THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXVI.] GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1855. [NUMBER 31.

A Name in the Sand.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stopped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more;
Of me, my name, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory, or for shame.

From the Star Spangled Banner.

THE NEW CALICO.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"I can't afford a new dress," said Jane Oakes, "but want to go to the ball."

"One thing is certain, you cannot go without one," replied Mary Teavor, her friend.

"How foolish it is to dress one's self like a doll. Why can't we go to balls with such dresses as we wear to church?"

"Because it is not the fashion."

"But we can make it the fashion. We hear of calico balls in the city, why not have them here?"

"It would do very well for rich folks, they can afford to be independent."

"Why would it not do for us who have the more need of it?" asked Jane, thoughtfully.

"O, it won't, that's all I know about it."

"I have a great mind to go with such a dress as I have."

"How foolish," replied Mary with apparent disgust. "You would not wear that old berage, would you?"

"I will wear my new calico."

"Are you crazy? Go to a ball with a calico dress on!"

"Just to show my independence, you know," added Jane with an arch smile.

"It would be independence with a vengeance! Would not Sam Vincent crow then?"

"Let him crow," replied Jane, blushing deeply.

"You will prove then that what he said was correct—that he was reasonably ashamed to be seen in a public place with you."

"I dress as well as I am able, and if I dressed any better, it would deprive my poor old father and mother of many of the comforts of life," continued Jane.

"But certainly you will not disgrace your uncle's family and friends by going to the ball in a calico dress?"

"Disgrace them?"

"Yes, disgrace them, Jane."

"Uncle often says he should like to see a little more independence in the girls.—I mean to go, Mary, and go in my new calico too."

"You must not be surprised if your friends "cut" you then."

"Not at all."

"And then think too of the intention of the ball."

"Don't care for that."

"It is to be given in honor of the rich and gallant Frank Huntingdon, and I suppose he will feel mightily honored by your calico!"

"You may say what you like; I will wear my calico."

"I don't believe you will. You cannot finding one to go with you in such a plight."

"My uncle."

"He won't."

"I am sure he will."

"Even if you do get there no one will dance with you."

"I can't help it. I cannot afford a ball dress—yours cost at least twenty dollars."

"Twenty-four."

"So much the worse; I want to go to the ball very much."

"But it is too bad to go in such a plight as that."

"If my uncle consents I will go."

This conversation occurred in one of our large New England villages. Jane Oakes was a beautiful girl—some said the handsomest in the place, if she would only dress better! Her father and mother were very poor, and resided in an adjoining town. Jane, by the exercise of a great deal of energy and perseverance, had obtained an excellent education, and was an assistant teacher in the village High School and received a liberal salary. But the filial devotion of the noble hearted girl would not permit her to spend money in the vanities of dress while her parents wanted anything which she could procure for them.

She was naturally gay and fond of amusements, especially of dancing, when indulged in at seasonable hours. The approaching ball was a sore temptation to her, but she bravely resisted the inclination to purchase a ball dress, and join the festivities—her conscience would not permit her to do so. It would wrong her parents.

Mary Teavor, her friend, was also a teacher, and both of them boarded at the house of Jane's uncle, who was quite an influential person in the village. He was a plain spoken, common-sense man, and thoroughly detested the vanities which were year after year introduced into the place from the city. He had pressed Jane to go to the ball with such a dress as she had. It was literally true, however, that a common calico was the best she had.

Samuel Vincent, a young clerk in the village, who had imbibed a great many extravagant city notions, had for some months been pointedly attentive to her, and apparently with her good wits. He had suddenly withdrawn from the lists only a few weeks before our story opens; and the reason he assigned to his friends, and the reason which was rumored through the place, and which even reached Jane's ears, was that he was ashamed of her—she dressed so shabby!

She was content to let it go so, and one of her sound sense could not waste many sighs over *such* a lover.

