THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-backed chair,
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer's afternoon
Falls hot across the floor;
And the drowsy tick of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
From the scented summer air;
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,
And he sleeps in his high backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams,
His head droops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest;
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blessed.

The years unroll their fearful scroll;
He is a child again;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain;
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook,
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parting lips,
As he hears the bell for school;
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,
And the morning never full.

A mother's hand pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A summer breeze blows in at the door,
With the toss of a leafy bough;
And the white-haired man is a boy again,
And his eyes are tear-filled now.

Promising and not Performing.

There are many individuals in society who can never be depended upon. They are "good, easy souls," according to the general understanding, and are ever ready to make promises. But performance with them is quite a different affair. They are uncertain, vacillating, and altogether unreliable. A sad system, and one that is apt to get them into many difficulties.—Too much importance cannot be attached to reliability. It is a priceless quality.—It may be counted upon at all times and seasons and under all circumstances. A pledge is given, a promise is made, and the utmost confidence may be felt in the fulfilment. With too many, however, aye, with the great multitude of mankind, the system is otherwise. Either insincerity characterizes the promise in the first place, or hesitation and change take place soon after, and thus the word is forfeited, the character is soiled, and all future confidence is destroyed. And this applies as well to the little as to the great things of life.

It is too much the habit with the thoughtless, to regard the non-fulfilment of small engagements as of no importance whatever. They will agree to meet this friend or that, at a certain time and place, and then will treat the whole matter with indifference or contempt, utterly regardless of the indirect insult conveyed in such trifling, as well as the waste of moments, or hours, which to another may be precious. Indeed, individuals who are prompt and punctual in little things, are seldom remiss in great. If they are attentive to the ordinary courtesies of life and society, they will, in the majority of cases, be found truthful, manly, high-minded and honorable. There is, indeed, great virtue in reliability. It adorns, dignifies, and elevates the character. A reliable man is always a good citizen, an agreeable companion, a prudent counsellor and a trustworthy friend. He is a man of confidence and of principle, and his words and deeds are thus influenced and controlled by considerations of the highest and purest descriptions. He may be depended upon as well in the hour of misfortune as in the day of prosperity. His advice will be received with respect and confidence, his professions will always be characterized by sincerity and veracity.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Treadmill of Life.

Round, round, it goes, this treadmill of life, and he who stops, in its eternal march, finds himself in a bad predicament. We really wish the thing could stop, just long enough to give one time to take a good long breath, but it won't. Tramp, tramp, tramp, we must keep a going up the weary steps, which sink beneath our footfall and keep us going in one unvaried round.—Sick and weary, depressed in spirit, and faint at heart—no matter—on we must go, while the world slides from beneath us, and each successive step finds but another like its own which must be taken. Such is life in our experience, and really, we suppose, whatever we feel inclined to think sometimes, that it does not vary widely from the lot of others. It has its compensating advantages. Away from the wheel which we tread in its unceasing round, we trust motion is felt, which is not of this round and round character—that whatever may seem to our state, there is progress somewhere, which owes its motion to this little treadmill of ours, which we tread so wearily sometimes.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

THUS IS LIFE.—If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connections, and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age and did business with those who slumber in the tomb.—Thus is life—how rapidly it passes!

GOSSIP.—It is not high crimes, such as robbery and murder, which destroy the peace of society, so much as the village gossip, family quarrels, jealousies and bickerings between neighbors—meddlesomeness and tattling, which are the canker that eats into all social happiness.

The Sense of Justice.

The boys attending one of our public schools, of the average age of seven years, had, in their play of bat and ball, broken one of the neighbor's windows; but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him.

The case troubled the governess, and on the occasion of a gentlemen visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case.

The address to the school had reference, principally, to the conduct of boys in the streets and in their sports. The principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere—even when alone, and when they thought no eye could see, and there was no one present to observe. The school seemed deeply interested in the remarks.

