

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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THE BATTLE OF CHANCE.

Great thoughts are heaving in the world's wide breast;
The time is laboring with a mighty birth;
Men wander up and down in wild intent;
A sense of change preparing for the Earth
Broods over all.
There lies a gloom on all things under heaven—
A gloom pervades the quiet of the night;
Who sees no joy in being driven
Onward from change, ever to change again;
Who never walks but on the beaten ways,
And loves the breath of yesterday—
Men who would rather sit and sleep
When tempests sweep through the ivy creep,
Each at his door post all alone,
Headless of near or distant woe,
Than wake and listen to the moan
Of storm-wind fanning the stars—
Or hear, far off, the melancholy rout
Of billows, white with wrath, battling against the shore.

Deep on their troubled souls the shadow lies;
And in that shadow come and go,
While faint lightning writes upon the skies,
And voices wail the coming woe,
Titanic phantoms wreathed in mist and flame,
The mighty shapes of things without a name,
Mingling with forms more palpably defined,
That whirl and dance like leaves upon the wind;
Then, marshaling in long array their hosts,
Rush forth to battle in a cloud-like land,
Thick phalanxes on close aerial coasts,
As swarms the locusts playing Samarcand.
Oh who would live, they cry, in time like this!
A time of conflict fierce, and trouble strange;
When old and new, and dark and bright,
Fight the great battle of relentless change,
And still before their eyes discerned kings,
Desolate chiefs, and aged priests forlorn,
Fleeting in clouds, and things of inconceivable
Sweeping in rise and fall on ponderous winds—
While here and there, amid a golden light,
Angelic faces, as of summer morn,
Which gleam an instant are extinguished quite,
Or change to fiery skulls, or spectres livid white.

But not to me—oh not to me appear
These glooms of Time and Matter sky,
I feel the beautiful motion of the sphere;
And lying down upon the grass, I hear
Far away, yet drawing near,
A low, sweet sound of ringing melody:
I see the smiling and the weeping face;
I see the battle and the combatants;
I know the cause for which their weapons flash,
I hear the martial music and the chants,
The shock of hosts, the armor clank,
As though I were amidst the tumult beyond I see,
Adown the abysses of the Time to be,
The well-won victory of the Right!
The laying down of useless arms and spears;
The reconciliation ardently desired
Of Universal Peace and Matter sky,
Whom long estrangement, filling earth with tears,
Gave every manly heart, divinely fired,
A lingering love, a hope inspired,
To reconcile them, never more to sunder.
Far, far away above the rumbling thunder,
I see the splendor of another day,
Ever since infant time began,
There has been darkness over man;
It rolls and shivers up! It melts away!

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

Dear mother, in the silent hours of night,
When stars around me shed their chastened light,
I think of thee, and mourn that thou art not here,
With smile to bloom, and kindly word to cheer.
Ah, mother, life is but a thorny way;
When longest 'tis at best a little day;
A gleam of sunshine, and a sun a cloud—
The bridal robe, soon followed by the shroud.
Dear mother, when I see my sleeping eyes,
And tears fast follow the unconscious sigh,
But still the heart o'erwhelmed with heavy grief,
In thought of thee, dear mother, finds relief.
Dear mother, be thou still the watchful guide,
In honor's path of him who was thy pride;
So shall my feet, from error's path of sin,
Tread only paths of truth, toward Heaven and thine.

WEIR THE ARTIST.

Mr. Willis, writing to the Home Journal from Cozen's new hotel on the Hudson river, relates the following:
"Within a stone's throw from the portico of the hotel, upon a knoll half hidden with trees, stands one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in this country—a stone church, of English rural architecture, built by the painter Robert Weir. The story of its construction is a touching poem. When Mr. Weir received ten thousand dollars from the Government for his picture on the panel of the Capitol, he invested it, untouched, for the benefit of his three children. On the death of these—all three—soon after, the money reverted to him, but he had a feeling which forbade him to use it. Struck with the favorableness of this knoll under the mountain as a site for a place of worship, much money by the village near by, he applied for it to Mr. Cozen, on whose property it stood, who at once made a free gift of it for the purpose. The painter's taste and heart were set to work, and with the money left him by his children, he erected this beautiful structure in a memorial of his fallen utility. Its bell for evening service sounded a few minutes ago—the tone selected, apparently, with the taste that governed all, and making sweet music among the mountains that look down upon it. Mr. Weir named it 'The Church of the Holy Innocents.'"

