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The Dying Wife.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure—so dearly given—
But I would gaze upon the treasure—so dearly given—
Feather her dimpled fingers, wander o'er my cheek of snow,
I am passing through the waters, but a blessed light appears,
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears;
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from midnight until day,
It may leave an angel's blessing which will last away.
Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can be there—
See how to my heart she nestles—'tis the pearl I love to wear;
If in after years beside thee, sits another in my place,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face than hers less fair;
If a cherub calls thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love my first-born, oh, my husband! turn not from the motherless;
Tell her sometimes of her mother—'you will call her by my name—
Shield her from the wind of sorrow—if she errs, oh, gently blame,
Lead her sometimes when I'm sleeping, I will answer her calls,
And my breath will flutter ringlets, when my voice in blessing falls;
And her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came;
In her heart when years pass o'er her, she will find her mother's name.
It is said that every mortal walks between two angels here,
One records the ill, but blot it, if before the midnight dream,
Man repeats it, uncancelled then, he seals it for the skies;
And the right hand angel weeps, bowing low with veiled eyes.
I will be her right hand angel, sealing up the good for heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeeds unforgiven;
You'll not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping in the sod,
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee, next to God.

The Resignation.

There is no clock, however watched and tended,
That does not lose its time,
There is no freeman, however defended,
But has an hour to spend.
There is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.
Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the sky descend;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
Wease but dimly through the mist and vapors—
And these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dust and funeral tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.
There is no death; what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life of heaven,
Whose portals we call death.
She is not dead, the child of our affection,
But gone into the arms of our protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.
Day after day we think what she's doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.
Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child.
But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace,
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
Shall we behold her face.
And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
And against his purpose,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—
We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Irreparability in History.

Those who are blessed with health can never know, till they are in their turn called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit, uncomplaining suffering, how strong the temptations are to be unreasonable selfish, or repining,—how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritation of every nerve renders the most trifling attendance irksome, and the freest presence importunate, when the distressed frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the wear and the cloud, where all is pain, and weariness, and bitterness. Let the healthy lay these things over to heart, and while they scrupulously perform their duty,—while they reverence and almost adore, the fortitude and patience of the gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer; upon their side let the sick and foretold thus excited, as the elixir of life to their often wearied and over-taxed attendants; quickening them to exertion by the sweetest of influences, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty.
"You ought to have a pension," said a wags an unfortunate who was in the habit of taking drops too much. "How so?" inquired the eye. "Why, you fell at the battle of Brandy Wine." It was insulting.

The Methodist "Bishop" Roberts.

In after years his diffidence became a subdued modesty, not interfering with an ordinary duties, but deterring him from novel and experimental plans, however hopeful, and leading often to ludicrous mistakes among those who did not know him. When stopping in his travels among strangers, he usually assumed no other pretensions than those of a private Christian; and frequently it was not till the family worship declared his spirit and talents, that his ministerial character was supposed. Under such circumstances he has sometimes attended class meetings with his host, and received warm and pointed exhortations from zealous class leaders. On returning from the West, after a General Conference, he was appointed at the house of a Methodist family to which he had been recommended for entertainment. He was quiet, humble in dress, and dusty and weary. The family taking him to be a rustic traveler, permitted him to put up and feed his horse, and take his seat in the sitting-room. Supper was over and no one took the trouble to inquire if he had taken any on the way. The preacher of the circuit was stopping at the same house—he was young, frivolous and foppish—and spent the evening in gay conversation with the daughters of the family, standing occasionally and contemptuously to the "old man," who sat silently in the corner. With no other attention than these allusions, he respectfully requested to be shown to bed. The chair was over the sitting room, and while upon his knees, praying with paternal feeling for the faithless young preacher, he still heard the gay jest and rude laugh. At last the family retired without domestic worship. The young preacher slept in the same room with the bishop. He laid down without a prayer.
"Well, old man," said he, as he got into bed, "are you asleep yet?"
"I am not, sir," replied the bishop.
"Where have you come from?"
"From east of the mountains, oh; what place?"
"Baltimore, sir."—the seat of our General Conference—did you hear anything about it? We expect Bishop Roberts to stop here on his way home."
"Yes, sir," replied the bishop humbly; "I did ever see Bishop Roberts?"
"Did you ever see Bishop Roberts?"
"Yes, sir, often; we left Baltimore together."
"Yes, sir."
"What's your name, my old friend?"
"Roberts, sir."
"Roberts! Roberts! Excuse me, sir, are you related to the bishop?"
"They usually call me Bishop Roberts, sir."
"Bishop Roberts! Bishop Roberts! are you Bishop Roberts, sir?" said the young man, leaping out of bed and trembling with agitation.
Embarrassed and confounded, he implored the good man's pardon, insisting upon calling upon the family, and seemed willing to do anything to redeem himself. The bishop gave him an affectionate admonition, which he promised with tears never to forget; acknowledging, at the same time, that he had backslidden in heart, and deeply lamenting his folly and spiritual declension. The venerable and compassionate man knew the frivolity of youth; he gave much paternal advice and prayed with him. He would not allow the family to be called, though he had eaten nothing since breakfast. The next morning, after praying again with the spirit-broken young preacher, he left before the family had risen, that he might save them a mortifying explanation.
The circumstance was a salutary lesson to the young itinerant; at the next session of the Conference he called upon the bishop a renewed man; he wept again as he acknowledged his error, and has become a useful and eminent minister. Bishop Roberts often alluded to the incident, but through a commendable kindness, would never use the name of the young preacher.—*National Magazine.*

