THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The following touching stanzas are from the pen of Wolfe, author of the burial of Sir John Moore. They were written soon after the death of a beloved wife:

If I had *thought* thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I *forgot* when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

And still upon thy face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain:
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er let'st unsaid;
And then I feel, as well I may,
Dear Mary! thou art dead.

If thou could'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been:
While e'en thy chill bleak corpse I have
Thou seem'st still my own;
But as I lay in thee grave,
I feel I am alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking, too, of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

"My Mother's Dead.

I'm very, very lonely,
Alas! I cannot play;
I am so sad, I sit and weep,
Throughout the livelong day.
I miss dear mother's welcome,
Her light hand on my head,
Her look of love, her tender word;
Alas! my mother's dead.

I have no heart to play alone;
To-day I thought I'd try,
And got my little hoop to roll,
But oh! it made me cry;
For who will smile to see me come,
Now mother dear has gone,
And look so kindly in my face,
And kiss her little son?

I'll get my blessed Bible,
And sit me down and read;
My mother said that precious book
Would be a friend in need.
I seem to see dear mother now,
To hear her voice of love;
She may be looking down on me,
From her bright home above.

She said that I must come to her;
She cannot come to me;
Our Father, teach a little one
How he may come to thee.
For I am very lonely now;
Our father, may I come,
And join my mother in the skies?
And heaven shall be our home.

Is Religion Beautiful?

Always! in the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religious shines with a holy benignant beauty of her own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pit falls in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day, when discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, *want of religion in woman.*

And in felons' cells—in places of crime; misery, destitution, ignorance—we should behold in all its most horrible deformity, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh, religion! benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the clouds, for earth clouds come never between thee and truly pious souls—not beneath the clouds, for above thee in heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates are the splendor of jasper and precious stones, white with dewy light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathed in refulgent glory ten times the brightest of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling to the eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary? it whispers "rest—up there—there—forever." Art thou sorrowing? "joy." Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy? "kings and priests in that holy home." Art thou poor? the very street before thy mansion shall be gold." Art thou friendless? "the angels shall be thy companions, and God thy Friend and Father."

Is religion beautiful? We answer, all is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

PERSONAL CLEANLINESS.—If some parts of the surface of the body be kept perfectly clean, while other parts are comparatively uncleansed, the skin of the former has extra work to do, and it compensates by increased activity for the forced inaction of other portions. It cannot do this without more or less derangement, and consequently we see pimple eruptions on the exposed parts of the skin, which are simply the result of over work, and which disappear when other parts of the skin are made to resume their functions.

THE SORROWFUL TREE.—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree—so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after it is full of them. They yield a sweet smell; but no sooner does the sun begin to shine on them, than some of them fall off, and others close up, and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect on the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it."

Story of the Back Room Window.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We live in a world of busy passions.—Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are forever near us. Death is at our threshhold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbors are "exultations, agonies!" And yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all.

Could we but unroof (Asmodus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions, would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted; (like the people in the palace of Truth,) all contributing their share to the unknown romance, which time is forever weaving around us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten; unless some curious accident should arise, to extend his influence into another region, or to hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty years after his coffin has been lowered in the dust.

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge certain facts regarding a neighboring family, which else had probably slipped very quietly into oblivion. You will observe, that what I am about to relate is almost literally a fact:

"Some years ago, we lived, as you know, in B—— Square. The room in which we usually dwelt was at the back of the house. It was spacious and not without some pretensions to be graceful, the marble chimney piece being distinguished by a painting of Cipriana, whilst on the ceiling lay scattered some of the conventional elegances of the Angelica Kauffman. From the windows that occupied the northern extremity of the room we looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) upon the back of a crescent of houses—the points of the arc receding from us. [I mention these things merely to recall to your mind our precise position.]

"In the centre of this crescent was a house which had for a long time been untenanted. Whilst its neighbor dwellings were all busy with life and motion, this only was, for some reason, deserted. We were beginning to speculate on the causes of this accident, and to pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets were lamenting the lack of rent, when suddenly—it was on an April morning—we perceived, for the first time, signs of change. The windows of the deserted mansion were opened, and workmen were seen bustling about its different rooms. There was an air of preparation, evidently, which announced an incoming tenant.

"Well!" said A——, "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough to take his haunted house; or perhaps, after all, he is merely endeavoring to decoy the unwary passenger!—We shall see."

