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### A Mother's Love.

BY ANNIE GREY.

A Mother's Love! Ah I who can speak  
The thoughts that in her bosom dwell?  
The changing color on her cheek,  
The anxious eye too plainly tell.  
She bends them not, though with such care  
Have stamped the spring of life be past;  
She heeds her not, though pale disease,  
Hath caused her once fair form to bow.  
What! though the hours fly from time  
Have silvered o'er her raven hair,  
And sorrow's lines have rudely crossed  
Her smiling cheek, once fresh and fair?  
What! though the spring of life be past,  
And summer's sun long since hath set,  
Some pleasant days are lingering still,  
With fall and winter nearly met.  
What! though the world should frown with scorn,  
On him who was her joy and pride;  
And friends forsake, and many come,  
Yet he will find a home by her side.  
Fate has with soothing words of love,  
She'll wash him back to brightening fame,  
If not, and honor's self be lost,  
She'll not leave him in his shame.  
Or, if her child should siffer rise,  
And with a name and glory light,  
Her heart will beat with tender thought,  
Her eyes will beam more brightly  
Oh! 'tis a holy sacred thing—  
Which stirs and cannot move,  
And burns with constant glow,  
A deathless flame, a Mother's Love.

### Crushed Jewels.

Ah, me! two jeweled crowns in the castle:  
Two buds withered in the homeworth;  
Two flowers faded in the household vase!  
Lo, the babies slumber: white their  
Unborn marble, colder than drifted snow.  
Brush away the waxy hair, there are no  
sin-lines on those white brows, no car-  
shades in the depth of those dark and  
dreamy eyes; no lines, nor mark, nor shade,  
on those cheeks, Madonnas' faces, upturned,  
and pale, and passionless. Not long their  
little feet pattered along life's highway,  
ere they grew weary and sank by the way-  
side.  
Then the golden gates opened, misty  
forms bent o'er them, white hands bore  
the tiny travellers into a purer land.  
The crown rested early, very early, on their  
heads; angels guided, God led them, the  
short journey they have taken. Look!  
his signal rests on his seal on the  
pure snow—His staff in the baby  
hand! All around there, evermore, will  
be the rustling of silver wings in the moon-  
light—the gleaming of white forms, the  
print of small, shadowy feet in thy life-  
path; the tap of tiny-fingers on the win-  
dow panes when the rano comes—tales  
on each flower leaf, meaning melodies of  
the rush of the summer winds. Deeper,  
darker, grows the rolling ocean; mightier,  
stronger thy despair. The gush of child-  
ish glee is hushed, ever more. All those  
young eyes peer into thine, baby faces  
glance before thee. Little forms glide by  
those, warm, dimpled hands clasped confi-  
dently thine own. Ye have only the memory,  
three-fold, holy memory, that—  
There has been childish laughter,  
Footstep clear as light,  
Baby voices chattering,  
Young eyes shining bright,  
Tones of deep rich music,  
Thrilling the heart all through,  
Eyes, which stole to meet and mine,  
The darkness of his eyes.  
Checks which borrowed shading  
From the rosy's lips,  
Brows untraced by pencils  
Of the painter's grief.  
Tiny forms, at twilight bowing  
Beside thee, little forms, glide by  
those, warm, dimpled hands clasped confi-  
dently thine own. "In attitude of prayer."  
But Jesus sent his jeweller down  
To crush them one and all.  
He said that he had need of them  
To deck the coronal.  
So give back to His keeping  
The jewells He has given,  
Knowing full well you'll find them  
All reset in heaven! Fanny Forster.

### The Lesson.

"On a beautiful evening in Spring, a father  
said to his wife, 'Let us go out into the  
fields and rest on the hill, to enjoy  
the sight of the setting sun. It will be a  
lovely evening.' When his two children  
—a boy and a girl—heard this, they said,  
'We will go before you, and wait for you  
on the hill.' And with these words, they  
climbed on before. Soon after, the grave  
father and the kind mother followed them,  
talking of the beauties of creation and of  
their children—the father speaking from  
the treasury of his wisdom, the mother from  
the simplicity of her heart. When they  
came to the hill and ascended it, the chil-  
dren were there already, and ran joyously  
towards them with a white pot lamb,  
which they had taken with them. When  
the sun went down in glory, the parents  
looked on with emotion, and the father lift-  
ed up his voice and spoke to the children  
of the creation of the universe, of the host  
of the stars, and of the sublime Creator of  
nature, who has made heaven and earth,  
and of his love, and all that therein is; and  
made them look at the sun in his glory,  
saying, 'It is a wonderful work of the Most  
High,' to be thought in his heart. 'It is  
now time to teach them heavenly wisdom.'  
When the father had finished speaking,  
the children exclaimed suddenly, 'Oh, see,  
dear father, and dear mother, how  
pretty, how lovely!' They had adorned  
their lamb with flowers like a bride, and it  
ate the herbs of the hill out of their hands.  
The father looked at the mother, and shook  
his head with a grave gesture. But the  
mother smiled and said, 'Ah, my beloved I  
let them continue in their child-like sim-  
plicity. They need not yet the knowledge  
of rising and setting worlds, and the deep  
word of wisdom; and they need only love, and  
of what is the kingdom of heaven.' Then  
the father and the mother caressed the two  
children, and rejoiced with them at the  
gaily decked lamb.—Krumacher.

