THE STAR AND BANNER.

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The Voice of Autumn.

W. C. BRYANT.

There comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,
Just sinks the weedy lea,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits with a sigh
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light September wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind;

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away!

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state,
Oh, soft repining wind?
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find?

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,
In all the east and west;
The wind that stops to rest,
Is no more.

By valleys, woods and springs,
No wonder thou shouldst grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings
And must leave.

Guardian Angels.

Guardian angels, messengers of sweet solace, glorious angel visions, are ever with us, ever around us; to our weary spirits they bring peace and joy. And when the heart is filled with pleasure, the bright visions floating in the etherial space swiftly bear the glad tidings up to heaven on their unseen pinions. When there are wild dark thoughts in our hearts, when we bow our heads in anguish of spirit, and give way to useless and bitter repinings, oh, then the glorious watchers hasten with smiles of peace, and triumph in the right through Him our Redeemer. They are ever hovering around us with noiseless pinions; they are ever with us, those bright spirits coming from the portals of heaven, and would not the earth be a weary, sad, darksome place, without them? In vain should we seek for happiness and rest.—No one can dispute the holy, mystic mission of these spirits of poetic beauty. We should strive to live under such glorious watchers, that at the time of our transition from this world to a better, we can with joy pass with the bright angels above to realms of love.

A Suicide.

There was a poor soul passed last Monday over the Bridge of Sighs which suicide has raised over the gulf that separates mortality from eternity. The coroner over the body could not follow the forlorn spirit whither it had gone, but the moralist may; and the picture of that spirit's past is enough to make the bright angels weep. Perhaps some who stood by the side of the bloated, faded, and distorted features of the veteran "procuress," viewed the picture in all lights. They may have thought of that body when first a tiny infant—smiling upon pure bosoms, fondled in loving arms, watched with zealous care, growing bright and beautiful and winsome. Next, as a budding woman, carressed and flattered, and the ornament of many a social gathering.

Then tempted—then lost! Then enduring the first pangs of remorse, and drowning them with the strong potation, or the whirling madness of new vice and fresh crime! Then the few years of guilty triumph and success! Then the weariness of satiety and advancing age! Then the re-kindling of remorse and of memory and the dreadful torturings they produce upon the remnants of a neglected soul in contemplating a ruined existence! Then the horror of all behind blinding the view to all before! And the once tiny infant, so pure and lovely—the winsome girl—the flattered woman—crawls to the garret of her loathsome home, and, with trembling hands, arranges the instruments of death! Does she fear him?

Why, Death and she have looked each other in the face many a time these ten years. And she is dead at last! And the coroner comes—and his jeering jury—and the reporter, who notes down for the eyes of ten thousand careless readers, that Madame ——, the keeper of a noted den, committed suicide yesterday, having been observed to be in low spirits for some time. Low spirits! And she had been observed! Alas! that they who are walking in the same broad road would follow up their observation of her life by only one reflection on her death!

"Touch her not scornfully—
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly:
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly."

FEIGNED INSANITY.—At Cincinnati, a man named Marshall, under sentence for six years imprisonment for burglary, has for weeks been feigning insanity, in the hope of escaping State prison. He worked his jaws until he frothed at the mouth; he clanked his chains, gritted his teeth, and endeavored to bite every one who came in his reach. Finally he admitted that it was useless to carry on the farce, and submitted to his fate with a good degree of resignation.

JEFFREY told a capital story of Tallyrand, at a public dinner. His health was drunk. Before the noise was over, he got up, made a mumbling, as if of speaking, spoke nothing, made a bow, and sat down, at which the applause redoubled, though all those immediately about him knew he never said a word.

Wave-motion.

