THE STAR AND BANNER.

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I'm with you once again.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends,
No more my footsteps roam;
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And where are hearts so warm and true
As those that meet me here?

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land.
I've seen fair realms of the earth
By rude commotion torn,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that where I was born.

In other countries, when I heard
The language of my own,
How fondly each familiar word
Awoke an answering tone!
But when our woodland songs were sung
Upon a foreign mart,
The vows that faltered on the tongue
With rapture thrilled the heart!

My native land, I turn to you,
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

The Bridge.

There is a wondrous bridge, my lady,
In the softest clime I know,
Where the sweetest breath of balsam—
Winds of spring eternal blow.

From one heart unto another
Leads this bridge's wondrous way;
Love it is who guards the portal,
Opes to those who own its sway.

Love it is the bridge that buildeth,
Roses are the means supplied;
O'er it soul seeks soul in union,
As a bridegroom seeks his bride.

Love has spanned and capped the arches,
Decked it with its fair array;
Love, too, gathereth the taxes,
Kisses are the tolls to pay.

Wouldst thou, willingly, sweet maiden,
See this wondrous bridge of mine?
Then it is that thou must lend me,
If we build it, help of thine.

From thy brow then drive the shadows,
Smile but on me if thou wilt!
Then let's lay our lips together,
And the bridge will soon be built.

From the Children's Friend.

The Waldenses.

Have I ever told you about the Waldenses? If not, there is a beautiful, yet mournful story to tell you. It is beautiful, because it shows what courage and patience God can give to those who suffer for his sake; and it is mournful because it is a tale of blood. Let us go to Europe, and plant ourselves on that high mountain range called the Alps. The Alps are north of Italy and East of France. Towards the south side of this mountain range, in a country called Piedmont, lies a small tract of land where the "men of the valleys" live, or the "martyr people;" or, as they are better known on this side of the water, the Waldenses. I dare say you have heard the name before, although you may not have had very distinct views as to whom it meant.

Their country is twenty-two miles long, and nearly sixteen broad, stretching up the Alps, and down into the plain below, dotted by little hamlets and villages. Those by the plain are very pleasant, with meadows, orchards and vineyards, wheat and rye fields, and many delicious fruits. Mulberry trees fringe the road-sides, where multitudes of little silk-worms spin silk for the people to trade in. Higher up the way winds among huge frowning cliffs, on the brinks of precipices and deep dashing torrents. Here and there are little sunshiny valleys, edged by the Alpine frosts, warm and green, where a cluster of cottages lie nestled close together, surrounded by patches of potatoes and corn, while herds of cattle and flocks of goats are grazing on the grassy spots of the mountain side. Still higher up, and the trees are dwindled to dwarfs; July snows cover the peaks and crags; avalanches are frequent, tumbling down from the heights into the vales below, destroying everything in their way: here everything looks wild and dreary, and you wonder how any one can live there. In this diversified region of snow and sunshine, of peak and hollow, live the martyr people—the Waldenses—numbering now perhaps twenty-two thousand people, or thereabouts.

"How and why have they been a martyr people?" you will ask, and I will tell you.

In very early time, soon after the apostles carried forth the glad news of salvation, the religion of Jesus Christ was faithfully preached here, and it took deep root in the hearts of these men of the valleys. Some say that Paul himself came hither, and gathered churches. It is not by any means certain that he did; but it is certain that God's truth was taught with saving power; it met a glad welcome; it was embraced, believed, and loved; it formed the strength and excellence of the people.

In the course of time, errors and superstitions crept into the Christian church; people began to turn from the pure light of God's word to the doctrines of men; it was no longer what God commanded, and what Christ taught, but what bishops said, and what councils decreed; then the people went astray. Our feet are apt to stumble and lose the way to heaven and holiness without the light of God's word: without his word all is dark. But people did turn from his word; then it was dark and they went astray; images were put in the churches; relics began to be hunted up; the wooden Cross upon which Christ died was more thought of than the atonement he made for the sins of men; true Christianity died out, and Popery began to reign. The Pope took the place of God.

