

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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James Naick, author of "Here she goes and there she goes."

James Naick holds a well known position in literature, as one who, deprived from childhood of the faculties of hearing and speech, has yet been able not only to acquire by education a full enjoyment of the intellectual riches of the race, but to add his own contribution to the vast treasury. He was born in the city of New York, a son of a merchant, who, by the loss of his fortune in business, was unable to afford him any educational advantages. The want was, however, supplied by the care of a sister, who taught the child to read before he was four years old. The activity of his mind and ardent thirst for knowledge, carried him rapidly forward to this point, until in his ninth year, an accident entailed upon him a life-long misfortune.

As he was carrying a little play-foot in his arms down a flight of steps his foot slipped; to recover himself, he caught hold of a heavy piece of furniture, which falling upon him, injured his head so severely that he lay for several weeks without signs of life, and for several weeks without consciousness. When he recovered, it was found that the organs of sound were irreversibly destroyed. The loss of hearing was gradually followed by that of speech. He was placed as soon as possible in the institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where the interrupted course of his intellectual training was soon resumed. He showed great aptitude for knowledge, and an especial facility in the mastery of foreign languages. After leaving the institution, he continued, with the aid of the few books he possessed, a private course of study.

He had for some time before this, written occasional poems, one of which, "The Blind Eye of Man," he had given a copy to a friend, who handed it to his father, Mr. Abram Astor. That gentleman was so much struck by the promise that he sought other specimens of the author's skill. These confirming his favorable impressions, he introduced the young poet to several literary gentlemen of New York, under whose auspices a volume of his poems, written between his fourteenth and seventeenth years, was published. It was received with favor by the critics and the public. Mr. Naick soon after became an assistant in the office of Mr. Astor, then clerk of the city and county. In 1836 he married, and in 1839 he published his second volume, "Fort Republic and other Tales and Poems," with a memoir of the author, by Prosper M. Wetmore. The following production is from his Encyclopedia of American Literature:

THE OLD CLOCK.

Two Yankee wags, one summer day, Stopped at a tavern on their way, Supped, fortified, late retired to rest, And woke to breakfast on the best.

The breakfast over, Tom and Will Soot for the landlord and the bill; Will looked it over; "Very right," He held it up, and then he said, "To make the surprise is quite a shock!"

"What wonder? where?" "The clock! the clock!"

Tom and the landlord in amazement Stared at the clock in stupid glee, And for a moment neither spoke; At last the landlord silence broke.

"You mean the clock that's ticking there? I've no wonder I declare; 'Tis rather ugly—some what old; Yet time it keeps to half a minute; But if you please, what wonder's in it?"

"Tom, don't you recollect," said Will, "The clock at Jersey near the mill, The very image of this present, With which I won the water pleases?"

Will ended with a knowing wink; "This scratched his hand and tried to think. 'Sir, begging pardon for inquiring,' The landlord said with grin admiring, 'What water was it?'"

"You remember It happened, Tom, in last December: In sport I met a Jersey Blue That it was more than he could do, To make his finger go and come In keeping with the pendulum, Repeating till one hour should close, Still, 'Here she goes—and there she goes!' He lost the bet in half a minute."

"Well, if I would, the deuce is in it!" Exclaimed the landlord; "try me yet, And fifty dollars be the bet." "Agreed," but we will say some trick To make you of your bargain sick!" "I'm up to that!"

"Don't make us wait, The clock is striking eight." He seats himself, and left and right His finger wags with all its might, And hoarsely his voice he grows, "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Hold!" said the Yankee, "plank the ready!" The landlord wagg'd his finger steady, While his left hand, as well as able, Conveyed the purse upon the table, "Tom, with the money let's be off!" This made the landlord only soot;

He heard them running down the stair, But was not tempted from his chair. "The fool!" he said, "I'll bite them yet! So poor a trick! I'll win the bet." And loud and loud the chorus rose Of "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" In keeping with his clock and tongue.

His mother happened in, to see Her daughter; "where is she, B?" "When will she come, as you suppose?" "Sop!"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" "Here she goes!"—the lady in surprise His finger followed with her eyes;

"Sop, why that steady gaze and sad? Those words—that motion—are you mad? Bah! here's your yill—perhaps she knows!"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" His eyes surveyed him with alarm, And struck to him and seized his arm; He shook her off, and to and fro His fingers persevered to go.