Boys, did you ever think that this great  
world, with all its wealth and its woes,  
with all its mines and mountains, its oceans,  
rivers, and steamships, its maps, rail-  
roads, and steam printing presses, magnetic  
telegraphs, etc., will soon be given over to  
the hands of the boys of the present age?  
Believe it, and look abroad upon the inheri-  
tance, and get ready to enter upon your  
duties.

### Mrs. Judson and Fanny Forster.

From the Home Journal.  
A mind more gifted, a temperament  
more sensitive, and a heart more won-  
derfully tried by all that could bind the  
crowd of sorrow which shines brightly in  
heaven, never passed from the earth, we  
wonder well believe, than in the death of her,  
whose names (by which she is known to her  
lovers) we have here written. Of the two  
lives that she lived successively, while a  
tenant of the fragile frame whose pulses  
are now still—the first, a brilliant and  
brief one of literary success, and the last a  
sorrowful and painful martyrdom of sacrifice  
and sorrow—genius and an almost unparal-  
leled sensibility deepened, a thousand fold,  
the varied experience. Few will have  
ever gone to the right hand of God, who  
revertently feel, with more about which  
angels will gather, to read the record  
in eyes fearful no longer. She was of that  
humble godliness, which, if it is the mystery  
of an inscrutable Providence should be se-  
lected for such trial upon earth. To those  
who know her, she was, in every sense  
sanctified, yet none who know her well, and  
what she so changeably suffered, would  
believe there was ever another lot so ap-  
parently deepened but to be filled with bit-  
terness. Before saying the few words by  
which we would recall the points of her  
varied life to our readers, let us give one  
of the drops of agony wrung from this  
heaven-child while here on trial—a poem  
written for her mother's eyes only, and  
certainly, the most beautiful first breath  
of a soul's utterance, that we have ever seen  
in human language. It was sent to us  
some years ago by one of her friends, un-  
der a seal of privacy which we presume is  
respected by her death. She wrote it  
while at Maulmain, the missionary station  
in India at which she had been left by her  
dearly husband, Dr. Judson, when he em-  
barked on a nearly hopeless voyage for  
health. At the date of this poem he had  
been four months dead, although it was  
ten days before the sad news was communi-  
cated to her.

