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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 870.

POETRY.

The following beautiful picture, which cannot but be admired, was drawn some years ago, we believe, by our old friend, CHARLES G. EASTMAN, of Montpelier, Vermont. It is, indeed, "a gem of purest ray serene."

What a quiet, lovely home-iness is there in the last verses, and how true are all its shades!—E. K.

THE FARMER.

The Farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandpa's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
He thought how often her mother, dead,
Had sat on the self-same place.
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
"Don't smoke," said the child, "how it makes you cry."

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun after noon used to steal,
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning-wheel—
And the old brass clock, on the mantle tree,
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the Farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and the head so fair,
Of his sweet grand-child were pressed!
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both on that summer day!

FLORINE.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-whisp!
With your mischievous smile and your musical lip!
With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!
Did you beg of a shell, love, the bluish on your face?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?
Did you coax from the clouds of a sunset serene,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine!
Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
The wondrous tunes that with melody thrill?
Ah! your little light heart wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charms of your beauty, Florine.

MISCELLANY.

Respect due to Parents.

"Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when apparent in a child,
Than a sea monster."

Not only are the young apt to forget the respect due to parents, but oftentimes we see children of older growth forgetting those who have reared them from infancy, and by their waywardness causing their parents to shed tears, when it should be their duty to give reason for smiles. No sight is there that is so revolting to an upright man, as to see youth disrespecting grey hairs; but when we find a man, arrived at the age of discretion, neglecting his silver-haired parents, and treating them with contempt, no word is forcible enough to express the feeling which naturally arises in every honest breast. The very idea, that the babe, whose care has caused them so many sleepless nights, and so much anxious care, should in latter years prove a curse instead of a blessing, and repay its parents for all their love by unthankfulness, makes one almost wish that the parents' malediction might be upon him. Yet how often do we see cases in which the child forgets the respect due to his mother, and is regardless of his father's wishes. Children, learn in early age to respect your parents, and obey them in all things—struggle not against their authority, but by yielding while young you will derive honor when older, and never forget that commandment which says:—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

MOTHERS.—Napoleon, after having observed to Madame Campan, that the old system of children's education was bad, enquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers," was the reply. As women were the first and perhaps the most influential teachers, we must have good mothers if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence; and it has been well observed by the authoress of a deservedly popular work, that the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress is the first lesson in affection. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their parental impulses.

True dignity is ever accompanied by modesty, and is slow to recognize an insult; while false dignity will curl its lip and snuff its nose, even when treated with much more courtesy than it deserves.

The moral courage which will face obloquy in a good cause, is a much rarer virtue than the physical valor which will confront death in a bad one.

Prayer without faith is like shooting without bullets, it may make a great noise, but will never accomplish anything.—BUNNET.

THE LAW OF LOVE.—It would take, we think, a pretty long sermon to illustrate the law of love, and point out its application, more perfectly, or more forcibly, than is done in the following anecdote:

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made every body love her? She said—"I don't know, indeed, papa, unless it is because I love every body."

Legends of New Mexico.

BY THE LATE C. M. FIELDS.

THE SACRED FIRE.—Within forty-five miles of Santa Fe stands a dilapidated town, called Pecus, which in its flourishing days must have been inhabited by not less than two thousand souls. The houses now are all unroofed and the walls crumbling. The church alone yet stands nearly entire, and in it now resides a man bent nearly double with age, and his long silken hair, white with the snow of ninety winters, renders him an object of deep interest to the contemplative traveller. The writer, with a single American companion, once passed a night in this old church, entertained by the old man with a supper of hot porridge, made of pounded corn and goat's milk, which we drank with a shell spoon from a bowl of wood, sitting upon the ground at the foot of the ruined altar by the light of a few dimly burning sticks of pine. In this situation we learned from the old man the following interesting story, which is all the history that is now known of the city of the Sacred Fire.

