

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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## The Late Amos Lawrence.

The funeral of this distinguished citizen of Boston took place on the 11th inst. The ceremony at the Beane Street Church, whether the body was removed, were very impressive. The Boston Journal says:—"The following beautiful hymn was sung by a choir of young girls, from the 'Lawrence Association,' who surrounded the last earthly moment of this deceased patriot, as their sweet strains went forth in all the beauty of melody tinged with sorrow:

### WE HAVE LOST A FATHER.

Tune—"Home Again."  
He has gone—he has gone—  
To his spirit home;  
And oh! it thrills his soul with joy,  
In realms of bliss to roam;  
But we must shed the burning tear  
To part with him we love;  
And now for us the world is gloom,  
Since he is gone above.  
He has gone—he has gone—  
To his spirit home;  
And oh! it thrills his soul with joy,  
In realms of bliss to roam.  
Weeping eyes—broken hearts—  
Oh! he is dead;  
And homes of woe were full of praise,  
For oft he poured poor sorrow's tear,  
And wept when they were sad;  
And many were the orphan forms  
His generous bounty clad.  
Weeping eyes—broken hearts—  
Oh! he is dead;  
And homes of woe were full of praise,  
For oft he poured poor sorrow's tear,  
And wept when they were sad;  
And many were the orphan forms  
His generous bounty clad.

Gentle words—heavenly thoughts—  
Linger where he trod;  
Oh! it is as our childhood's charm  
To hear him talk of God;  
Then to us ever strive to live  
As he, our friend, has done;  
That we may reach the happy life  
Which he has now begun.  
Gentle words—heavenly thoughts—  
Linger where he trod;  
Oh! it is as our childhood's charm  
To hear him talk of God.  
Fare thee well!—fare thee well!  
We around thee weep;  
But oh! we love thee, father, still—  
And angels guard thy sleep.  
The kind "old one" for us no more  
Shall sheltering branches spread;  
And oh! our hearts are rung with grief,  
For he we loved is dead.  
Fare thee well!—fare thee well!  
We around thee weep;  
But oh! we love thee, father, still—  
And angels guard thy sleep.

## THE COLD WATER FANATIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Come, Parker," said a young man named Franklin, "there is to be a temperance meeting over at Marion Hall. Don't you want to hear the speaking?"  
"No, I believe not," was answered indifferently, "I have little fancy for such things."  
"Sturgess is in town, and I'm told, will make an address."  
"I heard him once, and that was enough for me," replied Parker. "He's a cold water fanatic."  
"This was said in a group of half a dozen men, most of whom were strangers to Parker. Some of them looked at each other with knowing glances. Here a separation took place, and the different parties moved away."  
"I think you had better go with me," said Parker's friend, who still kept in his company. "If Sturgess is a little enthusiastic in the cause, he is yet a very interesting speaker. Perhaps he may say something that will set even you to thinking."  
"I'm not a drunkard," returned Parker.  
"No; still you are not beyond the reach of danger. No man is, who daily gratifies a desire for a glass of brandy."  
"Don't you think I could do without it?"  
"Certainly; you could do without it now."  
"Why do you say none so emphatically?"  
"Now, means at the present time."  
"Well."  
"I cannot speak for the future. You are not ignorant of the power of habit."  
"Upon my word! you are complimentary. Then you really think me in danger of becoming a drunkard?"  
"Every man, who takes daily a glass of brandy, is in that danger."  
"You really think so?"  
"Most assuredly! How are drunkards made? You know the process as well as I do. Every mighty river has its beginning in a scarcely noticed stream. Ask the most besotted inebriate for the history of his fall, and you will find a part of that history running parallel with your own at the present time."  
"You are serious, as I live," said Parker, forcing a smile.