A Sensible Girl.

Some years since a young lady remarkable for her maturity and good sense, daughter of a distinguished lawyer and member of Congress from Worcester county, was placed at a young ladies' boarding school in the neighborhood of Boston. Her unaffected manner and sprightliness won the affections of many of the young ladies, who were full of their kind offers, until one day they inquired the occupations of their fathers. Our young friend perceiving the drift of their inquiries, gave them to understand that her father was a shoemaker; when many of them were struck with horror at her vulgar origin, and a change took place in their conduct toward her. She, however, though fully understanding them, remained quiet.
After a while the father of the young lady visited the school. As he was a good looking man, and as he observed the principal and other treating him with such deference and respect, the scholars were led to inquire of their instructors who he was and what was his business; and on being told that he was the father of Miss H., and that he was a member of Congress, they were filled with amazement, and immediately made the attempt to renew their attentions as formerly; but it was too late. She looked upon their conduct with such contempt that they were obliged to keep at a respectable distance; while those who treated her kindly, with regard to her father's supposed occupation, were ever afterwards her favorites.

Wanted.

Wanted.—Girls want good husbands, young men want prudent and sweet tempered wives. Dandies and fashionable ladies, who screw up their waists to resemble a wasp, want common sense.

Boyhood of Dr. Morrison.

From my boyhood I have heard of Dr. Morrison, who translated the Bible into Chinese. Last year I learned from an aged gentleman, who was acquainted with the superintendent of a Sunday school that Morrison first attended, the following particulars:
The superintendent saw a young lady come into the school; he went to her, and asked if she would like to be a teacher.
"If you have a class for me," she replied.
"I have none; but how would you like to go into the street to get one?"
At first she hesitated, but finally consented, went out and found a company of ragged, dirty boys; she persuaded them to come and form a class. The superintendent told the boys that if they would come to his house he would give them a suit of clothes.
Next Sabbath she found two there, but young Morrison was missing. She sought him, found the truant, and brought him back with difficulty. The next Sabbath it was just so again, and so the third Sabbath. After the fifth Sabbath, the month's meeting—she reported she could no longer feel responsible for her one pupil. The superintendent, however, exhorted her once more to try to save him. At last she replied:
"Why sir, the suit of clothes you gave him is all ragged and torn."
"Well, if you go, I'll give him another suit, if he will come to school."
So next Sabbath she went in, and induced her truant to return once more. He called upon the superintendent the next week and got his suit of clothes, but he did not return the next Sabbath, and so it proved again for weeks more. So at the next monthly meeting she reported how unsuccessful she had been.
"I must give him up," said she.
The superintendent said, "Why, it is hard to give him up, and let him go so bare." He exhorted the lady to try one month longer. She begged to be excused.
"Why, that second suit you gave him has shared the same fate as the first."
"Well, well, never mind it; if you will go and try again, I will give him a third suit."
So she went and brought the boy back for the following Sabbath; but on the fourth Sabbath she found to her surprise, little Morrison was there in his place, of his own accord, and from that time on he became a most interesting scholar. He was led to the "Saviour," experienced religion—made great improvement—became a mighty and useful missionary of the christian church.—*London Union Magazine.*

Avoid Slang Words.

