

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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## PICTURES OF MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.  
Among the beautiful pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
Is one of a dim old forest,  
Which seems the best of all.  
Not for its grand oak elms,  
Dark with the mistletoe,  
Nor for the violet glades,  
That sprinkle the vale below;  
Not for the milkwhite lilies,  
That lean from the fragrant hedge,  
Counting all day with the robins,  
And tracing their golden edge;  
Not for the vines in the upland,  
Where the bright red berries rest,  
Nor the pink, nor the pale sweet cowslip,  
Which seem to me the best.  
I once had a little brother,  
Whose eyes that were dim and deep,  
As the light of the old forest,  
He lit in peace asleep;  
Bright in the dawn of the thistle,  
From the wind that blow,  
We roved here, the beautiful summers,  
The fragrance of "young sap";  
But his feet on the hills grew weary,  
And, one of the autumn eves,  
He rode away like a yellow leaf,  
A leaf of the yellow leaves.  
Sweet his pale arms folded,  
As he sank in a book embrace,  
As the light of the old forest,  
He lit in peace asleep;  
And when the crown of sunset  
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,  
He fell, in his dim-like beauty,  
Asleep by the gates of light.  
Therefore, of all the pictures  
That hang on Memory's wall,  
That one of a dim old forest  
Seems the best of all.

## THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,  
No weary waiting of the soul away,  
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,  
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray;  
No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No painful eyes, no broken heart are there.  
Care has no home  
Within that region of celestial praise and song;  
No wearying billows break and melt in foam,  
No from the maddening of the spirit's throng.  
The storm's black wing  
Is never spread against celestial skies;  
No lightning bolts with the voice of spring,  
As some too tender flow'rs rot fade and die.  
No night of gloom,  
No chilling dew from the tender frame;  
No moon, no stars, no light, which fills  
That land of glory, from the Maker came.  
No parted friends,  
No regretful recollections have to weep;  
No bed of death, no ending of a pulseless sleep,  
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.  
No blasted flower,  
No withered and celestial garden know;  
No scorching blast, no fierce descending shower,  
No scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!  
No little word  
Which the mortal host with fear and dread,  
The voice of peace! Creation's morning heard,  
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!  
Let us depart,  
If those like this await the weary soul,  
Look up, thou striken one; thy wounded heart  
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.  
With faith our guide,  
White-robed and innocent, from the way,  
Who scarce plunges in Jordan's cooling tide,  
And bid the ocean of Eternal Day!

## DOMINANT OPINION OF CHRIST.

A foreign journal lately published a conversation, related by Count de Montholon, the faithful friend of the Emperor Napoleon.  
"I know men," said Napoleon, "and I tell you that Jesus was not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus borrowed nothing from our knowledge. He exhibited in himself a perfect example of his precepts. Jesus is not a philosopher, for his precepts are miracles, and from the first his disciples addressed him. In fact, learning and philosophy are of no use for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of Heaven, and the laws of the Spirit."  
"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself," quoth the Emperor, "but on what foundation did you rest the creation of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him."  
"It was not a day, or a battle, that achieved the triumph of the Christian religion in the world. No, it was a long war—a contest for three centuries—begun by the Apostles, then continued by the flood of Christian generations. In this war, if all the kings and potentates of the earth were on one side—on the other, I see no army but a myriads of men, some men scattered here and there in all parts of the world, and who have no other rallying point than a common faith in the mysteries of the Cross."  
"I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for the worms. Such is the fate of humanity has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved and adored, and which is extending over the world! Call you this dying? Is it not living, rather? The death of Christ is the death of God!"  
"The Emperor quipped at the last words; but Napoleon, returning making no reply, the Emperor added:  
"If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you General."  
"Young ladies should never object to being kissed by editors; they should make every allowance for the freedom of the press."

