

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XX—36.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1849.

NEW SERIES—NO. 148.

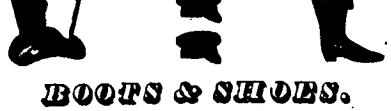
## BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

### A FRESH SUPPLY.

**S. H. BUEHLER** respectfully announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has recently made a large addition to his former full supply of all kinds of  
**Classical, School & Miscellaneous BOOKS,**  
together with a general assortment of STATIONERY, for schools and private uses—all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices.  
Gettysburg, Oct. 26, 1849.

### THE TWO EXTREMES PROVIDED FOR!

### HATS AND CAPS,



### BOOTS & SHOES.

### WM. W. PAXTON

**H**AS commenced the BOOT & SHOE Business, with HATS & CAPS, and has now on hand a large and complete assortment of  
**HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
of every description, suitable for men, women and children, which he will sell at low prices for good pay. Call and examine the Stock of Goods. It is not necessary to describe minutely, for—Remember that every article that can make the head and feet comfortable and handsome, in all seasons of the year, can be had at his Store, two doors below the Post-office.  
Very superior New York and Philadelphia Silk and Beaver Hats constantly on hand.  
Gettysburg, Oct. 19, 1849.—if

### NEW POTTERY.

West Chambersburg Street, Gettysburg, Penn'a.

### THE subscriber respectfully informs

the Citizens of Gettysburg and the public generally that he has opened a  
**New Pottery,**  
at the end of West Chambersburg street, where he will be prepared to supply orders (wholesale and retail) for CROCKS, POTS, and all kinds of Earthenware, on the most reasonable terms. The attention of the public is invited to his establishment, and orders for Ware respectfully solicited.  
**JACOB NOTENAGEL.**  
October 26, 1849.—31\*

### VALUABLE FARM

AT PRIVATE SALE.

**THE** subscriber offers at Private Sale the FARM, on which he resides, situate in Liberty township, Adams county, (Carroll's Tract), lying upon the public cross-roads, leading from Gettysburg to Waynesburg, and from Emmitsburg to Fairfield, containing  
**300 ACRES.**  
more or less, of patented land, of which 200 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The balance is covered with the very best timber. There is a good proportion of meadow. The improvements are a two-story  
**ROUGH-CAST Dwelling House,**  
with the back-building attached, a large Barn, (part frame and part log) wagon shed, corn-crib, and other outbuildings. There is a never-failing well of water, with a pump in it, convenient to the door. The farm is well supplied with running water. The fencing is good, and the farm is in the very best order.  
**JOSEPH HUNTER.**  
Aug. 24, 1849.—if

### NOTICE.

**LETTERS** Testimonial on the Estate of GEORGE FLEAGLE, late of Monjony, tp. Adams co., dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said Estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same, properly authenticated, to the subscriber, residing in same township, for settlement.  
**ENOCH FLEAGLE, Ex'r.**  
Oct. 26, 1849.—61\*

### EIGHT TEACHERS WANTED.

**THE** School Directors of Cumberland township will meet at the public house of CONRAD SNYDER in the borough of Gettysburg, on Saturday, November 24th inst., for the purpose of receiving applications for the teaching of the several schools in the township.  
By order of the Board,  
**JACOB BEAMER, Sec'y.**  
Nov. 9.—31.

### AT THE OLD STAND,

BUT IN A NEW SHOP!

### J. G. FREY

**R**ENDERS his acknowledgments to his friends for past favors, and has the pleasure of announcing that he is again located at the old stand, on Washington street, one square south of Thompson's Hotel, where he will be prepared, as heretofore, to do all kinds of  
**Coach, Cloth, & Sign Painting,**  
CARRIAGE REPAIRING done at short notice, and on reasonable terms, for which Country Produce will be taken.  
The subscriber is thankful for past favors, and hopes, by attention to business, and a desire in please, to merit and receive a continuance of public patronage.  
**J. G. FREY.**  
Gettysburg, Jan. 12, 1849.—if

## FROM THE NORTH AMERICAN AND U. S. GAZETTE.

### HUNGARY.

**BY JULIA E. L. CAMPBELL.**  
Away beyond the surging sea, beyond the wavy strand,  
A people battled valiantly for their beleaguered land,  
From all her sunny slopes rang forth, arousing men from rest,  
The shout of the oppressor, and the cry of the oppressed!