"It is hardly a matter for jest. But, come! Go with me to hear this cold water fanatic, as you call him. You have no other engagement for the evening. Now, that your thoughts have been turned upon the subject of a daily glass of brandy, it may be as well for you to hear something further as to the consequences of such a habit. A wise man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself."  
"But the fool—why don't you finish the quotation, Franklin?"  
"That is needless. Its application you fully understand. You will go with me?"  
"I will; as you seem so earnest about the matter."  
And so Parker went to Marion Hall, which he found crowded. After some difficulty in procuring a seat, he made out to get one very near to the platform, upon which was seated the President and Secretary of one of the temperance associations.

in the place, with two or three others, who were to act as speakers. One of these latter was a man just past the prime of life. His hair was thin and gray, and his face lean and withered; but his dark, restless eyes showed that within was an active mind and quick feelings. This was Sturgess, the individual before referred to. After the usual preliminaries, necessary on such occasions, he arose to address the meeting. For some time he stood with his eyes moving through the audience. All was hushed to a profound silence; and there was a breathless attention throughout the room. He was more given to declamation than argument; generally carrying his hearers with him by the force of strong enthusiasm. "My friends," he at length said, in a low, subdued, yet thrilling, distinct voice. His manner, so different from what was expected, that they felt a double interest in the speaker, and bent forward, eager to catch every word. "My friends," he repeated, "a little over half an hour ago, an incident occurred which has so checked the current of my thoughts and feelings, that I find myself in a state better fitted for the seclusion of my chamber than for speaking. It is a weakness, I know; but even the best of us are not at all times able to rise above our weaknesses. I am conversing with a friend in the midst of a group of men, some of whom were unknown to me, when one of the latter proposed to an acquaintance whom he called by name, an attendance upon this meeting. 'I have no fancy for such things,' was answered. 'Sturgess is to speak,' was advanced as an argument. 'He's a cold-water fanatic,' said the young man, with a sneer. 'There was the most perfect stillness throughout the room. All eyes were fixed upon Sturgess, whose low, subdued tone of voice, so unusual for him, made a marked impression on the audience. He stood, for some moments, again silent, his eyes searching every where. 'If,' he resumed, in the same low, half sad, impressive voice, 'that young man were here to-night, I would feel it a duty, as well as a privilege, to tell him why I have become what he calls a cold-water fanatic—why I let forth my whole soul in this cause—why I am at times over-enthusiastic—why I am, probably, a little impatient in my crusade against the monster vice that has desolated our homes and ruined us in our children.' The speaker's voice had trembled, but now it was lost in a sob. In a moment he recovered himself and went on, still in the same low, searching tones. 'In the sweet promise of our children: Where are they? I look all around this large audience. There sits an old friend; and there, and there, like mine, their heads are blossoming for eternity. Long years ago, we started side by side on the journey of life. We had our wives and our little ones around us then. Where are they now?"

Another long pause, and deep silence followed. The dropping of a pin could have been heard in that crowded assembly. "When my thoughts go wandering back to that olden time," resumed the speaker, "and I see, in imagination, the bright heart-face, now extinguished, and hear, in imagination, the glad voices of children, hushed forever; and when I think of what caused this sad change, I do not wonder that I have been all on fire, as it were; that I have appeared to some a mere cold water fanatic. 'I wish that young man were here to-night; and, perhaps, he is here; I will at any rate take his presence for granted, and make briefly my address to him. 'You have called me, my young friend, a cold water fanatic. If you had said enthusiast, I would have liked the term better. But, no matter—a fanatic let it be, and what has made me so? I will draw you a picture: 'There is a small, meagerly-furnished room in the third story of an old building. The time is winter; and on the hearth burns a few pieces of pine wood, that affords but little warmth. Three persons are in that room—a mother and her two children. The mother is still young; but her thin, sad, suffering face, tells a story of poverty, sickness and that heart-sorrow which dries up the very fountain of life. A few years previously, she had gone forth from her father's house, a happy bride, looking down the open vista of the future, and seeing naught but joy and sunshine. She clung to her husband as confidently as the vine clings to the oak; and she loved him with all the fervor and devotion of a pure, young heart. Alas! that a shadow soon fell upon her path; that love's clinging tendrils were so soon torn away! 'She is still young. Look upon her, as she moves with feeble step across the room. Ah! what a depth of misery she has fallen! Where is her husband?—he who so solemnly swore to love, cherish and keep her in sickness and health? The door opens! He enters,—gaze upon him! No wonder an expression of pain

and disgust is on your countenance; for a miserable drunkard is before you. No wonder the poor wife's pale cheek grows paler, now that the sadness of her face changes into a look of anguish. He has greeted her with an angry word. He staggers across the room, and, in so doing, throws over that little totting thing on her way to meet him. The mother, with an exclamation, springs forward to save her child from harm. See! The drunkard, wretch has thrust her angrily aside with his strong arm; and she has fallen—fallen with her head across a chair! 'The fall, my friends, proved fatal. A week after that unhappy day, I stood by the grave of one, who had been to me the best and most loving of wives!"

