THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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The Hill-Side Ruin.

BY RUTH HARPER.

Hearken! it is the passing bell!
May Christ's pure mercy shield us well!
List to the tale I have to tell:
Heaven's blue dome bendeth o'er all;
Yon slender brooklet's broken fall
Makes silver chimings musical.
But where it pours the old thorn tree,
Quick ceaseth all its gentle glee.
Sullen it grows, and dark of hue.
Mark yonder ruins, blackening where
The blasted elms stand high and bare;
Once it arose a castle fair.

Within its walls dwelt maidens three;
Twain were swart and ill to see;
The third was fair as angels be.

Two night hawks and a dove, in sooth,
For twain were false, and void of ruth;
The third, all gentleness and truth.

And hill and valley, far and near,
Broad flowing stream, and lovely mere,
And herds of kine and antlered deer.
Were that one maiden's birthright fair;
And she was dowered past compare
In womanhood and beauty rare.

And like the angels she was pure.
God's angel was she to the poor,
Seeming herself but his bestower.

The other twain were Envy's thrall.
Where Envy reigns, she spreads a pall
Of hideous blackness over all.

Mis-shapen thoughts grew in their brain,
Like beasts of prey in noisome den,
Or knotted snakes in caves unseen.

Unmeet it were to tell each wile
They practiced, wearing hollow smile,
Uttering soft, feigning words the while.

There came a day of festive glee,
With guests of high and low degree,
Clad all in raiment fair to see.

And many an eye wore softened light,
To see that lovely lady bright,
Her vesture like her spirit, white;

A golden zone around her waist,
And wreaths of pearl upon it traced;
But lovelier was the form it graced.

And in the dark folds of her hair,
White Provence roses drooping rare;
Her neck and brow were far more fair.

She greeted all with gentle grace,
And moved among them in her place,
The light of beauty on her face.

And gathered round the festal board,
The ruby wine in chalice poured,
She pledged them fair with courteous word!

Then drank. And never more she spoke;
Swift as the summer lightning stroke,
Death spasms o'er her white face broke.

Then and uprose the funeral wail.
Those other twain, all guilty pale,
Sought thus their ghastly joy to veil.
Their thought was all of stores of gold,
And broad domain, and castle bold,
Which save themselves were none to hold.

God sleepeth not. Ere winter's snow
Whitened the vales that lay below,
He loosed an arrow from His bow.

Like coming doom, a fiery pall
Wrapped tower and battlemented wall,
Then rose in spirals wild and tall.

And now those shapeless heaps of stone,
All thunder-scathed, remained alone,
Attesters of the guilt foregone.

But sometimes still, at dead of night,
Hovering about the ruin's height,
Two forms are seen of lurid light.

And then the stars grow shadowy pale,
The leaves all shudder through the vale,
And sounds go by, of fearful wail.

The Loss of a Wife.

No man but one who has been called to mourn the loss of a dear and beloved companion can fully appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of the following article, which we copy from an exchange.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven: she who busies herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter is the tear that falls upon her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin and think of the past. It seems an amber-colored pathway, where the sun shone on beautiful flowers! and the stars hung beautiful overhead. Pain would the soul linger there—no thorns are remembered save those young hands may unwittingly have planted.

Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The dear hand that has lain upon your bosom, rests in the still darkness upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portico. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over in smiles are bent now above her in tears, shaking dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

THE QUAKERS.—It is said that important changes are in progress among the Quakers which threaten to do away with much of the stiffness which has characterized the sect. The fifth yearly meeting in Chester, Pa., has issued a "testimony" on amusements, which upsets all the old notions of quakerism. It contends earnestly for innocent and dancing as innocent and useful recreations, and quotes any amount of Scripture to sustain the idea. They oppose public balls and late dancing parties, but recomend the cultivation of both music and dancing as home pleasures.

An ignorant but well meaning man having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district in England, declared on taking his seat as a magistrate, that it would indeed be his most anxious endeavor to do justice without fear, favor, or affection. "In short," said he emphatically, "I will take care that on this bench I will never be either partial or impartial."

A village in the far West had not within all its borders a single barometer; and therefore the weather did what it liked.

