THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1856.

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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: Frankin 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. Sullivan.
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 Mulinger.
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 Hauptmann.
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. McCreary, 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. C. H. Dosh, W. 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.
V. President: Samuel R. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Buehler.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Rob't M'Cardy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Cardy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. L. Noel, A. B. Kurtz, G. 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 first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.

Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like kind; and if it doth neither yet it will fill your memory with such discourse that it will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

OF COURSE!—'Anything to please it,' the nurse said when she let the baby crawl out of a three-story window!

[*From the St. Paul Pioneer, Dec. 12.*

Fate of Sir John Franklin.

Arrival of a Party direct from the Scene of his Sufferings—Mementoes of the lost Navigators—Confirmation of their Death.

We enjoyed the pleasure yesterday, the 11th inst., of a lengthened conversation with Mr. James Green Stewart, a chief trader of the Hudson Bay Company, and learned from him interesting facts concerning an exploration of the Arctic region lately made by a party under the joint command of himself and Mr. James Anderson, another employee of that company.

On the return of Dr. Rae, the celebrated overland explorer of the Arctic region, in the summer of 1854, bringing with him the report that the Esquimaux of the extreme northern latitudes had in their possession relics of the Franklin expedition, the British Government determined to make one further effort to penetrate the mystery which had so long enveloped the fate of that expedition, and which had been partially solved by the information thus gained by Dr. Rae.

In furtherance of this desire of the British Government to follow up the clue thus unexpectedly obtained by the adventurous explorer—to rescue, if possible, the survivors of any of the party of whites who were reported by the Esquimaux to have been seen near the outlet of Back's river, in latitude about 68 degrees north, or at least to procure any records they might have deposited—the Hudson Bay Company was directed to fit out a party of tried men, accustomed to the hardships of a polar life, to explore the region indicated by Dr. Rae.

Acting under this command of the home Government, the Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, on the 18th day of November, 1824, issued instructions to Messrs. Stewart and Anderson to man and equip a party for the purpose stated,—Mr. Stewart, with a party of fourteen men, therefore, started from his post, the Carlton House, 54 degrees north latitude, on the 7th day of February, 1855, and proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, at the head of Lake Athabasca, in latitude 58 degrees north, at which point they arrived on the 5th day of March.

It had been determined to make the trip to the Arctic sea by water, so far as was practicable, and the party therefore remained at this post until the 26th of May, busily engaged in constructing boats and making other preparations for their dreary journey. At that date the party left Fort Chipewyan, and journeyed by canoe on the Peace river, which connects Lake Athabasca with Slave Lake, some three hundred and fifty miles in a north-westerly direction, till, on the 30th of May, they arrived at Fort Resolution, which is situated on an island in Slave Lake, about latitude 61 degrees north.

At Fort Resolution the party was joined by Mr. Anderson, who, with Mr. Stewart, had been appointed to the command of the expedition. Here another delay was made, for the purpose of re-organization, and making the last preparations before attempting to penetrate the interminable frozen North. These arrangements completed, the party started on the 22d day of June, for the head of Great Fish River, or, as it is known on the map, Back river, in latitude about 64 degrees north. Thence they followed the course of the stream to the Arctic Ocean. Mr. Stewart represents the navigation of this river as exceedingly dangerous, being obstructed by over one hundred difficult rapids. Over all these, however, with nothing more substantial than birch-bark canoes, they passed in safety, and arrived at its mouth on the 30th of July.

Here they met with Esquimaux, who corroborated the reports of Dr. Rae, and directed them to Montreal Island, as the spot where, according to their instructions, they were to commence minute exploration. From this time until the 9th of August, the party were industriously engaged in searches on the island, and on the main land, between 67 degrees and 69 degrees north latitude. We cannot recapitulate the perils escaped and privations endured by the brave band while seeking to find traces of their countrymen who had perished on those desolate shores.

Three times they providentially escaped being "nipped," as Mr. Stewart expressed it, or crushed between moving mountains of ice. At last, on Montreal island, where their explorations commenced, they found snow shoes known to be of English make, with the name of Dr. Stanley, who was the surgeon of Sir John Franklin's ship, the Erebus, cut in them by a knife.—Afterwards they found on the same island a boat belonging to the Franklin expedition, with the name of "Terror," still distinctly visible. A piece of this boat containing this name was brought along with him by Mr. Stewart.