But the untamed spirit of her hills dwelt fetterless and free,  
Beside the hearths and in the homes, of hapless Hungary;  
And up, as lions from their lair, leaped forth each stalwart son,  
The hardy hunter of the wolf, the brown-browed husbandman,  
While like an alpine avalanche they gather in their might,  
For freedom and for fatherland to wage the unequal fight.

By the darkly flowing Danube, by the turf-caked land of Drava,  
The clarion pealed a summons for the gathering of the brave,  
Mid the blue Carpathian mountains rang the tocsin clear and high,  
And their everlastingly shrieked in many-voiced reply.  
No cost of mail the Magyar wore, no terror did he feel,  
For strong in justice, and in right, his very heart was steel!

He listened to his chieftain's words, while tear-drops dimmed his eye,  
An thus, unto her children's hearts, he plead for Hungary:  
"My comrades, sorrow throughs the land that smil'd upon your birth,  
The music by her hearths is hushed, the voices tuned to mirth,  
Are silent in her darkened homes: amid her bitter tears,  
She calls and upon her sons, for aid and for redress.  
With falchion, and with falconet, with clarion, trumpet and drum,  
From Styria and from Noric Alps, behold the banners of the brave,  
The banners of the Hapsburg house are to the breeze flying back—  
Imperial Vienna's hosts are following on the track—  
And forth, upon unshod wing, from alpine eyries grey,  
Soars the royal Austrian eagle, like a vulture to prey.  
They trample on our Hungary, a bold, intruding foe,  
They fill her sunny valleys up like ranks of ripened grain:  
The reaper, in midsummer, falls to earth the golden wealth—  
My brave husbands, be husbandmen, in this harvest-field of death!"

### BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is fraught with romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred; Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary, and her Charles Stewart; Ireland, her Fitzgerald; France her Man with Iron Mask, and Maria Antoinette; Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the touching story of Aaron Burr and his highly accomplished and beautiful daughter, Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his countrymen, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor, to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new Republic. He became Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise, and then his fall, how sudden, how complete. In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice, is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey, flies to the South, lives for a few months in obscurity until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the chair as President of the Senate. After the term expires, he goes to the West, becomes a leading spirit in a scheme to invade Mexico, (very few will believe he sought a dismemberment of the Union.) is brought back a prisoner of State to Richmond, charged with high treason, is tried and acquitted, is forced to leave his native country and to Europe. In England he is suspected, and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals.

After an absence of several years he finds means to return home. He lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all. Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from home. He was anxious to hear from her, her husband, and her boy, an only child, in whom his soul was bound up. The first news he heard was, that his grandchild died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence, he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina. She was married when young, and while her father was in the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, and a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father, as

## REMARKABLE ROCK ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

One of the most remarkable rocks of which we have any knowledge has lately been discovered in the middle of the inland sea, Lake Superior. By a gentleman who has lately returned from Copper Harbor, we learn that a shaft of trap-rock has lately been discovered, rising in the lake from 150 to 200 miles from land, and ascending above the water a distance of not over four feet. What renders it more extraordinary is, that it stands alone; and all around, so far as examinations have been made, no bottom has been reached by any of the lead-lines used on the lake; and the point of the rock itself does not exceed an area of more than six or seven feet square, and, so far as observation of it has extended, it does not appear to enlarge in size as it descends. It has already, he states, become a source of alarm to the mariners who navigate the lake, who take special care in passing to give it as wide a berth as possible.

It is too small, too remote and too dangerous to admit of a light, and therefore its removal will doubtless pertain to the duty of Government. A single blast from a bore of sufficient depth would do it; but, the surface of the rock being so near that of the water, and the space so narrow as to forbid any regular lodgement for workmen, they would have to be attended constantly by a vessel of sufficient size to resist any sudden storm on the lake; and would also have to be kept constantly under way, as no harbor, or even bottom for an anchor, is within a day's sail.

