

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

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## RAIN ON THE ROOF.

When the humid shadows gather,  
O'er all the starry sphere,  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
That like a pillow  
Of softest downy o'er  
Of a cotter's chamber bed,  
And the patter of the  
Of the soft rain overhead,  
Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand fond fancies  
Into busy being start;  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave their bright lines into woe,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain on the roof.  
There in fancy comes my mother,  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey the infant sleepers  
Ere she left them till the dawn.  
I can see her bending o'er me,  
As I listen to the strain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.  
When my little seraph sister,  
With her wings and waving hair,  
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother,  
A serene, angelic pair,  
Glide across the beautiful pillow  
With their praise or mild reproach,  
And listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.  
And another comes to thrill me  
With her eyes delicious blue,  
And forget I, gazing on her,  
That her heart was all untrue;  
I remember that I loved her,  
As I never may love again,  
And my heart's quick pulse vibrates  
To the patter of the rain.  
There is naught in art's bravuras  
That can work with such a spell,  
In the spirit's bounding freedom,  
When the holy passions swell,  
As that melody of nature—  
That subdued, soothing strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

## THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

A TRUE STORY.

After having passed the summer in visiting the principal towns in Germany, the celebrated pianist, Liszt, arrived at Prague in the month of September.

The day after he arrived, his apartment was entered by a stranger—an old man, whose appearance indicated misery and suffering. The great musician received him with a cordiality which perhaps he would not have shown to nobles. Encouraged by his kindness, his visitor said: "I come to you, sir, as a brother. Excuse me if I take this title, notwithstanding the distance that divides us; but formerly I could boast some skill in playing the piano, and by giving instruction I gained a comfortable livelihood. Now, an old, feeble, burdened with a large family and destitute of pupils, I live at Nuremberg, but I came to Prague to seek to recover the remnant of a small property which belonged to my ancestors. Although nominally successful, the expense of a long litigation has more than swallowed up the trifling sum I recovered. To-morrow I set out for home penniless. And you have come to me? You have done well, and I thank you for this proof of your esteem. To assist a brother professor is to me more than a duty, it is a pleasure. Artists should have their purses in common, and if fortune neglects some in order to treat others better than they deserve, it only makes it more necessary to preserve the equilibrium by fraternal kindness. That is my system, so don't speak of gratitude, for I feel that I only discharge a debt."

As he uttered these generous words, Liszt opened a drawer in his writing case, and started when he saw that his usual depository for his money contained but three ducats. He summoned his servant.

"Where is the money?" he asked.

"There, sir!" replied the man, pointing to the open drawer.

"Here! why there's scarcely anything!"

"You see, my dear brother," said Liszt, smiling, "that for the moment I am no richer than you; but that does not trouble me; I can make ready money start from the keys of my piano. However, as you are in haste to leave Prague and return home, you shall not be delayed by my present want of funds."

So saying he opened another drawer, and taking out a splendid medalion, gave it to the old man.

"There," said he, "that will do. It was a present made me by the Emperor of Austria, his own portrait set in diamonds. The painting is nothing remarkable, but the stones are fine. Take them and dispose of them, and whatever they bring shall be yours."

"The old musician tried in vain to decline so rich a gift. Liszt would not hear of a refusal, and the poor man at length withdrew, after jangling the richest gift of heaven on his generous benefactor. Seeing a miserably dressed man anxious to dispose of magnificent jewels with whose value he appeared unacquainted, the master of the shop very good naturedly suspected his honesty, and while appearing to examine the diamonds with close attention, he whispered a few words in the ear of one of his assistants. The latter went out and speedily returned accompanied by several soldiers of police, who arrested the unhappy artist, in spite of his protestations of innocence.

"You must come to prison," they said, "afterwards you can give an explanation to the magistrate."

The prisoner wrote a few lines to his benefactor, imploring his assistance. Liszt hastened to the jail.

"Sir," said he, "you have caused the arrest of an innocent man; cause him to be immediately set at liberty, and let us have him released. He is the lawful owner of the jewels in question, for I gave them to him."