There is no wit, says the author of the Behavior Book, in a lady to say "noona" instead of a nap; in calling pantaloon "pants" or gentleman "gent"; in saying of a man whose dress is old that he looks "seedy"; and, in alluding to an amusing anecdote or a diverting incident, to say that it is "rich." All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as "polking," when she tells of her having engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since, but happily now going out and almost banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a gentleman give himself to say, "last night I was polking with Mr. Bolt," or "Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him." Its course and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance.
We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence, not to say impudence, and try to excite laughter and attract the attentions of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they pick it up? From low newspapers or from vulgar books? Surely not from low companions. We have heard of one of those ladies when her collar chanced to be pinned away, say that she was drunk, messing crooked in her head. When disconcerted she was "floored." When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, she was brought to the corral. Sometimes she "did things on the sly." She talked of a certain great vocalist singing like a bear. She believed it very smart and piquant to use those vile expressions. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of having lived in good society.
"Oh, he the holy poker, Mike," said Pat, "but his a quare bird I'm after looking at; the devil the likes did I ever see afore; he bad, and he stood right for me, an' I was jist going to lind him a clout of me stick, an' holy mothers! but he jist gives a down bather 'a' jurick, an' he was right in the water!"
Mike.—"Sure, an ye fool, it was a fish!"
Pat.—"Arrab, go tache ye granny; who iver heard of a fish walking on dry land afore?"
Mike.—"Och kepe tight, ye putbather thrup; wasp; it me's used to cook 'em when I was wid the wee bit of a Frenchman."
P. S.—Pat had been enjoying nature about the mouths of the various frog-inhabited mud-puddles.

A Long Introduction.

A LONG INTRODUCTION.—An old woman who was accustomed to complain that her minister preached very long sermons, wasting a considerable portion of the time in the introduction, said "he was so long in spreading the cloth that it seemed as though they should never have the dinner."
If the devil should lose his tail, where would he get another? D'yegive itup? In a gin shop, be sure, because there they re-tail bad spirits.

Beautiful Extract.

The following waif, floated on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:
Men seldom think of the great events of death until the shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its past may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fatal of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal of relief from the great law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and we fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that thrives the world-to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.
In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, eloquently uttered by the death-drover, Greece finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. What about to yield, his young existence as a sacrifice to fate his beloved Ulysses asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills, that look eternal—the clear streams, that flow forever—the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Cleonance."
To Annie.—The Little Bonnet.
There is a little bonnet, I see it about town, and a little father on it that teases you and awakes; Benish this little bonnet are two such sweet little eyes; Oh! thou eyes little bonnet! shall waste myself in sighs! And what wonder? See it moving down the crowded street; The little feather bowing over, nodding to the fairy feet. Proudly goes the little bonnet, proudly trip the little feet, and laughingly the eyes beam out on every thing they meet. How clear the joy shines of the white ruffles of your attic; How I smokers of Hagar's stop your puffing, ere that eye puts a taper on your fire with a liquid brilliancy! Proudly goes the little bonnet, proudly trip the little feet, and laughingly the eyes beam out on everything they meet.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

Seven Fools.

1. The covetous man—who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison.
2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it.
3. The proud man—who gets wet through rather than ride in the carriage of an inferior.
4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, and gets ruined himself.
5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home.
6. The angry man—who learns the application of the eye, and is annoyed by the playfulness of his neighbor's piano.
7. The ostentatious man—who illumines the outside of his house most brilliantly, and sits in the inside in the dark.

A Child's Answer.

A father once said playfully to his little daughter, a child about five years old:
"Mary, you are not good for anything."
"Yes, I am, dear father," replied she, looking thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.
"Why, what are you good for—pray tell me, my dear."
"I am good to love you, father," replied she at the same time throwing her tiny arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss of unutterable affection.
"Blessed child! may your life ever be an expression of that early felt instinct of love. The highest good you or any other mortal can possibly confer is to live in the full exercise of affection.—*Ladies' Christian Annual.*"

The Friends.