The discoverer relates that the rock appears to be a place of general resort for the salmon trout of those lakes, as they found them in almost incalculable numbers, having, during their short stay, caught several barrels with no other instrument than a rod of iron, on one end of which they turned a hook. They tried, with all their lines on board, for soundings immediately around the rock, but without success. Such a vast column, could it be exposed to view, would laugh in ridicule Cleopatra's needle, Pompey's pillar, the Colossus of Rhodes, or any production of ancient or modern art.

### IMPROVING CHURCH MUSIC.

A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, writing from Brantford, Ct., tells the following "good one"—"By the way, a good story may be told of our chorister's attempt at improving the psalmody as well the music of our church. He set some music of his own to one of the Psalms of Watts, a very familiar Psalm, in which occur these lines:  
"Oh may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound."  
Calling on his pastor, who has more music in him than you would think, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines which would render them more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read them as follows:  
"Oh may my heart be tuned within,  
Like David's sacred violin."  
The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version, admirable as it was. The delighted chorister begged him to do so, and the pastor taking his pen, wrote before the eyes of the innocent parishioner, these lines:  
"Oh, may my heart go diddle, diddle,  
Like uncle David's sacred fiddle."  
The poor leader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will sing the psalm as it stands."

**SAN FRANCISCO "IN SLICES."**—Some one that has an eye to the ludicrous writes to the Boston Post his first impressions of San Francisco, thus:  
"Landed at a muddy, rocky, and dusty sort of landing, and ascended a sort of small hill, and there I was with San Francisco city before me. What a scene! I shall never forget it: such a crowd of humanity, dirty, squalid, lazy, drunken, lounging, ragged, well-dressed, altogether—merchants, speculators, blacklegs, sailors, niggers, Indians—people from all parts of the world all perfectly at home in each other's company—all distinctions levelled by gold—Jack and the cook as good as their master—so democratic about it, too, without being actually insulting. I think I can correct one or two erroneous ideas which, perhaps, you as well as others entertain. One is with regard to the almost magical creation of a city, giving you, perhaps, the idea of a new place, town, or city, such as is built in the United States in no time. This is an error. Instead of neat white wooden houses, cleanliness, &c., here you see the greatest collection of pig-sty looking shanties ever beheld. A little shanty about the size of your sun's old hen-house would be esteemed good property—would be dignified with a sign over it of so and so, "general merchants."

The benefits of society are various; but the fact that one must throw away a good hat or coat, because it is unfashionable, is not peculiarly consolatory to people of small means.  
"How," said a judge in Missouri, to a witness on the stand, "how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?"  
"Because I saw him a few minutes after the mass, trying to pull off his trousers with a bootjack!"  
Verdict for the defendant.

### THE THERMOMETER.

The thermometer, although invented half a century earlier than the barometer, was more than half a century later in arriving at perfection.—Hero, who flourished at Alexandria about 130 years before Christ, has described, in his *Spiritalia*, a sort of huge weather-glass, in which water was made to rise and fall by the vicissitudes of day and night, or rather the changes of heat and cold. This machine had been for ages over-looked, or merely considered in the light of a curious contrivance. But Sanctorio, a very learned and ingenious Italian physician, who was long professor of medicine in the University of Padua, and labored to improve his art by the application of experimental knowledge, reduced the hydraulic machine of Hero into a more commodious form; and thus constructed, about the close of the sixteenth century, the instrument known by the name of the air thermometer, which he employed with obvious advantage to examine the heat of the human body in cases of fevers.

The great improver of the thermometer was Fahrenheit, originally a merchant of Dantzic; who, having failed in business, and being attached to chemical and manufacturing pursuits, was obliged to gain a livelihood by making and selling these instruments. The division of the thermometer scale had occupied the attention of several learned and ingenious men; but it was Fahrenheit who first pointed out the most accurate means of accomplishing this purpose. He observed how the boiling point differed under different degrees of atmospheric pressure, and pointed out the necessity of fixing it at a mean barometrical altitude. He had also noticed that a degree of cold much more intense than that of ice might be procured by the mixture of snow and salt; and conceiving this to be extreme cold, he commenced his scale from that point, which is 32 degrees below the freezing of water.—Accordingly Fahrenheit's scale commences at 0 degrees; the temperature of his freezing point of water, is marked at 32°, and the boiling point at 212°; the space between the freezing and boiling of water being divided into 180°.

## THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY UNCLE TOM.

The Messrs. Hubert kept a very extensive jewelry establishment in one of our large cities, and for the better security of their store against fire and other casualties, they employed one of their clerks to sleep in it at night. The idea of the store's being attacked by robbers was not for a moment entertained, but it was for other objects that young Loring, the clerk, slept there, for he was not supplied with any weapon to repel an attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary night he was awakened by a singular noise which resembled that which a party of burglars might produce in an attempt to enter the building, and looking towards the back windows, he soon satisfied himself that one or more persons were endeavoring, as quietly as possible, to effect an entrance at that quarter. They had already removed part of the sash and shutters with their cunningly devised instruments, and must have been at work some time before he was awakened.

Now young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but not through fear—that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman—but that he might pepper the rogues a little. At first he determined to cry out and arouse the watch, but as they had advanced so far before he was awake, he thought he would drive them off by stratagem! He slipped on his clothes quietly, and approaching the spot where the thieves were busy, he saw the hand of one of them passed inside into the store, in its owner's endeavors to guide a small hand-saw with which he was cutting an aperture for his body to pass through.  
Young Loring felt inclined to clasp the hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by, but he refrained, and bathed himself of a powerful preparation of a caustic vitriol and other penetrating stuff that were used in the testing of the purity of silver and other metals. One drop of this would eat instantly into the flesh, and produce a poisonous sore in ten minutes time. He cautiously dropped a little on the burglar's hand and awaited the result.  
"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade, "I've got a cursed burning on the back of my hand. It's so sore I can hardly work this saw—Pshaw! how it smart! I guess I've cut it with my saw. Hold the dark lantern here."  
"Fudge!" replied his comrade, "change hands then, but don't stop."  
"Take the saw yourself, then! I can't stand this pain!"  
And while the discomfited burglar withdrew to groan over the supposed cut, the other took his place with the saw, and in a moment after received a few drops of the fiery liquid upon the back of the hand, and was soon groaning with agony.  
"Cursed the saw—it has cut me too!" groaned the second thief.  
And after sundry oaths mutually exchanged, until the first and worst pain of attack was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance.  
The clerk permitted them to go on a while unintercepted, knowing that at any moment he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchman passing the front of the store, upon whom he would call to secure rogues, and he resolved to wait for this until it would do to wait no longer. But soon the burglars had so much enlarged the hole that they would shortly be able to enter if themselves.  
Seeing he must do something to stop them, the clerk crept in the dark close at one side of the window, and uttered a low and fierce growl, in imitation of a dog.—Both of the rogues stepped back at the unexpected interruption.  
"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in there. I didn't know that the Huberts kept one," said one to the other.  
"A dog? that's bad. Cursed 'em, if it was a man, why a shot or a dirk stroke would fix him; but a dog's quite a different thing, for if we shot him, he'd be sure to half kill one of us!"  
"Bow, wow, wow!" cried the clerk.  
"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both.  
"Never mind; go on Bill," and he thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last piece of wood that obstructed their entrance, when the clerk, having already armed himself with a large pair of pincers, seized the robber's hand as though it was a vice, and set up such an outrageous barking that the whole neighborhood was alarmed.  
"For heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a hand here; this cursed animal is biting my hand off!" said the burglar to his confederate.  
"Pull it away—pull it away quick!"  
"I can't!"  
"Give it a Jerk!" said the other.  
"O-o-o! I can't; murder, murder!"  
This day, added to the howlings of this supposed dog, soon brought the watch in good earnest, and the thief, who was at liberty to do so, ran for his life.  
The watchman's light showed Billy Sikes that he had been bitten by pair of pincers.