### Sweet Mother.

The wild south-west monsoon has risen,  
With broad, grey wings of gloom,  
White bars, from out my dreary prison,  
I look as from a tomb—Alas!  
My heart another tomb.  
Upon the low thatched roof the rain  
With ceaseless pattering falls;  
My chestnut trees, and the  
Mould gathers on the walls—would heaven  
'T were only on the walls!  
Sweet mother, I am here alone,  
In sorrow and in pain;  
The sunshine from my heart has flown;  
It seeks the driving rain—Alas! my  
Mind's abode my breast, and mine  
I see you in the wind—Alas!  
Four-legged months have wheeled their round  
Since I last saw you smile,  
And everything of earth has frowned  
On my poor sickening child, sweet friend,  
Thy weary, suffering child.  
I'd watch my loved one night and day,  
 scarce breathe my sleep,  
And as my hopes were swept away,  
I'd in his bosom weep—Oh, God!  
How had I prayed and wept!  
And when they bore him to the ship,  
I saw the white sails spread,  
I kissed his speckled, quivering lip,  
And felt him in my bed—Alas!  
It seemed a coffin that  
When from my coffin the tomb,  
Long time in tears, we came,  
Thou saidst, 'How desolate each room!'  
Well, mine were just the same that day—  
The very, very same.  
Then, mother, little Charles came,  
Our beautiful, fair boy,  
With my own father's cherished name;  
My chestnut trees and mine  
Bright mourning, and no joy.  
His little eyes I cannot see,  
Though weary months have sped  
Since plighting lips bent over me,  
And whispered, 'He is dead'—Mother!  
It does mean for me to die!  
I do not mean for one like me—  
So weary, worn, and weak—  
Death's shadowy palaces seem to be  
'E'en now upon my cheek—his seal,  
On form, and brow, and cheek.  
But for a bright-winged bird like him,  
to hush his joyous song,  
And in a coffin dim,  
Join Death's pale phantom throng—my boy  
To join that ghastly throng!  
Oh, mother, I can scarcely bear  
To think of his loss—  
It was so exquisitely fair,  
That little form of clay—my heart  
Still lingers by his clay.  
And when for one loved more, far more,  
Come thickly-gathering tears,  
My star of faith is clouded o'er,  
For hopeless, covering little forms  
My heavy weight of grief.  
Oh, but to feel thy soft arms twine  
Around me once again!  
It almost seems those lips of thine  
Might kiss away the pain—might soothe  
This dull, cold, heavy life.  
But, gentle mother, though life's storms  
I may not lean on thee,  
For hopeless, covering little forms  
Cling trustfully to me—poor babes!  
To have no guide but me.  
With weary foot, and broken wing,  
With bleeding heart and sore,  
Thy dove looks backwords sorrowing,  
But seeks the ark no more—thy breast  
Sweeter broken, for thy wanderer pray,  
That latter faith be given;  
Sweet mother, needs all swept away,  
That she may lean on Heaven—her heart  
Grow strong in Christ and Heaven  
Once, when young Hope's fresh morning dew  
Lay sparkling on my breast,  
My bounding heart throbbed but to do,  
To work at Heaven's behest—my pains  
Come at the same object!  
All fearfully, all tearfully—  
Alone and sorrowing,  
My dim eye lifted to the sky,  
Fast to the Cross I cling—Oh, Christ!  
To thy dear Cross I cling.  
Maulmain, August 7, 1850.

Of the hymns in human language for  
the soul only—few and holy and full of  
meaning as the commandments—this is  
one.  
Our readers—those who have kept with  
us through years gone by—will remember  
our reception and first announcement of the  
writings of Fanny Forster. She was  
at that time a school-teacher at Utica, and

with one or two intimate and talented  
friends of her pupils. Knowing nothing  
of her real name, or her circumstances,  
we were exceedingly captivated by the off-  
hand brilliancy of her style, and its un-  
dercurrent of good sense never out of sight;  
and she and the friends she wrote of (and  
who wrote with her) became soon, to the  
public as well as to us, the nucleus of a new  
kind of literary interest. It was the be-  
ginning of a new school of female author-  
ship—immediate and familiar expression,  
made sacred and rose-colored by the per-  
sonality of woman. By writing as if  
she were talking, she secured the respect  
and attention that would be given to her  
presence. She embellished our journal  
for a while, and then appeared as an au-  
thress, with "Alderbrook" and other vol-  
umes.

We had never seen "Fanny Forster"  
till she came to New York with Dr. Jud-  
son, having devoted herself to missionary  
life, and about to embark with her husband  
for India, to share his exile of Apostle-  
ship and his many and dangerous cares.  
Looking upon her, we saw, at once, that  
it was a spirit which had already outworn  
its frame—a slight, pale, delicate and  
transparent creature, every thought and  
feeling shining through, and every word  
and movement tremulous with fragility of  
mortal tenure. We said farewell with no  
thought that she would ever return—hard-  
ly a hope that she would reach her far-off  
destination. She did arrive there, how-  
ever. The poem above tells in deathless  
words what was one hour of the year she  
suffered there. She returned, utterly re-  
covered and a wreck in health, two years  
since, and in the retirement of her moth-  
er's humble home, sank gradually to the  
grave.  
Mrs. Judson, by her genius, is incalculably  
one of the world's memorable ones. To  
a religious class, also, of which her hus-  
band was a shining prophet, her memory  
will be dear. But there are those who  
look for bright ones among the pilgrims  
on that path of trial by the world unseen,  
—the soul-sore and heart-wrung, with the  
higher sensibilities that are alive to an  
angel's sympathy of agony. She will be,  
by these, recognized and remembered. Sa-  
cred be the spot where rests what has  
suffered and won.

