THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, 1854. NUMBER 41.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of HENRY BOWERS, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county Pa., dec'd, will sell at Public Sale, *on Saturday the 30th of December inst.*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, of Adams county, on the premises,

THE FARM

of said decedent, situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining lands of John Baily, Melcher Wolf, John Bender, and others, containing 98 ACRES, more or less,—The improvements are a

TWO-STORY LOG

DWELLING,

with a Stone Kitchen attached, a log Barn, and all necessary out-buildings. There is a well of water near the door, and an

ORCHARD

of choice fruit, of all kinds, on the premises. There is a fair proportion of Meadow and Timberland.

☞ Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

J. H. BOWERS,
JOSIAH BOWERS, *Ex'rs.*

Dec. 1, 1854.—ts

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JACOB BISHOP, late of Germany township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on *Saturday, the 30th of December instant*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the following described Real Estate, the property of said deceased, to wit:

No. 1—A Tract of Land,

known as the "MANSION FARM," situate in Germany township aforesaid, adjoining the town of Littlestown, on the Baltimore turnpike, adjoining lands of Wm. Duttera, Wm. McSherry, and others, and containing 64 ACRES, more or less, on which are erected a

TWO STORY
BRICK DWELLING.

with Brick Kitchen attached, a large Bank Barn, part stone and part frame, a log Stable, a brick Smoke-house, a one story frame building, and other improvements. There are also two wells of never failing water near the door.

No. 2—A Tract of Land,

situate in same township, on the road from Littlestown to Hanover, about ¼ mile from the former place, and adjoining lands of of John Spangler, Jacob Weirich, Simon S. Bishop, and others, containing

36 ACRES,

more or less, about four Acres of which are well covered with good TIMBER.—Piney Creek runs through the tract.

No. 3—A Tract of Woodland,

situate partly in Germany and partly in Union townships, adjoining lands of John Hilbert, Philip Bishop, and others, containing 6 ACRES AND 41 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 4—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in Germany township, and adjoining lands of the heirs of Christian Bishop, John Hilbert, and others containing 4 ACRES AND 15 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 5—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in same township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, Amos Lefever, and others; containing 7 ACRES & 8 PERCHES.

No. 6—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in said township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, John Duttera, and others, containing 4 ACRES & 120 PERCHES, more or less.

☞ Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 adjoin each other, and will be sold separate or entire as may suit purchasers.

The above property is one of the most desirable in the county, being located within a few miles of the terminus of the Hanover Railroad, and convenient to Lime Kilns. Persons wishing to view the premises will be shown the same by calling on the subscriber.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

A. L. BISHOP, *Adm'r.*

By the Court—EDEN NORRIS, Clerk.
Dec. 1, 1854.

HAY WANTED.

PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber, in Gettysburg, who is desirous of purchasing. The highest Market price will be paid at all times. ☞ As he intends having the Hay, after being packed, hauled either to Hanover or Baltimore, the preference to haul will be given to those from whom he may purchase.

SOLOMON POWERS.

Dec. 24, 1852.—tf

Come one! Come all!

TO see those cheap Goods just received by

AB'M ARNOLD.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

OF all kinds, from the best Houses in the City, constantly on hand and for sale at the Drug and Bookstore of

S. H. BUEHLER.

50 BOXES BLACK FAT in store, and for sale by

WM. BUEHLER,
No. 157 Franklin street, Baltimore.

Nov. 24, 1854.—tf

DO you want CHEAP GROCERIES? Go to

FAHNESTOCKS.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE,
AT PUBLIC SALE.

On Monday, January 1st, 1855,
AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

WILL be offered at Public Sale, on the premises, in the borough of Gettysburg, the very desirable

TOWN RESIDENCE

of Dr. D. GILBERT, now occupied by J. F. and H. J. FAHNESTOCK, consisting of a full Town Lot, fronting on Baltimore and East Middle streets, immediately opposite to Fahnestock's store, having upon the corner a large two-story brick DWELLING HOUSE, with extensive brick back buildings on Middle street, also a two-story

FRAME BUILDING,

fronting on Baltimore street, part of which was formerly occupied by J. L. Schick's Store, with a well of water, and other improvements on the premises. Dr. Gilbert spared no expense in fitting up the House, and enclosing and improving the grounds with choice trees, vines, &c. There is a perpetual insurance in the Franklin Fire In. Co., of Philadelphia, on this property. This presents a rare chance to secure a residence perhaps the most desirable in the borough.

