THE STAR AND BANNER.

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Light of the Aged.

An old man sat in the sun set gold,
By the door of the cottage low;
His soft white hair, his reverent air,
His holy smile, all told
His work was finished below.

Children played at the old man's feet,
Three gentle, blue-eyed girls;
Their mother had played in the cottage shade,
With footsteps light and fleet,
And waving golden curls.

His heart was warm to that little band,
Bright in the setting sun,
And he said, "Oh, Lord! I trust thy word,
I see the promised land,
And know that my work is done.

I thank thee for the pleasant ways
In which my feet have trod;
I bless for all, both great and small,
But most for these I praise
Thy goodness, oh! my God!"

Then a matron stepped from the cottage door,
A matron fair to see;
Her head she laid on the old man's head;
"Father, I thank God oe'r and oe'r,
But bless him most for thee!"

"When I am Dead."

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself at their utterance. Four simple little monosylables—how much of gloom ye convey. How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully silent now.

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly; but what a calm!—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation. The voice pronouncing that despairing phrase, has not all its mournfulness from itself. The listening ears hear nothing more; for from those words the groan of high aspirations quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up, phantom-like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often, like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word "dead," lingers strangely and echoes sadly in the ear, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound. The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the echo fades amidst encircling mist, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness. Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated. The few feet of mould that compose the grave are wider than the globe, higher than the stars.—Not the mind's eye, not the anxious soul, can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am dead!" more or less signifies resignation, or dependent wo, a fulfilment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at best. When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands tremble with the fruits of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from the lips as a prayer to heaven. In them his will harmonizes with his destiny, and the tear that starts for a superior soul about to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness at the prospective reward of the future. The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of Nature's Poesy, may murmur—"When I am dead!" but death to such an one is better, perhaps, than life. His heart holds to no music, chiming in cadences to weal or wo; his inward existence is void, and the rough surface of his being, checkered though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but little with the panoply of the tomb. How different, when youth glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs, like the south wind,—"When I am dead!"—A spirit seems to wail its anthem, and an eclipse of noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must all say it sometime; for the grave lies at hand yawning through a bed of thorns or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange, and fearful import hath it to the utterer, but it is a weak phrase to others, the great world. Who speaks it? may think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before. When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest and those who love us best, will dry their tears ere they have all began to flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own will freeze above our memory in a brief time—briefer than woman's trust or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus; 'tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall soon be with them; and it may be good to go early to their narrow homes.

A Word fitly Spoken.

A mother sat at the fireside of home, and her darling boy sat with her. Love and her peace seemed hovering over them. A word from that mother's lips was treasured up in the heart of the boy. Years rolled on. The boy had gone from the parental roof, and his voice was heard among the hills of his country. But through him spoke the holy influence of a mother, and a nation felt the power of that fireside word. Again, it is night. A fair haired boy looks imploringly in the face of a worldly-minded mother, and inquires of holy things. That mother utters a word that crushes forever the germ of eternal truth. A word fitly spoken is like dew to a drooping flower. One badly spoken is like the worm that never dies, and a word muttered may effect the world for weal or wo.

Don't stay long.

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young wife tenderly, in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told the whole, vast depths of woman's love—of her happiness when with her husband—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones—"not yet—not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and again I thought I could see the young wife rocking herself nervously in the great armed chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

O, you that have wives that say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try, just a little, to make their homes and their hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom found, and when lost too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy, that a quiet home, blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!"—and the young wife's look seemed to say—"for here in your own sweet home, is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast for you to lay your head upon, and here are pure lips, unsoiled by sin, that will pay you with kisses for coming back soon."

Think of it men, when your wives say to you—"Don't stay long"—and O, don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may be so to you, the disappointment or the fulfilment of their simple, loving wish, brings grief or joy to them. If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon them, and the pure love, gushing from their gentle, grateful hearts, will be a sweet reward.

Beauty of the Dutch Women.

Colman, in "European Life and Manners," gives the following description of the Dutch women:

"I think some of them are the fairest and handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen; I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the dew drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming tints of red and white; and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and Saaroam. If their minds are as fair and manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin gold helmet, fitted closely to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold extending across the forehead; at the ends of this some rich and elegantly wrought filagree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold, or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace."