TRUMPET OF LEARNING.—Mind constitutes  
the majority of man—virtue his true  
nobility. The tide of improvement is  
flowing through the land like another Ni-  
agara, destined to roll on downward to  
posterity; and it will, if you be true to  
your duty, and if your glory, or your shame,  
or whatever else you may transmit as an  
inheritance. It then, in a great measure,  
depends upon the present, whether the  
gift of immortality, or ignorance and luxu-  
ry, shall prove the transmitter of vir-  
tue; or knowledge and virtue, like pil-  
lars, shall support her against the whirl-  
wind of war, ambition, corruption and the  
direful storms of time. Give your chil-  
dren, therefore, without education, and at  
least half the number will go down to the  
tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give  
them education and they will accumulate  
fortunes; fortunate to themselves and to  
their country. It is an inheritance worth  
more than gold—for it buys truth and honor—  
they can never spend or lose it, and through  
life it proves a friend—in death a consolation.  
—N. Y. Mirror.

THE JEWS OF PALESTINE.—Recent  
accounts from the Holy Land repre-  
sent the condition of the Jews in that  
country as most lamentable; and there is a  
redundant evidence that these people are  
suffering great distress from destitution.  
Their sufferings have been occasioned par-  
tially by the failure of the late harvest,  
which has raised the price of food to an  
enormous height, and partly by the pres-  
ent war and political disturbances, and the  
diminution of the resources for the support  
of the poor derived from other countries.  
Sir Moses Montefiore, an eminent Hebrew  
of London, lately returned from a visit to  
the Holy Land, has published an appeal  
in behalf of the sufferers, in which he  
says:  
"I learn that 'fathers in Israel—men  
profoundly learned in the law, who, so  
that they may die near the graves of our  
forefathers, submit to live in the most ab-  
ject poverty—are now impelled, by the  
very love they bear their children, to sell  
them to the stranger, 'so,' to use their own  
words, 'that their offspring may be spared  
death—death from starvation.'"  
PRESERVING FLOWERS AND FRUIT.  
A friend has just informed us that fruit  
and flowers may be preserved from decay  
and fading by immersing them in a solu-  
tion of gum Arabic and water two or  
three times, waiting a sufficient time be-  
tween each immersion to allow the gum to  
dry. This process covers the surface of  
the fruit with a thin coating of the gum,  
which is entirely impervious to the air,  
and thus prevents the decay of the fruit,  
or withering of the flower. Our friend  
has roses thus preserved which have all  
the beauty and fragrance of freshly pluck-  
ed ones, though they have been separated  
from the parent stem since June last.  
To insure success in experiments of this  
kind, it should be borne in mind that the  
whole surface must be completely covered;  
for if the air only gains entrance at a  
pin-hole, the labor will all be lost. In  
preserving specimens of fruit, particular  
care should be taken to cover the stem,  
end and all, with the gum. A good way  
is to wind a thread of silk about the stem,  
and then sink it slowly in the solution,  
which should not be so strong as to leave  
a particle of the gum undissolved. The  
gum is so perfectly transparent, that you  
can with difficulty detect its presence, ex-  
cept by the touch. Here we have another  
simple method of fixing the fleeting  
beauty of nature, and surrounding our-  
selves ever with those objects which most  
elevate the mind, refine the taste, and  
purify the heart.—Country Gentleman.

SWEARING.—Swearing is properly a su-  
perfluity of language, and can only be  
considered as a sort of pepper-ornament, an  
acknowledgment of the devil's right of su-  
periority.—Robert Hall.