A very short time after the visiter left the school, a little boy arose in his seat and said:—

"Miss L——, I batted the ball that broke Mr. ——'s window. Another boy threw the ball, and I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a deathlike silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for —— to pay the whole for the glass," said another boy, rising in his seat; "all of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all engaged alike in the play; I'll pay my part!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

A thrill of pleasure seemed to run through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.

The Printer.

A Printer is the most curious being living. He may have a BANK and COINS and not be worth a penny—have SMALL CAPS, and neither wife or children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swiftest by SETTING fast. He may be making IMPRESSIONS without eloquence; may use the LYE without offending, and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand when they set, he can SET standing, and even do both at the same time—may make use of FURNITUE, and yet have no dwelling—may make and put away PI, and "*never see a pie,*" much less eat it during his life—be a human being and a RAT at the same time—may PRESS a great deal and not ask a favor—may handle a SHOOTING IRON, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol—he may move the LEVER that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a mole hill—spread SHEETS without being a house wife—he may lay his FORM on his BED and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the † without shedding blood, and from the earth handle the STARS; he may be of a ROLLING disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a SHEEP'S FOOT, and not be deformed; never be without a CASE, and know nothing about law or physic; be always CORRECTING his ERRORS, and yet growing worse every day; have EM~~s, without ever having the arm of a lass around him; may use his ☞ at every HEAD without knocking any person down or hurting them; have his FORM locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house, or any other confinement.

Whiskey and Newspapers.

A glass of whiskey is manufactured from perhaps a dozen grains of mashed corn, the value of which is too small to be estimated. A pint of this mixture sells at retail for for one shilling, and if of a good brand it is considered by its customers well worth the money; it is drank off in a minute or two—it fires the brain—rouses the passions—sharpens the appetite—deranges and weakens the physical system. It is gone—and swollen eyes, parched lips, and an aching head are its followers. On the same sideboad upon which this is served, lies a newspaper, the new white paper of which cost three-fourths of a cent—the composition for the whole edition costing from ten to fifteen dollars per day. It is covered with a half million of types—it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe—it has in its clearly printed columns all that is strange or new at home—it tells you the state of the market—gives account of the last elopement, the execution of the last murderer, and the latest steamboat explosion or railroad disaster—and yet for all this, the newspaper cost less than the glass of grog—the juice of a few grains of corn. It is no less strange than true that there are large portions of the community who think the corn juice cheap and the newspaper dear, and the printer has hard work to collect his *dimes,* when the liquor dealer is paid cheerfully.

How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the head, and are things of the moment more prized than things of eternity? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the soul, and the information that is necessary to a rational being? If this had its real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of whiskey.—*Forest City.*

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channels in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf, their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a foot steps into snow or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sound—the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

The Sovereigns of Europe.

Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, is fifty-nine years old, six feet one inch high, erect and soldier-like in form, haughty in demeanor, proud of his person, and, when young, was decidedly handsome. He is intelligent, shrewd, stern, resolute, and by no means wanting in personal courage.—He is a good disciplinarian, but not a skilful commander in war, as was proved in his younger days. His information in regard to the condition and policy of all nations is minute and extensive, his plans vast, his ambition boundless. In the last respect he truly represents the Russian character and sentiment. The same disposition prevails in Russia now to pour down on the more fair and wealthy and sunny realms of the south and west of Europe, as in the days when the Roman Empire was overwhelmed.

Frederick William, King of Prussia, is the brother-in-law of the Czar, but a very different kind of a man. He is about fifty years of age, despotic in feelings, but somewhat liberal by compulsion. He would gladly join the Emperor of Russia in his plans if he dared; but his people are otherwise inclined. He is fat, "a good-looking," "tolerably good-natured," and somewhat stupid sort of a man.—Should the present war continue for some years, he will probably be found on the side of Russia. His present declaration for neutrality is merely designed to gain time to watch the course of events for one campaign, and then shape his course according to results.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is twenty-three years of age, and has succeeded in raising small moustaches for his handsome face, and a small loan for his exhausted treasury. He has a broad forehead, good form, about five ten inches in height, and is an expert and an excellent horseman. He exhibits no sign of extraordinary administrative capacity, and will probably add little to the reputation of the House of Hapsburg. He fell in love with a young lady last fall, "at first sight," and was recently married to her. His government is almost bankrupt in pecuniary resources; his people are discontented; and his empire is exposed to desperate peril between the contending interests and nations now at war on the continent of Europe. He is greatly indebted to the Emperor of Russia, and would join him in the partition of Turkey, but for the dread of the vengeance of the Western powers, and the opposition of his own people. His position is perilous, turn which way he will; and neutrality is almost impossible.

