THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The Louisville *Journal* says: We defy any tasteful lover of poetry to read the following lines without exclaiming—"How beautiful!"

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
My midnight dreams are all of thee;
For nature then in silence sleeps,
And silence broods o'er land and sea;
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
How oft from waking dreams I start,
To find thee but a fancy flower,
Thou cherished idol of my heart,
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
Have I in turn one thought of thine?

Forever thine my dreams will be,
Whate'er may be my fortune here;
I ask not love—I claim from thee
Only one boon, a gentle tear;
May e'er blest visions from above
Play brightly round thy happy heart,
And may the beams of peace and love,
Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart,
Farewell! my dreams are still with thee,
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
My hopes like summer flowers depart,
But there's one flower that cannot die—
The holy memory in my heart;
No dews that flowret's cup may fill,
No sunlight to its leaves be given,
But it will live and flourish still,
As deathless as a thing of heaven,
My soul greets thine, unmasked, unsought,
Hast thou for me one gentle thought?

Farewell! farewell! my far off friend!
Between us broad blue rivers flow,
And forests wave, and plains extend,
And mountains in the sunlight glow,
The wind that breathes upon thy brow
Is not the wind that breathes on mine.
The star beams shining on thee now
Are not the beams that on me shine.
But memory's spell is with us yet—
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that you and I
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,
Exhaled into the noon-tide sky
May meet and mingle in the cloud!
And thus, my well loved friend, though we
Far apart must live and move!
Our souls when God shall set them free,
Can mingle in the world of love;
This was an ecstacy to me—
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

Beautiful Illustration.

Rev. Mr. Willets, of Philadelphia, in illustrating the blessedness of cultivating a liberal spirit, uses this figure:

"See that little fountain yonder—away yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See, it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it: 'Whither away, master streamlet?' 'I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given.'—Ah, you are very foolish for that—you'll need it before the summer's over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then.' 'Well,' said the streamlet, 'if I am to die so soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it.' So on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away.—Soon the mid summer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them, and the sun peeped through the branches and smiled complacently upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, 'It's not in my heart to harm you;' and the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises; the flowers breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field seemed to linger near its banks; the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows; and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all!

"And where was the prudent pool?—Alas! in its inglurious inactivity, it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stooped and kissed it by *mistake*, but shrunk chilled away. It caught the malaria in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it, and had to move away; and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon the pool and deserted it, and Heaven, in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up.

"But did not the little stream exhaust itself? Oh, no! God saw to that; it emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the mountain that gave the little fountain birth, and there they sipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it, that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry. And if God so bless the fountain, will he not bless you, my friends, if, 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?' Be assured he will.

HUMAN LIFE.—Ah! this beautiful world. Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven is not far off; and then it changes suddenly, and it is dark and sorrowful, and the clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us there are some bright days like this, when we feel we could take this great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn in our hearts or on our hearths, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark.—Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—*Longfellow.*

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a similar, yet superior spirit to our own.

A wag observes that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the *week*.

A Good Recommendation.

"Please, don't you want a cabin boy?"

"I do want a cabin boy, my lad, but what's that to you? A little chap like you ain't fit for the berth."

"Oh, sir, I'm real strong. I can do a great deal of work, if I ain't so very old."

"But what are you here for? You don't look like a city boy. Run away from home, hey?"

"Oh, no indeed, sir; my father died, and my mother is very poor, and I want to do something to help her. She let me come."

"Well, sonny, where are your letters of recommendation? Can't take any boy without these."

Here was a damper. Willie had never thought of its being necessary to have letters from his minister, or his teachers, or from some proper person to prove to strangers that he was an honest and good boy. Now what should he do. He stood in deep thought, the captain meanwhile curiously watching the working of his expressive face. At length he put his hand into his bosom and drew out a little Bible, and without one word put it into the captain's hand. The captain opened to the blank page and read:

"Willie Graham; presented as a reward for regular and punctual attendance at Sabbath School, and for his blameless conduct there and elsewhere. From his Sunday School Teacher."

Captain McLeod was not a pious man, but he could not consider the case before him with a heart unmoved. The little fatherless child, standing humbly before him, referring him to the testimony of his Sunday School Teacher, as it was given in his little Bible, touched a tender spot in the breast of the noble seaman, and, clapping Willie heartily on the shoulder, he said:

"You are the boy for me; you shall sail with me; and if you are as good a lad as I think you are, your pockets shan't be empty when you go back to your good mother."

