THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 16, 1855. NUMBER 49.

Lean not on Earth.

Lean not on earth; its joys are few
And quickly pass away.
E'en as the rainbow's varied hue
Fades from the brow of day.

Lean not on earth; its starry skies
Will soon be wrapped in gloom;
Its friendships, hopes and vanities
Lie buried in the tomb.

Lean not on earth; its sun so bright
Must o'en be clouded o'er,
And may moon on wings of light
Shall glad the earth no more.

Lean not on earth; time's fleeting wings
Shade no unfading bloom;
Death ever on life's pathway flings
His shadow and his bloom.

Lean not on earth, but look above,
To yon celestial home,
Where seraphs sing sweet songs of love
And Jesus bids you come.

Rules for the Year.

The following rules are intended, mainly, for the guidance of young men and women:

Get married—if you can; but look before you leap. Love matches are romantic—nice things to read about—but they have brimstone in them, now and then; as says Ike Marvell, Esq.

Go to church regularly if possible, and under any circumstances at least once a week.

Circulate no scandal.

Never notice the clothing of persons attending divine worship, nor stand in front of the house of God after the services.

Never ask another man what his business is—where he is going to—where he came from—when he left—when he intends to go back, or the number of his dollars. You may inquire as to the state of his health, and that of his parents, sisters and brothers—but venture no further.

Defend the innocent, help the poor, and cultivate a spirit of friendship among your acquaintances.

Never speak disparagingly of women, and endeavor to conquer all your prejudices.

Believe all persons to be sincere in the religion they profess.

Be economical, but not parsimonious nor niggardly. Make good use of your dollars, but not idols. Live within your means and never borrow money in anticipation of your salary.

PUNISHMENT AMONG THE EGYPTIANS.—In Etypt, in olden times, murder was a capital offence. So also was a neglect to aid a person attacked on the highway, when assistance could have been rendered. A parricide was treated with dreadful severity, the criminal being put to death with every variety of torment. Perjury was capital; and false accusers were condemned to undergo the same penalty of the innocent accused, had the latter been convicted. A breach of the law of Amasis, which obliged every Egyptian once in the year to show the magistrate of his district, his manner of life, was punished capitally; and if the party could not prove himself to be in an honest employment, the consequences were the same. Rape was punished by excision; treachery by cutting out the tongue. Adultery was punished with a thousand lashes as the man's penalty, and in the woman's with the loss of her nose. This was by no means a mild sentence; yet we are told that adulteries were not unfrequent among the Egyptians."

HOW THE TURKS DIVERT THEIR WOMEN.—The Grand Signor often diverts his ladies with a variety of recreations.—In the month of May they have their great tulip feast, which requires vast preparations. There are in the gardens of the seraglio large portions of variegated tulips, which on these days are interspersed with all kinds of singing birds; shops are erected round them, and furnished by the Sultan with all sorts of trinkets, toys, and rich stuffs. Some of the most facetious females of the Court are the shop-women. He buys from all, and regales all his ladies. At night this bazaar is decorated with lamps, and makes a pleasing prospect even at a distance. Great men indulge their women in similar amusements, and on these occasions of festivity some call in neighboring harems, so that, perhaps, the women pass their time more happily and agreeably than we imagine; at least they enjoy better health and vigor than if they hail operas, plays, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, balls and routs, continually harrassing their constitutions, and abridging a short existence in a vortex of capricious and turbulent diversions.—*Larpent.*

Parental Neglect.

The twig was bent—and so the tree's inclined;
The wax impressed portrays the seal designed.
Blame not the twig, which from some dire neglect
Hath crooked grown, which else might be erect;
Blame not the wax, which faithful to the seal,
Doth only some unsightly stamp reveal;
Charge not thy child with folly all thy own,
Nor make the sinless for thy sin atone.

A barrister tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared he was so exhausted, that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the Judge remarked, "I think, sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool: if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women and young men, are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—Trust none of these, whenever you can help it.

Truth and female beauty do not always go together. Pretty girls are famous for fibbing; while ugly ones run with the gospel. The poets always harness truth and beauty together, but the world jerks them apart.

We see there is a Rev. Mr. Sunrise at New Bedford, and recently there was a Mr. *Sundown* at Washington. Wonder if they couldn't get up a Day *between* them.

The Hunter's Feast.