While curled his very nose with ire, That she against him should conspire, And with more furious tone arose Than—

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" "Lawks!" screamed the wife, "I'm in a whirl! Buz down and bring the little girl!"

She is his darling, and who knows But—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

"Lawks! he is mad! what made him thus? Good Lord! what will become of us? Run for a doctor—run—run—run— For Doctor Brown and Doctor White, And Doctor Grey, with all your might." The doctors came, and looked and wondered, And shook their heads, and paused and pondered. Till one proposed he should be bled, "No—leeches you mean?"—the other said—"Clap on a blister," replied another. "No—cup him—No trepan him, brother!" A sixth would recommend a purge, The next would an emetic urge, The eighth, just come from a dissection, His verdict gave for an injection; The last produced a box of pills, A certain cure for earthly ills; And up he started—"It's mine he's plighted, And as the only means to save her, Three dozen patent pills I gave her, And by to-morrow I suppose That—"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" "You are all fools," the lady said. "The way is just to shave his head. Run, bid the barber come anon—" "Thanks, mother," thought the clever son; "You help the knives that would have bit me, But all creation shan't outwit me!" Thus to himself, while not and fro His finger perseveres to go, And from his lip no accent flows But—"Here she goes—and there she goes!"

The barber came—"Lord help him! what a quack! a customer I've got! But we must do our best to save him! So hold him, gentlemen, while I shave him!" But had he started—"It's mine he's plighted, And as the only means to save her, Three dozen patent pills I gave her, And by to-morrow I suppose That—"

"Here she goes—and there she goes!" "A woman never—" "There she goes!"

"A woman is no judge of physic, Not even when her baby is sick, He must be bled!"—"No—no—a blister—" "A purge you mean?"—"I say a blister—" "No—cup him!"—"Leech him!"—"Pills!"

"And all the house the uproar fills. What means that smile! what means that shiver? The landlord's limbs with rapture quiver, And triumph brightens up his face— His finger yet shall win the race!"

The clock is on the stroke of nine— And up he starts—"It's mine he's plighted, And as the only means to save her, Three dozen patent pills I gave her, And by to-morrow I suppose That—"

"What do you mean?" "I mean the fifty! Inevitably spent an hour so thrifty; But you, who tried to make me lose, Go, burst with envy if you choose! But how in this? where are they? Who?"

"The gentlemen—I mean the two who yesterday were here below?" "They gallop off an hour ago!" "Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed! For, hang the knives, I'm mad indeed!"

The way to Emancipation. That which other folks can do, Why, with patience, may not you?

Long ago a little boy was entered at Harrow school. He was put into a class beyond his years, and where all the scholars had the advantage of previous instruction, denied to him. His master chid him for his dullness, and all his efforts could not raise him from the lowest place on the form.

But, nothing daunted, he procured grammars and other elementary books which his class-fellows had gone through in previous terms. He devoted the hours of play, and not a few of the hours of sleep, to the mastering of these; till, in a few weeks, he gradually began to rise, and it was not long till he shot far ahead of all his companions, and became not only leader of the division, but the pride of Harrow. You may see the statue of that boy, whose career began with this fit of energetic application, in St. Paul's cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest original scholar of modern Europe—it was Sir WILLIAM JONES.

When young scholars see the lofty pinnacle of attainment which that name is now reposing, they feel as if it had been created there, rather than had travelled thither. No such thing. The most illustrious in the annals of philosophy once knew no more than the most illiterate now do. And how did he arrive at his peerless dignity? By dint of diligence; by downright pains-taking.—*Life in Exertion.*

The tomb of Fanny Forrester. Hamilton, N. Y., says the Buffalo Express, was the home, as it is now the resting place of "Fanny Forrester." We have visited the house which her death rendered desolate—saw the portrait of the sainted poetess, painted by the appreciative Read—the only representative of Fanny Forrester that ever satisfied us—the room where she died, a picture of her "Birdling," and many other things which were hallowed by associations of the departed. Her old father was there, gray-haired but hale—and her sister, whose face wore the signs of a sorrow that rankled in her heart. How sacred was the place! How precious were the memories that clustered there.

We went to the grave. It was covered with snow—"spiled with a white thought"—as if the angels loved the spot and sought to hide it from the gaze of the multitude. A plain stone, of veined marble, marks the place where reposes the dust of Fanny Forrester. The inscription runs thus:

DEAR EMILY, BORN AUGUST 22, 1817, DIED JUNE 1, 1854.