## THE MIDDLE AGES.

We are beginning to find out that the "dark ages" were not so utterly dark as they have been represented. We ascertain that there was not that universal blight upon the human mind which it has been the practice of historians to contrast with the flourishing condition of their own times. Nay, if we are now to take that measure which those historians adopted, we should estimate their own era with as disparaging a comparison with the present. But the inventions of our own days—the great advance of arts and sciences—so far from having a tendency to depreciate, throw a light upon and acknowledge the value of those of the middle ages. The appreciation is becoming general. We are old enough to remember the time when it was thought of little moment to block up with low, unseemly edifices, or mutilate for any purpose, those amazing works of mediæval genius, our Gothic religious structures. We need not refer to the decorations they have misplaced and mutilated, and to the general aspect, of an indestructible character, of our ministers, who not rather ask, which were the dark ages—those of the builders and founders, or those of the obliterators and defilers?—It is astonishing that such wonderful magnificence should ever have been viewed with indifference, and still more astonishing that disfigurement and desecration should have been suffered; yet men thought themselves wise in those days, and learned, and ingenious. And so they were; but in respect to the arts they were dark enough—and the spirit of Puritanism was indeed a blight infecting that darkness; and the effects of that blight have not yet passed away. It may appear strange that, after a long period of worse than neglect, we not only appreciate, but such is our admiration of those works of past genius that we imitate them, and study them for a discovery of the cannons of the art, which we think we cannot with impunity set aside. We here speak of those large and conspicuous monuments of the mind of the middle ages, but the increasing admiration leads to discoveries of yet more hidden treasures. The genius that designed the structures was as busy and devotionally employed in every kind of decoration; and with a surprising unity of feeling; and as if with one sole object to carry out the new Christian principles—to make significant a "beauty of holiness"—in all outward things, that men might look to with an awe and reverence—and learn. The sanctity of that one religious art—architecture demand that nothing without or within should be left "common or unclean," but that in the whole and minutest parts this precept should be legible and manifest—"Do all to the glory of God." All art was significant to the religion for which all art, all science was pursued. The workers of those days labored with a loving and pious toil, and lifted up their works to an unseen and all-seeing eye, and not to the applause of men; for who was there to value, or understand, even when in some degree they felt the influence of the skill which designed and executed such infinite variety of parts, to the manifestation of one great purpose.

We must no longer speak of the middle ages as a period of universal intellectual darkness. If it were so, it would be a miracle contrary to the intention of miracles; and the thought has in it a kind of blasphemy which would weaken the sustaining arm of Providence, and imply an unholy rest. We do not believe in the possibility of the human race universally retrograding. We trust that there is always something doing for the future as well as for the present; something for progression, neither acceptable nor perceived by the present generation—from whose sight it is, as it were, hidden—being in its proper station, to spring up in its proper season, and in its due time. We want a history of the human mind, sifted from the large doings—from events which fascinate us to read of, born as we are to be active, taking interest in things of a bold violence, that have really benefited the world but which, at least in the season in which we have accepted them, the rise of one nation, the subjugation of another; dynasties, the dominion of the sword—these are the themes of historians. But in reality all these historical actions, viewed for their own purposes, are of little value; while out of all the turbulence an unintended good has been the result. There has been throughout some quiet and unobserved work going on whose influence felt more and more by degrees has at length become predominant, showing that the stirring events and characters which had figured the scenes and amused spectators, were but the underplots and subordinate persons of a greater or more serious drama.—Blackwood.

"Well, George," asked a friend of a young lawyer who had been admitted about a year, "how do you like your new profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh suitable to the occasion: "My profession is much better than my practice."

## RICHARD HOODLESS, THE HORSE SWIMMER.

We supposed we had heard of all sorts of heroes, but find ourselves to have been mistaken. A hero in a humble life has been known to us of quite a new order. This brave man, by the name of Richard Hoodless, following the occupation of a farmer near Grainthorpe, on the coast of Lincolnshire, has for many years devoted himself to the saving of mariners from drowning, and this without any of the apparatus for succoring ships in distress. Unaided by such appliances, and unaccompanied by any living creature but his horse, Hoodless has been the means of saving many unfortunate sailors from perishing amidst the waves.