"But, sir," asked the merchant, "who are you?"

"My name is Liszt!"

"I don't know any rich man of that name."

"That may be; yet I am tolerably well known."

## THE OLD MAN IN THE CLOAK.

BY KATE TREVOR.

Frank Farnham was a fine specimen of a man; he was wealthy, talented, and elegant, and to some extent altogether what manœuvring mamma would call a "catch."

"My actual fortune consists of three ducats."

"Then you are a magician."

"By no means, and yet by just moving my fingers, I can obtain as much money as I wish."

"You must be a magician."

"If you choose I'll disclose to you the magic Lemphy."

Liszt had seen a piano in the parlor behind the shop. He opened it and ran his fingers over the keys; then by a sudden inspiration improvised one of the sonatas in a symphony peculiar to himself. As he sounded the first chord a beautiful girl entered the room. While the melody continued she remained speechless and immovable; then as the last note died away, she cried with irrepressible enthusiasm,

"Bravo, Liszt! 'tis wondrous!"

"Does that know him, then, my daughter?" asked the jeweler.

"This is the first time I have ever had the pleasure of seeing or hearing him," replied she; "but I know that nothing living, save Liszt, could draw such sounds from the piano."

Expressed with grace and modesty, by a young person of remarkable beauty, this admiration could not fail to be more than flattering to the artist. However, after making his best acknowledgments, Liszt withdrew in order to deliver the prisoner, and was accompanied by the jeweler.

Grieved at this mistake, the worthy merchant sought to repair it by inviting the musician to supper. The honors of the table were done by his amiable daughter, who appeared no less touched at the generosity of Liszt than astonished at his talents.

"That night the musicians of the city serenaded their illustrious brother. The next day the nobles and most distinguished inhabitants of Prague presented themselves at his door. They extended him to give some concerts, leaving it to himself to fix any sum he pleased as remuneration. Then the jeweler perceived that talent, even in a pecuniary light, may be more valuable than the most precious diamonds. Liszt continued to go to his house, and to the merchants' great joy, he soon perceived that his daughter was the cause of all these visits. He began to love the company of the musician, and the musician, and the fair girl, his only child, certainly did not hate it.

One morning the jeweler, coming to the piano with German frankness, said to Liszt:

"How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel."

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three millions of francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you, you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week.

And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is the true account of the marriage of the great and good pianist, Liszt.

## TREATMENT OF SCARLET FEVER.—Important Prescription.—Dr. Lindsley, of Washington, in a letter to the Boston Medical and Chirurgical Journal, strongly recommends the mode of treatment of scarlet fever resorted to by Dr. Schaeffmann, physician to the King of Hanover. It is as follows, and exceedingly simple:

"Treatment of Scarlet Fever by Inunction.—From the first day of the illness, and as soon as we are certain of its nature, the patient must be rubbed morning and evening over the whole body with a piece of bacon, in such a manner that, with the exception of the head, a covering of fat is every where applied. In order to make this rubbing somewhat easier, it is best to take a piece of bacon the size of the hand, choosing a part still armed with the rind, that we may have a firm grasp. On the soft side of this piece sits it to be made, in order to allow the oozing out of the fat. The rubbing must be thoroughly performed, and not too quickly, in order that the skin may be regularly saturated with the fat. The beneficial results of the application are soon obvious; with a rapidity bordering on magic, all even the most painful symptoms of the disease, are allayed; quiet sleep, good humor, appetite return, and there remains only the impatience to quit the sick room."

## LUDICROUS.

A young itinerant preacher, in the constant habit of declaiming a great deal about the creation, and especially about the first going up of man, whenever he wished to display his native eloquence to good advantage, was one day holding forth to a mixed congregation in a country school-house. Becoming warm and enthusiastic as he proceeded, it was not long before he reached his favorite theme, and started off in something like the following style: "And with the world was created, and the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, and pronounced very good, God said, 'Let us make man.' And he formed man after his own likeness, and declared him the noblest of all the work of his hands. And he made woman also, and fashioned her in the exact image of man, with a little variation."