Captain MAYNE REID, in his "Hunter's Feast," gives the following graphic account of a thrilling adventure he had on one of our wild Western rivers. While in search of the ibis, his boat floated away and left him on a barren island. He tells his story thus:

I lay in a state of stupor, almost unconscious, how long, I know not; but many hours, I am certain. I knew this by the sun; it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance; I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them.—I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but, I heard them at length; my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It seemd like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harder and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes on the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidæ*, the giant lizards—they were alligators. Huge ones they were, some of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and all around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channelled snouts projected foreward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare. Impelled by this new danger, I sprung to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself, and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me.—My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized; the moulted feathers of wild fowl, the pieces of sand, the fresh-water muscles (unias) strewed upon the beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer, no means of escape.—The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy, perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it: not a stick. A raft, indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape. I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth: on all sides I sounded it, wading recklessly in: every where it deepened rapidly as I avanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The hugh reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even tho' I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstration, I turned back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments. I continued walking until night, which gathered around me thick and dismal. With night came new voices, the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the qua-qua of the night heron, the screech of the swamp owl, the cry of the bittern, the el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog and the chirp of the savanna cricket, all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the splashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few moments motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling around me, so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals, I sprung to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part, they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them, either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet forming an irregular circle around me.

Thus hemmed in I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun, and fired; I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye or under the forearm. It was too dark ro aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze, frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and, half stifled by the strong musky odor that filled the air, I threw out my arms. My fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy; it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack, as I saw that he was bent in form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assumed that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he, with the rest, once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my days exertions—for I had had a long pull under a tropical sun—I could have laid down upon the earth, in the mud, anywhere, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chased them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it.—Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun poured down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and mosquitoes that all night had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity.

Towards evening I began to hunger; no wonder at that. I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food. What could I eat?—The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its beautiful plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that. There was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematized the hour I had over-promised to procure the bird; I wished my friend up to his neck in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *dejeuner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next? Starve? No—not yet.—In the battles I had with the alligators during the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two days' more fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second, the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun—its odor filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable.—There was not a breath of air stirring; otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle round it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer.

With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half decomposed carcass into the lake.—Perhaps the current might carry it away. It did; I had the satisfaction to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the body of the alligator float? It was swollen, inflated with gass. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind—one of those brilliant ideas, the children of necessity; I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy; hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together and fastened to my body, and then with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon when these creatures lie in a half torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current brought me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the *debouchure* of the bayou.—Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedge. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

A Sculptor's Idea of a Coquette.

Wm. R. Barbee, of Luray county, Va., who moddelled a statue of Pysche, without any instruction, is now at Florence, and promises to become no mean sculptor. He has nearly completed a piece called "The Coquette," which he has sold in advance for $6000. It will be finished in April, and before its being sent to the Paris exhibition, we shall have an opportunity to see it in the United States.—The design of Mr. Barbee's "Coquette," which is both new and unique, is to illustrate the art and heartlessness of that sort of feminine. She is five feet and one inch high, and slight, and gracefully rounded. The weight of the body rests on the left leg, the right being bent, and the foot thrown outward. The left arm is curved upwards from the shoulder to the wrist, the hand holding a heart, near to which the right hand presents a point of an arrow, as if to lacerate it. The head is affecedly turned towards the left hand, the eyes resting upon the heart, while the face is beaming with smiles, yet bearing an expression of mischief. The position of the arms of course, leaves the person carelessly exposed, the design in this being to illustrate the wanton use of female charms for a heartless purpose. The figure is supported by an ornamented quiver, hung upon a hawthorn stump, while about the feet some scattered thorns anticipate the retributive future.

The violet was the national flower of Athens; which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female, wearing a wreath of violets. The Romans crowned their domestic gods, the Lares, with violets, and used the flowers to perfume their wines.

Jepthah's Daughter.

BY ADELIA.

