

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1862.

NUMBER 24.

By D. A. & C. H. Buehler. We find, says Bryant, the following lines in the last number of the Louisville Examiner, where they do not purport to be original. The writer employs a singular combination of seriousness, tenderness, and playfulness, to express the feelings of a father, when first introduced to his first-born. The merit of these verses makes us ashamed that we cannot give to our readers the name of their author:

My Boy.
"There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid."
One more new claimant for human fraternity;
Swelling the flood that sweeps on to eternity,
I who have filled the cup tremble to think of it;
For he it is that may I must still drink of it.

Room for him into the ranks of humanity;
Give him a place in your kingdom of vanity!
Welcome the stranger with kindly affection;
Hopefully, trustfully, not with dejection.
See, in his waywardness, how his fate doubles;
Thus, pugilistic, during life's troubles,
Strange that the neophyte enters existence
In such an attitude, feigning resistance.

Could he but have a glimpse into futurity,
Why might he fight against further maturity;
Yet does it seem to me as if his purity
Were against sinfulness almost security.
Imprecensible, budding immortal,
Thrust all amazingly under life's portal;
Born to a destiny clouded in mystery,
Wisdom itself cannot guess at its history.

Something too much of this Timon-like croaking;
See his face wrinkle now, laughter provoking;
Partly with hopefulness, partly with fears,
Mine as I look at him moisten with tears.
Now then, to find a name—where shall we search
For it!
Turn to his ancestry, or to the church for it!
Shall we endow him with the heroic,
After some warrior, poet, or saint?

The sunny days he will soon "slip in numbers,"
Turning his thoughts to rhyme on in his slumbers,
Watts' hymn 'tis by duty, no blenheim spurs his
fame:
Christen him even so; young Mr. Watt's his name.

"Mamma, I'll wake up happy!"
BY MARY IRVING.
These were the last words of a beautiful child,
who was seized with convulsions that night, and
died in morning.

"Mamma! I'll wake up happy!"
A rosy prattler said,
As merrily she nestled in
Her little cradle bed.

She had just ended saying
With reverent lip and look,
"Let little children come to me!"
The sweet words of Jesus spoke.

She knew not any other
Beside that opening prayer;
It was enough—her Saviour heard,
And took her in his care!

"Mamma! I'll wake up happy!"
She lay in her bed, sleeping sweetly;
And once again the good night kiss
Dropped on her tenderly.

"Good night, my little darling!"
An echo chirped, "Good night!"
And forth the loving mother went,
With heart and footstep light.

Before the hour of midnight,
A messenger came down,
To touch that softly sleeping babe,
And send her for his own.

"Oh, speak to my darling!"
Her mother called in vain;
"It is mamma, my precious one!
Speak once to her again!"

She spoke no word—no whisper!
But, when the morning broke,
A veil of whiteness fell
Upon her, and she woke.

"Oh, yes, she 'woke up happy!"
Never again to sleep;
Never to know an hour of night!
Never again to weep!

'Twas better, mourning mother,
That she should wake in heaven,
Before her white soul wore a stain
Of sin to be forgiven!

She only went to open
The golden gates for thee!
Smile, mother! she shall be thine own
Through all eternity!

A PASSING THOUGHT.—Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same air swells all lungs. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his senses, soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be had for nothing in the world. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm to wear it—a watch, but not a pretty throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer a fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. All come into the world naked and go out naked; the difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay, which turns quickly back again into dust.

BWARE OF MAN TRAPS!—The Supreme Court of Connecticut has decided that a correspondence in writing between a marriageable female and unmarried man is presumptive evidence of an engagement! The Judge says:
"That an engagement exists, or an offer has been made and accepted where a correspondence takes place between such parties, as are described in this case, is, we think, in accordance with general experience, which is one of the usual and most satisfactory tests of human evidence; and although, when taken alone and disconnected from other facts, it may not be so strong as some evidence that might be suggested, yet we hold it competent to be submitted to a jury and from which they may find a promise to marry, if the evidence satisfies them of the fact."

THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

"I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece," says a traveller, "and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of his fit of epilepsy, which occurred on the 11th of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him, at the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to and proud of to the last.

"I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the first time I called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. 'But,' said he, 'had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of liberty; the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny.'"

"In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he said at that time in reply was, 'Poor Greece—poor Greece! once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help her.'"

"You will remember that but a little time before this, Marco Bozzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, 'Marco Bozzaris! He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Leonidas in his veins, I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as good blood as ever wet this soil.'"

"At his request, his servant then bro't a rosewood box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of Child Harold, as he handed this precious relic to me, 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Sufiot band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent.' As he spoke those words a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's."

"Soon he fell upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Greece! O God bless thee and Ada! I only ask of Heaven two things; and Heaven ought to grant them—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'"

"In a few days after I left him I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the Sketch Book?'"

"I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.' 'That,' said he, 'is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving? I replied that I had never seen him. 'God bless him!' exclaimed Byron; 'he is a genius; and has something better than genius—a heart.' I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read—the Broken Heart.—What a word!"

"In closing the first paragraph, I said, 'Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts.' 'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'and so do I; and—so does every body but philosophers and fools.' So I waited whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart—"

"While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said, 'you see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for the Broken Heart.'"

"When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said, 'What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet and his beautiful love!—What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; and I want to get your government to recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece.'"

"Those were the last days of Byron; and I shall consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have day by day watched the workings of his lofty imagination while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window, and deep thoughts lit up with an earthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form wasting away by disease

I never gazed on him after we first met without feeling as I think I should feel to see a powerful stream undermining its progress the foundations of some classic temple. It was inexorably painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes burnt so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, fearless, and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"In a few hours," said the faithful Fletcher, as he related these facts to me, 'my master called me to his bedside, and said, 'I begin to think I'm going to die pretty soon, Fletcher, and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me.' Fletcher did love his master, and told him he would do everything faithfully, and he expressed the hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes you will,' said Byron; 'it's nearly all over now; I must tell you without losing a moment.—I see my time has come to die.'"

"Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, 'O, my God! don't waste time by writing, for I have no time to waste. Now hear me—you will be provided for. O my poor dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I have but seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta, and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' And tears rolled down his emaciated face.

"His voice here failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally raising his voice, said, 'Now Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.'"

"Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had last been saying. 'O my God!' said Byron, 'then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' Fletcher replied, 'No, but do tell me again more clearly, my Lord.' 'How can I?' said Byron; 'it is too late, and all is over.' Fletcher replied, 'not our will, but God's be done.' 'Yes,' said he, 'not mine be done; but I will try once more. He made several efforts to speak, but through the indistinct muttering of the dying man, only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and child.

"After many inefficient and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance.—This was the commencement of the lethargy of death."

"I believe the last words the great poet spoke on earth were, 'I must sleep now.' How full of meaning those words were! Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep. For twenty-four hours not a hand or foot was seen to stir; although the heart which had been the home of such wild feeling still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that the angel of death had spread his dark wings over Byron's pillow.

On the evening of the 17th of April, he opened his fine eye for the last time, and closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. 'O my God!' exclaimed the kind Fletcher, 'I fear my master is gone.' The doctor then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right, he is gone!'"

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was bathed in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to his memory; by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Eastern festivities, by a general mourning, and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England. A few days after his death, his honored remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Bozzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel.

Here the bier rested two days, and a round gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet. I stood by that coffin a long time; and more tears were shed over it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people, who crowded at the church, loved him like an angel, as the author of Child Harold's Pilgrimage, but as the distinguished benefactor of Greece.—A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle than in the gorgeous display that usually attends the funeral obsequies of the great.

I remained in the church till the shades of night had fallen around that solemn place, and there could be seen the rude forms of the descendants of Plato's relieved against the walls, their armor

gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emaciated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust. It was all in keeping with the poet's own wayward soul.

