THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—23. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 185.

[From the Boston Olive Branch.

The Young French Republican.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

No school to-day, sis Anne,
Hurrah for a play,
See how the rain is pouring,
And shoot's a mile away;
We'll have a time, I tell you!
The day shall be our own;
And I'll be king of France, bub,
And you shall build my throne.

This room shall be my palace,
This garret, grim and old;
We'll play the floor was marble,
The chairs were solid gold;
Go get some pretty paper,
And make your king a crown;
And mind you kneel, whenever
My majesty shall frown.

Then you must be my subjects,
And play you hated me;
But don't you let me know it,
Or you'll be hung, you see;
And play I took your money,
And made you slaves, and delves,
To keep my spendid palace,
While you must starve yourselves.

And play I said I loved you,
(You know it's all pretence,)
While I am saving millions,
And paying you in pence;
Then you must get right angry,
And gather forces strong,
And call your meetings in the street,
And bring your guns along.

And talk about America,
The nation of the free,
Tell how your children cry for food—
And shout for liberty;
Then hurry to the palace,
(But give me time to run)
And break the throne in pieces;
Won't that be having fun?

Then get up a republic,
With the people's free consent,
But remember, sis and bub, make me
The people's president.

KEEP YOUR PROMISE.—We have often been shocked by the reckless disregard which many persons manifest for the fulfillment of the promises. They are ever ready to make engagements for the future, but when the time arrives for their fulfillment, they seem to have forgotten it entirely—or at least to treat them as though they involved no obligation whatever.

Such conduct is highly injurious in its influence on society, inasmuch as it necessarily tends to destroy that confidence of man in man which is so essential to the happiness of a community. It is especially detrimental to the interests of the individual himself who is guilty of it, as he thereby forfeits the confidence and respect of his fellows. His word, accordingly, is not relied upon, and he is obliged to suffer all the consequences. This singular and injurious habit is one of the most inexcusable of which any one can be guilty. In ninety-nine cases of a hundred, there is no absolute necessity whatever, for any one to break his word.

No one should ever make a promise unless he looks well into the circumstances beforehand, and has every reason to believe that it will be in his power to fulfill his promise. And whenever a promise has once been made, it should be his fixed determination to keep it; and with a particular reference to this, his subsequent conduct should be shaped.

Were this course faithfully pursued, not only would the serious evils resulting from a disregard to one's word be avoided, but also the confidence of those around speedily gained and enjoyed, and a character thereby eventually established that will be of more value than ermine, gold, or princely diadem."

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.—The witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith, for many years one of the contributors to the great English reviews, thus discourseth on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man. Behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness.—Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like the melody from the string; day and night as the dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all beneath the creation of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts is he never tempted by pleasure? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

RELIGIOUS BENEVOLENCE.—From 1816 to 1848 inclusive, twenty-five millions, six hundred and sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-seven dollars have been contributed in the United States for Bible, Missionary, and other evangelical objects of benevolence, and of this sum $5,547,000 have been contributed to the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions.

NOBLE AND WITTY REPLY.—In 1566, Philip II. sent the young Connetable de Castile to Rome to congratulate Sextus the Fifth on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said:

"Are there so few men in Spain that your king sends me one without a beard?"

"Sir," said the fiery Spaniard, "if his majesty possessed the least idea that your imagined merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a goat to you, not a gentleman."

Good minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and can sympathize with the failings of their fellow creatures. It is only the narrow minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

He who does not prevent a wrong, when it is in his power, is equally criminal with him who commits it, and will be estimated accordingly.

The Graves of those we Love.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of the object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with its charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is only the sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affection to forget; but this wound we consider a duty to keep open—this affection we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child who would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her most loved, when he feels his heart as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No—the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that was in the days of its loveliness—who would not root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaity or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No—there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave! it buries every error—covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! From the peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies before him.

But the graves of those we love—what a place of meditation! There it is that we call up in long review before the history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness, of the parting scene, the bed of death! with all its stifled grief! its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assiduities! the last testimonial of expiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh! how, thrilling—pressure of the hand! the last fond look of the gazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshhold of existence! the faint faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never return to be soothed by true contrition.

If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt for one moment of thy kindness or thy truth, if though art a friend that hast ever wronged, in thought or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action will come thronging back upon thy memory, knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour out the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret; and take thy warning by the bitterness of this, thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

MAKING A "V."—A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed while in the exercise of his profession, by the ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose sole object was to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out:

"Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?"

"I'll take one five dollar bill."

"Done, done—you shall have it."

Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room.

"My good frin, you go out with me *I give you half de money.*"

"Done! done!" said the fellow.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience.