ALSO—*at the same time, the*

LARGE FRAME

DWELLING HOUSE,

two stories and an attic, fronting on West High street, West of the Catholic Church, and nearly opposite the Associate Reformed Church, with Lot of ground and outbuildings attached, having an alley on the North.

These properties will be sold upon accommodating terms, which will be made known on the day of sale, and also to persons who may meanwhile inquire, by

D. M'CONAUGHY,
Attorney in fact for Dr. Gilbert.

December 15, 1854—ts

PUBLIC SALE.

IN Pursuance of an Order of Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of JOHN HOUCK, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, *on Saturday, the 23d day of December next*, the following desirable a Real Estate of said deceased, viz:—

TWO LOTS OF GROUND,

situate in Heidlersburg, Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa, adjoining lots of Jacob Hollinger, and others. The improvements are a

TWO STORY
LOG HOUSE,

rough-cast, an old and well known TAVERN STAND, very well situated for the purpose—it being on the State Road leading from Gettysburg to Harrisburg.—There is a Stable and two wells of water on the premises. There is a pump in front of the door.

Persons wishing to view the premises are requested to call upon the Widow residing thereon, or upon the Administrator, residing in Butler township.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JESSE HOUCK, *Adm'r.*

By order of Court—EDEN NORRIS, Clerk.
Dec. 1, 1854.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *Administration Accounts* hereinafter mentioned, will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Tuesday the 26th day of December inst.*, viz.:

294. The first and final account of Henry Reily, Esq, Acting Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Lilly, Esq., deceased.

295. The first and final account of Henry Heagy, Administrator of the estate of Mary Weikert, deceased.

296. The second and final account of Harman Wierman and Jonathan Miller, Administrators de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of Philip Miller, deceased.

297. The first and final account of Moses McClean, Esq., Executor of the last will and testament of Letitia McNeely, deceased.

298. The first account of Maxwell Shields, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Mary Patterson, and Jane Patterson, deceased.

DANIEL PLANK, *Register.*

Register's Office, Gettysburg, December 1, 1854.

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the estate of DAVID SCHITZ, sen., late of Conawago township, Adams co., Pa. dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Freedom township, notice is hereby given to such as are indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

DANIEL SHEETS, *Ex'r.*

Nov. 17, 1854.—6t

ORDINANCE,
To prevent Horses running at large.

BE it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Gettysburg, and it is hereby ordained by authority of the same, that any person or persons permitting any Horse, Mare, Gelding, Colt, Mule, Jackass, or other beast of burden, to run at large upon any street, alley or public highway, in said Borough, shall upon conviction thereof, forfeit and pay for the use of the Borough a sum not less than two dollars, nor more than ten dollars, for every such offence, besides costs of prosecution.

R. G. HARPER, *Burgess.*

Attest—R. G. M'CREARY, *Sec'y.*

Song.

'Tis not when the eye is brightest,
'Tis not when the song is lightest,
'Tis not when the step is fleetest,
And the mirthful laugh is sweetest,
That you may
Assuredly say,
There is naught of sorrow.
Trust not to the outward seeming,
To the eye so brightly beaming,
To that laugh whose joyous ringing
Seems from mirth's own fount up-springing;
Thou shouldst know,
Keenest woe
Joy's garb oft doth borrow.
Something in that feverish gladness
Tells of deeply-hidden sadness;
I have seen the tear drops dashing,
More than once, those eyes' wild flashing,
Though her smile
Seemed the while
Joy's bright semblance wearing.
Mark you how you queenly blossom
To the sun-ray opes its bosom?
Canst thou think its beauty wasting,
At its core a foul worm feasting?
Surely not!
Yet her lot
Is like that frail blossom.
Deep in silence unconfiding,
Chief's own canker she is hiding,
With the sorrows that distress her,
With the lone thoughts that oppress her;
Every ill
Veiling still
'Neath fictitious smiling.

[From the American Courier.

"MY MOTHER."