The old man could no longer suppress his emotions. Tears gushed over his face, and he wept aloud. Few dry eyes were in that assemblage. "Is it any wonder," resumed Sturgess, after he had again recovered the mastery of his feelings, "that I am a cold water fanatic? Methinks, if the young man to whom I have referred, had passed thro' sorrow like this, he, too, would have been an enthusiast—a fanatic, if he will—in the cause of temperance. He, too, would have proclaimed from the streets and the house tops, and the highways, his mission of reform and regeneration. But let me say to him, and to all like him, that prevention is better than cure—that it is easier to keep sober than to get sober, easier to give up the daily glass at twenty-two or twenty-five, than at thirty or forty. These drinking habits gain strength more rapidly than others, from the fact that they vitiate the whole system, and produce a diseased vital action. 'A cold water fanatic!—perhaps I am. But have I not had cause? Ten years ago, a youth of the brightest promise stepped confidently upwards, and set his foot on the firm earth of manhood. He had education, talents, industry, and good principles. But he lacked one element of safety—he had not a deeply-fixed antipathy towards all forms of intemperance; indeed, like the young man to whom I have before referred, he rather regarded the advocates of temperance as fanatics. And he was not so much to blame on this account, for his own father, in whom he confided, kept liquors in his side-board, used them himself, and set them out in mistaken hospitality before his friends. Well, this young man went on well for a time; but, sad to relate, a change was apparent in a few years. His frequent visits to taverns brought him in contact with dangerous companions. Drinking was followed by its usual consequences, idleness; and the two united in speedily working his ruin."

"My friends," the speaker was again visibly excited, "one night, two years ago, I was returning home from a visit to a neighbor. It was dark, for heavy clouds, obscured the sky, and there were all the indications of a rapidly approaching storm. Presently lightning began to gleam out, and thunders to roll in the distance. I was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from home, when the rain came down in a fierce gust of wind. The darkness was now so intense, that I could not see five paces ahead; but, aided by the lightning, I obtained shelter beneath a large tree. I had been there only a few moments, when a human groan came on my ears, chilling the blood back to my very heart. The next flash enabled me to see, for an instant, the prostrate form of a man. He lay close to my feet. I was, for the time, paralyzed. At length, as flash after flash rendered his figure momentarily visible, and groan after groan awoke human feelings, I spoke aloud. But the only answer was that continued moan, as one in mortal agony. I drew nearer, and bent over the prostrate body. Then, by the lightning's aid, I knew it too well. It was, alas! that of the unhappy young man I have mentioned—my own son!"

"I took him in my arms," continued the old man, in a faltering voice, after another pause, in which the audience bent forward with manifestations of intense interest, "and with a strength given at the time carried him home. I was, from the moment of recognition, unconscious of storm or darkness. Alas! when I laid him upon his own bed, in his own room, and looked eagerly down into his face, that face was rigid in death. If I am a cold water fanatic, friends, here is my apology. Is it not all sufficient?"

He sat down, amid low murmurs of feeling. For a time the silence of expectation reigned throughout the room. Then one of the audience stood up in his seat, and every gaze was turned toward him. It was the young man, Parker. Fixing his eyes upon the still disturbed countenance of the speaker, he said, slowly and distinctly:

"Yes, the apology is more than sufficient. I take back the words unwisely spoken. With such an experience, a man may well be pardoned for enthusiasm. Thanks! I thank, my venerable friend, not only for your rebuke, but for your remonstrances. I never saw my danger as I see it now; but, like a wise man,

forcing the evil, I will hide myself rather than pass on, like the fool, and be punished. This night I enlist in your cold water army, and I trust to make a brave soldier."

Parker sat down, when instantly a shout went up that startled the slumbering echoes. Sturgess, yielding to the impulse of his feelings, sprung from the stage, and grasping the young man's hand, said, in a voice not yet restored to calmness— "My son!—born of love for this high and holy cause; I bless you! Stand firm! Be a faithful soldier! Our enemies are named legion; but we shall yet prevail against them."