The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out a V.

[From the National Era.

A SABBATH OF 1776.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

One Sabbath morning, during the gloomy summer of 1776, when the hopes of the patriots seemed to go down in darkness and blood, and even the God-stained heart of Washington grew troubled, and almost sank within him, the people of our village came up to the house of God with sad countenance and heavy hearts. News travelled slowly then, and they were indebted to such wounded soldiers as passed through the village, on their way to their homes, for their information of the movements of the army. They knew that Washington still held New York, and the last poor wounded fellow that had reached home had told a fearful tale of the state of our own diminished army, and the hordes of troops under the Howes, that were gathering around it like locusts.

It was a beautiful mid-summer morning. A light thunder shower, during the latter part of the preceding night, had laid the dust and given coolness to the air. The rain drops hung trembling from leaf and spray, and came dropping down in showers, as the footsteps of pedestrians or the heavy tramp of horses, bearing in most instances the double burden of man and matron, with perchance a rosy child or two, startled from their quivering perches the silver-throated birds.

The grain was already harvested, but many fields of grass were standing, brown and sunburnt; and it was very evident that many of the crops suffered from lack of proper cultivation, for many of the most expert wielders of the hoe and scythe had already exchanged them for the musket and sword. Still here and there a piece of Indian corn stood up thriftily, through the broad leaves of which the faint west wind rustled with a low murmurous sound, like the dropping of a summer rain. In the south-west, just above the top of Totoket, appeared the white caps of two or three of those singular clouds, known among the country people as "thunderheads." But the people, as they pursued their way along the green lanes and over the forest-crowned hills, had other thoughts than of the beauty of the landscape. Their hearts were with their brothers and friends; their thoughts turned towards Him who is both able to build up and cast down, before whose altar they were accustomed to cast all their cares and troubles.

As with slow and reverent steps they filled the meeting-house and took their seats in the square pews, it was easily seen that the greater portion of the congregation consisted of men advanced in years, and boys in their teens. The morning service passed as usual, and, after a short intermission, the people again gathered to their places, and the earnest prayer was offered, and a sermon, suited to the exigencies of the times and the wants of the audience, was commenced. Suddenly, the congregation were startled by the heavy tramp of a horse, which rapidly approached and halted by the meeting-house door. In a moment the rider had thrown himself from the saddle, and stood within the door. Handing a note to the aged deacon, who was hurrying down the aisle to ask the cause of this untoward interruption, with an audibly whispered injuction to act with speed, he as hastily mounted and kept on his way. The deacon cast one glance at the superscription of the paper, then marched reverently up the pulpit stairs, and placed it in the hands of the minister, with the same whispered injunction. Deliberately the old man finished his sermon and prayer, then glancing his eye over the paper, he laid its contents before the people. It was a pressing requisition from Washington for more troops. He was daily expecting an attack from the combined forces of the enemy, and each town and village was called upon to furnish what aid it could. After a few apt and eloquent remarks on the critical situation of the beloved chieftain, the worthy man continued—"Let us not be cast down, my brethren. Our cause is that of truth and justice and righteousness; and, strong in these, we shall yet assuredly triumph. This business is urgent; and I trust it will not be deemed derogatory to our Christian character, nor an infringment upon the holy Sabbath, if we take such measures as seem most pressing, to-day.—Therefore, all who are willing to take their lives in their hands, and stand by the side of the Commander-in-Chief, in this hour of trial, will, after the close of these services, please range themselves in single file, upon the village common."

Then with hands clasped, and himself towards Heaven, he took up the sublime invocation of David:

"Keep not thou silence, O God! hold not thy peace, and be not still!

"For, lo, mine enemies make a tumult, they that hate thee have lifted up the head.

"They have taken crafty counsel against thy people, and consulted against thy hidden ones. They have said, Come, let us cut them off from being a nation, that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance.

"Let them be confounded and troubled forever; yea, let them be put to shame and perish.

"That men may know that thou, whose name alone is Jehovah, art Most High over all the earth!"

There was silence, for the space of some moments, and then to the strains of old "Mear," full, clear, and distinct, from all parts of the house, rose the words of the following hymn:

"Attend, ye armies to the fight,
And be our guardian God;
In vain shall numerous foes unite,
Against thine uplifted rod.

"Our troops, beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a great renown;
'Tis God that maker the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down."