The Dead Child.

Few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it, there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love indeed cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for the lonely voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its allwise Father; and of such, we know, is the kingdom of Heaven.

"Sir," inquired an attorney of a burly Dutchman, "what color was this hog when you first knew him?"

"Vell, ven I first became acquainted vid de hog, he vas a very little pig, and he vas den a vite hog, but ven he got to be older, he got to be sandy like, and I should den call him, on de whole, a sandy hog."

"What ear marks had he?"

"Vell, ven I first became acquainted vid de hog he had no particular ear marks, except a very short tail."

"Take your seat, sir," said the attorney, "we'll call the next witness."

QUITE NATURAL.—A bachelor advertised for a "helpmate," one who would prove a "companion for his heart, his hand, and his lot." A fair one replying, asked very earnestly, "how big is your lot?"

AN ANECDOTE is related of the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston. Early in life, a lady of fortune, whose attention was awakened towards him by his conspicuous talents, wrote him a note, offering him her heart, fortune and hand. The Rev. Dr., however, with more terseness than gallantry, replied to her that she had better give her heart to the Lord, her fortune to the church, and *reserve her hand for him who should ask it.*

The Sleep of Plants.

The way in which sleep is shown in the vegitable kingdom, is infinitely more variable than among animals. Man throws himself prostrate; some kinds of monkeys lie on their sides; the camel places his head between his forelegs; and birds roost with their heads beneath the wing. Beyond these are few remarkable differences. But in plants there is no end to the curious and beautiful diversity which rewards the seeker in nature's mysteries. Some plants droop their leaves at night, the flat part becoming flacid and pendulous. Others of the kind called "compound," as clover and vetches, close their leaflets together in pairs, and occasionally the whole leaf drops at the same time.—The three leaflets of clover bring their faces to the outside, and so form a little triangular pyramid, whose apex is the point of union between the leaflets and their stalks. Lupines, which have leaves resembling a seven fingured hand without a palm, fold together like a lady's half closed parasol. Chickweed raises its leaves so as to embrace the stem; and some species of lotus, besides many of its elegant family, the Leguminosæ, bring them together in such a way as to protect the young flower buds and the immature seed vessels from the chilly air of night. These are only a few out of the many cases which could be instanced of change of position in leaves, whilst in flowers there seems to be no limit to variation. The greater part shut the petals at night, the stalks declining on one side; but there are some which roll their petals back, and curl them up like miniature volutes.—The sleep of such plants is probably unaccompanied by any external change.—The same may be said of Campanulas, and other bell-shaped flowers of Cruciferæ, it should have been observed, are remarkably careless of repose. Their sleep never appears sound or even constant, for many successive nights, they seem restless, and in the morning always look dozy and uncumfortable.—When flowers are overblown, or the plant if annual is near its decay, the phenomena of sleep are very considerably diminished. In fact, they are only seen in perfection when the growing powers of the plant are in full energy. Deciduous trees—that is such as cast their leaves in autumn—are in a sort of a trance in the winter months. Flowers, too, lose their sensibilities altogether, when the period of fertilization is passed, as may readily be seen by inspecting a field of daisies early in the morning before the dew is off the grass. The over blown one will be found wide open; those in the younger state all almost tipped and sound asleep.

A Curious Affair.

An incident of interest, as connected with the Mohamedan religion, has occurred in Cairo since the cholera commenced.—An Egyptian of some rank married some time since an English girl, who was the first victim of of the cholera. She was still a Christian, in name at least, and accordingly was buried in the Protestant burial ground, which is under the control of the English. She left a little boy of five months old, who, in a few days after died of the same disease. The father, by name and in law, a Moslem, yet wished the child buried with its mother, and on inquiry ascertained that there would be no objection on the part of those who have the control of the burial ground. But his design becoming known, a great stir was made among the Mohamedans of Boulak, where he resided, and the shekh or priest of the town sent for him to make inquiry. The father stated the case, and asked to do as he had intended. He was answered, "The law of our religion forbids the burial of Mohammedans and Christians in the same ground." "But may not the child be buried with its mother?" "No!" was the reply; "whatever be the profession of the mother, it matters not; a child of a Moslem father must always be of that religion, and must be buried with its own people." "But," says the Koran, "when the dead of cattle, Mohammedans and Christians, are buried together, there is an angel appointed to watch over and point out the souls of the true believers; may not as much be done for my child?"—There is no law for this is our religion; your child is a Moslem, and as such it must be buried with them; if not you will be excommunicated, and we will burn you."