## THE FRENCHMAN OVERBOARD.

We heard a good story the other day of a Frenchman, who came very near committing involuntary suicide, by drowning himself in the Ohio. That classic stream has lately been very low, there only being sufficient water to admit the passage of very small-sized boats. On one of these a Frenchman, just from *La Belle France*, and consequently ignorant of the manners and customs on western steamboats, had taken passage from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The water was very low, and the stream very contracted, and the bars very frequent. Every few miles the boat would get aground on one of these impediments, while its passengers would be annoyed by the sight of more fortunate pedestrians wading from Kentucky to Ohio, and vice versa. One day, the boat, as usual, struck on a bar, where she seemed likely to be a permanent fixture until the next spring freshet should float her off. After many expedients had been tried in vain to move her from her position, the pilot said to the passengers who were on the hurricane deck—"Now, gentlemen, all run forward at once, and I think she'll go over just as easy as falling off a log." Accordingly, all started off as if they were running for a wager, and our Frenchman, without exactly knowing why, but having an indistinct notion that something was wrong, not only followed their example, but soon outstripped the rest. Just at this moment, some malicious individual called out "jump! jump!" which words the Frenchman happened to understand. So, instead of stopping where the others did, to the astonishment of every body, he threw himself headlong into the river. A yawl was immediately lowered, and the poor Frenchman was rescued from his perilous position, without having sustained any injury except a thorough wetting and a good fright. As soon as he could speak, he said, with an expression of anger, which, taken in connection with his words, was rather ludicrous:  
"Vat you mean by say 'Jump, jump!' You tell me to jump, and your damn boat no blow up at all, and I get one ducking for nothing, eh!"

The Albany boat had just arrived, and the landing was as usual crowded with cabmen, porters, loafers, &c. When the passengers commenced landing, a colored porter stepped up to a country looking chap, saying:  
"Carry your baggage, sir!"  
"No, I rather guess not," was the reply.  
"Shant I carry your baggage?"  
"Not darn ye! I ain't got any baggage."  
The porter looked at him a minute, then very coolly stooped down, and taking hold of his foot, said with an air of astonishment, "Why, mass, that's one of your feet ain't it hang me if I didn't think it was a leather trunk!"  
Every action should be some sign of poet for those present.

## MAHOMET AND THE KORAN.

The Koran imposes morality and justice to all men. "Children of Ismael," said Mahomet, "there is but one God, sovereign of the world; he calls himself merciful; adore no other God but him. Be ye bountiful towards the orphan, the poor, the slave and the captive. Be ye just towards all men, for justice is the sister of piety." Here we have the creed of Mahomet from the lips of the great warrior and poet himself. His last dying speech and confession, made from the pulpit of his mosque, is a true indication of his character and sense of justice: "Muhammad! I am about to die! No one has occasion now to fear me. If I have punished any one among you unjustly, behold, here I am that you may punish me! If I have deprived you of your property, here is my purse that you may pay yourselves. If I have humiliated any of you, I give myself over to your justice, that you may humiliate me in my turn." The people burst into tears and groans.

## LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil anxious hearts; where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends us children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties; to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside brighter faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that has gladdened the earth with little children.

## THIS IS A FACT, and occurred in New York city, during the winter of 1841.

and Bill Sikes served out his imprisonment at Blackwell's Island.

### ODD FELLOWS AND SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The whole number of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, according to the last annual report of the Grand Lodge, was 138,401, and the initiations during the last year, 23,350. The number of deaths in the same year were 1,182, and the amount paid for benefits \$303,943, or an average of \$2.62½ to each member. The Order of the Sons of Temperance is of much more recent origin, and its rapid progress has been even more remarkable than that of Odd Fellowship, owing perhaps in a great measure, to the fact that the fees of initiation, &c., are much less, and that the order had its rise in one of the great moral reforms of the age. The whole number of members of this order in the United States is now 221,478. The initiations for the last year, according to the official reports, were 111,820; the number of deaths 1,200, and the amount paid for benefits \$230,836, or an average of a little over \$1.04½ to each member. It will be seen that the membership of the Sons of Temperance exceeds that of the Odd Fellows by 83,077, and that notwithstanding this great excess, the deaths in the former order exceed those of the latter but 88. The Odd Fellows have, moreover, paid out \$139,056 more for benefits than the Sons of Temperance with a much larger membership.

### MANNA.

The manna of old is found to be a vegetable product of arid deserts. A sample is now being exhibited by Mr. Murphy, author of the French work on the botany of Algiers. In its dried state it resembles granules of the bark taken from the cork tree, of various sizes, from grains of millet to horse beans, and on being macerated, falls into roughish, tasteless meal. It is found at day break covering the sands for miles, and as if rained plentifully from heaven; and being gathered is readily converted into bread. The French soldiery use quantities of it daily in this manner. As the sun increases in power, it is consumed and dies away without leaving almost a trace of having been. This substance, so closely resembling the manna of the Israelites, is species officina, which thus grows up in the night, and disappears with the advance of day.