The deep silence that followed the benediction was broken by the low muttering of distant thunder, for the white capped thunder clouds of the morning were climbing with giant strides up the western sky. Contrary to their usual custom, the people waited in silence, until their pastor had decended from the pulpit, and passed down the aisle; then the aged deacons moved forward, followed by the congregation in due order. As they issued from the wide doorway, the whole male portion, as if moved by one impulse, took their way to the village common.—Thoughtfully and silently, to the roll call of the booming thunder, they took their places, shoulder to shoulder, and the old minister saw before him the available strength of the village—each man capable of bearing a musket, from the gray-haired veteran to the boy of sixteen. Grouped around him, was a small band, to whom age and debility had left no available weapons, save faith and prayer. One other group must not be forgotten: the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, of these men upon the common, who remain clustered around the meeting-house door, watching with breathless interest the movements of their friends. Love, pride, anxiety, hope, and faith, lit up their excited features, but I trow there was little cowardice there.

The old ministers heart glowed within him at the sight of the resolute, determined looking faces before him, as they proceeded to take a choice of officers. The subordinate offices could readily be filled, but who should lead them to face danger and death; who should be their captain?

Who so worthy to do this as he who had stood by them in all times of trial and sorrow? he who had already aided them to fight the good fight of faith, their spiritual teacher and friend, whose moral and physical courage were undoubted—and, with one accord, they named the Rev. Samuel Eells.

The old man was much moved by this unexpected proof of their esteem and confidence. It was the highest honor in their gift, and he fully appreciated the compliment and the responsibility. He had too much of the old puritan spirit in him to decline; his heart was in the cause, and in a few apt, but broken words, he signified his willingness to stand by them in life and in death. Then, beckoning the females to advance, he bowed his head, and, like a true Cromwellian, called down the blessing of Heaven on them and their cause.

This was the first company raised in our village; such was the spirit with which our fathers responded to the requisition of Washington; and, in justification of the wisdom of their choice, let us add, that

"Like a soldier of the lord,
With his Bible and his sword,"

the old pastor led them safely through manifold dangers, until they joined the main army in New York.

The Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, relates the following beautiful incident:—

A young man recently made his escape from the galleys at Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country and escaped pursuit. He arrived the next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to beg something to eat and concealment while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in a corner, their mother was weeping and tearing her hair, and the father walking the floor in agony. The galley slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent. "You are driven to despair," said the father "my wife and little children without food or shelter, and I without the means to provide any for them." The convict listened to this tale with tears of sympathy and then said:

"I will give you the means, I have but just escaped from the galleys; whoever secures and takes back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs.—How much does your rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body, I will follow you to the city, they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a dozen times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous young man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up, if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle, the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the Mayor's office. Every body was surprised that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow, but the proof was before them; the fifty francs were paid and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But after he was gone the poor father felt so badly, that he asked a private interview of the Mayor, to whom he told the story. The Mayor was so much affected that he not only added fifty francs more to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoners release. The Minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was comparatively a small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his time, he ordered his release. Is not the whole incident beautiful?

It is a bad plan to put new earthenware into boiling hot water; it should first be plunged into cold water, and placed over a fire where it will heat moderately to the boiling point, and then be permitted to cool again. This process greatly promotes the toughness and durability of common earthenware, which is generally objectionable for domestic uses on account of its fragility. The glazing on this kind of ware will remain uninjured by the boiling of a handful of rye or wheat bran in the water with it, and prepared to withstand successfully, and for a long time, the action of acid or salt.

If men would but follow the advice which they gratuitously bestow upon others, what a reformation would be effected in the world.

AN ARMY OF MONKEYS.

A NOVEL METHOD.

In Capt. Reid's adventures in Southern Mexico, we find the following curious account of the way monkeys cross streams of water too wide for them to jump over. It is exceedingly curious, and we have no doubt true:

"They are coming, and will be most likely to cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there."

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain, and you shall see."

The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay. Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey chieftain, and officered like so many soldiers. They were, as Raoul stated, of the *comadreja* or ring-tailed tribe.

Once—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and, looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile some of the comadrejas—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered upon its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow, ran out upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung head downward.—The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly around the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated the manouvre of the second and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently against the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of two sudden jerks.

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld; to witness the quizzing expression of countenances along that living chain.

The troop were now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one with half a dozen of his companions, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string.—These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a stream from the last monkey of the new formation, warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches full came down by the trunk.

The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!

MYSTERIES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Magnetic Telegraph will forever remain a mystery to the great mass of the people, and the pardonable ignorance which people display concerning it, often gives birth to curious remarks. Not long ago an old lady entered O'Reilly's office, in this city, and said that she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few moments her note was deposited in the dumb-waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going *straight* to Wheeling?" inquired the old lady, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the clerk.

"I never was there," continued she, "but it hardly seems possible that *that there* town lies in *that* direction. When will I get an answer, Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can hardly tell, ma'am—it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away, and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door, the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer, madam," said the clerk.

