Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN: *"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."*—Jefferson. EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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THE TIMES

From Ned Buntline's Own.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

It was morning—a bright, cool, glorious morning in autumn—after the terrible battle of the Brandywine, and the grateful beams of the sun was gilding the tops of the trees, which formed the great forrest lying within sight of the American encampment below Princeton. The disastrous result of this memorable conflict had well nigh crushed the hopes of the bravest colonists, and the commander-in-chief himself was dispirited and heart-stricken.

Hundreds of his brave companions in arms, had bitten the dust in that ill-fated fray; many of the best officers had been cut down; the energies of his spartian band were crippled, winter was approaching, and the future filled indeed with gloomy prospects. The soldiers were without shoes; scarcely a decent tent was left with the army; the ground was frozen and rugged, and as the men were forced over it, their bare feet were exposed and many a rueful gash had caused a bloody foot-print to be left behind them.

But on that lovely and bright morning, within the edge of that broad forest, there sat an aged royalist whose sympathies had latterly inclined towards the American interests, but whose personal weal had until now induced him to pursue an inactivity, a neutrality between the two parties.—And yet this man had a son in Washington's camp, a mere boy in years, who had taken his musket and joined the American forces some months previously. The father had learned of the defeat of the colonial army, he knew they had been forced to retreat, and he came to the neighborhood of the army, which had halted an hour or two, to learn if possible the fate of his boy.

He dare not approach too abruptly, and having reached the deep wood which at last lay between him and the distant camp, he mounted a knoll from the summit of which he had a view of the vanquished, but still determined band, who had comported themselves so valiantly, but a little time previously, but who were now hastening towards Princeton. The father's heart throbbed audibly, as he gazed beyond him at the remains of the gallant army, and questioned if his child was there, or whether he might have numbered his body among the three hundred noble spirits who had been sacrificed but a few hours before on the field of battle, And as he strained his aged sight far down towards the camp, a white horse suddenly came into view, and approached at length towards the rest.

The figure which bestrode this noble animal was commanding and graceful and the old man quickly noted that his loose grey coat and chapeau indicated him an American officer. He was seen at the verge of the forest, and turning his steed aside, he secured the animal to a tree, and disappeared within the confines of the wood.

Who could it bea nd what was his purpose at this hour alone in the dark forest? The man turned slowly about, and he rejoiced that the intruder did not observe him, for he could not satisfy his curiosity.

The stalwart form, the proud step, the manly face, the solemn movement of the stranger greatly interested the watcher, who saw that a deep burthen weighed upon hir heart, and as he looked again, he saw that noble form bend low, and on his knees the old man heard George Washington send up a fervent, earnest prayer to the God of Battles, for the deliverance of his country from war, oppression, and peril—an ardent supplication in behalf of his suffering countrymen.

A tear of sympathy gushed from the grey eye of the aged royalist, but as he dashed aside the fallen drop, the brave warrior rose from his knees, and was slowly wending his way towards the spot where his steed was secured, when another figure from an opposite direction suddenly hove in sight—and halting, stood in the path of the American Commander-in Chief.

In an instant the hand of Washington clasped his sword-hilt, and he would have drawn the blade from his scabbard, but the man who confronted him motioned him in kindness, and the warrior stood in his tracks. Drawing himself up to his height, he gazed for a moment on the face of the other, and evidently recognizing him, he exclaimed with evident surprise:

"Sir William Howe?"

"The same—and by favor of his Majesty, commander of the British forces in these colonies."

"The tool of an unwise sovereign, who rolls in splendid extravagance and ease while the poor colonists who should have been the objects of his especial regard, are starving throughout the land," quickly added Washington.

"A truce to this, sir," replied the British General quickly. "His Majesty seeks to put an end to the contention and strife that unfortunately have existed too long here—"

"You speak truly," exclaimed Washington, interrupting the General, and deeply interested in his words.

"On my honor, sir, the King would see this conflict speedily terminated, and I but repeat his words, when I say that he looks to Washington for this result—so desirable to the colonists and the mother land."