The Dying Italian Mother's Love.

The plague broke out in a little Italian village. In one house the children were taken first. The parents watched over them, but only caught the disease which they themselves could not cure. The whole family died. On the opposite side of the way, lived the family of a laborer, who was absent the whole week; only coming on Saturday nights to bring his earnings. His wife felt herself attacked by the fever in the night; in the morning she was worse; and before night the plague spot showed itself. She thought of the terrible fate of her neighbors. She knew that she must die, but as she looked upon her dear little boys, she resolved not to communicate death to them. She therefore locked the children in the room, snatched the bed clothes, lest they should leave the contagion behind her, and left the house. She even denied herself the sad pleasure of a last embrace. Oh, think of the heroism that enabled her to conquer her feelings, and all she loved to die! Her eldest son saw her from the window. "Good bye, mother," said he, with his tenderest tone, for he wondered why his mother left him so strangely. "Good bye," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little hand out of the window. The mother paused, her heart yearned toward her children, and she was on the point of turning back; she struggled hard while the tears rolled down her cheeks at the sad sight of her helpless babes; at length she turned from them. The children continued to say, "Good bye, mother." The sound sent a thrill of anguish to her heart, but she pressed on to the house of those who were to bury her. In two days she died, recommending her husband and children to their care with her last breath.

COUNTERFEITING NO CRIME.—Judge Metcalf made a decision at Bellefontaine, a short time since, which will attract much attention. A man was indicted for uttering and forging a note for two dollars on the State Bank of Connecticut, at Hartford. A writ of habeas corpus was sued out, and after full argument and consideration the prisoner was discharged, on the ground that the law of the State not only forbids the circulation, passing, or transfer of bills of foreign banks, of a less denomination than ten dollars, but in its second section it declares, "all such unlawful paper shall be held in this State to be worthless, and all contracts in relation thereto, null and void, and any disbursements, or payments, or exchange for other property of value, or attempted to be made herewith, of no effect whatever." The act charged was no crime within the statute of forgery, because no harm or advantage to any one results, whether the bill is true or false.—The genuine is declared by the statute, worthless and void; it has no legal existance in the State, and cannot be the subject of forgery, for there can be no counterfeit without a real thing.

THE MOTHER.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune and even crime, set up no barriers between her and her son. While his mother lives he has one friend on earth who will not listen when he is slandered, who will not desert him when he suffers, who will soothe him is his sorrows, and speak to him of hope when he is ready to despair. Her affections know no ebbing tide. They flow on from a pure fountain, and speak happiness through this vale of tears, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

In the days of the patriarchs, a woman's conduct was the index of her heart. When, for instance, the father of Rebecca asked her if she would go with the servant of Isaac, she immediately replied, "I will go." Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth centuary, she would have answered, "Pshaw, go with him! Why Mr. Isaac must be sick! Go with him! Go with him! Of course I won't," and then she would have gone with him.

[*From the Knickerbocker*

What the Young Man saw in Broadway.

I stood on the steps of the ASTOR,
And gazed at the living tide
Of vehicles down the middle,
And people up either side.

And I saw a maid who was 'pumpkins,'
In a shawl of real Cashmere,
Jump down from the step of a carriage,
While her robe 'got caught' in the rear.

Oh! the robe was of *moire antique*,
(A very expensive 'rag:')
But a skirt peeped out below it,
And *that* was a coffee-bag.

I knew it had once held coffee,
Though now 'twas another thing;
For on it was 'FINE OLD JAVA,'
Y-marked in store-black-ing.

And I thought, as she gained the side-walk,
And the 'muslin' again was furled;
How much those out-skirts and *in*-skirts
Were like man's heart in the world.

How many a Pharisee humbug
Plays a life-long game of brag;
His words all silk and velvet,
And his heart but a coffee-bag!

And I turned me in to the ASTOR,
For my heart was beginning to sink,
And I told the tale to my brother,
And it rung him in for a drink.

It rung him in for cock-tails,
And then to myself I confessed,
When I thought how I came by the 'ardent,'
That I was as bad as the rest.

AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S EXPERIENCE. I send to your paper some receipts that I have tried in my own family, and think the public should have a chance to benefit by the experience of an "Old housekeeper."