### Death of Washington.

We find the following on the death of  
Washington, in the New York Courier  
and Enquirer, which cannot fail to be of  
interest to the reader:  
Proceeding still further, over a very bad  
road we came suddenly in view of the  
Potomac; and Mount Vernon, with its  
mansion house and smooth green lawn  
was before us. Having risen in our ad-  
vance, we received permission from the  
courteous branch of the family, who now  
holds the estate, to enter and survey the  
interior. We were struck with its ex-  
treme simplicity, the lowliness of its walls  
and ceilings, and the bare floors which  
were waxed—not as with us, carpeted.  
Passing through the great hall—ornamented  
with pictures of English hunting  
scenes—we ascended the oaken stair-case,  
with its carved and antique balustrade. We  
stood at the door; we pressed the hand-  
le—the room and the bed where he  
died were before us. Nothing in the  
lofty drama of his existence, surpasses the  
grandeur of the final scene. The cold  
which he had taken from exposure, in  
conversing some parts of his grounds, and  
which had resisted the earlier domestic  
remedies that were applied, advanced in  
the course of two short days, into that  
frightful form of the disease of the throat,  
laryngitis. It became necessary for him  
to take to his bed.  
The valued friend, Dr. Craik, was im-  
mediately summoned, and assisted by the  
best medical skill of the surrounding country,  
exhausted all the means of his art, but  
without affording him relief. His patient-  
ly submitted, though in great distress,  
to the various remedies proposed, but it be-  
came evident from the deep green set-  
tling upon the countenances of the medical  
gentlemen, that the case was hopeless; ad-  
vancing insidiously, the disease had fasten-  
ed itself upon him. Looking with calm-  
ness upon the sobbing group around him,  
he said: "Grieve not, my friends; it is  
as I anticipated from the first; the debt  
which we all owe, is now about to be paid;  
I am resigned to the event."  
Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring  
two wills from his secretary, he directed  
one to be burnt, and placed the other in  
her hands, as his last testament, and then  
gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear,  
his secretary in relative, as to the adjust-  
ing of his business affairs. He soon af-  
ter became greatly distressed; and as the  
paroxysms became more frequent and  
violent, to Mr. Lear, who was at his side,  
assisting him to turn, he with kindness, but  
with great difficulty articulated: "I fear I  
give you great trouble, sir—but perhaps  
it is a duty which we all owe to one another—  
I trust that you may receive the same  
attention when you shall require it."  
The night of his death, the paroxysms  
became more imminent—his breath more  
labored and suffocating, and his voice soon  
failed him. Perceiving his end approach-  
ing, he stretched forth to his full length,  
folded his hands in the necessary atti-  
tude upon his chest—placing his finger  
upon the pulse of his left wrist, and thus  
calmly prepared, and waiting for his own  
dissolution, he awaited the summons of his  
maker. The last faint hope of his friends  
had disappeared. Mrs. Washington, sup-  
plied with grief, sat at the foot of the bed,  
her eyes fixed steadily upon him; Dr.  
Craik, in deep gloom, stood with his hands  
at the fire; his faithful black servant,  
Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trick-  
ling down his face, on one side took the  
last look of his dying master, while Mr.  
Lear, in his speechless grief, with folded  
hands, bent over his pillow on the other.  
"Nothing broke the stillness of his last  
moments but the suppressed sobs of his  
affectionate servants collected on the stair-  
case; the tick of the large clock in the hall,  
as it measured off, with painful distinctness,  
the last fleeting moments of his existence,  
and the low moan of the winter wind, as it  
swept through the leafless, snow-covered  
trees. The laboring and wearied spirit  
drew nearer and nearer its goal; the blood  
languidly coursed slower and more slowly  
through the channels—and the right  
hand stopped—struggled—and the right  
hand slowly slipped from the wrist, upon  
which the finger had been placed—it fell  
at the side—and the manly effort of Wash-  
ington was all that remained upon the  
death couch."

CRUMBS.  
[From the Children's Table in the Knickerbocker Magazine.]  
A very little girl, young enough to sleep  
in a crib by the bed of her parents, awoke  
one night, when the full moon was shin-  
ing into her bed-room, and calling to her  
father, she exclaimed:  
"Father! Father! God! has forgotten to  
blow the moon out! Won't you open the  
window, and let me blow it out!"  
Another little girl, of nearly the same  
age, and living very near to her, was found  
one evening alone in her mother's bed-  
room, when she very quickly remarked  
to her mother:  
"I have been having a season of prayer  
for the poor children at the Five Points."  
Will not such prayers go up higher than  
any others from older persons?  
—I have a couple of little nieces—twins  
—so much alike, as to render a distinction  
impossible to any but their parents. I re-  
member once teaching one of them a les-  
son in the Catechism. I commenced with  
the question: "Who made you?"  
She replied correctly: "God."  
"Why did he make you?"  
A correct reply, again.  
"In whose image and likeness did he  
make you?"  
"He made me the very image and likeness  
of my sister Clara."  
A little nephew of mine, a "five-year-  
old," whose mind was running on holiday  
subjects, said to his father:  
"Papa does Santa Claus travel all over  
the world at Christmas?"  
"Yes, my son," was the answer.  
"I shouldn't think he'd go to Africa,"  
said the child.  
"Why not?" he was asked.  
"Why, because they have got no stockings  
there!"  
Our little "Eddy" sometimes says  
queer things: most little boys of two years  
of age do. A few nights ago, having just  
finished a "famous" piece of pie, of which  
he is very fond, he was summoned by his  
mother to "say his prayers" and go to bed.  
Sitting at her side, he repeated after her  
that heaven-taught psalm, "Our Father  
—which art in heaven," etc., until she came  
to the passage, "Give us this day our daily  
bread,"—when, raising his head, and look-  
ing up into her face, he said:  
"Oh, no mother!—pie!—say pie!"  
A little fellow, from four to five years  
old, having perforated the knee of his  
trousers, was intensely delighted with a  
patch his grand-mamma had applied. He  
would sit and gaze upon it in a state of re-  
markable admiration; and in one of these  
moods suddenly exclaimed:  
"Grand-mamma put one on 'other  
knee, and two behind, like-a-ways, didn't she."  
If the boy lives, he will beat Gov.  
Marcy two to one.