"But what will you do," continued he, "when the firman shall come from the Sultan giving Mohammedans the right to change their religion?" "If the Sultan shall make such a law as that, we will put out his eyes;" was the reply. The father yielded, and buried his child as required, but he refused to have it buried without a coffin, thus violating a precept of their religion; so you see that various things indicate that the religion of the Prophet is losing its power over some of its followers, and what is of more value, that the time of active conflict between this power and Christianity cannot be long delayed.—*The Independent.*

The young Duke of Burgundy, while playing with one of his attendants, fell from his rocking-horse with great violence. He was apparently unhurt, and the gentleman entreated him not to mention it, thinking there was no danger. From that time, however, he became ill, and the physicians were unable to discover his malady. At length he died. This Prince gave promise of a noble disposition, great talent and sensibility. Had he lived Louis the Sixteenth (his younger brother) would not have been King. Thus a child's plaything, a rocking-horse, perhaps, changed the destiny of France, and that of all Europe.

TO WHITEN LINEN WHEN YELLOW.—Cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milch, and hang it over the fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has entirely melted, put in the linen, and boil it half an hour. Then take it out; have ready a lather of soap and warm water; wash the linen in it, then rinse it through two cold waters.

THE WINE HUMBUG.—The New York Times says:

We presume we should run no risk in saying that there has never been a *single bottle* of genuine *Clos Vougeot, Romanee Conti* or *Johannisberg* wine, within the limits of the United States. We heard one of the largest wine dealers of this city say not a fortnight since, that he would lay a wager of a thousand dollars that there was not, in New York city at the present moment, a single gallon of genuine Port. We presume no one supposes that one bottle in *a thousand* of the Champagne drank in this country, is genuine, vineyard-grown Champagne. And more than nine-tenths of all the *Sherry* consumed in the United States comes no nearer being the genuine article than the Feejee mermaid came to being the genuine, *bona-fide*, song-singing, looking-glass, disporting virgin of the sea, that Barnum and the crowd took her to be.

The fact is, ninety-nine hundredths of *all* the wines and brandies drank in this country,—and nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the rare and costly wines over which our high livers smack their lips and roll their eyes and astonish their epicurean friends, are *manufactured for the market*,—made up by a skillful compounding drugs, with infusions of flavoring matter and a basis of alcholic or vinous material, so as to resemble any brand of any sort of liquid that may be desired.—England and France are the great fields of this manufacture,—though it is begining to be prosecuted in this country to a very considerable extent.

But an order of any kind of wine that may be wanted—for *Clos Vougeot Johannisberg*, or delicate *Sherry*, with directions for a peculiar flavor, a specific aroma, or a specially delicate *bouquet*,—sent to England will be filled promptly and to any extent. More of any brand can be brought over in a single cargo than the entire region where alone it grows can produce in years! A little more than a month ago, (July 24,) we copied from a London police report, the evidence of a famous Wine dealer named Osborne, in which he stated that it was his *practice* to buy up all the spoiled, sour, red French wines he could get at low prices,—pay duties on them as vinegar—store them in the London docks—take them out and pour them all into large vats—mix with them a certain quantity of French Brandy—*put into them certain "preparations" of his own*—put them up into hogsheads marked Old Port, and sell them as the choicest Port wines at from 100 to $140 a hogshead. This, there is no doubt at all, is very extensively practiced by wine dealers in France and England;—and those who buy from them, to supply the American market, when they are not their accomplices, are their victims. And the wine drinkers of the United States, from the lowest to the highest, swig the decoctions of these wine fabricators in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, instead of the *juice of the grape*, over which they grow so rapturously and poetically eloquent.

If there is any class of the community more thoroughly and ridiculously humbugged than they are, we should be obliged to any person who will point them out.

The Poet and the Basket Maker.

