THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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Who are the Great of Earth

Who are the mighty? sing,
The chiefs of old renown,
On some red field who won the victor's crown
Of tears and triumphing?
The Northmen hold, who first o'er stormy seas
Sent down the "raven" banner on the breeze?
Not these—O, no!—not these!
Who are the great of earth—
The mighty hunters? kings of ancient line,
For ages traced, half fable, half divine,
Whose stone-wrought lions guard in heathen pride
Their tomb-like palaces? where *now* we read,
They lived, and reigned, and died!
Who, spoke, and millions rushed to toil and bleed?
Not these—not these indeed!
Who are the mighty? they!
The builders of Egyptian pyramids?
The unknown kings, on whose stone coffin lids
Strange forms are scrolled? or men whose awful sway
Wrought the rock temple, reared the cromloch gray,
Whose smoke, and fire, and incense darkened day?
Not they—O, no!—not they!
Who are the great of earth?
Mark, where yon prophet stands,
The load-star needle trembles in his hands,
O'er western seas he finds for mind a throne—
Or he on whose wrapt sight new wonders shone,
Where heavenward turned, his glass made worlds his own—
Not he—not these alone!
Who are the mighty? see,
Where art's a wizzard; where the marble rife
With grace and beauty quickens into life—
Or where, as danger's waves beat wild and free,
Some "glorious arm" like Moses' parts the sea,
That a vexed people yet redeemed may be—
The statesman?—sage—is't he?
O no—not these the noblest triumphs prove.
Go where forgiveness turning like a dove
Alights o'er life's dark flood on some lone heart—
Where men to men, truth, justice, peace impart—
As best interpreters of Godlike love—
Where all life's noblest charities have birth;
There dwell the great, the kings of peerless worth—
They shall subdue the earth!

Dr Johnson's Pudding.

Last summer I made an excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. I am in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions; and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable looking man, and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdotes, of which the following may serve as a specimen:

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relative of mine; and these hard bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were years ago filled by the great tourists, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell preceeded the Doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the looks of the house, followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton.—He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and particular orders for a nice pudding. "Now," says he, 'make the best of all puddings.' Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony.

"My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, 'good news! I have just bespoke at a comfortable and clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself that we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased. "And I hope," said he, "you have bespoken a pudding." "Sir you will have your favorite pudding," replied the other.

"Johnson got off the pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt his way into the stable. Boswell ushered the Doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire; he sat on a hob near a little boy who was attending the meat.—Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his coat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one hand, the other was never idle, and the Doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat, upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, 'My dear Doctor here comes the mutton—what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!' The Doctor tittered.—After a short grace Boswell said:

"I suppose I am to carve, as usual; what part shall I help you to! The Doctor replied:

"My dear Bozy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day.

"O dear! this is a great disappointment to said Bozy.

"Say no more; I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding.

Boswell commenced the attack, and made the first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavored fat, so nice and brown, too. Oh, sir you would have relished this prime piece of mutton."

"The meat being removed, in came the long wished for pudding. The Doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few moments nearly finished the pudding.—The table was cleared and Boswell said:

"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The Doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried—the Doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling hound," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?

"I couldn't, sir," said the boy.

"No! why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

"The Doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared or squinted; indeed looked any way but the right way. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he with some difficulty recovered his breath, and, looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out with the lungs of a stentor:

"Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing, and under pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living while you breathe." "And such," said this host, "you have the positive fact from the mouth of your humble servant."—*Angelo's Reminiscences.*

DON'T WORRY.—When Bulstrode Whitelock was to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1753, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, said:

"Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Pray, sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And pray, sir, don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Then, sir, pray excuse me; but don't you think you may as well trust Him to govern it as long as you live?"

To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply; but turning about, soon fell asleep, till he was summoned to embark.

THE TWO FORTUNES.—A few days since the writer was in company with a worthy Christian minister, who remarked, that a friend of his, perhaps a college associate, was making his eight or ten thousand a year in his chosen profession, while he himself, a poor minister, received for his labors scarcely more than half as many hundreds.

They may call them theirs until some providential disarrangement of their plans shall scatter them, or until the hand of the "grim messenger" shall drag the possessors from their golden gods. Then, whose shall these things be?

But he who can say with humble, and well founded confidence—"my Redeemer is mine"—has a fortune within his own soul which no fire nor flood nor thief can destroy. He can turn with the spirit of calm and triumphant faith to his friend, "increased in goods," and repeat the words of the hymn,

"Your heaps of glittering dust are *yours*,
And my Redeemer's *mine*."