There are few passages in "holy writ," recording human transactions, more touching and sublime, than the description given of Jepthah meeting his daughter after the overthrow of the children of Ammon. He had made a vow that if he should conquer his enemies, on his return home, whatsoever should come forth to meet him, should be offered as a burnt offering to the Lord. He returned in triumph, with the warrior's wreath encircling his flushed brow; his heart, elated with his recent successes, throbbed with unusual animation as he was drawing near his home. But see! he stands transfixed with horror; a deathly pallor supplants the roseate flush; for what does he behold! his daughter, a beloved daughter, an only child, coming out to meet him with timbrels and dancing! In one brief moment his parental feelings are wound up to the highest key; slowly his quivering lips part, and with tremulous accents, in which a father's agony is revealed, he says: "Alas! my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, thou art one of those that trouble. I have made a vow, and cannot go back." No reproaching; at her lot, no reproaches escape her lips, but with true filial devotion warming her heart, she answers: "My father, if thou hast made a vow, do unto me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth." No bitter words escaped her lips, no vain regrets rankled in her breast; only one request she makes, and that is, for two months to retire to the mountains, with some of her boon companions, to prepare herself for an acceptable offering.

Methinks with the eye of imagination we can behold that lovely group, on the mountain summits, with their glossy tresses waving in the wild wind, their burning temples cooled by heaven's auspicious gales. Behold Jepthah's daughter, with her eyes raised to the vaulted sky, her hands folded on her tranquil breast, calmly turn to her weeping companions, and say, "Weep not for me, for I am going to a place where no glittering tear-drops ever course down the cheek of others' woes. To a place where the wild, tumultuous heavings of the palpitating heart are stilled, where parting scenes are unknown; there, to that happy, that blissful abode let me go; for my father's vow must be fulfilled. I know that in your gay and happy moments in after-life, the recollection of these scenes will cause a sympathetic pang to thrill every fibre of your hearts, at what you term my untimely fate; but in reality it is my early release." For two short months that beautiful train of white robed virgins inhabited their mountain home.—The crescent and full-orbed moon cast her silvery light on the mountain's brow, revealing, by the pale and mellow softness of her beams, that little band of female friends, in sweet repose on a natural couch. The sighing wind would come in fitful gusts, as if dolefully singing the silent requiem to all her earthly hopes and anticipations. Oh, the melancholy pleasure, the painful sympathy they experienced while scaling the shelving rocks, or walking on the sloping declivity of that mount of lamentation! The term that her grief-stricken father had given her has expired, and the last dirge-like strain bursts from throbbing hearts, and is borne along on the silent breeze; wilder yet it rings, through those echoing caverns, and returns laden with the echoing signs of nature; as they descend the sloping bank, with trembling and faltering steps they advance; all save one hesitate to approach the altar. That one, with modest mein and fearless step, is Jepthah's daughter. She beholds her father awaiting her approach. "Father, I am ready now, but first let me bid adieu to my mother." With a countenance glowing with heavenly love she was clasped in the maternal arms, which had so oft enfolded her in life's early morn, and utters one word,—farewell! Now she turns to receive the last parting kiss from her father's lips. He murmurs in her ear, "My daughter! oh, my daughter!" She now ascends the altar, erected by her father's trembling hands. One glance she casts over the assembled multitude. A murmur of admiration for such filial love and heroic fortitude, displayed by one so young and lovely, runs through the crowd. Hark! her lips move; she speaks, and a heavenly lustre beams from her bright eyes; a saintly smile plays over her lovely features. "Farewell, dear father, and mother, who first taught me the power of love divine; farewell, weeping friends, one and all; a long farewell, until we all meet in one eternal home." The perfume of that offering ascends, and naught now remains but the ashes of that once animated form. Slowly the assembled multitude retire from that sacred spot; silently they separate, and wend their way home, for the annals of time has never recorded a similar transaction. With what heroic fortitude did she meet her fate—with what unflinching integrity did she pass through the fiery ordeal—with what firmness did she offer herself as a sacrifice to her Maker! She was nearer divinity personified than any other human being that ever had existence. A firm reliance on the promises of her Maker always supported her; and we can truly say, in the language of the poet,—

"'Tis this, my friend, that streaks my morning bright;
'Tis this that gilds the horrors of the night."

[*Ladies' Christian Annual.*

SINGULAR EMOTION.—The following, written in an elegant business hand, was inscribed on the back of a five-dollar bill lately received in New York from North Carolina:

"Here is a $5 bill which I intend to toss out of my window, in Norfolk, as soon as I have written this. I am now no lover of money. I hate it most cordially, for it has been the ruin of all my family. I will beg from door to door eternally rather than own another cent one hour. It made my grandfather a suicide, my father a murderer, my mother the victim of a sorrow that sunk her early to the grave, my brother a gambler, and myself a convict in the State prison for four years."

The Blind Preacher.