When "our Gus" was a "three-year-  
old," he had been for some days antici-  
pating with great delight a visit to his grand-  
parents, who resided a half-day's ride  
from our home. And it stormed day after  
day, so that he could not go; until "hope  
deferred" made him little heart sick. As  
his mother saw him to his bed, she had  
him repeat his usual prayer, which he did,  
with a slight variation, as follows:  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
To Dearybury to-morrow morning!"

Eastern Narcotics.  
Bayer relates the following an-  
ecdote, detailing the effect of an  
Eastern narcotic upon himself, while in  
Arabia:  
There is a drug in the East whose ef-  
fect is like that of opium; it is prepared  
from the Indian hemp. It was much used  
by the Saracen warriors, when about to  
enter a battle, as a stimulant. It produces  
on the imagination a double conscious-  
ness; one part of the mind to study,  
while the other part looks on. From mo-  
tives of curiosity, I was persuaded to try  
the effect of it on my own system. I was  
in Damascus at the time. Soon after try-  
ing it, the effect of it began to appear. I  
saw the furniture in the room, talked with  
the pyramid of Cheops, whose blocks  
of stone appeared to me like huge squares  
of Virginia tobacco. The scene changed,  
and I was on the desert in a boat made of  
mother of pearl. The sand seemed grains  
of gold, through which my boat ran as  
easily as on the waves of the sea; the  
air seemed filled with harmonies of the  
sweetest music; the atmosphere was fill-  
ed with light, with odors and music. Be-  
fore me seemed to be a constant series of  
scenes of rainbow, through which, for  
fifteen years, I seemed to glide. The  
five senses were developed, and all grati-  
fication was a single harmonious sensa-  
tion. Hence we can easily conceive the  
origin of the Arabian Nights. My com-  
panion a huge Kentuckian tried the drug  
with amusing effect. After looking at me  
for a while, he started up with the ex-  
clamation, "I'm a locomotive," and began  
to cut off his words like the puff of an en-  
gine. At last he seized the water jug for  
a drink, but set it down with a yell, say-  
ing, "how can I take water into my boiler,  
when I am letting off steam!"

The Cuban government have, by a re-  
cent ordinance, prohibited any person who  
has not had a regular collegiate education,  
from writing for the newspaper.

A Western paper says: "About thirty  
years ago, Gen. Cass, owned a farm in  
what is now the town of Detroit, and, by  
simply 'holding on,' he has become the  
possessor of a fortune estimated at three  
millions of dollars."

To Get Rid of Moths.—Large lumps  
of gun cotton placed among wollen  
clothes, will effectually secure them from  
the depredation of the moth. Every per-  
son who stores away winter clothing and  
bed clothes should use this remedy.

