THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—29. | GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1850. | NEW SERIES—NO. 191.

VALUABLE

MILL PROPERTY

AT PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at Public Sale on the premises, on

Friday the 27th day of September next,

A TRACT OF LAND,

situate in Butler township, Adams county, on the road leading from the new State road to Arendtsville, adjoining lands of Jonas Roth, Jesse Houck, and others, containing about

Forty Acres.

The improvements are a Two-Story Frame Weatherboarded

HOUSE,

Double Frame Barn, Smoke House, Frame Shop, with other out-buildings; and a large Stone

GRIST MILL,

Formerly Saurbaugh's, on Big Conowago Creek, with two pair of excellent new Burs, and two pair of Chopping Stones. The mill throughout is in first rate repair—has all the improved machinery, smut machine, elevators, &c., and has a good run of profitable custom. Also, a

SAW MILL,

in first rate order, and calculated to do a heavy business; and a one-story Log-House, in which the Miller resides, with a Stable belonging thereto. There is also on the premises,

A young bearing Orchard of CHOICE FRUIT.

This property is located in a populous and healthy neighborhood, and offers many inducements to such persons as may desire to purchase a Mill Property. A further description of the premises is deemed unnecessary, as purchasers are invited to call upon the subscriber, residing thereon, who will give all the information required.

☞ A good and sufficient title will be given, and possession on the first day of April 1851.

☞ Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M. on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOHN F. EICHOLTZ.

Aug. 30.—ts

TAKE NOTICE.

REAL ESTATE

AND VALUABLE

MILL PROPERTY,

AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Friday the 11th day of October next,

THE subscriber, Assignee of JOHN TRIMMER, of Reading township, Adams county, Pa., will sell, at Public Sale, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the valuable

MILL PROPERTY

of said Trimmer, situate in Reading township, on the Big Conowago, about one-fourth mile from the Hanover and Carlisle turnpike, where Blake's bridge crosses said stream, about 8 miles from Hanover and one from Hampton, and adjoining lands of John Duncan and others.—The mill is a three-story building, upper part frame, and lower part brick. It has four run of stones, a Dry Kiln, and all other necessary apparatus in good order and mostly new. There is a good SAW MILL attached to the Merchant Mill. There are connected with the property

24 Acres of Land,

more or less, cleared and well improved, with a

LOG HOUSE,

a well of water convenient to the door, a log Barn, &c. This Mill is surrounded by a rich grain-growing country and commands a heavy amount of custom.

ALSO, *at the same time and place,*

The undersigned will expose to sale the

VALUABLE FARM

of said Trimmer, in Reading township, adjoining the Mill Property, and containing

107 ACRES,

mor or less, the improvements on which are a two-story

HOUSE,

(weather-boarded,) a Log Barn and other out-buildings. There is a well of never-failing water near the door of the dwelling; also a young Orchard of superior fruit trees on the premises.—There is a due proportion of Meadow and Timberland—the whole being under good fencing and in a high state of cultivation.

ALSO, on Saturday the 12th day of October next,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, M.,

will be sold on the premises, a tract of

Timber-Land,

the property of the said Trimmer, situate in Dickinson township, Cumberland county, containing

TEN ACRES,

more or less, near the road leading from Whitestown to Dillsburg, formerly owned by Conrad Allwine, and adjoining lands of Mr. Sowers and others.

☞ Attendance will be given and terms made known on the days of sale by the subscriber, to whom, in the meantime, application can be made for any desired information.

JOHN BROUGH, Assignee.

Hampton, Aug. 16, 1850.—ts

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

JUST received a large lot of Ladies' Morocco and Kid SHOES, GAITERS, &c.; Misses do.; also, Gentlemen's coarse and fine Boots, Congress Gaiters, Pumps, &c., at

KURTZ'S CHEAP CORNER.

[From the National Era.

The Masquerade of S—— Fort.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

BY MARY IRVING.