A wonderful instance of zeal in the accumulation of knowledge, and of the successful cultivation of memory, is that of the blind clergyman, so pleasantly described in the following passage, which is copied from a late English writer:—

"In my rambles last summer, on the borders of Wales, I found myself one morning alone on the banks of the beautiful river Wye, without a servant or a guide. I had to ford the river at a place where, according to the instructions given me at the nearest hamlet, if I diverged ever so little from the marks which the rippling of the current made as it passed over a ledge of rocks, I should sink twice the depth of myself and horse. While I stood hesitating on the margin, viewing attentively the course of the ford, a person passed me on the canter, and the next instant I saw him plunge into the river; presuming on his acquaintance with the passage, I immediately and closely followed his steps. As soon as we had gained the opposite bank, I accosted him with thanks for the benefit of his guidance; but what was my astonishment, when, bursting into a hearty laugh, he observed, that my confidence would have been less had I known that I had been following a blind guide! The manner of the man, as well as the fact, attracted my curiosity. To my expressions of surprise at his venturing to cross the river alone, he answered, that he and the horse he rode had done the same thing every Sunday morning for the last five years; but that, in reality, this was not the most perilous part of his weekly peregrination, as I should be convinced, if my way led over the mountain before us. My journey had no object but pleasure; I therefore resolved to attach myself to my extraordinary companion, and soon learned, in our chat, as we wound up the steep mountain's side, that he was a clergyman; and of that class which is the disgrace of our ecclesiastical establishment—I mean the country curates, who exist upon the liberal stipend of thirty, twenty, and sometimes fifteen pounds a year! This gentleman, aged sixty, had about thirty years before, been engaged in the curacy to which he was now travelling, and though it was at the distance of eight long Welsh miles from the place of his residence, such was the respect of his flock towards him, that, at the commencement of his calamity, rather than part with him, they sent regularly, every Sunday morning, a deputation to guide their old pastor on his way. The road, besides crossing the river we had just passed, led over a craggy mountain, on whose top innumerable and uncertain bogs were constantly forming, but which, nevertheless, by the instinct of his Welsh pony, this blind man has actually crossed alone for the last five years, having so long dismissed the assistance of guides.

"While our talk beguiled the way, we insensibly arrived within sight of his village church, which was seatd in a deep and narrow vale. As I looked down upon it, the bright verdure of the meadows, which were here and there chequered with patches of yellow corn; the moving herd of cattle; the rich foliage of the groves of oak, hanging irregularly over its sides; the white houses of the inhabitants, which sprinkled every corner of this peaceful retreat; and, above all, the inhabitants themselves, assembled in their best attire, round their place of worship: all this gay scene, rushing at once on the view, struck my senses and imagination more forcibly than I can express.

"As we entered the church-yard, the respectful, 'How do you?' of the young, the hearty shakes of the old, and the familiar gambols of the children, showed how their old pastor reigned in the hearts of all. After some refreshment at the nearest house, we went to the church, where my veteran priest read the prayers, psalms and chapters of the day, and then preached a sermon, in a manner that could have made no one advert to his loss of sight. At dinner, which it seems that four of the most substantial farmers of the vale provide in turn, he related the progress of his increased powers of memory. For the first year, he attempted only the prayers and sermons, the best reader of the parish making it a pride to officiate for him in the psalms and chapters; he next undertook the labor of learning these by heart, and, at present, by continual repetition, there is not a psalm or chapter, of the more than two hundred appointed for the Sunday service, that he is not perfect in. He told me, also, that, having in his little school two sons of his own, intended for the university, he has, by hearing them continually, committed the greatest part of Homer and Virgil to memory."

CARRYING HOME BUNDLES.—Many people have a contemptible fear of being seen to cary any bundles, however small, having the absurd idea that there is a social degradation in the act. The most trifling, as well as the weighty packages, must be sent home to them, no matter how much to the inconvenience of others.—There is a pride that is higher, that arises from a consciousness of there being something in the individual not to be affected by such accidents—worth and weight of character.

This latter pride was exhibited by a son of Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte. While he was at college, he was one day carrying to his room a broom he had just purchased, when he met a friend who, noticing the broom, with surprise exclaimed:—"Why did you not have it sent home?"

"I am not ashamed to cary home any thing which belongs to me," was the sensible reply of young Bonaparte.

THE CLIMAX OF DESCRIPTION.—A writer in the *Home Journal* says of Mrs. Bodestein (late Julia Northall):—"She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see she sings."

