THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XII—25. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 23, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 187.

From Graham's Magazine for July.

VIRGINIA.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Lines written at night in Cave Hill Cemetery.

One evening, dear Virginia, in thy life,
When thou and I were straying side by side
Beneath the holy moonlight, and our thoughts
Blended in a deep hue of mournfulness
From the sweet, solemn hour, I said if thou,
Whose young years scarcely numbered half my
Should'st pass before me to the spirit-land, [own,
I would, on some mild eve beneath the moon,
Stilling in heaven as it was shining then,
Go forth alone to lay me by thy grave,
And render to thy cherished memory
The last and tribute of a sickened heart.
Thine answer was a sigh, a tear, a sob,
A gentle pressure of the hand, and thus
My earnest vow was hallowed. A thin cloud,
Like a pale winding-sheet, that moment passed
Across the moon, and, as its shadow fell,
Like a mysterious omen of the tomb,
Upon our kindred spirits, thou didst turn
Thine eye to that wan spectre of the skies,
And, gazing on the solemn portent, weep
As if thy head were waters.

Weary years
Since then have planted furrows on my brow,
And sorrows in my heart, and the pale moon,
That shone around us on that lovely eve,
Is shining now upon thy awarded grave,
And I have come, a pilgrim of the night,
To bow at memory's holy shrine and keep
My unforgotten vow.

Dear, parted one, [sed,
Friend of my better years, dark months have pas-
With all their awful shadows o'er the earth,
Since this green turf was laid above thy rest,
'Mid sighs and streaming tears and stifled groans,
But Oh! thy gentle memory is not dim
In the deep hearts that loved thee We have set
This sweet young rose-tree o'er thy hallowed grave
And may the skies shed their serenest dews
Around it, may the summer clouds distil
Their gentlest rains upon it, may the fresh,
Warm zephyrs fan it with their softest breath,
And daily may the bright and holy beams
Of morning greet it with their sweetest smile,
That it may wave its roses o'er thy dust,
Dear emblems of the flowers that thou so oft
In life didst fling upon our happy hearts
From thy own spirit's Eden. Yet we know
'Tis but an humble offering to thee,
Who dwellest where the fadeless roses bloom,
In heaven's eternal sunshine.

To our eyes
Thy beauty has not faded from the earth;
We see it in the flowers that lift their lids
To greet the early spring-time—in the bow
The magic pencil of the sunshine paints
Upon the flying rain-clouds—in the stars
That glitter from the blue abyss of night—
And in the strange mysterious loveliness
Of every holy sunset. To our ears
The music of thy loved tones is not lost;
We hear it in the low, sweet cadences
Of wave and stream and fountain, in the notes
Of birds that from the sky and forest hail
The sunrise with their songs, and in the wild,
And soul-like breathings of the evening wind
O'er all the thousand sweet Æolian lyres
Of grove and forest. Yet no sight or sound
In all the world of nature is as sweet,
Dear, lost Virginia, as when thou wast here
To pause and listen with us. The young flowers
And the pure stars seem pale, and cold, and dim,
As if they looked through blinding tears—alas!
The tears are in our eyes. The melodies
Of wave and stream and bird and forest-harp,
Borne on the soft wings of the evening gale,
Seem blended with a deep wail for the dead—
Alas! the wail is in our hearts.

Lost one!
We miss thee in our sadness and joy!
When at the solemn eventide we stray,
Mid the still gathering of the twilight shades,
To muse upon the dear and hallowed past
With its deep mournful memories, a voice
Comes from the still recesses of our hearts,
"She is not here!" In the gay, festive hour,
When music peals upon the perfumed air,
And wit and mirth are ringing in our ears,
And light forms floating round us in the dance,
And jewels flashing through luxuriant curls,
And deep tones breathing vows of tenderness
And truth to listening beauty, even then,
Amid the wild enchantments of the hour,
To many a heart the past comes back again,
And, as the fountain of its tears is stirred,
A note comes sounding from its holiest depths,
"Alas! she is not!" The spring time now
Is forth upon the fresh green earth, the vales
Are one bright wilderness of bloom, the woods
With all their wealth of rainbow tints, repose,
Like fairy clouds, upon the vernal sky,
And every gale is burdened with the gush
Of music, free wild music, yet, lost one,
Through all these wildering melodies, that voice
As from the very heart of nature comes,
"Alas! she is not here!" But list! oh, list!
From the eternal depths of yonder sky,
O'er where the flash of sun and stars is dim
In unmeasured light, an angel strain,
As sweet as that in which the morning stars
Together sang o'er the creation's birth,
Comes floating downward through the ravished air,
"Joy! joy! she's here! she's here!"

