

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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THE TIDINGS.

A bright beam came to my window frame,
This sweet May morn;
And it said to the cold, hard glass—
Oh! let me pass.
For I have good news to tell—
The queen of the daisy dell,
The beautiful May, is born!

Warm with the race, through the open space,
This sweet May morn,
Came a soft wind out of the skies;
And I said to my heart—Arise!
Go forth from the winter's fire,
For the child of thy long desire,
The beautiful May, is born!

The bright beam glances and the soft wind dances,
This sweet May morn,
O'er my cheek and over my eyes;
And I said with a glad surprise—
Oh, lead me forth, ye blessed twins,
Over the hill and over the plain,
Where the beautiful May is born.

Through the open door leaped the beam before,
This sweet May morn,
And the soft wind o' the air;
Like a poet's song,
Warm from his heart and fresh from his brain;
And they led me over the mountain plain,
To the beautiful May new born.

My guide so bright and my guide so light,
This sweet May morn,
Led me along o' the green ground,
And I knew by each joyous sign and sound,
The fields so green and the skies so blue,
That heaven and earth kept holiday,
That the beautiful May was born.

Out of the sea with their eyes of blue,
This sweet May morn,
Came the blue waves rolling on;
And they murmuring said—Thou happy one!
Show us, O earth! thy darling child,
For we heard, far out on the ocean wild,
That the beautiful May was born.

The winged fane to the rose-bud came,
This sweet May morn,
And it said to the flower—Prepare!
Lay thy scepter boom bare;
Full soon, full soon, thou must rock to rest,
And nurse and feed on thy glowing breast,
That the beautiful May new born!

The gladness bore through the trembling trees,
This sweet May morn,
Went on joyously from branch to branch—
And it said to the red-branched bough—O thou!
Cover with mimic pearls and gems,
And with silver beads, thy coral stems,
For the beautiful May new born.

Under the eaves and through the leaves,
This sweet May morn,
The soft wind whispering low;
And it said to the listening bird—O you,
Sweet chorister of the skies,
A waken your tenderest lullabies,
For the beautiful May new born.

The white cloud flew to the uttermost blue,
This sweet May morn,
It bore, like a gentle carrier-dove,
The blessed news to the realms above;
While its sister came in the midst of the grove,
And within my heart the spirit of love,
That the beautiful May was born!
(Dublin University Magazine.)

The Evening before Marriage.

"We shall certainly be very happy together," said Louise to her aunt, on the evening before her marriage, and her cheeks glowed with a deeper red, and her eyes shone with delight. When a bride says so, it may be easily guessed whom of all persons in the world she means thereby.

"I do not doubt it, dear Louise," replied her aunt, "if you only continue to be happy together."

"Oh, who can doubt that we shall continue so! I know, myself, I have faults, indeed, but my love for him will cure them. And so long as we love each other we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow cold."

"Alas," sighed her aunt, "thou dost talk like a maiden of nineteen, on the day before marriage, in the intoxication of wishes fulfilled, of fair hopes and happy omens. Dear child, remember this—even the heart in time grows cold. Days will come when the magic of the scenes shall fade. And when this enchantment shall fade, then it becomes first evident whether we are truly worthy of love. When custom has made familiar the charms that are most attractive, when youthful freshness has died, and with the brightness of domestic life more and more shadows have mingled, then, Louise, and not until then, can the wife say to the husband, 'thou art worthy of my love'; then first can the husband say of the wife, 'thou blooming in imperishable beauty.' But truly on the day before marriage such assertions as these sound laughable to me."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You would say that our mutual love can in earlier years give us no worth for each other. But is not to whom I am to belong—for of myself I can boast of nothing but the best intentions—is he not the noblest, worthiest of all the young men of the city? Blooms not in his soul every thing that tends to make life happy?"

"My child," replied her aunt, "I grant it. Virtue blooms in thee as well as in him; I can say this to thee without flattery. But, thy dear heart, they bloom only, and are not yet ripened beneath the sun and the shower. No blossoms develope the expectations more than these. We can never tell in what soil they have taken root. Who knows the concealed depths of the heart?"

"Ah, dear aunt, you really frighten me." "So much the better, Louise; such fear is right; such fear is as it should be on the marriage eve. I love thee tenderly, and will declare all my thoughts on the subject without disguise. I am not as yet an old aunt. At seven and twenty years one looks forward into life with pleasure; the world still presents a bright side to us. I have a right thus to speak to thee, to call thy attention to a secret which thou dost not know, one which is not of

ten spoken to a young and pretty maiden; one, indeed, that does not occupy the thoughts of a young man, and still of the utmost importance in every household, a secret from which alone springs lasting love and unalterable happiness."