THINGS LOST FOREVER.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry—the wreck of health repaired by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgiveness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slightest years, and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life?—Mrs. Sigourney.

PAYING AN OLD DEBT.

A MERCHANT, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died February 18, 1806, at the age of seventy-five, intestate. His eldest son administered upon the estate. This old gentleman used pleasantly to say, that, for many years, he had fed a very large number of the Catholics, on the shores of the Mediterranean, during Lent, referring to his very extensive connection with the fishing business. In his day he was certainly well known; and to the present time is well remembered, by some of the "old ones down along shore," from the Gurnet's Nose to Race Point. Among his papers, a package, of very considerable size, was found after his death carefully tied up, and labelled as follows:—
"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit or severe dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn this package entire."

"About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feeling by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other, towards the fireplace, indicated his wish to have the package put in the flames. It was suggested by another of our number, that it might be well, first, to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates, and amounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day, we again assembled—the list had been prepared—and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames."

"It was about four months after our father's death," continued my informant, "in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I've come from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother," continued my informant, "requested him to take a seat, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk."

"The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket book, and began to count over his money. When he had done—there was quite a parcel of bank notes—as he sat, waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard—and secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions—his name, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars—it had stood a long time, and, with interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget. 'Your note is outlawed,' said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount.' 'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it,' and he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over. 'I cannot take this money,' said my brother. The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,' said the old man. 'I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. The debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry myself about it.' 'My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bank bills, returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, and due bills, and other evidences of

debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had risked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together, for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burthen off my spirits. I did so—and now what will my old woman say! I must get back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—'I have never seen the righteous man forsaken or his seed begging bread.' After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing."

"After a short silence—taking his pencil and making a cast—'There,' said my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much—conceive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure, derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'"

Such is the simple tale which I have told, as it was told to me.—Boston Transcript.

LEPROSY.—The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible I do not know; but it is regarded as perfectly incurable, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the South of Africa there is a large leprosy-house for lepers. It is an immense space, enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. When any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter; never to return. No one who enters in that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all the stages of the disease. Dr. Helbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighboring hill, saw them at work. He noticed two particularly spavined in the field. The one had no hands, the other had no feet—these members being wasted away by the disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other, who wanted the feet, upon his back, and he, again, carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot, and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery there is in this world. Such is this prison house of disease. But you will ask who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and lands, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen this leprosy-house as their field of labor. They entered it never to come out again. And I am told that, as soon as they die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place.

HOW TO ACQUIRE WEALTH AND A WIFE AT ONCE.—A scheme has been projected, says a Barcelona paper, "by a poor but talented young man here, anxious to form a matrimonial alliance with a lady, likewise without fortune, which has for its aim the assurance of a competence to the contracting parties. For this purpose the would-be bridegroom proposes making a raffle of himself, and with this view has issued five thousand tickets at a dollar each. 'The female who shall draw the prize, no matter what her position may be, will be entitled to full information respecting the physical and moral qualities of the gentleman, who, on his side, will also be afforded the same advantages. If both agree to conclude the projected alliance, they will possess a capital of five thousand dollars to support the charges incident to matrimony; but should either object, the money is to be divided equally between them, each being thus furnished with a dowry to enable them to make a choice in which chance shall take no part. The plan is an ingenious one, though its accomplishment is beset with difficulties. To what a pitch has calculation and speculation reached!'"

GREAT MEN!—Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, giving their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligence, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream.

"THE HARVEST.—A countryman sowing his ground, two smart fellows, riding that way, one of them called to him with an insolent air. 'Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruit of your labor.' To which the countryman replied, 'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp.'"