Abdul Medjid, Sultan of Turkey, is but thirty-three years of age, though he has one daughter married, and two more betrothed. He is rather small in stature, with a sallow, sad and mild expression of countenance. He is in favor of reforms in his empire; is just and merciful in his rule, and delights more in superintending his schools and public improvements than in marshaling his armies and navies for battle; but, forced into war for the existence of his empire, as he is, he will doubtless maintain the ancient reputation of his gallant and warlike race. Thus far, in his difficulties with the Czar he has shown a moral courage, a firmness and moderation, and an energy in preparing for war, that have enlisted on his side the sympathies of nearly all civilized nations. He has no wife. Sultans do not marry. He is evidently a sincere and zealous Mahomedan, though he has stipulated with the Western powers that he will place the Greek and Christian population of his empire on the same footing as to civil rights as the Turks.

Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, is rather below the middle stature, has a dull and drowsy eye, and a countenance that ordinarily expresses but little. He is about forty-four years of age, and has had an adventurous life. From an artillery officer in Switzerland, a rowdy in New York, a special police officer in London, and prisoner at Ham, he is now seated on the most dazzling throne of Europe, and wields a power second only to that of the Empire of Russia. Public opinion has undergone a great change in regard to his mental capacity, since he ascended the throne of France. He has manifested an ability of high order as a ruler and statesman; and, at this moment, exercises a greater influence over the affairs of Europe than any other sovereign, not even excepting the Emperor of Russia. And this influence he has wielded wisely, for his own interests, and, thus far, for the honor and interests of France. He enters on the conflict with his great antagonist of Russia with a dauntless spirit, and an energy of preparation, that shows much of the true metal of his uncle "of glorious memory."

Queen Victoria, of England, rules over the most populous, wealthy and powerful empire on the globe. On her dominions the sun never sets; and under her government the people of England and Scotland, at least, enjoy more freedom than under any other monarchy. Queen Victoria is now thirty-five years of age; of a mild and amiable disposition, and is an exemplary wife and mother. But as a ruler, she exercises little real authority.—Her Cabinet Councilors and Parliament are the actual rulers of the British Empire. The naval power of England is nearly as great as that of all other nations combined; and her commerce and manufactures greater than those of any other nation.

Oscar, King of Sweden, is now in the prime of life, and, personally, is strongly inclined to side with the Czar in the present war. But his people, almost unanimously, are hostile towards Russia. An armed neutrality is his declared position, and to this position and its rights the Czar accedes.

The King of Denmark is under personal obligations to the Emperor of Russia, but is compelled by his position and the voice of his people, to adopt the policy of neutrality.

The King of Belgium is controlled in his policy by dread of his powerful neighbor of France.

Christina, Queen of Spain, is fully occupied, just now, with the insurrectionary movements of her own people, who are disgusted with her open profligacy, her disregard of the welfare of her subjects, and the arbitrary principles of her government. She is young yet, but her reign will probably be short.

The King of Sardinia would be a liberal, if backed by any power that would enable him to contend with the myrmidons of Austria.

The King of Naples is an unmitigated tyrant; blood-thirsty, cruel, and resolved on maintaining the "divine right of kings;" and such is the temper of his subjects towards him, that he has a very fair chance of meeting a sudden and violent death.—A few years ago he was an accomplished horseman and charioteer, and might be seen almost daily driving through the streets of Naples, with a frequent nod of recognition to his people. He is now seldom seen, except when surrounded by his guards. He is a Bourbon of the French family, and is friendly to Russia; but his influence among the European nations is of little account.

Otho, King of Greece, is a mere cipher, a tool in the [illegible] England and France.

Such [illegible] ns of Europe, [illegible] ner-al war [illegible] f the most [illegible] dicts that [illegible] ent and [illegible] a man [illegible] those [illegible] e-veal [illegible] ot-ism [illegible] of free[illegible] he despo[illegible]

ARS[illegible] dical journal [illegible] ers of Europe [illegible] its effects wh[illegible] eaten in minut[illegible] nts of Austria, [illegible] ncrease their fles[illegible] their limbs. Th[illegible] enic also has the effec[illegible] more enduring, and [illegible] in mounting steep asso[illegible] is often administered to horses [illegible] by the grooms and coachmen of the Austrian capitol.—They mix a liberal pinch of the powder with oats, or attach to the bridle a fragment of arsenic as large as a pea, wrapped in linen, and when the horse is harnassed the saliva dissolves the arsenic.—The glossy, round and elegant appearance of valuable horses in Vienna, and especially the white foam about the mouth, are generally due to arsenic, which, as is well known, increases salivation. It is also given to cattle intended for fattening, but is said not to increase their weight, though it adds to their size. The ill effects of this poison do not manifest themselves till the practice of using it is stopped, and then emaciation follows, which no nourishing food can prevent.

WHISKERS.—The editress of the Lancaster *Literary Gazette* having said she would soon nestle her nose in a rat's nest of swingle tow, as allow a man with whiskers on to kiss her, some outrageous old bachelor editor, who ought to be condemned to live single forever, if not a little longer, retorts thus:

"We don't believe a word of it! The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arises from envy.—They don't have [illegible] hey would if they could, but th[illegible] e continual motion of the lo[illegible] to their growth."

"The ladie[illegible] pt our fashions as f[illegible] t the depredation[illegible] mmitted on o[illegible] rs. They have [illegible] ms, gold studs [illegible] led their soft, [illegible] ing collars [illegible] flatties an[illegible] little hear[illegible] side of ou[illegible] ing agai[illegible] tended.

"They [illegible] ankles t[illegible] whisperas[illegible] Micawber [illegible] are skipping [illegible] heeled boots [illegible] We say boo[illegible]

SCRIPTURE [illegible] ted that Bishop D[illegible] ey, is strongly opposed to temperance. A short time since, the Rev. Mr. Perkins of the same denomination, and a member of the order of the "sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the reverend gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins:

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, I cannot do that, for woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

A friend from the country telling Foote of an expensive funeral of an attorney, the wit replied:

"Do you bury your attorneys?"

"Yes, to be sure we do—how else?"

"Oh! we never do that in London."

"No!" said the other, much surprised, "how do you manage?"

"When the patient happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the sash, and in the morning he is entirely off."

"Indeed!" said the other, in amazement, "what becomes of him?"

"Why, that we cannot exactly tell; all we know is, there's a strong smell of brimstone in the room the next morning."

Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the objet small or great, according to the end you look through.

He who receives a good turn, should never forget it: he who does one, should never remember it.

THE TOMB OF THE LATE JOHN MCDONOGH.—A tomb has recently been erected over the remains of the late John McDonogh, in the McDonoghville Cemetery, across the river opposite New Orleans. The Cemetery was owned by the deceased, and during his life-time he permitted the free interment of all brought there for the purpose. The editor of the Picayune, who visited the tomb of the deceased a few days ago, says:

The tomb is a very substantial one of marble, resting on a slate flag base, and surrounded by a very strong iron railing. On the end facing the approach is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of John McDonogh, born in Baltimore, State of Maryland, December the 29th, 1779; died in the town of McDonogh, State of Louisiana, October the 26th, 1850."

Beneath this, follows the subjoined inscription:

"Written by himself:—Here lies the body of John McDonogh, of the city of New Orleans, in the State of Louisiana, one of the United States of America; the son of John and Elizabeth McDonogh, of the State of Maryland, also one of the [illegible]es of America; waiting in firm and [illegible]aith the Resurrection and the coming [illegible]is glorious Lord, Redeemer and Master, to judge the world."