Among the Esquimaux were found iron kettles corresponding in shape and size with those furnished the Franklin expedition, and bearing the mark of the British Government. Other articles known to have belonged to the expedition, were obtained from the Esquimaux, and brought by the party for deposite with the British Government. No bodies, however, were found, or traces of any. The report of the Esquimaux was that one man died on Montreal island, and that the balance of the party wandered on the beach of the main land opposite, until, worn out by fatigue and starvation, they, one by one, laid themselves down and died too.

The last party of generous hearts, who sought to carry succor to the lost ones or bring consolation to the living, are returned, and the Arctic wastes are solitudes indeed. And, in view of the suffering endured and the noble lives sacrificed in fruitless efforts to widen the bounds of human knowledge, we believe it to be the prayer of all men that so they may remain forever.

[*From the St. Paul Free Press, Dec. 11.*

Mr. Stewart arrived from Red River last evening, on his way to Canada, bearing despatches for Sir George Simpson, containing information of the discovery of the point where Sir John Franklin and his party perished.

It was on the coast opposite Montreal Island. Their bodies lie buried in the sand, within an extent of twelve miles.—This is the fifth winter since they perished, and the drifting sands of that barren region, being in latitude 68 degrees north, have piled in successive layers on the bones of those noble and ill-fated men.

Mr. Stewart describes the region as dreary in the extreme—not a blade of grass nor a stick of timber met the eye.—No game of any kind could be found.

The Esquimaux, from whom their information was obtained by signs, pressed their fingers into their cheeks, and, placing their hands on their stomachs, endeavored to indicate the manner of their horrible death. They were charged with killing them, but merely answered with their sighs.

It was a very expeditious trip, it being only thirteen months since the party left the Red River settlements.

The Esquimaux reported further, that Indians far to the north of them, who had seen the ships of Franklin's party, and visited them, stated that they had both been crushed between the icebergs. Mr. Stewart took especial pains to ascertain whether the party had come to their death by fair means or foul. But to every inquiry, the Esquimaux protested that they had died of starvation.

Gathering together the relics found, the party set out on their return on the 9th day of August last. The return route did not vary materially from that taken on their way north. Mr. Stewart had occupied the whole time since in reaching our city—having come by the way of the Red river country, and having been absent in all about ten months. Mr. Stewart left St. Paul yesterday *en route* to the Hudson Bay head quarters at Lachine, Canada, to submit an account of his adventures.

And so at last, the mystery is solved. Brave Sir John, whose fate has awakened the sympathizing curiosity of the civilized world, it is now known "sleeps his last sleep" by the shores of the frozen seas through whose icy islands he had vainly sought to pass. Four winters back, as the Esquimaux said, the noble party, after escaping from the ships which could no longer float on those dangerous seas, found release from suffering in death—died manfully, too, as they had lived; bravely like true Englishmen. This much we may believe, for consolation, that they met their fate as became spirits adventurous and noble. No traces were found by the Esquimaux to indicate that, even in the last extremity, they had forgotten their manhood and preyed on one another.

An Extraordinary Tragedy at New Haven.

The murder of Justus Matthews at New Haven, Connecticut, (briefly mentioned yesterday,) is a most extraordinary affair, almost surpassing belief in this enlightened age. From a long statement of the facts in the case given by the New Haven Courier of Monday, we take the following:

It seems that there exists in the upper part of the city a peculiar religious sect known as the "Wakemanites," who have made their doctrines known by holding meetings at the house of a Mr. Samuel Sly. This Mr. Sly has no wife or family, but has a woman living in the house with him, named Rhoda Wakeman, who is the founder of the sect called "Wakemanites." This woman affirms that she was murdered about 30 years ago, and went to Heaven, and for some reason, which she does not state, came back on earth and founded the sect already alluded to. She preaches and prays, and holds meetings at her house, giving to those who assemble to hear her peculiar stories, her views about the Bible and her experiences in the spiritual world.—Among her believers and followers are many families who live in Hamden, and they are in the habit of comming down to her house on every sunday to attend meeting. She held a meeting at her house last Sunday evening and there was present at the meeting Almeron Sanford and his wife, Justus Matthews, Betsy Keeler, a Mrs. Davis, and a colored man, named Josiah Johnson. They met about 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and continued their meeting till a late hour in the night. About 2 o'clock Monday morning the widow Wakeman (the prophetess) says that she heard a noise in the room below. She occupies a small room in the attic of the house. The house is a common story and a half house, with thin partitions, and a noise in the lower story could easily be heard in the rooms above. The widow says that she told Betsy Keller, when she heard the noise, that she thought "all was not right below."

Nothing futher however occurred until Monday morning when Matthews not making his appearance, his son went to the door of one of the front rooms of Sly's house, and found it locked, but persisted in breaking open the door. He looked into the room and their beheld his father *lying dead upon the floor, with pools of blood all around his head.* The alarm was immediately given, and several citizens hastened to the house. Clotted blood and hair lay upon the door around him, and several pools of blood were found near his head. It was truly an awful scene to witness. The throat was nearly cut from ear to ear, and his head seemed to be nearly severed from his body. It is evident that he could not have committed the dead himself from the nature of the wounds. They were doubtless made by a hatchet or some instrument heavier and more powerful than a knife or razor. A small rope was found on the floor and marks of a rope was discovered on his wrists, and it was evident hat the wrists had been bound by this rope.

The house was thoroughly searched and bloody clothes were found, and marks of blood upon both sides of the door leading to the room in which the body was discovered. A common butcher-knife was found in a box or small chest, well sharpened and having the appearance of being used recently, but no hatchet was found except one so dull and rusty that no use could be made of it.

The following persons were arrested during the afternoon and lodged in jail charged with committing or in some way being accessory to the crime: Israel Wooding, Almeron Sanford and wife, Abigail Sables, Thankful S. Hersey, the widow Wakeman, (the prophetess, Samuel Sly, and a colored man named Josiah Jackson.

Subsequently a coroner's inquest was held, when some most singular facts were elicited. A. Sanford testifies as follows:

I went to the house of Mr. Sly with my wife about dark, on Sunday evening. We found Josiah Jackson, Wooding, Miss Hersey, Miss Abby and Samuel Sly there. Justus Mathews is my wife's brother. I found them in the chamber singing and praying. About 11 o'clock Mathews came to the house. Widow Wakeman said she was hunted by Mathews—the "man of power" with an evil spirit.—When Mathews came he went into the front room, where there was a fire. Rhoda Wakeman wanted Mathews to come to the meeting, so I went to see him, and he seemed willing to come. When he came my wife tied a handkerchief over his forehead, and they tied his hands behind him, the same as they would the devil. I told him he had a bad spirit, and he wanted to give it up. Jackson and Wooding were with him, and he talked with him about the evil spirit. Widow Wakeman said he was drawing a terrible power over her. Mr. Wooding told Mathews that he ought to be killed, and Mathews said he was willing to die to quench the evil spirit.—Wooding and Jackson said Mathews must be got out of the way. They told him he must die. It was about one o'clock when I heard a noise. Wooding, Sly and Miss Hersey were up stairs praying with us, but dodged down stairs, and soon I heard them say, down below, "He's killing the messenger—he's killing the messenger." I heard the noise and several blows follow, and started towards the door; but they pulled me back saying: "If he's killing himself he'll be raised." I heard a girgling noise, and cries of "Oh! oh! oh!" I then went up stairs to sing and pray.—When I reached the door, I found it fastened and something braced against its inside. I could not get into the room below. This occurred about 12 o'clock, and I left the house twenty minutes past four.

As Wooding and Sly dodged out in such a manner I think they might have helped to kill Mathews. I think Mathews was willing to die. Sly said he thought he ought to die. After I heard the noise and cries below, Sly came running up stairs and kneeled down and seemed to be praying. I thought he could not pray much, for I thought he would not feel like it then. They believed that if widow Wakeman (the prophetess) should die, the *world would be destroyed.* I should think from appearances he did kill himself. If they (Wooding and Sly) killed Mathews it was to keep him from enchanting widow Wakeman, who was disturbed by his evil spirit.

