, and courage is wisdom. The man who shrinks from his post, and pins himself to his lady's apron string, must meet the dog's death which he deserves; but wherever a dauntless heart beats, be sure God's good angels are watching there. For two brave men who fall on a battle field, fifty cowards are slain. Valor is a very Ajax-shield, and he who possesses a bold spirit has a never-failing talisman. What is the grandest biography that man can aspire to? He lived a brave man's life. What is the sublimest epithet which can grace his tomb? He died a brave man's death."

The coward breathes his last on a bed of down, with low, whispering voices in his ear; the patriot falls across a barricade, and is dragged through mud and street filth—but the memory of the ones dies with his body, while the other, in entering a tomb, ascends a throne, and rules us from his sepulchre.

The time, it is a steel-toned era. Not the age for silvery tones and measured sentences. Not the age for rhetoric skill and tricks of fancy. The strong thing is now the only true thing.

The time, it is a glorious age. Old Earth sways to and fro, rocked hither and thither by the storm-breath of Democracy. That great Lazarus—the people—has come forth from its tomb. The sleeping warriors are awake. The clash of their swords is the death-knell of tyranny. And when all the nations are advancing in a "rhythmic march," shall we not keep the step? Dress up your ranks, fall in, and follow!

The time, it is no poetic, rainbow-hued, golden age. No gentle, sweet-voiced sovereign rules the world. Our only king is in the sword. At the flash of the patriot's steel the torch of freedom can alone be lit.

This is not the time for beggars' petitions. No more prayers; no more dry weeping in the ditch-side; no more patient and persevering cannibalism; no more squalid, filthy maternity; no more of the grim faces, in which two millions of men, with red blood in them, and something resembling a soul, by the grace of the devil and the advice of their pastors, bid farewell to the sun, and commit suicide; no more of that gentle "law" which, like death, levels all distinctions, and places a high-souled patriot in the same filthy cell with a common burglar and a swindling Jew;

no more of the licensed scoundrelism of pompous magistrates—which the other day consigned one of our best friends to a felon's prison, for walking through the streets of Dublin with his friends; no more of that accursed mockery, called "government," which has trampled into stilted every good seed of truth and honor and courage, which the just God has planted in this land, and left it without fruit and verdure. Away, away, with all this "specious fry of fraud"—with English rule and English robbery. Down to their native hell with aristocratic plunderers and viceregal green-croppers. Their hour is come. With the keen steel which will redde in the blood of the first-foreign butcher, we will write Finis in the book of British crime, and trace the title-page of Ireland's new history.

The people of this land have been dreaming an uneasy dream. The nightmare rancies at last, and the blood-stream circulates in the country once more. They can stir their arms, and use their strength again. A voice was heard, crying in the wilderness, and it has aroused them to sense and volition. A glorious *fat lux* was re-echoed from one end of the line to the other, and the clouds rolled off from our horizon, and the blue sky looked forth on us, and blessed us. A revelation came unto the people, and they had felt that they had only to say, "we shall do such a thing," and it was done—they felt, at last, the exhilarating flush in their brightened souls, that the people's will, and omnipotence—as far as regards earth—are asymptotic.

Let them come forth, then, in the sunlight, and take the rights which have been withheld from them so long—yes! take them, for they have only to stretch forth their hands, and they will soon grasp the treasure which they desire. Paris will that it be free, and Louis Philippe/poked up his things, put his umbrella under his arm, and, renewing his youth—single-like—went forth a-travelling. Sicily willed that the Union act—which sucked out its life-blood—should be repealed, and the first sword which glistened in the patriot's hand, cut the parchment link that bound it to a foreign country. It is not plain as that God liveth, that we have but to ask and we shall receive, if we ask in the commanding tones of freemen, not in the whining accents of slaves!

Come forward, then, ye suffering poor, and prove to your oppressors that you are men, and not dogs. From the fields where you toil in the heat of summer and the frost of winter, coaxing out of the heart of earth those hidden riches which minister to your tyrants' luxury—from the filthy lanes where you cower in rags, and weep, and misery, hiding your shame from the eyes of your fellow-men; and your own children, to fan the flickering flame of life within you—from the underground cellars, where some of you, en-dowed, mayhap, with high aspirations and sunny genius, grovel, worm-like, in cold and nastiness, cursing the rule which has crushed you down to dust, and extinguished the heavenly light within you—from the haunts of crime, where, with breaking hearts, you sell the beauty which was intended to adorn the home of virtue, that the Hunger fiend which is preying on your entrails may be satisfied—come forth, come forth, ye poor. You wear the garb of humanity; you have the appearance of men. Let the garb have something within you, let the appearance clothe a reality. You were made to God's likeness. Premiers and aristocrats may deny it, but the Man of God who died for you has said so. Blood circulates in your veins, too. You have rights to demand, and wrongs to avenge.—You have as sure a fluid within your hearts as the tyrants who tramp on you. You are like them in physical formation. If they prick you, do you not bleed? If they poison you, do you not die? You are stronger than they are. They are feeble and you are manly. Up, then, grapple with them, and try a fall or two. Forget when you have your hand round their waist that you can truly estimate their strength or weakness.

WORKING A TRAVERSE.  
The following is the singular history of Mr. Labouchere, at present a member of the British Cabinet:

In 1822 he was a clerk in the banking house of Mr. Hope, at Amsterdam, and was sent by his patron to Lord Baring, the celebrated banker of London, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair so much ability that he attracted the attention of the English banker.

"Ah," said he one day to Lord Baring, "you have a charming daughter; will you not accept me her hand?"

"Young man, no pleasure! I like you much, but how could Miss Baring become the wife of a common clerk?"

"But," said Labouchere, "if I were associated with Mr. Hope?"

"Ay, that is very different, and would materially lessen the inequality between you."

Mr. L. returned to Amsterdam, and said to his patron, "I must be your partner."

"My friend, do you think of that? You are without fortune, and"

"But if I were a member of Lord Baring's family?"

"Indeed! why, in that case I would give you a partnership on the spot."

On the strength of these two promises, Mr. L. returned to England, and two months afterwards married Miss Baring, because he had the promise of Mr. Hope to make him partner as soon as he was married to her, and became associated with Mr. Hope because he was married to Miss Baring.