### HORACE MANN.

A committee of the Massachusetts legislature on education, mention some facts which show this eminent philanthropist's disinterestedness. While he was secretary to the board of Education, not a cent was allowed him for clerk hire or office rent in twelve years, during the first five of which he paid his own travelling charges. When funds were wanted to complete the Normal school at Bridgewater, he gave \$240; when the boarding house at the Lexington Normal school required furniture, he sold his law library and raised funds to buy it with; also supplying money for the Westfield school, borrowing \$2000 of Josiah Quincy, on good security. He paid for extra copies of his own educational reports, and for other documents to be circulated free of cost; and when the sale of the common School Journal failed to meet the expenses, he gave the difference, also editing the work gratuitously. When he was in Europe, making educational researches, his expenses exceeded his salary \$1500. His whole income was \$1500 a year.

### SADNESS.

There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its power is alike, over the weak and lion hearted. At one time, it is caused by the fitting of a single idea across the mind. Again a sound will come, booming across the ocean of memory, and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it? And yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

### A SMART GIRL.

A friend tells that a little girl from the metropolis, who had visited a town not a thousand miles from New York, was filled with surprise at the sight of a girl milking a cow. "I didn't know you did it in that way," she said with round eyes in wonder: "I thought they took hold of the cow's tail, and pumped the milk out of her! What's she got a tail for?"  
"Make way, gentlemen," cried a Massachusetts representative to the populace who were crowding him out of his place in the procession on the election day. "Make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make way, yourself!" replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people, themselves."

## THE FAITHFUL DOG.

BY UNCLE TOM.

The Messrs. Hubert kept a very extensive jewelry establishment in one of our large cities, and for the better security of their store against fire and other casualties, they employed one of their clerks to sleep in it at night. The idea of the store's being attacked by robbers was not for a moment entertained, but it was for other objects that young Loring, the clerk, slept there, for he was not supplied with any weapon to repel an attack of thieves. But one dark, dreary night he was awakened by a singular noise which resembled that which a party of burglars might produce in an attempt to enter the building, and looking towards the back windows, he soon satisfied himself that one or more persons were endeavoring, as quietly as possible, to effect an entrance at that quarter. They had already removed part of the sash and shutters with their cunningly devised instruments, and must have been at work some time before he was awakened.

Now young Loring regretted that he had no weapon, but not through fear—that was not a characteristic of the young gentleman—but that he might pepper the rogues a little. At first he determined to cry out and arouse the watch, but as they had advanced so far before he was awake, he thought he would drive them off by stratagem! He slipped on his clothes quietly, and approaching the spot where the thieves were busy, he saw the hand of one of them passed inside into the store, in its owner's endeavors to guide a small hand-saw with which he was cutting an aperture for his body to pass through.  
Young Loring felt inclined to clasp the hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by, but he refrained, and bathed himself of a powerful preparation of a caustic vitriol and other penetrating stuff that were used in the testing of the purity of silver and other metals. One drop of this would eat instantly into the flesh, and produce a poisonous sore in ten minutes time. He cautiously dropped a little on the burglar's hand and awaited the result.  
"Bill," at length exclaimed the burglar to his comrade, "I've got a cursed burning on the back of my hand. It's so sore I can hardly work this saw—Pshaw! how it smart! I guess I've cut it with my saw. Hold the dark lantern here."  
"Fudge!" replied his comrade, "change hands then, but don't stop."  
"Take the saw yourself, then! I can't stand this pain!"  
And while the discomfited burglar withdrew to groan over the supposed cut, the other took his place with the saw, and in a moment after received a few drops of the fiery liquid upon the back of the hand, and was soon groaning with agony.  
"Cursed the saw—it has cut me too!" groaned the second thief.  
And after sundry oaths mutually exchanged, until the first and worst pain of attack was over, they renewed the attempt to make an entrance.  
The clerk permitted them to go on a while unintercepted, knowing that at any moment he could stop their efforts by crying out, but he hoped to hear some watchman passing the front of the store, upon whom he would call to secure rogues, and he resolved to wait for this until it would do to wait no longer. But soon the burglars had so much enlarged the hole that they would shortly be able to enter if themselves.  
Seeing he must do something to stop them, the clerk crept in the dark close at one side of the window, and uttered a low and fierce growl, in imitation of a dog.—Both of the rogues stepped back at the unexpected interruption.  
"Hang it, Bill, there's a cursed dog in there. I didn't know that the Huberts kept one," said one to the other.  
"A dog? that's bad. Cursed 'em, if it was a man, why a shot or a dirk stroke would fix him; but a dog's quite a different thing, for if we shot him, he'd be sure to half kill one of us!"  
"Bow, wow, wow!" cried the clerk.  
"Confound the dog!" exclaimed both.  
"Never mind; go on Bill," and he thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last piece of wood that obstructed their entrance, when the clerk, having already armed himself with a large pair of pincers, seized the robber's hand as though it was a vice, and set up such an outrageous barking that the whole neighborhood was alarmed.  
"For heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a hand here; this cursed animal is biting my hand off!" said the burglar to his confederate.  
"Pull it away—pull it away quick!"  
"I can't!"  
"Give it a Jerk!" said the other.  
"O-o-o! I can't; murder, murder!"  
This day, added to the howlings of this supposed dog, soon brought the watch in good earnest, and the thief, who was at liberty to do so, ran for his life.  
The watchman's light showed Billy Sikes that he had been bitten by pair of pincers.