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.—Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey, which was permitted to run free had frequently seen the men servants in the great kitchen, with its huge fire-place, take down a powder-horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make the flames and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder-horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood-fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer's day; he came down a carbonated negro in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ashes in the midst of the general flare-up aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house, close as it was, beggared, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care, but like some other great personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder, if not wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder-horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, streaming and clattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

AN ALLIGATOR STORY.—The following is a strange account of a lake full of alligators in the East Indies, taken from the Anglo Indian papers:
"We made an excursion lately to what is here called a Mugger Tank, a lake of alligators, which lies in a small and beautifully situated grove of trees, surrounded by a range of low hills, about nine miles from Kurrachee. After having breakfasted, we proceeded to the spot where these hideous monsters were congregated. They are held sacred by the natives of the country, and are regularly fed by the contributions of devotees. The tank is more like an overflowed meadow than a lake, having deep channels intersecting each other, and is literally alive with these huge 'muggers,' some basking on the knolls and ridges, others floating on the surface of the deep water. They were of all sizes, from a foot or two to twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and bulky in proportion. Having purchased a kid, and cut it up on the banks, there was a universal opening of their capacious jaws, which they kept distended in expectation of having a piece of flesh thrown into them, and are too lazy to make any further demonstration. The native keeper who feeds them began calling to them, when they came one by one lazily along, and waddling on to the shore, each took what was given to him. The rapidity with which the poor kid vanished, head and heels, was truly astonishing. They knew the keeper quite well; and if any one should take up what is not thrown to him the keeper makes him drop it by striking him over the snout with his stick. Their jaws are certainly dreadful clasp-traps, and the crash they make when brought together is horrible, crushing the bones even of the head of their prey like so much mush. It is probable, setting aside motives of superstition, that the inhabitants now find it necessary to feed these voracious monsters, for, were the supplies to be stopped, they would become dangerous neighbors. In fact, they do at times pick up and devour a stray child left on the banks by accident or design. There are here three hot springs, one of which supplies the tank, and is of a temperature of about sixty-six degrees. The two others have a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees. The water issues from the rock as pure as chrysalis, and in great abundance."

THE GRANDEUR OF MAN.—"The birth of an infant," it has been truthfully said, "is a greater event than the production of the sun. The sun is only a lump of senseless matter; it does not its own light; it feels not its own heat; and with all its grandeur, it will cease to be—but that infant, beginning to breathe yesterday, is possessed of reason, claims a principle infinitely superior to matter, and will live through the ages of eternity." Let the immortal mind shed its lustre upon the world.

QUEER CALCULATIONS.—The editor of the Yankee Blade says:—"It would be a curious sight to see all the babies in the United States under five years of age together; they would be a pretty collection of 2,400,000. What a squalling there would be should they all get spanked at the same time, and what a great heap of sugar plums it would take to quiet them!"

GENERAL BEN.—The following anecdote is going its rounds in Vienna concerning Ben. For many years he has had forebodings of his death. He himself has for many years assigned the year 1850 as the term of his existence. During his stay in Paris he once dined with the North American ambassador. The conversation fell on forebodings, omens, and the like. The ambassador laughed at them, but Ben declared he firmly believed in them, and related how he had thrice seen, when in his twentieth year, his own grave-stone, with his name, and the date of 1850 on it. Ben received in Transylvania several dangerous wounds. The physician shook his head, but Ben answered it quite calmly by saying that he had another year to live. On the faith of this vision, Ben exposes himself to the hottest fire, and declares that the ball which shall hit him mortally will not do so before the year 1850.

THE WORLD A FISH POND.—An exchange paper says, "the world is a great fish pond full of eels and suckers."

Now, if there were not worse fish among the human and inhuman than eels and suckers, one could get along tolerably well. But there are as many kind of monsters on the land as there are in the mighty deep. Every kind of fish is represented by men, from the whale or capitalist, and shark or land monopolist, down to the sword-fish or muck worm. There is the sword-fish or warrior, and sharks of different kinds, such as priests, lawyers, doctors, and other loafers. Then there are squids or political editors, squirting their blinding ink in the eyes of honest fish; also lobsters, crabs, flat-fish, and so on, down from the whale that swallows small fish, to the bium or muscle that burrows in sectarian mud, or the tad-pole of fashion that wriggles about in shallow water. All the inhabitants of the ocean are represented, not excepting the mighty Leviathan or the old serpent himself, and nearly all are preying on those weaker than themselves. Talk about nothing but eels and suckers! Why, man! if there were nothing else in the great fish pond, every man would have enjoyed his right to liberty and the use of the soil long since; all would have had a home of some sort, and grinding and oppression would not be known—the world would be more like a paradise than a fish pond.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.