AN IRRITABLE MAN.—Hood gives a graphic picture of an irritable man in the following:—"He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his prickles."

Can't do without a Paper.

What I do without a paper? no,
I've tried it to my sorrow,
So, to subscribe for one I'll go,
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers drown or hang themselves,
Or other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it—
I do not take the paper.

Why, there's my neighbor, Jotham Stout,
He always has the news,
And, having news to talk about,
He never gets the blues.
While others yawn in ennui,
His mind is light as vapor;
The cause is plain to half an eye,
He always takes the paper.

While neighbor Stout hears all the news,
And knows each current price,
And always minds his P's and Q's,
By taking good advice.
I cannot tell the price of calves,
Or poultry, coffee, tape or
Any kind of merchandize,
Because I take no paper.

Though I have studies, which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time,
As well as Stout, my neighbor.
Though time be precious, I can use
A longer midnight taper;
And thus take time to read the news;
Therefore, I'll take the paper.

Christmas Tree at the Crystal Palace.

The Christmas tree of the Crystal Palace is the veritable monarch of the toy forest, being upwards of sixty feet in height, a genuine wintry spruce, but laden like the tree in the fairy tale, with all known and unknown productions. From the higher branches handsome Chinese lanterns grow with magic spontaneity, while lower down, juvenile pocket money is tempted out of its uneasy receptacles, by pears and apples of bright opal, rendered radiant by an illumination from within, the source of which, by an ingeneous modern contrivance, is rendered invisible. As everything now-a-days must be done "with a purpose," our Christmas tree has its instructive function, in teaching the changes of the seasons, by meaus of a succession of groups round its stem, illustrative of the field sports, which in northern countries distinguish the various portions of the year. Boar hunts, stag hunts, and reindeer hunts, illustrate the various branches of the noble art of "Venerie," and about the base are scattered heaps of dead game, the practical and profitable end of all sports. Round such a wonderful tree it is hardly necessary to add that the young people crowd in animated groups, but they are not singular in their tastes, for on Saturday last several seniors of high political, and official status, might be observed engaged in active commerce with Mr. Solomon, the wizzard who dispenses its magic productions to the public. In addition to the Christmas tree and its products, Mr. Solomon also exhibits a remarkable portrait gallery, which has this advantage over the plaster of Paris rival in the gallery—that when you have sufficiently admired the "counterfeit presentments" of the great men represented, you can eat them, being all moulded in a new preparation of Paris chocolate, which is as savoury and digestive as it is plastic. The whole of the contending heroes of the eastern war perch amicably upon one tray, and Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, and Czar Nicholas on another. They are all elegantly modelled by the celebrated Masson, of Paris, and would be very sensible and profitable toys for those who consider themselves too wise to be captivated by the more bizarre productions of the tree.—*London Inquirer.*

A CHEAPLY GOVERNED STATE.—In publishing the annual reports of the Treasurer and Auditor of Massachusetts for the past year, the Boston Advertiser says:

"The whole aggregate of ordinary expenses for the year was but $990,975, or about *one million dollars.* Thus for an average expense of a dollar for each soul, men, women and children, a population of a million inhabitants living in this commonwealth of Massachusetts have enjoyed the privilege of the best government on the face of the earth.

"This expenditure of $990,975 pays the whole "civil list" of salaries, of governor, counsellors, judges, legislators and State officers of every kind—it includes the large item of $110,000 paid to county treasurers, being two-thirds of the costs of criminal prosecutions—it includes another large item of about $200,000 for the support of paupers and maintenance of alms houses, and more than $40,000 paid for the relief of the unfortunate, the insane, the blind, the deaf and dumb, &c. It includes $45,200 for the State Reform School for boys—it includes between 60,000 and $70,000 paid under different heads for the maintenance of the militia—and it includes more than $10,000 paid in bounties to agricultural societies. Besides this, the sum of $72,000 was disbursed during the year in aid of common schools.