A HEROIC WOMAN.—A passenger on board the Northern Indiana, which was recently burned on Lake Erie, gives an account of the narrow escape of Cicero Fowler and wife, of Tully. There was but one life preserver for Mrs. F. and her husband; he insisted imperatively that she should put it on; she peremptorily refused, saying that she was poor in health, and his life was worth far more than hers. The preserver having no strap, Mrs. F. tore the hem from her dress and fastened it to her husband whom she continued to encourage, saying that she could hold on to him, and if the preserver would not hold both she would be the one to let go, and leave him to save himself. The fire was getting hotter and hotter. The water was thick with human beings struggling for life; she tore her bonnet, already on fire from her head, and hand in hand with the one she loved better than herself, took the dangerous leap. As they rose from the water, Mr. Fowler assisted his wife in procuring a good hold of him on or about the shoulders. She wiped the water from his eyes and mouth and encouraged him to retain his hope of being saved. He continued to struggle with the waves. Half an hour elapsed, and there was no signs of assistance. His strength was rapidly failing; his wife observing it, tried anew to cheer him. He said he could not stand it any longer; it seemed as though he must give it up. At this moment she heard a steamer coming rapidly through the water. She says, "My dear husband, a few moments more and we are safe.—Don't you hear a boat coming?" He said he did, and immediately revived, and made all the efforts in his power, and struggled for, himself and his heroic wife untill the Mississippi took them, with scores of others, on her commodious decks. —*Syracuse Journal.*

MUSICAL FISH.—A writer in the *Bombay Times* states that while sailing in a boat on a stream near Bombay, the party of which he was one were startled by the sound of music, which they believed to proceed from the near shore, but which proved subsequently to come from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The sound was like a musical bell or the strain of an Æolian harp. The boatman at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette, perfectly well known and very often heard.—Accordingly on inclining the ear toward the water—or by placing it close to the planks of the vessel—the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatman next day produced specimens of the fish—a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh water perch of the north of Europe—spoke of them as plentiful and perfectly well known. It is hoped that they may be procured alive, and the means afforded of determining how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in ichthyology. Of the perfect accuracy with which the singular facts above related have been given, no doubt will be entertained, when it is mentioned that the writer of the account was one of a party of five intelligent persons, by all of whom they were most carefully observed, and the impression in regard to them was uniform. It is supposed that the fish are confined to particular localities—shallows, estuaries and muddy creeks, rarely visited by Europeans; and that is the reason why hitherto no mention, so far as we know, has been made of the peculiarity in any work on natural history.

WM. PENN'S HOUSE STILL STANDING.—The house occupied by Wm. Penn still stands. It is two stories high, about forty feet front, with projecting wings, but the centre is bearded out to the latter.—It is very venerable and very dirty. A sort of old Jawry—a locksmith shop, retail fruit stalls, &c., distinguish the once gubernatorial precincts. The walls are honestly built of old-fashioned thickness, and so the little squat old concern is tough, and if cleaned up it would last a lot of losters to come as a Quaker memento of early times. But the whole with other property adjoining, will soon be offered for sale, and then—and then—where will it go? It will be improved away unless pious, antiquarian sentiment buy it and consecrate it to colonial memories and the spirit of the past. The late Elliott Cresson left $10,000 towards buying it for civic acquisition and preservation, but it will take a much larger sum to save the venerable relic of Leni Lenape times.—The indifference of Americans to such acts of filial retrospection and pronunciation is in wide contrast with the existence of the opposite sentiment in Europe, where such large sums are affectionately spent for the conservation of things of the olden time.

MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—The project of erecting a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers, at Plymouth, is stated to be progressing with vigor. About $35,000 have been raised of the 200,000 required. The legislature of Massachusetts and Connecticut have each appropriated the sum of $3,000.

STEAM ON THE RED SEA.—The Viceroy of Egypt has determined to establish steam communication between various points on the shores of the Red Sea, and has chartered a steam navigation company, with a capital of ten millions, of which the Government will furnish three millions. The enterprise will be under the direction of Mustapha Bey, the nephew of the Viceroy.