A very nice way to cook chicken.—Cut the chicken up, put it into a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter, and pepper; have made and baked a pair of short cakes, made as for pie crust, but rolled thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish, and the chicken and gravy put over it while both are hot.

Dried peach and apple pies.—After the fruit is well cooked, mash it well, and let it cool; then to one quart of fruit stir in a teacup full of cream and 2 eggs well beaten, season with essence of lemon or cinnamon, bake in crusts, either with or without top crust, as you fancy.

Cakes for Breakfast.—At night put two or three slices of light bread, broken fine, to soak in a pint and a half of milk; in the morning mash it well, and add three eggs and flour to make a batter, with the addition of another half pint of milk; bake as usual. They are very light.—Should be sent hot to the table.—*Baltimore Sun.*

WASHING WINDOWS.—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, gives the following improved mode of washing windows, which although not entirely new to us, may be valuable to many of our readers:—The nicest article for washing windows is deer-skin, as no particles come off to adhere to the glass and make it look as if washed with feathers. There is no need of anything larger than a hand-basin for washing windows.

Flowers.

Each leaflet is a tiny scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missives from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine heights,
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness;
And wheresoe'r the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
Inviting it to prayer.

[*Elizabeth Oakes Smith.*

SHOVELING UP DOLLARS.—The barque Emily Banning, which left in December last, with three of the Nautilus Submarine Company's machine on board, bound on a pearl-fishing voyage, is now engaged in exploring the wreck of the frigate San Pedro, on the cost of Venezuela. This frigate, supposed to have on board some two or three millions of dollars, was blown up at the island Margarita in 1833.—Her stern being blown out, the treasure was scattered upon the surounding sand. Some three hundred thousand dollars have heretofore been taken up, but owing to the inefficiency of the machinery employed, operations were suspended. The company fitting out the Emily Banning ordered her to stop there, and the trial descent of the first machine, sent down in 66 feet of water, brought up one hundred dollars—thirty two dollars being found within the area covered by the machine, before moving. Other articles, as coper. &c., were brought up at the time. The captain, finding the advantage of continuing the work, immediately left for the seat of government to secure the necessary privilege, which was granted.

Letters have been received from on board, during the absence of the captain, which represent the operators as "shoveling dollars." It is the intention of the company to blow the fragments of the ship to pieces, securing the copper, guns, shots, etc. The captain writes: "The bells are all they are said to be." One of the engineers writes: "I wish you could look into the bell when we are down on the bottom with our spades, digging for the almighty dollar. We can look out of the windows of the bell and see the fish looking in at us. We can take the bottom up in the bell, and get out on the sand, and pick up the bell, and run all around where we like." Two months, it is anticipated, will be sufficient to take up every vestige of the San Pedro; and the captain reports he has another vessel near him, in the same depth of water, 66 feet, with $50,000 on board in specie, and another with $15,000, both of which he will take up before proceeding on his voyage.

[From the Frankfort Commonwealth.

THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Breckenridge.

DANVILLE, KY., April 28, 1855.

My Dear Sir:—You are aware that I have received two communications, both of them signed by a number of the most respectable citizens of your town, amongst whom I recognise many old personal friends, urging me to address the people at the capitol of the State upon that great American question which so deeply engages the attention of the whole community. I may add, that many similar invitations have been sent to me, and still continue to be sent, from various and widely-separated portions of the Commonwealth signed in the aggregate by a large number of persons. And it is no doubt known to you that, within this month, I was prevailed on, under peculiar circumstances, in both instances, to speak on this subject in Cynthiana and in Lexington. The object of this communication is, in the first place, to say in this public manner, that it does not appear to me to be my duty to accept these invitations; and, in the second place, to perform the duty which they, and many other considerations, do seem to me to require, in the distinct expression of my principles on the subject itself. In doing this, it may save the necessity of future explanation to say, that I avail myself of the proof-sheets of an article written by me for a periodical published in another State, which has not yet been issued; and to add, that if I supposed there was the smallest doubt of the issue of this contest in Kentcky, or that my services were comparable in value to the estimate put on them by partial friends, I should pursue a very different course from the one I have now adopted.