"A few weeks determined the question; for after the house had been duly cleansed and beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered to fade away, various articles of furniture were brought into the rooms.—These were of moderate price, and explained to us that the new tenant was a person of respectable station, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to know "what manner of man" he was. Our interest in the once empty house had received a new impulse; and we looked out, day after day, for the stranger's arrival.

"At last a young man of lively and agreeable presence, was one morning seen giving directions to a female servant, about the disposition of the furniture. This was evidently master of the mansion. He stayed for half an hour, and then departed; and he repeated his short visit daily. He was probably a clerk in some public office, a merchant, or professional man, whose time was required elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? That was a problem that we strove to solve in vain. In the end, he went away altogether.

'Each morn we missed him in th' accustomed room."

"And now no one, except the solitary maid, was seen throwing open the windows in the morning to let in the vernal May; closing them at night; rubbing with a delicate hand the new furniture; gazing at the unknown neighborhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, "imparadised" in rustic dreams; she appeared to be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not the *genius loci* which we had reckoned upon. Our imaginations were not satisfied; and we looked forward confidently to another comer.

"We were not disappointed. After the lapse of a fortnight from the young man's departure, our inquisitive eyes discovered him again. He was sitting at breakfast with a lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and attired from head to foot in white; she was evidently a bride. We rushed at once upon this conjecture; and certain tender manifestations, on the husband's leave-taking, confirmed us in our opinion. He went away; and she, left to herself, explored, as far as we could observe, all the rooms in the house. Everything was surveyed with a patient admiration; every drawer opened; the little book-case contemplated, and its slender rows of books all, one by one, examined.—Finally, the maid was called up, some inquiries made, and the survey recommenced. The lady had now some one to encourage her open expressions of delight. We could almost fancy that we heard her words:—"How beautiful it is! What a comfortable sofa! What a charming screen!—How kind, how good, how considerate of ——!" It was altogether a pretty scene.

"Let us pass over a portion of the autumn and winter months. During a portion of this time, we ourselves were absent in the country; and when at home, we remember but little of what happened.—There was little or no variety to remark upon, or, possibly, our curiosity had become abated.

"At last, spring came, and with it came a thousand signs of cheerfulness and life.—The plain put forth its tender leaves; the sky grew blue over head (even in London) and the windows of the one melancholy house show blushing with many flowers. So May passed; and June came on, with its air all rich with roses. But the lady?—Ah! her cheek now waxed pale, and her step grew weak and faltering. Sometimes she ventured into her small garden, when the sun was full upon it. All other times she might be seen wearied with needle-work, or sitting languidly alone; or, when her husband was at home (before and after his hours of business) she walked a little to and fro, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirit of the man. A joyous and perhaps common manner became serious and refined. The weight of thought perhaps lay on him—the responsibility of love.—It is thus that, in some natures, love is wanting in their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which would else remain dull, trivial, and prostrate. From a seeming barrenness, the human heart spings into fertility—from vagueness into character—from dullness into vigor and beauty, under the "charming wand" of love. But let us proceed.

"On a glittering night in August, we saw light flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became less frequent; and at last tranquility was restored. A single light burning in an upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we were told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady had brought her husband a child! We drank to its health in wine.

"For a few days quiet hung upon the house. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hurry and alarm came again.—Lights were seen once more flickering to and fro. The physician's carriage was heard. It came and departed. The maid now held her apron to her eyes. The husband, burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly!) to hide a world of grief.—Ere long the bedroom window was thrown open; the shutters of the house were closed, and in a week a hearse was at the door. The mystery was at an end; she was dead.

"She died! No poet ever wove around her the gaudy tissue of his verse. The grave she sleeps in is probably nothing more than the common mould. Her name even is unknown. But what of this?—She lived and died, and was lamented.—The proudest can boast of but little more. She made the light and happiness of one mortal creature, fond and fragile as herself—and for a name, a tomb? Alas! for all the purposes of love, nothing is wanted save a little earth—nothing but to know the spot where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, indeed, to give the creature whom we have hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever-shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! We desire to know *where* it is we have laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, the pilgrimage is as easy and as painful to the simple church-yard hillock, as to the vault in which a king reposes.—The gloomy arches of stately tombs, what are they to the grandeur of the over-hanging heavens! and the cold and ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, in comparison with the turf whereon many a daisy grows!

"The child survived. The cares lately exhausted on another, were now concentrated on a little child. The solemn doctors came, and prescribed for it, and took their golden fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready smiles. The services which had been purchased for the mother, were now the property of another claimant.—Even the father turned towards it all his heart which was not in the grave. It was part of her who had strewn sunshine in his path, and he valued it accordingly.