DEATH FROM TIGHT BOOTS.—It is said that Paul Stillman, an employee in the New York Novelty Works, died last week, from the effects of wearing tight boots. He had them on his feet only two hours. Mortification set in, which made amputation necessary, and utter prostration of the system followed.

Non-Suiting a Creditor.

There was a lawyer in Cape Cod, a long time ago, a man well to do in the world, and, what was surprising, averse to incur litigation. One day a client came to him in a violent rage:—

"Look a here, Squire," said he, "that shoemaker down to the Pigeon Grove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"Oh yes."

"Well, then you owe him the money honestly."

"Course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, 'cause the snob wont and sued me, and I want to keep him out of his money if I kin."

"It will cost you something."

"I don't care for that. How much do you want to go on with it?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well here's an X to go ahead," and the client went off very well satisfied with the beginning.

"Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by instituting legal proceedings against M.

"Why," said he, "I knew he was able to pay, and I was determined to make him. That's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you; I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings, but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."

"Certainly, Squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer forked over the V and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked him how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer; "we've non-suited him! He'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great! I'd rather gin fifty dollars than had him got the money for them boots!"

Effects of Civilization on Heathen Population.

In 1777, Captain Cook found 200,000 people inhabiting Tahiti. He declared his estimate to be rather under than over the mark. These were the days of wars, human sacrifices, infanticide, and that ordinary recklessness of life which the missionaries profess to have, generally speaking, cured. Aged natives at that time remember the high priest Tearimoor, who uttered the prophecy which the people caught up for its strangeness at first, and repeat now for its dread pathos. It is at this day sung in the depth of retreat, where the missionaries can not overhear.

"The palm tree shall grow,
The coral shall spread,
But man shall cease."

A census taken just before the American Exploring Expedition was there, showed the indigenous population to be 9,000.—The missionaries called it 8,000. In the Sandwich Islands, the decline of the population is such as history can scarcely parallel, and as every hearer at Exter Hall May meeting should be informed of. We are told, not only by native tradition, but by the early navigators of the Pacific, that there were once human abodes wherever there was good soil and water, and that the population of this group was not less than 500,000. Now it is under 65,000. Twenty-five years ago—within the period of strenuous missionary effort—it was double this.—WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

Man and his Attributes.

The horse has eight times the strength of a man. Yet man holds the horse in subjection. The bull can toss the stoutest Goliath on his horns. Yet the whole bovine race bows its neck to the yoke which man imposes. Air, water, heat, cold, and lightning all seem to be his masters. Yet, he makes the wind his ministers, the ocean becomes his play-ground, the summer sun ripens all his harvest, the cold builds for him bridges and high-ways without cost, and the very lightning meekly travels along the wires, bearing his message of business or love. Truly man is weak, but with what an opulence of dignity and power is his weakness counterpoised! As the radiance of the sun gleams in a drop of dew, so in the man's soul shines the respondence of the God in whose image he was made.

A good Story is told by the New Haven REGISTER of "Bishop," who was sent down to New York with one of his patent fly-trap machines, which makes the fly catch himself by a revolving cylinder. A butcher was very desirous he should set it going in his shop, and in the course of half an hour something less than a peck of flies had been "hived." The butcher was pleased, but concluded, as his flies were all "trapped," he didn't want the machine. "Very well, said Bishop; "I'm a Yankee, and I won't take any advantage of you by carrying off your flies," and drawing the slide he liberated the whole swarm about the butcher's ears, and beat a retreat under cover of a little the loudest buzzing ever heard in that vicinity.

ARRIVAL OF MONSTER SNAKES.—The brig Planet, just arrived from Africa, brought to Salem, Mass., several monster snakes,—anacondas; one eighteen feet long, and another twenty-five feet in length. These snakes when at liberty are ravenous and dangerous, and will seize animals of large size, and after crushing them so as to break all their bones, will swallow them whole. The crew of the Planet report that the larger size of these snakes had devoured a woman and a child before it was taken. On Saturday last they were preparing to feed it with a good sized dog.

Blayney said in reference to several persons all relations to each other, but who happened to have no descendants that it seemed to be hereditary in their family to have no children.

No Gloom at Home.

Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of dark discontent and wasteful fruitfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing their long black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits gathered there.—If you will, your home shall be a heaven, and every inmate an angel there. If you will, you shall sit on a throne and be the presiding household deity! O! faithful wife, what privileges, what treasure greater than thine?

And let the husband strive to forget his cares as he winds around the narrow street and beholds the soft light illumining his little parlor, spreading its precious beams on the red pavement before it. The night is cold and cheerless, perhaps, and the December gust battles with the worn skirts of his old overcoat, and snatches with a rude hand and wailing cry, at the rusty hat that has served him many a year. He has been harrassed, perplexed, persecuted.—He has borne many a cruel one, many a cold word, and nerved himself up to an energy so desperate that his frame and spirits are weakened and depressed; and now his limbs ache with weariness, his temples throb with the pain caused by a too constant application; he scarcely knows how to meet his wife with a pleasant smile, or sit down cheerfully to their meal which she has provided with so much care.

But the door is opened, the overcoat thrown hastily off. A sweet voice falls upon his ear, and the tones are so soft and glad that hope, like a winged angel, flies right into his bosom and nestles against his heart.

The latch is lifted, and the smiling face of his wife gives an earnest welcome. The shining hair is smoothed over her fair brow; indeed, she stole a little coquettish glance at the mirror hanging in its narrow frame just to see if she looked neat and pretty before she came out. Her eyes beam with love, her dress is tasteful—and—what? Why he forgets all the trials of that long, long day as he folds her in his arms and imprints a kiss upon her brow.

A home where gloom is banished, presided over by one who has learned to rule herself and her household, christianity!—oh! he is thrice consoled for his trials.—He can not be unhappy, that sweetest, best, dearest solace his—a cheerful home. Do you wonder that the man is strengthened anew for to-morrow's cares.

A Few Short Years—And Then:—

A few short years—and then
The dream of life will be
Like shadows of a morning cloud,
In its reality!

A few short years—and then
The idols loved the best
Will pass in all their pride away,
As sinks the sun to rest!

A few short years—and then
Our young hearts may be reft
Of every hope, and find no gleam
Of childhood's sunshine left!

A few short years—and then
Impatient of its bliss,
The weary soul shall seek on high
A better home than this!

Effects of Worship on the Insane.

One of our exchanges says, on the authority of Miss Dix, the philanthropist, that among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her sacred missions brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of religious sentiments over those shattered souls seems miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelping and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they lull on their knees, or gaze upward, with clasped hands, as if they saw, through the opening darkness, a golden gleam from their Father's throne of love.

John Adam's Religion.

In the new life of the second President of the United States, written by his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, we are told that John Adams devoted himself to a very elaborate examination of the religion of all ages and nations, the result of which he committed to paper in a desultory manner. "The issue of it was the formation of his theological opinions very much in the mould adopted by the Unitarians of New England. Rejecting, with the independent spirit which in early life had driven him from the ministry, the prominent doctrines of Calvanism, the trinity, the atonement, and election, he was content to settle down upon the Sermon upon the Mount as a perfect code presented to man by a more than mortal teacher. Further he declined to analyze the mysterious nature of his mission. In this faith he lived with uninterrupted serenity, and in it he died with perfect resignation."

USEFUL WOLF!—The San Antonio (Texas) Herald says that a gentleman residing some thirty miles west of San Antonio, has a "live" wolf some eight months old, which attends his stock of sheep in the same manner as a shepherd's dog, going out with them in the morning and returning with them at night. His wolfship was captured when young, and has been trained with the sheep.

A MOMENTOUS INQUIRY.—The old Lutheran Tennessee synod, by its delegate, Rev. Mr. Moser, submitted to the last Missouri synod, the all momentous inquiry, whether the bread, at the communion table, must be cut or broken.—The conclusion they finally (after solemn consultation and an ample and impressive exchange of opinion) arrived at, was that it was heretodox to break the bread, and that it must be cut.

An Irish paper, describing the result of a duel, says, "The one party was wounded in the chest, and the other fired in the air." (This must have been a triangular duel.)