The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hand, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment. "Now, this beats all," exclaimed she. "Bless my heart! All the way from Wheeling and the wafer still wet. That's an *awk'ard looking box, but it can travel like pizen!*"

All other things being transitory and perishing, true wisdom is to think of eternity, and to a good man it is the best of philosophies.

[From the National Era.

The Freeman's Dream: A Parable.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It seemed to him that it was a fair summer evening, and he was walking calmly up and down his estate, watching the ripening grain and listening to the distant voices of his children, as they played by his door, and the song of his wife as she rocked the babe to rest, and the soul of the man grew soft within him, and he gave God thanks with a full heart.

But now there came towards him in the twilight a poor black man, worn and wasted, his clothes rent and travel-soiled, and his step crouching and fearful. He was one that had dwelt in darkness, and as one that had been long dead; and behind him stood, fearfully, a thin and trembling woman, with a wailing babe at her bosom, and a frightened child clinging to her skirts; and the man held out his hand wistfully, and begged for food and shelter, if only for one night, for the pursuer was behind him, and his soul failed him for fear.

The man was not hard, and his heart misgave him when he looked on the failing eye and toil-worn face—when he saw the worn and trembling hands stretched forth; but then he bethought him of human laws, and he feared to befriend him, and he hardened his heart and set his face as a flint, and bade him pass on, and trouble him not.

And it was so that after he passed on, he saw that the pursuers came up with him, and the man and the woman could not escape, because they were weary and footsore, and there was no more strength in them. And the man heard their screams, and saw them bound and taken by them that would show mercy.

And after these things the man dreamed, and it seemed to him that the sky grew dark, and the earth rocked to and fro, and the heavens flashed with strange light, and a distant rush, as of wing, was heard, and suddenly, in mid heavens, appeared the sign of the Son of Man, with his mighty angels. Upward, with countless myriads, dizzied and astounded, he seemed to be borne from the earth towards the great white throne and Him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away.

Onward, a resistless impulse impelled him towards the bar of the mighty Judge, and before him, as if written in fire, rose in a moment all the thoughts and words and deeds of his past life; and as if he had been the only son of earth to be judged, he felt himself standing alone and trembling before that all searching Presence. Then an awful voice pierced his soul, saying—"Depart from me ye accursed! for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in." And, terrified and subdued, the man made answer, "Lord, where?" And immediately rose before him these poor fugitive slaves whom he had spurned from his door; and the Judge made answer—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." And with that, terrified and affrighted, the man awoke.

Of late, there have seemed to be many in this nation, who seem to think that there is no standard of right and wrong higher than an act of Congress, or an interpretation of the United States Constitution. It is humiliating to think that there should be in the church of Christ, men and ministers who should need to be reminded that the laws of their Master are above human laws which come in conflict with them; and that though heaven and earth pass away, His word shall not pass away.

Are not the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the prisoner, and every form of bleeding, suffering humanity, as much under the protection of Christ in the person of the black as the white—of the bond as the free? Has he not solemnly told us, and that for all, that every needy human being is His brother, and that neglect of his wants is neglect of Himself?

Shall any doubt if he *may* help the toil-worn, escaping fugitive, sick in heart, weary in limb, hungry and heartsore—let him rather ask, shall he dare refuse him help? To him, too, shall come a dread hour, when a lonely fugitive from life's stress, in unknown lands, he must beg for shelter and help. The only Saviour in that hour is Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to *me!*"

HOW THE SEX WAS DETECTED.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston News, says an ingenious mechanic in Washington has invented a kind of telegraphic hollow bullet, consisting of two parts screwed together. In this bullet a despatch of several lines written on thin paper can be compressed and then fired from a musket to a considerable distance. In time of war, this contrivance might be made very useful in conveying intelligence into a beseiged fortress or city. The screw ball is no new thing, as the following account will prove:

In the year 1770, when Governor Geo. Clinton resided in Albany, there came a stranger to his house one cold winter morning, soon after the family had breakfasted. He was welcomed by the household, and hospitably entertained. A breakfast was ordered, and the Governor, with his wife and children, who were sitting before the fire employed in knitting, entered into conversation with him about the affairs of the country, which naturally led to the inquiry, what was his occupation. The emotion and hesitation with which the stranger replied, aroused the suspicion of the keen sighted Clinton.—He communicated his suspicions to his wife and daughter, who closely watched every word and action. Unconscious of this, but finding that he had fallen in among his enemies, the stranger was seen to take something from his pocket and swallow it. Madam Clinton, with the ready tact of the women of those troubled times, went quick into the kitchen, ordered hot coffee to be prepared, and added to it a strong dose of *tartar emetic*. The stranger delighted with the smoking beverage, partook freely of it, and Madam Clinton soon had the satisfaction of seeing it produce the desired effect. True to the scripture, "out of his own mouth was he condemned." A silver bullet appeared, which, upon examination, was unscrewed, and found to contain an important despatch to Burgoyne. The spy was tried, convicted and executed, and the bullet is still preserved in the family.