Here Parker was the origin of our narrative. The speaker, when the hour of cool reflection came, saw no reason to repent of what he had done. He is now a faithful soldier in the cold-water army. If we knew all that some advocates of temperance have suffered, we might well pardon an enthusiasm that at times seems to verge on fanaticism. They have felt the curse—they have endured the pain—they know the monster vice in every phrase of its hideous deformity. No, we need not wonder at their enthusiasm; the wonder should rather be, that it is not greater.

**The Holy Sepulchre.**  
BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.  
The resident population of Jerusalem is seventeen thousand, consisting chiefly of Turks, Armenians, Arabs, Greeks, Italians, and Jews of all nations. It is estimated that the average number of pilgrims who visit the Holy City yearly is about fifteen thousand. On particular occasions, the influx of strangers is of course much greater. When the accommodations of the city are insufficient for so many pilgrims, encampments are formed outside the walls; and many find shelter in the convents of Bethlehem and St. Saba. The uncertain tenure upon which each sort holds its right of worship in Jerusalem; the mingled severity and laxity of the Turkish law; the fanatic zeal with which all the sects are inspired, and the bigoted hatred that exists between them, give rise to perpetual hostility of feeling; and often to sanguinary, feuds; deplorable to see how profaned are the precepts of Him who preaches peace and good will toward all men in this very city; whose voice still lingers upon Zion and the Mount of Olive; to witness in this worst form, envy, hatred and malice, practised in his name, and the outward worship of God where sin and wickedness reign triumphant. Perhaps upon the whole face of the globe there could not be found a spot less holy than modern Jerusalem. All the fierce passions that drive to crime are let loose here in the struggle for immortality; all the better traits of human nature are buried in fanaticism; and all the teachings of wisdom and humanity are situated in a British battle for spiritual precedence.

In the Holy Sepulchre he hatred between the sects is fierce and indying. The Greek and Roman Catholics, the Copts, Armenians, and Maronites, have each a share in it, which they hold by sufferance of the Turkish Government; but this union of proprietorship, instead of producing a corresponding unity of feeling, occasions very bitter and constant hostility. The Greeks and Romans, who are the two largest sects, and in some sort rivals to each other with a ferocity unparalleled in the annals of religious intolerance. The less influential sects hate the others because of their power and repeated aggressions; so the so-called Frank Catholics hate the Copts and Armenians, whom they regard as mere interlopers, without any right to enjoy the Christian mode of worship; all hate each other for some real or imaginary cause; and each indulges in the self-glorification of believing itself to be the only sect that can find favor in the eyes of the Creator. Such is the bitterness of this sectional hostility that for many years past it has been impossible to keep the building in a state of repair. The roof has displaced and the rain pours in through the windows; yet so it remains. The Latins will not permit the Greeks to undertake the necessary repairs, lest the mere stipend should give an implied acquiescence of power; the Greeks refuse to give the Latins permission for the same reason; the Copts and Armenians are too feeble to contend with the more powerful sects; and the more powerful sects refuse to grant them any liberty which they do not already hold in despite of them through the Turkish Government.

During the ceremony of the Holy Fire, which takes place once a year, the scenes of ferocity and violence that occur are indescribable. Religious rivalry and all the horrors of blood-thirsty fanaticism, destroy many of the devotees. Crimes of the darkest character are committed with impunity. Half-naked men and frantic women struggle madly through the crowd with live coals of fire pressed to their breasts; bodies of the maimed and mangled are dragged out dead; the chanting of priests, the howling of the turban, the growling of the crushed, fill the thick and suffocating air; and from the swaying masses arise dying shrieks of lament! Immortal glory be to God! Sickened with the disgusting and humiliating spectacle, the beholder turns away with the startling words of Ferdinand upon his lips—

Hail to empire and all the evils are here.

**WHAT MAKES A MAN?**—The longer I live the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great significance, is energy, invincibly determined, an honest purpose once fixed, and then victory. These qualities will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make a two-legged creature a man without it. —Booth.

Life is a second time; say how well you do in it, for you will see how well you do.