Sweet words! We are taught in our infancy to call them, when we scarcely know their meaning; and, as we grow older, we love them more and more. 'Tis our mother, who, when we are not able to think and do for ourselves, provides for us, and when we know not what we want, 'tis she who attends to our wants and gives us nourishment.

Who does not love that name? No one unless he be devoid of soul. How beautiful the words sound when they come from the lips of the little rosy-cheeked child!—Nothing is more beautiful. At nightfall, see with what fondess he proceeds to his little bed-chamber, and kneels down by his mother's knee; and, with his little hands raised toward heaven, repeats after her his evening prayer; and when he has done, how pleased he seems when she raises him and impresses upon his lips the sweet token of her affection.

It is our mother who first teaches us right from wrong, and by good counsel endeavors to guide us in the path of happiness. "My Mother!" There is music in the words, far more sweet and pleasant to the ear than any other in the vocabulary of our language. When dangers surround us, and troubles perplex us, none is more ready to aid us in our troubles than our mother.

The poor sea tossed mariner as he glides o'er the briny deep, calls to mind the pleasing recollections of his boyhood days, when all around is still and quiet save the shrill whistle of the wild wind as it hurries through the rigging of his gallant bark.—He remembers then the happy, happy time, when he sat around the beloved fireside and listened to the kind advice proffered by her—his truest and best friend—and sighs to think the time has past never to return.

There is none in all the world more ready and willing to sacrifice their happiness for us, that we may prosper, than our mother. None more fervently prays to heaven to bless us and guide us in the path of virtue, truth and love. The Sacred Volume tells us that we shall "Honor our father and mother," and whose soul so void of love as to do otherwise? It is a command from high Heaven, and we should beware how we break the holy injunction.

We should love our mother above all others, save our Father in Heaven; for it is to her whom we owe our being; and for all our good teachings we are indebted to her. When Time shall have cast his frosty hand o'er her brow, and old age creeps slowly on—when her hoary head shall be laid on the pillow of sickness, and she is worn down by the troubles of this life—it is our imperative duty to take care and provide for her; for when we were unable to provide for ourselves, she watched o'er us and administered to our wants. She was never weary in doing for us; for when we lay on the couch of sickness, none watched more diligently, and with her soft hand would brush from our forehead the stray hairs, and impress upon our lips the sweet token of her dear love.

"There is none
In all the cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart."

Our friends may desert us—sisters and brothers may scorn at us, and our father may turn us out into the world to be dependent upon the cold heart of charity for our bread—but our mother never will forsake us. No; e'en though crime may betray us, and we may be doomed to linger out our days in a dungeon, a mother's love is ever true. Her constant thoughts are of us; and though she may have but one loaf to share, her child is welcome to the last. *God bless our mother!*—for when we could not pray for ourselves, she prayed for us.

A mother's love is the symbol of the love of God; for we may at times treat with contempt her good counsel, but she is ever ready to forgive us, and with extended arms welcome us back to our home to share her humble meal. What, then, should be the love of a child? Should we not love her next to our God? We know you will say yes, gentle reader; for if there be one spark of love in your soul, the thought of your mother will fan it to a flame, and it will burn with more brilliancy every day you live.

How beautiful the poet speaks of a mother's love, in the following lines:

"Sweet is the image of the brooding dove!
Holy as heaven a mother's tender love!
The love of many prayers, and many tears,
Which changes not with dim, declining years—
The only love which, on this teeming earth
Asks no return for passion's wayward birth."

The official vote of the Seventh District, Illinois, re elects Allen (Democrat and Nebraska) over Archer, (Whig,) by only *one* majority.

A Touching Relic of Pompeii.

In digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, the relics have merely a curious interest; they belong to archæology, and find appropriate places in historical museums.

But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet; there he unexpectedly obtrudes himself into a tomb. In one place he finds a miser cowering on his heap; another shows him bones of dancing girls and broken instruments of music lying on the marble floor. In the midst of the painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains, among the splendid evidences of material wealth, he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster, as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle.

Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight, accompanied by a dog.—There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had a bag of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track, and vain their wealth, their flight—the age of one, the youth of the other!—The burning lava rolled above them and beyond, and the faithful dog turned back to share the misfortunes of his mistress, dying at her feet.

Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the senses! Does not the imagination picture the little group in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chattering over the day's events, and the unusual heat? Does it not hear with them the troubled swell of the waters in the bay; see, as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while scoria, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down!—What movements, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant; the hollow monotony of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks, the air grows thick and hot with flames, and at the mountain's foot is heard the roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins, are snatched upon the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets! Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained; here, penury clutching gold it cannot keep—there gluttony feeding on its final meal, and frenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams; the fire is on her jewelled hand! No time for thought—no pause—the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth and greatness,—all the one affluent life, are gone forever.

When unearthed, after many years, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may "serve to point a moral or adorn a tale."

COL. BENTON'S LECTURE.—Col. Benton delivered an interesting lecture before the Maryland Institute at Baltimore a few evenings since, on the physical geography of the country between Missouri and California, with a view to showing its adaptation to settlement and the construction of a railway. He said that the country referred to is well adapted to cultivation, and capable of forming five great States joining the line now formed by Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The first of the five would be the eastern half of Kansas, and the second the western half, reaching to the Rocky Mountains, each of these having an area of 50,000 square miles. For the third State Colonel Benton takes a section of the Rocky Mountains, from the 31th to the 41st parallel of latitude, extending two hundred miles east and west, and forming an area of 90,000 square miles. The fourth State he composes of the valley of the upper Colorado, extending 150 miles from the Rocky Mountains to the Wahsatch and Anterix ranges, with a length of three or four hundred miles from north to south. And the fifth State comprises the remainder of Utah, from the Wahsatch and Anterix ranges to the boundary of California, including both the Great and Little Lakes.

IMMIGRANTS RETURNING TO EUROPE.—A table is published in a New York paper, showing that four of the large shipping houses of that city convered to Europe from the 1st of May to the 15th of November 8797 returning immigrants. This does not include the shipments of one or two houses, nor those that have gone back from the other ports. Probably the total immigration of this kind during the period specified numbers 12,000. The increased demand in Europe for mechanics and the growing difficulty of their obtaining employment in this country, the disappointment of too sanguine expectations, and the disgust of some with the Know Nothing movement, are the causes to which are attributed this ebb in the tide of emigration.

Of all the articles of food, boiled rice is digested in the shortest time—an hour. As it contains eight-tenth nutritious matter, it is a valuable substance for diet; and singular as it may appear, pigs' feet are digested almost as quickly.

You never saw a ruin without ivy; you never saw a ruined man but he had a lawyer clinging around him.

An exchange says: "never trust a man with a secret that loves his wife." Query—Ought a man be trusted with a secret who don't love his wife?

The Fiddle with a Heavenly Croak.

The following, from a correspondent of the New York Musical Review and Choral Advocate, will repay a perusal. There are many prejudices which hang like a dead weight upon the progress of society, or of the individual who cherishes them, which are no better founded than the one so effectually removed by the parson:

Prejudices founded on religious or conscientious scruples are among the most inveterate, and not unfrequently among the most unreasonable. Such are the prejudices, formerly existing—and not yet by any means entirely extinct—chiefly among the descendents of the Puritans and the early reformers, respecting the use of instrumental music, and its introduction into the sanctuary. Sometimes they extend only to instruments of a certain character; wind instruments, such as the flute, &c., are tolerated, while such as owe their efficacy to cat-gut and hair, are banished from the church, and their use deemed scarcely reputable in the family circle.

There is a hamlet—no matter where—inhabited mainly by the descendants of Scotch Covenanters, who had inherited from their fathers not only their hardy, unbending integrity and whole-souled piety, but all their bitter hostility to the "sinful practices" of men who wield the fiddle-bow, or join in the dance.

A young minister had come to settle among them. With a smile ever upon his countenance, and a kind word for every body, while zeal for his Master's work shone out in every action, he soon drew around him the sympathies and the love of his humble parishioners. But ere long he perceived a change. Friendly greetings were coldly returned; mysterious hints of the awful guilt of ministerial backsliding occasionally reached his ears; knots of men were seen gathered on the corners of the streets, engaged in earnest conversation, indicating by their looks and gestures that the occupant of the humble parsonage, that stood full in view, supplied the theme.