We take the following paragraphs from the Rev. T. S. King's letters to the Boston Transcript, from the sea-shore. It is one of the finest displays of word-painting we have ever seen:

The sea had drilled its riotous forces into massive phalanxes and orderly squadrons. In place of the rabble of breakers, billowy bataiions were charging the shore. What power, what majesty of motion, what vast beauty of curve and curl! Watch these rolling undulations in the distance. What joy of expectation! See them heave nearer—the liquid valleys deepening, the slopes darkening as they approach—the forward line pushed on until it mounts for its final blow, whitens on the ridge, shakes its lifted threatening edge, bends and flings itself with deliberate fury upon the smothered, groaning shore. The gurgling foam is caught, as it retreats, by the next line, which rides up in greater pomp; just as it curls, a fresh puff of the land breeze lets loose a mane of mist from its long array, and like ten thousand horses and horsemen with streaming hair, it rushes with impetuous roar far up the granite ramparts. We can't keep our hats on while the third rank frowns behind it; we swing them with wild delight, to see it gather, and rise, and knit its forces into a threatening column, a quarter of a mile in length; and then we scream impotent cheers as it tumbles its serried thunder, and hurls a mass of briny and bracing fragrance into the air. We exclaimed that it was wrong to have such a sublime exhibition for nothing; and my friend, with enthusiastic waggery, proposed to throw his note for a hundred dollars, at sixty days, into the surf.

How can the splendors of wave-motion that are played off before us be described? Doubtless it is possible. A Turner in rhetoric could do it, as well as a Stanfield or a Turner in color. I have no doubt the English language has words which can be so artistically ordered by a master, as to represent the curious surges that sweep in pyramids up those small rocky coves.—They do not bend at the top, and pour out their foam in a crescent cataract. They move up with a vast base, and as they near the shore, the creamy surf rolls over the top, or breaks from the side, as from a liquid volcano venting its fleecy lava, and flows down the blue advancing slope, till the rocks break the whole mass into whiteness. On another spot the billows try their skill at architecture. A whole line curls up gradually in exquisite scrolls, such as only gusty snow-storms can rival; they counterfeit fantastic volutes of capitals; they suggest, in the pale dancing green of their [illegible] graces of ornament, which Corinthian columns have never upheld in marble.

But it is images of battles, pictures of forming squadrons, chivalrous combat, and gallant assault, that keep uppermost in the mind. Sometimes, as they come careering on, in joyous strength, with flashing plumes, the crowning part of the column, its knightly leader to the attack, would be arrested by a sunken rock, and we would see him reel a moment, and then rise as in his stirrups, and deal a more savage blow at his granite enemy. It *is* a battle, a war of ages—this contest of the billows and the shore. A drawn battle, too, between the passions of the one and the patience of the other. All that the waters wash from the ledges that resist them, displaces its own waves. If the rocks see the surges retreat before them on one shore, the sea is gaining on another coast. A continent sinks in the pacific, while the valley of the Mississippi is lifted above the sea and drained.

A Chapter on Kissing

An editor who confesses, by implication, to large ocular experience of a time-honored custom for which the present fashion of ladies' bonnets offers tempting facilities, sums up the fruits of his practice in this wise:—Hardly any two females kiss alike. There is as much variety in the manner of doing it as in the faces and manners of the sex. Some delicate little creatures mere give a slight brush of the lip. This is a sad aggravation. We seem about to have "a good time," but actually get nothing. Others go about it like a hungry man after a beefsteak, and seem to chew up your countenances. This is disgusting and soon drives away a delicate lover. Others struggle like hens when burrying themselves with dirt. The kiss is won by great exertions, and is not worth as much as the trouble it costs.

Now, we are in favor of a certain shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not continue too long; and, when the fair one "gives in," let her administer it with warmth and energy. Let there be soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh deep immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to "slobber" a kiss, but give it as a humming-bird runs its bill into a honeysuckle, deep but delicately. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which has lasted us forty years; and we believe it will be the last thing we shall think of when we die.