In glancing over the quaint chronicles of the Indian wars, it is pleasant to turn from gory tales of savage cruelty, to the few instances where that cruelty was baffled. Pleasantest is such a story, heard by the fading coals of a winter fire, from the lips of some good old grandmamma.—I have a friend, who is neither grandmother nor aunt; yet she tells me many a tale of the olden time. The incidents of the following story she heard from the lips of the principal heroine, who died at an advanced age, some thirty or forty years ago.

The Massachusetts colony, as it suffered first, also suffered most severely from the depredations of the savages. In the hill-country of its western frontier, their frequent suprisals and skirmishes left the settlers little quiet or peace of mind.—Every town had its "fort," and for some years scarcely a season passed, when some alarm did not drive the inhabitants within its walls. The "getting into fort," as it used to be termed in letters of that day, came to be anticipated and provided for, almost as naturally as the "getting in" of the crops.

At one time, the settlers of the now pleasant village of S——, on account of some menacing demonstrations, had left their log-cabined farms, and intrenched themselves within their strong-hold.—There seemed no imminent dangers; but it was a time of war, and they knew too well the risk of carelessness. They had remained there for several months, however, without being seriously molested, when their stock of provisions began to fall short. A council upon the affairs of the larder was forthwith held. The nearest point at which the flour could be obtained was a fort distant a journey of a day and a half. To reach it, they must thread dark forests filled with hostile Indians.—It was decided that the men should go in a body on the hazardous expedition, leaving the women and children unprotected for three days, but, as they trusted, safe. Accordingly they stole out with muffled tread, just before the dawn of day, and marched off in solid phalanx, leaving besides the boys and one trusty sentinel, only the old and disabled of their sex to guard their choicest treasures. The day of their departure passed as idly and as tediously as days in the crowded fort were wont to pass. The sun at last sank lazily down the western slope of the sky, throwing shadow-mantles upon the forest trees that circled the fort around, at a safe distance.

The women were sauntering languidly within or about the barricades; and a group of boys and girls, the only things that seemed to retain the spirit of life, were playing at "hide and seek" among the unnumbered old chests, barrels, baskets and bundles, that made up the joint stock of the community.

In a turreted, stuffed, arm chair, at one end of the principle room, sat a girlish-looking matron, whom you would have marked at once as an exotic flower in that hard soil. She was not wondrously beautiful, but slight, graceful, fairy-like in face and figure, wearing that indefinable something that envelopes the true lady everywhere, be she crowned with a sun-bonnet or a coronet. As respects externals, she was dressed in the same course robes those around her wore; but a babe lay sleeping on her arm, and its 'broidered muslin frock was scarcely whiter than the hand that pressed it to its mother's breast. Lily of Massachusetts as she was, we will call her Lillian.

On the high bench by the window towered a perfect contrast to our Lily. The sunflower would have been fittest emblem of the tall, brown-featured and brown-haired woman, who sat wielding a giant needle—it could not be called sewing—against a huge rent in some soldier's habiliment. Peggy W. (you could never have convinced her of a claim to the swan-like name of Margaret) had a pair of eyes that flashed, rather than looked. They glanced always sidelong from a bristling array of guardian lashes, shaded by a brow dark as a hill-top against the twilight sky. One of these glances flashed upon Lillian as she paused to knot her thread. The young mother was leaning upon the hard cushions of her chair, gazing dreamily through the port-hole of a window, on the thin clouds that sealed its "spot of sky."

"You're kind o 'lonesome, hey?" inquired Miss W., in a condescending tone, as though she were addressing a child.

Lillian shook back a stray lock, and smiled a little anxiously.

"I could almost conjure up skulking Indians out of the shadows among those guarled old trees yonder," she answered.

"Never speak of the Evil One, and he won't appear, child! You're scary—not used to being left without your husband. Now I—when father lived up country"—

She was going on to "wind a yard," as sailors say, from her tough experience; but the thread was snapped in the outset by the old sentinel, who just then stepped to the door, calling out—

"Mrs. L., here is old Fire-Arrows for his tobacco again."

