THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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GENERAL INFORMATION.

Post Office Regulations.

Rates of Postage: Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre-paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre-paid.)

Postage on "THE STAR AND BANNER"—within the County, *free*. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents.

Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unpaid.

Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

The Mails: Coaches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points,) leave at 5 o'clock, A. M., daily, except Sundays.

To Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5, A. M.

To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7, A. M.

To Chambersburg, 5, A. M., daily.

" Emmittsburg, 3, P. M., "

Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arendtstown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To Hunterstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To New Chester, and Hampton, on Tuesday of each week, 7 A. M.

Officers of the United States.

President: Franklin Pierce.
Vice President: Jesse D. Bright.
Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of Interior: Robert McClelland.
Secretary of Treasury: James Guthrie.
Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of Navy: James C. Dobbin.
Post Master General: James Campbell.
Attorney General: Caleb Cushing.
Chief Justice of the U. States: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Shillivan.
Surveyor General: J. Porter Brawley.
Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slifer.
Judges: J. S. Back, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robison.
Senate: David Mainger.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
President Judge: Robert J. Fisher.
Associates: Sam'l R. Russell, Jno. McGinly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Hendrix.
Prothonotary: John Picking.
Register & Recorder: Wm. F. Walter.
Clerk of the Courts: J. J. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surveyor: Geo. B. Hewit.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.
Commissioners: Jas. J. Wills, George Myers, Henry A. Picking; Clerk—J. Aughinbaugh; Counsel—David Wills.
Directors of the Poor: Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garret Brinkerhoff; Clerk—Rob't. S. Paxton; Treasurer—Alexander Cobean; Steward—John Scott; Physician—David Horner.
Auditors: Edmund F. Shorb, Abel T. Wright, John Hauptman.
Mercantile Appraiser: Jacob Aughinbaugh.
County Superintendent: David Wills.

Borough Officers.

Burgess: John Culp.
Town Council: James A. Thompson, Hugh Denwiddie, Samuel R. Russell, S. S. McGreary, D. Kendlehart, John Gilbert. R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor—Rev Mr. De Necker.
German Reformed: High and Stratton streets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Ziegler.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street.—Pastors—Revs. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Earnshaw.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Werner.
Lutheran: Christ Church, Chambersburg street; Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krauth. St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Reuben Hill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettys Lodge meets on Tuesday evening of each week
S. of T. Adams Division meets on Monday evening of each week.
Temperance Beneficial Association meets on third Saturday evening of each month.
Gettysburg Beneficial Association meets first Saturday evening of each month.
Young Men's Lyceum meets on Thursday evening of each week.
York Springs Lodge meets on Thursday evening of each week.
Berlin Beneficial Association meets on the first Friday evening of each month.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swope.
Cashier: John B. McPherson.
Clerk: John H. McClellan.
Directors: George Swope, Henry Wirt, Jacob Young, Geo. W. McClellan. Dr. D. Horner, D. Wills, Henry Myers. Wm. Gardner, Lewis Motter, Alex. S. Himes, Wm. Douglas, Wm. McSherry, J. K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swope.
Vice President: Samuel R. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Buehler.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Rob't M'Curdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. L. Noel, A. B. Kurtz, S. Fahnestock, R. G. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, H. A. Picking, D. M'Conaughy, Jacob Griest, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph Fink.

☞ The Executive Committee meet on the the first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.

LIGHTNING AND LAMPS OF HEAVEN.—

We find the following unique explanation of electrical phenomena in the New York *Knickerbocker*:

"A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting at the window during a violent thunder storm, apparently striving to grapple some proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently a smile of triumph lit over her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh I know what makes it lightning; it's God lighting his lamps and he is throwing the matches down here."

Found Dead.

Found dead!—dead and alone!
There was nobody near, nobody near,
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone—
No mother, no brother, no sister dear,
Not a friendly voice to soothe or cheer,
Not a watching eye, or a pitying tear.
Found dead—dead and alone
In the roofless street, on a pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by,
While wretched and worn he begg'd for bread,
Tired of life, and longing to lie
Peacefully down with the silent dead.
Hunger and cold and scorn and pain,
Had wasted his form and seared his brain,
Till at last on a bed of frozen ground,
With a pillow of stone was the outcast found.

