THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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Amid the mass of stuff which crowds our newspapers and magazines under the name of "Poetry" there is so little which is even respectable versification, that it is really gratifying, occasionally, to find something whose merit will support its pretensions to the name. But we think the following verses are replete with delicate fancy, besides being exceedingly musical. We do not know who is the author :

The Sun stepped down from his golden throne
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lilly had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she.
What is the Lilly dreaming of ?
Why crisp the waters blue ?
See, see ! she is lifting her varnished lid,
Her white leaves are glistening through.

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide ;
The Lilly hath sisters both fresh and fair,
That would lie by the rose's side ;
He would leave her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true,
But the Lilly unfolded her weary lids,
And looked at the sky so blue.

"Remember, remember then, silly one,
How fast will thy Summer glide ;
And wilt thou winter a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride ?"
"O the rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And lives on the earth," said she,
"But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be."

"But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea ?
Would he send his eye from the distant sky
To smile on a thing like thee ?
O no, fair Lilly, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne ;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

"There is not a leaf on the mountain top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam ;
And will he be true to the pallid flower
That floats on the quiet stream ?"

Alas for the Lilly ! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising star.
The cloud came over the darkened sky
And over the waters wide.
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

The Victorious Little Boy.

I had the following anecdote from a gentleman of veracity :

"A little boy in Connecticut, of remarkably serious mind and habits, was ordinarily employed about a merchant's shop, where nearly all the hands were addicted to the common use of intoxicating liquors. The lad had imbibed temperance principles, and though often invited, could never be induced to partake with any of the shop's crew. Three or four of the hard drinkers in the shop determined to force a dram of rum down his throat by some means. Seizing an opportunity when he was left alone in the shop with themselves, they invited him to drink. He refused.—They told him they would compel him.—He remained calm and unmoved. They threatened him with violence. Still he neither seemed angry nor attempted to escape, nor evinced the slightest disposition to yield, but insisted that it was wicked, and he could not do it. They then laid hold of him, a man at each arm, while the other held a bottle ready to force it into his mouth. Still their victim remained calm and firm, declaring he had never injured them, and never should, but that God would be his friend and protector, however they might abuse him. The man who held the bottle, up to that moment resolute in his evil purpose, was so struck with the non-resisting dignity and innocence of the lad, that, as he afterwards confessed, almost with tears, he actually felt unable to raise his hand. Twice he essayed to lift the bottle, as he placed the nose of it in the child's mouth, but his arm refused to serve him. Not the least resistance was made in this stage of the proceedings, otherwise than by a meek, protesting look ; yet the ringleader himself was overcome by his feelings, and gave over the attempt, declaring he could not and would not injure such an innocent, conscientious, good-hearted boy. Such is moral power. Such is the strength by which evil may, sometimes, at least, be overcome with good.

What makes Death Beautiful?

Leslie, in the hand-book for young painters, observes that the beauty of death is not easily explicable. "How far," continues he, "its strange fascination may arise from the idea suggested of a repose, compared with which that of the most tranquil sleep is agitation, I do not pretend to determine. I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who, standing by the corpse of his wife, said, "it gives me very pleasurable sensations." And yet he had truly loved her. The exquisite lines in the Glaour, in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that "this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death." but I have been told by those in the habit of making casts, that on the second day the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day it is often still finer. I have in several instances been asked to make drawings from the dead ; and though in every case I have somewhat reluctantly entered the room where the body lay, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it."

☞ A little boy of six years when undressing for bed one night, with his night dress on the back of neck, was heard musing aloud as follows :

"I can beat Tom Tucker ; I can write my name in writing ; I can spell Nebuchadnezar ; and I can tie a double bowknot."

Another little fellow, of four, wading into a mud puddle, after a shower, came across an angle-worm, and thus delivered himself, in audible reverie :

"Worms are the snakes, babies ; little mices are the rats, babies ; and the *stars are the moon's babies* !"

The Chief of the Police.