Louise seized the hand of her aunt in both of hers. "Dear aunt, you know that I believe you in every thing. You mean that enduring happiness is not ensured to us by accidental qualities, by fleeting charms, but only those virtues of the mind which we bring to each other. These are the best dowry which we can possess; these never become old!"

"As it happens, Louise. These virtues, also, like the beauties of the body, can grow old, and become repulsive and hateful with age."

"How, dearest aunt? what do you say? name to me a virtue that can become hateful with age?"

"When they become so, we no longer call them virtues; a beautiful maiden cannot be called beautiful when time has changed her to an old and wrinkled woman."

"But, aunt, virtues are nothing earthly." "Perhaps."

"How can gentleness and mildness ever become hateful?"

"So soon as they degenerate into insipid listlessness and insolence."

"And manly courage?"

"Becomes impudic rudeness."

"And modest diffidence?"

"Turns to fawning humility."

"And noble pride?"

"To vulgar haughtiness."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Becomes a habit of too ready friendship and servility."

"Dear aunt, you almost make me angry. My future husband can never degenerate thus. He has one virtue which will preserve him as he is forever. A deep sense and indestructible feeling for every thing that is good and noble, dwells in me also, I hope, as in him. This is the innate pledge and security for our happiness and purity, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic. I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all innocent and rational amusements. But for this very reason I say to thee—be a good dear Christian, and thou wilt, as mother, yes, a grandmother, be still beautiful."

Louise threw her arms about her neck, and wept in silence, and whispered, "I thank thee, my angel!"

A LITTLE QUAKERESS IN A HURRY TO GET MARRIED.—An amusing matrimonial story is told of the oldest time of New England. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other, as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter drew not disobeys—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She "smiled him by moon-light," while she pretended never to see him; and she pined and waited in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women often reach in imagination rather than in reality. Still the father remained inexorable. Time passed on, and she rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She led no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widow mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that the daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than hope to death, thee had better marry as thee chooses, and when thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had lost her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she headed it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked up to him, and took his hand in hers: "John," said she, "father says I may have thee." And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife!

"Oh, cast thou not Affection from thee! In this bitter world Hold to thy heart that only treasure hold. Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim The bright gem's purity!"

WOULDN'T HINDER PROVIDENCE.—A blacksmith in Erie county, Ohio, was questioned by a wealthy distiller, to put him up a lightning rod on his distillery. The honest son of Vulcan instantly refused, remarking to the whiskey maker, "if it is the Lord's will to send a streak of lightning upon your distillery, I am not the man who would do anything to avert it."

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his troubles.

were together, and at last will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had, on their wedding day, known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than they are.

Louise kissed her aunt's hand with ardor. "I feel that it must be so. Where confidence is absent, the married, even after wedlock, are two strangers who do not know each other. It should be so. Without this there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best preservative of female beauty?"

Her aunt smiled, and said, "We may not conceal from ourselves that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times more than an ill looking one, and the men are pleased with us when we are pretty. But what we call beautiful, what in the woman pleases the man, is not skin and hair, the shape or color, as in a picture or statue; but it is the character, it is the soul: that is within these, which ennobles us by looks and words, earnestness, and joy and sorrow. The men admire us the more they suppose those virtues of the mind to exist in us which the outside promises, and we think a malicious man disgraceable however graceful and handsome and intelligent he may be. Let a young maiden then who would preserve but that purity of soul, those sweet qualities of the mind, those virtues, in short, by which she first drew her lover to her feet—and the best preservative of virtue, to render it unchanging, and keep it ever young, is religion; that inward union with the Deity and eternity, and faith—that walketh with God, so pure, so peaceful, so beneficent with morals."

"See, dear heart," continued the aunt, "there are virtues which arise out of mere experience. These grow old with time, and alter, because of change of circumstances and inclination, prudence alters her rules of action, and because her growth does not always keep pace with our years and passions. But religious virtues can never change; these remain eternally the same. Preserve, then, a mind important and pure, looking for everything from God; thus will that beauty of soul remain, for which thy bridegroom to-day adores thee. I am no bigot, no fanatic. I am thy aunt of seven and twenty. I love all innocent and rational amusements. But for this very reason I say to thee—be a good dear Christian, and thou wilt, as mother, yes, a grandmother, be still beautiful."

The Grave in the Forest.