CAPITAL STORY.—The Cumb. *Herald* tells a capital story of Judge Tappan, formerly a United States Senator from Ohio, and who is, unfortunately, cross-eyed:

"A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized county court, in the eastern part of the State. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court-room, and the stable as a jail. One day, during the session of the court, the Judge had occasion to reprove two of the lawyers, who were wrangling. An odd looking old customer, who sat in one corner, listening, apparently, with great satisfaction to the reproof, and presuming on an old acquaintance, and the Judge's well-known good humor, sung out—

"Give it to 'em old gimlet-eyes!"

"Who was that?" inquired the Judge.

"It was this 'ere old hoss," answered the chap, raising himself up.

"Sheriff," said the Judge, with great gravity, "take that *old hoss* and put him in the stable."

It isn't all in bringing up.

The writer of the following is evidently not imbued with the generality of the theory that education makes the man, and it is very clear that he touches the subject graphically as well as poetically:—

It isn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
To silver-scour a pewter cup—
It will be pewter still.
E'en he of old, wise Solomon,
Who said, "train up a child,"
If I mistake not, had a son
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass
For lord of sea and land,
May have the training of a son,
And bring him up full grand;
May give him all the wealth of love,
Of college and of school,
Yet after all may make no more
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by Penury
Upon her bitter bread,
Whose road to knowledge is like that
The good to heaven must tread,
Has got a spark of Nature's light,
He'll fan it in a flame,
Till in its burning letters bright
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"
In counsel and restraint,
Some rascals had been honest men—
I'd been myself a saint,
Oh! 'tisn't all in "bringing up,"
Let folks say what they will;
Neglect may dim a silver cup—
It will be silver still.

STOLEN FRUIT.—In Mr. Gunning's "Sketches," a new English book, he tells this story of Dr. Ogden, Professor of Geology:—

The Doctor had taken a great fancy to a lad who had been in his service three or four years; he was much pleased with his management of a garden which was attached to his house, and of which he was particularly fond. A cherry tree, which had been planted some time, which should have produced very choice fruit, had constantly failed. To the doctor's great delight it at last showed signs of bearing, and about a dozen cherries after a while began to assume a tempting appearance.—Returning one day from his ride, he missed some of his cherries, and accused the boy of having taken them. "I have not touched them," replied the boy, "as true as God's in heaven," (a very common mode of assertion among inferior people at that time.) "That's a good lad! sit thee down, and I'll give thee a glass of wine, for thou wouldst not tell me a lie!" Going to a closet, he put a potty strong dose of antimonial wine into a glass, which the boy drank off, and was [illegible] him in conversation. At length the boy was making a hasty retreat, saying he did not feel well. "Do not quit the room," said the doctor, "sit thee down thou wilt soon be better;" and ringing the bell, he ordered a jug of warm water, which he administered very freely, at the same time providing a basin. The cherries soon made their appearance, as the Dr. anticipated, to the great consternation of the lad. "Where's the God in heaven?" said the doctor. Thou miscreant! get thee out of my house!" He quitted it the same day, but not till the Doctor had shown him his will, in which he had left him two hundred pounds.

"We were to poor to pay."

Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village church-yard! such a one I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in the country churchyard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that?—as Jeremy Taylor says, "we cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." "So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble."

Then that little girl! How her image comes up before me—bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a newly made grave, that I feared my presence would break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude grave stones, had not the child raised her eyes, and timidly said:—

"Our little Willie sleeps here. We's too poor to get a tombstone; *we* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough."

"Are you not afraid to be here alone?" I asked.

"O, no; mother is sick, and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet."

"How old was your brother?" I asked, feeling interested in the child.

"He was only seven years old; and he was so good, and had such beautiful eyes; but he couldn't see a bit."

"Indeed! Was he blind?"

"You see he was sick a long time; yet his eyes were blue and bright as blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know he was getting blind, until one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked:

"'Is it a white rose, Dora?'

"'Can't you see it, darling?' asked mother."

"'No, I cannot see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark.'

"Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God, and heaven, and the angels. 'Then never mind, mother and Dora,' he'd say, 'I'll see you too, when you go away from this dark place.'"