"But all would not do. A month, 'a little month,' and the shutters were again closed. Another funeral followed swiftly upon the last. The mother and her child were again together.

"From this period a marked change arose in the man's character. The grief which had bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved a little by the care which he bestowed upon her child,) now changed to a sullen or reckless indifference. In the morning he was clouded and oppressed; but at night a madness and dissonant jolity, (the madness of wine,) usurped the place of early sorrow. His orgies were often carried into morning. Sometimes he drank with wild companions; sometimes he was seen alone, staggering towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere the last light of the autumn sunset concealed him from our sight. There were steadier intervals, indeed, when reflection would come upon him—perhaps remorse; when he would gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upon the few withered flowers that once flourished in his gay window. What was he then thinking of? Of vanished hopes and happy hours? Of her patience, her gentleness, her deep, untiring love?—Why did he not summon up more cheerful visions? Where was his old vivacity? his young and happy spirit? The world offered the same aliurements as before, with the exception of one single joy. Oh! but that was *all*. That was the one hope, the one thought, that had grown vast and absorbed all others. That was the mirror which had reflected happiness a thousand ways. Under that influence the present, the past, and the bright to come—all had seemed to cast back upon him the pictures of innumerable blessings. He had trod, even in dreams, upon a sunny shore.—And now—!

"But why prolong the pain and disgrace of the story? He fell, step by step.—Sickness was on his body; despair was in his mind. He shrank and wasted away, 'old before his time,' and might have subsided into a paralyzed cripple, or a moody idiot, had not a death (for once a friend) come suddenly to him, and rescued him from further misery.

"He died, as his wife and child had died before him. The same signs were there—the unnatural quiet—the closed shutters—and the funeral train. But all in their time disappeared; and in a few weeks workmen came thronging again to the empty house; the rooms were again scoured—the walls beautiful. The same board which two years before had been nailed to the wall, with the significant words, 'To Let' upon it, was again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the old time had returned again, and that the interval was nothing but a dream.

And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish that I could have crowned my little tale with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish even that I could have made it more heroic, or have developed some grand moral for your use. As it is, it contains little beyond the common thread bare story of human life—first hope, and then enjoyment, and then sorrow—all ending quietly in the grave. It is an ancient tale. The vein runs through man's many histories. Some of them may present seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy—or a career beginning gaily, and running merrily to its close. But this is because we do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand, thousand small pulsations, which yield pain or pleasure to the human mind. Be assured that there is no more of equality or stagnation in the heart, than in the ever-moving ocean.

You will ask me, perhaps, to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? Some wise friends will tell you that you may learn, by precepts, never to lean too much on others; for that thereby you loose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman—to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the least wind may blow into dust—it is any thing but the act of a wise and prudent man. And to grieve for her after she is dead!—to sigh for what is irrecoverable! What can be more senseless? All this can be proved by every rule of logic.

For my part, I can derive nothing for you from my story, except perhaps that it may teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathize with your kind. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necessary, as any high-wrought or stern example, which shuts the heart up, instead of persuading it to expand; which teaches prudence instead of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us, too well contented to reach.

We should not confine ourselves to the fields and inhale the fresh breath of the spring, merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should not read the sadness of domestic history, merely to extract some prudent lesson for ourselves. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavor to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of.

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it, and I hope that you will not entirely contemn this until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this—"*Let but the heart be opened, and a thousand virtues will rush in.*"

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

The Old Man's Soliloquy.

Alas life has ceased to have a charm! I have survived all my cotemporaries, in the days of my youth, when the warm heart delights in its friendships. They in whom I found pleasure are gone. They have left me desolate. I have survived the time allotted to man. I have seen avarice and ambition extirpate the inhabitants of the forests; and where these were, they have raised their cities, in which the simplicity of nature and the sweetness of innocence find no dwelling. Generations have passed away before my eyes, but I have been condemned to survive.

My children! where are they? Incorporated with the dust, which is wafted by the will of the wind. Those they have left feel little tenderness for me. Those whom my wealth bribes to hold my swimming head, and support my trembling steps, tell me by their looks I am miserable. They tell me in expressions more powerful than language—

"Pitiful being, the continuance of your life is but a protraction of woe. You are an awful monument of the wretchedness which human nature may endure."

Who feels a sympathy for my sighs? Whose heart do my groans melt to compassion? I have but one wish—to forget I live; one hope—to hide me in the earth.