On the two sides of the tomb are graven a series of maxims, found among the papers of Mr. McDonogh after his death.—We give them as they appear on the two slabs:

"*Rules of guidance in Life,* 1804.—Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account.

"Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never bid another do what you can do yourself. Never covet what is not your own. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Never spend but to produce. Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good."

M'Donogh continued:

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality. Labor then to the last moment of your existence. Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but first of all, remember that the chief and great study of our life should be to tend by all means in our power to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator. John McDonogh, New Orleans, March 2d, 1804.—The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously."

A friend recently from Washington has related to us a little incident that transpired a short time ago in the Senate Chamber, and which made some amusement among the members. Mr. Gillette, the Connecticut Senator, sits near to Toombs, of Georgia, and they frequently pass a good humored joke. A few mornings a go, just before the Senate was called to order, while several of the members were standing near, Toombs said to Gillette:—

"They say, Gillette, that you Abolitionists are mad with the Almighty *for making the niggers black.*"

"Your informant is slightly mistaken," replied Gillette; "we are only mad with you slaveholders *for making them white.*"

DRUNK ALL OVER.—Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how came you so."—He was fortunate enough to find his better half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be policy to turn over, lest his breath might betray him, when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world, said, "Jones, you needn't turn over, you're drunk clear through."

Selling Liquor to Minors.—We are pleased to see that the Court at Norristown, last week, convicted two persons in that place, for selling liquor to minors, by which several boys were made beastly drunk. They were both fined, and one of them imprisoned for twenty days. They should both have had the extent of the law, for a more heartless and degrading act cannot be well imagined.

A TEMPERANCE SOLDIER.—"I have not slept one night in bed," says a soldier writing from the Crimea, "but mostly on the ground, or on the deck of a ship; still I am as well as ever—I owe it to not drinking. Those who drink most are most subject to illness, and the most of the men who died were hard drinkers.—Tetotalism is the best plan here."

EXTENT OF LONDON.—London extends over an area of 78,029 acres, or 122 square miles, and the number of its inhabitants, rapidly increasing, was 2,362,236 on the day of the last census.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the further you can hear them. Woman are like tulips; the more modest and retiring they appear, the better you love them.

Isinglass is a most delicate starch for fine muslins. When boiling common starch, sprinkle in a little fine salt; it will prevent its sticking. Some use sugar.

A fool in high station is like a man on the top of a monument—everything appears small to him, and he appears small to everybody.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counselor and a friend.

Elopement and Marriage.

A farmer, a widower, who resides in the county of Armagh, Ireland, thinking that the only balm for his grief at the loss of his wife would be to supply her place with another, bethought him of a fair cousin, a lady in her teens, residing in the county of Down, who, according to report, was to have a round sum of cash in her own right, bequeathed her by a deceased relative. Full of this idea, the gay widower recently paid a visit to the father of the fair one, by whom, as a relative, he was hospitably received, not at all suspecting that the object of his visit was to become still more nearly allied to him. As he was a relative, no danger was apprehended from allowing him to spend an occasional hour with the young woman on whom he had placed his affections. This opportunity the wooer turned to so favorable an account that after a few days he succeeded in getting her to elope with him, he having secured a post car for the purpose. The intended bridegroom, regardless of the caution against selecting the fox as a sentinel, brought his intended to the house of a friend, a blacksmith who resides not a dozen miles from Coagh. This man also was a widower, having no incumbrance but one boy, of about a year old. Between him and the young woman a sudden attachment sprang up, and the son of Vulcan, probably on this account, became enamored of the good natured young girl, and being more youthful and sprightly by far than the man she had eloped with, at the expiration of the ten days, the time necessary to fix their residence and to get the marriage license, when they proceeded to Cookstown for that purpose, she prefered sitting on the side of the car with the blacksmith, who managed his point so well that he contrived to leave the first wooer sitting in the inn, where they stopped, and accompanied by the frail fair one, procured the license in his own name, leaving the county Armaghman to proceed home alone, a sadder, if not a wiser man, than when he left. Ultimately, the father of the young woman, accompanied by a friend, arrived in Coagh in pursuit of her and finding how matters stood, he gave his consent, and had the blacksmith and the girl married. The romantic affair, says the London papers of the 19th of January, came off about ten days since.