'Tis midnight deep,
And a pale cloud, like that whose shadow fell
Upon our hearts on that remembered eve,
Is passing o'er the moon, but now the shade
Falls on one heart alone. I am alone,
My dear and long lost friend. Oh! wherese'er
In the vast universe of God thou art,
Darest thy sheep at this mysterious hour
To take a look earth from thy all-radiant home,
And hold communion with thy weeping friend
Since thou hast departed.

Ah, I feel,
Sweet spirit, thou hast heard and blessed my pray-
I hear the rustling of thy angel-plumes [er,
Above and around me—the very air
Is flowing with a thousand seraph thoughts,
Bright as the sparkles of a shooting star—
A hand from which the electric fire of heaven
Seems flashing through my frame is clasped in
Thy blessed voice, with its remembered tones [mine
Softened to more than mortal melody,
Is thrilling through my heart, as 'twere the voice
Of the last Pleiad calling from its place
In the eternal void—and our two souls
Blend once again as erst they used to blend—
The heavenly with the earthly!

Fare thee well!
Sweet spirit, fare thee well! The blessed words
Thou gave, this night, hast whispered to me here,
Above the mound that hides thy mortal form,
Will purify my soul and strengthen me
To bear the ills and agonies of life,
And point me to an immortality
With thee in God's own holy paradise.

MONUMENT TO ADDISON.—The following is the inscription upon the stone recently placed by the Earl of Ellsmore over the grave of Addison in Westminster Abbey. The lines are by Tickell. The Montague alluded to was Charles, first Earl of Halifax:

ADDISON.

Near to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er to bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In peace let one poet sleep, hence fear
To touch his urn with profane hand,
While kindred dust
Shall press beneath
Some hallowed relic of the immortal dead.
Dryden is here, and Congreve lies
Each in his proper place
Close by the side of
Dryden, Congreve, Rowe
Partake one stone and one
Inscription
Within these walls
But Addison lies
Alone
Under the
Centre
Of
Contemplation
Of
Mortality
Is
Represented
Under
Ye
Who
Are
Conversant
With
Those
Sublime
Contemplations
Of
Eternity
Which
Alone
Are
Worthy
Of
Addison
Nor
Shall
Your
Hopes
Nor
Your
Endeavours
Be
Wanting
Long
Behold
Your
Pattern
Go
Imitate
Your
Guide
Do
Your
Duty
As
Your
Leader
Shows
You
The
Way
Thus
Shall
Your
Departure
Be
Cheerful
Your
Passage
Easy
Your
Reward
Glorious
Your
Lot
Peace
Your
Portion
Your
Memory
Blessed
Your
Name
Immortal
Your
Work
Perfected
Your
Soul
Received
Into
Bliss
Addison
Is
Not
Here
He
Is
Risen
Addison
Is
Not
Here
He
Is
Ascended

Montague alluded to was Charles, first Earl of Halifax:

ADDISON.

Near to those chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er to bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In peace let one poet sleep, hence fear
To touch his urn with profane hand,
While kindred dust
Shall press beneath
Some hallowed relic of the immortal dead.
Dryden is here, and Congreve lies
Each in his proper place
Close by the side of
Dryden, Congreve, Rowe
Partake one stone and one
Inscription
Within these walls
But Addison lies
Alone
Under the
Centre
Of
Contemplation
Of
Mortality
Is
Represented
Under
Ye
Who
Are
Conversant
With
Those
Sublime
Contemplations
Of
Eternity
Which
Alone
Are
Worthy
Of
Addison
Nor
Shall
Your
Hopes
Nor
Your
Endeavours
Be
Wanting
Long
Behold
Your
Pattern
Go
Imitate
Your
Guide
Do
Your
Duty
As
Your
Leader
Shows
You
The
Way
Thus
Shall
Your
Departure
Be
Cheerful
Your
Passage
Easy
Your
Reward
Glorious
Your
Lot
Peace
Your
Portion
Your
Memory
Blessed
Your
Name
Immortal
Your
Work
Perfected
Your
Soul
Received
Into
Bliss
Addison
Is
Not
Here
He
Is
Risen
Addison
Is
Not
Here
He
Is
Ascended

Bertoll, Earl of Ellesmere, P. C. 1849.