Jane consulted her uncle in regard to attending the ball in a calico dress. The blunt spoken old fellow was delighted with the idea, and promised his co-operation in carrying it out.

* * * * * *

The long expected day came at last, and the village was stirred to its centre. It was leap year, and the ladies—we hope from noselfish or aggrandising motives—had got up this ball in honor of a young nabob of the village who had just returned from a tour to Europe. Besides being young and handsome and rich, he was unmarried.—All the girls wanted him, for his handsome face and swelling coffers had not spoiled him. Spite of all the circumstances that conspired to make him a fop and ninney, he was just the reverse,—a good, sound, substantial, sensible fellow.

Of course all the young ladies had set their caps for him—and we don't much blame them either. Whether the ball was given to show off by contrast the attractions of an aspiring few or to give all an equal chance we will not now discuss.

But Frank Huntingdon made up his mind to disappoint the whole crowd. He regarded the affair as an unmitigated "man trap," and he was fully resolved not to "get his foot in it." Of course his vanity was not a little tickled at the idea of being the LION of the occasion, and he went to the ball fully prepared to have a good time and "roar" alike for all

The ball opened. The band played the introductory march for the revellers to promenade into the hall. Jane's uncle had fortunately succeeded in finding a young man who had the independence to march in by the side of the calico dress, and the brave girl was duly seated, and engaged for the first dance.

By some strange mismanagement of the machinery, Jane found herself in the same set with the lion of the evening. She was forced to confess that he was a glorious fellow—she had never seen him before—and just her idea of what a man ought to be. It would have been easy to love such a man.

Miss Araminta Edmonson was his partner. In her own estimation she was the most considerable belle in the village, besides being the heiress to a handsome fortune. Her friends had played her cards adroitly, and she had that far won the chief distinction of the evening. She was morally sure of captivating her partner before the dance was finished.

She turned up her nose at the calico dress, and even uttered some disparaging remark to Frank Huntingdon.

"I like her independence," replied the lion of the evening.

"She is a very absurd girl," sneered Araminta.

"But a very pretty one."

"Do you think so?"

"I do indeed."

And Sam Vincent was close at hand too. He had selected the most prodigious heap of petticoats, muslins, and ribbons in the bevy of gay damsels, and spent his joyous moments in making fun of the noble girl whom he boasted of having "sacked."

The first dance was ended, and it became a question of momentous importance who should be Frank's second partner. The friends of various young ladies kindly proposed to introduce him, but the lion "played off."

Taking the arm of a friend he sauntered into the drawing room, where some of the old gentlemen and ladies were playing whist.

"Mr. Oakes," said Frank touching Jane's uncle on the shoulder.

He looked up.

"I am sorry to disturb you, I have set my heart upon dancing with that sweet niece of yours next time."

"But, my dear fellow, she has nothing on but a calico dress," replied the old gentleman, bluntly, and with the most profound astonishment.

Frank understood him, though he did not express precisely what he meant.

"I admire her independence."

"You are a sensible fellow! Come along."

Frank was duly introduced, and the envious maidens were duly astonished by the sight of the lion of the evening dancing with the calico dress.

Miss Araminta was in a rage, and declared that the lion ought to be ashamed of himself.

What made the matter still more aggravating, he seemed to enjoy her conversation, and her merry joyous smile. It was provoking to see them on such excellent terms, and half the ladies in the hall began to think it would be a good idea to go home and put on a calico.

The dance ended. Frank conducted her to a seat; but instead of leaving her, as he had done Miss Araminta, he continued by her side laughing and chatting with her till the call for the next dance.

"You have no partner, Miss Oakes, neither have I. May I have the pleasure of your hand?"

Jane wanted to decline, but Frank insisted, and he led her to the floor. An intimate friend ventured to suggest that he ought not to have danced a second time with the same lady.

"Don't care;" replied Frank, and dropping his voice in a wisper, added—"It's a confounded snobbish affair—a regular man-trap!"