Cultivating a small piece of ground, which is, as it were, rescued from the sea, and almost cut off from the adjacent country by the badness of the roads, this remarkable man may be said to devote himself to the noble duty of saving human life. On the approach of stormy weather he mounts to an opening in the top of his dwelling, and there pointing his telescope to the tumultuous ocean, watches the approach of vessels towards the low and dangerous shores. By night or by day he is equally ready to perform his self-imposed duty. A ship is struggling amidst the terrible convulsion of waters; no human aid seems to be at hand; all on board give themselves up for lost, when something is at length seen to leave the shore, and to be making an effort to reach the vessel. Can it be possible? A man on horseback! Yes, it is Richard Hoodless coming to the rescue, seated on his old nag, an animal accustomed to these salt-water excursions! Onward the faithful beast swims and plunges, only turning for an instant, when a wave threatens to engulf him in its bosom. There is something grand in the struggle of both horse and man—the spirit of usefulness eagerly trying to do its work. Success usually crowns the exertions of the horse and the rider. The ship is reached—Hoodless mounts two or three mariners on crutches, and taking them to dry land, returns for another instant.

That a horse could be trained to these unpleasant and hazardous enterprises may seem somewhat surprising. But it appears in reality no training is necessary; all depends on the skill and firmness of the rider. Hoodless declares he could manage the most unruly horse in the water; for as soon as the animal finds that he has lost his footing, and is obliged to swim, he becomes as obedient to the bridle as a boat to the helm. The same thing is observed in the sagacious animal when being hoisted to the deck of a ship. He struggles vehemently at first against his impending fate, but the moment his feet fairly leave the pier, he is calm and motionless, as if knowing that resistance would compromise safety in the aerial passage. The only plan which our hero adopts is, when meeting a particular angry serf or swell, to turn his horse's head, bend forward, and allow the wave to roll over them. Were the horse to face the larger billows and attempt to pierce them, the water would enter his nostrils, and render him breathless, by which he would soon be exhausted.

In the year 1833, Hoodless signalled himself by swimming his horse through a stormy sea to the wreck of the *Hexham*, and saving her crew, for which gallant service he afterwards received a testimonial from the Royal Humane Society. The words of the resolution passed by the Society on this occasion, may be transcribed, for they narrate a circumstance worthy of being widely known:  
"It was resolved unanimously that the noble courage and humanity displayed by Richard Hoodless, for the preservation of the crew of the 'Hexham' from drowning, when the vessel was wrecked near the *Donn* Nook, on the coast of Lincolnshire, on the 21st of August, 1833, and the praise-worthy manner in which he risked his life on that occasion, by swimming his horse through a heavy sea to the wreck, when it was found impossible to launch the life-boat, has called forth the lively admiration of the institution; which is hereby unanimously adjudged to be presented to him at the ensuing anniversary festival."  
As it may not generally be understood that a horse can be made to perform the office of a life-boat, when vessels of that kind could not with safety be launched; the fact of Hoodless performing so many feats in the manner described cannot be too widely disseminated.  
On some occasions, we are informed, he swims by himself to the wreck; but more usually he goes on horseback, and is seldom unsuccessful in his efforts. About two years ago he saved the captain of a vessel and his wife, and ten seamen—some on the back of his horse, and others hanging on by the stirrups. Should a vessel be lying on her beam ends, Hoodless requires to exercise great caution in making his approach, in consequence of the ropes and rigging concealed in the water. On one occasion he experienced much inconvenience on this account; he had secured two seamen, and was leaving the vessel for

the shore, but the horse could not move from the spot. After various ineffectual plunges, Hoodless discovered that the animal was entangled in a rope under water. What was to be done? The sea was in a tumult, and to dismount was scarcely possible. Fortunately, he at length picked up the rope with his foot, then instantly pulling a knife from his pocket, leaned forward into the water, cut the rope—no easy task in a stormy sea—and so got off with safety.  
All honor to Farmer Richard Hoodless; who still, in his own ostentatious way, performs acts of humanity as singular as they are meritorious! Only by accident have we become acquainted with his name and deeds of heroism; and we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them the publicity in our power.—*Chambers Journal*.