Death of a Veteran Preacher.—Late English papers report the death on the 2d of February of the venerable Rev. G. Flecher, at the age of *one hundred and eight years.* He was born on the 2d of February, 1747, at Clarbrouf, in Nottinghamshire. From six years of age he had been brought up in the tenets of Wesleyism, and remained a member of that body until his death. He spent eighty-three years of his life in active pursuits. He was at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and followed Abercrombie into Egypt, where he gained the esteem and respect of his officers. He then entered the West India Dock Company's service, where he continued thirty-six years, when he retired on their bounty, still preserving, up to within six months of his decease, that astonishing activity of mind and body for which he was so remarkable, often travelling great distances by rail, and pursuing his holy calling, preaching two or three times a day, regardless of personal inconvenience, for the objects of charity and benevolence.

A Heartfelt Sentiment Inopportunely Expressed.—A large and brilliant party was given in fashionable circles a few weeks since not a hundred miles from our metropolis, and the festivities were kept up to so late an hour that the fair hostess became completely wearied out. Some fifteen minutes after the lady supposed the last of her guests had left, she walked into the supper room, where the gas had been turned down, and gave vent to her wearied spirit by ejaculating—"thank God, they are all *stuffed and gone!*" "Not quite all," squeaked out a voice, "I have returned to find an ear ring which I suppose was dropped at the supper table!" The hostess' chagrin can be better imagined than described, when on turning round she discovered one of her nearest fashionable neighbors!—*Boston Paper.*

Little Boy Shot by his Brother.—A boy named James Wallace, aged 14, was killed by his brother, only twelve years old, in the town of Ohio, in this county, on the 17th ultimo. A quarrel had occurred between the two, growing out of an attempt on the part of the deceased to chastise a twin brother of the younger lad. The latter, by some means, having obtained possession of a loaded pistol, deliberately discharged its contents into the head of the deceased, who lingered for a few hours and then expired in the greatest agony. The mother of the boys was present and witnessed the dreadful scene, but was unable to prevent the catastrophe.—*Mohawk (N. Y.) Courier.*

☞ Europe will soon be governed by Sovereigns all of whom may reckon their birth from this, the nineteenth century. Thus, the Emperor of the French is forty-six years of age; the Emperor of Austria twenty-four; the Sultan thirty-one; the King of Bavaria forty-three; the King of Naples forty-four; the Queen of Spain twenty-four; the King Regent of Portugal forty; the King of Denmark forty-six; the King of Greece forty. The Queen of England is only thirty-three. Only the Emperor Nicholas, the King of Prussia, the King of Sweden, the King of the Belgians, and the Pope were born in the eighteenth century.

Burning Mud for Coal.—Dr. Thomas Hooker, of New Orleans, claims to have discovered a chemical preparation, which, mixed with mud, as a bricklayer would mix lime with sand, makes an excellent *coal*—coal that can be made and sold in the New Orleans market for *thirty cents* per barrel, if made by hand, or *fifteen cents,* if made by machinery. It is said it lights easily; there is no offensive smell emitted; but little smoke, and very little dust or cinders.

WHO ARE OUR CRIMINALS.—In the Municipal Court, Boston, on Monday, the Grand Jury returned sixty-eight bills of indictment against sixty-eight prisoners, for committing various crimes in the city, and out of the whole number sixty were foreigners.

Cleansing Bark of Fruit Trees.

BY PROF. MAPES.

This operation should be performed in early spring, as well as in midsummer. The rough, loose parts of the bark should be scraped off, as well as moss and other parasites. The bark should then be covered with the following mixture, as high as the operator can reach, with an ordinary long-handled white-wash brush:

5 pounds of whale oil soap,
1 pound fine salt,
1 pound fine sand,
2 pounds potash,
2 pounds nitrate of soda,

dissolved or mixed with water to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly rubbed upon the bark.