An Irishman, who professed the most implicit faith in the Romish creed, went early one morning to the house of the priest to confess. He passed into the kitchen to inquire for the padre, but perceived there was no one in the room.—There was a fine ham lying on the table, which had just been sent home from the butcher's and he lost no time in slipping it under his great cloak which he was fortunate enough to have on at the time.—In a moment after the servant entered saying, that, if he wished to confess the father was ready to hear him in the next room. "Here, your holiness," said Pat, "here's a fine leg of bacon which I stole, and have brought for a present to your riverince.—Will ye take it?" "Take it?" said the confessor by no means. Carry it back instantly to the man you stole it from."—"Faith an' I did, sir: an', he said he wouldn't take it by no means." Very well, then, Patrick, keep it yourself."—"An I'll be absolved, your riverince!" shouted Pat. "Yes, it's your property if the owner won't take it." "Allant, ye divils!" exclaimed Pat, as he legged off his booty; "good morning"—long life to ye—God bless your riverince!"

[From New York Journal of Commerce.

Doings in Rome.

You have no idea of the goings on in Rome at the present time. Cardinals' carriages fill up the street. Every Cardinal has a red carriage, and three footmen dressed in red livery. The Austrian Cardinal has two servants with him, dressed as richly as I ever saw any servants in my life. They are both fully six feet tall, very handsome looking fellows, wearing whiskers and moustaches.—Upon their heads they wear a Russian cap of fur, and coats trimmed very heavily with silver braid, while from the left shoulder of each hangs a another coat trimmed in the same style; their boots are white doeskin, having white leather tops and spurs. Every body took them for some distinguished guests, at the reception given in honor of the Cardinal.—Here, amidst all this style that we see every day it becomes much a matter of course. But you can form no idea of the magnificence in which the Cardinals ride. Their horses generally groan under the weight of the plaited gold and silver harnesses. As a body the Cardinals look like so many old women dressed up. The English Cardinal, Wiseman, *is the best looking in the lot.* Two churches here have been dressed in magnificent style in honor of this great affair. They are hung with all kinds of colored crapes, and filled with candles from the floor to the ceiling, all burning. The Virgin is dressed in satin, and jewels, and wears a golden crown.—On the corners of the streets there are generally paintings of the Virgin, and on Friday night every one was lighted with some ten or twelve candles. Rome after Advent Sunday, is generally filled with pipers, who come from the neighboring towns. So of course they are now in the zenith of blowing. They wear short clothes, colored stockings, and cloaks all in rags, and many are patched with pieces of many hues.

The Roman beggars are also another great curiosity here. At every church door you find them sitting in chairs, with their little tin boxes, which they rattle at you as you pass. A woman went into a store the other day to beg; the man had nothing less than a five cent piece; this he gave her, and she cooly put her hand in her pocket, and gave him four cents back. So you see they make a regular business of it.

There is so much to see here in Rome, that I don't know where to begin to write. St. Peter's is the greatest thing here, but it is too large to write upon. To give you an idea of the size of it, it will hold two hundred and twenty thousand persons upon the ground floor. As large a story as this may seem, it has been proved; we made out an estimate the other day, and allowing two square feet to each person, it will hold one hundred and fifty thousand. Everybody states that no less than forty-two thousand were there upon the 8th. Never has St. Peter's contained so many since the opening. Near the high alter is a statue in bronze of St. Peter. The toe of this statue is nearly kissed off, and on Friday, it was dressed up in gorgeous style, having one of the Pope's mitres, and being surrounded with candles, and full three inches of the toe kissed off. In the coldest of weather, this church is always warm, and in the hottest always cool. It is a perfect world in itself, and you can spend a week here, and the seventh day it would appear larger and more grand than ever.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS—The Boston "Transcript" presents to its readers the following compilation of curious coincidents in the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States; Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, and Jackson:

"Four of the seven were from Virginia. Two of the same name were from Massachusetts, and the seventh was from Tennessee. All but one were sixty-six years old on leaving office, having served two terms, and one of these who served but one term, would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another. Three of the seven died on the 4th day of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two of them were on the sub-committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and just half a century from the day of declaration. The names of three of the seven end in son, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son.—In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion, the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same.—The remaining one who stood alone in the love and admiration of his countrymen and of the civilized world—Washington.—Of the first five only one had a son and that son was also President."

Another curious fact may be mentioned in this connection. It is, neither of the Presidents who had sons was elected for a second term.

ANSWER TO A FAIR CORRESPONDENT.—A lady asks us whether we think an action for breach of promise of marriage can be sustained against the writer of the following verse:

"Angel! beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine; for lo! I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and etceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better has!"

We doubt the success of an action for breach of promise of marriage; but a more glaring case of "breach of promise of poetry" never came under our observation.—*Diogenes.*

Men of a lively turn and generous hearts should be born to fortunes; gain them they seldom will.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.