ENGLISH SURNAMES.—The Registrar General estimates that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are 53,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 bearing the name of Jones.—The Smiths and Joneses alone are supposed to include about half a million of the population. "In an average it seems that 1 person in 73 is a Smith, 1 in 76 a Jones, 1 in 112 a Williams, 1 in 148 a Taylor, 1 in 162 a Davies, and 1 in 174 a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given we notice the following:—Affection, Ambassador, Allbones, Awkward, Baby, Bolster, By, (the shorter English name,) Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowls, Fussy, Gin, Hogflesh, Idle, Jolly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quince, Rabbit, Sautuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.—*Critic.*

LOOK TO YOUR EXAMPLE.—Every man ought to ask, what is the influence of my example? Do you lead men to respect the commandments of God?

The late Dr. Dockhart, of the College church, Glasgow, Scotland, while traveling in England, was sojourning in an inn, when the Sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect:

"Gentlemen, have you looked up your portmanteaus carefully?"

"No. What! are there thieves in this house?"

Answer.—"I did not say *that*; only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth commandment."

Upon this the gentlemen said, "There is something in that," and so laid aside their game.

That was decidedly a generous-hearted young man who divided a luscious orange between his sweetheart and her mother, and on being advised at the time not to be so free with his fruit, or he would rob himself, replied in a drawling tone—"O, no, thankee! take a whole half each of you! it does me good to see you eat and enjoy it so well—and besides it ain't robbin myself, nuther, for I have got three more in my coat-tail pocket!"

"Why did you leave old man Smith's so early last night?" was the question.

"Why, you see, I called to see Miss Nancy, and she wouldn't have anything to say to me. So I sot awhile and the old man told me I had better go. And I sot awhile longer, and then one of the boys came and took me to the door, and gave me a push, and then I thought maybe my company wasn't wanted, and so—I LEFT!"

MOTH.—The use of a small quantity of the best spirits of turpentine, is good in removing grease or stains from cloth of all descriptions, and acts also as a destroyer of moth. Small scraps of silk saturated with the turpentine and placed in wardrobes, chests or trunks, and wrapped up among woollen articles generally, is also a good guard against these plagues.

TOLERATION IN TURKEY.—Since the publication of the new law in Turkey, one hundred and six Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed $5,000 to one building in the island of Candia. In fact, everything is done by him and his Government to conciliate his Christian subjects, and to improve the condition of the empire.

TRAPPED HIM.—M. George W. Stoll, residing near Petersburg, Va., caught a neighbor in a beaver trap a few mornings since. Mr. S. had experienced considerable difficulty in keeping his watermelons quietly "at home o' nights," and hit upon a beaver trap to solve the mystery of their disappearance. Accordingly he set one, upon the plan of a steel trap, though larger without teeth. In the morning, instead of a thieving negro, he found an HONEST neighbor, fearfully crouching over it—fast. Imagine that neighbor's feeling!

AN INGENIOUS PAINTER.—"A famous artist made a painting, in which all the different nations of the earth were represented in the peculiar dress of their country. Instead, however, of clothing the Frenchman, he drew him in his shirt, with a bundle of cloth under his arm. Being asked the reason, he replied, 'The French dress themselves so many different ways, and change their fashions so often, that whatever dress I should put on him, in a short time, he would not be known; saving the stuff, he may cut it to his liking."

A WEDDING.—A wedding came off at the Court-house one day last week, in which the bride was fourteen and the bridegroom seventy odd years of age. They were both children, the one in her first, the other in his second childhood. There was present at the nuptual ceremony a daughter of the "old gentleman" as old as the bride, mother.—*Havana (Ill.) Herald.*

ANOTHER.—A wedding took place last week, at the Court-house in one of the districts of this State, in which the bride was one hundred and twenty and the bridegroom twelve years old. Both were in the prime of life. There was present at the nuptial ceremony a son of the bride older than the bridegroom's father.—*Charlestown (S. C.) Standard.*

The Irish gardner is described as being requested to set his master's watch by his sun-dial, when he forthwith "planted" it in the ground close to it.

A footman despatched on a like errand, was puzzled how to execute his commission; and lifting the dial from its pedestal brought it to his master, saying HE could do it best.