THE FRIENDS.—This respectable body of Christians is said to have in the United States 715 meeting houses, with an aggregate membership of 258,028. In Maryland they have 26 meeting houses and 7,760 members; in the District Columbia 14 meeting houses and 6,300 members; and in Pennsylvania 141 meeting houses and 60,974 members.

A Warning to Little Girls.

The Boston Journal says:
"We understand that a little girl named Trank, connected with one of the primary schools in East Boston, died a day or two since from excess of exertion in jumping a rope. It is said that she jumped about two hundred times without stopping. She was immediately after taken ill, and died the next day. This is not the first death from the same cause which we have occasion to record, and should be a warning to children not to indulge in excessive exercise."
WASHINGTON CANONIZED.—Did you know that Washington has been placed in the calendar of saints? There is a church at Rivas, over the principal portal of which is a very well executed bust of the leader of the American revolution, and, on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "good saint George Washington." I confess that as I passed this church I felt like taking off my hat, and I did it not because of custom, but because I couldn't help it.—*Nicaragua correspondence of N. Y. Herald.*

To Civiler Clergymen.

John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered:
"I have nothing to give for that purpose, but there are here in the vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpit. Now, I will contribute as much and more than any one else, to civilize these six clergymen."
A NEW CLOCKMAKER.—A respectable auctioneer in a royal borough in the north while selling a clock on one occasion, noticed the Latin phrase often seen on the dial of clocks—*Tempus Fugit*; and, wishing to increase the confidence of the bidders, thus expressed himself to them: "*Tempus Fugit!* Oh, I don't think that man well; he was a famous clockmaker; 'Tempus' said gold clocks that's made by *Tempus Fugit!*"
When Peter the Great was sojourning in London, he visited Westminster Hall during term time, when the court was crowded with lawyers in their wigs and gowns. Peter inquired "who those persons could possibly be?" Being informed that they were all members of the legal profession, he exclaimed: "Lawyers! I have only two in all my dominions and I believe I shall hang one of them when I get back!"
Must it not be very romantic to be on your knees before a lovely one of Love's lovely daughters, heaving up a torrent of sweet words between her glowing parted lips, raising ripples on her cheeks by the airy breeze, and just at the identical moment when she is going to swoon away into your arms, to hear her anxious mother cry: "*You Sally, have you fed the pigs?*"
A man down south built a house of logs and turf, hung out his "shingle," and sent the following advertisement to the village paper:
"Notice to travelers sign of the Pig and Tater. Having built a large addition to my Public Dwelling house I am prepared to contain traveler in a more hospitable manner than Dad or Mr. Carter either. Call and try me. Do gentlemen."
A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front towards the north.
"Now, what is before you John?"
"The north, sir."
"And what behind you, Tommy?"
"My coat tail, sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse at it.
STONE CEMENT.—A cement of three parts fine sand, one of red lead, three of sand, and two of chalk (by weight) made into a putty with oil, is excellent for filling up the exposed joints of stones, bricks, &c. It becomes as hard as marble.

A Beautiful Concert.

Have you not heard the poet tell How came the dainty little Bell Into this world of ours?
The gates of heaven were left ajar;
With folded hands and dreamy eyes She wandered out of Paradise. She saw this planet, like a star, Hung in the depths of purple even— Its bridges, running to and fro, Or which the white-winged seraphs go, Bearing the holy deed to heaven! She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet So light they did not bend the bells Of celestial apothecaries! They fell like dew upon the flowers! And all the air grew strangely sweet! And thus a come dainty little Bell Into this world of ours.
LOUIS NAPOLEON is preparing to cultivate the arts of peace, and has conceived the magnificent project of cutting a ship canal from Havre to Paris, which will be navigable by vessels of a large size. This would give to the latter city an important commercial character.
William Howit, in his Australian tour, says he lived for two weeks upon nothing but fried potatoes. At the end of this, he could jump sixty feet without straining. He didn't discontinue the diet until he found himself beginning to acquire a growth of fur.
A GOOD ONE.—A gentleman, in his eagerness at the table to answer the call for some apple pie, owing to the knife slipping on the bottom of the dish, found his knuckles buried in the crust, when, very gravely observed, while he held his plate: "Sir, I'll trouble you for a bit, while your hand's in."

A Man in New York.

A man in New York advertised for a wife, and in less than two hours eighteen married men sent him word that he might have their.

Poetical Caricature.