WE have, in one or two instances, made a passing allusion in our columns to a case of *france* occurring at Mr. Wm. Tennent, a Presbyterian clergyman, who resided many years ago in New Brunswick, New Jersey. As the case, however, is a remarkable one, we have thought that our readers would be interested in a more particular account, which we give in the following extract.—*Undercurrent*.  
Being in feeble health, and entertaining doubts as to his final happiness, Mr. Tennent was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away.  
After the usual times was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride in the country and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body, thought that he had observed a slight tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavored to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into warm water, to make it as sensitive as possible, and then felt under the arm, and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral, should not attend. To this the brother objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success by the doctor, who never left him night or day. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then half an hour; when his brother came in, and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sank again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends; and to the no small astonishment of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of *resuscitating* a dead body.

The writer of these memoirs states that on a favorable occasion he earnestly presented Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He displayed great reluctance to enter into an explanation of his perceptions and feelings, at that time; but being importunately urged to do so, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.  
"While I was conversing with my brother, on the state of my soul and the fate I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly walked along, I knew not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impression of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and thought—well, blessed be God! I am safe at last, notwithstanding all my fears. I saw an innumerable host of happy beings surrounding the ineffable glory, in acts of adoration and joyous worship; but I did not see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard their praise and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and song, with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng, on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said,

"You must return to earth." This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to be not more than twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterwards I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the words that were uttered, were not out of my ears for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were in my sight as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it, could command my serious attention."

THE LIBERTY AND THE LACE.—Most of our readers are familiar with the story of the maid and the magic. The following particulars, which are supplied by the correspondent of a contemporary, are equally interesting, though less serious in their consequences: For some time past various articles were missed, that had been washed and put on the lawn to dry. No trace of them could be discovered until a few days since, when something was seen in an arbutus bush, which led to an examination, and a full was found, partly hanging out of the nest of a green lizard, with a portion gracefully encircling the neck of the little warbler. On a further search, together with the usual material of which the nest was built—moss and grass—there were entwined within and around, preparatory as it were, to the approaching arrival of the youngsters, a baby's lace cap, two yards of lace bordering, and two pairs of cuffs; and a short distance off on the ground, was picked up the tail for the tip of a child's frock, which seemed to have been too heavy for the little creature to carry along with them. This discovery has led to further search, and other interesting articles of the same description, too numerous to mention, have been found forming a part of the nest of the thrush. Since the nests were taken these novel little thieves have been intercepted carrying off similar booty.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

ABDEL-KADER.—For a long time, the French papers have omitted all mention of Abdel-Kader, and the question has been asked, what has become of him? Entirely forgotten amid the turmoil of revolution, he yet languishes in prison, and the men who seem so anxious to establish their own liberty appear to have no thought for him who periled all to maintain the independence of his people. A contemporary thus speaks of him:  
"He is still a prisoner of war, confined in open and direct contravention of the stipulations made with Gen. Lapoigniere, to whom he surrendered—the terms of which were that he should be sent back with his family to Egypt, in order to be quiet under the shade of the prophet, he might pass the remainder of his days in religious tranquillity. In the darkest week, a direct violation of treaty stipulations was considered disgraceful; but for a man who had risked his life in large and so mighty a France, and who had enlightened periods, to be treated as a fraud as this, suited the character of Louis Philippe, and disgraced the government of Louis Napoleon. Abdel-Kader is a prisoner in the castle of Amboise. In the days of Mecca, he was in solitary confinement, and, like Richard Ouseley and Etoni dependency seems to have taken complete possession of him. He who roved the desert and climbed the hills of the *Mauritanian Tingitana*—who with his horde of Arabs kept the 80,000 soldiers of France at bay for several years, and who only capitulated on honorable terms—is now the prisoner, broken down in spirit, depressed in fortune, and who only at night walks forth to take the air on the terrace of the castle."  
"The only friends and companions who are near him besides his family, and whom he treats with the most delicate attention, are those noble sisters of charity, who visit the castle daily, and who discharge the duties of physicians and nurses. The Emir says he has lost much of his ancient prestige and influence among his faithful servants. The prophecies of Mecca have not been realized in him, and this circumstance is more than sufficient to rend from him, in the eyes of his followers, that aureole, that circle of glory and power, which was to have made him invincible and omnipotent. It is shameful to contemplate this immorality of France; nor can any nation find a reason for this base violation of treaty stipulations. Why not send Abdel-Kader and family to Alexandria, and aid him to reach the place which he has chosen for his final home? What can operate against this act of justice?"