"But they are doing you honor, and you ought not to slight them."

"The devil they are." "I'll bet fifty dollars against two cents there is not a girl here, except the "calico," who did not come for the purpose of catching——somebody."

The dance went on, and scores of envious eyes were cast at Jane. Sneers and ill-natured, not to say malicious, remarks, were freely indulged; but Jane was too deeply engaged by the attentions of her gallant partner to heed anybody but him, and remained in blessed ignorance of the sensation she had produced. She had even forgotten the calico dress she wore.

Again she was seated, again the lion seemed chained to her side—a very tractable and obedient lion. This time she would not permit him to forget his partner for next dance, but he insisted on procuring one for her first, for he fully understood her position and the snobbishness of the party.

A personal freind of his from the South was "too happy" to dance with Jane the next time, and Frank led off Miss Sophia Butterphly—the second maiden in "influence at court."

After this there was no lack of partners for the "calico." Jane had more applicants for her hand than she could attend to, and already her card indicated engagements for the next six dances—so much for the lion's patronage!

Frank came again at this juncture, and finding that her card was rapidly filling up declared that the managing mammas had bribed all the gentlemen in the hall to prevent him from dacing with her.

"But, Miss Oakes, will you permit me to write on your card?" said he.

"Certainly," replied she, with a sweet smile and a blush, for there was something in his earnest glance that stirred up a fluttering and a confusion in her heart.

When he returned the card, she found he had written his name against every fourth dance through the programme!

And he danced them with her too, nor heeded the rage and malice with which his attentions were regarded. In violation of the order of arrangements which Miss Araminta Edmonson's friend's had settled, he led her to supper.

And worse than all, when the ball was over, he conducted her home, and still worse, though every body did not know it, he asked permission to call and inquire for her health the next day.

Of course it was granted, and of course he went. Jane blushed in his presence, and had nearly fainted when, as he took his leave she very distinctly felt quite a generous pressure from the hand that held hers.

To make a long and romantic story short and practical, he came every evening after that—said sweet things—pressed her hand—popped the question—kissed her blushing cheeck—and wanted the day named.

The day was named, and the village was incontinentally astonished by the spectacle of the rich handsome, and gallant Frank Huntingdon leading the poor but beautiful and noble hearted, independent Jane Oakes to the altar of Hymen—posted for the time being at the head of the broad aisle in the church.

Sam Vincent's sneers didn't amount to anything, and Frank had occasion to tell him just before his marriage, that he was not only a snob, but an out and out toady.

Mary Treavor was one of the bridesmaids, and declares to this day that there is a great deal of virtue in calico.

We need scarcely add that Jane's poor father and mother are now in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury which wealth can procure; and though blessings innumerable are showered upon them, they can but realize that a good daughter—a noble sacrificing girl like Jane—is the greatest blessing of all or, at least on earth, for the old folks belong to the church.

THE PRUSSIAN PRESS.—The newspapers of Prussia are all of a small size, but ably conducted, and contain a great deal of important matter in a condensed shape. Deficient as they are in enterprise, they take high rank as literary journals, though their columns are entirely controlled by the Government and their freedom of speech greatly restricted. We copy two obituary notices from the Berlinische Nachrichten, which show something of the Prussian style, and strike us as both novel and beautiful:

"Yesterday evening, softly fell asleep, my warmly loved grandmother, Henriette Chevalier—born Krack—in the arms of her true sister, Frau Dorothea Meyer—born Krack. She had left the 81st year of her life behind her. For silent sympathy for her loss, beg

ALBERT LAHDO,
DOROTHEA MEYER."

"This noon, at half past one o'clock, fell softly asleep our little Paul. We thank God, who vouch-safed to us for two years the possession of this dear little child and beg of our relatives and friends their silent sympathy."