The National *Police Gazette* gives a graphic description of Matsel, the Chief of police in New York. We copy the following incidents :

Many curious anecdotes are told of this gentleman ; not a few of which are highly amusing. Fancy a short, thick set man about five feet nine, nearly as broad as he is long, Dutch built, of powerful frame, neck rather short, broad, round face, and a body which, if it were stretched out to the proper point of gentility, would double his length, and you have the Chief of police. Such a man, you would say, it was impossible for him to disguise himself so as not to be known by his most intimate friends. Yet such is the case.—He has sat beside his wife, and talked to her many times, wondering when the Chief would come in, and she did not recognize him.

But it is not so difficult to disguise one's self after all, if the physiognomy and voice are altered. A tube under the tongue will alter the latter, and the former can be transformed by an imitation goat-ee, moustache or whiskers. Mr. Matsel can do what very few men can on or off the stage. He can give the brogue of an Irishman with its richness, the broken English of a Dutchman, and the long drawl and broad dialect of a Scotchman, so perfect that a native of either of these countries could not but be deceived. He can give the "top o' morning" to Pat, "arrah, how are ye ?" and to Sawney, "Hoo are ye, mon ?" "ch, mon, I'm glad tae see ye," and to Duchey, "yaw, yaw," seems to come naturally. He is also an adept at imitating the Frenchman and Italian. If the Chief could not disguise himself, there would be little use for him on the Police Department of New York. There are men in every sphere of life whose sole study is how to shirk work and duty.

Did you ever see an old Dutchman roughly clad, early on a summer's morning, just before the break of day, going lazily along in his milk cart, looking from side to side, as if he were not quite certain of the numbers and his customers ? He pulls up suddenly, and alights just beside a policeman who is taking a comfortable nap on a door-step. He goes up to him and gives him a shake.

Policeman—"Who the —— are you, you —— Dutchman! What do you want?

Milkman—"Ah ! I catch you asleep, I tell the chief. Help mine can off."

Policeman—"No ; go along and don't trouble me."

The milkman goes along, but the policeman finds out before night that he had been talking that morning to the Chief of Police. Sometimes, rather than face the music, the policeman resigns and nobody knows why.

Another illustration. It is a cold bitter night, and a drizzily sleet gives evidence of an approaching snow storm. The pavements are slippery, and the streets are rather slushy. It is an hour when streets are generally deserted. A stranger is seen staggering through Broad street, he is very respectably dressed, but his tongue betokens his country : he stops and looks at a corner, but the darkness and sleet render it impossible to discover where he is. No lamp posts indicate the locality.—"Thunder an' ouns, New York is an infernal place ! I wonder where the Police are." On he goes, and at last he finds one.

"Can ye tell me where the Zouth Ferry is, sir ?"

Policeman—"Yes, Zir, follow your nose and you'll come to it."

"Och, but you're funny."

On he goes till he meets with another, and the same question is asked and a civil answer is given, and he is directed how to go.

"Now, sir, I'm a rale Irish gintleman, and I think I have met for once with an American gintleman. Arrah now won't you come and take a glass o' Whiskey ?"

"No, sir, I don't need it, and you have enough. Come along, I willl show you the South Ferry."

On the two go until they reach Pearl street, where a groggery stands. By hook or crook the Irish gentleman would not pass until they had a drink.

He was even so accommodating that he would go in and drink himself and would bring a glass to the policeman. The policeman was proof. The stranger persists in having a drink, and puts his hand in his pocket for the purpose of pulling money out, and while so doing, a number of five dollar pieces fall on the pavement. The policeman curses his stupidity, lifts the money up, puts it in his friend's pocket, takes a pin and fastens it so that it may not fall out again. The policeman, while gathering up the money, is blunt enough to tell him that there were men on the police who were more deserving of such money than a fool like him ; but at the same time refuses anything to drink or money for his trouble. The Irishman is conducted to the ferry, and here ends this matter.