Which of the two fortunes has the larger substantial value? Which should envy the other?—*Maine Evangelist.*

SELF RIGHTEOUS.—It is no uncommon thing for men to flatter themselves that God cannot be displeased with them because they have omitted to do a great many bad deeds, which they would have done, had they not been restrained by the fear of the law or of public opinion. The soundness of such morality is very well exhibited in Lessing's parable of "The wolf on his death bed."

"A wolf lay at his last gasp, and was reviewing his past life. "It is true," said he, "I am a sinner, but yet, I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil but I have also done much good. Once, I remember, a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock, came so near me, that I might easily have throttled it, but I did it no harm."

"I can testify to all that," said his friend the fox, who was helping him to prepare for death. "I remember perfectly all the circumstances. *It was just at the time when you were so dreadfully choked with that bone in your throat.*"

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—The Iowa *Reporter* gives an account of a murder committed in Poweshaik county:

"Some two weeks ago a farmer of that county, on going into his cornfield, where the corn had been shocked about a week previously, noticed a very offensive smell, and looking to ascertain whence it proceeded, removed a corn shock and discovered under it the body of a young woman, with shot wounds and marks of violence. In prosecuting a further search the body of a young man, terribly mangled, was found under another shock. Suspicion at once rested upon two men who had passed through there a short time since, and on tracking their course, strong evidences against them were found. They had camped or stopped to feed their horses. Among other things was an ear-drop found in the bottom of the creek, corresponding with one remaining in the murdered lady's ear. We believe that measures have been taken for the pursuit of these men, whose route has been pretty well ascertained."

A GOOD STORY.—We are kindly permitted to copy the following good anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city, from a brother, now in Nebraska. This Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "border ruffians" in Kansas. We do not remember to have seen this story in print. Here it is:

You know the test the Missourians subject all travelers to who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of *plunder* of various sorts.—By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had?

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen and two keows."

"That's enough," replied the ferryman; "you can't cross here."

"Why not," inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that couldn't pronounce the word cow.

But I said KEOW," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I have got tickets entitling me to cross, urged the Yankee.

The ferryman replied that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell him tickets

"But I've got them, any way."

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying—"Them's the tickets, and I am bound to cross this ferry, KEOW or no KEOW!" And he crossed.—MARANGO JOUR.

Lamartine's Opinion of Women.

Woman with weaker passions than man is superior to him by the soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense, the divine sense. They were right. Nature has given woman two painful but heavenly gifts which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than men. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism of which woman is the instrument in the hands of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not yet despair while their remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Celia, Joan of Arc, Vittoria Colonna in Italy, or Charlotte Corday in our own day. God forbid that I compare those I cite! Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifice did not recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their heroism mistook its aim; it took the poniard of the assassin instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defense; she was not merely inspired by heroism, but was inspired by God.

The Oldest Negro Yet.

We have at last got hold of a particularly old negro. There have been countless cases of tolerably advanced blacks, but the case below, which we copy from an exchange, is said to be perfectly authentic, and finishes the list. She ought to be shown around:

Some time ago I sent you an account of an old negro man; who died in Charleston at the advanced age of 118 years. Since then I have seen a statement of a negro woman, who died in Fauquier county, Va., aged 140 years. A friend, who was formerly an officer in the United States Army, relates that when he was stationed at Pea Christian, in Louisiana, he was in the habit, with his brother officers, of visiting an aged negress who sold buttermilk.—On one occasion the following conversation took place:

"Old woman, how old are you?"

"I dunno, Massa."

"How long have you lived about here?"

"O, long time, long time, massa."—She then went on to relate circumstances in connection with the history of the country, which proved that she must have arrived at a very advanced age.

"Well, can't you refer to any circumstance by which you may come at your age?"

"Well, massa, I'se had nineteen children, and that gal, (pointing to an old woman,) is the youngest; and *I know she is ninety*"

The old woman was quite active when our informant saw her last, and attended to the sale of her buttermilk herself in preference to calling her "gal," whom she represented to be "too good for that."

EFFECT OF EMPHASIS.—The different meanings that may be given by emphasis is shown in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's apology to the British House of Commons. In a moment of great excitement Lord Edward said:

"Sir, I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the king has."

This was followed by loud cries of "To the bar," and "Take down his words," and three hours were spent in ineffectual attempts to induce him to apologize. At last he is reported to have said with some humor—

"I am accused of having declared that I think the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of the House the worse subjects of the king; *I said so; 'tis true, and I am sorry for it.*"

☞A Methodist merchant in Philadelphia has made himself responsible for the regular support of one missionary, to the amount of $750 per year.

GOD COUNTS.—A brother and sister were playing in the dining room, when a mother set a basket of cakes on the tea table and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against his mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down seemed to be meditating.