A Curious performance is given in the following poem of different biblical texts:
Cling to the Mighty One, Pa. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief, Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One, Heb. i. 12.
He gives relief, Pa. cxvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One, Pa. cxvii. 5.
Cling in thy pain; Pa. li. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One, 1. Thea. v. 24.
He will sustain, Pa. xxviii. 18.
Cling to the Living One, Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe; Pa. lxxxvii. 7.
Cling to the Loving One, 1. John. iv. 16.
Through all below, Rom. viii. 22. 3.
Cling to the Pardoning One, Is. lv. 7.
He speaketh peace; John. xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One, Knod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease, Ex. cxlviii. 3.
Cling to the Blessing One, 1. John. i. 7.
Cling to His side; John. xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One, Rom. vi. 9.
In Him abide, John. xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One, Rev. xxi. 20.
Hope shall arise; Titus. ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One, Pa. xvi. 11.
Joy lights thine eyes, Pa. xvi. 11.

In Cincinnati.

In Cincinnati recently, the Democratic nominating convention consisting of a hundred and fifty-five delegates, more than two-thirds of whom were foreigners. Fifty-six of the delegates were Roman Catholics, and eighty-four foreign Roman Catholics. Of the eight candidates elected, five were foreigners, and it was with great difficulty that the foreign and Roman Catholic portion of the convention could be prevailed on to let the natives give their consent till after much and earnest persuasion.
A clergyman having preached during Lent in a small town in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in seriously exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevalent vices of the age, "I have preached against vices but not luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried on in this town."
When Edward Everett was entertained at a public dinner some time since, Judge Story gave as a sentiment—"Genius is sure to be rewarded where Everett goes." Mr. Everett responded—"Law, equity, and jurisprudence; no efforts can raise them above one Story."
"My bruders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all of your troubles, dare I tone place you can always find sympathy."
"What? what? what?" shouted several.
"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.
NOMINATION FOR MAYOR.—The American party of Philadelphia have nominated Henry C. Moore as their candidate for Mayor, in place of James C. Hand, whose business engagements compelled him to decline the nomination tendered him.
DISCOVERIES OF LEAD.—Valuable mines of lead have been found lately near Neesho, Missouri, and new discoveries are constantly being made to such an extent that the whole country is supposed to be underlaid with that metal.
The Pickens says, in his contradiction to the man who walks so fast that he puts his shadow out of breath to keep up with him, that there is a man in New Orleans who walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the sidewalk.
AS GOOD AS FORGOTTEN.—The Pekin Visitor says—"Coming home a few mornings since, we met a man who attempted to walk on both sides of the street, and by a skillful manoeuvre, we passed between him."
HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.—Lay a broomstick in her way—if she steps over it, don't take her; if she picks it up, and puts it carefully away, or sets to work with it, take her if you can get her.
A Hartford paper gives the following "sign of the times" to be found in that city: "Washing and going out to days work done here." "Breakfast, dinner and supper, at all hours," and "Saws filed and sit up stairs."
A SMART WAITING WOMAN, in giving an account of the twin children of her mistress, said, very innocently:—"The dear little things! One looks so much like both, you can't tell 'em from which!"
The best cure for hard times is to cheat the doctor, being temperate; the lawyer by keeping out of debt; the demagogue by voting for honest men; and poverty by being industrious; and by native the printer if you wish to be happy.

The Bachelors of Cleveland.

The bachelors of Cleveland are an ungallant set of fellows. At their annual supper a few nights ago, the following was the seventh regular toast: "Our Future Wives.—Distasteful enchantment to the view."
A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he had an enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."
An apothecary sent in a bill to a widow lady which ran thus—"To curing your husband till he died."
A deaf and dumb man, named Jay Woods, a resident of Carlisle, was killed on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, two miles south of Carlisle, on Saturday morning.
Since Greenwood Cemetery on Long Island was opened for use, September, 1840, the interments amount to 47,233.
The following very appropriate verse was found some time since, written upon the back of a broken bank note:
"Hark from the banks an awful cry,
To patriots hear the cry,
Have it a note that calls for each,
But oh, 'tis all in my eye!"

An Awful Scene.