But the Waldenses, away up in their mountain retreats, never fell into the corrupt way of thinking with all the rest of Europe. No, they held fast to the *pure word of God.* They said "men ought not to go to Rome for the pardon of their sins, nor have recourse to saints and relics."—"The church," they declared, "is not founded on St. Peter, much less on the Pope, but upon Christ and his doctrines as taught in the Bible." Images, they persisted, it was wicked idolatry to worship, or so much as to have them in the churches. Behold how they *protested* against Popery! They were real Protestants long before Luther's reformation, or before the name "Protestant" was given to Christians.

For many centuries nobody thought of harming these poor followers of Christ dwelling in the mountain valleys; the Pope had something else to do, managing his political power; so they grew strong in the true knowledge of God, and his Son, Jesus Christ. In proportion as they loved and honored the Saviour, they wanted others to know him also, and to enjoy the light and comfort which he can give to the soul: so what did these poor little Alpine churches do? Why, they sent missionaries out, two by two, to France, to Germany, to Piedmont, and all about.—Oh! its so beautiful to see how the love of Christ *opens* the heart! The love of Christ not only makes us desire to *be* good, but to *do* good: it leads us to go out from ourselves, and seek to relieve the sins and sorrows of others. That is just what Jesus did. He left his heavenly home to seek and to save a lost world; so also will his true followers, filled with his love, strive to rescue their brethren from sin and hell. Not only were missionaries sent, but colporteurs too. Yes, the Waldenses employed colporteurs more than four hundred years ago—pious pedlars, who, with their goods, carried leaves of the Bible, and *written* tracts—for this was before the invention of printing—and left them, with those found willing to read and receive them. In ways like these, Bible piety was kept alive in many hearts, and homes, and hamlets, while the darkness of Popery was settling down upon the Christian world. These dear missionaries and colporteurs, in their long and perilous journeys, knew where to find those who loved the Lord Jesus; they held meetings at their houses, ordained deacons, administered the Lord's Supper, and comforted fainting and tempted souls by the precious truths of God's word.

For many, many years, the Waldenses lived undisturbed in their mountain homes. The Popish priests kept saying there was heresy in those valleys. Heresy!—it was a frightful word in those days, very frightful. The common meaning of the word "heresy" is a denial of some of the essential doctrines of religion; but in Popish countries, heresy is a religious opinion or belief different from what the Romish Church teaches. You see the Waldenses were heretics, according to the views of the priests, because they *did* hold views very different from their Popish neighbors. They clung to Christ, while the priests clung to the Pope. Heresy was a frightful charge in those days, because heretics were put to torture, and to cruel deaths.

This cry was made against the Waldenses, "Heretics! heretics!" The Pope urged the duke of Savoy, who was their civil ruler, to fight against them: he declared it was a duty to root out heresy, and not suffer it to exist. The Duke minded the Pope. Whenever the Waldenses came down on the plains, no matter for what purpose, they were seized and imprisoned. On Christmas day, in the year 1400, an armed force of Roman Catholics fell suddenly upon the peaceable inhabitants of one of the valleys, and slew great numbers; others fled to the mountains. The weather was severely cold. Mothers, with the cradles containing their babes on their backs, and dragging their children by their hands, might have been seen wading through the deep mountain snows. On reaching the summit far out from the reach of their pursuers, there were no means of kindling a fire, or sheltering themselves from the piercing cold. What a dreary, dreadful night!—in the morning, eighty babes lay dead in their little cradles, while ther poor mothers were stretched dying by their sides!

After that an army of twenty-four thousand men were sent against the men of the valleys. They marched up through the mountain passes, when their principal captain was killed by a stone sent from a sling by a brave Waldensian, who stood on the peak of a high rock above. He was like David killing Goliath. A band of his brethren then rushed out upon the blood-thirsty enemy, and drove them back; many were driven into the torrent, and many were crushed by hugh rocks falling upon them; everywhere the duke's army was defeated, and he was soon glad to stop a war from which he had got nothing but loss and disgrace.