Old Fire-Arrow—his unpronounceable Indian name had been thus translated—was a trustworthy friend to the whites and cherished a peculiarly grateful attachment toward Colonel L., the husband of Lillian.

Lillian laid her nursling carefully into its crib, stepped to the closet above the high mantel shelf, and taking down a sort of horn pouch, carved off with her delicate hand a huge quid of the precious weed.

"Don't let him in," added she, as she gave the parcel into the soldier's hand.—Walking along to the wicker crib, she took her babe's tiny hand, and stood watching its lips, parting to every breath.

Suddenly Miss W. sprang up from her bench, dropping her work with a half-suppressed scream of surprise and terror.

Before she could open her lips again, the door was burst ajar, and the old sentinel staggered in, with a fear-blanched face. "Oh God! have mercy upon us!" he ejaculated, unsteadily.

An electric shock of terror shot through the bosom of every timid listener, and all sprang up, pale and quivering—all but Peggy W., who, having recovered her momentarily lost self-possession, stepped before him with arms a-kimbo.

"Well! what are you shaking here for?" she demanded, flashing her leopard-like glance on his bleaching countenance.

"The Indians!"

"I know it! I spied the dastardly skulkers behind yonder bush clump! But what said that copper-face outside?"

"We are victims of a deep laid plot," returned the old soldier. "The savages have waited for this opportunity. They have tracked our men, and they are to attack us to-night! God best knows our doom or our defence. I must not stay here!"

Sobs and shrieks drowned his departing footsteps. None heeded another in the first moment of that confused anguish.

"My God! my husband!" faltered Lillian, tottering to the cradle of her child.—She sank to the floor with clasped hands, bowing her head upon them in a mother's agony and hopelessness.

"Hush! every mother's child of you!" rang out Miss W.'s shrill voice; and Lillian looked instinctively up to the only undaunted eye in room.

"Silence, and up with you! You've something else to do than to sob away your sense in hysterics, to-night! Mrs. L. are you going to sit there and see your baby's brains dashed out against that chimney piece? I've neither chick nor child, thank Heaven! but if I had forty, they should see to-morrows sunshine, please God!"

"God! our only hope is in Him!" gasped poor Lilian.

"Our hope is in the common sense He has given us, I tell you! We have not one moment to lose now. Friends, follow me!"

She sprang into the guard-room with an elastic bound, whose echo seemed to galvanize the whole throng of fainting ones behind her. This room was a small apartment, stocked with arms, and tapestried with regimentals and clothes, new and old, of the garrison. A great part of its furniture had absented itself with its lawful owners; still a goodly array of garments and guns, such as they were, remained.

"Throw down the regimentals!" she cried, suiting the action to the word. All the old clothes, too—quick!" They obeyed her mechanically and wonderingly.

"Now *put them on!*" she commanded, briefly.

"Miss Peggy, what do you mean!"

"I mean to save your scalps," retorted the dauntless woman, while she buttoned the first officer's second best coat over her own broad shoulders.

"Slow enough of understanding are ye all! Do you not comprehend that if these fiends incarnate be cheated into the belief that a part of our garrison has been left here they will be likely to let us alone? You are to rig up instantly, and show yourselves in and about the fort. There is light enough yet to make ourselves visible to watching eyes."

"Silently every woman fitted herself to the strange garments; it was not an hour for hesitation or for debate. Miss W., who strode about in the capacity of an amateur valet, tossed a suit of a sailor's "Sunday wearing" to Lilian. "They'll *do* you"—she commented, with a measuring glance.

Timid Lilian's fingers trembled too violently to fasten the brass buttons of the sea-green jacket; and an instinctive blush bloomed in her white cheek, as Miss Peggy rudely seized her to assist.

"Follow me!" again spoke the intrepid leader. The old sentinel started as the strange troop emerged from the inner room. He had been leaning on his fire-lock, in bewildered despair; and now he looked as though a new bewilderment had stricken him dumb.

"Throw your drum over your shoulders, and throw open the gates!" commanded the Colonel *pro tem*, in a short sharp tone.