The American General advanced towards Sir William Howe—he looked into his eyes—he measured his form—and a thousand emotions of hope, joy, fear, suspicion, momentarily thrust themselves upon the mind of the sagacious warrior.

What meant those words of encouragement? Was Sir William Howe insane? How came he there—in that forest at so opportune a moment? The King—the British General—these assurances—this stringent meeting—who boded all this mystery? But in his hand Sir William held a roll of parchment, and again he pressed upon the American General's notice, the kindly intentions of his noble sovereign, King George.

With a nervous movement, as if he distrusted the foul act himself, Sir Wm. Howe, raised the pure white scroll, and gazing intently into the face of Washington, he moved the outer covering of the parchment slowly and with evident emotion.

"You may end these hostilities, sir: you may confer a permanent peace upon this portion of his majejesty's dominions; you may crash the turbulence which has shown itself in these colonies; you may acquire a lasting name for yourself—if you accept the overtures which I am authorized to make from the King. Behold his signature!" added the General, as he exposed the contents of the parchment and the eye of Washington fell upon the proffer of his majesty, King George to the Commander-in-chief of the American Army.

For an instant a film seemed to pass over his sight as he gazed upon the gilded document bearing the sign manuel and broad seal of the King upon its face—and the American General passed his hand to his brow, for he could scarcely believe himself awake. But the pang was momentary, and instantly recovering he found the document in his own hands, upon which he read the words:—"*To our beloved servant, Duke George Washington, of Mount Vernon.*"

He started back, a groan burst from his lips—and the next moment the parchment was torn into a hundred shreds, and lay beneath the American warrior's feet.

"Thus—thus I answer your vile proposal, Sir William Howe!" exclaimed the gallant Washington, contemptiously, as he stamped the fragments in the dust beneath his feet and the British General quickly gave way before the excited, insulted man, whom he feared, as the latter moved forward toward the outer verge of the wood.

"This may be my answer to your wicked master. The blood of a thousand martyrs in the cause of freedom—each one of whom were more worthy than your loyal leader—call upon the living to avenge the dead!—the memory of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Brandywine, are fresh in our hearts, and we defy your cruel master's power or his arts. And for myself, I crave no highor title than that of a patriot—I seek no other reward but what I find in the consciousness of performing my utmost in the noble cause of freedom."

"On your own head be the consequence of this contumely," said the English General between his teeth, as he turned away. Within five minutes Washington had mounted his steed and was quickly out of sight.

The aged man who lay concealed beyond an unsuspected but deeply interested spectator of this thrilling scene, returned to his quiet home an altered man.

"I have met George Washington," he said to his family. "I have heard him pray, and I have seen him beard the British lion. The man who can trample the offer of a dukedom under foot, as he has done—cannot be a *rebel*."

And within twenty four hours afterwards, old as he was, he joined his son in the American army, under the command of the noble Washington.

JENNY LIND.

The New Orleans Picayune relates the following incident, so happily in keeping with the generous character of the "Nighingale:"

Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy.—A poor blind boy who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here he accidently took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild and sweet flute notes, listened for some time in surprise, and as the sounds died away, he said to himself, "Well, that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute he played the air of the "Last Rose of summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last notes ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door.—"Come in," said Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are?" "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are!" exclaimed the lad; "Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high, that I am too poor to buy one. Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued with great feeling, "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I never shall be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly he took the blind boy that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scene. The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the poor lad deeply, and produced upon him varied senations. But When Jenny sung "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring she was attracted by the sound of a boy's sobbings, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.

LOCAL PAPERS.

Col. Wallace of the Philadelphia Sun, handsomely says:

We have always held that the first duty of our country friends is to their local newspapers. They should be liberally supported, and no one should neglect them for the purpose of subscribing to a city weekly. The local editors of the interior are often at a heavy expense, and work night and day, both with head and hands, for the accommodation of their communities, and they should receive a liberal compensation.

☞If the rich would not prepare thorns for the pillows, and forge chains for the hands and minds of their children, they should teach them early, the rediments of industry.