"So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here, and buried him; and though we're too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them, I know, when they learn that *our little Willie sleeps here.*"

Zeal without knowledge, is like haste to a man in the dark.

Bringing in the Returns.

In a county hard by, an election was held for the office of High Sheriff. Three popular candidates were in the field and their chances of success were about equal. Never, it is said, did the yeomanry of that county enter more fully into a political contest than on this occasion. Thousands upon thousands of dollars had been staked on the result, and his circumstance, perhaps, lent much to the enthusiasm manifested by the people.

On the morning, runners, provided with fleet horses, were despatched to all the different polls of the county, who were to bring in different returns to the county-seat, a hotel in which being the head quarters of the three parties.

We will pass by the many amusing and exciting occurrences of the day, and recur to the closing scene of the night.

The returns were all in with the exception of one township, and the contest thus far was so close that the desparity between the highest and the lowest candidates, was less than ten votes. The fate of the three candidates hung upon that one poll. Each candidate had claimed a handsome majority in the remaining township—but as each had been deceived by the votes of the balance, the result in this was matter of extreme doubt. The three competitors became exceedingly alarmed; the friends of each were thrown into a state of painful anxiety, and the sporting gentlemen felt as though they had embarked on a hazardous enterprise.

In the stillness of the night, the clattering of a horse's feet was faintly heard in the distance. The shout of "*he's coming,*" gave general notice of the fact.—As the messenger neared them—his noble animal flying as it were under whip and spur—they fell back on either side and opened a passage to receive him. In he dashed, regardless of human life, and hauling up suddenly under the dim light of a lamp, with a watch in his hand, he exclaimed—"Five hundred dollars that better time never was made! Ten miles in only twenty minutes! and by a three year old colt at that!"

A death-like stillness pervaded the crowd as the runner continued to expatiate upon the speed and qualities of his colt—a matter in which none but himself seemed to feel any interest, just at that time—the returns being the only thing which could interest the crowd at this juncture. "The returns!" interrupted a voice in the crowd. "*Thirty eight majority!*" answered the runner. "For who?" demanded the same voice in the crowd some fellow got *thirty-eight* majority, but who the d——l *he* was tell you; but one thing I know, and that is that you can just bet your life on the hoss."

We have since frequently heard of this man, who is now universally known and called in this neighborhood, by the cognomen of "the man who brought in the returns."—*O. S. Democrat.*

Remarkable Coincidence.

A correspondent of the Petersburg (Virginia) Express, writing from Charlestown, in that State, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:

"Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch—one of gold and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters 'G. W.' were engraved, or rather cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the general until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when in riding over his farm he dropped it, and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was ploughed up, recognized from the letters 'G. W.' on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner was recognized from the letters 'G. W.,' so that in a very short time the two companions will soon be again united.—I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible—namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of the oft-repeated maxim, that truth beggars fiction in strangeness.—I repeat there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, 'the proof excludes every other hypothesis.'"

NIL DESPERANDUM.—While there is life there is hope, is an old adage, and it is sometimes curiously illustrated. Persons given up to die are often saved by the superior energy of a nurse who has hope, but many keep off the king of terrors, for a time at least, by their superior determination. Old Major Dash, who won his brevet in the war of 1812, was suddenly taken down with the cholera.—It was at the time of its appearance on this continent, and our physicians had very little experience. The Major sank rapidly, and a consultation was called.—Several doctors, after "putting their heads together," came to the concision that the patient was fatally sick, past recovery.—No one, however, would make the announcement; when the Major, suspecting the case, turned to a young doctor present and said: "What is the report?" "That you can't live." "Not a chance?" asked the Major with severity. "Yes," continued young hopeful, "just one chance in a hundred thousand." "Then why the —— don't you work away on that chance?" returned the Major with a voice of thunder. The hint was taken and the invincible soldier was saved.—The white hairs and the gleaming sword of this old soldier waved among the victorious lines of our troops in Mexico; but he at last had to yield to a foe, if not more courageous, yet more insatiable, and now he sleeps upon his native banks of the Hudson.