The inhabitants of Pecus boasted that they were the chosen people of Montezuma, and in a deep cavern, whose mouth yawns in the hill-side behind the church, the sacred fire was kept burning from generation to generation, watched and fed with unwearied vigilance through day and night by the faithful descendants of the great chief. He had said when he left them, "Montezuma does not die, my children; he goes to wander through happy regions, and will again return to bless his people. Take from him this torch of flame, and so long as you suffer not the sacred flame to expire, so long hope to see your chief again, who will then make you a great and happy people, and your enemies shall perish; but should this holy fire die, then dies Montezuma, and you shall behold him no more!"

Thus spoke Montezuma before he disappeared, and through hundreds of years the sacred flame continued to blaze in the cavern of Pecus. Man, woman, and child shared the honor of watching the holy fire, and the side of the mountain grew bare, as year after year the trees were torn away to feed the consuming torch of Montezuma. At length a pestilential disorder came in the summer time, and swept away the people. Pecus became a city of mourning, and death with conquering steps strode from dwelling to dwelling. Forms wasting with disease were seen to fall and expire while conveying the dry branches from the mountain side to feed the holy fire. The dying drew forth the dead from the deep cavern, and the last feeble breath of many a victim was given to kindle again the fast expiring flame.

Gualupeta was the daughter of a gray-haired chief, and the betrothed of Josenacio. When the streets of Pecus became silent, and the voice of wailing was no more heard; when the ghastly and unburied forms of the dead outnumbered the beings yet alive; the aged man crept from his bed of pain, and descended into the hollow rock to watch the sacred fire. For the children of Montezuma were passing away, and the sacred flame was almost extinct. Of all Pecus there were now but three to watch the sacred fire, and these were Gualupeta, her father, and lover. Josenacio brought wood from the mountain and sat beside his betrothed feeding the holy fire, while the old man grew weaker hour by hour, until in the deep midnight he expired. Then the heart of the lover failed, and he urged Gualupeta to fly from death and abandon the sacred cavern. He was answered by a look which told him that Gualupeta had resolved to die rather than leave the fire of Montezuma to be extinguished while she had strength to watch it.

"No, Josenacio," she said, "let us die with our people, and be faithful to our sacred trust, and though our race be extinct upon earth, Montezuma will forgive us and we shall be happy with him in heaven!" Josenacio kissed the faithful girl and sat down by her side to die; and the lovers looked into each other's face to watch the icy finger of death tracing the pallid colors of the grave. Still midnight was around them and by their side lay the cold form of Gualupeta's father. The red light of the holy fire tinged the cold features of the corpse, and with a healthful smile the old man seemed to gaze upon his child.—Gualupeta was fast growing faint, and laying her cheek against her lover's, she said:

"See, Josenacio, my father smiles; he has already seen Montezuma in heaven. Are you not glad that you were faithful?" Gualupeta started, for her hand, which rested loosely in that of her lover, was clasped with sudden energy. She looked in her lover's face and exclaimed:

"Josenacio, what thought moves you? why has the lightning kindled in your eye, and why do you press my hand so earnestly?"

"Gualupeta, the fire of Montezuma shall not yet expire!" exclaimed the youth, and starting to his feet, he repeated the words, which were returned distinctly by the hollow echoes of the cavern, sounding like the sacred confirmation of a prophecy.

"We are dying," said the maiden, "how, what can we do to preserve the sacred flame?"

"We will fire the dry grass of the valley, and the forest that covers the mountain!" exclaimed the youth, "and over the mighty hills and the far prairies we will

spread the destroying flame that shall tell the world how Montezuma's children have passed away!"

"It is good," said the maiden. "Kiss your father, and let us begone," exclaimed the lover, and snatching a brand from the fire, he caught the maiden to his breast and rushed from the cavern.

A light then rose in the sky which was not the light of morning, but the hearers were red with the flames that roared and crackled up the mountain side. And the lovers lay in each other's arms, kissing death from each other's lips, and smiling to see the fire of Montezuma mounting up to heaven.