The Conflict.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow with blood.
And through the storms that round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where the quiet herds repose,
The baneful roar of battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mort. I strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast and blood for wine.

Our fathers to their graves are gone,
Their strife are o'er, their triumphs won;
But nobler conflicts wait the race
That rises in their honored place;
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might,
We gird us for the coming fight;
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given—
The light, the love, the truth of Heaven.

The Pittsburg Express fishes up the following paragraph from a paper published in 1797:

On a passage to Jamaica, with troops on board, a little boy, who was a fifer, sitting on a gunwale, by a sudden roll of the ship, fell overboard and was directly swallowed by a shark. A hook was baited with a piece of beef and thrown over the stern, which was seized by the shark, and he was presently hauled on board. On opening the shark, the boy was found snugly seated between two ribs, and unconcerned, playing a tune on the fife.

A SMART GIRL.—A fellow was wending his way a short time ago, through some narrow passage, when he met a pretty, modest girl:

"Pray, my dear," said he "what do you call this passage?"

"Balaam's passage," replied the girl.

"Ah, then," continued the puppy, "I am like Balaam—stopped by an angel."

"And I," rejoined the girl, as she pushed past him, "am like the angel—stopped by an ass!"

TOBACCO GROWING IN OHIO.—Within a circuit of some sixty or seventy miles in Ohio, 1,500,000 pounds of leaf tobacco are raised annually, and of this 2,300 tons were sent to Louisville last year, while some 2,100 tons went to Cincinnati.

FEMALE DOCTORS.—There are at present thirty-eight female students in the New England Female Medical College, while eight others have been granted diplomas to practice as physicians, and their services are in great demand.

☞ In one of the rural districts a small grocery store bears a sign with the following inscription:

"Hot cofey tee ginger and spruce beer
pies donuts biled Egs pigs feets
and sarsages sold hear.
Also fresh and skimmed milke
warunted pure with no water.
Broken glas and Chana takin
in paire pays.
No ardent licker kept hear."

PETER THE GREAT AN EDITOR.—The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter, the Great was its senior editor. The Imperial Autocrat not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

SYLLOGISTIC REASONING.—A writer in the Westminster Review, for last July, takes the position that alcohol is food, and offers the following logic in proof of it:

"Food is force,
Alcohol is force,
Therefore alcohol is food."

Mr. Mussey in replying to this gives another syllogism of about the same length, as follows:

"Horse feed is force,
Whipping a horse is force,
Therefore whipping a horse is horse feed."

HALF A REPORT.—"How this world is given to slander!" said a maiden lady to an English nobleman. "Can your Lordship believe it, some of my malicious acquaintences report that I had twins." "Madam," replied his lordship, "I make it a rule to believe only half of what I hear." Exit lady, considerably confuzzled.

A not very gallant writer of the present day says that crochet work is the art of seeming to be employed for a long time, and of producing a result of the least possible value; an invention by which young girls, fanoying they are doing something useful and elegant, are induced to fritter away all the hours they might devote to improving their minds and making themselves agreeable companions.

"Pay me that six and eight pence you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney, "for the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life."

An artist was so remarkably clever, that having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady indeed, who had been hitherto insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in South Australia.

Money seems to have a soporific influence on the inventive faculties. During the long years that our patent office has been in existence, only five Labor Saving Machines have been produced by men of wealth, and of these five, one is devoted to "a new mode of smoking tobacco," and the other four to easy chairs.

A BOY, on being told to decline the word "boil," said:—"Positive boil, comparative boiler, superlative bust."

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

Governor Geary Hurrying up the Work of Making Kansas a Slave State.

Mr. John W. Geary, the New Governor appointed under the direction of Jefferson Davis for Kansas, is pushing on his work of making that Territory a Slave State with great energy. He does not mince matters. He makes no pretenses to neutrality between the claims of conflicting border ruffians and free State settlers. He understands his instructions and knows what he is expected to do.