In Greece a law against the freedom of the press has been passed at the chambers, which has created great sensation in that small country.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

During one of the campaigns in Germany, the Emperor, in his celebrated grey great coat, was riding about in the environs of Munich, attended only by orderly officers. He met on the road a very pretty female, who, by her dress, was evidently a vivandiere. She was weeping and leading by the hand a little boy about five years of age. Struck by the beauty of the woman, and her distress, the emperor pulled up his horse, by the road side, and said:

"What is the matter with you, my dear?"

The woman, not knowing the individual by whom she was addressed, and being much discomposed by grief, made no reply. The little boy, however, was more communicative, and he frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her."

"Where is your father?"

"Close by here. He is one of the sentinels on duty with the baggage."

The Emperor again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband; but she refused to tell, being afraid lest the Captain, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause her husband to be punished. Napoleon, I am sorry to say, had but little confidence in the fair sex. On this occasion his habitual suspicions returned to his mind, and he said:

"Malpeste! your husband has been beating you; you are weeping, and yet you are afraid of getting him into trouble, that you will not even tell me his name.—This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in the fault yourself?"

"Alas, Captain! he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one: he is jealous, terribly jealous, and when he gets into a passion, cannot restrain his violence."

"But that is rather serious; in one of his fits of jealousy he may inflict on you some very severe injury, perhaps kill you."

"And even if he did, I should not wish any harm to come to him, for I am sure he would not do it willingly. He loves me too well for that."

"And if I guess rightly, you love him."

"That is very natural, Captain: he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy."

So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother. Napoleon was moved by this touching picture in spite of the heart of iron, of marble or of adamant, which has so often been allotted to him.

"Well," said he again, turning to the woman, "whether you and your husand love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you—I am—I am one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, and I will mention the affair to his Majesty—tell me your husband's name."

"If you were the Emperor himself, I would not tell you, for I know he would be punished."

"Silly woman! all I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and treat you with the respect you deserve."

"That would make me very happy, Captain, but though he ill treats me, I will not get him punished."

The Emperor shrugged up his shoulders, made some remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped off.

When he was out of the woman's hearing, he said to the officers who accompanied him:

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuilleries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband."

In the course of a few minutes the baggage of which the boy had spoken, came up. It was escorted by a company of the Fifty-Second. Napoleon despatched one of the officers who was riding with him, to desire the commander of the escort to come to him.

"Have you a vivandiere in your company?"

"Yes, Sire," replied the Captain.

"Has she not a child?"

"Yes, little Gentil, whom we are all so fond of."

"Has not this woman been beat by her husband?"

"I was not aware of the circumstance till some time after the occurence. I have reprimanded the man."

"Is he generally well conducted?"

"He is the best behaved man in company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Does he know me by sight?"

"I cannot say, Sire—but as he has just arrived from Spain, I think it is probable he does not."

"Try and ascertain whether he has ever seen me, and if he has not, bring him hither. Say you wish to conduct him before the General of the division."

On inquiry, it appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a very fine looking man of about five-and-twenty. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said in a familiar tone:

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"Bah, General! if woman are to be believed, they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever; and yet in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or other of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking—you might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice; do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay.—Your comrades are not absolutely capuchins, but I am much mistaken if they will not respect another man's wife. I desire that you do not strike your wife again; and, if my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

"Ma foi! General, my wife is mine, and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor: Sire, you look to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife."

Napoleon laughed, and said, "My good fellow you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word produced its usual magical effect. The grenadier looked confused, held down his head, lowered his voice, and said:

"Oh, Sire! that quite alters the case.—Since your Majesty commands, I of course obey."

"That's right. I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment.—Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of surgeant, and when you arrive at Munich, apply to the Grand Marechal du Palais, and he will present you with four hundred francs. With that you may bye a sutler's caravan, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But mind, never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

"Ah, Sire! I can never be sufficiently grateful for your kindness."