**The "Old Guard" at Waterloo.**  
The following description of the last charge by the old French Guard at Waterloo, is derived from a French work entitled "Histoire de la Garde Impériale, relatée par M. Emile Marco de Saint-Hilaire."  
"During the day the artillery of the Guard under Drouot, maintained its old renown; and the Guard itself had frequently been used to restore the battle in various parts of the field, and always with success. The English were fast becoming exhausted, and in an hour more would doubtless have been forced into a disastrous defeat, but for the timely arrival of Blucher. But when they saw him with his 30,000 Prussians approaching, their courage revived, while Napoleon was filled with amazement. A beaten enemy was about to form a junction with the allies, while Blucher, who had been sent to keep him in check, was nowhere to be seen. Alas! what great plans a single inefficient commander can overthrow!"

In a moment Napoleon saw that he could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and he determined to make his fate on one bold effort, and endeavor to pierce the Allied center with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throw himself between the two armies. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up and divided into two immense columns, which were to move in the British center. These under Drouot's command, entered the fire that it dispersed like mist. The other was placed under Ney, the bravest of the brave, and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part of the way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed a few words. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor, that in so many fields—'Vive l'Empereur!' answered him with a shout that was heard above the thunder of artillery.

The whole continental struggle exhibits no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking Empire. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been used to the utmost during the day. Thromes were battering on the turbulent field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Buonaparte's feet trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling beneath his anxious eye. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang out—'The Guard recedes!'—'The Guard recedes!' make us for a moment forget all the carnage, in sympathy with his distress.

The Old Guard felt the pressure of the immense responsibility, and resolved not to prove unworthy to the great trust committed to its care. Nothing could be more imposing than its movement to the assault. It had never before receded before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and steady advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or a battle-note to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence before the field. Their march was like a smothered thunder, while the drizzling hail of the canisters dashed long streams of light behind the dark and terrible mass that swept in one strong wave along. The Old Guard was there amid his guns, and of every brood was written the unabated resolution to conquer or die. The next moment the artillery opened, and the heat of that gallant column seemed to sink to the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered.

Dissolving squadrons and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, pressed unflinchingly on.

The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and scarcely had he mounted another before it also sank to the earth, and so another and another, till five in succession had been shot under him. Then, with his drawn sabre, he marched sternly at the head of his column. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of iron into that living mass. Up to the very muzzle they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But just as the victory seemed won, a file of soldiers, who had laid flat on the ground behind a ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley into their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flame rolled over their heads, and a dense and unexpected fog that they staggered back before it. Before the Guard had time to rally again and advance, a heavy column of infantry fell on its left flank in close and deadly volleys, causing it, in its unsettled state, to swerve to the right. At that instant a whole brigade of cavalry thundered on the right flank, and penetrated where cavalry had never gone before.

This intrepid Guard could have borne up against the unexpected fire from soldiers they did not see, and would also have rolled back the infantry that had boldly charged its left flank; but the cavalry finished the disorder into which they had been momentarily thrown, and broke the shaken ranks before they had time to recover, and the eagles of that hitlerio invincible Guard were pushed backward down the slope. It was then that the army, seized with despair, shrieked out—'The Guard recedes! The Guard recedes!' and turned and fled in wild dismay. 'To see the Guard in confusion was a sight they had never before beheld, and it froze every heart with terror. Still those veterans refused to fly; rallying from their disorder, they formed into two immense squares of eight battalions, and turned fiercely on the enemy, and nobly strove to stem the reversed tide of battle.

For a long time they stood and let the cannon-balls plow through their ranks, dis-

claiming to turn their backs on the foe—Michael, at the head of those battalions, fought like a lion. 'To every command of the enemy to surrender, he replied, 'The Guard dies, it never surrenders,' and with his last breath bequeathing this glorious motto to the Guard, he fell a witness to its truth. Death traversed those eight battalions with such a rapid footstep that they soon dwindled away to two, which turned in hopeless daring on the overwhelming numbers that pressed their retiring footsteps.

Last of all but a single battalion, the debris of the column of grenadiers of Marengo, was left. Into this Napoleon flung himself, Cambronne, his brave commander, self, with terror the Emperor in its frail keeping. He was not struggling for victory, he was intent on showing life to the Guard should die. Approaching the Emperor, he cried out, 'Retire! Do you not see that death has no need of you! I am closing mournfully yet sternly round their expiring angles, those brave hearts bade Napoleon an eternal adieu, and flung themselves on the enemy, were soon piled with the dead at their feet.