I am no enemy to learning—no enemy to colleges. On the contrary, I am the stead'fast friend of both. But I am opposed to having them overrated as they are; and the advantages of both so abundantly exaggerated, by the great mass of our people, as if no other learning were invaluable, no other knowledge worth having.

I would remind them of the basket maker; the only man of a large crew, cast ashore among savages, who was able to turn his past acquisition to account; while the rest stood twirling their thumbs, liable every moment to be knocked in the head for their ignorance, the basket maker was made chief on the spot, and almost worshiped for his ingenuity.

Or I might remind them of that other crew taken by a Barbary Corsair. When they were taken before the Dey, he inquired their several occupations. The riggers, blacksmiths and carpenters were all sent off to the dockyard. The sailors had a comfortable berth provided for them, and even the officers were turned to account one way or another. At last his highness came to a literary man—a passenger and poet—what to do with him, for a long while his highness could not say, till at last, learning that the prisoner was a man of sedentary occupations, and having them explained by the interpreter, he ordered the poet a pair of feather beeches and sat him to hatching chickens.

And now, which of these two was the educated man, the poet or the basket maker? [*John Neal.*

ANECDOTE.—A gentleman of considerable fortune, but a stranger to either personal or family religion, one evening took a solitary walk through part of his own grounds. He happened to come near to a mean hut, where a poor man with a numerous family lived, who earned his bread by daily labor. He heard a voice pretty loud and continued. Not knowing what it was, curiosity prompted him to listen. The man, who was piously disposed, happened to be at prayer with his family.—So soon as he could distinguish the words he heard him giving thanks with great affection to God, for the goodness of providence in giving him food to eat, and raiment to put on, with supplying them with what was necessary and comfortable in this life.

He was immediately struck with astonishment and confusion, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that purchased by severe labor, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and family, and I, who enjoy ease and and honor, and everything that is grateful and desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver?" It pleased God that this providential occurrence proved the means of bringing him to a real and lasting sense of God and religion.

Thomas Dick.

[*From the New York Tribune.*

Police Court.

The case of Mr. Willington Poppysnozzel was the next in the returns; a misanthropic individual responded; Mr. Poppysnozzel might have been twenty-eight years of age; in hight he was about half past five; he was inclined to corpulency; nature had seen fit to give him a head and a body, but no neck; if Mr. Poppysnozzel should ever be convicted of a capital offense, he need never fear being hanged; he may be drawn by a skilful artist; he may be quartered in the States Prison, but be hanged by the neck until dead, *dead*, DEAD, he never could, because no professional rope could find a place below the jaw and above the arm-pits to fasten to. Mr. Poppysnozzel had a large red nose, a small mouth, a melancholy eye arched with a heavy brow. So far from being in favour of the beard movement, M. P. was an anti-hair man. His fat chops were closely shaved and his hair was short and frightfully gashed. The coat he wore had never been made for him.—Though a frock, the skirts did not reach sufficiently low to cover too large patches in the seat of his pantaloons. The sleeves only reached a point in his arms midway between the elbow and his wrist.—Though a double-breaster, it did not meet in front by six inches. In his hand he held the real original shocking bad hat.—Half of the brim was gone and the crown was stove in and the top was hanging outside. He sat with the tile pressed over his eye.

The Court—Wellington Poppysnozzel.

Mr. Poppyanozzle—(rising and removing his hat) Henny thing vanting?

The Court—You are charged with being a vagrant.

Mr. P.—Me a vagrant! I wenture to say there mus' be some mistake.

The Court—I think not. Perhaps you are not aware what a vagrant is, Mr. Poppysnozzle.

Mr. P.—A wagrant is a wagrant vot 'as wagrant 'abits and wegitates in wagrancy.

The Court—Very good, Sir, as far you go. But the law defines a vagrant to be a person who has no visible means of support, and who is seen loitering and lounging about in public places not betaking himself to any honest calling.

Mr. P.—Vy don't the M. P.'s go to nabbin' von nother. All they does is to put the selves in the way of folks as vants to do something for a livin'.

The Court—Mr. Poppysonzzle, I think I've seen you before.

Mr. P.—Should'nt wonder. I vent in bad company once. Vas it in St. Giles

The Court—It was here if at all.