Fortune may often defeat the purposes of Virtue; yet Virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative.—*Plutarch*.

From the New York Tribune.  
TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.  
I'm lonely, love, without thee,  
For twilight's falling now,  
And the shade that ever haunts me  
Is on my heart and brow.  
How strange that words of parting  
From those we hold most dear,  
Should fill the heart with sadness,  
And force the bitter tear.  
While every Memory  
Recalls each look and tone  
Of the loved and departed,  
Who leave us all alone.  
No matter where they dwell,  
My heart is with thee still,  
And all we meet again, love,  
No joy this void can fill.

## THE FRENCH BRICKLAYER.

The following anecdote of the French bricklayer, who has recently been elected a deputy in the French National Assembly, is related by a Paris correspondent of the Boston Atlas. It well illustrates some fine traits in the character of the common people of France:  
The most remarkable member of the new Assembly, is Naudaud, a common working mason and bricklayer without any pretension to talent, and who defends himself from the imputation of having sought the distinction thus gratuitously thrust upon him. The history of this singular choice is most curious. Naudaud, who is one of the most honest creatures in existence, walked from the department of the Creuse some few years since with no other baggage than his hod and trowel, to seek employment in Paris. Fortune favored him, and being found to be a steady, hard-working fellow, he was held in high estimation by his employers. His wife, meanwhile, had endeavored to assist in obtaining a living by keeping a stall, from which she distributed fried potatoes at a small profit to the hungry comrades of her husband. This commerce succeeded better than the handicraft of Naudaud, and it was soon found that she could earn more in one day by her frying pan, than he could do in a week by the most assiduous labor. Madam Naudaud, thus encouraged by success, opened a small shop on the Place du Pantheon, which became the resort of all the masons and bricklayers in that quarter. The Library-building of St. Genevieve was then in progress, and sometimes as many as 300 workmen would assemble in the shop of good mother Naudaud, to eat her soup, and talk over the affairs of Government, when work was over. During the tempest, occasioned by the revolution of February, the distress among the masons was greater than amongst any other class of work people. Public employment was suspended entirely, while private individuals, no longer eager for the fulfillment of their contracts, dismissed the greater portion of their workmen; and these, hopeless, were left without money, without employment, and almost without hope. In this dilemma, Naudaud stepped forward, unable to bear the sight of the misery around him, and, with the consent of his wife, announced his intention of continuing to furnish dinner and supper, and heretofore, to those of his comrades whom the hardships of the times had deprived of resources. You can judge with what degree of enthusiasm such an announcement was received. "My wife has saved 6,000 francs," said Naudaud to the assembled workmen. "If we had not been honest and economical, we should now have been as poor as you. We will live together upon this money till better times come upon us. Those who earn ever so small a pittance must bring it to the fund. Let us help each other, and all will go well." On these his proposition was agreed to on the instant; and it is believed that in no other case was it deviated from during all the troublous times. Naudaud certainly never expected any other acknowledgment of his generous conduct than that afforded by the esteem and gratitude of his friends; but his wife, who participates with all French women in that same ambition and self-confidence which make the whole country subject to petticoat rule, entered into a private arrangement with her customers, by which all obligations due to her were to be cancelled by the nomination of her husband to the Assembly. Most of the masons who work in Paris come from the Department of the Creuse, and the affair was soon arranged; the popularity of Naudaud among this class being so great that he might have been elected President had a vacancy occurred. They said that the surprise, however, far exceeds the delight with which he greeted the announcement of the distinction of which he had been made the object, and that it is merely to satisfy the ambition of his wife that he consents to take his place in the Chamber. He persisted in going to work until the very day of the meeting of the Assembly, and presented himself at the door in the blouse and cap which he had been accustomed to wear: the officer on duty refused to admit him, whereupon Naudaud, with the greatest sang froid, turned back, exclaiming, "Do as you please, my friend. I'll go to work again. What a good excuse I shall have now! I need only tell my fellows that they won't admit me." The speech was overheard by the bystanders, and presently the officer came running after the unhappy blousaire, and led him all sheepish and ashamed

to the seat he was to occupy during the ensuing Session. It is confidently expected that had Naudaud been thus compelled to withdraw, the incident would have caused a serious riot in Paris. "How will you manage a discourse?" said his neighbor on the bench. "I shan't speak at all," replied Naudaud, "but I shall content myself with voting for those who uphold the constitution."