EUROPE.

The Whig Ministry of Great Britain has at last so decidedly fallen that it has given up office. Its defeat was of course in the House of Commons; the occason was a movement to extend the suffrage. Mr. Locke King asked leave to bring in a bill giving the franchise to every householder paying £10 taxes.—Lord John Russell opposed this measure, but on a division was left in the minority by forty-eight votes. After such a reverse as this it was out of the question longer to remain in power, and a resignation of the whole Ministry took place. At the sailing of the Pacific they were only carrying on the administration till the appointment of their successors.

The retiring Cabinet entered upon office in July, 1846, and has accordingly lasted near five years. Its duration for so great a length of time is to be ascribed solely to the very fact which caused all politicians to anticipate for it a much more speedy extinction, namely, the division and confusion of parties. Sir Robert Peel said that he finally resigned because a ccompact and steady majority in the Commons could not be hoped for, and any tenure of office must be precarious. And yet Sir Robert had then held office but a few months more than have the Ministers who succeeded him, though his administration had exceeded in length all its predecessors since the long period of Troy rule beginning with the accession of Percival in 1809, and ending with that of Grey in 1830.

Lord John Russell cannot be called a weak man, though he is far from being a strong or brilliant one. His power is that of a tactician rather than that of a statesman. And if he can fairly claim the honor of consistency in his political career, he has no right to that of progress. He was a Whig when he made his debut in Parliament; he is nothing more than a Whig to-day.—Starting on the side of Parliamentary reform in 1811, he lays down the reins of Government, opposing a related, but rather more liberal reform in 1851.—Of his colleagues, Lord Palmerston is, if not the ablest, at least the widest know in other countries, where it is not much to say that he has added nothing to the glory of the British name, or the firmness of the British power. As this Ministry has lived simply because there was no organized party strong enough for its overthrow, it would be unreasonable to inquire what it has accomplished. It has certainly exercised the functions of Government; if history has anything more to record in its honor, we are not aware of it.

What will succeed this Cabinet it is difficult to say. Its overthrow must have been caused by the coalition of elements which could be united for little else than the destruction of a common foe. It is said that Sir James Graham has been sent for by the Queen, but it remains to be seen whether he can form a Ministry. Sir James was Home Secretary in the Peel Cabinet and acquired a most dubious distinction by opening in the Post Office sundry sealed letters addressed to Mazzini, then resident at London. He was originally a Whig, but of a less decided hue than Lord John Russell. But all speculation as to the composition of a ministry under his leadership, or indeed under anybody's, is of little worth. It is doubtful whether a stable Government can be formed without a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the Country.

In France the Schism betwixt the Assembly and the President is not repaired. In Germany the joint usurpation of Austria and Prussia is rapidly advancing to its consummation. A demonstration against Switzerland to recover Neufchatel for Prussia seems near at hand. Logically this ought to be done. The independence of that little Canton is the last relic of 1848, connected with Prussia or any of the German States. It must be extinguished.

Italy is in terror about Garibaldi, who is said to be at Genoa, ready to overturn the world. This will be news to him as he quietly reads his *Tribune* tomorrow morning at his home on Staton Island.

TOUCHING LINES.

The New England Diadem gives ist readers the following stanzas. The beautiful suggject of them died on his passage to California. We have but seldom met any thing so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "teary eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands or sons, on their way to or after having reached the land of Gold and of Graves:

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer.
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms aroond me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon ye'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying,
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away;
I maam going, brother, going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I willing, brother, knowing
That He doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother (God assist her
Now that she is growing old,)
That her child wo'ld glad have kiss'd her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For He's said so in His Word.

O, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember,
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their memory stirred;
Tell them I ne'er reached the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

WHAT PERSEVERANCE WILL DO.