A fair contributor sends us, in the article below, as fine a poem in prose as we have lately read:

In the autumn of 1852, while on a tour through the northern part of Michigan, I was delighted with that part of the journey which lay, often for many miles, through the beautiful "Oak openings," for which this State is so celebrated. Not unrequitedly within an hour's ride we would see several beautiful lakes, and cross one or more rapid streams. It was almost impossible to believe that these "openings" had not been made out by some skillful landscape gardener, with an eye to the most exquisite rural taste and effect. And I could not divest myself of the idea, that we should come upon some lordly mansion, for the occupant of which so much beauty had been created. Here the road wound through a quiet dell—there ascended a gentle slope—yonder ran along the brow of an undulating hill, with a wild ravine on one side, and all around were stately trees, arranged in picturesque groups or standing singly in just the right places; while shining in the distance, or close at hand, with grassy margin or pebbly beach, lay one of those bright lakes, mirroring in its depths the noble trees growing on the gradually sloping hill sides around it; or sometimes the opposite shore reflected the dark shadow of the forest that lay upon that side, while white birds of ducks were splashing and diving among the snowy and golden lilies that dotted the "silvery sheen" far out on its border. Lost in admiration of the beauty by which we were surrounded, on winding round a "well" of land, our attention was suddenly arrested by seeing beneath the shadow of some noble oak, a little grave. Miles away from any settlement, there, in the lonely forest, had some mourning mother laid her darling down in his last sleep!—Why was the little mound, surrounded by a low picket, and each picket of my mother vibrated with sympathy for the mother who had left her loved one there! Sad indeed must be her heart, when she thinks of her babe's grave, far off in the wild woods, with no loving eye to watch over it—no gentle hand to lay there an offering of sweet flowers!—It did at first seem sorrowful, that a little infant (for the grave was very small) should be left alone in that solitude! The low sweet notes of a bird fell upon my ear, and I roused me from so melancholy a reflection; and as I looked around the stately columns of trees, hung with the gossamer drapery of autumn, and listened to the soft cadence of the wind sighing among their branches, and anon swelling in rich volume through those wide arcades, or pealing through a triumphant anthem, I thought there was a monument a prince might envy! Cheer thee, sorrowing mother. He who "took little children and blessed them," sanctified as well the grave of thy babe, as that of the more favored babe of fortune, who sleeps in consecrated ground. And, surely, that is consecrated ground—pure and fresh as "came from the Creator's hand, unconaminated by the art of man! what prouder monument could be raised to the memory of a child, than the dome of God's own arching, the rich tracery chiseled by his unerring hand! In the sweet spring time, what delicate and exquisitely wrought drapery is flung from amid those arches! In the bright summer, it is deepened into a dark rich curtain, to shade that sacred spot from the sun's scorching rays; then the autumnal frosts, with magic touch, paint it in colors which human pencil can faintly imitate! Later, when those gorgeous hues have faded, and the sombre drapery has fallen in fragments to the earth, the wintry tempests send a requiem through "those naked arches" that again, in the long still night of midwinter, the stars from the near rushing river, like a incense from some holy altar, rise through the keen frosty air, and the morning sun discloses a scene of bewildering magnificence! Columns, capitals, and architraves, are studied and inlaid with gems too brilliant to look upon. From every point and projection are hung gracefully swaying cords, and glittering tassels, and clusters, and knots of ambient jewels gleaming and flashing in the morning's rays, while the air is filled with a shower of finest gems! The pavement of snowy crystals is beset with diamonds, and the little grave gleams pure and white in the sunlight! Cheer thee, then, sorrowing mother! Cheer thee, then, and watch over that dear spot; His hand lies there, spring's first sweet violet, and when the dark cold night of death fell over thy babe, the sun of His love upon dispersed that night, and its spirit awakened to the glorious day in which there is no more night forever.—Horn's Journal.

A SINGULAR HISTORY.—Ellis Yale, the founder of Yale College at New Haven, Conn., lies buried at the church in Wexham, Wales. His monument's plain altar tomb, bears this inscription:

"Born in America, in Europe bred; In Africa travelled, and in Asia wed; Where long he lived and thrived, in London died; Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even. And this soul, through mercy's gate to Heaven. You that survive and read this tale take care, For this most certain exit to prepare. Where best in peace the actions of the just Shall sweet and blossom in the silent dust."

The strangest fact is yet to tell. It is recorded that Mr. Yale went out to the East Indies from this country as an adventurer, and becoming wealthy, he obtained the Presidency of Madras, and is said to have ruled with the most oppressive authority. He caused his ground to be hunged for riding out a favorite horse without leave. For this murder he was ordered to England, where he was tried for the crime, but by some means escaped all punishment except a heavy fine.—He died in 1724.