"You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air, "*God does count.* For the Bible says the hairs of our head are all numbered."

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A SPIDER.—A young man named William Haughton, employed in Wright's dry good store, was taken to Dr. Freeman's office yesterday in a state of great suffering, caused by a spider's bite, near the abodmen, received a few hours before. The case was treated by Dr. Freeman—two or three other physicians were called in during the afternoon; but as the patient was very low, and they belonged to a different school from Dr. Freeman, they did not act in the matter.—The sufferings of M. H. continued to increase until late in the afternoon, when he died, apparently from the effects of the bite.

The case has already excited considerable attention in the medical profession, and our physicians of long practice, state that it is the only affair of the kind which has ever come within their knowledge.—*Cinc. Gaz., Oct. 31.*

EXTRORDINARY SALE OF APPLES.—The Nashville (Tenn.) Banner says: "We have the pleasure of putting on record probably the best sale ever known in this country, and that, too, of Tennessee fruit. The specimens of apples exhibited at the fair by Mr. J. W. Dodge, artist, raised on his farm, in Cumberland county, on the mountain, were sold at auction on Wednesday night. They were sold by the half dozen, and as high as five dollars and twenty cents per half dozon paid. The whole lot sold, amounting to about a barrel and a half, of seven different varieties, brought one hundred and eleven dollars. If any of our famous fruit growing States in any section of the Union can equal this, we should like to hear from them."

NOT SETTLED YET.—Several years ago, there was a good old man by the name of Very, residing in a certain town in Massachusetts. He being an observer of God's commands, was much annoyed by some of his neighbors, who persisted in working on Sundays. One day, as the good man was going to meeting, his Sabbath-breaking neighbors called out to him from the hay-field: "Well, father Very, we have cheated the Lord out of two Sundays, any way." "I don't know that," replied the old gentleman; "I don't know; the account is not settled yet."

CURIOUS STATISTICS.—A friend has handed us the following curious statistics in relation to the reigning family in Russia, translated from a German paper:

Emperor Alexander was born in the year 1777; those four figures added up make,	22
He ascended the throne 1801,	10
He died in 1825,	16
Total,	48
He was 48 years old when he died.	
Emperor Nicholas was born 1796; those four figures added up make,	23
He ascended the throne 1825,	16
He died 1855,	19
Total,	58
He was 58 years old when he died.	

Empress Catharine was 34 years old when she ascended the throne, and reigned 34 years. Emperor Alexander I. was 24 years old when he ascended the throne and reigned 24 years. Emperor Nicholas was 29 years old when he ascended the throne, and reigned 19 years.

The Wine Glass.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine; look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red
when it giveth its
colour in the
cup;
when it
moveth itself
aright.
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

MONADS.—It is said that monads, the smallest of all creatures, swim by instinct in a drop of water; for it has been computed that within this small space five hundred millions could be comprised. The monad is never found to attain a length greater than the twelve thousandth part of an inch. In a cubic inch of a certain kind of mould, consisting entirely of animalculæ, more than forty-one millions of distinct beings were estimated, by Ehrenberg, to exist.

WESLEYAN BENEVOLENCE. The English Wesleyan denomination contributed last year $600,000 to the cause of foreign missions; home missions $60,000; chapel debts and new chapels $600,000; the theological training of students $11,000; education of ministers' children $15,000; day schools for the poor $2,000; Sabbath schools $40,000; tract society $18,000; besides contributions for minor objects.

A HARD SENTENCE.—Ahoy 14 years of age was recently arrested at Roxwell, England, for stealing an egg valued at a halfpenny, tried, convicted and sentenced to four days' hard labor and to be once whipped.

Great Forgery in New York.

One of the boldest and most successful swindles of the times has come to light in New York. C. B. Huntington, a note broker on Wall Street, acquainted himself with what paper various houses had out, and has contrived to counterfeit a large portion. The amount of his forgeries as far as they have been developed, exceeds the sum of half a million of dollars, with a fair prospect of an increase. Wall Street is said to be in a high state of excitement. We extract the following from the Herald, with regard to Huntington:—

"The career of Huntington has been like a display of fireworks—brilliant, but evanescent. For a little while he spent money like water. He had six or eight horses, two pairs for carriages for himself and wife, and several fast trotters. His sideboard was brilliant with massive plate. He was a great man at Saratoga, Niagara and Rockaway, where his wife had more trunks and more diamonds than any one else; and in town he kept up two matrimonial establishments, one regular and one irregular—one a Christian home, the other a Mahomedan seraglio—one according to the laws of New York, and the other according to the customs of the Mormons—within a few doors of each other. He was a prince for an hour.—People ate at his dinners, drove his horses, drank his wine, borrowed his money, and wondered how he got it all. But the crash came at last, and what are all his former splendors compared with his present position? He bought his luxuries at a tremendiously high price."