It will be remembered that she expressed in one of her tender poems, a wish to die in June. God was willing to humor the sweet whim, and the month had just knuckled at the gate when she quietly laid her down to rest. That grave to us was a shrine so holy that we could stand there only with uncovered head, as if superior beings stood there with us. Light be the snow of winter, green be the turf of summer upon that grave. It contains a casket which once held captive a jewel that God has chosen for His diadem!

Think before you speak.

"A Night scene in London."

Under this heading Dickens gives, in Household Words, the following description of what he witnessed one night outside the White-chapel Work-house. What a scene for the metropolis of the Christian world, and what a commentary upon the arrogant assumptions of its pseudo-philantropists, whose charity is wasted upon imaginary evils in distant lands, while thousands are starving almost at their very doors!

"On the 5th of last November, I, the conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening, very dark, very muggy, and raining hard. There were many woful sights in that part of London, and it has been well known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the work-house. Crouched against the wall of the workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement stones, with the rain raining upon them, were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives covered with rags; five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like these five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street. 'What is this?' said my companion. 'What is this?' 'Some miserable people shut out of the casual ward, I think,' said I. (Mr. Dickens then describes his inquiries in the workhouse. He found that the women were shut out simply because the house was full.)

We went to the ragged bundle nearest the workhouse door, and I touched it. No movement replied; I gently shook it. The ragged bundle slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was upraised, the head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge, gaunt with want, and foul with dirt, but not naturally ugly. 'Tell me,' said I, 'stopping down, why are you lying here?' 'Because I can't get into the public-house. She spoke in a faint, dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked drearily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion. 'Were you here last night?' 'Yes; all last night and the night after.' 'Do you know any of these others?' 'I know her next but one; she was here last night, and she told me she come out of Essex. I don't know no more of her.' 'You were here last night, but have not been here all day?' 'No; not all day.' 'Where have you been all day?' 'About the streets. 'Have you had to eat?' 'Nothing.' 'Come,' said I, 'think a little. You are tired and have been asleep; and do not quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! I think of it. 'No, I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. Why, look at me!' She bared her neck, and I covered it up again. 'If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know were to get it?' 'Yes, I could do that.' 'For God's sake, get it, then.' I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me, melted away into the miserable night in the strongest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull, impressive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money and was lost. One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one interest and curiosity were as extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid; no one made any profession or complaint; no one cared to look at me; no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companions and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the last two who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. These were the only words that originated among the five."

The Drunkard's Daughter. That night I was out very late. I returned by Lee's cabin about 11 o'clock. As I approached, I saw a strange looking object cowering under the low eaves. A cold rain was falling. It was late in autumn. I drew near and there was Millie wet to the skin. Her father had driven her out some hours before; she had laid down to listen for the heavy snoring of his drunken slumber, but she might creep back to her bed. But before she heard it, a troubled sleep with the rain drops patter upon her. I tried to take her home with me; but no, true as a martyr to his faith, she struggled from my arms, and returned to her own dark and silent cabin. Things went so for weeks and months. But at length Lee grew less violent, even in his drunken fits, to his self denying child; and one day when he awoke from a heavy slumber after a debauch, and found her preparing breakfast for him, and singing a childish song, he turned to her and with a tone almost tender, said:

"Millie, what makes you stay with me?" "Because you are my father and I love you."

"You love me?" repeated the wretched man; "love me?" He looked at his blinded limbs, his soiled and ragged clothes; "love me," he still murmured—"Millie! what makes you love me? I am a poor drunkard; every body else despises me. Why don't you?"

"Dear father," said the girl with swimming eyes, "mother taught me to love you, and every night she comes from heaven and stands by my little bed and says, 'Millie, don't leave your father; and Millie, love your father. He will get away from that rum found one of these days, and then how happy you will be.'"

The most exalted worth is stripped of its glory whenever it glories in itself.

Popular Lies.

Rev. B. H. Chapin, in his lecture, before the Mercantile Library Association last week, upon "practical Lie," hit off one of the popular vices of society—lying—in a very effective manner, as appears from the report in the Traveller, from which we copy a couple of paragraphs:

"Lies of action are blood relation to lies of speech, and oral lies constitute a small share of the falsehoods in the world. There are lies of custom and lies of habit; lies of the first water in synopses of paste, and unblushing biographical lies, which a shower would give quite a different complexion to the politician's lies, who, like a circus rider, stride two horses at once; the coquette's lies, who, like a professor of legerdemain, keeps six plates dancing at a time; lies sandwiched between bargains; lies in liver behind republican catches; in all the pomp of gold band and buttons; lies of led tape and sealing wax; lies from the cannon's mouth; lies in the name of glorious principles that might make good heroes stand their ground; Malakoff of lies, standing upon sacred dust, and blighting their audacious pretences in the light of the eternal Heaven!"