TOUCHING GRATITUDE.—A poor Irish woman applied, a few days since, for relief to our well-known citizen Mr. Longworth, who in compliance with her urgent appeals, finally handed her a dime. Sinking on her knees, she devoutedly thanked God, and then turning to Mr. Longworth, continued: "And when in another world I see you in torment, I will remember your kindess, and give you a cup of cold water for this that you have done to me."

Mr. Longworth felt more obliged for her good intentions than complimented by her anticipations of his state in futurity—*Cincinnati Columbian.*

The distinguished individual, known among the ancients as Cupid, has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will therefore devote his attention to money as well as matri-mony

How an Indian can Die.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at the late engagement between a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cedar Island Lake. The Chippewas, who were en route for a scalping foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambuscade, and the first notice of danger that saluted their ears was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of the number fell dead in their tracks. Another, named the Ward Cloud, a leading, brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. His comrades were loth to leave him, and while his assailants were re-loading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where they could get the shelter of a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request they seated him on a log, with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and a liveller strain, and when several had gathered around him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screeching forth their demoniacal yells of exultation, not a look or a gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore the scalp from his head. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grazing his ears, neck, &c., until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same imperturable stoic, continuing to chaunt his defiant strain, and although one of the number flourished his reeking scalp before his eyes, still not a single expression of his countenance could be observed to change. At last one of them approached him with a tomahawk, which after a few unheeded flourishes he buried in the captive's skull, who sank in death with the song upon his lips. He had indeed succeeding well in teaching his enemies "how a Chippewa could die." A few days afterwards they were taught how a Chippewa could be avenged.—*St. Paul (Min.) Democrat*

Anecdote of Tom Corwin.

Some years ago, when Tom Corwin and Tom Ewing were on a political pilgrimage to the northern part of the State, they were invited to tarry over night with a distinguished local politician. The guests arrived rather late, and the lady of the mansion being absent, a niece undertook to preside on the occasion. She had never seen great men, and supposed they were elephantine altogether, and all talked in great language. "Mr. Ewing, will you take condiments in your tea, sir?" inquired the young lady. "Yes, miss, if you please," replied the quondam salt boiler. Corwin's eye twinkled. Here was fun for him. Gratified with the apparent success of her first trial at talking with big men, the young lady addressed Mr. Corwin in the same manner: "Will you *take* condiments in *your* tea, sir?" "Pepper and salt, but no mustard," was the prompt reply of the facetious Tom. Of course nature must out, and Ewing and the entertainer roared in spite of themselves. Corwin essayed to amend the the matter; and was voluble in compliment, anecdote and wit. But the wound was immedicable. The young lady to this day declares that Tom Corwin is a course, vulgar, disagreeable man.—*Toledo Blade.*

BLUCHER.—When old Blucher was in England he was invited to Oxford to have a doctor's degree conferred upon him.—The fierce drugoon was as much amused as delighted at the idea of the honor, and introducing another Prussian general, who had been his right hand man in all his campaigns, observed, in broken English, to the vice chancellor, "Sir, if I am a doctor, this is my apothecary." But the veteran made a better hit than that before the day was over. At an evening party given on the occasion, among others present was a lady, of whom it was sometimes whispered that she did not belong to a temperance society. We dare say this was malice, but on this evening it did unfortunately happen that she was in very high spirits. "Who is that lady?" said Blucher, fixing his eye upon her. "That is Miss Sparkle, the daughter of one of our cannons," was the answer; at which the shocking old Field-Marshall thundered forth with a roaring laugh, "a *cannon's* daughter! By Jove, I thought so, she looks so *very well charged with grape!*"

Lines.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

A Fashion Hit.

The fashion editor of the New York Mirror, in concluding his article of April, makes the following legitimate hit, which will answer for our latitude, as well as that of New York:

"It would be a noticeable and charming reform in our ladies in costuming, were they to imitate the Parisianers, and wear fewer furbelows and flounces in the streets. Also, if they would more trimly stocking and gaiter their feet. Our belles should futhermore leave street-sweeping to our proper authorities Skirts trailed in tobacco-juice, &c., are not tidy nor attractive. To remedy this, a trifle might be taken from the bottom of fashionable street dresses, and added to the top."

A Cat, belonging to a widow lady in Ohio, had lately set upon half a dozen duck's eggs, and continued her attentions until the eggs were hatched; and there is now a fine brood of six young ones, half duck and half cat, having duck heads and cat tails; but what is more wonderful, they mew and quack alternately.

Echoes.

The following very pretty lines will find an echo in every heart:

Hark! through Nature's vast cathedral,
Blended echoes ever rise,
Swelling in a mighty anthem
To its ever arching skies.