Politics have assumed a new, and to the old managers of parties and elections, a most unexpected phase. Many things have conspired to produce this result; and men will, no doubt, give this or that explanation of the movement we are witnessing, according to the point of view from which they consider it. Many effects may be produced by the movement itself, and men will appreciate those effects, and endeavour to promote or prevent them, according to their views of general politics, of the interests of society, and of the proper destiny of our great country.

The intense and pervading power of the movement itself can no longer be a matter of doubt. And to the calm observer various elements are manifest which render its future progress altogether inevitable.—Amongst these decisive elements may be stated the augmented force of the movement itself, acquired by its own previous triumphs; and the greater homogeneousness of the spirit of it, in the portions of that country remaining to be subdued, than to the portions already conquered. It will encounter no difficulty equal to the intense Democracy of New Hampshire, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Michigan; the wide-spread political immorality of New York the Democracy of Virginia, and the settled anti slavery sentiment of Massachusetts; the Hereditary Whigism of Kentucky. Yet all of these are mastered by the grander spirit of the new movement. What barrier remains to arrest its irresistible career?

It is infinitely absurd for the opponents of this vast movement of the human mind, to attribute it to unworthy or insignificant causes. It is utterly ridiculous for its friends to imagine that it can exhaust itself upon subjects that are feeble and indistinct. It may aim at what is wrong, or what is unattainable; but it cannot avoid aiming at what is great and permanent any more than it could have been produced by anything that was feeble, indirect or base.—A great people does not receive such shocks from such causes; nor when received do they terminate without immense results.

What we behold is a vast and apparently spontaneous uprising of the spirit of American nationality. Beneath that we behold the restoration of that primeval spirit of Protestant civilization, in which the country itself was originally created. And still beneath that we behold the renewal of that profound sense of the overwhelming necessity of our National Union—which was the grandest outbirth of our National Revolution. These are the life and heart and soul of this gigantic movement. American Nationality, Protestant Civilization, National Union. The country believes all three of these are in danger. Men may say the country is deluded. But that does not alter the case so long as the country thinks otherwise. The country is resolved that all danger to all of them shall be thoroughly removed. Men may say, the country is misled; but what of that, so long as the country is resolved to be National, Protestant and United?

The country is thoroughly convinced that it cannot trust the perpetuation of its nationality, its Protestant civilization, and its Union as one people any longer, to the keeping of existing parties, in their ordinary action; and so the country has, for the time at least, set aside all parties.—Men may say this is mere fanaticism; but what does the country care for the sayings of men whom it rejects as unworthy of being trusted with its destiny in so great a crisis? The country resolves to perpetuate the union of these States. They who are faithful to the Union had better make up the same great parable; they who are not, ought in the judgment of the country to be indiscriminately crushed.—The country determines that its Protestant civilization is its original, its most precious, and its most vital inheritance; and, believing it to have been betrayed, it purposes to surround it with adequate safeguards. They who participate in these opinions will applaud this profound purpose; they who conspire to destroy that Protestant civilization, or who abet or sell themselves to those who do, must abide the political overthrow which so justly and permanently awaits them. The country cherishes its glorious nationality, and believing it to be endangered, it has risen up in its majesty to assert, to vindicate, and to develope still more powerfully the nationality without which the country itself has no destiny—no mission on the face of the earth. They who are so lost to every exalted instinct, as to be insensible to the grandeur of such hopes as God has set before us, may also despise the efforts by which those hopes are to be realized. Nevertheless, the country will guard and assure its nationality in spite of its recreant children as well as its open foes. This is my version of this grand movement; one point of view from which its rise, its progress and its aims are distinctly manifest. Let the country execute such a work in such a spirit; and she will be launched anew upon her high career.

It may be of less importance to determine by what means this great spirit has been aroused and concentrated. Yet this is not difficult. Manifestly whatever those means were, they must have worked long and worked deeply. Was it nothing that in all parts of the country, and for years together, and upon the most opposite pretexts, the dissolution of the Union was constantly threatened? Was it nothing, that political corruption, grown gigantic in the land, had shocked all honest men? Was it nothing, that a stream of foreign paupers and felons flowed into the bosom of the Republic? Was it nothing, that millions of foreign Papists and foreign infidels, inundating the country like a flood of locusts, were openly organized into political powers, directed against the liberty, the religion and the nationality of the people? Was it nothing, that political parties openly taught and sold the support of these fearful powers, contracting always for such payments in return, as were the most humiliating and the most fatal? Was it nothing, that the voice of patriots, the power of the press, the importunities of the pulpit were directed, each in its own sphere, and for years together, against the frightful and enormous wickedness? Was it nothing, that at length, men could neither vote, nor speak, nor preach, nor pray, nor teach without being liable to insult and violence unless they would do all in such a manner as suited the tastes of foreign mobs, composed of foreign Infidels and Papists? Yes, verily, they were deep causes, and they worked long, which wrought the American people to that earnest and fervid, but yet calm and settled enthusiasm, which pervades the nation.