While this duke lived, they were not again disturbed; but, after his death, the new ruler was urged by the bishop to carry on another crusade against the valleys. Another army of fifteen thousand picked soldiers were soon on their march, committing everywhere the most horrid barbarities upon the poor Christians. Their houses were destroyed; their goods stolen; their wives were injured; and many were put into dungeons, never again to see the light of day, or were taken out only to be burned alive at the stake. Higher up the mountains, the Waldensian slingers did great harm to the soldiers, so much so that the duke found the war a most unprofitable business; indeed he declared that "the skin of a Waldensian always cost fifteen or twenty of his best Catholics."

For some time after this no army was sent against them, although their rulers treated them with great severity. They were always liable to be persecuted for Christ's sake. From time to time spies were ordered to penetrate into their retreats, to hunt up something to accuse them of. Some of these spies were candid men; let us hear their testimony.

Rainerius, a cruel persecutor, owns that the Waldenses lead religious lives; they never swear; they are modest and prudent; he saw peasants who could recite the book of Job by heart, and perfectly repeat the whole New Testament. The bishop once obliged a preaching monk to go and hold meetings amongst them, in order to convince them of their errors, and prevent bloodshed. The poor monk came back in great confusion, declaring that he had never known in his whole life so much of the scriptures as he had learned during the few days in which he had held conferences with the heritics. The bishop then sent some young doctors just from the University, to try their skill. One of them openly owned that he understood more of the doctrine of salvation from the answers of the little children in their catechism, than by all the learned disputes which he ever heard.

Courting.

Boys, when you court,
You should deport
Yourselves with circumspection;
It is a sin
To seek to win
And trifle with affection.

Nor, when sincere
The men appear
In gallantry and wooing,
Can woman jilt
Without the guilt
Of similar miscoing.

Too many court
In thoughtless sport,
Nor think when they have parted
On what they've done—
The loving one
Left courted broken-hearted.

Too many jilt
With equal guilt,
Nor think while thus they trifle,
That men have hearts
To feel Love's darts
Though they their feelings stifle.

In all we do
We should be true,
Nor raise an expectation,
Unless 'tis meant,
To full extent,
To meet the obligation.

Very Old-fashioned.

The *Univers*, the leading Roman Catholic journal of France, and indeed of Europe, lays down, on the third of April, the following axioms:

"Railroads are not a progress;
Telegraphs are an analagous invention:
The freedom of industry is not progress;
The invention of gunpowder is not a progress;
Machines derange all agricultural labor;
Industrial discoveries are a sign of abasement and not of grandeur."

There are plenty of folks even in this country, who would say amen to all these propositions. They don't like railroads because they run over cows and other excellent institutions—don't like telegraphs because they tell lies like a human—don't like the freedom of industry, because they have an unaccountable notion that industry was predestined to struggle in bondage forever—don't like gunpowder, because it finishes things too rapidly—don't like machines, because they give freedom to labor—and don't like industrial discoveries because they level the social eminences from which they, the old fashioned souls, used to stand and look serenely over the sweating millions below.

PRETTY—VERY.—"In passing up the street the other day," says the Fall River Monitor, "we met two little girls of seven or eight summers, who seemed to be enjoying vacation finely and all to themselves.—Passing through the streets unmindful of what was going on, they seemed as happy as two larks, and looked as beautiful as they seemed happy. Stopping at one of our candy shops, one of them made a purchase of some candy, a large, nice looking stick, and breaking it, gave her companion half, saying as she did it, with the utmost simplicity imaginable: 'Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest.' Dear, artless child, what a lesson of unselfishness was contained in thy simple words! God bless you and enable you through life to manifest the same gentle and sweet spirit—'Here, Mary, you may have the largest half, as you are the smallest!' What teachers children sometimes are.