THE SLAVE TRADE.—The public were startled a few days since, by the appearance of an article in a Southern journal advocating the revival of the Slave Trade. It has been responded to by the Carolina TIMES, which, alluding to the decree issued by Gen. Walker, to re-establish slavery in Nicaragua, holds this remarkble language:—

For our own part we were highly pleased with the decree, for we are decidedly in favor of reopening the slave trade, in order that the price of negroes may be reduced to such figures that every industrious poor man may purchase and become a slaveholder. We regard the course pursued by General Walker as not only correct, but challenges the approval of the entire mass of people inhabiting the Southern States, and we believe that they will sustain him in the position he has assumed. Hoping and believing that the confederacy now known as the United States of North America will soon be dissolved, we look upon this movement of General Walker as that of a statesman, and we hope that the day is not far distant when Central America, embracing the island of Cuba, will form part of the Southern confederacy.

Bears About.

We hear it stated upon pretty good authority that a wild black bear was seen in Wetzel's swamp, a short distance above our Borough, on Friday last. A party of our sportsmen left town on Saturday for that locality with a view of capturing the stranger, but we have not learned the result of the expedition. The "Bruins" appear to be unusually thick in the neighborhood of populous settlements this fall. At Bear Gap, in our county, they have been slaughtered by the dozens. Some time since we made mention of a bear having been seen by a party of sportsmen from our town at the "Five Mile Mountain," near the canal.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we learn that the bear seen in Wetzel's swamp was shot by a young man of our Borough, and that the carcass was on Saturday last exhibited at Mocharman's Hotel, foot of Market street. There was a report of a *second* bear having been seen in the swamp; and that a party of sportsmen from our town were in pursuit of it. —*Harrisburg Herald.*

A CHILD BURIED ALIVE—A SINGULAR CASE.—On Wednesday afternoon a man who was employed to clean a quantity of ashes out of the celler of a house in Wiley's court, near Eleventh and Race streets Philadelphia, found in the ash pile a newly born infant female child. The latter had a stocking tied about its neck, and it was wrapped in an old shirt. The child was completely buried in the ashes, and, strange to say, although it had been there three hours, at the time it was discovered it was still alive. Thursday morning it was doing well. The mother, who is an unmarried woman, eighteen years of age, was a lodger in the house. She was arrested on the charge of attempting to destroy her offspring.

☞"Crow, I want to ax you a conundrum."

"Well, Julius, succeed; I's open for the question."

"Can you tell me why de art of self-defence am like a ribber at low tide?"

"No Julius, I dosen't see no similarity in de two subjects, so, darfor, I gave it up."

"Well, den, I'll tell you. It is simply because it develops de muscles! You is the most ignomous pigger I nebber seed."

"Yah, yah! I know all de time what dat was, I didn't want to say nuffin! Jis ax me again and see if I cant told you."

THE MINIE RIFLE.—A melancholy proof of the great distance a Minie rifle will carry a ball has been given at Magdebug. Some soldiers were firing at a target at 1000 paces. Laborers were at work 700 paces beyond—that was thought to be a safe distance; but one of the poor fellows was mortally wounded by a bullet. (A sheep has been accidentally killed in England with the Enfield rifle from a distance of 2500 yards.)

Corn Song.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Heap high the farmer's wintry board!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
From out her golden horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine.

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass, and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the suns and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew bright and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon,
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest time has come.
We pluck away its frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gifts,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the golden grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk,
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured.

Where'er the wild old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And Bless the farmer girls.

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessings of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn.

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheatfield to the fly.

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still, let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God.

A SOFT PILLOW.—Whitfield and a companion were much annoyed one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitfield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go to them and reprove their wickedness," said he.

His companion remonstrated in vain.—He went. His words of reproof were apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him, rather abruptly:

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes, a "soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right, in the absence of all other reward. They know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke, and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

AN ARABIAN WIDOW.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, prays to him, and entreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, indeed with two goat skins of water. Her prayers and entreaties being done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him she departs.

Twisting a Twist.

When a twister a twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twists do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the entwist.
Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twist'd the twines of the twine
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twine.
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth entwine
'Twixt the 'twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

An Address to the American people from the Free State prisoners, now in confinement to be tried for murder by the pro-slavery courts of Kansas, appears in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of Saturday, signed by ninety-six of the unfortunate men.—They present a terrible picture of their condition—their prison open and exposed, the prisoners covered with vermin, surrounded with filth, and disease prevailing in fatal forms. Among the prisoners are six from Pennsylvania.