All clouds of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

Chinese Solemnities.

Although the presence of thousands of the natives of the Celestial Empire makes their appearance, dress and every-day habits a matter of common-place occurrence among us, yet we doubt if much beyond this is known about them by the community in general. Monday and Tuesday of last week were occasions tender to enlighten the public with many of their most religious observances arising from their characteristic superstitions. There are several religious sects among them, but the principal elements of belief are similar. They believe in three great existences—two of them original, and without beginning or end, and the third the product of the other two. Of the two first existences, one is spiritual, the other material; the three together are Heaven, Earth and Man. Heaven is spiritual, Earth material, but elevating; and Man, the product of both, partaking of the nature of both.

The figures and graven images to which the Chinese pay reverence (inasmuch as they are) do not represent the gods, but men who have eminently benefited their race during their stay on earth. They suppose that these men are in Heaven, enjoying a spiritual and carnal immortality, but that the spiritual part possesses the power of being present on this earth, and of being cognizant of all that passes amongst the living.

To instance this, they think that the inventor of ink was one of the greatest men that ever lived, that he enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charged with the duty of keeping account of the manner in which all ink is used here below, and for every abuse of it he records a black mark against the offender. Hence arises the form of the oath administered in our public department none but Chinese ink is used in the printing of it; the witness is sworn, by the form of oath, to tell the truth and nothing else; he then takes the form, printed with this ink, and burns it; the smoke rises as incense to the great inventor, who stands ready to record the truth or falsity of his statement for or against him. The class of the Chinese we have amongst us is by no means of a superior cast. We have neither priests nor mandarins; but we have economists, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics and laborers. We have also a great many who are amblers, pirates and brigands of their own country. Many of them are easily distinguished by their garb: his head is closely shaven all over, no queue or tail, and his dress is of flowing robes of lead-colored silk, with deep wide sleeves.

When a person dies, his body is put into a sort of oven above ground, and preserved for some time before final interment. The rich remain one year in this condition. Although dead to the senses of the living, their carnal wants are by no means supposed to cease; therefore, cigars, opium, sweetmeats, and many other things, are enclosed in the sepulchre with them. In addition to this, the daily food is brought and placed at the head of the grave, with the most anxious attention. This food is destroyed by rats and other animals, but the Chinese believe it is consumed by the dead. A religious observance requires that they go every year, on a fixed anniversary, to repair the cemeteries of the departed, many of which are out into the solid rock, and a stone door firmly cemented in, and on this anniversary, the cement is renewed, and other damages that may have been sustained, are repaired. Monday, 4th of April, was the day appointed for the men, who assembled in hundreds, and dressed in their several castes, and went off to the grave, in long procession, to pay their rites to the remains of departed friends.

Meats and vegetables were offered up in large quantities at the various graves, liquor was split around each in a circle, prayers were said, and the shades of the departed, whose spirits were supposed to be present, smiling approbation, were invoked for future protection. Other sacrifices were offered up to the spirits of evil, who are believed to haunt the resting places of the dead, ready to carry them off, in case of the failure of their relations to make the customary vows offering incense, and intended to appease their wrath and buy them off for a time. Three torches were planted near the graves, each furnished with a different kind of substance, one being porcelain, another sandal wood—the combination of the third is unknown to us—the porcelain stick represents Earth, the sandal wood, Man, and the other Heaven. On Thursday the women took their turn for the same ceremonies; it being unlawful for the men and women to go on the same day. The whole proceeding was interesting in the highest degree, as illustrative of the more important customs of this singular people.—San Francisco Alto Californian.

Happiness.

Happiness is to be attained in the accustomed chair by the friend, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favor of all human ease; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and friendly kindnesses between friend and friend, more than in some occasional and dearly bought indulgence; in the virtue of contentment, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart more than in change of circumstances; in full, firm trust in Providence, more than in hoping for its favor; in a growing taste for beauties of nature, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observance of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the means of ostentatious, and therefore, rare, display; in a hand-maiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbor, more than in the condescending notice of my lord duke.

Happiness, then, must be sought for in simplicity, and not in costliness; in the perpetually recurring, more than in the rare; in abiding peace rather than in temporary rapture; and next after the well of

living water which springeth up into ever lasting life, in no source else so sedulously, as in those fountains which are fed by the never-failing love of relatives and friends.