"Foolscap."

Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but they will be puzzled to tell how it came to bear that singular cognomen. When Charles I. found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, amounting to monopolies; and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich, and enriched the government at the expense of those who were obliged to use the paper. A this time all English paper bore in water marks the Royal arms. The Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, among other indignities to the memory of Charles, it was ordered that the Royal arms be removed from the paper, and the fool's cap and bells be substituted. These were also removed when the Rump Parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament's journals still bears the name of "foolscap."

ARISTOCRATIC DARKEY.—A correspondent of the Savannah News relates the case of William Ellison, a negro, who purchased his freedom from his master several years ago, and now owns a large cotton plantation upon which he works 50 hands, and owns about one-half of the town of Strasburg in Sumter district, South Carolina.

"Small thanks to you, sir, for what you said in my case," said a defendant to one of his witnesses. "Ah, sir," replied the witness, "just think of what I *didn't* say."

"It is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is the female mosquito that torments us." A bachelor friend says it is not at all curious.

Sandy Wright and the Poor Orphan.

A SCOTCH STORY.

It was a stormy evening, and in one of the wild, desolate valleys of the Highlands three men were walking quickly, that they might reach a shelter before the storm burst upon them in all its fury.—They had travelled thirty miles that day: and the house at which they passed the night was still ten miles distant. The winds howled along the cliffs of the valley, and the flakes of snow began to beat in their faces.

"It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray Firth," said the foremost traveller, a strong-shouldered, broad-chested man; "but what is that?" said he, pointing to a little figure by the side of the road.

The figure arose, and came to meet them. Slow and feeble were the steps, and as he approached, they saw that it was a boy of about ten years of age.

"O, my puir boy!" said Sandy Wright, "what can hae taken your here in a night like this?"

The boy told him that his mother had died and left him alone, and that he was going to Edinburg to seek his friends.

"But," added he, sorrowfully, "I am tired and canna walk further, and I'll be lost, I'm feared, in the snow drift."

"That you winna, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the good boatman; and taking the boy's hand, he told him to lean upon him. But the boy was to much exhausted to walk, though aided by the strong arm of his new friend, who, finding his efforts vain, carried him on his back.

The storm burst upon them in all its fury; and, half blinded by the thick snow, the travelers had to grope along the road and through the snow drifts, which were blown by the fierce winds across their path. Still the brave boatman passed on with his burthen, though his companions, without such load, were almost worn out; and after many a fall and stumble, and groan, they arrived, two hours after dark, at the house where they were to spend the night.

There was an immense peat of fire placed, according to the custom of the country, in the room, and the inmates were seated around it. They made way for the weary travellers, and Sandy Wright, unmindful of his own tired limbs, drew near the fire and began to chafe the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from the cold and fatigue. When life and warmth were restored to his frozen limbs, he shared with his little charge his supper and bed, and took him on his journey the next morning, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions.

The little fellow told him his simple story. His mother was a poor widow, who had supported herself and her child by sewing. When he was only six years old he had shown a love for reading, and his mother worked early and late to keep him at school. She was but eighteen years older than her son; and often would she stop in the middle of her work and laying her hand on her breast, ask him what he would do when she was dead? for her failing strength told her the day was not far distant. Her fingers grew white and small, and she could not sit up as before; but when her son looked at the deepening red of her cheeks, he thought she would not die.

One day, when he brought home the first prize from school, she threw her arms around him, with tears in her eyes, she told him that the time would come when his father's grand friends, who was ashamed of her because she was poor, would be proud to be connected with him.

The mother's faith was strong in her heart. The lad could not go to school, but staid and watched by her bedside; and they would have starved but for a poor neighbor woman, who had but little to spare herself. He read to her every day two chapters in the Bible. One day she was very ill, and two of her neighbors had come to take care of her; she called the boy to her bedside, and told him that when she was dead, he must go to Edinburg, for he had no friends no where else. Her own friends were there, but they were too poor to do much for him; and his father's friends were there, but they were too grand to own her. But she told him not to be afraid by the way, for God knew all about him.—and then after a fond parting kiss, and a burst of sorrow, she bade him go to school.