Next day two policemen are sent for to the Chief's office, and they discover for the first time that they had been talking to the Chief the night previous. The one is reprimanded, and the other, it is needless to say, is duly promoted at the proper time.

A curious sect of religionists has arisen in England, called the Disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864 ; that the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians ; the latter event to happen in just ten years time, when the Jews will become a nation in the Holy Land. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the rest of the righteous Jews of old, with a few elect among Christians, will arise from the dead and live in Palestine ; but the heathen and the wicked Jews and Christians will sleep eternally.

The first step towards virtue is to abstain from vice. No man has true, sound sense who is immoral.

Envy is the sin that commonly carries its own discovery and punishment.

Support the Ministry.

Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, in a late address to the Convention of his diocese, spoke in terms of just and manly indignation of the poor pittances often paid to ministers of the Gospel : ;

"My next word is an echo—I thank God it is so—echo to a theme which is stirring interest through the Christianity of our land—the inadequate support of the Gospel Ministry. The whole is only an echo to another voice from the far off time in Palestine—"the laborer is worthy of his hire."

"There can be no doubt that the salaries of the ministry are not merely below their services, but inadequate to their actual wants, measured by a social standard far lower than ought to be. The relative expense of living is so much advanced, that the same sum must be regarded as a painful reduction from the past. I know not what we can do but cast the subject before the honor and conscience of the laity. Ours is entirely the "voluntary system," sometimes regarded such to the degree which permits promises for ministerial support to be broken, and pledges of subscriptions to be unpaid. So far, we have rejoiced that religion is free from all dependence upon the State, and the ministry dependent only on the religious sense of the country. It will be a sad hour if that dependence be found misplaced or insufficient. I have no permanent apprehension that it will. I am too hopeful in God and my country. Society is rousing to the lamentable fact, that the clergy as a body, are ill-requited. They have no reasonable maintenance equivalent to their claims as educated, working men, resolutely closing against themselves all avenues of worldly wealth, dedicating to the ministry, talents often which would make them high in the lucrative professions, renouncing choice in place of labor—willing to live reduced to a moderate maintenance—in faith for the morrow—faith for sickness and old age—faith, then most sorely tried, for helpless family orphaned and wife a widow.

"These men, God's own ministers, called by Him, and sent as the best gift Christ bestows in love to His Church ; the semen—I hush my voice to a whisper—beloved of the laity, *almost starving* ; they are ground down to the verriest pittance, and life's heartiness, dignity, affection and power, are shrunk and withered by the shifts of poverty. My tongue would blister, however, if in this I spoke of charity. No, their maintenance is a right—God-imparted, God-defended right. In view of it, the Apostle almost takes the tone of irony :—"Is it a great thing ?" "If we having sown to you spiritual things, is it a great thing that we should reap your carnal things ?"

"But I forget my exact position. My theme betrays me. Brethren of the laity, in this matter we are powerless. It is for you to devise, for you to act, to relieve the worn heart of the ministry, to nerve the missionary, and call out, by the blessings of the harvest, laborers adequate to the work.

British Soverkions.—Those who care to remember the order of British Sovereigns may be assisted by the annexed rhymes :

First William, the Norman,
Then William, his son ;
Henry, Stephen and Henry ;
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the third ;
Edwards, one, two and three ;
And again after Richard,
Three Henry's we see ;
Two Edwards, three Richards,
If I rightly guess ;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess,
Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles whom they slew,
Yet received after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too ;
Next James, the second,
Ascended the throne.
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Anna, four Georges,
And fourth William all past,
God sent Victoria,
May she long be the last.

Mormon Book Concern in California.—The Mormons have taken the lease of a lot of land in Broadway, California, for the purpose of erecting a building to be used as a church, book depot, and printing office. A press, belonging to the sect, is on its way from the Sandwich Islands, and a very large invoice of Mormon books and tracts are expected at an early day from England. A newspaper will be started as soon as the arrangements are completed.