"Thank the Lord for the variation!" shouted an old sinner, who sat over in the amen corner of the room, at this interesting juncture of the discourse.

The effect was perfectly ludicrous and irresistible. The preacher dropped the subject where he was interrupted, and was never heard to allude to it during a subsequent ministry of forty years.

## THE SHAKERS.

BY KATE TREVOR.

Helen the evening previous, and which she had promised to keep for his sake.

The stranger quietly looked around: "Ah! the polite gentleman I met on my ride. Glad to see you—come to congratulate us, eh?"

Frank swallowed his wrath, and looked daggers at the old man, but made no reply. But when his tormenter coolly informed him that Nelly was not at home to strangers, he would, undoubtedly, favor him with a card and slice of wedding cake, Frank lost all patience, and from his seat, in a tornado of passion, made a charge upon his victim, with the fury of Colonel May, seized him by the collar, and actually shook him till down fall spectacles, wig, mufflers, and revealed the blushing and laughing countenance of Helen Hartley.

Frank was thunderstruck—bewildered—*non plussed*—he thought that his case was irretrievably lost—for no lady in her sober senses, would think of marrying a man, as he had shown himself. Accordingly, he concentrated his remaining energies to make a grand dash for the door, when Helen intercepted him. "Stop—don't go before I explain why I travel in this singular disguise!" She then told that, as she visited about a great deal among her relations, and was often compelled to make the journey alone, she found it convenient to have a disguise, and had selected the costume in which she had met her in the coach, and which she had always found to answer her purpose remarkably well.

Frank came to his senses. Her explanation, archly told, her smiles and blushes, revived his hopes; and, after Helen had concluded, he made an explanation too, but of what nature never transpired. However, one thing is certain—that the prophecy of the old man in the cloak—who was never seen after—was, in a degree, fulfilled; for, in a few weeks, Helen was buried in a large cloak of antiquated pattern; he wore a slouched hat, and his face was muffled in a comforter. In the intervening space was visible a pair of green goggles; from behind which intrenchment, his eyes seemed to peer maliciously around in a perpetual snarl at everything and everybody; but Frank was in a peculiarly happy mood that morning on starting and not disposed to see anything disagreeable in any person, and, accordingly, he commenced a conversation in the following manner:

"Fine morning, this, sir."

"Seen finer," gruffly answered the stranger.

"Do you travel far?"

"No!" snapped out the voice, with a most laconic economy of words. Frank infinitely amused with his churlishness, continued to assail him with questions for his enjoyment.

"How far," persisted he, "do you go?"

"To Woburn."

"To Woburn? Why that is the place I am bound for." No reply from the stranger.

"What is the name of the family you intend to visit?"

"Hartley."

Frank started at the name, and could not help feeling a little uncomfortable at the idea.

"Did you ever hear," said he, "of Miss Helen Hartley?"

"Nelly! ah, yes—frivolousome girl—I know her well, and rather like her."

At hearing Miss Hartley spoken of in this familiar manner, Frank began to feel nettled, for he was, as I have said, a very impetuous youth, but he said to himself, he is undoubtedly a rich old bachelor, who has made her his pet, and will leave her all his property; and, suppressing his indignation, he remarked, "I suppose you are a relative of the family?"

"No—no relative—but," added he, with an amuseous chuckle, "should not like to say how soon I may be."

This insinuation was too much for fiery Frank, who, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder, exclaimed, "What do you mean? I explain myself instantly!"

"Singular conduct, this!" said the stranger, coolly shaking off his hand, "but as you seem interested in my affairs, I will tell you; I am not ashamed to confess it, for I do not think I degrade myself in taking pity on Nelly, although she has not a cent in her own right. I rather like Nelly, and Nelly adores me, and that being the case, what is to prevent me twain from becoming one as soon as possible?"

"I don't believe it; at all events, I will prevent it," roared Frank, now thoroughly beside himself with vexation; "I will silence the claims any such impertinent fellow as yourself may have, by a most demonstrative such a hostile character, that the old gentleman was actually frightened, and called on the driver for assistance."