No doubt religion is an element of this wide spread excitement. But it is not the only element, nor, with all men, the chief one. Either of the other elements, by itself—or this one by itself—ought to have been sufficient to have saved the country from the peril which now demands the power of all three to avert it.

Because it is an element at all, they over whom long delayed retribution is impending scream at the bare mention of it, as the demoniacs did when they saw Christ approach them. It is a persecution for conscience sake, in their view, that we hesitate to surrender our country, our liberty and religion to the guidance of corrupt men banded with foreigners; and what makes it a persecution is, that these foreigners happen to be Papists add Infidels. If they had happened to be Chinese, or Mahomedans, the nation would have revolted much sooner. And yet without reason; for we and our fathers have an unsettled account with Popery, many centuries old. At first it was the Emperor and the Pope who trod us in the dust.—Then it was kings and bishops, who burned some at the stake, and drove the rest out of all lands into this wilderness. Now it is priests and mobs and demagogues, who have followed us into our place of refuge—nay, our *last* place of refuge—to renew here the combat of centuries, in a form at once more degrading and detestable, and more likely to be fatal to us than in either of its preceding forms. Shall we be driven into the Pacific?—Shall we succumb? Or shall we turn upon our relentless pursuers? They have followed the lion to his last den, and brought him to bay! Did they expect him to die like a stag in his lair?

The revolt of the country was wholly unexpected by those who supposed they had already secured its final subjugation; and like every other great retribution, it takes those it falls on by surprise. It is not therefore to be wondered at that they execrate with peculiar horror the special means of success against them which their own perfidy and ferocity had rendered absolutely indispensable. The country organizes itself for the great conflict, which, to those who first embarked in it, seemed well nigh desperate, in silence and without observation. This is the way in which all grand movements occur; even the Kingdom of Heaven does not come with observation. But the demagogues, the priests, the mobs, the foreign papists and infidels are shocked beyond endurance, because the handful of devoted men who first combined to save the country, if that were any longer possible, did not call the whole of them into council. For what? In order to be murdered; or, if not murdered, traduced, and the very end for which they were willing to be traduced, and if necessary murdered—utterly defeated?—Were *they* called into council when their enemies bought and sold them? Were *they* notified, when corrupt bargains were struck, in which the liberties of the people were put up at an infamous price?—Were *they* consulted when the atrocious schemes to break up the Union of these States were concocted?

Were they advertised when the overthrow of our nationality, of our constitutions, and of our religion together, was deliberately undertaken by the Popish despots and prelates of Europe? Was counsel asked of them by foreign Papists and infidels, when, throughout the whole land, they conspired with the full assent of demagogues to overthrow the Protestant civilization of the country? Were the secrets of the confessional made known to them? Were the secret oaths binding every Papal ecclesiastic with unlimited allegiance to a foreign temporal prince submitted to their scrutiny? The safety of the State is the supreme law. And surely it is the first necessity of a State that is endangered, and they who would save it must consult, must combine. If the perfidy and ferocity of their enemies compel them to observe unusual caution, it only proves the greatness of their danger. In point of morality, it stands precisely on the same footing as vote by ballot. The object of it determines its lawfulness; and it is its success, not its nature, which makes it so hateful.

If the nationality of America is to be sustained, if her Protestant civiliz tion is to be perpetuated, if the federal Union is to be preserved, there is but one method of dealing with the subject. The organized power of society must be taken out of the hands of those who have betrayed these vast interests, and must be put into the hands of those who will cherish them.—Public opinion is the only instrument by which this great change can be effected.—That enlightened, the first step of the revolution is political; the second is legal.—The first step involves the organization, and the triumph of a party commensurate with the country, the American party; and that involves the overthrow of every party that resists its ultimate objects, or resist the necessary means of obtaining those objects. Indeed, if this step were fully achieved, it would be of less consequence to take a second one; since the laws, though bad, are endurable; and society is safe, and as soon as it has finally put out of power all men and parties, hostile to our nationality, to our Protestant civilization, and to our federal Union; out of power, with an overthrow incapable of being repaired.