CATASTROPHE PREVENTED BY A CAT'S TAIL.—A small child of Thomas Murray, assistant freight agent of the Boston Railroad, while playing near a well in East Albany, N. York, a few days since, slipped, and was just on the eve of being precipitated into it, when the little one grasped the cat by the tail and held on to it, until the cries of the child brought assistance, when it was rescued. The cat was sitting on a log, and so like death was its grasp that the prints of its nails was easily detected in the log.

"AN OLD PLANT IS THE IVY GREEN."—From the palace to the cottage, in Germany, there is scarcely a room to be found which does not possess its ivy-tree. As you walk through the streets and cast your eyes upon the houses, there is scarcely a window which is not twined into a very bower by the graceful and gracious festoons of ivy. Among the picturesque leaves often gleams forth a small statue of the Madonna, or of Christ.

SAD SUICIDE BY A BRIDE.—Miss Clara Haskins was found dead in her bridal dress and chamber near Natchez, Miss., on the 2d inst. After being dressed by her bridesmaids she requested them to retire for a short time, and when they returned hey found her lying lifeless upon her couch with an empty phial which contained prussic acid still clasped in her hand She adopted the alternative of self-destruction rather than marry a man she could not love in obedience to parental authority.

Naples.

Naples, blessed with a balmy climate, an exuberantly fertile soil, a superabundance of costly minerals, and, on account of her geographical situation, with invaluable commercial advantages, is, nevertheless, one of the most wretched and impoverished empires of Europe. The causes of her effeteness and decrepitude are fundamentally those which ruined the beautiful Spanish peninsula—clerical predominance, and in its train popular superstition, religious fanaticism and intolerance, and the effects of the remnants of the feudal system, which like an incubus upon the breast of the nation, stifling in its germ every attempt at progress, and forcing that poor deluded race downward to the very brink of social dissolution.—The moral degradation of Naples is equalled, but not surpassed, by that of Turkey.

Besides the regular clergy and the inmates of four Jesuit colleges, the nation has to defray the expenses of 658 monasteries, and to maintain in idleness the immense number of 18,000 monks and 12,000 nuns. The small kingdom counts no less than 13,000 princely and ducal families, besides those of counts and barons, which latter are not considered as belonging to the higher aristocracy. The whole number of nobles exceeds 150,000.—That, under such circumstances, no particular distinction can be attached to the mere title, is obvious, and, as most of them are impoverished, it is not an uncommon thing to see grandees, even princes and dukes, engage in all sorts of business, especially as stock-jobbers and brokers.

But the worst of the institution is that it breeds a large proportion of men with neither talent nor education, nor energy to reach a respectable position by honorable and honest exertion, who, too lazy or too proud to work, follow all sorts of illegitimate pursuits, thus setting an example dangerous and ruinous to public morals.—The number of non-producers, of people who, neither by mental abilities nor bodily exertion, benefit society, but lead, by means of the most contemptible, disgusting and villainous shifts and tricks, a precarious and beggarly existence, has thus become incredibly large. In Italy, and particularly in Naples, nobles are as numerous as the stars. They are met in palaces and in hovels, in eight story garret rooms and in no rooms at all, in carriages and on foot, at court and on a country stage, as strolling actors, nobles in silk and nobles in rags.

The whole country is infested by an immense army of Knight-errants, gamblers, or worse, and people without any visible means of livelihood. They speculate on a change, be it Red Republicanism or Absolutism, revolutions within, or war without, or any political disturbance at all.—They have everything to gain. When in 1848 the Bourbon throne, though hated on account of its tyrannical rule, was assailed, the King attempted to put the mob down by bribing the worst portion of them to fight the rest, and he succeeded. The frequent occurrence of revolts, under the pressure of such influences from within, and that of the political schemes of France and England from without, can astonish nobody. It is only to be wondered at, that the whole fabric has not crumbled to atoms long before this, especially as the throne, far from recognizing any of the pressing exigencies of the times, clings stubbornly aid blindly, with all the power of an arbitrary sway, to the decrepid and detrimental principles upon which the *status quo* is bunded.—*North American.*

Very Singular.