"That worthy stopped his horses, and came to the rescue. The stranger implored the Knight of the Lash to compel Frank to continue his journey on the outside of the coach, as he really considered his life in danger, if left in the power of that young tiger."

The arrangement was accordingly arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, and Frank was at liberty to brood over his thoughts, the remainder of the ride in silence. That Helen—his Helen—more charming than the beautiful Helen of yore—was to be borne away, in triumph, before his eyes, and by such an insignificant rival as the one beneath, was agonizing and full of murderous resolves, he sprang from his high station, and ran into the hotel.

He lost no time in arraying himself in the nearest possible trim, took a long survey in the mirror, gave assent to the right curl to his mustache, ascertained that his whiskers were unexceptionable, and departed for the house where dwelt the mistress of his heart. Judge of his dismay, when on being shown into the drawing room, he discovered that its sole occupant was his friend of the stage coach! Yes, there he was—slouched hat, cloak, green spectacles and all, quite at home—looming carelessly in the most comfortable chair in the room, and twirling in his fingers the identical morsel rosebud which he, Frank Farnham himself, had presented

## THE SHAKERS.

BY KATE TREVOR.

to her moral character. He says he will see her come to hard blows with William Lee. He adds, "it appears to me, that the mother, at that time, was very much overcome with strong liquor." He says she was well skilled in profane and obscene language. But the Shakers hold Ann in the highest veneration. In 1838, the Societies of the Shakers numbered 16; the number of preachers about 45; members about 4,600; and yet they are the true and only church. All the rest of mankind are in the way of error and death. I spoke of this to an intelligent Shaker at Lebanon. I asked him if it was not their duty, if they were the only people in the world, to endeavor to convince and convert men around them. But it seemed to me that he cared very little whether the wicked world was saved or not. He thought it quite certain that he should get to heaven. If others failed, it was their loss, not his. This was about the spirit he manifested. On the whole, I felt no disposition to be a shaker after I had seen this strange people at Lebanon.

## AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

At the monthly meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society, held on Monday, the 18th inst. Rev. Dr. Knox in the chair, letters were read from the Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the General Assembly's Board, the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the Southern Baptist Convention, concerning the proposed appropriation of \$20,000 for the Foreign Christian Press, also from the Secretary of the Paris Religious Tract Society, requesting aid in France, and reporting the success of colporteurs, notwithstanding governmental and priestly opposition. An application was also presented from the Dutchy of Baden, for funds to print Nelson's "Cause and Cure of Infidelity" in the German. A grant of 30,000 pages was made for distribution among German emigrants sailing from Liverpool. Other letters from Northern Ireland solicited publications for circulation among English residents. It appeared at this meeting, that the issues from the Depository for the month of October, amounted to \$22,317; and the receipts of the same month for the same period were \$19,308. The gratuitous issues since April last, have been more than twenty-two millions of pages. The amount due on notes for printing paper within six months, is \$45,787.

## THE FOLLOWING LIST OF FOREIGN APPROPRIATIONS, FOR THE CURRENT YEAR, WILL SHOW HOW WIDE IS THE SCOPE OF THE TRACT SOCIETY'S FOREIGN OPERATIONS, AND WILL ILLUSTRATE THE NECESSITY OF THE PROMPT AID OF ITS FRIENDS:

Toulouse, south of France, \$300; Paris Tract Society, \$600; Baptist Mission, France, \$300; Belgium, \$200; Basle, Dr. Maron, \$300; Cuba and Hungary, \$100; Bamberg, for Baxter's Call, \$50; Hamburg, Baptist Mission, \$700; Hamburg, Lower Saxony Tract Society, \$300; Denmark, \$100; Sweden, \$100; Russia, for army, navy, &c., \$1000; Italy, Mission Society, Geneva, \$500; Greece, Mission American Board, \$300; Greece, Episcopal Mission, \$200; Armenians of Turkey, \$1500; Syria, Beyroot, \$300; Salonica, for Jews, \$100; Nestorians, of Persia, \$400; South Africa Mission, \$100; Bombay, \$500; Ahmednuggur, \$200; Malara, \$1200; Ceylon, \$1000; Madras, \$200; Telougoos, Southern Mission, \$1000; Telougoos, Northern Mission, \$1000; Orissa, Barah and Karena, \$400; Assam, \$200; Siam, Baptist Mission, \$800; Canton, Mission American Board, \$700; Canton, Southern Baptist Board, \$100; Hongkong, Baptist Mission, \$400; Shanghai, Southern Baptist Board, \$300; Sandwich Islands, \$1000; reserved for new claims, \$1200—total, \$20,000. Of this sum of \$20,000, \$500 have already been remitted to Madras, \$500 to Madras, and \$100 to Basle, to meet urgent existing necessities, leaving \$18,900 to be raised and remitted previous to April 1 ensuing, in addition to supporting all the Society's extensive operations in our country.