Josiah Johnson, colored, who was also at the house of Sly on Sunday night, testified:

I told Mathews he was killing the old woman, and that I would not let him into my house sooner than I would a mad dog. I asked him if he knew he had a bad spirit in him, and he said he ought to renounce this evil spirit. He said in the name of God he *would* renounce it. Amos Hunt gave the old lady (widow Wakeman) some poisonous cakes, with arsenic in them, and wanted to make way with her. I think Mathews got the evil spirit from Amos Hunt. Widow Wakeman is a woman who professes to have died and rose again, and came on earth to teach the way to Heaven. I believe she is a prophet, and that she is what she professes. I told Sanford to take Mathews away from the house or Mrs. Wakeman would certainly die. I believe that if the widow Wakeman should die the Millenium would come, and the world would be destroyed. I believe that Mathews was hurting Mrs. W. and his sister by *enchanting them.*

Subsequently, Samuel Sly was brought before the jury, and made a confession, which is thus reported in the Courier:

CONFESSION OF SLY.

Sly opened by admitting that he, and he alone, committed the murder, although before he closed his statement he related circumstances which tend to implicate Jackson, the negro, and Miss Hersey as being accessories.

He says that his sister, Mrs. Wakeman, was so distressed with the bad spirit or power in Mathews, that he thought something must be done to remove it, and he consulted with Jackson in regard to using a stick of hazelwood on Mathews, to see what effect it would have upon him. He had procured a stick of that wood a few days previous, in anticipation that it might be necessary to use it for the purpose—as he thought the bark of hazel, in connection with alder, concocted together into a tea, was powerful to remove enchantments.

This stick which was about an inch in diameter and 2½ feet in length, he had placed in a drawer in the cellar, and whed he spoke to Jackson about using it J. inquired where he kept it. Sly informed him, and went and brought it into lower room where Jackson and the woman Hersey were, and they knew when he went into Mathew's room with it.

When Mr. and Mrs. Sanford went up stairs, preparatory to taking Mathew's away, Sly went into the the front room to Mathews, and after locking the doors, struck the deceased, who was sitting in a chair blinded, over the right temples with such force as to bring him to the floor, and then struck him several times with the club. He then took his pocket knife, which is some two inches in length, and commenced cutting Mathew's throat.—Mathews groaned, but did not utter a word after the first blow. Sly also took a table fork, with which and the knife, he mutilated the body in the manner in which it was discovered. He says he did not design to use any other weapon than the bludgeon, but after he had given the blows was urged on by some influence to use the knife and fork. After the murder he remained locked in the room a half hour, when he came out into Miss Hersey's room, where she was, with a bloody stick and a light in his hand. His hands and shirt sleeves were bloody, and she procured a basin of water to wash himself, and they conversed about secreting the stick, and he then placed it down the cellar. His shirt sleeves were then torn off, and the bloody pieces burned in Miss Hersey's stove—she being present. He afterwards took the club used and cut it into pieces and threw them into the privy vault, where he also put the knife. He took up some of the blood from the floor, and carried it away. He then went up stairs, where the gathering was, and engaged in prayer. This is the substance of his statement.

After Sly's confession he was remanded to prison, and Mrs. Wakeman was taken to the jury room, and gave a description of her visit to the spirit world, some thirty years since, at which time she says, she was murdered by her husband; and remained dead seven hours, during which time she made the heavenly journey, seeing the Saviour, all the prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints, and having a realizing view of the home of the blessed, after which she was sent back to earth on her mission. She states that she is 70 years of age, and has been the mother of fifteen children, nine of whom are still living.—Her brother, Sly, is 50 years of age.