Two or three times after this circumstance, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, you know, had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen. On one of his marches he met and recognized the vivandiere and her son. He immediately rode up to her saying:

"Well, my good woman, how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made to me?"

The poor woman burst into tears, and threw herself at the Emperor's feet.

"Oh, Sire! Oh, Sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women.

"Then reward me by being the most virtuous of wives."

A few pieces of gold were presented with these words; and, as Napoleon rode off, the cries of vive l'Emperour, uttered amidst tears and sobs, by the mother and her son, were enthusiastically repeated by the whole battalion.

A SPLENDID DESCRIPTION.

One Paul Denton, a Methodist preacher in Texas, advertised a barbacue, with better liquor than is usually furnished.—When the people were assembled, a desperado in the crowd cried out, "Mr. Paul Denton, your reverence has lied. You promised us not only a good barbacue but better liquor. Where is the liquor?"

"There!" answered the missionary, in tones of thunder, and pointing his motionless finger at the matchless double spring, gushing up in two strong columns, with a sound like a shout of joy from the bosom of the earth.

"There!" he repeated, with a look terrible as the lightning, while his enemy actually trembled at his feet; there is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for all his children!

Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gasses, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors and rank corruptions, doth your Father in Heave prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grasy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest vallies, where the fountain murmurs and the rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm cloud broods, and the thunder storms crash, and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God,—there he brews it, that beverage of life, health-given water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the trees all seemed turned to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the settin sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon: sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower: folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintery world; and weaving the many colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose harp is in the rain drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checked over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water! no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair! Speak out, my friends, would you exchange it for the demon's drink, alcohol!"

A shout like the roar of a tempest answered "No!"

RUSSIAN LAW OF MARRIAGE.—By a late order of the Russian Government, all marriages are forbidden, except where the parties first obtain the consent of the parish authorities, which must in every case be withheld, unless the persons asking it are capable at the time of supporting families, and can also furnish a strong probability that such capacity will continue to the end. The increased number of individuals falling a burden on the State during several years past, is the reason given for this edict.

There is good reason to hope that the statue of Mr. Calhoun will be recovered from the wreck of the "Elizabeth." All efforts to discover the position of the box enclosing it were without avail up to a day or two since, when it was ascertained by Lieut. Maxwell Woodhull. The box has not yet been raised, but has been identified by the cloth torn from its exterior.

THE JOKING CLERGYMAN.

A correspondent of the Boston transcript relates the following anecdotes of the Rev. Mather Byles, the well known joking clergyman of Boston. Mr. Byles lived at the time of the revolution, and was a tory:

The distillery of Thomas Hill was at the corner of Essex and South streets, not far from Mr. Belknap's residence in Lincoln Street. Dr. Byles called on Mr. Hill and inquired:

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," Mr. Hill replied.

"Then," said Mr. Byles, "will you go with me and still my wife?"

As he was once occupied in nailing some list upon his doors, to exclude the cold, a parishioner said to him:

"The wind bloweth wheresoever it listeth, Mr. Byles."

"Yes, sir," replied the doctor, "and man listeth wheresoever the wind bloweth."

He was intimate with General Knox, who was a bookseller before the war.—When the American troops took possession of the town, after the evacuation, Knox, who became quite corpulent, marched in, at the head of his artillery. As he passed on, Byles, who thought himself privileged, on old scores, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard—

"I never saw *an ox* (a Knox) fatter in my life."

But Knox was not in the vain. He felt offended by this freedom, especially from Byles, who was then well known to be a tory; and replied, in uncourtly terms, that he was a '——fool.'

"In May, 1777, Dr. Byles was arrested, as a tory, and subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement, on board a guard ship, and to be sent to England with his family in 40 days.

This sentence was changed, by the board of war, to confinement in his own house. A guard was placed over him. After a time the sentinel was removed, afterwards replaced and again removed, when the doctor exclaimed that he had been guarded, regarded, and disregarded. He called his sentry his *ob-serv-a-tory*."