PASSING AWAY.

I'm passing away, the raven said,
As it flapped some one he probably said;
I write myself with the ocean, old,
And sweep o'er forms that were fearless and bold,
And then to the clouds I'm carried high,
Refreshed the earth with dew from the sky;
Thus the stream sang on, in tones wild and gay,
I'm passing away, I'm passing away!

We are passing away, the red man said,
As he looked around on the scattered dead;
But few remain, and we'll soon be at rest,
With those we love, in the land of the best;
And the white man then will be coming here,
Over this land of ours, that to us was a dear;
And the theme of his song will be in his day,
They have passed away, they have passed away!

We are passing away, the song that is sung,
From the lips of all, both the old and the young;
That song is sung through the tall forest trees,
By the gentle sigh of the evening breeze;
'Tis heard in the North, South, East and West,
'Tis ever told in the land of the best.
That the chosen of earth must not here stay,
That they must pass away, all pass away!

RETURN FROM ELBA.

BY LAMARTINE.

On quitting La Mure, the Emperor composed his vanguard of one hundred picked men, from that chosen body always under the orders of Cambraque. This general, on advancing towards a bridge at some distance from La Mure, found himself in front of a new battalion. The Emperor sent to them with signs of peace, was driven back. The Emperor being informed of this, he dispatched one of his officers, Major Raoul, to attack the battalion which refused to open his route; but Raoul threatened with their fire returned without being heard. Napoleon felt that the moment had arrived to put to the test his own ascendancy over his old soldiers. He passed through his column, ordering it to halt, and rode forward at a gentle pace, almost alone, at the head of his army. Whether he had been assured by his accomplices at Grenoble that the hearts of the battalion were in his favor; whether the habits of a soldier on the battle field had insured him to look on death with less repugnance by the fire than by the sword; or that his soul, since his departure from Elba, had concentrated all its powers in anticipation of this supreme moment, and he had deemed that this enterprise was well worth the risk of life, certain it is that he did not hesitate a moment. He neither hastened or slackened his steps, but approached within a hundred paces of the bayonets, which formed a wall before him on the road. There he dismounted, gave the reins to one of his Poles, crossed his arms on his breast, and advanced with measured steps, like a man who marches to his death. It was the aspect of the imagination of both army and people appearing suddenly, and as if rising from the tomb, the France of the present and the past. He wore the costume in which recollection, legend and picture had alike engraved him on the memory of all; the military hat, the green uniform of the light infantry of the guard, the overcoat of dust colored cloth, open and displaying his under dress, the high military boots, and spurs ringing on the ground; his attitude was that of reflection, which neither can distract, or of peaceful command, which doubts not of obedience.—He descended a slope of the road inclining towards the regiment he was about to meet. No groups of persons before him, or behind him, prevented him from being seen in all the illusion of personal prestige, his figure standing out boldly and alone against the back ground of the high road; and the blue truncheon beyond. To strike such a man whom the soldiers recognized as their former idol, would have been in their eyes, not to fight, but to assassinate. Napoleon had calculated from afar this challenge of glory to humanity, and to the heart of the French soldier, and he was not mistaken; but it required a profound genius to attempt and a Napoleon to accomplish it. His grandeur, a great distance behind him, stood with the arm reversed, as a token of peace. The officer commanding the fifth regiment, being violence perhaps to his feelings in the execution of his duty, or knowing beforehand the resolution of his soldiers not to strike the Emperor, and only wishing to intimidate the army of Napoleon by an appearance of discipline, ordered his battalion to fire. The soldiers appeared to obey, and took aim at Napoleon, who, without stopping to betray any emotion, advanced within ten steps of the muskets leveled at his breast, and elevating that spine-like and resounding voice, which had so often directed maneuvers of the review, or of the field of battle, "Soldiers of the fifth regiment!" he exclaimed, deliberately uncovering his breast, and presenting his naked bust to receive their fire. "If there be any one among you that would kill his Emperor, let him do it. Here I am!" There was no reply; all remained silent and motionless. The soldiers had not even loaded their muskets, as if they trusted themselves. Having gone through the semblance of obedience and fidelity to discipline, they thought they had done their duty, and that the heart might now be left to its own course. And the hearts of all spoke with one voice. At first a thrill of feeling ran through the battalion, then a few muskets were lowered, then a number, and finally the whole white a cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" issued from every mouth, which was replied to by a shout from the grenadiers of the guard, in the distance, of "Vive the fifth regiment of the line." Some of the officers quitted the rank and took the road to Grenoble, that they might not be carried away by the emotion of their companies; while others wiped their eyes, cheered their swords, and yielded to the general contagion. The soldiers quitting the ranks, rushed along with the people to surround the Emperor, who opened his arms to receive them; while his own faithful soldiers, following the example, hastened to the spot, and mingled in one group and