Found dead, dead and alone
On a pillow of stone in the roofless street—
Nobody heard his last faint moan,
Or knew when his faint heart ceased to beat.
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound,
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead—yet *not* alone;
There was somebody near, somebody near,
To claim the wanderer as his own,
And find a home for the homeless here.
One, when every human door
Is closed to his children, scorned and poor,
Who opens the heavenly portals wide;
Ah! God was near when the outcast died.

Miscellaneous Reading.

Of two young men of equal capacity, suppose the one occupies himself for a certain period in light reading of a miscellaneous character, and the other devotes the same time to the vigorous study of one or two works, requiring close attention and continuous thought, such as Butler's Analogy, Smith's Wealth of Nations, Lock's Essay on the Human Understanding, or Mills' Logic, the amount of intellectual benefit derived by the two will be greatly in favor of the latter. The former will have gained merely a crowd of heterogeneous impressions, lying in confused masses in his memory, like the threads and patches of a rag bag, while the other will have been through an athletic course of mental discipline, by which every faculty is invigorated. Beware of the man of one book, says the Latin proverb. He knows no more than that, but that he knows thoroughly. Let me commend to every young man who hears me, to form the habit of reading with a definite object, and with concentrated attention, and not to roam over a library as one strolls through a garden, pitching upon books because there is something taking in their titles, or because their contents have an inviting look as we turn over the leaves. Be content to be ignorant in some things, in order that you may know other things well. It is better to know everything. Study, says Cicero; and no man ever had a better right to define study than he, for no one ever studied harder; it is the intense and assiduous occupation of the mind, applied to some subject with earnest good will. One hour of such study is worth a day of listless dawdling over a shelf of books.—*Hillard.*

Ancient Costume.

Trousers came into fashion with the Hetman Platoff and the Cossacks, at the great rejoicing after the peace. They were made full at the hips in the foreign effeminate style, and of staring striped patterns. It took more than thirty years to teach tailors to make comfortable trousers.—Hessian boots for a short time maintained a struggle with the more economical trousers; but, as our streets ceased to be dirty, and good legs are always in the minority, they died out rapidly, and are now only to be seen on a few ancient tax-gatherers and country physicians. After puffed-out waists, ringlets, and other foreign fashions had their day, the Tom and Jerry fever raged for a short time, during which our dandies got themselves up in a costume of the prize-fighting and burglar fashion. A green, Newmarket-cut coat, with guilt buttons, a staring waistcoat, a blue, red, or green cravat, and breeches and top boots, were to be seen on young men of family and fortune at the most fashionable morning resorts—their hair cut short, faces smoothly shaved, and conversation borrowed from the prize ring and the taverns of thieves. Then a pea-green coat conferred distinction, and a drunken ruffian squire was the hero of a class. The reign of flash slang was succeeded by the reign of faddle. Affectation was the order of the day; waist-coats of many colors, worn in tiers; fur, lace, embroidery, braid; bright blue and brown coats, covered with velvet, ringlets and even rouge. Yellow pantaloons, under Hessian boots decked with brass spurs, were revived. Hats were worn on one side, set back on the head. It was, in a word, the age of swells, although the term had not been invented.

MATRIMONIAL.—A writer has computed that woman has lost half her chances of marriage at her twentieth year; at twenty three she has lost three-forths of her opportunities; and at twenty-six seven-eighths of her chances are gone. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six will be leap year—that delightful season, when by common consent, the fair sex can indicate their preference. Look at the facts presented above and then improve the advantages of the coming year. Delays are dangerous.

An Odd Fellow, who became weary of life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself—"I never will or can forgive old Noah for letting the copper-head snakes get into the ark.—They have killed two thousand dollars worth of my cattle, and when he and I meet there'll be a general fuss."

Four hundred bushels of sweet potatoes can be produced on one acre of land in Texas. These will bring fifty cents per bushel; one hand can cultivate ten acres of land in potatoes.

Presentiments.

A lady of our acquaintance came from a party late one evening and proceeded to her dressing room. It was intensely hot weather, and as she laid aside her outer garment she fanciied the air of the room was exceedingly close. Every window was open, yet still that faint odor was perceptible, and very objectionable. All at once she went towards a lounge, but had hardly seated herself before she was seized with a fit of trembling, so violently that she was alarmed.