Days without Nights.

Dr. Baird, in a lecture recently, gave some interesting facts. There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of the night. Dr. Baird had no conception of it before his arrival. He arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburgh, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends—had not taken note of time—and returned at midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the streets; it seemed as if the inhabitants were all gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm a little before 10 o'clock. There is a great illumination all night; as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight, without artificial light. There is a mountain at the Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise.

At the north Cape, latitude 72 degrees, the sun does not set in several days. In June it would be about 25 degrees above the horizon at midnight. The way the people know it is midnight they see the sun rise. The changes in these high latitudes, from summer to winter, are so great that we can have no conception of them at all. In the winter time the sun disappears, and it is not seen for weeks. Then it comes and shows its face. Afterwards it remains ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes, and then descends, and finally it does not set at all, but makes a circular around the heavens. Dr. Baird was asked how they managed in regard to hired persons; and what they considered a day. He could not say, but supposed they worked by the hour, and twelve hours would be considered a day's work.

Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hours. The Doctor did not know how they learnt the time, but they had, and go to rest whether the sun goes down or not. The hens take to the trees about 7 o'clock, P. M., and stay there until the sun is well up in the morning, and the people get in the habit of rising late too. The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm, he was surprised to see the sun shining into his room. He looked at his watch and immediately it only three o'clock; the next time he awoke it was five o'clock, but there was no person in the streets. The Swedes in the cities are not very industrious, owing probably to the climate—*Genesee Whig.*

The Drunkard's Child.

I am a drunkard's little boy,
All friendless and alone,
I pass each hour without one joy,
I lie all night and moan.
I tremble through the live-long day,
With fear lest father come,
And when I hear his step, I pray
God to protect our home.

My mother starts and turns so pale,
I'm frightened more and more,
To see the drunkard's loathsome form
Fall on the mildewed floor.

I weep, and weep, till tears are dry,
My hot head reels with pain,
I clasp my mother's neck and cry
We ne'er shall smile again.

With hope they say the world is bright,
On me it never smiled,
But darkness like a starless night,
Unfolds the drunkard's child.

Ah! yes, one little gleam of light,
Shone out from heaven above,
Lit e'en for me one taper bright,
It is a mother's love.

A little Husband and little Wife.

The Sandusky Register is responsible for this:

"Two little children—a boy and a girl, aged four and three years respectively—were missed by their families, and search made for them everywhere but in vain.—The day passed, and considerable alarm existed. Persons were out in all directions, and the bell-ringer had been sent for, when, passing a thicket of bushes in the garden, the mother thought she heard low voices near. Pulling away the leaves there were the truants, with their night clothes on, locked in one another's arms, and comfortably stowed away for the night. The precocious *lovers* were stirred from their nest, but the boy expressed the utmost indignation; for, said he, "the hired man had married me and sissy, and that bush house was his'n, and they were goin' to live there till it rained." The *denouement* was so comical that it was concluded to let the babies be married until they had a falling off, which occurred the next day, and now they live apart—a separated man and wife."

A Minister was once speaking to a brother clergyman of his gratitude for a merciful deliverance he had just experienced:

"As I was riding here to-day," said he, "my horse stumbled, and came very near throwing me from a bridge, where the fall would have killed me, but I escaped unhurt."

"I can tell you something more than that," said the other. "As I rode here to-day, my horse did not stumble at all."

We are too apt to forget common mercies.

SHAMEFUL DISHONESTY.—As a proof of the dishonest adulteration of liquors in this country, the New York Sun says, that more Port Wine is drank in the U. States in one year than passes through the custom-house in ten; that more champagne is consumed in America alone than the whole champagne district produces; that cognac brandy costs four times as much in France, where it is made, than it is retailed for in our grog shops; and that the failure of the whole grape crop in Madeira produced no apparent diminution in quantity or increase in the price of wine.