And this is the reason why this great movement excites such excruciating bitterness of hate, in its political aspect, on the part of all against whom it is directed. Its success is seen to be a finality and a fatality to them. For nations do not immediately incur the same peril twice, nor do profound national movements speedily exhaust their force. The democratic party has survived the storms of a hundred years. The American party, strong enough to swallow up not only Democracy itself, but every other feebler excitement, will live forever. The legal revolution therefore which will consummate the political, will be only but necessarily the outbirth of its spirit. Assaults upon the Union of these States, whether from the North or South, must cease. Conspiracies against the Protestant civilization of the country, between demagogues on one side and papal and infidel foreigners on the other, must terminate: Attacks upon our nationality, by treaties made between foreign despots and prelates, under the sanction of the court of Rome, and executed by millions of foreign papists and infidels cast into our bosom, must be brought to an end. Foreigners must be content to enjoy here the blessings of freedom, denied to them everywhere else; the benefits of civilization more exalted than any they can enjoy elsewhere; the same civil and religious rights which we ourselves enjoy. *They must cease to rule us. Americans must rule America.*

I cannot be insensible that many virtuous, enlightened, and patriotic men view this subject in a light widely different from that in which it strikes me. I have no allusion to them in anything I have uttered. I do not foget the blinding influence of party spirit and party ties.—I admit also that not a few of those who are personally dear to me are found arrayed against what I believe to be the very highest interests of the country. That may make my duty painful but not uncertain. Nor could I help being fully aware of the atrocity with which the public press sometimes assail those from whom, it is supposed, no personal peril is to be apprehended. But I have felt long ago the whole force of Papal and Infidel bitterness, and have survived all their co-laborers could personally attempt. For anything more it would be strange indeed, if I should look with indifference upon a struggle, at the moment of its impending triumph, after having watched its progress longer and more eagerly, and vindicated the most detested principles on which it proceeds more tenaciously than one in ten thousand of my countrymen. All I ask is, that when that triumph comes, it may be used as wisely and generously as it was heroically won.

Your friend and servant,
R. J. BRECKENBIDGE.

COL. A. G. HODGES, Frankfort.

HE WAS RIGHT.—The following answer was made to a young lady who had sent her lover a kiss—in a letter:—

Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss, you, in your letter send,
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post:
That fruit can only tastful be
When gathered, melting, from the tree!

A country schoolmaster happened to be talking about the curious skin of the elephant.

"Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" he asked the scholars.

"I have," shouted a little "six years old," at the foot of the class.

"Where?" he asked, quite amused at the boy's earnestness.

"On the elephant," said he, with a most provoking grin.

WHAT SPAIN IS DOING.—A law has just been enacted by the Spanish Cortes, ordering all the lands, and dwellings belonging to the clergy, to religious fraternities, and to pious and sacred works, to be sold and turned into money; breaking up all accummulations of ecclesiastical property, and stripping the churches of immense possessions.

God's people are like stars that shine brightest in the darkest night; they are like gold, the brighter for the furnace; like incense, that becomes fragrant from burning; like the camomile plant, that grows fastest when trampled on.

"The cradle is a woman's ballot box." Yes, and some of them deposite in it two ballots at once. Now, isn't that illegal?—Say?

BILL BROWN says that his shanghai rooster is so tall, that he has to get down on his knees to crow.

Supplement to the Common School Law.

A FURTHER SUPPLEMENT

To an act for the regulation and continuance of a System of Education by Common Schools, approved the eighth day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That so much of the act to which this is a supplement, as abolishes independent districts at present established under special acts of assembly, shall not take effect until the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six.

SECTION 2. That the continuance of independent districts beyond the period named in the foregoing section, may be allowed, when on the application of the directors of any such district to the judges of the court of common pleas of the county in which any portion of said district may be located, setting forth the necessity for its continuance, the said judges may, after careful consideration, decree the same; and that in all cases where the said court shall refuse to allow a further continuance of any such district, they shall be authorized and required, also, to determine the rights of property vested in the several school boards in any such district, and make proper disposition of the same: *Provided*, That the board of school directors of the townships out of which any such applying independent school district, may be formed, shall have received ten days' notice of the proposed application, and of the time and place of hearing.