Every bird that sings in summer,
Every honey-laden bee,
Every squirrel in the forest,
Every cricket on the tree.

Every music dropping fountain,
Every softly murmuring rill,
Every dark and foaming torrent,
Every water-guided mill;

Every rain-drop on the house-top,
Every beetle's noisy drone,
Every footfall on the pavement,
Wakes an echo of its own.

Sobs of woe and songs of gladness,
Each responsive echoes find,
Words of love and words of anger,
Leave their echoes far behind.

Every great and noble action
Is re-echoed o'er and o'er,
Life itself is but an echo
Of the lives that were before.

Strange Life of a Homicide.

A writer in the Tomaston Watchman, gives the following singular biography of James Hightower, recently convicted of manslaughter in that county. Three years in a dungeon, it seems, is nothing to what he has endured.

About twenty-one years ago a young lady of this section of country, belonging to a respectable family become the victim of a vile seducer; the fruit was a boy, who is the subject of our narrative. His mother, as is the case usually with those of her sex who are unfortunate, married a man of low breeding and in adverse circumstances; consequently her son was destined to receive but a limited share of education or moral training. At a tender age his character was peculiar and in some respects very extraordinary. When only seven years old he was attending a sugar-cane mill; by some means his left arm and hand were crushed, by which accident he forever lost the use of his hand.

At the age of ten he was bitten by a rattlesnake; being nearly alone in the place, he had to call to his aid all the presence of mind of which he was master. Fortunately he used the proper antidote and thereby saved his life. In the short space of a few months he was again bitten by one of the same species of reptiles; by pursuing the same course as heretofore, he was again rescued from the jaws of death.

Between the age of twelve and fourteen, he made several attempts to take the life of his step-father which shows that he would not be imposed on. About that age he also snapped, several times, a loaded musket at a neighbor. When fourteen years old, he was knocked down by lightning, and did not recover for some time. At the age of sixteen he was attacked, while hunting in the woods by a very large panther. The panther soon bore him down—he exhibited great presence of mind by feigning death. The panther then covered him with sticks and grass, after which he took his leave in search of more prey. Our hero, after the panther's departure, arose and made his escape home. He was badly torn—two of his jaw teeth were bitten out, and many wounds were inflicted.

But he was not thus to die, for he soon recovered, and very soon after his recovery gave his step-father a severe whipping and left him. Excepting another slight shock by lightning, his path was smooth until nineteen, when he became enamored of a young lady; though figuring in a higher sphere, his superior in intellect and family, yet she was smitten by the boy of misfortune, and resolved to marry him notwithstanding the opposition of her relatives, who made severe threats against our hero. But what cared he, who had successfully battled against rattlesnakes, panthers, and even the high powers of Heaven, for the threats of man? Nothing daunted, he continued to urge his claims; after finding all his efforts for the compromise unavailing, he began a determined course. He procured his license, placed a magistrate at a conspicuous point in the woods, and proceeded himself on foot to the house that sheltered her whom he loved—secretly forced the door of her chamber, and conducted her about five miles through the woods to the place of rendezvous.

Before arriving at the place where the hymenial altar had been temporarily erect-illuminated by the blaze of lightwood knots, and the pale rays of the moon alone, our hero fell into his former path of bad luck, for he was bitten by a moccasin snake; but he was too well used to snake bites to suffer that occurrence to retard his progress at such a momentous crisis, and like a brave and undaunted boy, pursued his course, and in accordance with his anticipations was lawfully married about 12 or 1 o'clock at night. His moccassin bite did not long keep him in bed, for he then possessed a nurse of unceasing attention. After his final recovery, he carried his wife to the home which he had provided for her, hoping that his cup of misfortune was then full, and that he would enjoy the bliss attending a married life.

But he was not destined long to enjoy that repose which he so much sought.—He soon became entangled in a quarrel with one Mr. Wheeler; the result was, Wheeler was killed, and our hero, after a regular trial in a court of justice, was convicted of manslaughter, and now, at the age of twenty, has gone, leaving his wife, his anticipated baby, and his sweet home, to the penitentiary, there to be incarcerated within its dismal walls for the space of three years, which to him must seem long, long. Who can contemplate his past life and not say, surely he is the child of misfortune! Have his misfortunes ended? Alas! who can tell!—That fact, is yet concealed by the dark curtain of futurity.

The concourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindoos were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

PETRIFACTION.—We were shown perfect and most curious specimen of the class of natural phenomenon, some day ago—being no less than a *petrified ham* It was dug about four feet from the surface, by some men at work near the Cow Run Railroad, about one and a half miles east of the line, in Northumberland county, a few miles distant from Mt. Carmel.—How long it had lain there it is impossible to tell, but it had evidently been in the hands of some one who understood curing hams. It had been prepared in superior style, in every respect, and in its present character of stone every mark of the knife, and every natural feature of the original pork, were most clearly preserved. It was of middling size, and from appearance would be taken at once by any one for a choice quarter of a genuine porker; but it would have taken a good many eggs to make a fry of it palatable.—*Miner's Journal.*

The Washington *Globe*, in a long review of Judge Edmonds' work on Spiritualism, holds the following language:

"The New York *Evening Express* has been down very hard upon the Spiritualists, denouncing the whole matter as lies and impostures. That there are impostors among them, and always have been, there can be no doubt; and there always will be; but we suppose the great body of believers to be as honest and sincere as those who profess to believe in anything else. We thought of Spiritualism at the beginning, four or five years ago, about as the *Express* does now; but circumstances have materially changed. There are now now some two or three hundred thousand believers, Judge Edmonds says, and among them are many moral, estimable, and intelligent people. To denounce the whole matter as a villianous imposture would be uncharitable and unjust."

A singular trial is now in progress in one of the Providence (R. I.) courts. Some time since a young lawyer of Providence was detected at the Marlboro Hotel in women's clothes. His female wardrobe—a very valuable one, valued at some hundreds of dollars—was taken from him and given into the hands of a Providence policeman, who was to give it to the lawyer's wife. She being away from the place, it was not done, and the owner has had the officer arrested for theft, in keeping the clothes from him. An amusing list of this clothing was published in one of the Providence papers a few days ago, which showed a very extensive female outfit. The case is exciting much interest, as the gentleman, besides being a married man, is a church member, Sunday school teacher, &c.

ASHLAND.—A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette thus speaks of a visit to what was once the residence of the great Clay:

"I was not prepared to find the dwelling totally demolished; but all that remained of it was a part of a stone wall, which had once served to divide the parlor from the library, and upon this some half dozen men were at work with crowbar and pickaxe, levelling it to the ground. All, therefore, that remains of the old homestead of the statesman is a pile of bricks and rubbish.—We were told that the present proprietor of the estate—a son of Henry Clay—is about to erect on the site of the old dwelling a new edifice of its exact form and character."

JOB A PRINTER.—At a Printers' Festival in Minnesota, Judge Goodrich made a speech in which he referred the invention of Printing to a higher antiquity than is usually ascribed to it. He undertook to prove that Job knew all about it, by quoting from him the following passage:—"Oh, that my words were now written!—Oh, that they were *printed in a book*, that they were graven with an iron pen, with lead in the rock forever!" Here we have undoubted evidence that Job *understood* the arts of *Writing, Printing, Engraving, Stereotyping and Lithographing*;—he mentions them in their regular order, as they have been re-discovered.

CUNNING OF A FOX.—While an old man was wandering by the side of one of the largest tributaries of the Almond, he observed a badger moving leisurely along the ledge of a rock on the opposite bank. In a little time a fox came up, and after walking some distance close in the rear of the poor badger, he leaped into the water. Immediately afterward came a pack of hounds, at full speed is pursuit of the fox, who by this time, was far enough off, floating down the stream; but the luckless badger was instantly torn to pieces by the dogs.

MORE DISCOVERIES OF GOLD.—The Reading (Pa.) Gazette states that further discoveries of gold have been made in that vicinity by Mr. G. J. Philips, the English Geologist, who is now on a tour of mineralogical research in Berks county. The Gazette has been shown several specimens of the precious metals, which were found in a body of quartz rock on the farm of Mr. E. Jonathan Deininger, a mile or two north east of the city.—The gold, it says, appears to be remarkably pure, and upon an assay would doubtless yield a large per centum.

TO CURE FOUNDER.—The Ohio cultivator gives the following receipe for curing the founder—more correctly speaking—the water-founder:

"Bleed the horse from the neck as long as he can stand up; then make him swallow one pint of salt; anoint well around the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine; keep him from drinking too much water, and he will be well in a few hours."

FEMALE EQUESTRIANSHIP.—A daughter of the Hon. Caleb B. Smith, late United States Senator from Indiana, at a recent county fair at Connellsville, in that State, received the highest prize—a side-saddle worth $100—as being the best lady rider of all who presented themselves as competitors.