We copy the following from the Mobile Register, of August 21:—On Sunday morning last the fish of Mobile Bay paid their annual visit to the Eastern Shore for the purpose of enjoying the luxury of a snooze upon the sand of the coast.

This phenomenon of our waters has been the wonder of the old set as well as the youngest inhabitants of Baldwin. Once a year, at least, the whole extent of the coast is actually strewed to the water's edge with multitudes of fish, in condition so torpid that they may be selected and taken up by the hand without difficulty. The largest portion of them are flounders, but it is not an usual o find all other kinds a prey among them. They come at night and remain upon the shore until the sun rises upon their *siesta*, when they gradually regain their wonted vivacity, and then away to the "open sea."

Had we not ourselves frequently witnessed this phenomenon, we might have really doubted it even though it comes from the Mobile Register. On the Jersey Shore at certain seasons of the year, the sea fowl leave such quantities of their feathers upon the beach, that it literally resembles a feather bed. The herring, tempted by this downy resting place, come ashore about dusk, hunt around until they find a clam shell for a pillow, which by turn over, round side up, and after saing their prayers, calmly compose themselves to slumber, lulled by the dirge of the waves. It is a touching and affecting spectacle to watch the myriads of the incent fishes thus going through their orations. Flounders are proverbially floor they too would look up a feather be Jersey fish are sharper—and, we maadd, a little scalier than the common fish.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A printer along ago being "flung" by his sweet ht, went to the office and tried to commuicide with the "shooting stick," but thing wouldn't "go off." The "devil" thing o pacify him told him to peep in the anctum where the editor was wrig dum to delinquent subscribers. He so, and the effect was magical. Hays hat picture of despair reconcilhim to his fate.

Miss Lucy one has given notice that a Woman's Rights' Convention will be held in Boston o-morow.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

Police.

Officer 1,001 introduced to the notice of the invigorated Judge a gentleman whom he had arrested for being disorderly and making a stump, or rather a lamp-post oration, to an attentive audience of butcher boys. The beauty of the new man was decidedly of the yard-stick character—he was as long as an Iowa railroad, and as symmetrical as a fence-rail; his face was as expressionless as the head of Shakspeare which is seen on the drop-curtain of the Broadway Theatre, surrounded by a tripple row of attenuated sausages.—His square and angular shoulders made him resemble a high-shouldered pump, while his arms moved with as much grace as the handle to the same. Long, black hair, parted in the middle, was soaped down until the oleaginous ends reposed upon the unctuous collar of his seedy coat. His shirt-collar, guiltless of starch, was unbuttoned at the neck and laid far back over his vest, doubtless to display a neck which, had it been cut off, was long enough to tie. His name he announced as Julius Jenkins, and his story is one of blighted hopes, disappointed expectations, unrequited love, and unappreciated genius. We retain his eloquent words as nearly as possible, first premising that the disorderly conduct for which he was arrested, consisted in his trying to whip a one-eyed butcher, who had married his cousin.