## THE FRENCHMAN OVERBOARD.

We heard a good story the other day of a Frenchman, who came very near committing involuntary suicide, by drowning himself in the Ohio. That classic stream has lately been very low, there only being sufficient water to admit the passage of very small-sized boats. On one of these a Frenchman, just from *La Belle France*, and consequently ignorant of the manners and customs on western steamboats, had taken passage from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The water was very low, and the stream very contracted, and the bars very frequent. Every few miles the boat would get aground on one of these impediments, while its passengers would be annoyed by the sight of more fortunate pedestrians wading from Kentucky to Ohio, and vice versa. One day, the boat, as usual, struck on a bar, where she seemed likely to be a permanent fixture until the next spring freshet should float her off. After many expedients had been tried in vain to move her from her position, the pilot said to the passengers who were on the hurricane deck—"Now, gentlemen, all run forward at once, and I think she'll go over just as easy as falling off a log." Accordingly, all started off as if they were running for a wager, and our Frenchman, without exactly knowing why, but having an indistinct notion that something was wrong, not only followed their example, but soon outstripped the rest. Just at this moment, some malicious individual called out "jump! jump!" which words the Frenchman happened to understand. So, instead of stopping where the others did, to the astonishment of every body, he threw himself headlong into the river. A yawl was immediately lowered, and the poor Frenchman was rescued from his perilous position, without having sustained any injury except a thorough wetting and a good fright. As soon as he could speak, he said, with an expression of anger, which, taken in connection with his words, was rather ludicrous:  
"Vat you mean by say 'Jump, jump!' You tell me to jump, and your damn boat no blow up at all, and I get one ducking for nothing, eh!"

## MAHOMET AND THE KORAN.

The Koran imposes morality and justice to all men. "Children of Ismael," said Mahomet, "there is but one God, sovereign of the world; he calls himself merciful; adore no other God but him. Be ye bountiful towards the orphan, the poor, the slave and the captive. Be ye just towards all men, for justice is the sister of piety." Here we have the creed of Mahomet from the lips of the great warrior and poet himself. His last dying speech and confession, made from the pulpit of his mosque, is a true indication of his character and sense of justice: "Muhammad! I am about to die! No one has occasion now to fear me. If I have punished any one among you unjustly, behold, here I am that you may punish me! If I have deprived you of your property, here is my purse that you may pay yourselves. If I have humiliated any of you, I give myself over to your justice, that you may humiliate me in my turn." The people burst into tears and groans.

## LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children; "where," as the good German has it, "the fly traps always hang straight on the wall;" tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil anxious hearts; where children are not! I care not for these things. God sends us children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties; to extend enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside brighter faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the Great Father every day, that has gladdened the earth with little children.