The following will show what perseverance may do for the young man who is rudely thrust back by those who imagine themselves the only persons privileged to stand in the front ranks of life:—'At an early period of the settlement of Kentucky, before she became a State, a great many "professional men" were attracted to her 'fresh opening,' and the bar of Lexington (her chief village) was especially numerous and able. The lawyers composing it, thinking that they were quite sufficient for the business, had a sort of understanding that no new aspirant was to be admitted within their circle or allowed to get a footing in their courts so far as the influence of the 'bar' could prevent it. Several beginners were thus shouldered out for a considerable period. At length a raw youngster happened to be employed in a case, and the old heads opposed to made a dead set at him, as was to be expected. This treatment at first embarrassed but soon roused him, and he gave back full measure for what he received, and a little extra. The spectators became excited, and began to take sides with the new comer. One of the old heads leaned across the table, and whispered to a brother counsellor: "We shall have to let this young man pass.' So they did. He has since became pretty widely known as *Henry Clay*.

☞The tear of repentence brings its own relief.

The Last Modern Miracle.—A miracle, said to have occurred in a village in France, was creating much excitement at the last accounts. Drops of blood, it was said, oozed from a picture of Christ crucified, which was suspended in one of the country churches! The phenomenon was well calculated to excite the superstitous feelings of the ignorant and credulous peasantry, but every intelligent person will, of course suspect trickery. An English paper has the following plausible explanation of the mode of manufacturing this miracle;

"Take an oil painting of a wounded man, cover the back of the canvass with pitch, cut out of a portion of the latter immediately behind the part depictured as a wound, pierce the canvass at that part with several stabs of a cobler's awl, from back to front, place in the opening made by the removed pitch a piece of sponge saturated with blood thinned with water, cover the opening with a plug of pitch, the application of a hot iron removing the appearance of a seame round the plug. The miracle may now be worked by gentle pressure, either from behind or in front of the pictured wound, which, squeezing the sponge, causes the bloody liquid to exude through the holes made by the cobler's awl, and trickle out in the most natural and surprising manner, to the edification of all beholders. This miracle is capable of being produced by other means, but upon the same principle. The application of a white handkerchief to the wound, and with some pressure, will assist in establishing the miracles."

The Holy Scripture.—"The fairest productions of human wit," writes Bishop Horne, "after a few perusals, like gathered flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but these unfading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautful; their bloom appears to be doubly lightened, fresh odors are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them yet again; and he who tastes them oftenest will relish them best."

A POOR MINISTER.

I heard a story, the other day, says a writer in one of our periodicals, which seems too good to be lost. A church in the country had just engaged a good minister, who had not attended long, when, after preaching on a Sunday, the deacon gave him a pull, and said—

"I want to speak with you."

After going aside, the deacon said—"Brother, I saw something about you, to-day, that hurt my feelings."

"What was it, my dear brother?" said the minister, in surprise; "*do tell me.*"

"It was about your arm; while you were preaching, I saw it."

The poor minister became still more alarmed, and anxious to know in what way he had hurt the dear old father's feelings.

The deacon pointed to his elbow.—"There it is yet," said he.

The minister began to brush his sleeve.

"Stop," said the deacon; "you can't mend it now; there is a hole in your court, right on the elbow. I am hurt to see our minister have to wear such a coat. Now, I want you to go to ——— and choose a coat pattern, and I'll pay for it."

The minister thanked him kindly, and was entirely relieved of his fright.

B.

DR. FAUST'S ART.

The following is a specimen of Printer's technical term; it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated: "Jim, put General Washington on the *galley*, and then *finish* the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. *Set up* the ruins of Herculaneum; *distribute* the small pox; you needn't *finish* that runaway match; have the *high water* in the paper this week. Let the *pi* alone till after dinner, put the barbecue to *press*, and then go to the *devil*, and he will tell you about the work for the morning." Not much wonder that Dr. Faust was burned for inventing such a diabolical art.

☞In the difficulty of the U. States with France, the French Ambassador at Washington, hoping to frighten Gen. Jackson, asked of him when he demanded his passports, "What shall I tell the King of the French, Mr. President?" "Tell your master, the King, that Andrew Jackson says he must either fight or pay the money!" There was no misunderstanding such diplomacy, and the money was soon after forthcoming.