She immediately hurried to the chamber of her little son, where the air seemed clearer, and sat down with him until she felt better. She then returned to the room, thinking she would merely rest on the outside of her bed, but no sooner had she touched it than she again encountered a shock of the nerves, added to a horror that almost overpowered her.

Scarcely knowing what she did, she sent for a male friend (she was alone.) Two persons came immediately, and going to the chamber the door was found fastened on the inside. It was burst open. Marks of great hurry were observable, a long sharp bladed knife lay under the couch, and the search ended in the discovery of a huge, murderous negro, who had concealed himself to rob, perhaps to kill. The lady had in her room a large sum of money.

This second case was related by a gentleman:

A friend who had not been for years out of his own house later than ten, was induced to stay with him till after twelve. His friend had also left for his inpection a very curious knife which he had bought at auction, and on which he had just marked the initials of his name. After he had gone, our narrator pondered on the strangeness of the circumstances. He thought how singular it was that a man so generally punctual should so far infringe upon his unvarying rules. But soon he grew drowsy and sought his bed, but the moment he laid down he seemed to hear the click of a pistol, and started up wide awake. He searched every part of the room as he thought, and again he essayed to lie down. Click, as he imagined, went the pistol again. Covered with perspiration, for the feeling was very vivid and horrible, he sprang upon the floor the second time and stood there, when there came such a terror over him that he hurried from the chamber, calling for help.

In a moment help came. No one was there but a pistol had fallen by the window, which was thrown open, and groans were heard outside. Looking down a height of forty feet, a quivering body could be seen by moonlight. The would-be assassin had sprung therefrom rather than to be taken, probably not estimating the distance.

Now, but for this impression, so strong as to defy even the most minute search, (the thief was hidden between the bed and the wall,) the gentleman would probably have been murdered, the knife left by his friend identified, and (the circumstances of his habits universally known,) considered sufficient proof of his guilt, and he a most estimable gentleman and citizen would in his innocence have expiated his evident crime by a most violent and disgraceful death.

A MIS'ABLE NIGGER.—My friend asked Anthony Rox, a superb engine driver, on the Ohio river, how he came to get free?

"Why, Massa Vincent, my health was very bad when I was in Kentucky; I could'nt do no kind of work; I was very feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat the sass; and the missus that owned me see that I was a mis'able nigger—one of the misa'ble kind. So I said to her—Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger and I ain't worth nothing, and I think you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger. Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that missus agreed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I agreed to try to work and earn the money to pay her, and I did, and my health has been getting better ever since, and I 'specks I made about nine hundred dollars that time out of that nigger. Wah, wah, massa Vincent."

BOUND TO FIGHT.—L. Kossuth, in a late letter, alludes to the United States, and says:—"Of one thing, nevertheless, I feel certain, and that is, that unless a European revolution turns the current, one great fight you must have with European Kings. You can't escape that 'manifest destiny,' provided (I desiberately repeat) the Democracy of Europe does not open a safety-valve for the gathering steam power."

A GOOD EXCUSE.—Sheridan being on a visit at a friend's in the country, an elderly lady set her heart on being his companion in a walk.

He excused himself at first on account of the bad weather. Soon afterwards, however, the lady surprised him in an attempt to escape without her.

"Well," said she, "it has cleared up, I see."

"Well, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for one—but not enough for two."

FRANKING PRIVILEGE OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.—We understand some postmasters are in doubt whether, under the new law requiring prepayment of all letters to places within the United States, letters addressed to members of Congress may go without being pre-paid. The answer of course is, that all such letters should be duly dispatched, as the franking privilege remains unchanged.—*Union.*

President Jefferson, while walking in the street one day with a merchant, returned with an air of kindness the bow of a negro, who passed. "How," said the merchant, "does your excellency condescend to salute a negro?" "I certainly should be very sorry if a negro should exceed me in politeness," answered the President.

Don't put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.

Yankee in a Coal Screen.

In order to load the coal boats on the Lehigh Canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the chute which runs from a station on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen, which has three large chambers, through which coal of as many sizes is shot, by scuppers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

A few months since, a Yankee, quite inquisitive, but more verdant than a Yankey should be, gained the station house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivances. He particularly admired the swiftness with which the loaded car decended and emptied its load, and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another.

Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he.

"Yes;" going to chute; won't you go;"

"Well, I guess I'll stop a bit and see how you do it."

The car swiftly descended, and ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station House.

"Oh, yes, continually," was the waggish answer.

"You know most all the boatmen are single men, and as they have orders for family coal, we always send down a married man with every car of that kind, and to let them know."

Wall, now, du tell," uttered the Eastern man.

The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus the more did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way, something that he could tell at "hum."

Plucking up courage, he approached the superintendent.

"That beats sliding down, don't it?"

"I 'spose it does."

"You couldn't let a feller go down, could you?"

"Why, do you think you could jump off in time?"

"Oh, yes, I'm reckoned considerable of a jumper—jumping does me good. I once jumped off a haymow thirty feet high, and it made me so supple that I am given in to be the best dancer in the hull township."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself."

Suddenly, the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great that he was forced to stoop down and grasp the side of the vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was not in a position to jump, he had to hold on; and running down a descent three times as steep as that which he had come, a sudden clink shot the bolt, and with a violent force, out went the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get out! stop the consarn!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder! stop the consarn! I'll be killed!"—But the motive power of the "consarn" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who saw were too distant, and too much convulsed with laughter to yield assistance. Into the screen he slid, landing on the top, and as he felt himself revolving with the coal, he grasped the wires in desperation, to prevent himself from being rolled to the bottom. Around the wheel he went, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of the coal dust, riddled through from all the chambers.

He managed to get one eye open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he forced his way forward to the opening with desperation, but was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had yet to be borne, and the next he reached the bottom, he was not out of the scuppers into the boat beneath. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and surveying his torn apparel and bruised, battered, scratched and cut limbs, he "raised his vein," to know at what quality of *anthracite* he had been delivered—when smashing his remnant of hat over his eyes, he stumped off, muttering *"broken and screened* by thunder!"

The City at Midnight.

There is something strange and mysterious about a great city at midnight; the stillness is unatural, and it has often seemed to me that the phantoms of those who lived a hundred years ago are treading the streets silently and noiselessly to watch how the tide of life and progress ebbs and flows along. Think of the strong men slumbering well at midnight, and now and then tossing in their rest, as a vision of greatness or of glory dazzels their never-sleeping souls. Think of the maidens in the heart of that great city sleeping so quietly and well, and dreams of love and happiness that can never be realized. Think of vice in its haunts and misery for the time blessed in the sweet forgetfulness of the lethean world. At the dead of the night, there are many under the earth sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and I have thought it would be a blessed thing, if many of the living could have their little lives rounded with the eternal rest, so that, dreaming of heaven on this earth, they might pass away to its glorious home forever. Think of the rosy cheeked girl that has folded her tiny hands in prayer at some fond mother's knee, and whose curls have been soothingly smoothed to rest on the pillow by the kindest hand that a long life ever gives to us—a mother's. Picture the little child falling asleep and waking in Paradise. How much better than to live the long, long years of a lifetime, for through their warp run many dark cords, with now and then a broken thread of gold.

[*From the Philadelphia Ledger, Dec. 16th.*

"One More Unfortunate."

SUPPOSED SUICIDE AND LOVE.—Early yesterday morning, a straw bonnet, evidently much worn, was found at the eastern end of Maiden street wharf, containing a letter addressed "To the Public," of which the following is a correct copy:

"By the time these few lines are in the hands of the public, my body will have a watery grave:—Sensible as I am of the deed that I am about to commit: still I am weary of this world: its charms to me are gone: and I would advise all young females that wish to escape the pain that I have suffered to scorn and turn a deaf ear to the smooth and flattering tongues of young men, as I have been most cruely and basely deceived by one who now laughs at my discomfiture: let him reflect on what he has caused me to commit: as he is a resident of this city;

"I am so tired and oh that I could meet my sainted Mother in heaven: but that I am forbid.

"I will bid this world a long and sad farewell;

ELIZA: DE: FOREWALD.

"When a man talks of love—with caution hear him,
"But if he swear he'll certainly deceive you."