That summer passed away, and the winter, and when again the grass was seen around the desolate city, two skeletons were found mouldering at the mouth of the sacred cavern. These were Gualupeta and Josenacio, the betrothed lovers, the last watchers at the now extinct fire of Montezuma.

This is the substance of the old man's story. He told it in glowing words, and with a wrapt intensity which the writer has endeavored to imitate, but he feels that the attempt is a failure. The scene itself—the ruined church—the feeble old man bending over the ashes, and the strange tones of his thin voice in the dreary midnight—all are necessary to awaken such interest as was felt by the listeners. Such is the story, however, and there is no doubt that the legend has a strong foundation in truth; for there stands the ruined town, well known to the Santa Fe traders, and there lives the old man, tending his goats on the hill-side during the day, and driving them into the church at night. He took from a niche in the wall a small burnt stick, and a little clay bowl full of cinders, which he said he had himself brought from the bottom of the sacred cavern. That these were actually, as he said, remnants of the sacred fire, there is not the slightest doubt, for from after inquiries we found the history he gave us fully confirmed, and the same story was current among all the Americans residing in Santa Fe. It was imperative upon us to leave the place before daylight that we might reach our destination (San Niguel) early the next morning, so that we could not gratify our curiosity by descending the cavern ourselves; but we gave the old man a few bits of silver, and telling him that the story with which he had entertained us should be told again in the great United States, we each pocketed a cinder of the sacred fire and departed.

Education—Gov. Briggs.

Gov. Briggs, of Mass., alluded to the remark of Mr. Mann, that the Governor came down to preside at an educational convention. "It is not so," said his Excellency, "I have come up to it—the Governor is the people's servant, and if unwilling to serve their highest interests, and to aid in the promotion of a cause so vital to their prosperity as this, he is unworthy of their confidence." The Governor has a singular faculty of touching the tender chords of the human heart, and he exercised it on this occasion. In his appeal to the fathers and mothers of this assembly in regard to their children, he was touchingly eloquent. Among these little jewels of parental affection, said he, are the future senators, magistrates and law-makers of our republic, and who will regard as trivial anything that pertains to their thorough training for these high responsibilities?

"I can recall," said he, as he wiped the tear that struggled from his eye, "the case of a poor boy who once sat upon the hard plank seat of one of the schools in one of the poorest districts of the State, while his father was toiling at the anvil for his daily bread, who, under the smiles of a kind Providence, has since been honored by his fellow citizens infinitely beyond his deserts, and who as Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth is now addressing you, and deems it his highest honor to plead for the cause of common school education. I would rather be the man who gave the deed for yonder school-house, than to wear the honors of the proudest military conqueror. Thank Heaven there are no politics in this enterprise to poison it to death."

THE "CAMEL AND THE NEEDLE'S EYE."—Lord Nugent in his recent publication, "Lands Classical and Sacred," has given an application of the words which proves the fitness of the expression for the object our Saviour had in view. Lord Nugent describes himself about to walk out of Hebron thro' the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desires him to go through the "eye of the needle;" in other words; the small side-gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, the simple camel cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise.

HOG AND BACON.—When Sir Nicholas Bacon, a judge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was on the bench, he was strongly importuned by a criminal to save his life, on the score of relationship.

"How so?" inquired the judge.

"Why," replied the culprit, "my name is Hog and yours is Bacon, and hog and bacon are so near akin that they cannot be separated."

"Aye," said Nicholas, "but you and I cannot be related, except you be hanged; hog is not bacon till it is well hanged."

A Tale of Truth.

THIRD WILD GIRL.