Double Caution.—The late Rowland Hill understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested with pick-pockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all-seeing Providence to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid ; "but lest," he added, there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also two Bow-street officers on the look-out.

"Salamander Safe !" said Mrs. Partington as her eyes fell upon an advertisement. "Do tell me, Isaac, who this Sally Mander is, and what she's been doing, that they've got her safe." I don't know what she's been doing," said Ike, "but I guess she's a sister to Jerry." "Jerry who, Isaac !" "Why, Jerry Mander."

If there is a heaven on earth, it is on a soft couch by your own fireside, with your wife on one side, a smiling baby on the other, a clear conscience, a dozen cigars, a knowledge that you are out of debt, and don't fear the printer, sheriff, or the devil.

An old lady, entirely out of the hearing of the preacher's voice, at camp meeting, being found sobbing, was asked why she wept, since she could not hear the words of the minister. "O," said she, "I can see the *Holy wag of his head !*"

There are at the present time six persons confined in Boston jail on charge of murder.

The following anecdote, as illustrative of how vice was reproved, is told by Gov. White, of Tennessee, with much gusto. Mr. James ——, or "Old Jimmy," as he was familiarly styled by his friends, was a preacher possessed of a good many peculiarities—in a word, he was what is termed an oddity.

In Eastern Tennessee, two preachers generally attend meeting, and it is customary to hear what both parties have to say, so that if one drives a nail during the sermon the other clinches it by way of exhortation. Accordingly, on a certain occasion when the sermon was over, "Old Jimmy" commenced his exhortation by remarking that it was well to rebuke the vicious and reprove vice wherever either were met with, but more especially in the sanctuary. "Now," he continued, "if the man who sits back near the door, and who left the room while brother —— was preaching, and staid out just long enough to suit himself, and get his boots full of mud, and then come in again, thinks I mean him, he is quite mistaken, as I do not ; or if that man who sits on the front bench, and who looks as fresh as if he had not slept for a month, but who indulged in a good nap during the sermon, thinks I mean him, he is equally mistaken,—or if that young woman who sits there before me, and on whom I have my eye, dressed out in her trinkets and gewgaws, with flowers inside and outside her bonnet, (and, indeed it is a shame for parents to allow, he said, their daughters to indulge in such vanity,) thinks I mean her, she too is mistaken." Thus he went through the entire congregation, rebuking such as deserved it. Meanwhile, White was all this time sitting on the end of a seat, rolling about, rubbing his hands in highest glee at the rebuffs administered to each,—chewing tobacco and spitting around in all directions, smiling and enjoying the hard rubs, when "Old Jimmy" said, "Well, I suppose you are all anxious to know who the individual I am alluding to, is,—'tis that dirty, nasty, tobacco-chewing fellow sitting there with a perfect deluge of spit around him,—and only think that the dresses of the sisters must be dragged through it." White declares he never chewed again.

His First Voyage.—It is seldom that one sees a more forcible instance of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," than is recorded in the following sketch of a verdant Connecticut youth's first voyage in a steamboat :—

His curiosity was unbounded. He examined here, and he scrutinized there ; he wormed from the engineer a compulsory lecture on the steam engine, and mechanics in general ; and from the fireman an essay on "white heat," and the average consumption of pinewood, etc.

"What you doin' *that* for, Mister ?—what good does it do ?"

"He was here observed by the captain, who said in a gruff voice :

"Go away from there ! Don't you see the sign—No talking to the man at the helm !' Go 'way !"

"Oh, certin'—ye-os ; but I only wanted to know——"

"Well, you *do* know now that you can't talk to him—so just go way !"

"With unwitting unwillingness the verdant youth came down ; and as it was soon dark, he presently went below ; but four or five minutes before he 'turned in,' he was on deck and near the wheel-house, eyeing it with a thoughtful curiosity ; but, with the captain's rebuff still in his ears, venturing to ask no question.