"This is folly, madness!" he ejaculated.

"You are not—you *cannot* march out against the enemy!"

"I am taking my garrison out to parade, do you comprehend, sir! and I am not in a mood to be trifled with!"

"But Miss Peggy, Miss W., if I understand you, why not show yourselves on the battlements; it would be safer and better."

"We will mount them after we have shown ourselves before the gateway.—Lieut. L.! bring up the rear! Heads up! hearts firm, comrades! forget that you are women *this* hour! Now!"

She stepped outside the gate, and flourishing her rusty sword above her head, watched with piercing glance her out-coming troop. A motley assemblage it was indeed, a caricature of a masquerade, which, at any other time and place, might have provoked a monk of La Trappe to a roar of merriment. "Tattered and torn garments," a "world to wide," hung loosely on the delicate figures they shrouded.—Here a swordless scabbard heaved over a quick-beating side, there a trembling hand held up a flintless fire-lock. Stuffed soldiers caps shielded straying locks from betrayal, and slouched old hats drooped over faces too pale. Lilian L. stepped last over the threshold, with a glance behind her, and a second to the wood-circle around them. Her lips paled again, she reeled, and lowered her head.

"Fair lady and faint heart!" muttered the desperate leader, in a tone of much cool thunder, "will! you betray all our scalps by fainting now? In with you!"

Lillian wavered an instant between fear and shame. The latter conquered; and, with head proudly raised and step apparently firm, she followed. Yet that death like faintness again ebbed to her heart as the shadows by the tree trunks seemed to take fresh life. They marched in as they had gone out, with beat of drum.

"Now to the battlements," added the conductor. "How many of you can fire off a gun?"

"Oh, dear! not I!"

"Oh, mercy! no!" exclaimed one and another, shrinkingly, as their General commenced loading a formidable looking rifle.

"I can!" chirped a peony-cheeked lassie of fourteen springing to her side, "I have shot a squirril with my brothers musket!"

"And I," added an elderly lady, "have shot a wolf in my sheep pen when my husband was ill and ailing; but it was years ago."

"You can all do it," returned Miss. W., putting her own weapon on the cock, and ordering all the serviceable arms to taken down. "It is a matter of necessity now; we must give their ears a cannonnading."

Has any of my lady readers ever attempted to handle a gun *really* loaded? And does she remember the thrill which the first touch of such deadly weapon poured over her nerves, before she ventured to actually pull the trigger, and start back in horror at her own audacity?—Then can she realize the trembling of hand and limb, and the wavering of heart and nerve, when the discharge of a dozen guns pealed from the log pillard battlements of that fort. It was enough. Twilight was fading, and night coming on. Woman's skill had done what human skill could do, and now to await the issue! They went down.

"We must keep on this gear," remarked Miss. W. "If we entertain unwelcome company to night, it will do no harm in life, and it may bring us a world of good. Lie down about—these that can; for my part, I watch to night."

"I'm sure none of us 'll think of sleeping!" moaned one and another.

"Well, hush! don't fret your nerves; you may need them before morning though I trust not. Andrew, (to the sentinel,) are the guns all loaded again?"

"Yes'm, and cocked!"

"Is there not a barrel of tar in the outroom? Good."

"Yes'm."

"Have it ready to heat in a trice, Andrew!"

"Aye, aye, ma'am." He turned to go, but paused. "I hope it's no offence to you ma'am, but I'd warn you that our dependence is not in an arm of flesh to night.—There's One on high who can hear and help?"

"You are right, good Andrew; we will commit ourselves to Him first." And all bent the knee, while she breathed up to Heaven such a prayer as that hour of danger teaches.

The night wore away. Its hours, intolerably, agonizingly long as they were, still passed at last. The moon soon rose after midnight, and looked in like an angel comforter upon the eyes that glared eagerly from every port hole. Had the savages awaited her signal torch? It was feared, but no, she continued to pour down unwavering shadows on the still grass.