"Your Honor—I loved my cousin Betsey—I had always loved my cousin Betsey, from the time when as children we tore in loving partnership our mutual pantaletts and petticoats, (for these legs once wore pantalettes, and their symmetry was hidden from admiration by petticoats), looking for blackberries in a cedar swamp—from the time we sucked eggs together in the barn-yard, and "teetered" in happy sport upon the same board—from the time we built playhouses in the garden and made puppy-love behind the currant bushes—from those happy days of rural felicity until the present time, my cousin Betsey has been the ideal of my soul. We used to eat bread and milk out of the same bowl, dig angleworms with the same shovel, go fishing in the same creek, steal apples from the same orchard, and crawl through the same hole in the fence when the man chased us. Through all my lonely life the memory of cousin Betsey has been my guardian angel. I have been exposed to dire temptations—once I was reduced to such extremity that I was about to earn my dinner by sawing wood, but my cousin Betsey seemed to rise before me and say, "Julius, don't "degrade yourself;" and I didn't. I cast the saw to the earth, and begged my dinner from a colored washerwoman. I once accepted a situation as clerk in a retail grocery. I staid a week, but on every barrel of sugar, on every bar of soap, in every keg of lard, in each individual potato, in every bushel in all the cellar, I saw the reproachful face of my cousin Betsey—it rose before me from the oily depths of the butter-firkin, and from the cratery interior of the milk-can—the very peanuts rose up in judgment against me, and had on each separate end a speaking likeness of my cousin Betsey, which said, "Julius don't degrade yourself;" I couldn't stand it; in the darkness of night I packed up my wardrobe, (comprising one shirt of my own and two I borrowed from a neighboring clothes-line,) helped myself to the small change, and vanished; I became a painter, I executed a portrait of my cousin Betsey; I asked a critical friend to see my master-piece; he gazed a moment, and then asked me which was the tail end—the doll! he thought I meant it for a pig; I wrote poetry to my cousin Betsey, but the printer returned it because I spelled Cupid with a K, and put the capitals at the wrong end of my words—the uninformed ass; he did not understand the eccentricities of genius; I became an actor, and attempted Othello; at the rise of the curtain I was saluted with a shower of onions from appreciative friends, and at its fall I was presented by the manager with a brush, to which he added his gratuitous advice that I should keep the paint on my face and go into the bootblacking business; I turned composer, but could never get my "Bootjack Waltz" published, or my oratorio of "The "Ancient Applewoman" before the public; at last my cousin Betsey came to live in the City, and I thought once more to possess her love, but I found a rival—a one-eyed butcher; I wrote love letters to her; I know that they should have been tied with blue ribbon, but necessity dictated cotton twine; I sent her presents—not so valuable as I could have wished; my intention was good but my means were limited; I could have wished to offer gold and jewels, but I could never afford more than a string of smelts, or half a pint of huckleberries; I resolved to serenade my cousin Betsey; I procured a viol, strung with the daintiest filaments ever made from the bowels of the most delicate female feline infant; I repaired beneath her window and commenced my song, but the butcher came to that window, threw down a dime, and told me to go away; he took me for an organ-grinder; I indignantly stamped the money into the earth, but thought again, picked it up and purchased some brandy to nerve me to a desperate deed; I had resolved to see that butcher, to meet that butcher, to challenge that butcher, to fight that butcher, to conquor that butcher or to die; I met that butcher, but my personal strength was not equal to the task; he boxed my ears, pulled my nose and kicked me out of doors; I demand that this Court immediately annihilate that butcher of the solitary optic, and restore to me my Betsey."

The prolix orator here ran out, and the butcher told his story:

"This here feller's allers botherin my wife, cause he says she's his'n; yesterday he gits drunk, comes in my place and wants to fight me; I doubles him up, and that's the end of him."

Mr. Jenkins gives bail to keep the peace.

The man who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

First Family Prayer at a Tavern.

Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to stay the night. When it grew late, the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed. Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer! I don't know what you mean sir; we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have had family prayer. The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, bounded into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go until I have seen all the ligths out; I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply; but I have been expecting every minute to be summoned to family worship. "All very good sir; but it cannot be done at an inn." Indeed then pray get me my horse. I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudices rather than his guest, and said,

"I have no objection to have prayer, but I don't know how." "Well then summon your people and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few moments the astonished domestics were upon their knees, and the landlord was called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The landlord said folding his arms, "God teach us how to pray." —"That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully, "go on," "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray, now thank him for it." "Thank you God Almighty, for letting us pray to you!"

"Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself. Two years afterwards, Mr. Hill found in that small village a chaple and a school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."

A Bible Leaf in the Wind.