"Need we say what an unceasing, slavish vanity was that which would not let a man appear as he really is, but makes him afraid of the world and himself, and so keeps him perpetually at work with subtleties and shams. He is dissatisfied with Nature's charter, and so fashions false stock. O, how much better for himself and the world for man to be brave and true, what God and unavoidable circumstance have made him—come out and dare I say I am poor, of humble birth, of humble occupation, or don't know much! What a cure this imposture would be for social rotaries, for the financial earthquakes. How much sweeter and more these actual rills of capacity and possession than this great breakish river of pretension, blown with bubbles, and overprating with gas—how much better than this splendid misery, these racks and thumb-screws that belong to the acquisition of fashion, and thousands of shabby things, the shabbiest of all being those too proud to seem just what they are."

A LADY IN A RAVEL.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Express says:

"A young and beautiful girl (of course) but unfortunately writing in the substantial goods of this matter of fact world, has lately conceived the idea of putting herself up in a lottery. She has accordingly issued proposals, through some of the newspapers, to this effect: 'She values herself at 300,000 francs—this is dirt cheap for such fine goods.' She offers for sale 300 tickets, at 1000 francs each, and, when all have been disposed of, engages to place herself and the 300,000 francs in the hands of the lucky draw who throws the highest number."

This lady, however, manages her tickets in person, makes them, "not transferable," and only sells to such applicants as she can pleasantly contemplate in the light of a possible husband. This bit of speculation has an American sound, but it is strictly French, I assure you. Another lady advertises in the journals for some benevolent gentleman, "having the age of 25 and 45," to come forward and marry her daughter—17 years of age, beautiful, accomplished, possessed of 30,000 francs per annum, and—afflicted with St. Vitus Dance!" The old lady, thinks this would be a good chance for a physician. So do I.

Anecdote of Rev. Dr. Plummer. The Pittsburg Herald tells the following anecdote of Rev. Dr. Plummer, of that city:

During a visit to the Hot Springs, on a certain occasion, he was invited by the company assembled there to preach for them on the Sabbath. He consented. "The ball room of the hotel was prepared for religious worship, and the audience assembled. The speaker announced his text, and began his discourse; but was mortified to find that by some blunder and more confusion of his hearers, the whole performance was looked upon at a good joke, and to be treated accordingly. Some were smiling, some were whispering and unseemly levity prevailed throughout the congregation. For a few minutes he endeavored to withstand it by a simple presentation of the truth; but to no purpose. Stopping short in his discourse, he at once arrested their attention by the question:—'My friends, do you know how these Hot Springs are said to have been discovered? I will tell you. Many years since, an old Dutchman and his son were passing along down the valley, when the road now runs that you see out there,'—pointing to the Spring they stopped their team to water the horses. 'The old man took up the bucket, went to the Spring, and dipped it in, when some of the water dashed upon his hand and scalded him. Instantly dropping the bucket, he started for the wagon, running and calling to his son, in the greatest consternation, 'Tive on! Hans, tive on! Hell tak not far from diik place!' At this the audience burst out laughing; when immediately assuming a look of deepest solemnity, and dropping his voice to the low tones that in him are like muffled thunders, he made the application: 'I tell you, my friends, Hell is not far from this place.' There were no more smiles in that congregation that day. Some who heard it said it seemed to them as if the terrors of the day of judgment had come."

A man who loves his family will take a newspaper; and a man who respects his family will always pay for it!

Humility is the low but broad and deep foundation of every Christian virtue.

FORREST AND THE COLORED ACTOR.

A few days since, Forrest was playing an engagement in Baltimore. One morning, while at breakfast, the colored gentleman who waited upon him, thus addressed him:

"Mussa Forrest, I seed you play *Virginius* de older night—I golly, you played him right up to do handle. I tink dat play just as good, as Hamlet. Was it writ by de same man?"

"Oh, no," said the tragedian, amused at the communicative spirit of his able friend.

"Hamlet was written by Shakspeare, and Virginius by Knowles."