When he came home he found her lying with a white cloth on her face; and the bed all white. The poor boy cried all night; and now that she was buried out of his sight, he was travelling to Edinburg as she had told him to do; and folks were kind to him, just as the mother said they would be. And he had letters to show him the way to his mother's friends when he reached town; for he could read writing.

And, God had put it into the heart of Sandy Wright to be kind to the poor orphan. He was like a father to him during his journey; he shared with him his bed, and carried him on his back when the lad was too tired to walk.

On reaching the Queen's Ferry, Sandy Wright found that his money was almost gone, and he intended to get the boy across without paying the usual fare.—When the boat reached the middle of the ferry, the gruff looking ferryman began to collect the fare—passing by the passengers one by one, until he stood in front of the boy.

"Dinna step before the boy," cried Sandy Wright, "he is a puir orphan; here is my groat."

The ferryman still held out his hand; and Sandy told him that they had found him in a desolate glen, bewildered by the storm; and they were taking him to his friends in Edinburg, and that he ought not to grudge him his passage.

The ferryman, without answering, took off his cap; but Sandy Wright twisted it out of his hand, telling him to take care—that they did not know what would become of themselves or their own bairns. But the ferryman, saying he would have the fare or the fare's worth, if it were his jacket, laid hold of the boy, who began to cry. Then rose up Sandy Wright, and seizing the ferryman in his powerful grasp, told him not to touch the puir thing, crying "shame on ye, man!" and the cry of "shame! shame!" was echoed by the other passengers, and the surly ferryman gave up the point.

On landing, Sandy Wright told the boy that he had some business to do at the custom house, and some money to get, but that he would first try to find out his friends for him, and that he must look into his letters and see in what street they lived.

The boy untied his bundle, which contained a few shirts and stockings, a parcel of papers and a small box; and said that his mother charged him to keep the papers safely, for they told of her marriage; and in that box was her wedding ring. She could, he added, have got money for it, when she was sick and not able to work; but she would starve rather than part with it, and wouldna like to part wi' it, to any bodie but yourself if ye would take it;" and opening the box, he gave it to the boatman. It was a valuable diamond ring, and Sandy Wright returning it to him, told him not to part with it to any body, on any account.

They found the direction in one of the letters and, in a few minutes they were walking up Grass Market. Suddenly the boy sprang to meet the woman who was passing, and in whom he recognized his mother's sister. She knew him and warmly embraced him; and having been introduced to the brave kind friend of the boy, she told him of his parentage and prospect. His father was a young man of good family, but estranged from his friends by his vicious course of life. He married a poor but virtuous, industrious woman, who was worthy of a better husband. Giving himself up to intemperate habits he sunk into poverty and contempt; and in the midst of wretchedness which would have been greater, but for the effort of his wife, he was attacked with a fever of which he died. Two of his brothers, who were lawyers, had recently inquired about the child: and would probably interest themselves in his behalf. The good boatman now bade farewell to the lad; slipping him his groat, which he said was better in his pocket than that of the gruff ferryman.

Eighteen years passed away before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had left it a strong, powerfull man of forty-seven; he returned to it a gray-haired old man of sixty-five. Troubles, too had come with his gray hairs. His son, a brave young fellow, who had risen from the humblest post on deck till he was a lieutenant, had sailed upon an expedition from which he had never returned; and the poor old boatman, when about to retire on a pension to which he was entitled for his long service at the custom house, was dismissed without a shilling, on a charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He had travelled a weary two hundred miles, with the hope that an inferior clerk in the custom house, with whom he had some acquaintance, might use his influence in his behalf.—The clerk, who had given him but little encouragement, had appointed to meet him at Brown Square. Two hours after the appointed time had passed, weary, and sorrowful, Sandy Wright passed the street, watching and waiting for his friend, who came not, when a gentleman who had passed him quickly, abruptly paused, and retracing his steps, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the old man.