A Peep into the Garden of the  
Harems.  
"I was cautious with regard to showing  
myself at the window, but I confess that  
I did take one little peep through a chink.  
Two negro harem-slaves, well armed, stand  
on the boughs of a large fig-tree; strange,  
unusually fruit. Three old women unvel-  
led, and with bundles in their hands, stood  
beside it, looking ominously important.—  
And still the sweet soft voice chattered at  
a little distance. \* \* \* First came,  
with footsteps gentle, and light as falling  
snow, a young girl richly dressed. She  
had no veil. Her face was an oval of the  
purest outline, with the most lovable of  
diaplines on the fairest of cheeks. Her  
features were regularly and finely formed,  
and her hair, which fell in a perfect cas-  
cade on her shoulders, was of a rich,  
light brown, evidently soft and silky.—  
But such eyes, such beaming of tender haz-  
el, when seen, must rivet all attention,  
and once seen, can scarcely be forgotten.  
There she stood some time before me,  
leaning against a bank and waiting for  
others to join her; and so motionless that  
my busy pencil never had a better model;  
certainly never one so beautiful. A level  
shade of melancholy was on her lovely  
countenance, and the merry sounds  
could not have issued from that pretty, but  
pensive mouth; but this did not detract  
from the indelible charm which stamped  
the fair apparition as one of nature's own  
nobility, perhaps heightened it. In ev-  
ery movement, too, of her rather tall than  
short figure, there was grace. The cos-  
tume, to be sure, was eminently propri-  
ous. A pale yellow silk robe, heavily embro-  
idered in gold, and lined with purple, was  
closed at the waist by a splendid diamond  
brooch; rose-colored satin trousers flowed  
beneath it; and a bright cashmere  
shawl hung loosely thrown as cashmere  
chief. Yellow slippers, a green healthker-  
chief with golden fringe, and a costly  
necklace, completed her very becoming  
attire. But this was nothing. A resistless  
power of interesting those who crossed her  
path, resided in the deep attractive expres-  
sion of her large eyes. They were  
thoughtful, yet candid; resigned but affec-  
tionate; and above all, there were an un-  
erring index that the spirit within was su-  
perlatively endowed with that heaven-born  
faculty of feeling strongly, which must  
necessarily make of this earth a paradise  
or a hell to herself, according as it is de-  
veloped by the fostering hand of warm  
and real sympathy, or blighted and crushed  
by the withering storm that so often assails  
unappreciated gentleness. There was  
something in her mild and dovetail glance  
which militated powerfully in favor of the  
latter category in this case, and we had  
just come to that mournful conclusion,  
when our rough outline was about finish-  
ed, and now before us appeared on the scene  
of our "psychological redoubt." A nice  
little roundabout laughing, black-eyed,  
bright-complexioned thing of sixteen, at  
most, came dancing along. She was  
coolly without to look upon, but she seem-  
ed in our dazzled eyes to own her charms,  
like Saturn's ring, to the vicinage of a  
brighter light, and like the piece of clay,  
in the Persian apologue, that had always  
been near the nose, to derive faint translu-  
scent from another's sweetness."—Anadol,  
the Last Home of the Faithful.

Hindoo Beliefs.  
In a recent address before a meeting in  
this city, Rev. Dr. Duff made some inter-  
esting revelations in reference to the  
physical philosophy which is laid down in  
the sacred books of the Hindoos.—  
"They believe, for example, that the cen-  
tre of the earth is an immense mountain  
six hundred thousand miles in height,  
its lower base being one hundred and  
twenty thousand miles in breadth, and  
the upper part two hundred and  
fifty thousand miles across. Upon its  
upper surface are the habitations of the  
gods, and beneath the overhanging cliffs  
grow huge trees of every species. The  
largest of these trees shades a territorial  
extent of seven thousand miles. The ap-  
ples which it bears are as large as ele-  
phants, and when they fall off and decay,  
there flows forth a river of juice, which  
is endowed with such virtues that any one  
who drinks of it will receive the boon  
of perpetual youth, and the sands which  
form its beds become pure gold upon be-  
ing dried. The Hindoos have another cu-  
rious belief concerning Cape Cormorin,  
which is a vast mass of granite rock rising  
abruptly from the Southern extremity of  
India. Their sacred books declare that  
many thousand years ago a mighty king  
ruled the country, and at the approaching  
marriage of his daughter, immense quan-  
tities of rice were cooked with which to  
make merrily. The bridegroom, however,  
not appearing in due season, the bride be-  
came impatient, and cursed the rice,  
which was immediately changed into a  
rock. Mr. Duff also remarked, among  
other notions of this kind, that the religion  
of the Hindoos would never allow them  
to touch a dead body, and consequently  
they could know nothing of their own  
physical structure from actual observation.  
Hence their original medical works are  
revealed by inspiration, and a plan of the  
inner organs of the human body, as thus  
revealed, is given in one of their sacred  
books. This plan places nearly all the  
organs, each of which is the seat of some  
faculty, feeling, emotion or some desire,  
in the body. The livermost one is shaped  
like a small tortoise; then comes a  
serpent; next a circle with a flower upon  
it. This last is the seat of one of the  
gods, and above it are successive figures,  
in each of which a god is supposed to rest,  
when he pays them a visit. Conscience,  
stupidity and sleep are represented  
among other emotions—the whole num-  
ber of organs amounting to eighty-six.  
"The organ which occupies the head is  
with them the king of birds, although with  
us it is of no great repute, and would  
probably be considered by most as an ap-  
propriate adjunct to the whole. It is the  
figure of a goose.  
It is said there is not a single Jew in  
the United States engaged in agriculture,  
Most of them are traders.