A vague rumor had begun to float through the hamlet, deeply affecting in the estimation of the stern old Scotchmen, the moral character of their minister. It was heard with incredulity and indignantly repelled; but it gathered strength; doubt succeeded to confidence, until the most stubborn incredulity could resist no longer; the unmistakable sounds of "tortured cat-gut," proceeding from the parsonage itself, reached the ears of that knot of men, and the awful fact stood revealed that their minister "played the fiddle!" Such an enormity could not be tolerated. The elders of the church came together in secret conclave, to consult upon the course to be pursued in such an emergency, and as the consummation of their deliberations a committee was appointed to wait forthwith upon the minister at his home, "and deal wi' him a' faithfulness," and bring back a report of the result of their mission to the remaining elders, who would in the meantime anxiously await their return.

During all that time the pastor had not been an unconscious observer of what was going on among his people; neither was he ignorant of its cause. Conscious, however, of rectitude, he did not think that duty required of him the sacrifice of an exquisite and holy gratification, to satisfy unreasonable prejudices that he believed would be removed by a judicious course.—From the window of his study he saw the committee of elders approaching with unwilling steps; and immediately conjecturing the object of their visit, he determined to meet the question in a way that they little expected. Meeting them with his usual cordiality, he ushered them into his snug study, and without giving them an opportunity to enter upon the subject of their mission, he commenced an animated conversation upon a subject that immediately arrested their attention.

Music was his theme. He spoke of it as an aid to devotion—of its power to subdue the soul—to elevate it above the earth—to bring it into almost immediate communication with its Creator. He described the venerable Psalmist of Israel pouring forth with the enthusiasm of inspiration those glorious songs of Zion, that ever since have been the comfort and delight of the good, and sweeping with his trembling hand the strings of the harp, until the swelling sound was echoed back from the surrounding hill-tops. Carried away with the ardor of his own feeling, he rose from his seat, and taking from a case that stood in one corner of the room a well worn violin-cello, he sang to its accompaniment one of those immortal chorals, so dear to every christian heart, and especially to every Scotchman. Possessing a rich, full voice, and no little skill in the management of his favorite instrument, he poured out such a flood of harmony as had seldom greeted the ear of his spell-bound listeners. The stern old men were conquered by the very weapon that they had come to condemn. As the pastor returned the instrument to its accustomed place, the elders arose and grasped his hand, and, without alluding to the object of their visit, they bade him "good-bye."

Meanwhile, as time wore away, the remaining elders, who were anxiously awaiting the return of their committee, somewhat doubtful, perhaps, of the result—because impatient of their protracted delay, drawing no favorable augury therefrom. At length they entered and resumed their places in the august circle. Somewhat embarrassed at their position as envoys who had failed even to speak of that for which they had been sent, they sat for a time in silence, until one more impatient than the rest exclaimed, "Hae ye dealt wi' the minister, and hae ye destroyed the deil's weapon?" "Houtawa, mon, wi' your deadin'," indignantly replied one of the committee; "it's nane o' your wee bit sinful dancin' fiddles, but it's a great big fiddle, wi' a heavenly croak."

A drove of seven hundred and fifty turkeys arrived at Washington, D. C. a few days since, and another drove of five hundred is now on the way from Virginia to the same market.

The Turkish Harem.

The word harem is an Arabian one, signifying a sanctuary, and is used merely to designate the apartments appropriated to the female portion of the Turkish household. No place is more sacred in the eye of the Turk; its entrance is guarded with as much vigilance as the shrine of his prophet. No male footstep, other than that of its lord and master, ever crosses its threshold, or treads its floor. The green-eyed monster, jealousy, not content with those guardians, which nature has created, has in the East discovered and formed others, whose lynx eyes are never to be deceived. Those hideous Nubians of neutralized gender, like Cerberus of old, are ever stationed and watchful at its door. But humanity is frail, and even they sometimes slumber.

The apartments of the harem are usually the finest and most spacious. Those in the houses of the wealthy consist of a large suit of rooms, furnished in the Oriental style, and gilded and frescoed in the Moorish fashion. Each inmate has her separate apartment, and there is generally a sitting room, its marble floor covered with rich carpets, and in the centre is a fountain, around which the women collect to while away their time in listening to its gentle murmurs. The windows are covered with blinds of exceeding close lattice-work, with small apertures in the centre, enabling the fair parishioners unseen to observe what is passing.