"In the first gray of the morning he was up and out on deck ; and after some hesitation, perceiving nobody near save the pilot, who was turning the wheel as when he had last seen him, he asked his suppressed question in an *oblique* style, somewhat characteristic of his region :

"Wal—gon it *yet* ha ? Been at it all night, ha ? *A-screwin' on her up*, ha ?"

What vague ideas of screwin' up" a boat to make her "go ahead," must have bothered the poor fellow's brain during the night !

Of all the dark spots of human nature, of all the villeacts of man towards man, none throw such a freezing chill over the whole body, and drive back the purple current on the aching heart, like base and damning ingratitude. Indifference continued, coldness persevered in, favors forgotton, friendship unrequited, by one who has been the willing recipient of our esteem and bounty, bring a palsying horror over, the soul that sickens the blood in the veins, making the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint.

Pour upon a man of fine feeling, a noble, generous soul, the combined diseases flesh is heir to—let death snatch his loved ones from him—strip him of all his earthly goods—let him be assailed by keen adversity and pinching wants—let prison gates confine his body to the lonely cell—let the poisoned arrows of malice and revenge be hurled, and pierce him with many wounds—these, *all* these are a panacea to his bleeding heart, compared with the deadly pang inflicted by base ingratitude.

Fire-flies.—In tropical climes, various luminous insects are attached to female head-dresses. They are also used as lamps. I have read fine print in a dark room by the light of two small Long Island fire-flies in a tumbler. But man was not the first to rob those living gems of their liberty and radiance. There are birds that seize and suspend them as chandeliers for their dwellings. The bottle-nested sparrow, or biya, is one of the kidnappers. Its nest is closely woven like cloth in the figure of a large inverted bottle, with the entrance at the orifice of the neck. The interior is divided by partitions into two or three chambers, one over the other.—These are profoundly dark, untill lit up with fire-flies caught alive, and mercilessly fixed to the walls or ceiling with pieces of wet clay or cow-dung for sconces.—*from The World a Workship.*

The Turks have a very simple method of making pantaloons. They fasten two coffee-bags to a vest, and the thing is done.

An Odd Idea.—Among amusements, the latest novelty we notice is the eccentric target at Mr. John Travis' pistol gallery, on St. Charles street. A shot skillful enough to strike the "bull's eye," sets in motion certain ingenious machinery behind the scene, and the uninitiated sportsman is amazed at beholding the target slowly opened in the centre, disclosing the figure of a beautiful dancing girl, who stands before him for an instant in the attitude of cutting an extra-pigeon wing and is then hiden from view by the closing of the iron slab. Whenever we saw this occur, it appeared to us precisely as if the lady knew when a good shot was made, and wished to know who had fired the first pistol.

A Bachelor got a valentine which opened beautifully. The fair writer sang in sweet rhymes that she was dying to learn a secret he cruelly kept shut up in his heart. It was not to know if he had wealth—it was not to ascertain his pedigree, and learn if he had noble blood in his veins ; for love despises all such considerations. But would he tell her—and thrill a maiden's heart with ineffable joy; would he tell her—and confer a happiness upon her which riches and honor could not bring ; would he, would he tell her—*how much he paid for that new wig?*

Don't Kill the Birds.—We cannot respect man or boy who will shoot a robin. It is unmanly and cruel. And those who care nothing for the dishonour of it should recollect that it is unlawful. A statute of Massachusetts provides for a fine of one dollar for every robin killed between the first day of March and the first of September, and any person "shooting at or killing any birds upon lands not owned or occupied by himself, and without license from the owner or occupant thereof, at any time between the first day of March and the fourth of July, shall forfeit and pay to the occupant or owner of such lands the sum of ten dollars in addition to the actual damages sustained, to be recovered by such owner or occupant in an action of trespass.

The Emperor's Physician.—A letter from St. Petersburg in the *Danube*, of Vienna, says Dr. Mandt, homoeopathic physician to the late Emperor, has left Russia in great haste, and secretly. He is reproached with having too long concealed from the august deceased that his lung was attacked ; also with having himself prepared the medicines destined for the Emperor, instead of having had them prepared by a druggist. Great irritation was manifested against him at St. Petersburg, and the Emperor Alexander advised him, it is said, to leave Russia.