"My name, sir, is Sandy Wright," said the boatman, touching his cap.

"My good, kind friend," exclaimed the stranger, his face glowing with pleasure as he grasped the old man's hand, "often, often have I inquired for you, but no one could tell me where you were or whether you were living or dead. Come with me to my house in the next square.—What! not remember me! it will be ill with me when I cease to remember you! I am Hamilton, an advocate; but you will scarcely know me by that."

The astonished boatman accompanied his new friend to an elegant house in Brown Square, where in a handsome parlor he saw a young lady reading.

"Who of all the world have I found," said the gentleman, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind, brave man, who rescued me from perishing in the snow; and who was a kind friend to me when I had no friends."

With a kind smile the lady held out her hand, and assured him that her husband had frequently spoken of his kindness, and regretted that he had no opportunity of acknowledging it.

The poor little orphan had been kindly cared for by his father's friends, and by his diligence in study and virtuous conduct he had rewarded their care, and secured for himself an honorable position. But now not with words only did he show his sense of that compassion, which had not passed him by on the other side, and left him helpless and perishing, but had succored him when he was ready to die. He inquired into the charges made against the boatman, and finding that they were not very serious, he invited him to stay at his house, till he could see what could be done for him. The weeks passed slowly, though he had an interested auditor in Mrs. Hamilton, who loved the stories which he told with humor and simplicity, and by her husband he was treated with the affectionate reverence of a son. But he was weary of the life of a gentleman, and sighed for the little smoky cottage and the "puir auld wife."

"Just stay with us one week longer," said the advocate; you are not as active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and frightened the tall ferryman: and I will secure for you a passage in one of the trading vessels to Leith."

A few days after, Mr. Hamilton, his face beaming with pleasure, and with a packet in his hand, entered the room.

"This is from London," said he, handing the packet to his wife, who had been conversing with the good boatman, "and it tells us that Alexander Wright, Custom House Boatman, is to retire from the service on a pension of twenty pounds per annum."

Sandy Wright, grateful and contented, bade farewell to his kind friends, and retired to his native place, where he lived comfortably on his little income, which supplied all his moderate wants. He used to say that he was a sixty year old scholar before he knew the meaning of that verse, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Colonization.—The Colonization Herald says:—"About six hundred applications have been received by the Pennsylvania Colonization Society, for a passage in the expedition to sail on first of June next from Savannah, of whom the great majority are slaves who are to be emancipated for the purpose."

Tragical Affair at Willard's Hotel, in Washington City—One of the Waiters Shot Dead by Hon. Mr. Herbert, of California.

An affair of a tragical character occurred at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, on Thursday last. The *Star* of that city gives the following version of it, in its issue of Thursday evening:

To-day shortly after 11 A. M., P. T. Herbert, a California member of the House of Representatives of the United Stases, went over to breakfast at Willard's Hotel, where he takes his meals, and sent a boy from the breakfast room for his breakfast. In four or five minutes after a portion of his breakfast was set before him, and the boy then told him that at that hour it would be necessary for him (the boy) to get an order from the office to have a breakfast sent up from the kitchen. Herbert told the boy to "clear out, you Irish — of a ——." He turned around to another waiter, Thomas Keating, who was standing near by, and exclaimed, "and you, you —— Irish — of a ——, clear out, too." The answer of Thos. Keating was not comprehended by our informant—an eye-witness.

Herbert, on being answered by Thomas, rose and struck him on the neck behind with his fist. Thos. Keating seized a plate and threw it at Herbert. Herbert seized a chair and threw it across the round table at Thomas Keating, striking him with it. They then clinched and fought. Another Californian, whose name we have not heard, came in at the door and ran to Herbert's assistance, and also struck Thomas Keating with a chair.