The dawn of day lifted the dreadful burden of suspense—their lives were safe for long hours yet to come, and the reaction of feeling left most hearts weaker than in the first moments of terror. They thanked God, wept, prayed, clasped their children, and at length scattered themselves here and there, to relax their overstrained nerves in repose. Miss W. and a little vigilant band, among whom was our physically weak, but mentally courageous Lillian, kept watch and guard-mounted the barricades, and discharged their weapons occasionally with great firmness. Thus the day and another night came on.

In the first watch of that night, nearly all the weary eyes had closed in slumber. Peggy W. sat alone, on the seat where we first saw her, straining her eyes to penetrate the dim veil of star light; for the moon was not yet up. She had not closed those eyes for nearly forty hours; still, their fire was not quenched, though the brow above them looked haggard with with watching. Her cheek leaned upon the rough sleeve of the coarse coat she wore, her arm resting on the iron bars of the window.

"Aunt Peggy!" exclaimed an urchin with a head as white as the long gown she wore, stumbling along from the inner room; "Aunt Peggy, I want a drink of water!"

"Shut your head!" growled the amiable individual addressed. "Go back to bed!"

"I don't want to! I'm thirsty—my throat aches."

"Bless yourself that you have a throat to ache! In with you!"

The incipient "lord of creation" seemed in no haste to obey; for he rubbed his sleepy eyes with the sleeve of his nightgown, and "took an observation by the dim light of the tallow candle.

"I say," observed he, "you talk curious and funny enough. I think," he added, deliberately, "I shall call you *uncle* Peggy instead of Aunty!"

"Be off—young one—you!"

"But," persisted the provoking youngster; "when will you put on your gown and cap again, and be Aunty?"

A well aimed stroke of the arm was here dodged by the skillful young gentleman, whom it frightened into a precipitate fit of obedience, if making the desired use of his heels might thus be construed. His aunt was in no haste to pursue him, however. Her ear had caught an omnibus rolling in the woods.

"Ma'am!" spoke the sentinel under the window, in a muffled whisper.

"I hear!" she returned, in the same tone.

"Shall I wake them?"

"I may be foes, and it may be friends. If it's our men they'll march straight up to us. Wait a bit."

And wait did they breathlessly. The night was breezelessly still, the fall of a chestnut or the chirp of a squirrel in the forrest might have been detected by their ears. The rustling grew more distinct, the trampling of many feet; but a stealthy trampling followed. Oh! for one gleam of moonlight! Miss W. turned to lay her hand on the gun beside her, and stood like a statue.

Dark shadows now loomed up from the shadowy night; they increased in number—they seemed to form a line before the very gate—there they paused.

"I must hail them," murmured the sentinel.

"Do so," breathed Miss W.

"Friend or foe?" resolutely rang out his strong voice.

"Old boy, is that you?" responded the quick, agitated voice of one who sprang forward, while a deep groan, like "Thank God!" in true English accents, ran through the new broken line.

Col. L., for it was no other, darted past the sentinel, and stumbled against Miss W. in the dimly lighted passage.

"How's this?" he started back at the apparition.

"Where's my brother?" cried out heroine, wildly.

"Your brother! where is my wife?"

They waited no mutual answer, but each rushing onward to stem the living torrent that was pouring in from opposite directions, into that narrow passage. The awakened women, utterly heedless of their apparel, in the frenzy of their sudden safety, were rushing to meet their husbands, brothers, and fathers, who could ill recognize them. Col. L. shook every clinging hand away, and burst into the inner room.

Lilian had lain down beside her babe upon a straw pallet on the floor. The shrieks of surprise had just aroused but half awakened her. She was lifting herself upon one elbow, with a countenance full of bewildered terror. The sea blue sailors jacket (for the night gave it a deeper hue) loosened, fell back from her white arm and neck; and her unbraided locks were falling in disorder over it.

The officer cast a sweeping glance over the apartment—he scarcely comprehended the whole; but she did. With a quick incredulous cry, like one dreaming, she sprang forward and fell at his feet.

"What—what's this?" he cried. "The voice is the voice of Lilian, but by all that is—a glass of water, somebody! bio there."