## PATRICK'S COLT.

"A gentleman," says the Manchester American, "who favors us with some reminiscences respecting the early settlement of this place, formerly 'Old Derryfield,' relates the following anecdote: 'When my grandfather resided at Goffstown and Derryfield, then settled by the Irish, he hired a wild sort of an Irishman to work on his farm. One day soon after his arrival, he told him to take a bridle and go out in the field and catch the colt.' 'Don't come without him,' said the old gentleman. Patrick started and was gone some time, but at last returned minus the bridle, with his face and hands badly scratched, as though he had received bad treatment.

"Why, Patrick, what is the matter? What is the name of wonder ails you?"

"An isn't it myself, yer honor, that never'll catch the old black colt again? Bad luck to him! An' didn't he scratch my eyes out of my head? An' faith as true as I'm speaking to you, I had to climb up a tree after the colt."

"Climb after him! Nonsense! Where is the beast?"

"An' it's tied to the tree, he is, to be sure, yer honor."

We all followed Patrick to the spot to get a solution of the difficulty, and on reaching the field we found, to our no small amusement, that he had been chasing a young black bear, which he had succeeded in catching; after a great deal of rough usage on both sides, and actually tied with the bridle to an old tree. Bruin was kept for a long while, and was never after known as Patrick's colt."

## JENNY LIND'S COACHMAN.

The coachman who drove Jenny Lind from the steamboat to the Revere House Boston, thus reflects the insane admiration which his fellow-citizens were exhibiting. Mounting the steps of the hotel, he cried—"Here's the hand that lifted Jenny Lind out of the coach. Gentlemen, you can say of you have the privilege of kissing it for five dollars—children half price."

## KATY WHO LIVES ON DE PLAIN, BEING THE DUTCHMAN'S SONG OF HIS SWEETHEART.

De van vas gese down just bahnd de pine mountains.  
Und left de tank night to come on us again,  
You I stumped along 'mongst de swamps and de fountains.  
Just as we went my Katy, vat lives on de plain.  
Sing on, den, you bird, mit your song for de night,  
It's so nice ten de hills sing your song voest again.  
Such joy to my heart and such monstrous delight,  
Bring sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.  
How sweet is de lily, mit its crown-yellow blossom,  
Und so is de meadow, all covered mit green.  
But nodding so sweet, not yet like in my posom,  
Like sweet liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.  
She's peaceful as any—like her depe's not many;  
She's neider high hart, nor yet foolish nor vain,  
Und he's a great villain, mitout any feil!  
Dat would hurt liddel Katy, vat lives on de plain.  
My days vere like nodding, till I met my Katy,  
All dem l'ings in de town, dey vere nonsense,  
and vain.  
I saw not de girl I would call my dear Katy,  
Till I met my Katy vat lives on de plain.  
I don't care how high I might get in de nation,  
From all dem high places I'd come towa again,  
Und think it was nodding to have a great station,  
Von I could'n get Katy, vat lives on de plain.