A young man of New Jersey, about twenty, was engaged in the labors of the farm during 18—: he was walking leisurely with cart and oxen along the public road, when his eye caught sight of a little piece of paper which a breath of passing wind gently stirred up and set in motion. He walked on. Curiosity, however, was excited. He stapped went back, picked up the piece of paper to see what it might be. It was the fragment of a Bible leaf. He read as he followed his team.

The summer had scacely ended, when the farmer's son was suddenly seized with a fatal disease. During the intervals of agony, he was told of his danger and asked whether he was prepared to die. He assured his heart-broken parents his peace was made with God. On his bed of death he declared what the Lord had done for his soul. That Bible leaf in the wind was guided by his hand who directs the sun. This flying Scripture was an arrow out of Jehovah's quiver. From that soiled, tattered page, carelessly picked up by the way-side, spoke the voice of the Lord to the slumbering soul. Conscience awoke. Sin unknown and forgotten revived.—His guilty, burdened spirit cried to God in secret places. The Lord heard the suppliant, with the Bible, now his companion, pointed him to the Lamb which taketh away sin. In Jesus he hath found redemption through his blood, and forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. And when death started up in his path and called him, with scarce a moment's notice, from the pursuit of the farm and the endearments of home away into eternity, he was possessed of an anchor sure and steadfast. That flying Bible leaf had taken hold of his heart, and linked his soul safely to the throne of God.—*Presbyterian.*

LETTER B!—A Detroit mercantile gentleman, who was traveling eastward a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his stateroom. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door at some little distance, marked B.

Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the door next to his own, marked A, where he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a low scream.

"Go away! go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B!" yelled the clerk.

"I am not touching her at all!" shouted the indignant merchant.

Mr. Purple, a member of the Nebraska Legislature, informed a gentleman at Chicago, a short time since, something how members are gotten up in Nebraska. He said:—

"Cummings, the Secretary, said to me one morning, 'Purple we want a member from Burt county.' So I harnessed up and took nine fellows with me, and we started for the woods, and when we thought we had got about far enough for Burt county, we unpacked our ballot box and held an election, canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in Burt county. *Purple had every vote!*—So Purple was declared duly elected, and here I am."

A great battle has taken place near the North Fork of the Platte river, between 450 United States troops, under General Harney, and a large force of Sioux Indians, resulting in the defeat of the latter after a desperate fight, with the loss of 80 men killed and 50 women and children taken prisoners. General Harney lost six killed and as many wounded. The Indians were the same who murdered Lieut. Grattan's party, and also a mail party.—The way-bill of the mail was found among them.

SUICIDE.—Julius Wethe, a native of Germany, and a resident of Lewisbury, in York county, aged about thirty years, committed suicide on the 21st ult., by shooting himself with a gun at the grave of his wife.

The Sliver Lake Sea Serpent.

The Hartford Times copies a letter from a gentleman of Perry, N. York, the scene of the recent marvellous serpentine exhibitions, to his brother in Hartford, giving a further description of the Silver Lake monster, and the means adopted for his capture. The writer, for whose respectability and truthfulness the Times vouches, says there are unquestionably two monster snakes and a brood of young ones in the lake; and he thinks it is to the existence of the young snakelings that the people are indebted for the more frequent appearance of the old ones this season than heretofore. A few days ago one of the old ones raised his head, which the writer says was larger than the head of a horse, eight feet out of water, within two rods of a man who was watching for him with a gun; but the man was so paralized by his sudden appearance that he could not pull the trigger! On the 10th instant one of them approached within thirty rods of the observatory erected in the lake. His head was about four feet out of water, and about thirty feet of his body could be seen, increasing in size from his head as far back as he showed himself; but his tail could not be seen. He is of a bright brown color, and must be more than sixty feet long.—He was distinctly seen for half an hour, and until dark.

War in Africa.