Great Discovery in Electric Telegraphs.—Among the most startling wonders in connection with electricity, is the announcement that M. Bonelli, of Turin, Sardinia, has invented a new electric telegraph, by which trains in motion on a railway are enabled to communicate with each other at all rates of velocity, and at the same time with the telegraphic stations on the line, whilst the latter are at the same time able to communicate with the trains. It is added that M. Bonelli is in possession of a system of telegraphic communication by which wires are entirely dispensed with.

A rather amusing scene was witnessed at the Columbus post-office the other morning. A rough, uncouth looking customer inquired for a letter at the general delivery. He received one; but not being sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him. Dave Brooks, with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows :

"Dear S—, This letter comes a hoppin'. I take my pen in Hand to inform you that we are awl well, and hope you are enjoin the same blessin'. I am sorry to hear you have been on another spree ——" "Stop," shouted the attentive listener, "stop I say: that 'ere letter's for *me*; here's your five cents, and fork that 'ere document over?" And amid a general laugh of the bystanders, he vanished.

Sponging on The Printer.—Here is a little item we think something of framing, to hang conspicuously over the Editor's table :

"The public have a funny notion about printers. They think it costs nothing to puff, advertise, &c. And thus one and another will sponge an extra paper, a puff, or some benevolent advertisement. They forget that it is his business that makes their buisness known to the world. They forget that it is the printer's ink that makes nine-tenths of these immense fortunes. They forget that it takes money to pay compositors—to buy ink, type and paper—and lastly, they forget to even thank you for working for nothing, by gratuitously puffing their business.

Took her with Him.—It will be remembered that last fall the editor of the Green Bay *Advocate*, (Wis.,) during his absence, left his wife to edit the paper, and that she being a good Whig, took the Democratic ticket down from its columns, and wrote some good energetic Whig editorials. The editor, it seems, has been called again to the capitol, and through his substitute announces as follows, on March 22 :

"Our editor has gone to Madison, and in order to make a sure thing of it, and prevent the appearance of any more Whig editorials, has taken his wife with him."

A Mississippi Miracle.—The Quitman (Mississippi) *Intelligencer*, of the 16th March, says that a week or two previous a woman in Kemper county, in that State, gave birth to a child covered all over with hair. It lived three hours, and spoke three distinct words ;—"*seven years' famine.*" But the strangest about it is, half the population of Kemper *believe it*, and are struck with terror at the portentous warning. Cannot some of our churches send a few missionaries to that benighted region?

The Wool Cleaner; or, a Practical Memory.—A Clergyman in Wiltshire, walking near a brook, observed a woman washing wool in a stream. This was done by putting it in a sieve, and then dipping the sieve in the water repeatedly, until the wool became white and clean. He engaged in conversation with her and from some expression she dropped asked her if she knew him.

"O yes, sir," she replied, "and I hope I shall have reason to bless God to eternity, for having heard you preach at W——, some years ago ; your sermon was the means of doing me great good."

"I rejoice to hear it : pray what was the subject?"—"Ah! sir, I can't recollect that, my memory is so bad." "How, then, can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about ?

"Sir, my mind is like this *sieve* ; the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through, it cleanses the wool ; so my memory does not retain the words I hear, but as they pass through my heart, by God's grace they cleanse it. Now I no longer love sin, and every day I entreat my Saviour to wash me in his own blood, and to cleanse me from all sin."

Truly a *practical* memory is the best memory.

A good story is told of a Kentucklan who went to Orleans for the first time. Whiskey, brandy and plain drinks, he knew, but as to compounded and flavoured liquors he was a know nothing. Reposing on the seats of the court of the St. Charles, he observed a score of its fashionables drinking mint julips. "Boy," said he, "bring me a glass of that beverage." When he had consumed the cooling draught he called, "Boy, what was my last remark?" why, you ordered a julip. "That's right, don't forget it—keep bringing 'em."