Perceiving one morning, that the sentinel, a simple fellow, was absent, and seeing Dr. Byles himself, pacing before his own door, with a musket on his shoulder, the neighbors stepped over to enquire the cause:

"You see," said the doctor, "I begged the sentinel to let me go for some milk for my family, but he would not suffer me to stir. I reasoned the matter with him, and he has gone himself to get it for me, on condition that I keep guard in his absence."

One bitter December night, he called his daughters from their bed, simply to enquire if they lay warm.

He had a small collection of curiosites. Some visitors called one morning; and Mrs. Byles, unwilling to be found at her ironing-board, and, in the emergency, desiring to hide herself, as she would not be so caught, by these ladies, for the world, the doctor put her in the closet and buttoned her in. After a few remarks, the ladies expressed a wish to see the Doctor's curiosities, which he proceeded to exhibit; and after entertaining them very agreeably for several hours, he told them he had kept the greatest curiosity to the last; and, proceeding to the closet, unbuttoned the door, and exhibited Mrs. Byles.

He had complained long, often, and fruitlessly, to the selectmen of a quagmire in front of his dwelling.

One morning two of the fathers of the town, after a violent rain, passing with their chaise, became stuck in the bog. As they were striving to extricate themselves, and pulling to the right and to the left, the Doctor came forth, and bowing with great politeness, exclaimed—

"I am delighted, gentlemen, to see you *stirring* in this matter at last."

A candidate for fame, proposed to fly from the North Chuch steeple, and had already mounted and was clapping his wings, to the great delight of the mob,—Doctor Byles, mingling with the crowd, inquired what was the object of the gathering.

"We hav come, sir," said one, "to see a man fly."

"Poh, poh," replied the Doctor, "I have seen a *horse fly*."

Upon the 19th of May, 1780, the memorable dark day, a lady wrote to the Doctor as follows:—

"Dear Doctor:—How do you account for this darkness?"

And received his immediate reply—

"Dear Madam:—I am as much in the dark as you are."

This, for sententious brevity, has never been surpassed, unless by the correspondence, between the comedian, Sam Foote, and his mother:

"Dear Sam:—I am in jail."

"Dear Mother:—So am I."

He had, at one time, a remarkably stupid, and literal Irish girl, as a domestic.—With a look and voice of terror, he said to her, in haste:

"Go and say to your mistress, Dr. Byles has put an end to himself."

The girl flew up stairs, and, with a face of horror, exclaimed, at the top of her voice—

"Dr. Byles has put an end to himself!"

The astonished wife and daughters rushed into the parlor—and there was the Doctor, calmly walking about, with a part of a cow's tail, that he had picken up in the street, tied to his coat or cassock, behind.

From the time of the Stamp Act, in 1765, to the period of the Revolution, the cry had been repeated, in every form of phraseology, that our grievances should be redressed. One fine morning when the multitude had gathered on the Common, to see a regiment of red-coats parade there, who had recently arrived, "well," said the Doctor, gazing at the spectacle, I think that we can no longer complain, that our grievances are not *red dressed!*"

"True," said one of the laughers, who was standing near, but you have two ds, Dr. Byles."

"To be sure, sir, I have," the Doctor instantanly replied, "I had them from Aberdeen, in 1765."

Had not this eccentric man possesed some very excellent and amiable qualities, he could not have maintained his clerical relation to the Hollis Street Chuch and society for three and forty years, from 1733 to 1776, and have separated from them, at last, for political considerations alone.

THE POETRY OF STEAM.—If an ancient Greek were evoked from his tomb of ages, and set to wander through the wonderful country we term unpoetical, he would be thrilled with mingled delight and awe, and his impressions would gush forth in a torrent of song. The manufactory would be to him a world of poetry; the thunder of its machinery would be more truly than that of the tempest, the voice of viewless, but intelligent spirits; and its productions, changing from rude, shapeless masses, till they come forth in form and beauty, would appear the work of enchantment.—The fiery locomotive skimming like the wind along the surface of the earth, gliding by the side of precipices, spanning gorges and valleys, and plunging with a rush and a roar into caverns as black as Erebus, would take away his breath; while the steamship with her banner of smoke, attempting impossibilities, yea, getting the better of them, sailing, defying up into the very eye of the tempest, and laughing at the laws of common nature, would seem the realization of the dream that could have haunted only the brain of a poet.—*Chamber's Journal.*