SECTION 3. That the assessors in each and every township, where any portion of said township may be included within the limits of an independent school district, shall write on their duplicates, opposite to the names of the persons residing within said independent district, the letters I. D., for the information of the collector of said tax and the county commissioners.

SECTION 4. That in all cases in which school directors of independent districts have not been chosen at the recent spring elections, or on the day specially fixed by law, it shall be lawful for the qualified voters of any such district, to meet at their usual place of holding similar elections, ten days' notice thereof, having been given by the late president of the proper board, and shall elect two persons to serve as school directors for the ensuing year; and the remaining members and officers of the board who would have continued in office under the provisions of the supplement to the school law of May, eighth, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, be and they are hereby continued in office until the expiration of the terms for which they were originally elected; the said elections shall be held and conducted in the same manner and by the same persons heretofore authorized by law.

SECTION 5. That upon petition of not less than twenty taxable inhabitants of any township, desiring the formation of the territory upon which they reside, into a separate and independent common school district, and setting forth the bounds of such proposed district, the court of quarter sessions of the proper county, shall appoint commissioners to view the premises and report to the court at its next term, the lines of the proposed new district, either according to the bounds set forth in the petition, or to such other bounds as they shall think more advisable, together with their opinion on the expediency of establishing the same, the proceedings upon which petition, commission and report, and the final disposition thereof shall, in all other respects, be according to the act of assembly now in force, relative to the erection of new townships: *Provided*, That if said proceedings result in the establishment of a new common school district, the cost of the commission and the office fees shall be paid by the said new district, but if otherwise, said costs and fees shall be paid by the petitioners themselves.

SECTION 6. That whenever a new district shall be erected according to the provisions of this act, it shall become, to all intents and purposes of the common school system of the state, a separate and independent district, subject, however, to the provisions of the third and fourth sections of the act to which this is a supplement; and the proper court of quarter sessions shall moreover determine, on hearing, whether an undue proportion of the real estate and school houses belonging to the old district or districts are within the bounds of the new district, and if so, how much money shall be paid therefor by the new to the old district or districts, and in what proportions and at what time; and *vice versa* if less than its due share of real estate or school houses is within said new district, how much shall be paid to it by the old district or districts, and in what proportions and at what times; the order for the payment of which several sums shall, from the date thereof, be in the nature of a judgment, and the amount recoverable according to the provisions of the twenty-first section of the act to which this is a supplement.

SECTION 7. That at the next annual assessment after the erection of any such new common school district, it shall be the duty of the county commissioners of the proper county to cause a separate assessment of the subjects and things liable to school tax in each portion of the new district lying within his proper township to be made out by the proper assessor thereof, and to be returned to them, wherefrom, after adjustment, they shall cause to be made a correct copy of the assessment thus obtained, in every portion of the new district, and shall furnish the same to the secretary thereof, in accordance with the twenty-ninth section of the act to which this is a supplement; and they shall, in like manner and at the same time, cause to be made out and furnished to the state superintendent of common schools, a full list of all the taxable inhabitants of said new district, according to the provisions of the forty-ninth section of the act to which this is a supplement; and they shall pay out of the county funds to said assessors, the usual compensation for the services enjoined by this section.

SECTION 8. That the state superintendent of common schools shall, on the application of the boards of directors of a majority of the school districts in any county of this commonwealth, stating their desire to increase the salary of the county superintendent, fixed at any of the periods named in the thirty-ninth section of the school law of one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, or at any subsequent triennial convention of directors, appoint the time and place of re-assembling of the convention of directors, who shall have all the powers conferred by the said thirty-ninth section.

SECTION 9. That the Pennsylvania School Journal shall be recognized as the official organ of the department of common schools of this commonwealth, in which the current decisions made by the superintendent of common schools shall be published free of charge, together with all official circulars and such other letters of explanation and instruction as he may find it necessary or advisable to issue from time to time, including his annual report; and the superintendent is hereby authorized to subscribe for one copy of said School Journal, to be sent to each board of school directors in the state, for public use, and charge the cost thereof to the contingent expenses of the department of common schools.

SECTION 10. That all boroughs and townships now connected in the assessment of county rates and levies, shall hereafter be separate and independent of each other in the assessment of said rates and levies, and for school purposes; and the respective townships and