Mr. P.—Werry like. But I vouldn't like to take 'an hoath that I remember your phisma'ogany.

The Court—I presume not. Officer, what do you know of this man?

Officer Holden—I know him to be a vagrant, Sir. I see him loafing about the streets, drinking wherever he can. I have never seen him employed. He was very drunk when I arrested him. I searched him; he had these three letters in his possession.

The Officer here produced three letters, directed to different persons in a bad scrawling hand.

The Court—How did you come in possession of these letters, Mr. Poppysnozzle?

Mr. P.—They vos given to me to deliver.

The Court—Who give them to you.

Mr. P.—A swell.

The Court—What was his name?

Mr. P.—They calls 'im the Buffer.

The Court—Where did you see him?

Mr. P.—At various places.

The Court—Where did he give you the letters?

Mr. P.—He ain't there now. He vacated the 'ouse yesterday.

The Court—Where did he give you the letters?

Mr. P.—I would'nt like to tell.

The Court—But you must; if you don't, I shall commit you.

Mr. P.—It vas on Horange-st.

The Court—Well where is it?

Mr. P.—If I tell's they vort show me no mercy.

The Court—Never mind. The probability is that you will be protected against them for six months.

Mr. P.—If it's all the same, I would prefer to decline the portection.

The Court—Never mind that now, tell us where you got the letters, Mr. Poppysnozzle?

Mr. P.—At Slashin' Bill's.

The Court—Then you belong to that cross crib do you?

Mr. P.—No, priggin' is wulger. That's vy I vent into the express and penney-post perwession.

The Court—Then it seems you have undertaken this business. Don't you find a good deal of temptation?

Mr. P.—Not in the way ve does it.

The Court—Just give the details of this business; it can't make the matter any worse for you.

Mr. P.—Shoukln't wonder.

The Court—Well, go on.

Mr. P.—The Buffer writes the letters and I deliver 'em.

The Court—What else?

Mr. P.—The postage vot I gets, the Buffer and I divides.

The Court discovered that one of the envelopes was unsealed. He opened it and read its contents, as follows:

"nue York Oggest the 6

Deer sir I now tak mi pen in hand tu informe yea that I am wel and I hop this will find yeu engine the same gods blessing the many wot yea wout me t. pa ile let you have if it best me

yewers until death
SAMUEL WAWKER."

The Court—Mr. Poppysnozzle, I am afraid you are no better than you should be.

Mr. P.—Who vould be ven honesty and honor is at a discount? I 'halways vants to be on the popular side, but them swells as hasn't got genus er pluck enough to prig gets to be hofficers, and then perwents men as has got genus from doin hennything.

The Court—Mr. Poppysnozzle, I shall have to send you up for six months.

Mr. P.—If heveryhody vas sent up as deserved it, there would'nt be hennybody left to hexecute the law. Vell, I suppose I can bear adwersity. Genus alvays vas curbed. Good day, Sir.

Wellington Poppysnozzle, the genius went below.

The Temporal Power of the Pope.

Yesterday we produced evidences that the unchangeable and infallible Church of Rome had claimed for its supreme Pontiff power and authority over the temporal rulers of the earth; and we showed, by instances from history, that he had exercised that power in numberless cases with extreme severity. We also stated that the arguments we adduced were not sometimes by the assertion that the Church had changed in its character and claims with the changes of time.

We propose now to set forth the official teachings of the Church of Rome on this subject. Pope Pius IX. in his allocution to the Cardinals in September, 1851, said:

That "he hath taken this principle for a basis, that the Catholic religion with all its RIGHTS ought to be *exclusively dominant in such sort that every other worship shall be banished and interdicted.*"

The Primate of Ireland says to the Catholics of the United Kingdom:—

"Our venerable hierarchy and clergy, in the fulfillment of the duties, will inculcate the strict and religious duty of selecting as representatives of the people those men who are best fitted to support in the Imperial Parliament our religious rights."

In our own country we are boldly told by the Pope, in his encyclical letter of August, 1852, that—

"Liberty of conscience is a most pestilential error, a pest of all others, next to be dreaded in the State."