AN ORATOR AT FAULT.—There was, in the neighborhood of Rensselaer County, some twenty years ago, a rather pompous and worthy individual, whose "standing in society" caused him to be selected, on such public occasions as the Fourth of July, as a political speaker, to address the people. Covering a large slice of bread with a very small piece of butter in his oratory, he not infrequently lost his antecedents, and involved himself in an irretrievable fog, from which it was impossible to be extricated.

One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

"The King and his cabinet seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the Government. They therefore raised him from one point of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lynnhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England."

Had John S. Copley spent his days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied in College, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto, 'Uti Servare, Vixit' (As I served, so I lived); and how rich has been his reward!

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school; deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misapprehension.

ADVERTISING.—Some years ago a Philadelphia merchant sent a cargo of goods to Constantinople. After the supercargo saw the bales and boxes safely landed, he inquired where they could be safely stored.

"Leave them here; it won't rain to-night," was the reply.
"But I dare not leave them thus exposed; some of the goods might be stolen," said the supercargo.

"The Mohammedan merchant burst into a loud laugh, as he replied; 'Don't be alarmed, there ain't a Christian within fifty miles of here.'"

YOUTHFUL KNOWLEDGE.—It was always considered a great affair for a youth to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. This is the way it was done by one promising sprout:

"You see, grandma," we perorate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they just made a hole in both ends and sucked."

A young and pretty girl stepped into a store where a spruce young man who had long been enamored but dared not speak, stood behind the counter selling dry goods. In order to remain as long as possible, she cheapened everything, and at last said, "I believe you think I am cheating you." "Oh, no," said the youngster, "to me you are always fair."

"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as she laid an emphasis on the word, "I would not stay so long bargaining if you were not so dear."

When a Chinese lady is blessed with an increase in her family, from the moment of her accouchment the unhappy husband is to bed also, and there, detained for forty days, and during this delightful penance he is subjected to all the rigorous treatment of his better half.—Should medicine be administered to her, he must partake of it also, and he is strictly confined to the same diet that she is obliged to undergo, which consists, on an average, of about a thimbleful of cream of rice, administered every three hours, to say nothing of the pill at bed time to prevent indigestion.—*Near's Residence at Siam.*

BARBER.—An editor who has been married about a year, speaking of the barber, says—"The delight of the days, the torment of the nights; elegant in full dress, but horrible in dishabille; beautiful on the smile, but maddening on the yell; exquisitely in place in the nursery, but awfully *de trop* in the parlor, stage, or railroad car; the fountains of all joy, and something else; the well-springs of delight, and the recipients of unlighted spankings; the glory of 'Pa,' the happiness of 'Ma,' who wouldn't have 'em!"

Mirth begets mirth. It is one of the best things to preserve health. It can hardly be maintained without it. Instead of doctoring, laugh heartily and often. It is cheaper, does more good, and leaves you in a better condition.

Try contemplation of distresses softens the mind of man, and makes the heart beat. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get in the mind of the daring and fortu-

The Boy and Man.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England and try his fortune there. He had a little son whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make an eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law.—And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity.

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A Veritable Incident at Mount Auburn.

A mother had laid her darling in the earth. Many mothers have done this; it is an every day occurrence. Myriads of little sculptured forms have been thus laid to rest, with blinding tears, (like little Mary.)

Friends and acquaintances accompany them to "the narrow door," and there they leave them. Not so the mother! Ah! there is an empty crib in the nursery; there is an untenanted chair at the table; there are little frocks hanging up in the wardrobe; there are half worn shoes about, with the impress of a chubby little foot; there is a useless straw hat in the entry; there are toys that have been borne into the nursery, and (they are loved,) but oh! not like the dead!

It was the first born, and every mother who reads this, will understand the height and breadth, and length and depth, of that word! In all the wide earth, there is no spot so dear to her as the little mound that covers her child, and she weeps and shudders when the cold wind sweeps past at night, and would fain warm its chilled limbs in the familiar resting place. She knows the casket is rifled of the gem, but the eye of faith is blind with tears, and she would not, if she could, divest herself of the idea that such companionship would make that "long, last sleep" more peaceful.