## A FARMER'S LIE.

The Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS has recently delivered an address before the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at Ann Arbor, which is distinguished by the soundness of its views on the subject of the perpetuity with which they are advanced. We wish we could afford room for the whole of the sterling production; but being unable to do so, we present to our readers an extract from it, devoted to a consideration of the farmer's calling. It is as follows:

"The best faculties of men must be devoted to the farmer's pursuit; the best intellect must be engaged in it; and the farmer's life must be a field wide and attractive for the vigorous and development of every human faculty, or error, ignorance and thriftlessness, will not be explored, and the calling will not secure the elevated position it deserves. Happily a rapid change is perceptible. The relative position of professional, mercantile, and farming pursuits are changing day by day. The first are no longer sought with such much avidity, the last no longer shunned. A wise man should never encourage his children to forsake the duties, variations, and hazards of precarious and unhealthy pursuits, no matter how dazzling the prospect, how brilliant the prize, and how deep and round wealth; higher objects than personal distinction—a composed contentment in times past seems to have been a kind of infatuation among the farming community in regard to the evasion of their honorable calling. Thirty years ago a father was prone to act with his children as though he himself followed a degraded calling. He seemed to deem professional or mercantile life the only road to respectability, or social and official distinction. The Websters, the Wrights, and the Pillsbories, were not retained to enable their own, but crowded off to illustrate and adorn some other profession. It has somewhat mended of late. The public mind has become more sound. It bids fair to become perfectly sound. It certainly will, if men will speak the truth, and hear the truth, and practice on its precepts. The world will never regard the farmer's calling as the most honorable till it is so cherished by himself. In public estimation a pursuit is approached at the value placed upon it by those who follow it. Turn back, then, the life of public sentiment among the agricultural population. The sturdy sense of many a sturdy farmer pierces the gauze delusions thrown around the fanciful and frivolous life of the townswoman. In the expression of his judgment sound, he yet practices the very barbarities he detests. If he would have his occupation take rank as the most respected and most dignified among men, he must not himself as though he regarded it a dull and stupid exercise of human powers. I know not so small a farm, so limited a garden, that may not engross all a man's faculties and consume all his leisure. The time may be distant when each farmer may be a geologist, a naturalist, a chemist, but the time has already arrived when the application of science to agriculture is producing a peaceful, certain and gigantic revolution, elevating the calling, multiplying its rewards, increasing its comforts, and promoting a higher civilization of the race."

## THE FIVE PEACHES.

Farmer Day bought five peaches from the city, the finest that were to be found. But this was the first time that the children had seen any fruit of the kind. So they admired and greatly rejoiced over the beautiful peaches with red cheeks and soft pulp. The father gave one to each of his four sons, and the fifth to the black mother.

In the evening, as the children were about to retire to sleep, their father inquired, "Well, boys, how did the peaches taste?"

"Excellent, dear father," said the oldest. "It is a beautiful fruit, so juicy and pleasant, I've carefully preserved the stone, and will cultivate a tree for myself."

"Well done," said the father. "This is husbandry; to provide for the future, and is becoming a farmer."

"I do mine," exclaimed the younger, "and threw away the stone, and mother gave me half of her. Oh, that tasted as sweet, and melted in my mouth."

"Yes," said the father, "have not acted very prudently, but in a natural and childlike manner. There is still time enough in your life to practice wisdom."

Then the second began. "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away and cracked it open; it contained a kernel that tasted as good as a nut. And my peach, I sold and got money to buy twelve more when I go to the city."

The farmer patted him on the head saying, "That was indeed prudent, but it was not natural for a child."

"And you, Edmund?" inquired the father.

"Frankly and ingeniously Edmund replied, 'I carried my peach in George's, the son of our neighbor, who is sick with the fever. He refused to take it but I hid it on the bed and came away.'"

"Now," said the father, "who has made the best use of the peach?"

All exclaimed, "Brother Edmund!"

But Edmund was silent; and his mother embraced him with a tear in her eye.

## CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS.

Section 1. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Art. II. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed.

Art. III. No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Art. IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but on probable cause supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Art. V. No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

Art. VI. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law; and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

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Section 1. Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Art. II. A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed.

Art. III. No soldier shall in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Art. IV. The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but on probable cause supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Art. V. No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled, in any criminal case, to be a witness against himself; nor be deprived of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

Art. VI. In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law; and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

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