The Summer is Ended.

In commenting upon the eventful summer from which we have just emerged, the N. York Mirror says that "it has been a hard and a hot one. Fires, failures, disease and death have brought losses and mourning to thousands—the calamity of short crops and high prices makes the poor man look anxiously to the coming winter. Many who began the season in the fullness of health and beauty, have perished with the early flowers, and hundreds who went abroad decked in the gay colors of joy and hope, are now robed in the sombre attire of grief and mourning. Autumn has come to many a heart even in the spring time of life, and the earth has become to thousands of its pilgrims literally 'the valley of the shadow of death.' They who have passed through this trying season unscathed by sickness and misfortune, whom the Death Angel has not even brushed with his wing, should make their lives a hymn of thanksgiving to the Infinite God who has dealt with them so gently and so graciously!—Instead of looking on the dark side of the future, they should look up in grateful confidence to the Reaper whose sickle has left them to flourish a little longer in the field of time, while thousands as full of health and promise as they, have been cut down and withered in an hour."

The National Baby Show.—The Cincinnati Times has a full account of the National baby show held last week at Springfield, Ohio. There were 127 babies in all exhibited, from various States of the Union.—The Times says:

The baby tent presented a novel, amusing and interesting sight. The mothers and nurses were seated and had the "little darlings" all ready for inspection—that is, as near ready as could be. To see so many babies together was novel; to note the maternal efforts to present them in the best mood was amusing, and to gaze upon their innocent faces and purest of charms was certainly interesting.

There sat a mother, her eyes directed alternately on the judges and on a little cherub which lay in her lap. By her sat another holding up proudly a lovely little girl, whose flaxen curls and sweet blue eyes would soften the heart of the greatest baby-hater in Christendom. Next to her was a nurse endeavoring to quiet a stout, black-eyed, rosy-cheeked "one year old," who insisted on pulling the jet black ringlets of another one about its own age. One lady pointed with pride to the chubby legs of her darling boy, while another glowingly referred to the delicate but well-formed features of her sweet babe. One boasted of having the largest of its age, and another of the smallest and smartest.

It was generally admitted that decidedly the prettiest child on exhibition was from Cincinnati; it is the daughter of Mr. Henry Howe. It is really a sweet child, and, without pretending to be a judge, we must coincide with the general opinion.

Large and fat children seemed to predominate. One from Indiana, five months old, weighed 27½ pounds. Another, four months old, weighed 20 pounds. A pair of twins, of Clark county, attracted much attention. They were very pretty, and as near alike as two peas. An elderly lady was present with her *seventeenth baby*, only two months old. She claimed nothing extraordinary in the child, but thought she was deserving of a premium.

Touching Incident.—The following incident occurred at the last commencement of the Rochester University:—"One member of the graduating class, Mr. R. C. Fenn, of Rochester, is totally blind. When his theme was announced, President Anderson remarked to the audience that Mr. Fenn, at the close of his junior year, in performing some chemical experiments in private, lost his eyesight entirely from the effects of an explosion, but that from unflagging energy and by aid of a devoted brother and attached class-mates he had been able to complete the studies of the course with honor to himself and satisfaction to his teachers. He was then led forward by his brother, while there was scarcely a tearless eye in all that vast assemblage of near two thousand souls. His subject was "The Lost Senses," the object of which was to demonstrate the proposition that blindness is preferable to deafness. It was discussed in an agreeable manner; after which Mr. Fenn retired amid the prolonged applause of the audience."

Seven Hundred Sheep Drowned.—The Harrisburg Herald states that on the 3d inst. a drover undertook to drive about nine hundred sheep across the Susquehanna river, near Liverpool, Pa., and lost seven hundred of them. The citizens went to the rescue with boats, and with a great deal of difficulty succeeded in rescuing about two hundred.

THE ARCTIC DISASTER.