ASSAFŒTIDA.—This article is obtained from a large umbelliferous plant growing in Persia. The root resembles a large parsnip externally, of a black color; on cutting it transversely, the assafœtida exudes in form of a thick white juice, like cream; which from exposure to the air, becomes yellower and yellower, and at last of a deep brown color. It is very apt to run to putrefaction; and hence those who collect it carefully, defend it from the sun. The fresh juice has an excessively strong smell, which grows weaker and weaker upon keeping; a single dram of the fresh fluid, smells more than a hundred pounds of dry assafœtida brought to us. The Persians are commonly obliged to hire ships on purpose for its carriage, as scarcely any one will receive it along with other commodities, its stench infecting every thing that comes near it.—*Scientific American.*

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—Mr. J. J. Randall, of New York, states that an examination of the official returns to the Secretary of State by the Sheriffs of the several counties, of the convictions had in the several courts of record throughout the the State, and in the courts of Special sessions in the respective cities, from the year 1840 to 1849, both inclusive, comprising a period of nine years, gives the following result: The whole number of persons returned as having been convicted of crimes in the several counties and cities in the State, during the period referred to, was 27,949; of these 1,181 were returned as having received a common education, 414 as having a tolerably good education, and 120 only as well educated. Of the remaining 26,225, about half were able merely to read and write. The residue were destitute of any education whatever.

A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.—A catastrophe, which is fearful to contemplate, was recently averted in London by the aid of the telegraph. A collision had occurred to an empty train at Gravesend, and the driver having leaped from his engine, the latter started alone full speed for London. Notice was immediately given by the telegraph to London and other stations; and, while the line was kept clear, an engine and other arrangements were prepared as a buttress to receive the runaway. The Superintendent of the railway also started down the line on an engine, and on passing the runaway he reversed his engine and had it transferred at the next crossing to the up line, so as to be in the chase, and on overtaking the other he ran into it at full speed, and the driver of the engine took possession of the fugitive, and all danger was an end. Twelve stations were passed in safety. It passed Woolwich at fifteen miles an hour, and was within a couple of miles of London when it was arrested.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Baltimore and the country around it, has been visited lately by swarms of grasshoppers. They are said to be so abundant in Fayette and Westmorland counties, Pa., that the young buckwheat and pasture are almost destroyed by them. They are not, however, confined to any particular section—from the east, west, north and south we have accounts of their devastating effects on the growing crops of corn, oats and tobacco. The Cleveland (Ohio) Herald says that along the lake country, the oat fields are entirely stripped, grass fields eaten to barrenness, and the growing corn in some instances considerably injured. These destructive insects have in some instances attacked the apple orchards, devouring every thing but the tree and fruit, and in many cases not even sparing the fruit.

THUNDER STORMS.—When overtaken out of doors by a thunder storm, never resort to a tree for shelter; better take a wet skin and a safe retreat to the open field. Do not have any metal nor metallic impliments about you while exposed to electricity. We saw an account of a youth who was killed while whittling a stick beneath a tree while his companion at his side escaped uninjured. The lightning always seeks the nearest road to the best conductor. A bright pitchfork, spade, or manure fork carried point upwards, is certain to attract electricity during a thunder-storm.

"Teddy, my boy, jist guess how many cheese there is in this bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five.'

'Five,' said Teddy.

'Arrah! by my sowl, bad luck to the man that tould ye!'

SPEAKING OUT IN MEETING.

A south-western correspondent of the N. Y. Globe, tells the following good one of "Harry H——," a prominent citizen, a member of a leading commission-house in his native town, a zealous Methodist *there*, not "quite so much so" at New Orleans, but shrewd enough in trade *anywhere*:

"Some years ago the Methodists were holding a camp-meeting in the country, a few miles from this place, and Harry was present. On Sunday evening a sermon had been preached, and an effort made to get up an excitement, but in vain. By-and-by Harry arose and commenced singing, walking about the altar, up and down the aisles, shaking hands with the brethren, etc. At the end of each verse was a familiar chorus, something like this:

'Shall I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallulujah,
Shall I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Shall I ever get to heaven, hallelujah, hallelujah.'

He had got through one verse, and this chorus, which he sang with peculiar spirit and emphasis, and just as he had finished the last word, a student, seated in the back part of the meeting, and overlooking the whole scene, cried out, "*No-sir-ree! you never will!*" The preacher could not help smiling any more than the rest of the people could refrain from laughing outright."

CHINESE PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.—When a gentleman feels desirous of taking unto himself a wife, he sends to a paternal head of some family containing daughters, for specimens of the sizes of their feet with the prices attached. One foot is valued at perhaps two thousand dollars, the next smallest at five thousand, and so forth, according to the market.—After the foot of the lady to whom it belongs, is chosen, she is sent in a sedan chair to the intended husband's house; he meets her at the door, looks into the vehicle to take a view of the fair one; and if she suits his taste, he admits her. As soon as she passes his threshold she becomes his lawful wife; but if he does not like the lady, he shuts the door, and she is carried whither she came.

"AWFUL SACRIFICE" TRADESMEN.—One of these generous, disinterested gentlemen had struck upon every other pane of glass "Selling off—no reasonable offer refused—must close on Saturday." This man once offered himself as bail, or security, in some case which was brought before a magistrate. The magistrate asked if he was worth £200; he said "Yes."—"But you are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you write up, 'Selling off.'" "Yes, every shop here is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer will be refused.'" "Why, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such offers." "But you say, 'Must close on Saturday.'" "To be sure; you would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"—A curious scheme this to entice, if not to entrap, the unwary.—*London paper.*

FATTENING CATTLE ON HAY.—Grass which is cut while it is in blossom and carefully made, will fatten cattle nearly as well in dry as in a green state. Some of the best farmers in the Western part of Vermont are particular in making their hay for this purpose; Mr. Bowdish, of Weybridge, whose stock is well known for its qualities and fine condition, informed us that he found no difficulty in making his cattle thrive on Hay. His oxen and steers are fed liberally on the best hay throughout the winter. With careful driving they perform the farm labor in the spring without the loss of flesh, and being turned on Sweet pastures, at the proper time, they get in good order for early beef.

A SWIMMING PREACHER.—The Rev. John Graham, of Davis county, Indiana, had agreed to meet with Maria Creek church, in Knox county, Sunday, (July the 9th,) being accustomed to travel on foot, in his seventy-second year. Fearful he would not get forward in time, when reaching White River, at Edwardsport, as the ferryman was not at his post, after hallowing a few times, he stripped himself and waded over, the water being nearly waist deep. He was soon on the opposite bank, pursuing his journey to meet with the old church where he was ordained to the work of the ministry near a quarter of a century since.

DEATH FROM EATING MATCHES.—A child of Mr. F. McCormick, of this city, two years of age, died a few days since in consequence of eating the phosphorous from a box of matches, which the servant girl had given him to play with. Powerful medicines were administered, and the child had apparently recovered, but about three weeks afterwards he was taken suddenly ill. A physician was called, who pronounced it a case of posion; and, after he had been informed of the cause, said that a particle of the phosphopous had remained in the stomach, causing inflamation.—*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser.*

A Yankee tin pedlar having fixed his wagon in the stable noted for the reception of horses as lean as Pharoah's cows, the bones on the hips projecting like so many small pyramids. "Mr. Landlord," said he, "do you make horses here?"

"Make horses here?" said the surly Dutchman, "what do you mean?"

"Why, I thought as how you had just been setting up the frames."

GEN. PILLOW'S TOAST.—*The Missouri Compromise Line.*—We will shake hands with our Northern brethren over it, but if they cross beyond this, it will be upon the points of our bayonets.—*N. O. Crescent.*

The defence of the line upon which the gallant General proposes to take his stand will naturally depend very much upon which side of it the ditch is dug.—*Providence Journal.*

A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. 'Do you call that falling in love?' said an old bachelor; 'it is more like climbing up to it.'

ALL ABOUT TOMATOES.

Tomato Sauce.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel and stew them with apples, for sauce, and season with salt and pepper. If a due quantity of water be added, no salt will be necessary. Sauce thus prepared is not too acid to be eaten with meet; but when otherways used, the flavor is rendered more agreeable to the palate of most people by adding a small quantity of fine sugar, honey or molasses.

Tomato Dumplings.—Take the skin carefully from the tomato without rupturing the meat. The process of making, cooking, and saucing, is the same as that pursued in forming and preparing apple dumplings.

Tomato Jelly.—Having directed tomatoes from the rinds, squeeze them through a fine cloth, add to the mass its weight of dry sugar; boil to jelly and bottle it closely. It should be kept in a cool, but not freezing place. Jelly prepared in this manner, will ratain its flavor unimpaird for a long time. It is an excellent article.

Broiled Tomatoes.—Select the largest, cut them in two and broil them over a moderate fire till done. Add a little butter, or salt and pepper, and you have an excellent dish.

Raw Tomatoes.—Take the ripest fruit, cut it into vinegar in thin slices, the same as cucumbers, add a little pepper and salt, if you like, or use the same as other fruit. This is an excellent dish.

Tomato Omelet.—Procure two quarts of perfectly fresh and ripe tomatoes, cut them carefully and simmer for the space of two minutes ovur a tolerably quick fire. Cut a few onions fine, and mix with a due quantity of crumbled bread and a small lump of butter. When nearly done beat up eight eggs, and mix them thoroughly with the mass by rapid stirring. In a few minutes the dish will be done.

MATHEMATICS OF BEES.—The warmest admirers of honey, and the greatest friends to bees, will never, I presume, contend that the young swarm, who begin making honey three or four months after they are born, and immediately construct their mathemetical cells, should have gained the mathematical knowledge as we gain ours, and in three months time outstrip Mr. Maclaurin in mathematics as much as they did in making honey. It would take a senior wrangler at Cambridge ten hours a day, for three years together, to know enough mathematics for the calculation of the problems, with which not only every queen bee, but every undergraduate grub is acquainted the moment it is born.—*Sidney Smith.*

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.—Capt. Emmons, the veteran chief steward of the Royal mail steamships, sailed from Boston in the Asia on Wednesday, on his *one hundred and sixty-eighth voyage* across the Atlantic ocean, within the twelve years last past. Allowing the distance across to be 3,000 miles, he has sailed within the period named over 500,000 miles, averaging one trip each 26 days.

JOHN SMITH no longer stands at the head of the list for indefiniteness. There are on the Boston Directory but 12 John Smiths, while there are 13 James Smiths, 14 Daniel Sullivans, 15 Michael Sullivans, 22 John Sullivans. There are enough Murphys in Boston to establish a colony in the West, and to warrant them in applying for admission into the Union as a separate State.

YANKEE SULLIVAN, the notorious prize fighter, whom Tom Hyer bruised so badly some time ago, has met with an untimely end, (says a California correspondent of a New Jersey paper,) at Sacramento city. Sullivan, it is stated, struck a man a blow with his fist, and was shot dead with a pistol by the person assailed.

☞ The impression produced in Europe by the intelligence of Gen. Taylor's death seems to have been most profound. The leading journals make the event the subject of elaborate comment, and uniformly speak of the deceased as one of the "foremost men of all this age."

A COUNTERBLAST.—"There is no harm," says the Rev. Mr. Montgomery, "in smoking tobacco, except that it leads to drinking—drinking to intoxication—intoxication to bile—bile to indigestion—indigestion to consumption—consumption to death—that is all."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The convention for revising the constitution of Michigan has resolved not to alter the present law abolishing capital punishment of murder by death. There was nearly a unanimous opinion in favor of the law as it stands.

'Well, wife, I don't see for my part how they send letters on them wires without tearing them to bits.'

'La me,' replied the knowing spouse, 'they don't send the paper, they just send the writin' in a fluid state.'

A good farmer is generally a true friend, an affectionate husband, an excellent parent, and an honest man; and it is an established axiom, that a *well tilled field* denotes not only care and industry, but the supervision of an enlightened mind.

Why is a handsome young lady's lips like a persimmon?

Because the more you taste them the more they draw.

Quilp, calls orators who extol our national characteristics on independence day, beyond what truth will justify, 'fourth of *Ju-li-ars*.

A young Miss having been invited to a military ball, inquired, with great simplicity, if all the ladies were expected to bare arms?

A slanderer of the soft sex undertakes to prove that Satan was a woman, whose name was Lucy Fir. Can't believe it any how.