WRITTEN SERMONS.—Anecdote of Dr. Witherspoon.—Many years ago Dr. Witherspoon, a learned and excellent Scotchman, presided over the Presbyterian College at Princeton. At the meeting of a synod at that place, a young man preached a sermon against written sermons. The President of the College with his wonted courtesy invited a number of his brethren in the ministry to dine with him, and among the number, the eloquent young man to whose counsels they had been listening. During dinner, several eulogiums were passed on the sermon, and illustrations referred to, which had given special satisfaction. One of these was more marked than the rest. The young man, feeling probably somewhat elated with the strain of observation, and desirous of strengthening his position, said, that he had omitted one argument on that point of great force, it having slipped his memory. The keener Scotchman caught the remark, and desired its repetition. The young man had no sooner acceded to the request of his venerable host, than he received a piece of advice which went to the very root of his argument, and left him speechless and crest-fallen. With that peculiar shrewdness which distinguished the remarks of Witherspoon, and a deep tinge of northern brogue which only a true Scotchman of olden times could fairly give—he looked at the young man, and said, "My friend, I advise you next time to write it down, and then you will not forget it."—*Epis. Rec.*

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."—That gentleman (or lady, as the case may be) must be venerable for his age, and worthy of all confidence for his veracity. There has been no time since the confusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, in which this remarkable personage has not declared that the last cold day was the coldest, the last warm day the hottest, the last hailstones that fell the biggest, the last lightning the sharpest, the last thunder the most terrific, and so on, "world without end"—that he had ever seen, heard of, or conceived. He coolly affirms now that provisions are dearer than they were ever known to be before—a fact for which he accounts from another fact, namely, that there are more dogs than now-a-days, especially black dogs, than were ever permitted to live in any one age since the days of his renowned ancestor, who flourished about a century anterior to the exodus of the children of Israel. I am myself ready to testify on oath, if necessary, that this old gentleman has declared, every year for nearly fifty years—nay, sometimes twice or three in a year—that the money market was never before so tight as at the present moment; and he prophesies that money will never be easier, till the legislature repeals the usury laws.

PUTTONING THE QUESTION.—During the late election excitement, a worthy minister of the Methodist order took for his text one Sunday, the following words: "Who is on the Lord's side?" After exhorting them with characteristic ardor, he brought the question home to each individual's heart thus:  
"My beloved brethren, this is an important question—Who is on the Lord's side? All those who are on the Lord's side will rise in their seats."  
"To the surprise of the elder no one rose. With Parliamentary propriety he then put the other side of the question.  
"Who's on the Devil's side?"  
No one rose. At last an "old salt" addressed the exhorter with—  
"Please sir, we all goes here for Gintal Taylor."  
The path of vice may seem pleasant for a season, but shame and confusion will soon overpower you, and you will be led in agony to adopt the words of our first parent, in the language of Milton—  
"Oh, might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glad  
Obscured highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sunlight, spreading th' umbrage broad,  
And bowing as evening, cover me, ye pieces,  
Ye cedars, with impenetrable boughs,  
Hide me, where I may never more be seen."

A gentleman more remarkable for the excellence of his appetite than the brilliancy of his intellect, remarked one morning at the breakfast table, "there is a singular sensation in my head to-day."  
"Perhaps, my dear," he quickly suggested to his better half, "you've got an idea in it."

Curious Fact.—One pint of water condensed into steam fills a space of nearly 2,000 pints, and raises the piston of a steam engine with the force of nearly thousand pounds. It may afterwards be condensed and re-appear as a pint of water.