The whole throng poured into the apartment; the women laughing and sobbing hysterically; their stoner husbands not a whit more unmoved. Strong men sat down like children, and wiped away big drops from their brown cheeks.

"But what is the matter?" exclaimed Miss W. "Pretty fine, this! If you're making women of yourselves, I'm thinking we'll keep on the regimentals! What is all this flummery about?"

"Was it flummery to dream that you were all murdered, butchered in cold blood, or carried into a captivity worse?" exclaimed Col. W., looking up from his charge. "The old Indian Fire-Arrow met us early on our return, with tidings of your peril, which he had risked his head to bring me."

"You might have known we could have taken care of ourselves!"

"We knew that Heaven alone could take care of you," solemnly replied the officer.

"And to Heaven give all the glory," added the rich voice of the minister, who stood beside him.

"What put this lucky disguise into your heads?"

"It was Miss W.'s thought," murmured Lilian from her husband's arm, her colorless cheek kindling into a warm glow, as she glanced from Col. L.'s eye to her page-like array. "She has the whole credit of the idea."

"We owe more than our hearts can repay in words, Miss W.!" exclaimed the officer, seizing her hand with a vice-like grasp.

"You owe me—nothing at all! How you squeeze a body's fingers! I was only taking proper care of my own precious self. The worst fright was when you halted there before the gate. What possessed you to sneak along so like foxes?"

"What could we think but that the enemy had garrisoned instead of burning our fort, when we found its walls yet standing! It seemed hoping against reason to dream of your successful resistance for an hour. It was running a perilous risk to venture here in the darkness; but we were desperate men last eve!"

"Well, we have kept the premises clear for you, you see!"

"What nerved you to such heroism!"

"Why, only a little common sense; and, moreover, I had a pretty stout *will* to live a while longer in this sinful world!"

"That is the lever that 'moves the world;'" smilingly spoke the minister.

"Aye, sir! a *right*, hearty *will* always finds its way!"

Rest came down like a mantle upon relieved hearts that night, when the moon again climbed from the forest tops, up the clear, brightening heaven.

It was afterwards ascertained that the Indians had actually assembled from three different points, to make an attack upon the fort during the first night. But they were completely deceived by the masquerading heroines into the belief that a reinforcement had arrived, or that the garrison had been larger than their calculations.—Accordingly, they defeated, as we have seen, their deadly attempt.

"Aunt Peggy W," for she never changed a name which had won so much honor, lived to pass a good old age in our quiet times of "unromantic civilization."—Somewhat of the romantic love of hazard lingered about her, however, for she persevered in tenanting, to the last, an old house whose timbers would scarcely hold together above her head, and which she was forced to leave in nights of violent wind or storm, for the safety of life and limb.

She went to her rest in the old kirk yard, with the burden of more than 80 years bowing her once erect form; and peace to her memory.

LIFE INSURANCE.—We see by the *Pittsburg Gazette*, that the Keystone Life Insurance Company of Harrisburg promptly paid the sum of $5000 to the widow of Solomon Schöyer, of Pittsburg, who was insured on Saturday, and died the following Monday.

Bestow not thy heart on the beauties which adorn this transient life.

The following is the song sung by JENNY LIND at her first Concert in N. Y. City, written by J. BAYARD TAYLOR, and for which the prize of $200 was awarded. It is a beautiful production:

GREETING TO AMERICA.

WORDS BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.—MUSIC BY JULIUS BENEDICT.

I greet with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose Banner of Stars o'er a world is unrolled;
Whose empire pierces Atlantic's wide breast,
And opens to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide—
Where the souls of the mighty from slumber awake
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou Cradle of Empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For song has a home in the hearts of the Free!
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their sears,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And Peace ever be light on the Banner of Stars!