The British Government has a war in Africa as well as in the Crimea. A Mandingo sold a negro near the mouth of the Gambia. The negro, it was said, was a British subject, and the British authorities undertook to arrest the man in the village of Sabagee; having been repulsed, Gov. O'Connor procured the assistance of 190 French soldiers from Gorce, and again marched towards Sabagee with a force of about 620 men, three field pieces and one 24 pound howitzer. The "rebels" were driven into town, when the stockade was carried by assault at the point of the bayonet, and Sabagee no longer exists." Loss to "rebels" one of their best towns and fifteen hundred souls.

☞ It is officially announced that it is a penal offence to deposit in any post office to be conveyed in the mail, any envelope, or packet containing letters addressed to different persons. The law upon which the above is based is frequently violated by persons who are not aware of its existence. The 13th section of the act, approved March 3, 1847, reads, that every person offending in the manner indicated "shall forfeit the sum of ten dollars, to be recovered by action, qui tam, one half for the use of the informer and one-half for the use of the Post Office Department." There is one exception, however, and that is in case of letters addressed to foreign countries.

Texan Lynch Law.—A man named Ainsworth, charged with murder, was recently placed in jail in DeWitt county, Texas.—A few nights after a gang of men proceeded to the prison, and broke open a door which seems to have been in the top of the cell. Through this they dropped an ignited turpentine ball, by the light of which they could plainly see the situation of the prisoner. They then deliberately murdered Ainsworth, firing successively four different volleys of buckshot until he was killed.—The cries of the victim for help, and his screams of pain, were distinctly heard by persons close at hand, not one of whom, however, would venture to his assistance.

How Members are "Got Up" for the Nebraska Legislature.—A Mr. Purple, a member of the Nebraska Legislature, informed a gentleman at Chicago a short time since something how members are gotten up in Nebraska. He said: "Cummings, the Secretary, said to me one morning, "Purple, we want a member from Burt county." So I harnessed up and took nine fellows with me, and then we started for the woods, and when we thought we had got about far enough for Burt county we unpacked our ballot-box and held an election, canvassed the vote, and it was astonishing to observe how great was the unanimity at the first election ever held in Burt county. *Purple had every vote!* So Purple was declared duly elected & here I am."

Fifty Dollars for a Passage.—Mons. Godard, æronaut, advertises in the Cincinnati papers seats in his monster balloon America for aerial voyages at fifty dollars. As an extraordinary inducement for travellers to patronize the America, it is announced that "passengers will enjoy a seat in a small house, to which the balloon is attached, and in which a table, containing luxuries, such as wines, cordials, cakes, &c., will be set out on a magnificent scale. Husbands and wives, or a whole family, can be taken on this excursion, the pleasures of which can never be described." Three persons—two gentlemen and a lady—have engaged seats for the next ascension on Monday.

Size of the Russian Fleet Destroyed at Sebastopol.—According to the Courier des Etats Unis the Russian flag counted at Sebastopol, in the mouth of September, 1854, seventeen ships of war, five of 120 guns, the remainder of 84 guns; four frigates of sixty guns; four corvettes or brigs; twelve steamships; and eighty-two ships of inferior rank; in all 119 ships, carrying 2,200 guns. This colossal armament was destroyed by the Russians themselves, to prevent it from falling into the hands of their enemies.

☞ *Shocking Spectacle.*—On Thursday night a small boy, 11 years of age, was found on the steps of St. James' Church, Philadelphia, in a beastly state of intoxication. A porter bottle half full of bad brandy, was in one pocket, and a few scraps of paper in the other. His clothing was scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness.—The officers made inquiry and found the boy's mother in a similar situation at home. He was taken before Alderman Ogle, so much stupified that he could give no account where he got the liquor. The unfortunate youth has but one leg.

Singleton Mercer, the young man who shot Heberton of Philadelphia, some years ago, for seducing his sister, died last week, at Norfolk, of yellow fever. He was ministering to the sick and dying, and fell a victim to the scourge.