And we are deliberately informed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Louis, that "heresy and unbelief are crimes; and in Christian countries, as in Italy and Spain, for instance, where all the people are Catholics, and where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the law of the land, they *are punished as other crimes.*"

The Catholic press throughout the country has been inculcating similar doctrines. The St. Louis *Shepherd of the Valley* says:—

"The Church is of necessity intolerant. Heresy she endures when and where she *must*; but she hates it, and directs all her energies to its extirpation. If Catholics ever gain an immense numerical majority, religious freedom in this country is at an end!"

And the *Rambler*, another Catholic paper, tells us plainly what will be the probable fate of heretics should we ever be in the minority *in power* if not in numbers—thus:—

"You ask if he (the Pope) were lord in the land, and you were in the minority, if not in numbers, yet in power, what would he do to you? That, we say, would entirely depend on circumstances. If it would benefit the cause of Catholicism, he would tolerate you—if expedient, he would imprison you, banish you, fine you, probably he might even hang you; but be assured of one thing, he would never tolerate you for the sake of the "glorious principles" of civil and religious liberty."

Brownson, who publishes a review, in which he says nothing appears at any time which is not first submitted to the Bishop of Boston, and does not receive his express sanction, and who, as a reward of his orthodox Romanism, and a token of the favor in which he is held by the authorities of the Church, was appointed to a lucrative and honorable professorship in one of the Irish colleges, thus speaks:

"*Are your free institutions infallible?* Are they founded on *Divine right?* This you deny. Is not the proper question for you to discuss, then, *not* whether the *Papacy* be or be not compatible with *republican government*, but whether *it be or be not founded in Divine right?* If the Papacy be founded in Divine right, it is *supreme over what is founded only in human right*, and then *your institutions should be made to harmonize with it; not it with your institutions!!!* The real question, then, is not the compatibility or the incompatibility of the Catholic Church with *democratic institutions*, but is the *Catholic Church the Church of God?*—Settle this question first. But, in point of fact, *democracy is a mischievous dream, wherever the Catholic Church does not predominate*, to inspire the people with reverence, and teach and accustom them to *obedience to authority.*"

We have at our hand large numbers of extracts to the same effect as the above.—These indicate clearly enough the *animus* of Romanism. They show, too, that we were not wrong in our assertion, that the Pope claims to have to-day the same temporal power which he exercised in former days.

In view of these facts, we appeal to every American whether he have not cause to fear this growing power; and whether the mode of defence of our institutions which the American party has adopted is not demanded by the exigency. No man of thought and patriotism can help responding in favor of the American party.—*Syracuse Organ.*

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—A gentleman wishes us to publish the following for the relief of suffering humanity: He says he has known a number of cures made by it, and all in a short time. Half an ounce of pulverized salt-petre, put in half a pint of sweet oil. Bathe the parts affected, when a sound cure will speedily be the result.

An Irishman, seeing an acquaintance reading, exclaimed, "Arrah honey? and whose arther o' that work?" "Faith, my Jewel, an how can I tell that same?" "Why, my dear, look to the ind on't an' ye'll see that." "'Tis *Finis*;" rejoined the other. "A clever fellow, that said *Finis*; why he's the arther of every book."

DETAILS BY THE ARAGO.

THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.

A Desperate and Bloody Engagement.

The English files by the Arago, at New York, have full details of the battle of the Tchernaya, of which we have heretofore had brief accounts. We copy the following from the London Times:

BATTLE OF TCHERNAYA.

Encouraged, it may be, by the arrival of a portion of the Grenadiers, and probably urged on by the impatience of high personages at St. Petersburg, the Russian General determined on an attack on the allied position, and made preparations for many days, with a disregard of caution which revealed his plans, and, but for extraordinary remissness, should have caused their more easy discomfiture.

At last, on the morning of the 16th, the Russians pouring down the steep sides of their position, and favored by the mist, without cry or beat of drum, burst upon the Piedmontese position; driving in the outposts, they reached the Tchernaya, forded the narrow stream, and notwithstanding a heavy fusilade from the Zouaves, rushed upon the allied camp. They attacked two French regiments in front and flank with a desperate bayonet charge, and a hot contest ensued, in which Gen. D'Herbillon, with 10,000 men, had to sustain the attack of the Russians, who probably by this time had brought a much larger force into action.