Our Yankee-traveller who saw the live Hoozier has again written to his mother: "Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago a man was telling two of his neighbors in my bearing a pretty large story."

Says I, "Stranger that's a whopper!" Says he, "Lay there, stranger!" And in a twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for wear and tear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women is it?' Says he, "You are afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?" "Very much," says I.

"Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize, in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols, (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disorder entirely—so don't fear stranger!" So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire this western country much; but curse me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares."—Chicago Democrat.

The late Mr. Jarvey Bush amused us once with a story told of a brother barrister on the Leicester Circuit. As the coach was about starting after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated behind the bar, and said he could not think of going without giving her a kiss.

"Friend," said she, "thou must not do it."

"Oh, by Jupiter, I will," replied the barrister.

"Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thou may do it, but thou must make a practice of it."

TOUCHING THE SYMPATHIES.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did you marry me? Just tell me that—for it's meelf that's had to maintain ye ever since Father O'Flanagan sent me to yer house."

"Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's meelf that hopes to live to see the day that ye're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me, then, by St. Patrick, I'll see how you get along without me, honey dear."

DEVIL'S FUNERAL SERMON.—One of the neighbors of the Rev. J. C. —, as we have been informed, thinking in play a joke on him, met him in the street and addressed him thus:

"Mr. —, I wish you to preach a funeral sermon."

"Ah, who is dead?" inquired the minister.

"The devil," was the reply.

"Well, and you wish me to preach a funeral sermon."

"I do."

"Very well, I will do it."

So the time and place were fixed for the service, which being being in a private dwelling, seats were provided for the audience, the front one of which the minister kept from being occupied till the people had all collected. He then addressed them in the following manner:

"It is a custom where I have generally officiated on funeral occasions, to reserve the front seats for the friends of the deceased. I have accordingly kept these in reserve for the connections of him whose funeral sermon I am requested to preach, who is, as you are probably aware, the devil."

"Now, before I commence, I wish his children and mourners to come forward and occupy these seats."

As no one obeyed the call, he remarked again—"I do not know but that the old gentleman has a number of children present, and I should be glad to have them comply with the usual custom of mourners." "I thought it would turn out so: the father is not dead, or his children would show proper respect to his memory, so I shall address you on another subject."

He then preached them a faithful sermon. We heard this story and did not believe it, but afterwards meeting with the minister himself, we inquired if it was true, and he said it was.—Olive Branch.

Africa needs to be explored. There are not less than three opinions upon the point of its population. By some it is stated at forty millions, and by others at ninety millions, and again at one hundred and thirty millions.

"Husband, do you believe in the special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Do you indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"

"Yes, my love."

"When was it, husband?"

"When I married you, my dear."

Wire fences have been introduced upon farms in many parts of the country, and prove very useful as well as ornamental. The testimony in their favor is very strong. They can be built cheaper than common fences; and answer every purpose as well if not better.

The average duration of life amongst the working classes of England—the most numerous classes—is estimated at about twenty-eight years—the duration of the aristocracy is estimated at forty-six.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a proclamation offering a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the head of Gen. Ben, the Polish General, at the present time heading the Hungarian army.

"What's the matter, John? 'Sam have a Bible at me and hit my head.' 'Well, you are the only boy of the family on which the Bible ever made an impression—cry as long as you please.'"

There are one hundred and six thousand and seven hundred poor, sick, criminal and debauched people in Berlin, the model city of Germany.

A POLITICIAN.—There is a man in Illinois, named Barrow, who has changed his politics so often that he has now got the sobriquet of wheel-Barrow.

"Do make yourself at home, ladies," said a lady one day to her visitors. "I am at home myself and I wish you all were."

A Frenchman wishing to tell a fat lady she was very considerate, said:—"Madam, you are very considerable."

The Austrian soldiers receive but four cents a day. Killing their brethren for four cents a day! What an occupation!

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.

By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

While you are in the habit of intemperance, you often drink up the value of an acre of land in a night.—Father Mathew.

There have been six thousand seven hundred and eighty-two suicides in France during the last thirty years.

It is computed that the rats in the U. States consume six millions of dollars worth of grain a year.

Athens (Greece) has twenty-two journals.

Gaze not on the blemishes of others.

George Lippard.