The following detailed account of the terrible catastrophe to the Arctic is furnished by Mr. Geo. H. Burns, the express messenger of Adams & Co., who was on board, and fortunately escaped the perils of the disaster.

Statement of Mr. Burns.—The steamship Arctic, with 226 passengers, exclusive of children, 175 employees, a valuable cargo, and heavy mail, is lost. Of the more than four hundred souls who left Liverpool on the 20th ult., full of hope, gayety and health, many returning from an European tour of pleasure, only thirty-two are known to have been saved, and not more than one hundred can, by any possibility, have escaped a watery grave.

In addition to all this, another large steamer, freighted with hundreds of human beings, has, in all probability, met a like fate. The details of the horrible disaster are as follows:

On Wednesday, September 27, precisely at 12 o'clock, M., in a dense fog, we came in contact with a bark rigged iron propeller, with black hull, salmon colored bottom, lead colored poop and boats, and black pipe. She was bound eastward, and had all sail set, with a strong, fair wind. The speed of the Arctic at the time was about 13 knots an hour. The shock to us appeared slight, but the damage to the other vessel was frightful. Capt. Luce instantly ordered the quarter boats cleared away, and the chief mate, boatswain and three sailors went to her relief; before other boats left, the order was countermanded. The Arctic then described a circle twice round the wreck, during which time I caught a glimpse of more than two hundred people clustered on her hurricane deck.

At this juncture it was first ascertained that we had sustained injury, and the water was pouring in at our bows. When the first officer came alongside to report, the captain was unable to take him up, but headed N. N. W. in the hope of making land. Our position on the previous day, at 12 o'clock, was latitude 48 39, longitude 45 27. We had run about three hundred and ten miles from the time of this observation until the moment of collision, and were supposed to be about 40 miles from Cape Race. The pumps were vigorously worked, and an anchor chain thrown overboard; but in spite of all exertions, the engines stopped, and the water extinguished the fires. Four of the five other life boats, believed to have been well provisioned, containing the engineers, sailors, a few passengers and all the officers, except the captain and third mate, left the ship at an early stage. The majority of the passengers were working the pumps—some firing the signal guns, and others launching spars, under the direction of Captain Luce and Mr. Dorian, the third mate, to form a raft.

In order to facilitate this latter work the sixth and last boat was lowered. Dorian, one or two firemen, three of the other passengers saved, and myself, were busily engaged lashing water casks and settees to the main yard, two top-gallant yards, and several smaller spars; the captain, with a number of gentlemen, protecting the work by keeping back the crowd—when a panic seized all on board, a rush was made, passengers and firemen precipitated themselves headlong over the bulwarks on to the raft, and in a moment pur little boat was full, and in imminent danger of being sunk. In this emergency, Dorian ordered the rope which held the steamer to be cut, and with our hands and axes we paddled from the raft's side. The mate, who throughout preserved great presence of mind, and labored with heroic energy, cried out: "For God's sake, captain, clear the raft, so that we can work; I won't desert the ship while there's a timber above water."

But the sea was now flush with the deadlights. In less than three minutes from the time he spoke, the stern sunk—the foam went boiling over the tumbling heap of human beings—many were dashed forward against the pipe. I heard one wild yell, (still ringing in my ears,) and saw the Arctic and the struggling mass rapidly engulphed. Numbers yet clung to the imperfectly constructed raft; but, alas, we could render them no aid. Our own situation was no less precarious; and, cruel as it seemed, we were forced to abandon them to fate. Heaven forbid that I should ever witness such another scene. We however picked up two more men, and then, with an overloaded boat, without oars, tholepios, food or drink, avoiding with difficulty the fragments of the wreck, and passing many dead females, prepared for a night upon the ocean. We secured a floating pumpkin and cabbage to guard against immediate starvation, lashed a spar to the bow of our boat to keep her head to the wind and sea, and thus drifted until daylight; the night was cold and foggy, with a heavy swell, and, in a cramped, drenched and half naked condition, we suffered terribly.