THE EQUESTRIAN BALLOON ASCENT AT PARIS.

We recently gave a paragraph from a French newspaper, stating that M. Poitevin had made a balloon ascension on horseback from Paris, on the 7th of July. It appears from subsequent accounts that he returned to mother earth safe and sound. The following account of the journey given by himself, appears in the *Constitutionnel*:—

"The atmospherical disturbance which manifested itself immediately before my departure prevented my noticing exactly the ascending force of the balloon. Accordingly I measured it upon supposition, and so that I should be certain to ascend, notwithstanding the resistance that might be offered by gusts of wind, which frequently blew in downward direction. My precautions were more than sufficient, and I had some difficulty in moderating the ascending force, which in a few minutes carried me to such a height as proved too great for the horse. An abundant flow of blood took place from his mouth, resulting from the interrupted equilibrium between the internal and external pressure, by which man is less easily affected than are most other animals. I traversed several currents of opposite directions, which occasioned an almost continual rotary movement of the balloon. The cold was almost insupportable; it is true, however, that I was very lightly clad. Far above the clouds I saw several rainbows, and other phenomena, caused by the decomposition of the solar rays. Towards 7 o'clock I prepared to descend, and three quarters of an hour after my grappling-hooks were vainly dragging along the surface of meadows and fields of corn, the fruit trees which came in contact with the hooks being dragged down or broken.—Progressing in this way along the surface of the ground, after a journey of more than a league, I arrived, very much against will, at a wood called the Bois de Villemain, near the forest of La Lecheele, in the canton of Prie-Comte-Robert. During the whole of this journey my horse, as he passed over the cornfields, snatched greedily at the tips of the herbage, and even when grazing the tips of tall oaks he thrust out his nose into their foliage. At last, however, I was fortunate to put a stop to this perilous mode of dragging along. I caught sight of a dried up pond, and on reaching the edge of it, and grasping vigorously a sturdy branch of an oak, I arrested for a short time the progress of the balloon. Assistance was soon lent me, forty hearty fellows seized the ropes of the machine, and brought it within the circumference of the pond. The balloon was then emptied, and the only misfortune I had to deplore was some slight injury done to the balloon, in its contact with the trees."

The *Constitutionnel* adds that the intrepid aeronant had not even lost the riding whip with which he started on his daring trip. At Grisy, near the spot were he alighted, a grand ball was given, and M. Poitevin was introduced into the ball-room mounted on his charger.

EXECUTION OF A MURDERER.—The execution of *Daniel H. Pearson* for the murder of his wife and two children, in the town of Wilmington, (Mass.) on the 11th of April, 1849, took place within the yard of the jail at East Cambridge last Friday, in the presence of some one hundred and twenty-five persons. There was a large gathering of people in the vicinity of the jail, but the gallows was so placed that it could not be seen from any point outside of the jail-yard. Pearson confessed having perpetrated the dreadful crime for which he suffered.

GEN. TAYLOR'S REMAINS.—The New Orleans Delta of the 13th ult., learns from Baton Rouge, that Gov. walker has appointed eighteen citizens to compose the delegation to receive the remains of Gen. Taylor, and bring them to Louisiana for interment at Baton Rouge, or some other location that may be determined on.

DETROIT PLANK ROADS.—The Detroit Tribune says that 40 miles of plank road are now finished leading into that city, and that the roads now in operation are paying twenty-five per cent, on the investment.

A SAILOR in the pit of a theatre, looking over his playbill, read, "an interval of twenty-five years occurs between the first and second acts." At the end of the first act he put on his old tarpaulin and left the house, saying, "Few of these folks will see the end on't."

There is a man in Boston, the father of two romping daughters, who attributes their "wildness" to feeding on *caper sauce*, of which they are excessively fond. He is the second cousin to the man who, to prevent his girls running off with the young men, fed them on *can'dlesticks*.

"You want a flogging, that's what you wan't," said a parent to an unruly son.—"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get along without it," said the *little independent* brat.

Women's teeth generally decay sooner than men's, the reason of which says some writer, is because of the [illegible] of tongue and the *sweetness of* [illegible]

Professor Webster and [illegible] have had an interview, in which the former acknowledged that Littlefield's testimony was correct, and asked his forgiveness.