Many kinds of insects are kept from trees by a solution of whale oil soap alone, and many such as are resident in the crevices of the bark, are destroyed by salt.—The fine sand is intended during the rubbing to scratch the outer coating of the bark, and thus assist the other ingredients for more perfect action. The potash and nitrate of soda will decompose or soften the dead parts of the bark, so that during the summer they will be thrown off by the healthy action of the bark.

If the above mixture is applied in dry weather, it will become so hard as to remain during several showers, and thus have time to perform its office. Trees with smooth bark, such as the plum, many of the cherries, &c., should be rubbed with a wet woolen cloth in a few hours after applying the mixture; this rubbing will cause the sand to clean the surface so perfectly as to give the bark an improved and more healthy surface.

Trees so cleansed, are not as likely to be revisited by insects as those left with their natural surfaces, nor are they as likely to become bark-bound. Indeed we have never known a tree to exhibit the disease called the bark-bound, the surface of the trunk of which had been softened by soap-wash in early spring. The cherry, apricot, peach and nectarine are subject when left in their natural state, to this disease, and it has been usually attributed to too rich or too moist a soil; and under-draining and splitting the bark lengthwise with the knife are the usual remedies. The one is expensive and often impossible where choice trees are planted, and the other unsightly, causing exhalations of gum and consequent canker.

In any case a few applications of soap to the surface of the part hide-bown will remove the difficulty, and the mixture before recommended may be applied, slightly warmed, when required to soften the bark of hide-bound trees.

Guano for Corn.

One of our neighbors let a piece of land to be planted upon shares in corn. He proposed to the laborer to try an experiment with guano upon one portion of the field—should think about one-fourth—while the other portion received a good coating of yard manure. The field being well prepared and marked out so as to show the place for each hill, about one tablespoonful of guano was dropped in each place. It was then well mixed with the soil of the hill with the hoe. A little fresh dirt was then hauled over the compost thus made, and the corn dropped and covered. The result was such that the owner offered to take the guanoed portion as his half of the crop. The laborer agreed to his poposition, and the owner actually got more corn from his part than the laborer did from the whole remaining part of the field. This mode of applying guano is slow, but we think it amply compensates for the extra labor.

It should always be borne in mind, that guano in the hill of corn must be well incorporated with the surrounding earth, and covered as indicated in this article.

Harrowing Wheat in the Spring.

A correspondent of the *Michigan Farmer* says that Mr. James Worthington, of Homer, Michigan, had last spring, a lot of wheat which looked so bad that had not the field been seeded down to clover he should have plowed it up and sown it with spring crops. Instead of doing so, he took a "sharp strap harrow," and with it "tore the land thoroughly to pieces." He then rolled it down with a smooth, heavy roller. This covered the roots again and they soon took hold and the wheat began to improve. The field contained some forty acres, and the result is that every acre of it yielded over 15 bushels, and a majority of it 20 bushels to the acre.

TURKEYS AND GRASSHOPPERS.—It is stated by farmers who have tried it, that there is no way to get rid of grasshoppers more effectually, than by keeping a flock of turkeys. Farmers that have been perfectly over-run with grasshoppers, have by this means been thoroughly freed from them, not only for the time being, but for years.

WALKING ON THE SEA.—Like flying in the air, walking on the water has been often essayed, but still held impracticable. A wonderful approach to the solution of this problem has been made by William K. Phipps, of Farmington, Massachusetts, by invention of a life-preserver, by which he has walked on the sea three miles, from land to land, twice, and went ashore within two miles of where the steamer Ocean was burned in Boston Harbor. He states that if he had been on board that steamer, he would have thought it but a trifling affair to have gone ashore on any of the islands in the vicinity.

POETICAL GEM.—A distinguished member of the Covington bar, having in his youth been treated rather scornfully by a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, thus poured out his grief:

"Oh, Em! Oh, Em! you've me forsaken,
And that, too, without just cause;
But when you find that you are mistaken,
I'll be far away in the ARKANSAWS."

Fidelity, good humor, and complaisancy of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.