DEATH AND VANITY.—The St. Louis *Herald* says some of the fashionable ladies of that place, owing to an excess of vanity, in order to give tone and permanency to their complexion, are in the habit of taking arsenic in small doses. Within the past week two ladies of that city, members wealthy families, and ladies of fashion, have died very suddenly. The nearest friends and relatives say that they were "arsenic eaters;" but in order to guard against scandal, the real cause of their death has not been made public. However, those same persons do not hesitate to say privately, that an over-dose of arsenic was the real cause of their death. Vanity must indeed be an almost uncontrollable passion with persons who, to gratify it, will hazard their very existence. There is no doubt of the fact that this practice is general among our fashionable butterflies, at least to such an extent as to become alarming. We think, however, it is a fortunate thing that such vain creatures die, for what miserable wives and mothers they would make if Providence permitted them to live!

WEAR A SHAWL.—If you want to be in fashion, wear a shawl; if to ladies, an attraction, wear a shawl; if to sheep and cows a terror, or like shanghais in full feather, or even rags upon the heather, wear a shawl; if your hips are badly moulded, or your shirt and vest unfolded or unpleasant to behold, wear a shawl; if you're courting some fine linnet, wear a shawl; you might wrap your lassie in it—in your shawl. It's like charity on pins, and hides a multitude of sins, although it causes grins—does your shawl. If you want to be a dandy, wear a shawl; or have a cover handy, wear a shawl. In a word, it is a most useful article, as you may wrap your feet, head, body, knees, make a seat, a blanket, a bed, a muff, a pillow, a wrap rascal or a Scotch plaid of your shawl. In our perambulations through the city we notice some very tasteful articles of shawls for gentlemen.—They are most fanciful in style and color and can only be excelled by the fanciful manner in which they are worn. Wear a shawl by all means—or if you can't wear a shawl, wear a blanket—wear something ridiculous and be in fashion.—*Exchange.*

GREAT FEAT OF ROPE WALKING.—Signor and Signora Caroni, this afternoon, performed the feat of walking a tight rope from the ground in front of the International Hotel, to the fourth story window of the building. The distance was about 175 feet, and the rise near sixty. The ropes were an inch and a quarter in thickness, placed at a distance of three and a half feet from each other, and steadied by twelve "guys."

At a quarter past twelve the lady ascended on the rope followed by the gentleman, when interlocking their arms they commenced the ascent, which being accomplished and the applause subsided, the descent was performed. the parties stopping after half the distance was performed, and quietly seating themselves upon the rope. The feat was performed with the greatest ease, and the lady evinced the most perfect composure, laughing and talking during the passage.

Signor and Signora Caroni are natives of Italy, and are now somewhat advanced in age. They are married, and have nine children. The crowd in attendance has been variously estimated at from eight to twelve thousand people, the streets, vacant lots, houses, windows and house tops in the neighborhood all being packed with spectators.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE CONTEST.—The Boston Bee says Romanism, it is now quite apparent, is buckling on its armor to enter the next Presidential election, in this country, with a zeal and earnestness peculiar to all politico-religious enthusiasm. It no longer gropes in the dark, or harangues its disciples in dark, out-of-the-way places,—but comes boldly out with the mask off, acknowledging its purpose and declaring its intent. The American Celt, McGee's infamous sheet, calls upon the Irish to rally against the Americans, and if possible to overpower the native population. This is its distinct issue. Who shall say that we do not need an American party?

The Scotch have a saying: "Who cheats me once, shame befall him; if he cheats me twice, shame befall me.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE

STAR AND BANNER.

[JANUARY 1, 1856.]

WORTHY PATRONS:—

Comes again your humble servant
With his medley-fashioned yarn,
Greeting you upon the advent
Of a happy New Year's morn.

Weekly without intermission
I am at your threshold found,
Leaving quite a good impression
Sheading "STAR"-light all around.

I'm the boy that brings the news
To you every Friday morn,
Posts you up in "local items,"
Tells you of big crops of corn.

Yes, dear patrons, I'm the fellow
(And O, how thankful you should be!)
That's always working for "the million,"
And the freedom of the free.

In my ever weekly budget
What a sight of news is there!—
News about the war in Europe—
News at home and everywhere!

In my recapitulation
Of the year that's passed away,
I will call to recollection
Things that now are history.

And of the New Year just begun,
As the prophets did of yore
I'll lift the future's misty veil,
And tell your joys before.