Railroad Iron.—The Journal of commerce says the most notable change in the imports of New York, during the quarter, has been in railroad bars, the value of which is only $152,683 against $594,415 for the first quarter of last year, and $909,953 for the first quarter of 1853. The imports of tea are double the amount for the same period of last, but far short of the total for the same time in 1853.

A pedagoge in this neighborhood related to me a laughable story of one of his scholars, a son of the Emerald Isle. He told him to spell *hostility*. "H-o-r-s-e, horse," commenced Pat. "Not *horse* tility," said the teacher; "but *hos*-tility." "Sure," replied Pat, "an' didn't ye tell me, the other day, not to say hose! Be jabers ! it's *wan* thing wid ye one day, and another the nixt."

The Iowa election, which has just taken place, has resulted in the election of all the Whig candidates for State offices, by larger majorities than in August last. In Wisconsin also, Judge Cole, the Whig candidate, has been elected to the Supreme Bench. A municipal election in Louisville, Kentucky, has resulted in the election of the American ticket by heavy majorities.

A type-setting machine has been invented in New-York by a brother of John Mitchell, wich is now used in a book publishing office of that city, and which, it is said, will do the work of five men and after deducting the manual assistance required to operate the m, the saving in the cost of composition is an important item.

Man's Right.—Machiavel, the celebrated Italian political and miscellaneous writer, says, in one of his treaties—"Man has a right to speak, think, and write with freedom upon all subjects ; but he has no right to force his opinions upon others, or to persecute those who differ with him in belief."

There has been received at the Washington Monument grounds a block of granite from American citizens in China. It bears an inscription which cannot be read by the natives of this country, although it is presumed to be appropriate. The words are in the Chinese character.

Revolving Vest.—A tailor in London has invented a waistcoat on the principle of Colt's revolver—a garment with *four fronts*, useful to secure the charm of variety or to conceal shabbiness or grease spots, but particularly convenient as lessening baggage, by reducing four waistcoats to one.

Evidence of folly.—Neglecting to *advertise* what you have got to sell, and wondering why you do not succeed in business as well as your neighbor whose goods are no better nor cheaper than your own.

A Western village having passed an ordinance forbiding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any persons except travellers, the next Sunday every man in town was seen walking around with a valise in one hand and two saddlebags in the other.

The New Liquor Law has produced some consternation among the liquor dealers of New York city. They have called a meeting to consult as to the manner in which they shall vindicate their constitutional rights.

Hon. Wm. B. Clarke, the former Whig candidate for Governor in opposition to Governor Lowe, and at one time State Senator from Washington county, died very suddenly at Baltimore, on Saturday, aged 38 years.

☞ A warming pan full of coals, or a shovel full of coals, held over varnished furniture, will take out white spots. The place should be rubbed with flannel while warm.

The Board of Trade of Pittsburg have just adopted a report in favor of the municipal consolidation of Pittsburg, Allegheny, South Pittsburg, Brimingham, &c., into one corporate city.

Modesty is the veil covering the gentle heart, and patience holds the world adoring.

Temporal Power of the Pope.

A CATHOLIC CRITIC ON MR. CHANDLER'S SPEECH.

☞ The following article from the Dublin (Ireland) *Tablet*—a Roman Catholic journal of approved authority—is worthy of attention. It will be seen that Mr. Chandler's negation of the Temporal Power of the Pope does not suit the views of the Church across the Atlantic :

The Know Nothing sect in America seems to have scattered dismay among the christians of the great republic. Mr. Chandler, a respected member of Congress, has been urged by his friends to defend the Church in the House of Representatives, and he had done so. On the 11th of January, his fellow representatives seem to have listened very respectfully to his exposition, which was very elaborate, and from his point of view, quite conclusive. In Europe, however, the exposition is likely to be criticised ; and though people may respect Mr. Chandler, praise his motives and intentions, they will hardly agree with him, supposing him to have mastered the principles involved in his speech. It is not a pleasant task to repudiate the help of a friend, or disown him, but it is sometimes a duty. Mr. Chandler is too frank and too honest not to concede to others the right he vindicates for himself.