THE END OF A FUDDLING CLUB.—A celebrated drinking club, in a large town in the west of Scotland, which had formerly great influence at the local elections, is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum; one jumped from a window and killed himself; one walked or fell into the water at night and was drowned; one was found dead in a public house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.—One who was a bailie when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts well known to those living in the locality.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Colonel Fremont.

In spite of the adverse reults no party ever had a more gallant or more excellent candidate than Col. Fremont. No man under such circumstances ever bore himself more nobly, more prudently, or more discreetly through such a contest. Although he has been assailed with a malignity and a license of calumny seldom paralleled in the history of the country, all this storm of detraction has never moved him for a moment from his propriety, or led to a single act unworthy his character or his cause.

Nor was there another man in the United States who could have aroused so much enthusiasm, and brought so large a vote to the Republican Party as he has done. No man can charge upon him one particle of the responsibility for the disastrous result;—with any other candidate the disaster would have been much greater.

PAPER.—A patent, says the Glasgow Courier, has been recently granted for a remarkable discovery, whereby stone, after undergoing a certain process, may be converted into paper. The public and the press will ere long be furnished with paper, the principle material of which is stone, superior in quality and texture to that which is now in use, and at a much cheaper rate. The patentee is Mr. Edward Greenless, the enterprising and ingenious marble cutter of Glasgow, who will, no doubt, reap a golden harvest from the discovery.

SHOPLIFTING.—The New York Tribune contains the arrest of a French woman, named Mad. Leon, in that city, for shoplifting, and the recovery of a large amount of valuable goods. The police found her apartments fitted up in an elegant style, and in them they discovered a large tin box of jeweled gold watches, diamond pins, rings, brooches, studs and bracelets, besides gold and silver vessels, pieces of silks, velvet, &c. She was committed to the tombs for examination.

TO MAKE TOMATTO WINE.—Take small ripe tomatoes, pick off the stems, put them into a basket or tub, wash clean, then mash well, and strain through a linen rag, (a bushel will make five gallon pure,) then add two and a half to three pounds of brown sugar to each gallon; then put into a cask and ferment, and finish as for raspberry wine. If two gallons of water be added to each bushel of tomatoes the wine will be as good.

WHY THE POOR ARE POOR.—Recently I had an interview with the minister of a parish in Scotland—and I may observe, he was not an abstainer—when he said, "I am trustee for some money which is for the virtuous poor. Two things, in my opinion, are essential to virtue. First, industry; Second, sobriety. The result is," said the minister, "I cannot get quit of the money, for all the needy poor about here are either drunken or idle."

OF THE TRIBE OF JESSIE.—One of the prettiest items of the recent Fremont procession at Sandusky, was over one hundred girls, in an immense carriage, drawn by forty horses. The girls were all in white dresses, with blue sashes, and they carried a banner with the inscription "Of the Tribe of Jessie.

A REAL BLACK REPUBLICAN.—The Boston Chronicle states that a colored man named Butler, belonging to New-Bedford, came from California, by the last steamer, on purpose to vote in the pending election. Ascertaining that he could not vote in California, he has come four thousand miles, at a great sacrifice of time and money, to cast his vote for Fremont and Freedom!

☞"What are you doing with that lumber?" cried a steamboat captain to an Irishman, who was staggering towards the boat, beneath the weight of a huge plank, just as the bell was ringing for the last time. "What am I doing—sure wasn't it yourself as said, all yo's as is going 'got a board,' and isn't this an illegant one intirely?" said the Hiberian triumphantly, amid the laughter of the spectators. The captain gave him his "board" and passage that trip.

A workman demanding his salary from his rather unprompt employer, declared that he was in danger of dying of hunger. The master who saw that his face was full and ruddy, told him that his face contradicted his statement. "Ah, sir," said he, "don't trust to that; this face is not mine; it belongs to my landlord, who has given me credit for a long time past."

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

On Friday last, a young lady was fined $5 in Albany, N. Y., for spitting in another lady's face. Snooks wants to know if she can expect to rate as a lady after such a vulgar action.

☞"Pat, you have dated your letter nearly a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen."

"Troth, boy, indade an' its just myself what is wantin' awate Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail. Sure I'll not care if she gits it three days afore its written, me darlint."

CONVENTION OF NATURALISTS.—Upwards of 4000 naturalists and physicians from all countries are expected to attend the Congress, to be held at Vienna from the 16th to the 22nd of this month. It is also asserted that M. de Humboldt will preside.

☞People are all summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter to close it.