Sensual pleasures—dissipation.
Still we have on every hand—
Calamities beyond relation
Have occurred on sea and land.

On a bright and sunny morning
Th' Arctic left a distant shore;
Ere she reached her destination
Many sank to rise no more.

Hearts beat high with expectation
Knowing neither doubt nor fear,
And in sweet anticipation
Met their friends long tried and dear.

But amid the fogs of ocean,
When no human arm could save,
Ceased the Arctic's onward motion,
Sank she 'neath the ocean wave.

In this view of retrospection,
Pen refuses to relate
Tales of horror and destruction,
Which the railroads did create.

By confiding in conductors
Of our rushing railroad trains,
Bones were broken—bodies mangled—
Friends have weeped o'er friend's remains.

Then again the epidemic,
With its pestilential breath,
Swept away its many thousands
By the cruel hand of death.

Heard ye not the lamentation
Borne upon the Southern air,
Telling of the desolation
Which the plague had scattered there?

'Cross the wide and placid ocean
Mighty contests fiercely rage;
Nations rocked with deep commotion
In a bloody war engage.

England proud, aristocratic,
With the French and Turk allies,
And they're growing more fanatic
As their shouts of triumph rise.

Now the thought of glory, glory,
Animates their very soul,
As they tell to us the story
How they took Sevastopol.

Russia, conscious of her power,
Firmly trusting in her strength,
Lets them *nibble* at her borders—
Things will take a turn at length.

But we know the time is coming
When a universal peace
Shall prevail among the nations,
And when bloody wars will cease.

Coming events, e'er they reach us,
Cast their shadows on before,
And at present plainly teach us
That the Pope shall reign no more!

Rome, upon her seven hill tops,
Long has vice and error taught;
But the reign of superstition
With the Vatican shall rot!

And in every heathen nation
He whose right it is shall reign;
Then to all shall come salvation—
All shall know a Saviour's name.

Now to our own dear native land
Where freedom reigns supreme,
And Adams, known on every hand,
I'll turn my poor "machine."

The latest news by foreign mails
Now fill our papers full
With long accounts and full details
Of noted "Johny Bull."

At first he breaks our neutral laws,
And next he gets alarmed,
And then he turns around and "jaws"
Before he's really harmed.

The troubles which in Kansas rage
We're not surprised to see:—
They're only in accordance with
Frank Pierce's policy.

But Kansas with her sunny hills—
Her warblers in the tree—
Her fertile plains—her gushing rills—
All say she shall be free.

That *"giant boy"*—two years of age—
Goes onward in his might,
And as the fight with Locos rage.
The "lantern dark" gives light!

In California, far away,
The welkin rings with joy;
For all its sham Democracy
Is governed by *"that boy!"*

In Maryland the fight was fair—
No side consideration;
And Sam with all his force was there,
And licked them like *tarnation!*

In New York State, the very place
Where "isms" hatch so well,
He met them boldly face to face
And GREELY with them fell!

In other States, where Sam was seen,
They reap a rich reward,
By having *true* Americans
Their liberties to guard.

But in our own dear Keystone State,
Where EGE says "Sam's dying,"
The Locos bought up Catholic votes,
And licked him out by lying!

Some old-line Whigs were in the fight,
Allied with the *"Sag-Nichts,"*
And though we didn't whip them *quite,*
Just wait till fifty-six!

The Locos crowed and marched about,
But what an awful sham,
For with his *"locks a sticking out"*
GAL. EGE "buried SAM!"

In Gettysburg we ne'er have had
A Barnum for to scare
Our little yearling babies mad,—
But had a Ladies' Fair.

Dear patrons, I myself was there,
And was surprised to see
What should have been a *"Ladies' "* Fair
Turn out a *Lottery.*

A Cemetery too we have,
An "acre for our God"
Where buried love may rest in peace
Beneath its "sacred sod."

With "reverential awe we gaze,"
As through the streets we tread
And commune with the spirits of
This city of the dead.

We soon will have some funny sights—
A horse without a tail,
To drag our burthens to and fro
And ride us on a rail.

With all the "pomp and circumstance"
Of infantry well trained,
"Brave soldier boys" our streets parade
In uniform unstained.