Polygamy is by no means so universal in Turkey as is generally supposed.—Though the Koran allows all true believers to have four wives, very few avail themselves of the privilege; and though the number of their Georgian, Circassian and other slaves is only limited by the capacity of their purse, it is but seldom (save the great and wealthy Pachas) they possess at one time more than twelve or fifteen.

Marriage is a civil institution, and is conducted entirely by proxy. The happy swain who wishes to enter into that blissful state learns what friend or acquaintance possesses a daughter who would suit his taste. Debarred by the inexorable customs of the country from seeing his intended bride, he must be satisfied with the description of her charms from some one of the numerous old match makers with which Constantinople is filled, and whom he immediately enlists into his service. His sighs and his hopes are conveyed to the fair one through the medium of a boquet, and a suitable answer is again returned by the same lovely messenger. The lady is denyed the sweet privilege of sending or receiving a billet doux, as reading and writing are both mysterious to her. Should the fortunate lover, however, not sigh in vain, he solicits the consent of the father or next male relative, and if the settlement he proposes proves satisfactory, they both proceed to the bride, before whom he acknowledges her as his lawful wife, and by whom the marriage is registered, the Turkish lady bringing her husband no other dowry than herself.

When the bride is informed of the match that has been made for her, as in duty bound, she receives a lecture from all the old matrons of her acquaintance on the importance of the holy state upon which she is about to enter. After going to the bath, from which perfumed and anointed she is conveyed in great state to the house of her husband, dressed in all the magnificence of the Oriental costume, and a white veil covering her whole figure, she is received at the door by him, and conducted to the apartment of the Harem, where she makes merry with her female friends who have been invited to join her. Great, too, are the rejoicings of the bridegroom and his friends who have been collected to be present at the marriage festival. Music, dancing, and feasting, is kept up till a late hour of the night.

The guests (but male and female) depart, and the groom enters the sanctuary of the bride, and gazes for the first time upon her face and learns whether he has drawn a blank or a prize in that great and doubtful lottery—matrimony.

Where beauty is the sole criterion by which a woman is judged, and which renders her valuable, it is not to be wondered that so many lovely beings are to be found in Constantinople, or that they should use every effort not only to heighten but preserve those personal charms which are to make them irresistable.—Many and varied are the cosmetics they use. To improve the expression and brilliancy of their eyes, which they certainly know how to use with such effect, and must be seen to be appreciated, they tinge the eyelid with a black dye. To elongate the eye they extend with the same substance the arch of the eyebrow, which imparts to it that almond shape so much coveted by women of the East.—To grow "beautifully fat" is one of the great desires of the Turkish belle, and for this she takes fertilizing potions and eats the whole day long. Their complexions are exquisitely fair and is no doubt owing much to the frequent use of the Turkish bath.

'Tis within the walls of the Harem that they display the richness of their wardrobes, not only to enhance the beauty in the eyes of their husband, but excite envy in the bosoms of their friends. The cumbersome and sightly frigee of the street is thrown aside, and jealous yashmac no longer conceals the charms of their faces, and the awkward yellow slipper and buskin are taken off not to impede the ease and grace of their motions. 'Tis here they assume the rich and picturesque dress of the East. A small waistcoat of delicate pink silk, fitting close to the figure, displays its elegant proportions, and fastened only at the throat by a clasp of diamonds or some other precious stones, suffers the beauties of the bosom to be dimly discovered beneath a fine lace chemise.—Over this, at times, a loose jacket of blue or scarlet is thrown, extending to the waist, around which is ever entwined a girdle of rich crimson silk, or embroided satin, to sustain a full robe which reaches to the knee, and which is generally made of the finest silk of a sky blue color, with a crimson satin stripe.

Beneath this are fastened the Turkish trowsers, fitting tightly around the ancle and with their loose and ample folds falling over the foot, concealed in an embroidered slipper. They are usually composed of the same stuff as the dress. The head is either encircled in a small gay cashmere shawl, or a scarlet cap decorated with a large gold tassel is coquettishly placed on, to display the beauty and luxuriance of the hair, dressed to suit the fancy of each person. During the winter a loose brocade robe linen with ermine or sable, is gracefully thrown around them to protect them from the cold. The arm is usually bare, and loaded with the richest bracelets, whilst the fingers, the tips of which are dyed with henna, are covered with rings.