Many of the officers were seen to desert themselves rather than survive defeat. 'How greater in its own defeat than any other corps of men in gaining a victory, the Old Guard passed from the stage and the curtain dropped upon its strange career. It had fought its last battle.

**Becoming a Medium.**  
The fascinating spiritual rapping is without a doubt gaining strength among us, and some very ludicrous incidents often grow out of it at times, as well as more serious and deplorable ones.

A few nights since, a young male friend of ours, who from a sneering skeptic had become a devout believer, retired to rest, after leaving his nervous symptoms partially destroyed by the information, through the spirit of his grandfather, that he would very shortly become a powerful medium. He was in his first comfortable slumber, when a clicking noise in the direction of the door awoke him. He listened intently; the noise was still going on—very like the raps of the spirits on the table, indeed:

"Who is there?"  
"There was no answer, and the queer noise stopped."  
"No answer there?"  
"No answer."  
"It must have been a spirit," he said to himself. "I will try again." [Aloud.] "If there is a spirit in the room it will signify the same by saying 'aye'." No, that's not what I mean. If there is a spirit in the room, will it please to rap three times?"

"Three very distinct raps were given in the direction of the bureau."  
"Is it the spirit of my sister?"  
"No answer."  
"Is it the spirit of my mother?"  
"Three raps."  
"Are you happy?"  
"No answer."  
"Do you want anything?"  
A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me a communication if I get up?"  
"No answer."  
"Shall I hear from you to-morrow?"  
Raps very loud again; this time in the direction of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"  
The raps then came from the outside of the door. He waited long for an answer to his last question, but none came. The spirit had gone; and after turning over and fell asleep.

On getting up in the morning he found that the spirit of his mother had carried off his watch and purse, his pants down stairs into the hall and his great coat of altogether. —St. Louis Dispatch.

**The Greyhound and Horse.**—A gentleman of Bristol, Eng., had a greyhound which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter, about five years ago. The animals became mutually attached, and considered each other with the most affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, who was so fond of him that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks; on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety. "Let me also accompany you." When the dog returned to the stable he was always welcomed with a loud neigh; he ran up to the horse and licked his nose. In return the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with his horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

**THE EFFECT OF TRULY RELIGION.**—A Texas correspondent writes:—"Some gentlemen were engaged in conversation the other day, when the subject of fighting came up, which, by the way, is a pretty fruitful topic down here in Texas; and several persons were mentioned as being 'strong' in a 'rough and tumble' fight, and among others, a man belonging to one of the churches in town was considered to be 'about the roughest customer to handle.' 'Yes,' remarked the parson of the very church to which the man belonged, 'I believe that brother D., unrestrained by grace, could whip any man of his bulk in the State! A cool clerical proving that.' —Antiracketeer.

Always do unto others as ye would others should do unto you.

**Plastering Machine.**  
A machine for the purpose of superseding manual labor in the operation of plastering walls, has been invented by Isaac Husey, of Harveysburg, Ohio. who has taken measures to secure a patent. It consists of a movable frame upon rollers that can be adjusted to suit any height, and of a smaller frame sliding within it. The latter serves to support a mortar box containing the trowel, which is raised and lowered by means of a drum and endless chain. When in operation the trowel is supplied with mortar by a rod and follower, which are worked by a lever, the quantity being regulated or shut off, as required, by a slide that covers the opening in the box. For plastering ceiling it is only requisite to raise the mortar box to the top of the frame, and for side walls it is adjusted accordingly by turning it to a proper position. For this last-named operation the box is shifted by the sliding frame, which is moved back and forth for that purpose by means of a treadle-impelled lever. There are also various cords and pulleys attached to the machine for facilitating the operations of the different parts, which are included in the invention and form a part of it. So says the Scientific American.