The slippery character of George Lippard as a politician, and his inflated mannerism as a penny-linger, have excited considerable sport, particularly as he has the vanity to imagine that he is a man of great consequence, and has been very ostentatious in proclaiming his latest political flip-flop. Those acquainted with George's bombastic productions, will recognize in the following sketch, from the Trenton Gazette, a most capital imitation of his style, both in the language and in the horrible array of brilliant exclamation points with which he habitually tips off his popgun sentences:

THE ROMANCE OF HUMBURG.

A THRILLING STORY BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was night in the "Quaker City!"

A small man in rolling eyes and big shirt collar, sat at a desk above which gleamed a vivid fire, issuing from a curiously wrought iron tube.

"The light was of gas."

The small man in the rolling eyes and a big shirt collar was of gas also!

"FURNACE COINCIDENCE!!!!!!"

"I will do the deed," hissed the animated gas pipe, through his clenched teeth, as he seized a pen and spread a white scroll before him. "I will do the deed!"

And that fierce man, in that Quaker City, in that chamber, by that gas light, wrote these fearful words—

"I REPUDEATE GENERAL TAYLOR!!!!!!"

Had the fells of Niagara been suddenly turned into Vesuvius, amid the plaudits of the concentrated thunders of the universe, backed by the enesaled lightnings of illimitable space, and the whole been hurled in conglomeration night-mare upon the repose of Old Zack, the effect could not have been more bewildering to the doomed President than was that awful sentence.

THE END.

IMPORTATIONS AT NEW YORK.

The quantity of Foreign Dry Goods which were entered at the Custom House of New York alone for the week ending on Saturday evening last, amounted to NINE HUNDRED AND TEN THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—almost a million of dollars in a single week, while our Factories are closing and the people are idle.

A gentleman from Philadelphia, assured us, a few days ago, that more Steam Engines were standing idle in that city and vicinity, than have been known within the last ten years. This accounts for the unusually slim demand for Coal at the season of the year—but throw up your hats, boys, and give three cheers for the Tariff of 1846—Locofocoism declares it is the best bill ever passed for the working-men of this country.—Miners' Journal.

A NEW ISSUE has been raised in Spartanburg, South Carolina. A man named Barrett was arrested and imprisoned for circulating incendiary publications. A letter in the Post office, addressed J. E. Thomson, was suspected to contain evidence of his guilt. The Postmaster at first refused to bring the letter into court. He was arrested and put in jail, and then gave bond to appear and produce the letter. This raises the question whether the State authorities have a right to overhurl the mail, and cause such letters as they suspect to be opened. The South Carolina papers are in arms, anticipating a decision against them, and vow they will "resist to the last extremity" rather than yield the ground they have taken. The Spartanburg Spartan is quite ferocious.—Richmond Times.

ROMANCE OF MATRIMONY.—The Pottstown Ledger mentions a recent matrimonial alliance in that neighborhood, in which the happy groom was just 23 years old, and his blushing bride only 68!

The same paper records another singular incident in the matrimonial line. A venerable couple, not far from the ripe age of "three score and ten," applied to a Pottstown clergyman to make them one in the silken bonds; but he was compelled to postpone the ceremony, because the old greybeard could not tell him the Christian name of his companion. He was a widower of three months standing—she a widow of ten months.

DEATH FROM LAUDANUM.—Mrs. Organ, residing at 51 Elizabeth street, N. York, being seized with cramps in the stomach on Sunday morning, her husband procured three cents worth of camphor and laudanum, which was administered to her in four doses, at different times. The woman soon became stupid and lost her senses, and, although three physicians exerted all their skill, they failed to revive her, and she died during the evening.

CHARLES ELLET, a distinguished civil engineer, says that the navigation of the Ohio river may be made permanent throughout the year for boats drawing five feet of water, by the construction of reservoirs that would not cost over \$600,000.

"Say, Jeff," said a darkey to a chum of his, "can you tell me the reason why women never have boards?"

"Why, Jontus, I don't know as I can, unless it is because de Lord didn't calculate dem to occupy the same position, nor dey was'nt calculated for the same purpose as us wus."

"Yas! yha! yha! you an de most ignorant nigger I eber seed, Jeff; why dat an not de reason, de reason wus very simple, it am because dey can't keep their mouth shut long enough to get shaved."