The administration border ruffians had a willing, but a very poor instrument, in Governor Shannon. His late long-winded manifesto is a precious confession of imbecility, indecision, perplexity and incompetency.—If it proves more than this, it proves that poor Pierce attempted to shelter himself under the wings of Shannon, while Shannon considered himself entitled to the sheltering wings of Pierce. Gov. Geary, on the other hand, having received his orders, has gone out to Kansas to fulfill them, and with out any squeamish fears of public opinion he seems to have entered boldly upon the task of making Kansas substantially a slave State before the Presidential election.

Our latest advices from Kansas show that Governor Geary is a perfect Napoleon in the modern democratic art of making a slave State of free territory. First, with the United States dragoons at his service, he dismisses the armed border ruffians, with the complimentary discharge of a volunteer militia force, no longer needed; then with his dragoons he forcibly expels Gen. Lane and his armed defenders of the free State settlements; and thirdly, he proceeds to arrest the unarmed free State settlers remaining in the Territory on charges of high treason. Our readers understand very well what constitutes high treason in Kansas.—A fraudulent Legislature has enacted a code of laws of the most infamous, bloody, cruel, savage, shameless and lawless character—a code full of unconstitutional oaths, pains and penalties; and the free born American white citizens of that Territory who prefer the constitution and their rights under it, to these spurious and atrocious laws, are slaughtered or denounced, hunted, arrested and imprisoned on these administration charges of high treason. The free State settlers say, like Patrick Henry, "If this be treason, make the most of it," and Governor Geary, a man of action, is taking them at their word.

According to the latest accounts from Kansas, (in addition to wholesale arrests for high treason,) a hundred free State men were confined at Lecompton on still another trumpery charge, the charge of murder, in having defended themselves, their families and their property against our democratic President's robbing marauders. These prisoners were strictly guarded by United States troops, in a small log house, with a loaded field-piece near the door to serve as a reminder that they must not rise against their masters. Of course the wives and children of these prisoners must take care of themselves. At the same time we learn from the St. Louis (Mo.) *Democrat*, that Gen. Lane, who won't stay put out, has had another brush with the border ruffians at Hickory Point, where the ruffians were sheltered in a log fort, with a black flag flying over it, which they were soon compelled to change to a white flag, and that they were only saved from a forcible expulsion from the Territory by the intervention of Gov. Geary and a large body of United States troops. A compromise was then effected, the ruffians agreeing to disband and go home.

But this disbanding, it further appears, is all a sham. The ruffians remain in the Territory—some of them vagabondizing and plundering what little subsistence of the people has been left by the United States army—others enlisting as three months' volunteers in the United States service. Under this pressure numbers of the free State settlers, from impending starvation, are leaving the Territory; and many of those that remain—men, women and children—have subsisted for weeks upon green corn and squashes—neither flour, meal nor meat of any kind being left them. To the settlers of a new country their horses are invaluable. It is taking away the right arm of a frontier settler to rob him of his horse. He is robbed at once of the faithful servant upon whose services he had depended for raising the necessaries of life. The administration ruffians in Kansas understand this well; and accordingly, a prominent feature of their system of operations has been the wholesale stealing or taking of the horses of the free State settlers, according to the official democratic doctrine of the Ostend manifesto. The Missouri border ruffians have only applied to the horses of their free neighbors of Kansas the identical doctrine which Mr. Buchanan is pledged to apply to the island of Cuba—the good old buccaneering doctrine "wresting it from Spain if we have the power."

Under this propitious conjuncture of favorable circumstances for the slave State democracy of Kansas, executive officials, United States regulars and Missouri militia, the October Territorial election took place. Besides, as we learn, the free State party at Lawrence had resolved to take no part in the bogus experiment of popular sovereignty, so that by fire and sword, and by those other expelling agencies of robbery and starvation, arrests and imprisonments, and by ballot stuffing and perjured voters, this Kansas October election has gone pro-slavery almost unanimously. There is nothing, therefore, remaining to prevent the erection of Kansas into a slave State, through the system of terrorism, blood, robbery and fraud adopted by Pierce and the rotten democracy, except the election of Fremont as our next President. His election, however, will put a peremptory stop to this policy of terrorism, and restore the constitution, the laws and the inviolable rights of the people to Kansas and the South, where the constitution is almost as much a dead letter as in Kansas.