A NEW KIND OF APE.—Professor Owen, the celebrated naturalist, describes a new species of ape, recently discovered on the western coast of Africa, named the Gorilla species, the adults of which obtain the height of five feet five inches, and are three feet across the chest. His head is double the size of a man's, and his extremities are enormously developed.—They exist in some numbers in the interminable forests of the Gambia river.—The negroes of the country, in their excursions into the forest in search of ivory, exhibited little fear of the lion, as it slunk away from man; but they dreaded the gorilla, for when he saw a man advancing he came down out of the trees to the attack and could strangle a man with the greatest of ease. The strength of this man ape is enormous, his jaw is as powerful as that of a lion, and his canine teeth equally formidable.

A SPECULATION.—Of the 2,700,000 acres of land granted by the State to aid the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad over 2,000,000 acres yet remain unsold. Taking the sales made since the land office of the company opened in this city, as a test, the fund realized from the lands alone, will not fall short of $45,000,000! It is now thought that the road complete and fully equipped will be clear profit to the company, to say nothing of the $20,000,000 of money that will in due time be piled up in their treasury. Under the stimulus of the times, this great work promises to be the most successful speculation of the age.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Carlow, a Methodist minister in Buenos Ayres, says that with the single exception of a small Scotch chapel lately completed, there is not one building devoted to the public worship of God, on the line of country streching from within two leagues of the city to the base of the Andes, a distance of at least 600 miles; what is the amount of population is not stated nor conjectured; but though the natives retain a few of the Roman Catholic rites, they have no check of any kind upon their inclinations, and live in a state of nature, as completely as any tribe or nation on all the African continent.

THE SPANISH NOBILITY.—The Spanish Cortes has just adopted, by an immense majority, the sixth article of the new constitution, which declares that no title of nobility shall be required as a qualification for the discharge of any office in the gift of the crown or of the people.—This is a great stride towards the reformation of Spain, as it extinguishes the last of the privileges of the Spanish nobility, and places the people of all ranks upon an equality.

A MOTHER, in a neighboring village, says she emptied her hopeful son's pocket the other day, and the following articles were brought to light: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one dough-nut, a piece of a curry-comb, one paint brush, two kroken knives, a skate strap, three buckels, one ball, two primers, five hen's eggs, and a bird's nest.

An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter was strongly affected by his situation while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his pluck, for it was nothing at all to be hanged. "Ah" replied the Frenchman, zar be une grande difference between you and me, for ze Irishman are used to it."

THE SLAVE TRADE.—New York is believed by many persons to be deeply concerned in the slave trade, and it is said a Portuguese captain, who has just covertly landed six hundred and fifty slaves in Cuba, left Havana on the 23d ult., in the Cresent City, to renew his labors in that and other northern cities.

PROGRESS OF EVANGELICAL RELIGION IN GERMANY.—Out of some eighteen universities but two remain under rationalistic influence. Indeed rationalism there may be considered as rapidly hastening to its death England and New England, in accepting and propagating it, are "putting on the old shoes which Germany had cast off."

Blue Laws in the Pacific.—Travelling on Sunday in the Sandwich Islands—except in the direction of a church—is strictly forbidden by law.

SUPPORT OF PAUPERS.—The city of New York pays $400,000 a year for the support of foreign paupers.

IT IS stated, a curious fact, that the Queen of England is now the temporal monarch of more Roman Catholics than the Pope and of more Mussleman than the Porte.

LEWIS BROADWELL, of Cincinnati, has bequeathed $75,000 to the First Universalist Church of that City.

POVERTY A BLESSING.—Poverty is the nurse of manly energy and heaven-climbing thoughts, attended by love, and faith, and hope, around whose steps the mountain breezes blow, and from whose countenance all the virtues gather strength—Look around you upon the distinguished men that in every department of life guide and control the times, and inquire what was their early fortune. Were they, as a general rule, rocked and dandled in the lap of wealth? No; such men emerged from the ranks of decent competence or struggling poverty. Necessity sharpens their faculties; and privation and sacrifice brace their moral nature. They learn the great art of renunciation, and enjoy the happiness of having few wants; they know nothing of indifference or satiety. There is not an idle fibre in their frames; they put the vigor of a resolute purpose into every act.—The edge of their mind is always kept sharp in the school of life, men like these meet the softly-nurtured darlings of prosperity as iron meets the vessel of porcelain.