Patrick Keating, the brother of Thomas, (and the steward of the house,) at that time coming in the room ran to his brother's assistance, and seized Herbert, who immediately drew a revolver. The other Californian, at that time, was striking both the Keatings with a chair. As Herbert drew his revolver Patrick Keating seized it by the barrel and they struggled over it for some moments, until the French cook of the house came in and separated Herbert and P. Keating, who let go his hold of the pistol barrel.

Thomas Keating and the other Californian were mingled in that particular part of the fray between Herbert and Patrick. After Patrick let go the barrel of the revolver Herbert seized Thomas (who had clinched him and was struggling for the pistol) by the collar, and, putting the pistol to his breast, shot him through the lungs, killing him in five minutes.

After the shot one of the other servants threw a piece of Chinaware at Herbert, but none of the others interfered. Herbert and his California companion left the room & house immediately by the Fourteenth street door, where Herbert took a hack and drove away. Subsequently he delivered himself up at the office of Justice Daniel Smith on Eighth street.

His examination for killing Thomas Keating, aged about 34 or 35 years, (who leaves a wife and two children,) will take place at the Guard house at 4 P. M. this afternoon.—Messrs. Bradley and Carlisle are counsel for Herbert.

The two Keatings were civil men, and were favorites with the boarders in the house.—This account of the affray we take from the lips of one of the servants, an aged man, who saw all of it.

—The testimony on the examination was contradictory. That of the servants was mainly to the effect that Mr. Herbert came into the dining room at half past 11 o'clock, accompanied by a friend, and called for breakfast, but being past the usual hour he was informed by the servant that he could not have his meal without an order from the office.—Herbert directed several servants who spoke to him on the subject to retire, calling them harsh names. The deceased made a reply, when Herbert struck him with his fist or napkin. The deceased picked up a plate or tray, making a movement as if to throw it, when Herbert threw his chair at the deceased, the latter returning the assault with the plate.

During the melee, Patrick, a brother of the deceased, entered, having heard of the proceedings, when Herbert seized him, and the two brothers closed on Herbert. The struggle now became intensely exciting, and as it proceeded crockery and chairs were broken profusely by the parties to the contest. The shooting then took place.

Col. McKay testified that he saw, when he entered the dining room, six or seven persons in a scuffle, and thought it was a general fight among the stewards of the hotel, but he beheld one of the servants knock down Mr. Gardiner with a chair. He saw three servants striking Mr. Herbert and holding him by the wrists. One of them struck him with a chair, when witness seized a chair to defend Herbert, who was sinking under the weight of those upon him. Gardiner was beating them promiscuously. After Herbert fired his pistol the other two servants still clinched him. Mr. Smith rushed forward with a cane, saying, "If you don't release him I'll kill you!" Mr. Herbert was injured, and the witness placed a patch on his nose. Herbert's pistol was a single barrel.

It is said by a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, that Lamartine is about to assign all his property for the payment of his debts, and seek a home in the United States.

The value of the property left by the late Mrs. Garrett to the Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago, is not less than $300,000

LOUIS NAPOLEON is forty-eight years old; Eugenie is thirty, though her beauty is so fresh that she looks much less.

Western Immigration.

The rush Westward is without precedent in the history of the country. For the past three weeks the arrivals over each of the Michigan roads—the Central and Southern—have been not less than fifteen hundred, and often they have averaged two thousand daily! Of these, it is estimated that fully two-thirds are emigrants seeking homes in the West, and of the two thirds, nine-tenths are Americans by birth, mostly from New York and New England. Only a few days since, and we mention the fact to show the character and extent of the movement, one hundred and forty persons, from one neighborhood in Maine, passed through the company on their way to Iowa. This was but the *avant guard* of more to come.