The London Times, giving an account of the execution of a man in front of Newgate, for the murder of his wife and children, says:
When the signal was given, the chair of which the wretched man was seated, of course gave way with the drop, and consequently the fall was not nearly so great as it is under ordinary circumstances; and at this dreadful moment the prisoner attempted to carry out the desperate stratagem for life which he had evidently contemplated. The sound of the falling drop had scarcely died away when there was a shriek from the crowd of "He is up again," and to the horror of every one it was found that the prisoner, by a strong muscular effort, had drawn himself up completely to the level of the drop, that both his feet were resting upon the edge of it and he was vainly endeavoring to raise his hands to the rope.
One of the officers immediately rushed upon the scaffold, and pushed the wretched man's feet from their hold, but in an instant, by a violent effort, he threw himself to the other side, and again succeeded in getting both of his feet on the edge of the drop. Calcraft, who had left the scaffold imagining that all was over, was called back; he seized the wretched criminal, but it was with considerable difficulty that he forced him from the scaffold, and he was again suspended.
The short relief the wretched man had obtained from the pressure of the rope by these desperate efforts had probably enabled him to breathe, and to the astonishment and terror of all the spectators, he a third time succeeded in placing his feet upon the platform, and again with his hand he vainly attempted to reach the fatal cord. Calcraft and two or three other men then again forced the wretched man's feet from their hold, and his legs were held down until the final struggle was over. While the fearful scene was being enacted, the bells of the different neighboring churches were ringing merrily upon the announcement of a man offering a sad contrast to the melancholy proceeding.

The Moravian Church.

Among the various Christian denominations, there is, perhaps, none more unpretending than the Moravian. Its ministry and membership seem to move forward in their particular work without any effort as noise or show.
They are comparatively few as to numbers; yet, in proportion to their strength, no denomination has accomplished as much as they have in self-denying labors to spread the gospel, especially on the foreign field. A very large proportion of their ministry is made up of missionaries, many of whom are to be found spending their energies and their lives for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the most unwinning portions of heathendom. They deserve great respect and praise for what they have already done and are still doing, and will doubtless receive their reward, if not in this world, at least in the world to come. They have ever been the fast friends of education, as their flourishing schools of long standing at such places as Bethlehem and Littlefield testify. They have also had their periodicals, both in the German and English languages, regularly issued for a considerable length of time, which have always been fair indices of their intelligence, piety and great activity, especially on the missionary field. A paper devoted to the interests of the church, has lately been commenced in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Robert De Schweitzer, formerly of this city, as one of the editors.—*Lanc. Examiner.*

Frozen, and Devoured by Wolves.

The death of Dr. F. N. Ripley is one of the most melancholy occurrences of the past season. The doctor, in company with a Mr. McClelland, left Glenox, about the last of February, for the purpose of locating a road to the new town of Forestville. They lost their way on the prairies, but wandered on until the 1st of March, when they reached Round Lake, five miles from the proposed town. Here the doctor sank down exhausted, and would move no further, despite every exertion of his companion to induce him to proceed. Mr. McClelland succeeded in reaching a deserted cabin at Forestville, where he remained in a fading condition twenty days, until the arrival of a party of surveyors who were to follow him and the doctor. Mr. McClelland was taken to Shakonee, by the company, and is now under the care of physicians at that place. Both of his feet were so badly frozen, as to render amputation necessary above the ankles. The remains of Dr. Ripley have been recovered, partly devoured by the wolves. The doctor was much esteemed by all who knew him. He was about 28 years of age, and a native of the State of New York.—*St. Paul (Minnesota) Pioneer, April 1.*

A Lucky Fellow.

The Rogereville (Yankee) Times has the following: "A short time since a fellow from Buffalo Creek, Carter county, was imprisoned in Elizabeth town jail for burning a barn. The citizens of the place, learning that he was from the neighborhood where the small-pox was raging, broke open the jail, and turned him out, and then told him if he didn't leave town in fifteen minutes they would tar and feather him!"

Shocking Cruelty.

Shocking Cruelty.—A man named Thompson was confined at the Columbus (N. C.) Superior Court last week of manslaughter, and hanged. He was convicted of having, by cruel neglect, starved two small children who had been entrusted to his keeping by the wardens of the poor of Columbus county. They died of hunger and want of attention.

Franklin's Observing and Sensible Man.

Franklin was an observing and sensible man, and his conclusions were seldom incorrect. He said that a newspaper and Bible in every house, and a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they are the principal supports of virtue, morality and civil liberty.