"Well," said the waiter, "dey's bofe mighty smart fellows. I as an actor myself."

"You'll be the astonished tragedian—'why, where do you play?'"

"Down in de 'sombly rooms,' was the reply. 'Vese got a theatre, stage and scenery, and dresses, and everything all right. We plays dese beautiful.'"

"What have you ever played?"

"Why, I've played Hamlet, and Polonius, and de Grabe Digger, and de Sance piece."

"How do you manage to rehearse?"

"Why we wait till de work is done, den all we goes down to de kitchen and rehearse."

"But what do you do for ladies?" said Mr. Forrest.

"Ah, dar we stick! We can't get no ladies."

"Why, won't de colored ladies play?"

"Oh, no," said the colored actor, "de colored ladies tink it too degrading."

The great tragedian asked no more questions.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

GOING TO SCOTTY.—RETURNING TO PRAY.—Mr. Madan, a gentleman of wealth and rank, was in company with several gay friends at a coffee-house at a time when Wesley was preaching in the neighborhood. His friends requested him to go and hear the famous Methodist, and on his return to exhibit his manner and discourse for their amusement. He went. As he entered the church, Wesley announced as his text, "Prayer to meet thy God."

The impressive manner and heavenly spirit of the speaker arrested Mr. Madan. The discourse made a profound impression upon his heart. Returned to the coffee-house, his irreverent friends asked, how you taken off the old Methodist?" "No, gentlemen," he replied, "he has taken me off!" From that night Mr. Madan became an altered man. Though educated for the bar, he shortly afterwards entered the ministry, and became a sharp sword in the hands of the Holy Spirit.

REFORM IN TURKEY.—It is stated that on the 29th of January the Grand Council of Turkey and the Sultan, adopted the elements of a free constitution, as proposed to them by the ambassadors of England, France and Austria. Subsequently the Sultan, to the surprise of all true believers in Constantinople, attended two balls given, one at the French and the other at the English embassy. His Highness entered the room in state, was introduced to all the ladies, to whom he was very gallant, witnessed the dance, and retired from the house walking and leaning on the arms of one of the foreign ministers, when it was observed that "the old Turkish system of rote was now dead in Turkey."

THE SCHOOLMASTER OF OUR REPUBLIC.—When our republic rose, Noah Webster became its schoolmaster. There had never been of great nation with a universal language, without dialects. The Yorkshireman cannot now talk with a man from Cornwall. The peasant of the Ligurian Apennines drives his goats home at evening, over hills that look down over six provinces, none of whose dialect he can speak. Here, five thousand miles change not the sound of a word; around every freewind, and from every tribune, in every field of labor and every factory of toil, is heard the same tongue. We owe it to Webster. He has done more for us than Alfred did for England or Cadmus for Greece. His books have educated three generations. They are forever multiplying his innumerable army of thinkers, who will transmit his name from age to age.—*Glances at the Metropolis.*

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—In a little article in *Fraser's Magazine*, this brief but beautiful passage occurs: "Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's noble set of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nest admired but not touched—with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmetts—with humming bees and gnat bees—'with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature, to exalt in benevolence, to delect of virtue and to the source of all good, God himself!'"

FIRES IN FEBRUARY.—During the month just closed there were thirty-three fires in the United States, (omitting all losses less than \$10,000,) of which fifteen destroyed manufacturing property, and the aggregate loss is \$1,241,000. The principal ones occurred at Syracuse, Manchester, N. H.; Philadelphia, Woonsocket, Ct.; Bristol, R. I.; Coppans Creek, Ill.; Nantucket, Ct.; Milwaukee and New York city. In none of these cases was the loss less than \$50,000.

GAMBLING AND DRINKING.—Green, the reformed Gambler, and Mr. Hawkins, the Baltimore temperance lecturer, are about to have a joint discussion, probably at Cincinnati. The former contends that gambling is the greatest vice, and the latter that intemperance is the worst of the two evils. Mr. Hawkins gave the challenge to discuss the subject, and it was accepted by Mr. Green.

PRAYER IS NOT ELOQUENCE BUT earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it, it is the cry of faith to the east of mercy.

WINTER.

Winter comes with his chilling blast— Its rain, its hail, its snow; It will but for a short time last, Then to oblivion go.

I love to see the winter come, Although 'tis cold and bleak; I love the ice upon the run, For on it I can skate.