According to the best estimates we have been able to make, the West—that is to say, the States of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and the territories of Minnesota and Kansas—are receiving now about 2,000 new inhabitants every day over the great Eastern roads alone. This estimate does not include the emigration from Indiana and Ohio by the roads traversing the State laterally, nor the emigration arriving by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, which, by the way, is larger than ever before. We are safe in saying that the increase from all quarters is not less than four thousand souls a day, and the tide is not yet at its height.

This year the movement has commenced earlier than usual, by about three weeks.—The better information diffused throughout the East in relation to the necessity of getting here early in the season to be able to put in a crop of sod corn, a few potatoes, and the necessary "garden truck," as the Kentuckians have it, has hurried it forward; yet it will be June before the daily arrivals will be the most numerous. Even now the great roads leading into the city, over which the armies come, and the great roads leading West—the Galena and Chicago, the Rock Island, the Galena Air Line and the Chicago and Burlington—are taxed almost up to the capacity of their rolling stock; what they will do when the demands of travel are doubled and they are forced daily to accommodate six or seven thousand hurried and impatient people, we do not undertake to say.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Potato Question.

We notice the arrival at New York, from Londonderry, of a barque with 180 tons of potatoes on board, and a schooner from Cornwallis, N. S, with 4000 bushels.—There are 40 bushels in a ton, and altogether this makes 9200 bushels brought to this country, which might very well have been produced, with proper culture, on 30 acres of land. As much as 325 bushels of potatoes to the acre have been raised in Oneida county. Potatoes are always saleable in this market, at prices ranging from $1.75 to $2.50 per barrel, and it is a little singular that our farmers cannot pay more attention to their culture. During the summer, nearly $100,000 worth of potatoes are brought to New York from Bermuda; a dead loss to our farmers, as they get no equivalent therefor. We see the theory started in the Scottish newspapers, that the rot is caused by the intermingling of the same family of potatoes all the while, it acting the same as it does with animals, in causing them to become diseased. The cure is, to mix different potatoes of the same family together. Farmers should think of this.

The Bloomer Costume Outdone.—Considerable wonderment was excited on the appearance of the Bloomer trowsers in the streets of our goodly city, but a new style of female dress has come up which takes possession of the nether garments of man. A lady appeared in Baltimore street, a few days since, minus the ordinary front dress to the waist, instead of which she wore a pretty linen shirt, plaited and studded, with collar turned over. The shirt was fastened about the waist, above which the shirt only was visible. It was made loose and gathered in plaits down to the waist, presenting a neat and cool appearance. To these innovations upon their heretofore undisputed rights and privileges, the lords of creation must submissively bow, as this is an age of progress, and in that progression the ladies are determined to be equal with their improvements.—*Baltimore American Democrat.*

How they Live in New York.—The health wardens and inspector of New York city have been visiting the houses of the people to investigate the sanitary condition of the place. Last week 3,266 houses were visited, of which 764 were stores or buildings not inhabited. In the 2,502 dwellings were found 7,301 families, composed of 36,508 persons, of whom 24,045 were adults. Not less than 1,592 houses were found to be occupied by over four families. Even in Seventeenth street, in the aristocratic 18th ward, over one thousand persons were found to occupy a row of 17 houses.

Another Planet.—On Friday week the Director of the Observatory at Cambridge received from the editor of the Astronomische Nachricten, at Altona, a circular announcing the discovery at Paris, on the 31st of March, by M. Goldschmidt, of another, and the fortieth, planet now known to exist between Mars and Jupiter. In brilliancy it resembles a star of the ninth or tenth magnitude.—*Boston Trav.*

A Successful Voyage.—The ship Abigail arrived at New York on Monday night from a whaling voyage, having been absent forty-four months. She has taken during that time 829 barrels of sperm oil, 5,158 barrels of whale oil, and 81,500 lbs. of bone. At present prices the aggregate of the voyage would amount to about $125,000.

There is a gentleman in the New Jersey Legislature bearing the name of Mush More.

"That's the end of my tail," so the tadpole said when he turned into a bullfrog.