No one their bravery would doubt
As they advance in line,
For brave they are and very stout—
If *whiskers* be a sign.

If in the world you would succeed
And spend a happy winter,
Be kind to all who stand in need,
And pray don't miss the Printer!

He labors hard from morn till night—
And wears his life away
In battling with his brains for right,
But Oh! how mean his pay!

Now patrons, since you've heard my lay
Of sadness and of mirth,
I'll kindly set my "mill" away—
I've "ground" a QUARTER'S worth.

CARRIER.

Sharpe's Rifle.

This recently invented weapon, if it possesses one half of the power and capacity claimed for it by its proprietor, is destined soon to supersede every other weapon for warlike purposes now in existence. It is the most efficacious and terrible fire-arm in existence. The small carbine now used by the United States mounted men, throws a ball with deadly accuracy one quarter of a mile, and can be fired ten times per minute. It is not complicated in structure, is easily cleaned, and suffers no injury from wet weather. Mr. Sharpe is now preparing models for four new species of his weapon, namely: A small pocket pistol calculated to throw a Minnie ball one hundred yards; a cavalry pistol with a range of five hundred yards; a rifle suitable for footmen, with a range of one mile; and a large gun to throw a two-ounce ball or a small shell one mile and a half, or as far as a man or a horse can be seen to advantage. With this latter weapon Mr. S. declares he can set on fire a house or ship at a distance of nearly two miles, and prevent the use of field artillery by killing the horses before the guns are brought within good range. This rifle, in the hands of a good marksman, is equal to ten muskets, bayonets and all; for place a man six rods distant with a musket and bayonet, and before he can bring the bayonet into use, the rifle can be loaded and discharged ten times. They carry balls with great precision and force. Mr. Sharpe intends these rifles to become a national weapon; and should Congress, by using a little liberality, purchase the patent, the country would be possessed of a means of warfare unequalled in the world.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

Death Bed Scene of Aaron Burr.

A statement having recently been made that Col. Aaron Burr died an unbeliever in the Christian religion, the Rev. Dr. Vanpelt, a venerable Episcopal clergyman, of New York, in reply to a letter from S. C. Reid, jr., states that he was frequently with him at a hotel on Staten Island during his protracted illness, and at the moment of his death. The time spent with him was chiefly employed in religious conversation, concluding with prayer. Being asked as to his views of the Holy Scriptures, Col. B. responded "They were the most perfect system of truth the world had ever seen." Two hours before his death the Rev. Mr. Vanpelt informed him that he could not survive much longer. He replied, "I am aware of it." Mr. Vanpelt thus describes his last moments:

"With his usual cordial concurrence and manifest desire, we kneeled in prayer before the throne of heavenly grace—imploring God's mercy and blessing. He turned in his bed, and put himself in an humble devotional posture, and seemed deeply engaged in the religious service, thanking me, as usual, for the prayer made for him.

"Calm and composed, I recommended him to the mercy of God and to the words of His grace, with a last farewell. At about 2 o'clock, P. M., without a groan or a struggle, he breathed his last. His death was easy and gentle as a taper in the socket, and as a summer's wave that dies upon the shore. Thus died Col. Aaron Burr."

Care of Babies.

The Editor of the New York Sunday Times mentions as a curious fact, that during the past week, on looking over his exchange papers, he counted no less than eleven infants, within the circle of three hundred miles, that have perished in the flames. He asks:

Are mothers becoming careless? Are children losing their domestic value?—Or is it that the current means of household illumination among the poor are growing more dangerous? The latter, we suspect, is the chief cause of most of these unusual calamities. Burning fluid, camphene, and rosin oil, are the common substitutes for gas in the dwellings of the laboring classes, and every one of these substitutes, unless handled with extraordinary care, are dangerous to life. The slightest carelessness and they explode; and what is worse, rarely does a victim to their explosion recover from the consequences.

A Costly Animal.—A vessel called Robert Peel, which has just arrived in the Loire, France, from Sumatra, has brought a magnificent royal tiger for one of the public menageries. Forty armed men went, it is stated, each to capture him, but he killed ten and injured thirteen of them before he could be secured.