### THE FREE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The undersigned, having declined participat-  
ing in the election of a County Superinten-  
dent of our Free Schools, and having since re-  
signed the office of Director, to which he was  
elected without his knowledge, and the duties  
of which he has endeavored faithfully to per-  
form for nearly two years; deems it due to  
himself and his friends throughout the County,  
to say a few words on the important subject  
of the Free School system itself. It is an  
established principle, to be dispensed by  
no one acquainted with the instructions of  
history, or familiar with the structure of our  
Government, that *virtus, intelligence and in-  
dustry*, are the three grand pillars, by which  
alone the fabric of our republican institutions  
can be permanently sustained. Monarchies  
and aristocracies may be administered with  
superior facility over a people ignorant of the  
rights of man, and of the greater privileges of  
more favored nations around them; but in  
republics, love of the great principles of hu-  
man liberty, and of just laws based on them,  
is essential to the permanency of Government.  
Montesquieu has therefore justly observed:  
"It is in a republican government, that the  
whole power of education is required."  
Entertaining these views, the undersigned  
has been an original and unwavering advocate  
of the Free School system; fully assured that  
it is the only efficient means for diffusing edu-  
cation and intelligence among the popular  
masses; and believing it just, that the rich  
should be taxed for the education of the poor;  
since that education, by augmenting their  
means of making an honest living, adds to  
the security of all, both in person and property.  
But religious and political liberty are most  
intimately connected; and one result of the  
former is, that men freely express those di-  
versities of religious opinion, which, in despotic  
governments, are, like their political aspira-  
tions, cherished in secret. Ministers of the  
gospel will, from their professional habits,  
naturally feel more inclined to inculcate their  
particular and therefore sometimes peculiar  
religious views, than laymen. Hence, should  
they even conscientiously avoid going to the  
schools, as I doubt not many have done; they  
will still be suspected by some. In order,  
then, to make our public schools as acceptable  
as possible to all, the undersigned believes it  
best that no minister of any denomination  
should be County Superintendent, and by  
parity of reasoning, also not a Director. Let  
intelligent laymen of good moral and re-  
ligious character be elected as Superintendents,  
directors and teachers. Let the New  
Testament, *without note or comment*, which  
all christians profess to receive, be daily read  
in the schools, and no one can urge any well-  
founded objection to the system.

The religious element is indeed essential to  
a good education; since genuine virtue, which  
is another pillar of our republican edifice,  
can only be the product of genuine religion.  
But where can genuine religion be learned  
in greater, and purer more free from sec-  
tarian bias, than in the New Testament itself?  
The great duties of christian morality, will be  
inculcated by every well qualified teacher;  
and for specific instruction in christian doc-  
trines and duties, the different churches must  
provide in the pulpit, the catechetical in-  
structions, and in the teaching of the family  
and Sabbath school. Thus administered  
we may hope to see the whole community  
with one accord stand up in defence of our  
noble system of free schools; which, making  
no difference between the rich and the poor,  
nor between any religious denominations, or  
national descent, scatters the blessings of a  
good elementary education indiscriminately  
over all the rising generation. Thus also, will  
all our children be trained up an intelligent,  
virtuous and homogeneous people, capable of  
self government, and afford us the best assur-  
ance for the perpetuity of our free and happy  
civil institutions, by which our religious lib-  
erties will likewise be fully secured.  
The recent steps of the undersigned, have  
therefore resulted not from any disposition  
to labor for the public good; but from love of  
our free school system, and an increasing con-  
viction of the importance of the above views;  
so that our schools may be kept perfectly free  
even from any reasonable suspicion of sectar-  
ian character. S. S. SCHMUCKER.

Great Crow Hunt in Tennessee.—The  
citizens of Bedford county, Tennessee, find-  
ing themselves grievously afflicted with  
crows, held a meeting and fixed upon a great  
"crow hunt." The plan adopted was that  
any person wishing to enter the hunt could  
do so by paying one dollar or more. The  
time for the hunt was to be from the first  
Monday in December to the last Saturday  
in March. And the fund raised as above  
was to be proportioned to the person propor-  
tioning the largest number of scalp—upper  
bill for scalp—one-fifth of the whole fund  
paid in; to the person producing the next  
highest number, one-sixth of the remainder;  
to the next highest, one-seventh, &c. 15,861  
scalps were taken, and \$288 dollars was  
made. The largest number taken by one man  
was by G. J. Shriver, who killed 4,421,  
and received \$39.

A Good Excuse.—A gentleman by the  
name of Slaughter, living near Montgomery,  
Ala., being subpoenaed as a witness in a case  
pending in the Circuit Court, and being  
about to marry a Miss Lamb, writes to the  
Court that he cannot attend as a witness  
in his court, as he expects to Slaughter a  
Lamb next Sunday.

A Pretty Little Crow.—Mr. Frederick  
Kembell, from the neighborhood of Ham-