So felt my bereaved friend Emma, and the watchful love of her husband provided her a temporary home near the grave of little Mary. The rough gardener would draw his hand across his eyes, as he passed her every morning at early dawn, sitting by that little head-stone, crowning her child with the flowers she loved best; and the uplifted finger, and softened tone of the stranger, testified his mute sympathy.

One evening she expressed a desire to go in "after the gates were closed." She was so readily miserable that it seemed a cruelty to deny her, and we effected an entrance through a broken palisade. Amid that silent company we were alone!

"The stars shone on us brightly as when the rayless eyes beneath had looked lovingly and hopefully upon their radiance.—The timid little birds fluttered under the leaves as we passed. The perfume of a thousand flowers was borne past us on the night breeze. In that spiritual atmosphere earth seemed to divide, and the spirit (like a caged bird,) beat against the bars of its prison house, and longed to try its pinions in a freer air. There was an unearthly expression on Emma's face that recalled me from the grave, but no persuasion could induce her to leave the cemetery. Her cheek was as pale as a snow wreath, but we wandered on—on—till reaching a low seat, beneath the trees, she wearily leaned her head upon my shoulder, and we sat silently down.

Listen! Distinctly, a sweet, childish voice rings out upon the still air:—"mother! mother!" Emma started to her feet, (clasping me tightly, with lips apart, and eyes fixed in the direction of the sound.—Neither spoke;) and though I am no believer in the supernatural, I am no believer in the superstition of the grave. Emma silently pointed in an opposite direction. It was no illusion! There was a little figure, in white, gleaming through the darkness, with outstretched arms and snowy robe, and flowing hair!—"Mother! Mother!" As it approached nearer to us, Emma fell heavily to the ground.

It was long before she recovered from the shock, and yet, dear reader, the solution is simple. Her youngest child, escaped from its bed, (and the charge of a careless nurse,) had started with childhood's fearless confidence, to seek us in the dim, labyrinthine paths of the cemetery.

Ah, little Minnie! after all, it was "an angel" that we saw; "robed in white," with that shining hair and seraph face!

A boy was praising the skill with which a sister played the piano forte.
"Why," said he, "she once imitated thunder so naturally that the old woman had to stop her."

"What was that for?" asked a person standing near.
"Because the imitation of thunder turned all the milk sour!"

A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator vouches for the merit of the following recipe for vinegar:—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rainwater, and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand for four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle; and he who would maintain a good name should be mainly solicitous to maintain a good character void of offence towards God and man.

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in passive life; but in doing right, from right motives.

"Don't touch the dog," I cried, "he'll bite you."
"Why will he bite me?"
"Because he don't know you."
"Oh! if that's all," he replied, "I'll tell him that I am Henry,"—*Carpet Bag.*

The Star, heretofore a neutral paper, conducted with considerable ability at Jackson, Miss., immediately after the Baltimore nomination, hoisted the Pierce and King flag. A sober second sober thought, however, wrought a change, and the flag has disappeared. What can be the matter?

In attempting to raise a Pierce pole at Madison, La., it fell, and finally broke in two. A wag, standing by, said that the pole had given a perfect epitome of the military life of Gen. Pierce, viz: "Two faults and a fall."

The Chicago Tribune, formerly a neutral paper, has come out in favor of Scott and Graham.

POLITICAL.

A Soldier's Song for 1862.
"There—'CARRY ME BACK."
Stand back, stand back,
He's on the track,
A General all too soon;
At Contreras,
He fell, alas,
He fell into a swoon;
For forty days,
So history says,
He led his warriors on;
Then went aloft,
The first steambot,
When victory was won.
Chorus—Then carry me back,
Then carry me back,
To old New Hampshire shores,
I am only great,
From this the dust,
A General now no more.