one acclamation with those of the fifth.—It was the junction of France, past and present, embracing each other at the call of glory; the involuntary edition of hearts Napoleon had conquered by dissolving himself; his name alone had done battle. From this moment France was reconquered; the trial had been made; the example given. At a distance people might be faithful to duty; but when near, enthusiasm would seize on all. The example of the fifth regiment was worth more to the Emperor than the defection of ten armies.

Bible Statistics.

More than once have statistics of the following character found their way into print, to the delight of both young and old; this fact will not prejudice the insertion of the statement here presented, by a correspondent, inasmuch as the accuracy of its details, differing as they do from those of similar statistical papers, may be relied upon. It is mainly taken from an English Bible, as given by the indefatigable Dr. Horne, in his introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, (Vol. II, p. 38, last Eng. ed.) and is said to have occupied more than three years of the compiler's life. As it will be found both useful and interesting, its length will not be regretted:

Old Testament.	New Test.	Total.
Books, 39	27	66
Chapters, 929	280	1,199
Verses, 33,314	7,850	41,164
Words, 592,493	181,253	773,746
Letters, 2,726,100	838,500	3,564,600

Apocrypha.

Books, 14	Words, 125,185
Chapters, 128	Letters, 1,953,278
Verses, 6,931	

The Bible.

The middle book is Micah.

The middle (and smallest) chapter is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm 118.

The middle line, is in the 16th verse of 2 Chronicles 4.

The largest book is that of the Psalms.

The largest chapter is Psalm 119.

The word Jehovah (or Lord) occurs 6,855 times.

The word And occurs 40,327 times.

The number of authors of the Bible is 50.

The Old Testament.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter is 20th of Job.

The middle verse is in 2 Chronicles, 20th chapter between the 17th and 18th verses.

The shortest book is Obadiah.

The shortest verse, 1 Chron, 1st chap. 25th.

The word And occurs 35,543 times.

The 21st verse of Ezra, 7th, contains all the letters of our Alphabet. The word Selah occurs 72 times, and only in the psalter books. 2 Kings 19th chap., and Isaiah 37th chapter are alike. The fact is an internal mark of the truth of these Scriptures; being transcripts from public records, by two different writers, who were not contemporaries. The same may be said of the following coincidences:

The book of Esther does not contain the words God or Lord. The last two verses of 2 Chronicles, and the opening verses of the book Ezra are alike.

Ezra 2d and Nehemiah 7th are alike. There are nearly 30 books mentioned, but not found in the Bible, consisting of civil records, and other ancient writings, now nearly all lost. They were formed part of the Holy scriptures. About 26 of these are alluded to in the Old Testament.

New Testament.

The middle book is Thessalonians.

The middle chapter is between Romans 13th and 14th.

The middle verse is Acts 17: 17th verse.

The smallest book is 2 John.

The smallest verse is John 11th chapter and 35th verse.

MR. CLAY—AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.

"The Hon. A. McClung, by appointment, delivered before both branches of the Legislature of Mississippi, an eulogium upon the character and public services of Henry Clay. It was chaste, forcible, and eloquent. We call an extract:

"He faded away in no feeble twilight; he sank down to no arms sunset, but spang out of life in the bright blaze of meridian fullness. He passed down into the valley of the shadow of death with all his glory unclouded, his laurels all green around him. Not a spot obscure the lustre of his crest, not a sprig has been torn from his chaplet.

"The dead Douglas has won the field. His dying ear rung with the applause of his country, and the hosannas of a nation's gratitude. Death has given to him the empire in the hearts of his countrymen, and fully granted to the living man—and although it has not decreed that the first honors of the nation should await him, its last blessing will cluster around his name. His memory needs no monument. He wants no Mausoleum of stone or marble to imprison his sacred dust. Let him rest amid the tokens of the freedom he has so much loved. Let him sleep on, where the whistling of the tannet winds—the ceaseless roar of the murmuring water—the chirping of wild birds—all which speaks of liberty, may chaunt his eternal lullaby! Peace be with thy soul, Henry Clay! May the earth lie light upon you, and the undying laurel of glory grow green over thy grave!"

Nothing is purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing brighter than virtue—nothing warmer than faith—and nothing more splendid than hope. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.