The first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fell back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing *a pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first. At the bridge they forded the river on the right and left, and forced the defenders of it to fall back; scarcely was the bridge free, when two guns of the Fifth Light Brigade of Artillery crossed it and took up a position on the other side in an open space which divides two of the hillocks, and through which the roads lead to the plain of Balaklava.—While those two guns passed the bridge, a third crossed the river by a ford, and all three began to sweep the road and the heights.

The infantry, in the meantime, without waiting for the portable bridges, rushed breast deep into the water, climbed up the embankment, and began to scale the heights on both sides. They succeeded on this point in getting up more than one half of the ascent, where the dead and wounded afterwards showed clearly the mark which they had reached; but by the time they arrived there the French were fully prepared, and met them in the most gallant style. Notwithstanding the exertions and the perseverance of the Russians, they were, by degrees, forced back, and driven, after an obstinate resistance, across the bridge, carrying away their guns.

While this attack took place on the bridge the other column again attacked the French right. This time they came on in such a manner that they were neither kept back by the aqueduct nor cowed by the Sardinian guns, which were plowing long lanes through their scattered lines. On they came, as it seemed, irresistible, and rushed up the steep hill with such fury that the Zouaves, who lined the sides of it, were obliged to fall back for a moment before the multitude. You could plainly see the officers leading the way and animating their soldiers. I particularly observed one gallant fellow who, at least twenty yards in advance of the whole column, was the first across the aqueduct, and I could still see him on the side of the hill. This furious rush brought the advancing column in an incredibly short time to the crest of the hillock, where it stopped to form.

But the French had not been idle during the time that the Russians were ascending the hill.—The Zouaves had only fallen back from the side of the hillock to the main body, which had been drawn up behind the top. Scarcely did the column of the enemy show its head, when the guns opened on it with grape, and a murderous fire was poured down upon it by the French infantry. This immediately stopped the advance of the column, which began to waver, but the impetus from those behind was so powerful that the head of it, notwithstanding the unexpected reception, was pushed forward a few yards more, when the French, giving one mighty cheer, rushed upon the advancing enemy, who, shaken already, immediately turned round and ran down, if possible, faster than they had come up. But the mass was so great that all the hurry could not save them, and more than 200 prisoners were taken on the spot, while the hillside, the banks of the aqueduct, the aqueduct itself, and the river side were filled with dead and wounded. The Sardinian and French artillery poured, moreover, a murderous crossfire into the scattered remains of the column, of which scarcely a shot missed. It was a complete rout. The French rushed down the hillside and drove them far across the plain. The defeat seems to have so completely cowed them that nothing more was attempted against this side.

Not so on the bridge. Notwithstanding the heavy loss suffered by the second attack, the Russians concentrated once more all their forces, collected the scattered remains of the column which had been routed on the right of the French position, and brought up all their reserves to attempt one more attack. They again crossed the river, and the aqueduct too, and tried to take the heights—but in vain; the French were now thoroughly prepared, and the tenacity of the Russians served only to augment their losses. They were soon flying in all directions, followed by the French. This first attack was decisive, and immediately the usual Russian preparation for retreat—namely, the advance of the artillery—showed clearly that the Russians acknowledged themselves defeated, and were on the point of retiring.

Everybody now rushed to the battlefield, and one look was sufficient to convince them that the allies had won a real battle on the Tchernaya.—Although not quite so obstinate and sanguinary as the battle of Inkermann, which this affair resembled in many points, it was a pitched battle. On the banks of the aqueduct particularly the sight was appalling; the Russians, when scaling the embankment of the aqueduct, were taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, and the dead and wounded rolled down the embankment, sometimes more than twenty feet in height. The French made every possible despatch to collect the wounded. They were laid on the open space about the bridge until the ambulances arrived.—While there the Russians, who could see plainly that the French were engaged in bringing help to their own wretched countrymen, suddenly began to open with their guns upon them, repeating the barbarous practice which they had already often previously shown to the troops.

CHECKERED POLITICS.—The Liberty Party Convention held at Utica, N. Y., on Wednesday, placed on their ticket for State officers two black men and five white ones. A black man (Fred. Douglass) is placed at the head of the ticket for Secretary of State, and the other black man (Jas. B. Pashee) is nominated for Attorney General.