Horrible Murder.

The Yazoo (Miss.) Democrat chronicles one of the most atrocious and diabolical murders ever perpetrated in a civilized community. The act was committed on the night of the 20th ult. Young C. Bovard, residing near Benton, on the evening of the night alluded to, forcibly turned his wife out of his house, with the view of keeping her all night in the cold. During the night when she supposed her inhuman husband was asleep, she crept softly into the house and laid herself down on a sheepsk in before the fire. Bovard was awake, however, and saw her enter; and after she had laid quietly down he arose, and taking in his hand a heavy maul deliberately beat her brains out. Bovard was apprehended the next day, and lodged in jail at that place.

MRS. SINCLAIR FORREST.—A San Francisco correspondent of the Providence Daily Tribune, gives the following account of the late Mrs. Edwin Forrest:

Mrs. Forrest that was, Mrs. Catharine Sinclair that is, is perhaps better known to theatrical fame here than any other person. She came here bringing the sympathies of the people of the Atlantic States and receiving the welcome of the people here. She has filled her roll and must be nearly ready to retire; she has been successively a "star," a "managress," a "fast woman," and a "strolling player," and is now going from town to town murdering plays for the amusement of the miners and mountaineers. The public blame her and pity her.

INTERESTING PETRIFACTION.—In 1849 Schulyer Van Rennselaer of this city lost a little child some six months old. At that time Mr. Van Rennselear resided at Cherry Hill, in the immediate vicinity of which the child was interred. Last week the coffin was taken up for the purpose of being removed to the Cemetry. On opening the coffin the body was found as perfect as when placed in the earth. It had passed through a state of petrifaction and had become as solid as marble. Mr. Van R. informs us that the body was buried in the earth, a large portion of which was white clay. Whether this led to the petrifaction is more than we can say.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Dr. Kane is busily employed on his work describing his last Arctic expedition, and efforts are being made by the publishers to have it out early the ensuing year. The estimated cost of its production is $20,000.

"*Tom,*" said a man to his friend, "I think it highly dangerous to keep the bills of small banks on hands now-a-days."

"Tim," answered the other, "I find it more difficult than dangerous."

A MATTER-OF-FACT YOUNG LADY.—A certain newspaper in Cleveland Ohio, having advertised that they would send a copy of their paper gratis for one year, to a person who would send them a club of ten, received the *ten-spot of clubs* from a young lady in the country.

A BROOM WITH A LONG HANDLE.—The Cardiff, (Eng.,) Guardian says that a child, the son of laboring people, received at the baptismal font the names of "James Louis Napoleon Malakoff Broom." What a capital chimney sweep the boy would make.

A Batesville, (Ark.) paper has the following advertisement:

"*Wife Wanted*—Any gal wot's got a bed, a coffee-pot and a skillet, knows how to cut out britches, can make a hunting shirt, and knows how to take care of children, can have my services until death parts us."

MILLER THE MURDERER.—Frederick Miller, the murderer of Dr. J. F. C. Hudel and Henry Grueff, who is to be executed at Cumberland, Md., on the 4th day of January next, is now engaged in writing an autobiography of himself commencing with his infancy and coming up to the present time.

MONSTER BONES.—The bones of an antediluvian monster were recently discovered in excavating a deep cut in the Jackson and Canton (Miss.) railroad. The Canton Citizen says 35 feet of an animal, including the head, had been taken up, but the "end is not yet."

"When I reflect," observes Pope, in a letter to Addison, "what an inconsiderable atom every singleman is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial man as I am. The morn after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory os man passeth away as the rememberance of a guest that tarrieth but one day!"

Salt River.

Many persons may suppose the river of this name to be a mere imaginary stream, up which defeated politicians are sent by a sort of figure of speech. Indeed, it is doubtful whether one in a hundred ever thought of inquiring into its length, breadth, depth, or locality. From the description which follows, it is certain that the exile has not much of a journey to make.