In the year 1731, as a nobleman was shooting at Songi, near Chalons, in Champagne, he saw something at a distance in the water which he took for a couple of birds, at which he fired. The supposed birds avoided the shot by diving instantly into the water, and rising at another place, they made to the shore, when it appeared they were two children about nine or ten years of age. They carried ashore with them several fishes, which they tore in pieces with their fore-teeth, and swallowed without chewing. As they were going from the shore, one of them found a rosary, probably dropped by some traveller, at which she testified great joy by screaming and jumping about. In order to keep it to herself, she covered it with her hand; but her companion, who perceived this, gave her such a blow upon the hand with a sort of club, that she could not move it. With her other hand, she struck her companion in return such a blow upon the head with a similar club, as brought her to the ground with a loud shriek. The victor made herself a bracelet with the rosary, but she had so much pity on her companion, that she covered her wound with the skin of a fish which she stripped off, and bound it up with the slip of the bark of a tree. They then parted.

The girl that had been wounded returned to the river, and was never after seen; the other went to the village of Songi.—The ignorant people were frightened at her singular appearance, for her color was black, and she had on a scanty covering of rags and skins of animals. They set a great dog at her, but she waited his attack without stirring from her place; and as soon as he was within reach, gave him such a blow on his head as laid him dead on the spot. Unable to gain admission into any house, for every door was shut against her, she returned to the fields, climbed up a tree, and there took her repose. The Viscount d'Epinoxy, who was then at his seat at Songi, offered a reward to any one who would catch this wild girl. As it was supposed she would be thirsty, a bucket of water was placed under the tree to entice her down. On awaking, she looked cautiously around, came down and drank, but immediately ascended to the summit of the tree, as if she thought herself not otherwise secure. At length she was allured to come down by a woman, who walked under the tree with a child in her arms, and offered her fish and roots. When she had descended, some persons lying in wait seized her and conveyed her to the Viscount's seat. At first she was taken into the kitchen, where she fell upon some wild fowl, and ate them up before the cook missed them. A rabbit being offered her, she immediately stripped off the skin and devoured the flesh.

An opportunity of observing her with more ease was now obtained, and it was found that the black color of her skin was accidental, for, after she had repeatedly washed, her naturally fair complexion appeared. Her hands upon the whole were well formed, only the fingers, and the thumb in particular, were uncommonly strong, which was undoubtedly ascribed to her frequently climbing trees, as she would swing herself from one to another like a squirrel. The Viscount d'Epinoxy delivered her to the care of a shepherd, recommending him to be extremely attentive to her, under a promise to pay him well for his trouble. On account of her wildness, she was commonly known as the shepherd's beast. It cost a great deal of trouble to render her a little tame. She was very dexterous at making holes in the walls or roof, and would creep through an aperture so small that an eye witness could not conceive how it was possible. Once she eloped in a severe frost, during a heavy fall of snow, and after a long search, was found sitting on a tree in an open field.—Nothing was more astonishing than the swiftness and agility with which she ran. Though, latterly, long illness and want of exercise diminished her speed, it was always surprising. She did not take long steps like other people, but her run was rather a flying trip, which was more gliding than walking. Her feet moved with such quickness that their motion was scarcely discernible.

Several years after she had been caught, she was capable of outstripping wild animals, as she proved to the Queen of Poland in 1737, for being taken out on a hunting party, she ran after rabbits and hares that were started, caught them present, and brought them to the queen.—The quickness of her eye was equally astonishing. In a moment she could look every way round her, with scarcely turning her head, which was very necessary for her security, and procuring her food in a wild state. Both the girls used to spend their nights on trees. They laid down on a bush, held themselves fast with one hand, and rested their heads on the other. In this situation, according to our maiden's account, they slept very soundly.

Her savage state she had no language, but sort of wild scream, which sounded faintly when she was in anger, and particularly when a stranger attempted to take hold of her. Long afterwards, her speech had something wild, abrupt, childish but when she was a little civilized, she was quick, lively, girl.