Mr. Chandler's theme was the deposing power of the Pope. He denies its existence independent of a public law of nations. It is not our intention to defend that power at present, for we shall confine ourselves simply to the examination of the reasons which are supposed to be fatal to its existence. But, before doing so, it would be fair to remind our readers that the two Popes, celebrated, among other acts noble and heroic, for deposing sovereigns, are numbered with the Saints—Gregory VII. and Pius V. These Popes did not think, nor did those who canonized them think, that they had exceeded their powers, or, diverted their spiritual authority into unlawful channels.

Mr. Chandler says that "the whole power of deposing rested on the consent, not merely of the Kings but of the deposed Princes themselves." If this be true, there is an end of the question, for if the whole power rested on the consent of Kings and Princes, their deposition must have been thoroughly just, because *volenti non fit injuria*, and they were, therefore, very wicked men, when they invaded the Papal States to punish the Pope, who had done nothing to give effect to the consent of those princes. Still more wicked were they who created an anti-Pope to resist the judge whom they had themselves appointed.

If this "whole power" rested on the consent of the Kings, it is clear that the Papal authority does not enter into the question, and that it might have been given to any other authority or power. But it is very strange that kings should have consented to vest such power in any body, and argues little for their common sense.—They must have always been uneasy and their uneasiness was the result of their own folly. Mr. Chandler affirms distinctly that the power to depose, power humanly conferred, was never called in question by deposed monarchs. They admitted the constitutional right and power, though they may have called in question the justice of the act. The assertion is at least strange. Frederick Barbarossa, and Louis of Bavaria, disputed the power most distinctly, and they had an army of scribes, and priests, layman, learned in the law, who maintained that the Pope had no power to depose, and more, that there was no power to depose other than God's. So far is the doctrine of the deposing power having been admitted by the deposed monarch from truth, that they wholly denied it, not merely as vested in the Pope, but as actually subsisting in the world.

The deposing power does actually exist at present ; it is publicly taught in every state that considers itself free. It is the doctrine of Americans, for they deposed George III; of Englishmen, for they deposed James II ; and of Frenchmen, for they have deposed the Bourbon dynasty. The Spaniards admit it, for queen Isabella's throne is in danger. The difference between the modern and mediæval world consists in this ; We vest this in the people, our ancestors more wisely in the Pope. In England the deposing doctrine is made a law of the kingdom, to be put in force whenever the reigning sovereign prefers his soul to the sceptre. Kings, of course, have done their utmost to discredit the doctrine, and they have gained for themselves, instead of it, the scaffold and the sword. The divine right of certain families to govern the people according to their will is refuted, not by argument, but by exile or violent death. If kings prefer this solution of the difficulty to that which mediæval principles offered, that is their affair. This, however, is certain ; the Pope was more patient and considerate than the people are, and a deposition is less injurious to society than a bloody revolution. A deposition does not necessarily involve a change of dynasty, but in general revolution does ; and perhaps kings might, on reflection, prefer to lose the crown to themselves only, to losing it for the family as well.

A great clamor has been raised in the world against the power of the Pope to depose wicked sovereigns, but we believe that there would have been no clamor if the power in question had been vested in the Bishops or Archbishops.

Mr. Chandler goes a great deal further—we are sorry to refer to him so often—and trenches on the real spiritual power which he is so anxious to guard inviolate. His words are these :

"I deny to the Bishop of Rome the right resulting from his divine office, to interfere in the relations between subjects and their sovereigns, between citizens and their governments." It is impossible that he can mean what these imply. The Pope is at this moment "interfering" in Piedmont, defending one class of citizens