This river, (says Bayard Taylor,) where it debouches into the Ohio river, is not more than sixty yards in breath, but very deep. It is never fordable even in the dryest season, and being navigable for fourteen miles above, has not been bridged at this point. We descended its steep and difficult banks, embarked our carriages on a flat ferry boat, and were conveyed across. The view looking upon the river was very beautiful. Tall sycamores clothed the bank, dropping their boughs almost to the water, and forming a vista of foliage through which the stream curved out of sight between two wooden hills. I longed to be rowed up it. While on the spot I took occasion to inquire the derivation of the slang political phrase, "Rowed up Salt river," and succeeded in discovering it. Formerly there were extensive salt works on the river, a short distance from its mouth. The laborers employed in them were a set of athletic, belligerent fellows, who soon became noted far and wide for their achievements in the pugilistic line. Hence it became a common thing among the boatmen on the Ohio, when one of their number became refractory, to say to him, "We'll row you up Salt river," when of course the bully saltmen would have the handling of him. By a natural figure of speech the expression was applied to political candidates, first, I believe, in the Presidential campaign of 1840.

Condition of Russia.

Much is expected, on all sides, from the journey which the Czar has made from one end of the Empire to the other; and the question occurs, what impression has he carried back with him to St. Petersburg? He was thus enabled to see personally the state of the country, to judge of the spirit of the nation, to estimate its resources, and to convince himself of their exhaustion or endurance. The warlike excitement in Russia, it seems, does not abate. Touching the prosperity of Russia, the German papers state that Russian cotton manufacture is now flourishing, and that since the blockade of the Baltic is raised, and the Winter renders the internal roads and communications very easy, immense exports of flax, linseed bomp, and so forth, begin to arrive at Memel. Another fact regarding the development of Russian industry is significant, which is, that the war having stopped the sugar importation, immense quantities have been made from the beet root, and the rise of prices has been accordingly insignificant. This, however, is the invariable attendant on Protection, whether directly laid on or resulting from the evil of war; and Russia henceforth may be independent in sugar-making, as the whole southern portion of the Empire is exceedingly favorable to beet-culture. The erection of new fortifications around St. Petersburg is, it is stated, greatly facilitated by the discovery of granite on the banks of the Lake of Lidoga, whence it is more easily sent to the capital than it has been from Finland. There is a rumor that the whole mule population will be called to arms to form the *arriere-ban* of the national forces. In the great cities the fashionable women are intensely patriotic. French essences and knick-knacks find no purchasers, and domestic products, inferior or not, are sought for. These all are poor indices of a Russian proclivity to peace.

Death of a Miser.

The Sandusky (Ohio) Vindicator announces the death of a German named John Herryman, at that place, leaving a fortune estimated at about twenty-five to fifty thousand. He was one of the lowest class of misers, equal to the most loathsome ever painted by Dickens. For the last sixteen years he has constantly worn the same blue, linsey-woolsey wamus and pantaloons, carefully run or darned all over with strong thread, so as to prevent the possibility of wearing out, except on some important occasions, such as land sales or something of that nature, when they gave place to a suit of black velvet that he often boasted had served him faithfully for forty years. He contracted the disease of which he died by walking over the bad roads, during the most inclement weather of the season, all the way to Putnam and Henry counties to pay his taxes on the land he owned there, without sufficient clothing to protect him from the cold. In fact, we are informed that he scarcely ever wore a shirt or under garment, and that the one he had on when he died had not been changed for over three months. Although rich, he has been known to chaffer with the smiths over the price of a horse-shoe which he had picked up in the street. So far as is known, he leaves no heir.—He always resented any questions as to the place of his birth, relatives or early history.

Commendable Caution.

A curious accident recently occurred on the New Albany and Salem railway. The passenger train, having four cars filled with passengers, came to the bridge over Salt Creek, near Bloomington, and the engineer fearing that the heavy rains, which had swelled the stream bank full, had rendered the bridge insecure, directed the passengers to get out of the cars till he could test the strength of the bridge. He crossed on foot, and then directed the fireman to start the engine, jump off, and he would "catch it," on the other side. The train started and on reaching the centre of the bridge it gave way, and the locomotive and cars were plunged into the stream and instantly disappeared from view.

A Youthful Couple.—A couple were married in Greenbush, New York, last week, whose united ages were one hundred and sixty two years. Whether they got the consent of their parents is not known.

☞ The emigration from England to Utah last year amounted to 3,500 persons.