There was nothing from which she was more difficult to be weaned, than from eating in flesh and vegetables raw. Her stomach could not bear dressed victuals, so that she fell into of disease after another, though raw food was allowed her occasionally. Perhaps the change was attempted with too little caution. At first she was led by this propensity to play some laughable tricks. Once the Viscount had a great deal of company, and she sat at table with them. None of the thorough-dressed and high seasoned dishes being to her taste, she started up, vanished like lightning, filled her apron with live frogs from the nearest pool, hastened back, and bestowed them among the guests with a liberal hand, joyfully exclaiming, as she distributed her agreeable present, "here, here, take some." It is easy to imagine how the company were delighted with the frogs, hopping all over the plates and dishes, while the little girl, astonished at the slight estimation in which they seemed to hold their delicious morsals, busied herself in catching the frogs that leapt about the floor, and replacing them on the table.

In the year 1742 this remarkable maiden was baptised in the name of Maria le Blanc. On account of the change of the mode of her life she was often ill, and after the death of her patron, spent the remainder of her days in a convent.

How this child came in that wild state, and in what country she was born, were circumstances which could never be known with certainty. It was conjectured, however, that she was by birth an Esquimaux, and brought to Europe in some ship; for, when she had learned to talk, she said she had twice crossed the sea; gave a description of boats, resembling those of the Esquimaux; and once, when she was shown a series of delineations of people of different countries, she seemed agreeably surprised on coming to that in which the Esquimaux were represented.

The Battle of Monmouth.

BY THOM. CARLISLE.

The 20th of June, 1778, was a great memorable day in the annals of Infant American Republics. For wise and good reasons the English army left Philadelphia, with a train of baggage twelve miles long, for New York. The latter city was held during the whole of this Liberty war, this contest between the mother and daughter, by the unnatural mother. Washington left his huts at Valley Forge, and in imitation of the Roman Consul who opposed Asdrubal, made a bloody effort to prevent the conjunction of the two armies of his enemy. He led his suffering soldiers towards the seashore. He sought his enemy and he met him on the sandy plains of Monmouth. Washington wide-winged, Clinton and Cornwallis wide-winged at and around the villages of Freehold and Englishtown; and fire-hail is whistling far and near upon those burning plains; the great guns playing and the small, both vomiting fire and death. And Gen. Lee is swept back on this wing and on that, and it is like to be swept back utterly, when Washington arrives in person and speaks a prompt word or two. "Stand fast," said the Hero, "stand fast, my boys, for the Virginia and Maryland line will soon come to your relief." The hearts of the American soldiers leaped at the sobad of their beloved, and, as they thought, invincible Chief, and the armed mercenaries of a monarch fell in units, tens, and hundreds beneath the republican fire.

Washington, on his death-defying old and faithful white horse, galloped along the line; he waved his sword and cheered on his men in the death struggle. The fierce provincials wrestled with their oppressors, they met the soldiers of the mother country—hand to hand, they close with them at weapon's point.

It was a bloody conjunction of carnage, this battle of Monmouth. Men of kindred blood, men speaking the same noble language, met in the death grapple. It was indeed a bloody conjunction. It was, I kill, thou killest, he kills, we kill, you kill, they kill. But death had other weapons of destruction. The sun for seven days had been in the Boreal Crab, the men were fighting, by Fahrenheit's thermometer, at 90 degrees. Many of the combatants bit the dust and died unscathed by sabre or shot. If Washington was Fabius in October, 1777, at White Plains, he was Marcellus at Monmouth. The honors of the day remained with him, for his enemy retreated.

MITIGATION OF PAIN IN SURGICAL OPERATIONS.—The Boston physicians have got a substitute for Mesmerism. Dr. Bigelow, of the Massachusetts Hospital, read a paper on the 9th ult. before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, announcing this discovery. It is a method of mitigating pain in surgical operations by the inhalation of certain ethers. Dr. Morton, of Boston, first called his attention to it, and though a similar process does not appear to have been entirely unknown to the medical faculty in former times, yet nothing like certainty was obtained in the results of the old methods. A great many experiments have been made with the new, however, in all of which the attempts to perform important operations without inflicting pain on the patients were completely successful. Many of these are described in Dr. Bigelow's paper.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on Heaven! With God's presence and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

Affecting Scene.