**Steam Fire Engine.**  
A steam fire engine has just been built in Cincinnati for the corporation of that city, and at a public trial on the 22d ult., it proved extremely successful. The Cincinnati Times says:

"Horses were attached to guide the apparatus, but its immense locomotive power is chiefly relied on, the machine requiring several tons, and presenting to the eye, as it goes rumbling along the streets, with its smoke chimney and steam pipe, the appearance of a railroad engine. This plant throzes steam of water by steam power, and works without without much labor; steam can be generated in five minutes, and kept up without difficulty any length of time. It does not require any of the ordinary fire engines, it will be, nevertheless, a valuable addition to the fire department; but we think there can be no doubt that it will displace entirely all the old apparatus and revolutionize the present system—a consummation devoutly to be desired in favor of Bremen's rig, and the spirit of new-dynamism which its engineer and clerk."

**Spot on the Sun.**  
A writer in the Delaware Republican calls attention to an unusually large spot on the sun, which may be seen through smoked or colored glass. The writer adds:

"By a rough measurement of the present spot I found its diameter to be about three-thirds thousand miles, consequently occupying as much of the sun's surface as eight hundredth millions of square miles, or there about four times the superficial contents of our mighty earth. It serves to give some idea of the stupendous bulk of our solar orb when such a vast deduction may be made from its luminous surface and yet any diminution of emitted light be imperceptible."  
We have seen the idea some where suggested by astronomers that these solar spots served to produce hot summers and mild winters; if true we may consider our present winter an illustration.

## Remarkable Occurrences.

The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company after twenty-six years of service, have opened their great work to the Ohio River on Monday morning the third continuous Rail Road connecting the East with the Ohio valley, completed within the last two months.

A few weeks more will witness the completion of a few more continuous lines from Savannah to Charleston, which connects through the Cumberland river with the Ohio valley, at its lower extremity. The remarkable fact is, presented of all of the important Atlantic cities—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and Savannah—accomplishing the great objects for which they have been so long striving, at nearly the same time. On the 22d of November last, neither city had a continuous Rail Road connection with the Ohio valley.

**Old Men as a Substitute for Hay.**—A New York farmer says, there is no necessity for solving the question of winter approaches, if the farmers would only get in the way of using meat, which on account of its extra fattening quality makes it cheaper and better for farmers at all times to buy this food for their cattle than to feed the product of their farms. This has been thoroughly and successfully tried by all extensive dairymen in Orange county. The English and German farmers give it the preference over all other kinds of fodder even at a higher cost. In Pennsylvania, the Germans will largely during a very good pasturing. What is expended on the stock is returned in the increased value of the cattle.

**Three Men Killed at One Shot.**—We learn from a gentleman from the Cherokee Nation, that he was informed by a man from Franksville, that three men were killed there a few days ago at one shot. Three men were sitting by a fire in a house, when an Indian fired through the window with a double-barreled shot gun at them, and killed all three. —Franksville Herald, Dec. 2d.

**Newspaper Boys.**—The New Hampshire Patriot, the leading Democratic paper at Concord, says the printing office of that paper has been the producing school of a Governor, a Senator, several Representatives to Congress, many editors, some ministers, and many other young men, who have filled at various times numerous responsible stations in the community.

**The seven wonders of the world** are the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, which took 200 years to build, the Sepulchre of Mausolus, the Statue of Olympian Juppiter, the walls of Babylon, sixty miles round, the Pyramids of Egypt, and the Palace of Cyrus, King of the Medes, the stones of which are ornamented with gold.

**Mr. James K. Storer**, of York county, lately slaughtered two hogs of uncommon size—one weighing 585 pounds, and the other 485 pounds—total weight 1142 pounds. The hogs were not quite 20 months old.

**Park and Wilderness.**—The editor of the Journal of Ornithology, in the Monthly Chronicle, defines all hawks, eagles, and other birds of prey to prove that park is healthy food. The word *serpula* has its origin in a disease peculiar to swine.

The London Daily News in commenting on the establishment of the French Empire declares it to be the precursor of war, but says, where the storm is first of burst or under what pretext it is impossible to say.

The Buffalo Express says a man of that city ate in the space of forty-five minutes 152 eggs and 70 oysters, and drank four glasses of wine.

The "Daughters of Temperance" in Vermont kiss the young men to see whether they keep the pledge.

Tinlemen rejoice over the errors of those of genius, as the owl rejoices at the fall of an eagle.

The Scientific American pronounces the "College" as a deception.