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Asia brings intelligence of the death of Louis Philippe, on the 26th of August. The ex-king was born at Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773, and was, therefore, in the 77th year of his age. His father, the fourth Duke of Orleans, was descended from the younger brother of Louis the 14th, and became notorious for his dissolute, selfish, and reckless life. In the revolution of 1789, he assumed the title of citizen Egalité, and voted to decapitate the King, his cousin. He afterwards perished on the scaffold himself, dying with a stoical sensuality which has made his name infamous forever.

His eldest son was educated under the care of Madame Genlis, an accomplished woman, who lived in the family of the Duke secretly as his mistress. She was, however, faithful to her trust as teacher, and taught the young prince lessons of prudence, wisdom and self-denial. At the age of 12, Louis Philippe became Coll of the 14th regiment of dragoons by inheritance, that post always descending to the eldest son of the Dukes of Orleans. When the Revolution broke out, the nobles generally emigrated, but the young prince adopted the liberal opinions of his father and remained in France. In 1790 he joined his regiment. In 1792 he was made a lieutenant general, and in September of that year fought at Valmy. In November, he greatly distinguished himself at Jemappes. Indeed the victory of that day may be attributed principally to him.—The fall of Dumourier, however, who had been his intimate friend, and the execution of his father, soon destroyed the brilliant prospects of the young prince, and he was forced to flee from France.

For some time he wandered about Switzerland under an assumed name, it being perilous to be known even there in his own character. He was frequently in much poverty, and was once compelled to sleep in a barn, being suspected to be a robber in consequence of his homely dress and his want of luggage, for he was travelling on foot. The hardy habits in which he had been educated were of great service to him at this period. Subsequently he spent some time in Denmark, Sweden and Norway, but finding no European country entirely safe, he resolved to embark for the U. States. He landed at Philadelphia on the 7th of October, 1796. The house is still standing, at the N. W. corner of Prune and Fourth, where he resided. The popular report was that he was so poor as to be compelled to teach school at Haddonfield, N. J., is a mistake; for he brough sufficient funds to enable him to live comfortably, though not ostentatiously, for a while, and subsequently he received small remittances from his mother. In February, 1797, his two brothers arrived also at Philadelphia. Washington, then President, received the exiles with distinction, and invited them to Mount Vernon, where they spent several days. After this the princes made a tour to Buffalo, Niagara, and subsequently visited N. York, Boston, and Newport. Returning again to Philadelphia, they remained here several months, when they set out for Pittsburg, on the 10 of December 1797. The West was then a wilderness, and the Ohio navigated only by keel boats. In one of these vessels the princes descended to N. Orleans, frequently being compelled, from the sickness of the crew, to take a hand at the oars. So desolate was the Mississippi, in those days, that, between New Madrid and Natchez, a distance of 300 leagues, they met only three habitations. From N. Orleans they sailed to Havana, their purpose being to take ship to Spain, where their mother had found a refuge; but this was denied; and, as a last resort, they went to England, by way of the Bahamas and Halifax.

Louis Philippe, with his brothers, resided London on the 15th of February, 1800. A reconciliation now took place between the elder and the younger House of Bourbon. The princes continued to reside principally in England till 1809, when the two younger having died, Louis Philippe went to Sicily, where he soon after married Maria Amelia, the daughter of Ferdinand IV., the exiled King of Naples. The union was one of affection, and not of policy, and is understood to have yielded a felicity rarely found in palaces.—When Louis XVIII., after the fall of Napoleon, was restored to the crown of his ancestors, Louis Philippe returned to France, where he regained a large portion of the immense estates of his family. He did not, however, enjoy much influence at court.

The elder branch of the Bourbons had always mistrusted the Orleans branch; and this jealousy still continued. Louis Philippe, consequently, lived a retired life for many years. But, though taking no prominent part in public affairs, he was secretly courting popularity; and such was his success that, when in 1830, Charles X. was dethroned, the nation looked to him to accept the vacant crown. The intrigue by which Louis Philipe obtained royalty, promising to rule as a liberal monarch, is well known, as is also his treachery after obtaining the crown. For nearly eighteen years he contrived to maintain his position, partly by force, partly by subtlety, till the revolution of 1848 deprived him of power even more unexpectedly than he had obtained it. Since that period he has resided in England. His exile probably has hastened his end, though, at so advanced an age, he could not have survived much longer.