The Whigs ever,
He never was,
A man of "fathers and furs,"
He faints whenever,
There is danger near,
From words of blunderbuss;
Why should he not
Rely on Scott,
When love of country calls;
Old soldiers must
Borne into the dust,
Place only faints and falls;
Chorus—Then carry me back, &c.

Now, carry me,
Will "die or do,"
As veterans soldiers know;
But went of pluck,
With Pierce's luck,
Oh make a gallant show;
A warrior steel,
In time of need,
Will keep his footing sure;
A nervous hand,
Can't be so command,
His flag when cannot rear;
Chorus—Then carry me back, &c.

Weapons of Locofocoism.
The Raviler of Washington, Clay and Scott!

"Radically feeble—ETERNALLY SILLY—constitutionally INCAPABLE of comprehending political measures or estimating political wants—PRESUMPTION usurps the place of knowledge, and EGOTISM usurps the privilege of judgment." By no strength of effort can he disguise the bold character of the MERCENARY soldier whose life has been spent in the dull routine of military duty, while his intellect has grown as unpleasurably as the market under his command.—*Democratic Union.*

The above infamous paragraph is worthy the slanderer who wrote it—worthy of the unscrupulous partisans who, during the campaign of 1844, denounced HENRY CLAY as a "murderer," and "gambler," and "drunkard," and "Sabbath-breaker," and bloodhound-like, hunted him to his tomb! Shame! shame on the libellera who thus reward the silver-haired, scar-covered Hero who, for forty years, has nobly served his Country, fighting battles, and crowning her arms with glory in every contest. "ETERNALLY SILLY!"

This of a man who has torn down the British flag at Fort George—whose finger was the index to glory at Lundy's Lane and Chertabasco—and who, after a succession of military achievements the most brilliant on record, planted the "stars and stripes" in triumph on the hall of the Montezumas; and this too, notwithstanding the heavy "fire in his rear" constantly kept up by his Locofoco enemies at home! "ETERNALLY SILLY!" This of the Hero of Three Wars and the Statesman in three great epochs of our history, of whom it has justly been said, "His is the military glory of a Caesar, and the civic virtues of a Cincinnatus. His is the combined wisdom of that old Celtic king which rendered the name of Brian Borrichu an expression capable of the double meaning of surpassing military genius and unequalled civil sagacity."

How It Works.
EFFECTS OF BRITISH FERN TRADE UPON THE BEST INTERESTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—According to a statement in *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*, the importation of railroad iron alone, in 1851, amounted to one hundred and forty thousand tons, valued at seven millions six hundred thousand dollars! In 1852 the amount imported is estimated at about one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, valued at about ten millions of dollars; making in two years in the aggregate in round numbers, eighteen millions of dollars!

All this iron could have been made in our own country; and, we may add, would have been had not the Polk and Dallas tariff fraud succeeded in 1844. Here we have, for one item, near eighteen millions of dollars sent out of the country which would have been retained here had not the tariff of 1842 been repealed. That amount scattered throughout the country in small silver coin, would just now be very convenient in the way of change.

What is the consequence? We can give no better nor more striking illustration of the effects than that furnished by the *Clarion Register*, which has seven columns of advertisements of Sheriff's sales of real estate, the properties to be sold under the hammer, will be nine iron furnaces, with furnace property, making in all about twenty-three furnaces sold in that county by the Sheriff within a year. The whole industry of Clarion county is affected by these disasters, as is shown by the fact that nearly all the rest of the property to be sold at this Sheriff's sale, which is advertised in the *Register*, consists of grist mills, saw mills, and falling and other mills. Such are the beautiful effects of British Fern Trade. No wonder British iron-masters are in favor of Pierce.

The Louisville Journal says that it is perfectly evident from one fact that Grant at Pierce is dreadfully unpalatable to the Democrats. Every Democrat this day swallowed him as he ever since looked awfully in the face as if he swallowed a bad egg.

Good company and good conversation are the very sign of virtue.

A COMMANDMENT.—The evening before the battle, an