'Tis pleasant thus to see the young Enjoy themselves awhile; To see their sport and hear their song, And see their gladsome smile.

I love to see the leafless trees, All clothed in white array; For when this clothed they they please, Though cold may be the day.

I love to see the white snow flake descending from above; I love to see the icy lake, And o'er its bosom rove.

I love to hear the north winds blow Upon a winter's day; I love the wind, the rain and snow, But they all pass away.

I love the winter and the snow, I love the frost and rain, I love the wind and hail, I know, But here they'll not remain.

—*Zwitsch.*

Oak Dale, Feb. 11th, 1856.

THE ORIGINAL SPIRIT-RAPPERS.—The *Freeman's Journal*,—organ of the Most Reverend Archbishop of the Province (not State) of New York,—in order to prejudice the popular mind as much as possible, against the American Party, continues, week after week, to denounce the religion which George Washington believed in, and practiced, as having given birth to "Spirit Rappings," "Wakemanism," and degenerated, generally, into a system of positive Devil worship. In order that we may not be misunderstood on this point, we quote *verbatim* from the Archbishop's organ:

"We have reached, thus, the foot of the ladder! The last word of Protestantism is—DEVIL WORSHIP."

"The 'spirits' which are the objects of worship in this latent form of Protestantism, are then acknowledged to belong, properly, to darkness. They are disturbed by the rays of the sun—the *Image of God* in the physical world."

Protestantism misguided by hate and fear, has outraged the better sentiments of the American people. Its empty churches will become the hollow monuments of a system, so attenuated by disease, as hardly to furnish an occasion for the formality of a funeral.

Protestantism is turning to ashes—it fell to pieces long ago—and the flame which lighted it is fluttering over a mass from which all vital heat is fast passing away. We could easily fill volumes with the confessions of its decay, made by its high-priests and levites. It has itself sent forth books which record its deplorable condition to the spirit of the world, and its captivity to the influences of money."

It has passed through scenes of degradation from which no moral organism ever revives, by human power to a healthful existence.

EGGS—TRAORDINARY.—The French practical philosophers certainly know how to make the most of things. The rats of Paris supply the ladies with gloves if not with mince pies; and a Mona, de Sora has recently discovered the secret of making hens lay eggs every day in the year. He feeds them on horse flesh; and obtains his supply of twenty-five or thirty a day among the used up backs of the city. His hens about forty thousand dozens of eggs a week, at the rate of six dozen for four francs, yielding the proprietor for every seven days the round sum of \$5,000, or \$260,000 a year. Mona, de Sora employs about one hundred persons, mostly females, and his entire expenses are only about \$75,000 a year, leaving him the handsome balance of \$185,000 profit. He never allows a hen to set, and all his chickens are hatched by steam. The eggs are arranged upon shelves and covered with blankets; and each morning a swarm of chickens are taken to the nursery.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

AT A PRINTER'S FESTIVAL at Boston's short time since, the following capital toast was drank:

The Editor.—The man who is expected to know everything, tell all he knows, and guess at the rest; to make oath in his own good character; establish the reputation of his neighbors, and elect all candidates to office; to blow up everybody, and to benefit of others, and have the epithet on his tombstone, "Here he lies at last!" in short, he is locomotive running on the track of public notoriety; his lever is his pen; his boiler is filled with ink; his tender is his sciences, and his driving wheel is public opinion; when he explodes it is caused by the non-payment of subscriptions.

A COLORED LAWYER.—Robert T. Morris, a colored man, is a member of the bar in Boston, and a few days ago argued a case before the jury in Salem. The Newburyport Herald says:

"Morris is a dapper little fellow, of good address, and of fair ability. He possesses in full measure the power of imitation which characterizes many of his race, and copies admirably the smartness, pertness and activity of the leading members of the bar in his examination of witnesses, as well as the argument, which last was quite readily and fluently delivered."

OPERATIONS OF THE U. S. MINT.—The statement of the operations of the mint in Philadelphia for the month of February shows that the deposit of gold for the month were \$1,801,800; of silver, \$105,700. The coinage of gold \$1,267,425 into 300,298 pieces. The silver coinage \$450,500 into 1,695,500 pieces. The total number of pieces coined, including cents, was 2,028,925, of the value of \$2,318,229.96. The gold coinage is mostly in pieces of such denominations as are calculated to go into circulation—only about three quarters of a million being in double eagles.

Your friend's—up is dear to me, the merchant—and when he had to pay his account for his neighbor.