AT THE SIEGE OF MONTEREY.

We make the following extracts from a letter from Monterey, in the Louisville Courier, written by one of the volunteers from that city, who is a native of Baltimore:

I have always been exceedingly anxious to be in and see a little battle. I am now very well satisfied, and I trust in Heaven I may never have to witness such sights as I did during those ever-to-be-remembered three days. In the field were dead, dying and wounded, the latter crying for water, and piteously begging to be shot to put an end to their misery. The sight was enough to rend the hardest and sternest heart.

While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, on the evening of the 21st, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard a report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead! I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise. It makes me sick at heart, and turning from the scene I involuntarily raised my eyes towards Heaven, and thought, great God! and is this war? Passing the spot next day, I saw her body still lying there, with the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hail. I expected every moment to have more graves to dig for some of us, but we escaped in safety. While we lay in the fort all night, twelve, nine and six pound balls and bomb shells were cutting and flying about us. It is a miracle to me that only five of our men were wounded, one of whom, Joseph Bartlett, of the Washington Blues, has since died.

I have seen enough of war, and all the scenes and incidents connected therewith, and I am now perfectly satisfied. We are now encamped about four miles from the city in a beautiful forest of live oaks. We have the greatest abundance of oranges, pomegranates, figs, bananas, limes, lemons, apples, pears, quinces, peaches and sugar cane, and in the surrender of the city, several warehouses full of cigars, cigarettes and Spanish leaf tobacco were given up, all of which has been distributed among the officers and men, and as we have an abundance of time on our hands, we can smoke from morning till night to our heart's content.

ROYAL FLOUR AND A ROYAL PRICE.—Last fall Mr. Henry Smith, an enterprising miller of Le Roy, (N. Y.) sent six barrels of the choicest superfine Genesee flour, manufactured at his mill, to Queen Victoria, and for which, in due time, he received from her Majesty the comfortable sum of three thousand dollars. The flour was put up in highly finished barrels, neatly varnished, inclosed in sacks, and forwarded direct to the Queen of London. This fortunate experiment upon the appetite of Royalty seems to have suited her Majesty's palate so nicely, that in addition to the ample remuneration for his first adventure, he has recently received an order direct from London, for three thousand barrels more "of the same sort," which he has promptly forwarded.

TO FARMERS.—A CHALLENGE.—A correspondent of the Village Record throws out a challenge to the Farmers of Pennsylvania. He says:—"There was grown on a field, the property of the brothers Samuel J. Ebenezer I. and David Dickney, situated in Oxford township, Chester county, containing eight acres and one hundred and forty-two perches, 1037 bushels of corn, averaging 116 bushels and 21 quarts to the acre. This yield being so unusually large it may be thought perhaps that some mistake may have been made in measuring the corn, but to guard against that, particular care was taken. One person measured the whole of it, and to the accuracy of his account he is willing to be qualified. Now beat this who can in the county or State."

HIBERNIAN WIT.—The following is very odd, but very good. Abzurthy, the celebrated surgeon, finding a large pile of paving stones opposite his door, swore lustily at the pavior, and desired him to remove them.

"Where shall I take them to?" asked the Hibernian.

"To Hell," cried the choleric surgeon. Paddy, looking up in his face with an arch grin, said—"hadn't I better take them to Heaven? sure they'd be more out of yer honor's way!"

A man may go with a heedless spirit from ordinance to ordinance, abide all his days under the choicest teachings, and yet never be improved by them; for heart-neglect is a leak at the bottom.

MY EYES!—The Koran says, "Mahomet, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven, 460 large that his eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart."