

THE STAR AND BANNER.

By D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

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Go Feel what I have Felt.

(The circumstances which induced the writing of the following most touching and thrilling lines, are as follows: A young lady of New York was in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger, on the subject of temperance. Her writings were so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend of her acquaintance had been a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:)

Go feel what I have felt,
Go hear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn.
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy soul's relief the scorching tear.
Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray—
Strive the beated heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defiled.
Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promise blessed swept—
Your's sweetest turned to gall;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.
Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bowed—
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.
Go to thy mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own dead English hide,
With gushing teeth, lips bathed in tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow,
The grey that streaks her dark hair now,
With fading frame and trembling limb;
And trace the ruin back to him.
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup.
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright,
And chained her there, "and want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild
That withering blight, the drunkard's child.
Go hear and feel, and see and know,
All that we sell hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all precipitate drink and die!
Tell me I hate the bowl!
I hate a bowl—my very soul!
With strong and steady hand,
When'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

The Flowers.

There grew a flower within a tranquil valley, where a blue brook gurgled. Sunbeams flashed upon it in the morning and called it from its slumbers—and at night it slept beneath the careful eye of the patient moon. Its petals were lovely as those upon a youthful cheek; its petals were soft as the lips of infants; and its odors were like the incense burnt to Venus upon the altars of old. Its taper stalk bore green and glossy leaves that fluttered at the coming of the breeze, like the sensitive heart of a girl at the sound of her lover's foot-falls—or glistened with early dew drops, like the eye of a child that is moved to tears.

A maiden loved the blossom; for she had found it while it was yet a bud—and she nourished it, as the mother nourishes the babe upon her bosom. It became as dear to her as a living thing—and she called it her "piccola"—her pet of blossoms.—Daily she came to watch its fair unfolding—and when, at length, it broke forth, sweet as a smile and radiant as a blush, in the full perfection of beauty, she sprinkled it with water from the brook—and, sitting beside it, warbled a song like the Troubadour's with her wild and witching voice.

And so far her affections went out to the valley flower. But when she loved it most, and came with her carresses to the place in which it grew, behold it had withered and fallen to the earth! and she took it up with weeping, and hid it in her bosom—and she went no more to the tranquil valley. But it became a perpetual monitor to the maiden—and she found a sublime moral in her withering treasure.

For when the tendrils of earthly friendships reached forth unto her heart, she remembered her flower, and suffered them not to cling too closely to the lattice of her sympathies—lest they, too, should wither, and the pleasures of their brief endurance be swallowed up in the interior bitterness of their resignation.

And when love breathed its matchless eloquence in her ear, and she was pleased with the impassioned earnestness of its beautiful logic, she thought of the dead blossom at her breast, and suffered not her lips to respond too ardently—lest, when she had passed the turbulent Rubicon of feeling, love should also decay, and leave her twice widowed.

And when beauty charmed her eyes—and wealth displayed its attractions—and hope lit its silver lamps about her path—then the fate of the flower became a living precept, and her affections were restrained and her desires tempered.

So may our bosom's often become our richest gains—so may our affections remain our best blessing. Happy is he who kisses the rod that chastens him—and from the thicket of sorrow plucks the emerald of perpetual good.—*Buff. Express.*

The Indian Mother.

The affection of Indian parents for their children, says Mrs. Moodie, in her Canadian scenes, entitled "Roughing it in the Bush," and the deference which they pay to the aged, is a beautiful and touching trait in their character.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unlocked, and the moans of an Indian crossed the door. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Papouse die," she said mournfully, clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moodie's squaw save papouse—poor Indian woman much glad."

I looked at the boy beyond all human aid.—I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears for her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him. (She held up five of her fingers.) Brought him all the way from Matta Lake (Mad Lake, or Lake Shemong, Indiana), upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend.—He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a tea-spoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Papouse die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No papouse; the mother all alone!"

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too much distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish. She took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's love must have been for that dying man, when she had carried a lad of his age six long miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good!—Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw, some days after, that the boy had died a few minutes after Elizabeth Ion, his mother, reached home.

We are now in the autumn of the year—the season of golden hues, and fading verdure. Nature's chill breath is imperceptibly passing over leaf, plant, and flower, and imparting to them all the tincture of approaching decay. The green carpet of creation is being superseded by one of the yellow or more motley color, and all around and about us tell of the perishable nature of things. It is a season pregnant with reflection, for it admonishes us that decay is an inherent principle of Nature.—It bids those of us who have not yet entered the "sear and yellow leaf" of life to prepare ourselves for that period, to husband our resources for it, as the farmer does his harvest gathering, that we may look back on life's summer with a quiet glow of satisfaction, such as an autumnal evening's sun imparts to the landscape.

To those who have already passed the rubicon of middle-life, it tells them that the advent of life's winter is fast approaching. Like an index to a particular passage of a book, it points to the termination of life's journey—to death and to the grave!

Autumn is a chaste and gentle season; it has not the cold-frigidities of winter about it; it has not the coquetry of spring, nor the fire and passion of summer. Like true friendship, it brings a soothing balm to the mind, without operating in fiery action on the passions. Its winds are mild as a mother's voice; its suns shine on the world calmly as a father smiles on his beloved family. We would that an autumn breeze would sing our requiem—weseek no sweet or music!

The world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion gives;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;
There's nothing true but Heaven!

A new building material has been discovered and patented, made of coke and other substances. It will cost about one-third of the clay brick, and is far superior in point of durability.

Harro Tookes, being asked by George III. if he played at cards, replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave."

The Curfew Tolls, &c.

Nothing could more fully or beautifully illustrate the finer traits of Mr. Webster's character, than the simple fact that when the hour of his own dissolution was at hand, his mind should recur to one of the most beautiful creations of poetry that could, without any impropriety, be applied to himself. How singularly appropriate are the two last stanzas to the great statesman's dying moments!

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Mr. Webster's beautiful country home, "the lowing herds" grazing in his meadows, "the rugged elms" that encircle the mansion, and "the yew tree's shade" that hangs over the graves of his children, might well suggest the solemn reflections contained in the concluding stanzas.—*Buff. Cour.*

First Step to Ruin.

"My first step to ruin," exclaimed a wretched youth, as he lay tossing from side to side on the straw bed in one corner of the prison-house. "My first step to ruin was going a fishing on the Sabbath. I knew that it was wrong; my mother taught me better; my Bible taught me better. I didn't believe them, but I didn't think it would come to this. I am undone! I am lost!"

Perhaps he said, "It is too pleasant to be cooped up in church. What harm is there in taking a stroll in the woods?—What harm in carrying my fishing-tackle and sitting on the banks to fish?"

What harm? Why, the harm is that God is disobeyed, who says "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The moment a youth determines to have his own way, choosing his own pleasure before God's will, that moment he lets go his rudder, his compass, his chart; nothing but God's word can guide you safely over the ocean of life. Give that up, and you get bewildered; you are drifting.—*Child's Paper.*

THE DEATH OF WEBSTER.—The following beautiful lines of T. B. Read, which the North British Review places among the first of American poets, will be read with interest:

The great are falling from us,—to the dust
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the simple pall which Webster lies.

The great are falling from us,—the first one,
As falls the patriarch of the forest tree;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

Lo, Carolina mourns her steadfast pine,
Which, like her main mast, towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine
From out the branches of her stately elm.

And Marshall's giant oak, whose stormy brow,
O'erturned the ocean tempest from the west,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now
Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest.

The Two Sexes.

When the rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is driven from the path of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected and esteemed; but his heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

Are You Kind to Your Mother?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you was fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

"I feel," moaned a dying Cobbler, "that I feel weaker each succeeding day, that I fast approach my end—a few stitches and all will be over. In heaven there is rest for the soul—earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal. Having said such things he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

Human Happiness has no perfect security but freedom—freedom none but virtue—virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom nor virtue nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian Faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian Religion.

Woman's Faith and Patience.

In the year 18—, I knew a beautiful young girl, whose father lived near the village of A—, South Carolina, and who early wedded to the man of her heart. By the accomplishments of education, refinement and wealth, she had also, by the grace of God, that of sterling piety.

At the death of her father, the husband found himself in possession of a very handsome estate; but it is hard to resist the smiles of fortune and the sunshine of prosperity. He at once became the devotee of the world, and a lover of pleasure. He soon loved to tarry long at the wine, then to follow strong drink; he became involved in debt and was forced to sell such of his property to pay his creditors. After a while, he removed and settled in the county of L—, where he purchased a piece of land for cultivation.

At this time I went to live with him, and remained with the family about thirteen months. And during this period I never knew him to go to bed, the night of Sunday excepted, without needing assistance, from the effects of partial intoxication. This was a remarkable fact, that though this evil habit led him with a giant's grasp, and had led him to degrade himself, to disgrace his children, and almost to break his poor wife's heart, yet such was the indelible impression made on him in childhood by pious parents, in regard to the sacred observance of the Sabbath, that I ever knew him to break it by getting drunk on that holy day.

That devoted woman—Betsey, as he called her—I have seen that drunken husband more than one hundred and fifty times, laying aside her work, or putting down her child from her arms, to assist him, reeling and tottering from his horse. And during all this, and indeed while I was there, I never heard her use an unkind word, or give him a rebuke.

One fine, bright morning, I saw him start for court, dressed from head to foot in a neat suit, every thread of which Betsey had spun and woven with her fingers.—As I saw him return home again—how changed! I sadly changed! He was not only heavily drunk, but one skirt of his coat was torn nearly off, and he was almost covered with mud and dirt.

His wife met him as usual, only saying: "Never mind Billy, I can sew the skirt of that coat so that it can hardly be seen, and to-morrow I will see what I can do to-wash that mud off."

But again from the intemperate habits of the father and husband, their little farm was sold, and they removed further back into the wild, rough mountains of C—. I did not go with them, but I heard that there they rented a poor piece of land, bought an old house, and by this time they had a son large enough to plow. He ploughed the land, Betsey sowed the oats and wheat, and planted the corn, pulled the fodder, and helped to gather in the crop in the fall.

A delicate woman, reared in the lap of luxury and refinement, brought to such toil and drudgery! And yet it is said that at the harvest time she would sing and praise God for his mercies in blessing her husband's work, and giving her family "daily bread."

Time passed on. Being in the village of C— on Saturday, I met a circuit preacher of the Methodist church, with whom I had long been acquainted. He asked me to accompany him into the mountains, and preach at an appointment which he had promised to fill on the morrow. After some hesitation, I consented to do so.

When the hour of worship had arrived, I preached from the words, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" whilst I was pointing out to the sinner the happy results of coming to Christ, though he might have to labor, though sin weighed him, and though it oppressed him as a heavy burden, grieves him to be borne, I heard a voice which seemed to come from the corner of the congregation, saying: "Thank God, I have experienced all that; I came to Christ—'laboring weary,' and 'heavy laden,' and I found relief."

I paused to listen, for I thought I had heard that voice before. It was Billy's voice. And soon in another part of the house, I heard a female voice thanking God for his goodness and faithfulness in hearing and answering her prayers. That was Betsey's voice.

Then I heard the voices of children weeping, and saw them raising their hands to heaven in adoration. They were Billy's and Betsey's children.

To my great joy, I learned that Billy had for some time been a constant member of the church, and it was now no more a cursed, miserable family, but they were all now journeying towards heaven. Betsey had long been, and now Billy was a pilgrim and a traveller to that "better country." Their homes were blessed with peace and joy.

See the power of woman's faith and patience. For thirty years had Betsey been besieging the throne of grace. And all this while she staggered not at the promise of God, and he at last heard her, and sent her heart's desire. Prayer opens heaven. "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him."—*A Pastor.*

Mark of the Gentleman.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is a vulgarly for which no accomplishment, of dress or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one happy around him, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth nor ever heard of a lesson. I am proud to say, for the honor of our species, that there are men in every troth of whose heart there is solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with kindness.

How to lay up Money for a Rainy Day.

A number of years ago, Charles and Clara S— were married in the city of New York. Charles was wealthy and in good business—very comfortable circumstances for a young man, which tended, of course, to develop his naturally liberal disposition. Feeling thus happy and independent of the world's frowns, he proposed to his youthful bride, one day during the honeymoon, to give her five thousand dollars for every "season of his house" which should be engraved upon the family tree—an agreement, as may be supposed, to which the lovely Clara made not the slightest objection. Time passed on—Charles faithfully performed his agreement, and making no inquiries as to the disposition of her money by his better half, until they had been married some ten years. Fortune, who had smiled with countenance, suddenly turned her back, and left him apparently rich and dry among the breakers of Wall street. When the crisis had arrived, he went home with a heavy heart to announce the sad news to his wife that his property had all gone to satisfy his creditors, and nothing was left.

"Not exactly so bad as that, my dear," said Clara. "Wait a minute, and see what I have been doing." Thus saying, she ran up stairs, and soon returned with a deed in her own name, of one half of an elegant block of houses in the neighborhood, worth thirty thousand dollars.—"You see I have been industrious," continued she, "and have laid up something for a rainy day. If you had been as smart as your brother, we might have had the whole block by this time."—*Kennebec Journal.*

From the Musical World.

Mr. Clapp's Soliloquy.

Another girl. What can Mrs. Clapp be thinking of? It is perfectly ridiculous! There's four of them now, and this is four more than is necessary. I don't believe in girls—lovers and laces, ringlets and romances, jewelry and jump-ropes, silks and satins! what is to be done? There's a whole chest full of my old clothes that I've been saving to make my boys' jackets.—I wish Mrs. Clapp ever would think as I do. Another girl! Who's to keep the name in the family? I'd like to know! I shall be extinct! And now she wants to put up a note in church for "blessings received!"

Well, I suppose my girls will turn to boys, one of these days. (It's hard to be facetious when a man's to be crossed and thwarted in this way once a year.) Mrs. Clapp has a very obstinate streak in her disposition in this respect. It's waste powder to reason with her; it seems to go into one ear and out of the other. If she gets going on one particular track, you may just fold your arms and let her take her time to get off it. She knows her own mind, that woman does, just as well as sign-knives; her name is Hetty. Well, there's a limit to human patience. I shall tell her very decidedly, as soon as her cruel prodding is over, that a stop must be put to this. It's no use for a man to pretend to be master in his own house, when he is not!—*Funny Fern.*

Rather Icy.

A raw youth from Maine strolled into an eating saloon in Boston, the other day, and being asked, as he gazed wistfully at the tempting dishes served out to the hungry feeders, what he would have, threw down his hat and answered: "Park and beans are about as good as anything; I'll take a heaping plateful, I will!"

Having devoured the mess with happy like celerity, he rose, and saying "much obliged," was about vanishing into the street.

"Here, friend," cried the landlord, "you have forgotten to pay." "Pay!" said the youth, while his eyes protruded with fish-like convexity, "didn't you invite me to eat? Didn't you ask me what I'd have? If that don't beat all the notions I've seen in Boston yet—ask a feller to dinner, and then want him to pay for it!"

"Well, go along said the landlord, too busy to dispute about a ninepence—"you are a cool one." "Why, yes, I'm just so, Squire," was the reply, "you see I've just got on my summer clothes."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but one breath of air and beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless, and He all powerful, and the last, faint pulsation here, is but the prelude of endless life hereafter. We feel in the midst of the stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provision to soften its intensity. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened gloom, and lends to the surrounding horror a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we could not, if we would, dispel the darkness that environs us.

A GOOD ONE TO GO.—"Paddy, honey, will you buy me watch?" "And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?" "Trot it is, darlint." "What is the price?" "Ten shillings and a snuffkin of the creature."

"Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once deceived me."

"Well here's your tin, and now tell me does it go well?"

"Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster or Leinster, nor baring Dublin."

"Bad luck to ye, Mike, then you have taken me in. Didn't you say that it never deceived you?"

"Sure an' I did; nor did it, for I never depended on it."

A Bird Story.

That ardent admirer of nature, Mrs. Child, tells a pretty anecdote about a family of swallows, which she was acquainted with. "Two been and flown," she says, "came into our wood-shed in the springtime. Their busy, earnest twittering led me to suspect they were looking out a building spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and very frequently hammering, sawing and planing were going on, I had little hope that they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam over the open doorway. I was delighted, and spent more time watching than "penny-wise" people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important, and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction from their first newly-arranged drawer of baby clothes, than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all the day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the out-pourings of love.—Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or hair, to be interwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round, with a large downy feather in his bill. He went over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate, with the most graceful and loving air imaginable, and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth such a gust of gladness as seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart till it was almost too big for his little bosom.

When the young became old enough to fly, anybody would have laughed to watch the manoeuvres of the parents! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the tiniest little fledglings that there was no need of falling! For three days all this was carried on with increased activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little things looked down, then looked up, then looked at the infinity of space, stink down into the nest again. At length, the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled by a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner beautiful to behold. The parents were evidently much excited. They jumped on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings, and then hopped back again, saying, "It's pretty sport, but we can't do it." Three times the neighbors came and repeated their graceful lesson. The third time two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh! such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying around, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the log, and the rest of the troop, multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind, and two were swinging, in the most graceful style on a pendant hoop. Never while memory lasts, shall I forget the swell-low party.

A MODERN ROMULUS—STRANGE STORY.—The Delhi Gazette relates an almost incredible story of the discovery of a boy, who had consorted with wolves so early that nearly every trace of humanity had been lost. He walked, or ran, on all fours, and after his removal into the service of an officer, he still delighted in the company of jackals and other four-footed animals, which he would make his trencher companions. He was never known to smile, and only spoke once, to indicate that his head ached. He died suddenly after drinking some water. This poor creature was recognized by his parents, but they soon became disgusted and deserted him. His age, at the time of his death, was apparently twelve years.

A GIANT AND GIANTESSE.—At Paislow, in Essex county, England, there at present resides a woman, aged 20, who stands six feet four inches in height; the middle finger on either hand measures six inches; the length of her arm is twenty-eight inches. It is within the last three or four years she has attained her present extraordinary height. There is every indication that two or three inches will be added to her present stature. The Kentish giant, Edward Crauser, is paying his addresses to this young woman, and they will probably be married. Crauser is only nineteen years of age, and stands seven feet six inches. His father and mother are below the middle stature, and his sisters are dwarfish.

WISDOM OF TOWN LADIES.—"Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so we could have all the eggs we want?" "My dear, one hen could not lay all the eggs we want." "Why, yes it would, Pa, we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many."

Out "devil," says that this young lady is a sister of the one who thought that milk was pumped out of cows, and that the tail was the pump handle.

NEWSPAPER ON SILK.—In Peking, China, a newspaper of extraordinary size is published weekly, on silk. It is said to have been started more than a thousand years ago. An anecdote is related to the effect that in 1737 a public officer caused some false intelligence to be inserted in this newspaper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers of the paper are preserved in the Boy's Library, at Paris. They are each ten and a quarter yards in length.

Handsome Men.

FANNY FERN, a correspondent of the Boston Olive Branch, thus replied to an individual who said some body was not calculated to win a lady's heart because he was not handsome:

"Beggars your pardon, Solomon, that's a great mistake! It is quite unessential that a man should be 'handsome.' Let him pray the Gods, in the first place, to make him a CHRISTIAN—a gentleman at home as well as abroad. Let him stipulate for a fine figure and courtly manner, and shape his eyes, nose and mouth, provided they don't make him perfectly hideous.

Save us from your painted, bordered, bearded, big-eared, mousetailed, onyx-sprinkled, bejeweled, brainless exquisite. Give us a well-informed, plainly-dressed, self-possessed, intelligent masculine; perfect at home upon all subjects, foreign and domestic; neither cringing to the great, nor oppressing the little; who puts one hand on his sword, and the other on his heart when a woman's name is mentioned; who raises no blush on the cheek of humbled innocence; who holds in contempt no living-thing that God has made; who can pity the weak and erring without a pharisaical reviling; who can argue without loss of temper or dignity; who scores a bribe or an oath; who has an arm for trembling age, a smile for prattling infancy, and a strong, brave heart, for the oppressed and defenceless. But a 'pretty man?'—a pink and white Sir Brains?—the untold woe of a tall, thin, shaggy, and unattractive!—How you save the mark! *Fanny Fern's letter!*

ANECDOTE OF COL. COCKER.—Once upon a time, during a debate in the U. S. House of Representatives, on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed:

"Mr. Speaker—My opinion is, that the generosity of mankind, in general, are disposed to take the disadvantages of the generosity of mankind in general."

"Sit down, sit down," whispered the Col., who sat near him, "you are coming out at the same hole you went in at."

There is an old man in Belgrade, on the frontiers of Hungary and Turkey, who has attained the old age of 173 years. He is still in possession of all his faculties, and smokes his pipe regularly. Not quite one hundred years since he made his third marriage with a girl of nineteen, whom he has outlived by forty-four years.

The American population of Liberia is now about 8000, inhabiting a territory of over 800 miles of coast. They have built about twenty cities and towns. They have made treaties by which one hundred thousand natives are brought under their laws and nearly a million have abandoned their native lands. "The money to accomplish this good has not exceeded a million and a half of dollars. The society calls for additional aid in their good work."

The poet Crabbe once, in a fermenting mood, indited the following crabbed, crooked, cross and crusty criticism:

Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys, Are never valued till they make a noise. To show how worthy, they their powers display— To show how worthy, they their trusts betray— Like peep in children's pockets, secret lies In female bosoms—they must burn or fly!

The Woman's State Temperance Convention, in session at Syracuse, adopted a resolution to the effect that they "will go by the hundreds, if not by the thousands, at the coming session of the New York Legislature, and present petitions for their own hands, in favor of the Maine Law."

How light and ethereal love makes people. Till the knot is tied, they feel an spiritual that a porch of cobwebs supported by pillars of smoke, are quite as substantial an edifice as they will ever stand in need of. What a change a few months work—no cobwebs are superseded by pork and beans, and the pillars of smoke by bolsters made of cat-tails.

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion closes as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for \$17,000, was copper-bottomed, and loaded with cotton."

A child was born in Albany, the other day, having six fingers and six toes. Its face is perfectly round, there being no nose or eyes, but with a round hole for the mouth. One who saw it says that "when it cries it whistles."

"Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes," said a young fellow to a brick burner. "Just let me have your