One would naturally suppose that the Turkish women, living as they do in a state of separation, would suffer much from ennui; but such is not the case. They pass their lives in a circle of amusements compatible with their tastes. They are either paying or receiving the visits of their friends. Much of their time is spent upon their toilet, and they amuse themselves by eating and dancing. Though they are ignorant of the intellectual enjoyment of reading, their time does not prove so irksome, as one would imagine.—Born and educated within the precincts of the harem, they know nothing of a happier life beyond it; and they do not idly repine for those pleasures of which they are ignorant, and which they have never tasted. The watchful vigilance of the eunuch, instead of constantly reminding them of their imprisonment only strengthens their belief of the high estimate their husbands place upon personal charms.

After the labors of the day, the Turk enters the harem to unbend himself, and throw aside those stately manners which he ever adopts in public. 'Tis then his wives and slaves cluster around him to while away his time and display before him their varied charms and graces. One sings to him some favorite air upon the harpsicord; another gratifies his eyes by going through the motions of some voluptuous dance; while perhaps the favorite one will nestle more closely upon the divan beside him, and gently narrate some wonderous fairy tale so peculiar to the East.

'Tis thus he passes away his evenings, a stranger to that quiet and domestic happiness that imparts such a charm to the married life in America—a stranger, to those fireside pleasures which ought ever to cause a sigh in the bosom of a bachelor.

Though frailty is punished with death, yet I am told that the fair ones of Constantinople do not possess a larger share of virtue than those of any other great capital. Love here, too, laughs at locks, and though he has to escape the watchful vigilance of the eunuch, and is deterred by the dire terrors of the sack and Bosphorus, his flights are as erring as elsewhere. Perhaps with the veiled beauty of the East danger imparts a zest to the intrigue that makes her more eager to engage in it.

THE NATURALIZATION LAWS.—Those who contend for Congress fixing twenty-one years as the period of residence for foreigners before they shall be naturalized suppose that the right to exercise the elective franchise in the several States is within the regulation of Congress. This is practically a mistake. Congress only regulates the subject as far as citizenship of the United States is concerned. The individual States claim and exercise the right of allowing any resident the privileges of a voter on just such residence as the State constitution may say is necessary. Michigan allows any foreign born citizen to vote on six months' residence. The greater number of States have adopted the period fixed by the laws of the United States. But the fact that States are sovereign in their local affairs, and that some of them have altogether a different rule, shows that Congress has no power over the individual States upon this subject. The principle has been fully established in Michigan.

CURIOUS FREAK OF A CAT.—The Cincinnati Enquirer states that a cat belonging to a Mr. Frazer, of that city, had her kittens taken away from her and drowned. It was noticed afterwards that she passed a great portion of her time in an outhouse; this attracted the curiosity of Mrs. Frazer, who watched her and discovered that in an old box she had four young rats, which she suckled as she would her own kittens. She had most probably first killed the mother, and then took charge of her young ones.

Many very ancient works have no title-pages, but commence thus, *Hoc incipit*, etc. A gentleman of more ambition than capacity, coming into possession of such a volume, had it very handsomly bound and caused it to be lettered thus, "Works of *Hoc incipit*. Rome, 1460."

It is harder to avoid censure than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age. But to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.—*Home*

The Know Nothings had a ratification meeting at Worcester, Mass., on Monday evening the 20th ult. One of the principal speakers was W. J. Watkins, a colored man, and one of the editors of Fred Douglas' paper. He stated that nearly all the colored men in the State voted the Know Nothing ticket. That, says an exchange, fully accounts for the extraordinary strength of the order.

A COSTLY HONOR.—The Charlottesville Whig says that the late contest in the Richland District, S. C., (in which the city of Columbia is situated,) between Messrs. Preston and Adams, for a seat in the State Senate, to which the former was elected by something over one hundred votes, Mr. Preston expended about $40,000, and Mr. Adams about $30,000.

The Registrar-General announces that the British population contains "a round of more than a million unmarried men, and of more than a million of unmarried women, of younger ages."