[illegible] our misery, and invited much by the consciousness that we had endeavored to do our duty to our fellow men, suffice it to say that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, we espied a sail, and raised a handkerchief to attract attention. We were successful. With the rude substitute for oars which we had constructed during the day by lashing planks to capstan bars, with a view of attempting to gain land when the sea subsided, we pulled towards the ship. On our way we passed the remnant of the raft, with one man on it apparently alive.

The barque proved to be the Huron, of St. Andrews, N. B., Capt. A. Wall, bound for Quebec. Our men safe on board, the noble hearted Dorian, with some of the Huron's crew, returned to the raft and rescued the poor fellow who for twenty-six hours had clung to the spars. He states that after the steamship sunk, he counted seventy-two men and four women on the raft, but at 8½ o'clock he was the only one alive. In the morning two bodies were beside him, much eaten by fishes, and at the time he saw our boat he was on the point of voluntarily dropping into the sea to end his agony. Coming from the raft Dorian encountered and examined the life car of the Arctic. It contained a bottle of water, some cheese and a lady's garment.

By the humane captain of the Huron, and Mr. Willington Cameron, a son of the owner, we were received with great kindness, our wounds dressed, fires kindled, and food and clothing provided in abundance. During the night of the 28th, Capt. Wall hung out extra lights, fired rockets, and kept a horn blowing, in hopes of falling in with the rest of the boats. But his endeavors were fruitless. On the evening of the 29th, he spoke the ship Lebanon, Capt. Story, bound for N. York, by whom eighteen of our number were taken off, kindly welcomed and well treated. We have this moment reached New York, by pilot boat Christian Berk, No. 16, to which we were transferred from the Lebanon, and to the crew of which we are under great obligations.

Among those whom I last saw on the quarter-deck, whilst fastening life preservers to the females, and who must have sunk with the ship, or perished on the raft, were Capt. Luce and son, Mrs. E. K. Collins, Master Coit Collins, Miss Collins, Mr. Brown and family, (connection of the senior of the firm of Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.) Mr. Thomas, importer of hosiery, New York; Mr. Adams, Brooklyn; Mr. Bowen, Cincinnati, Mr. Charles Springer, Cincinnati; James Muirhead, Jr., Petersburg, Va.; Mr. Hewitt, Mrs. Hewitt and daughter, Fredericksburg, Va.; Mr. Wood, N. Y.; Mr. Ysaki, Mr. Schmidt, Miss Morton, Falmouth, England; a nephew of Mr. Bloodgood, hotel keeper, Philadelphia, residing in Albany; the Duke de Grammont, of the French Embassy; 2d steward, wife and child; Annie, a colored girl, and Mary a stewardess, Miss.; Mr. Petrie and lady, Stewart Hollin, Washington, D. C.; J. Cook, Opelousas, La., with many more whose names I did not know, but whose features are indelibly imprinted on my memory.

Government despatches from France and England, entrusted to my care by Mr. Buchanan, I could not save.

Respectfully, GEO. H. BURNS.
Adams & Co.'s Express, Phil'a.

New York, Oct. 10, 1854.

The number on board the Arctic was as follows:

Passengers,	266
Crew,	165
Total,	431

But 57 of this number are known to be saved.

Further Particulars—Safety of the Iron Propeller—Further Rescues of the Arctic's Crew.

HALIFAX, Oct. 12.—We have dates from Newfoundland to the 4th, which announce the arrival of the French screw steamer Vesta, at St. Johns, on the 3d inst., with her foremast and bows shattered to pieces, she being the vessel that came in collision with the Arctic. She picked up and brought into port 31 of the Arctic's crew.

The Vesta lost 13 of her passengers, supposed to be those who were run down by the Arctic in a small boat.

Three of the Arctic's boats have not yet been heard from, but being life boats, they are supposed to have been picked up. The vessels sent in search returned on the 3d without success—not having found the slightest trace.