The character of Louis Philippe may be deduced from this career. He sacrificed every thing to policy. There was no such thing as honesty or sincerity in the man; he never could have died for a principle; and the arts of intrigues were more acceptable to him than a straight forward course. He was a brave man, as his conduct to Jemappes, and his coolness during many attempts to assassinate him, prove. In his domestic relations he was kind, affectionate, and of simple habits. Prosperity did not intoxicate, nor adversity depress him; but he bore both with the calmness of an equal and disciplined mind. As King of the French he was not without patriotism—he did much to adorn Paris, and enrich the public galleries; and in his endeavors to preserve peace, he was governed as much by the interests of his native land as by his own. But his ambition was to perpetuate his dynasty, and for this he sacrificed honor, the good of his people, and, as events proved, his family interests and his own life. Had Louis Philippe honestly carried out the promises, made when he ascendeded the throne, he might to this day have been living, and living as King of the French. It is true his path was surrounded by difficulties. But a straightforward course might have removed these, while a circuitous and treacherous one was sure, as facts have proved, to increase them. If Louis Philippe had regarded the true interests of his people, he would, even if he had fallen a victim to revolution, have earned the applause of posterity; but having consulted his own selfish advancement, and broken the most solemn pledges in doing so, his name can never be regarded with reverence, or even respect.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

An Affecting Scene.

In a lawyer's office in a remote part of Connecticut, laid a mortgage for eleven hundred dollars; which was within a few days of being due. One morning the man on whose place the mortgage was held, called and inquired if the payment could be put off for a short time. He was a man somewhat advanced in life, and very intemperate. The lawyer, in reply to his inquiries, said that the man that held the mortgage wanted his money—that he was sorry, but it could not be extended. He returned home, believing that in a few days, his aged and infirm wife, and invalid daughter, would have to quit the roof which had so long sheltered them, and seek a home he knew not where.

He could say nothing to them about it, it would cause them to much grief. The mortgage became due and in the morning early the farmer again repaired to the lawyer's office.

He plead for a time, but to no purpose. Overcome with emotion, the old man sunk into a chair, and there sat for two hours, apparently unconscious of anything that was passing around him, when a carriage drove up to the door and a lady stepped from it. She entered the office. After standing a few moments, eyeing the old man with interest and emotion, she spoke. The old man looked up.

"Father, how do you do?"

"Oh! Sarah, I am well but sad. I am glad to see you, but sorry for your aged mother and invalid sister, I cannot return to them, for it will be to tell them they have no home, and this I cannot bear. It will kill your poor mother."

"Father! Father!" said the daughter, "could you live a temperate man if this were paid?"

"Yes! oh yes! I would: but it cannot be, for I have nothing to pay it with."

"Now sign the pledge, and here is the money."

The old man put his name to the redeeming, the saving pledge, and departed to his home with a happy heart.

The daughter had saved the eleven hundred dollars by working in the factory.

A REMARKABLE DOG STORY.

A writer in the N. Y. Evening Post, relates the following almost incredible instance of the intelligence and affection of a dog:

I passed a day and a night, last week, at a friend's house, under the Palisades, opposite Spitendevil's Creek, about nine miles from this city. A fine hound-like dog came into the room where we were sitting, of whom the family related the following instance of sagacity and canine affection, which had occurred a few days before. He and another dog were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. His companion in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks from which he could not extricate himself—he remained in this situation *eight days*—during this time his associate, Watch, fed him daily—Watch was observed to whine and show great uneasiness, he would seize upon every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up to the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also often went to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonza is;" the dog appearing to understand him, sprang upon him with so much force as to almost throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him. Watch, elated beyond measure, conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders.—He was soon liberated, and with care, is in a fair way of recovery. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around the place of his confinement.

Life is a book; fools turn over its leaves hastily, but the wise read it with deliberation, because they know they can read it but once.