

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

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N. B.—Now is a good time to subscribe to EMERSON BENNETT'S Great Original Weekly of Frontier Life, which will be commenced in the Ledger on the first of January.

A SICK MAN'S DREAM.

This beautiful piece of poetry was written by the late Judge Robert Raymond Reed, of Georgia, afterwards Governor of Florida. It has never appeared in print before, and the lady for whom it was penned—now a resident of our city—has kindly consented to give it to the public through our columns. It is one of those choice yet unobtrusive gems, struck out from a rich mine of thought, that has only to see the light to have its beauties appreciated.

—Nathaniel West.

Met thought that in a sacred wood,
I slumbered on a bank of flowers,
Soothed by a streamlet's wandering flow,
That gurgled thro' the whispering lowers;
And dreams did visit me—so bright,
An Elysium only could beget them;
I never, never can forget them.

It seemed that thou wert present there,
Thine eyes with living lustre beaming;
The star of morning decked thy hair,
And all around its radiance streaming,
Imparted to thy lip—thy cheek—
The brightness of immortal glory;

Oh! we can never such visions seek,
But in some old romantic story!

And near thee hung a wreath of gold,
Beneath a shower of slanting roses—
Roses—like those that Love unfolds,
When from his teeth the god reposes;

And when thy fingers touched the strings,
They yielded melody rich and swelling,
As 'twere some spirit sweetly sings,
At evening from her viewless dwelling.

Ret'charful was that music's strain,
It told of hope, of youth, and gladness;
Of pleasure's wreath, of true love's chain,
And then of blighted joys and sadness;

At last an answering voice there came,
E'en a bright cloud that then descended,
And while it spoke a quivering flame
Was with its thro' its whiteness blended.

I may not tell the words so kind,
By that same plaintive voice then spoken;
For the dark night—storms rustled wind,
Came for my dream, and it was broken.
But I still, through the hours,
And sweetly the path of life before thee,
For aye, from celestial bowers,
Some happy spirit watches o'er thee!

A QUAKER JUMPING A DITCH.

HEZEKIAH Broadbent was a fair Quaker, who sold molasses, codfish, china, earthen ware, and clothes—and all sorts of liquors. We like the Quakers, in deed as well as in name, and Hezekiah was a Hickory Quaker. He was somewhat of an old bachelor, and had a sister that was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive, straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and sailing as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

Hezekiah and Dorcas walked one Sunday afternoon, in the blooming month of May, to breathe the fresh air and view the meadows, and they walked smoothly and delightfully with no manner of obstruction, except here and there a ditch full of water, spanned by a few logs, and too wide for a man of ordinary jumping capacity to clear at a single bound. But Hezekiah was a Quaker, and Hezekiah was a Quaker, and he had a sister that was somewhat of an old maid. But she was the best creature alive, straight as a candle, blooming as a rose, and sailing as charity. Her name was Dorcas.

"Hezekiah, there's no danger; I've jumped a bigger ditch when I wasn't half my present size."

"All that's very likely, but recollect thee's a young exceedingly passy since thee was a young man."

"Pussy? Well, if I have, that's no reason why I shouldn't be as agile as before; I tell thee, Dorcas, I can jump this ditch without so much as touching a finger."

"Ah, but thee'll touch thy feet upon the bottom."

"Thee's but a woman, Dorcas, and thy feet stand thee aside, that I may have a sweep across to my abilities."

"Nay, brother Hezekiah, thee'd better not. The ditch is wide and the bottom muddy, and thee'd assuredly spoil thy Sunday clothes, if no worse."

"O, fudge for your fears, girl, they shall not say me a jot. Nay, do not hold me, as I am resolved to jump that ditch if it were merely to convince thee of my agility."

Accordingly, Hezekiah went back a few yards in order that he might have a fair run, and that the impulse thereof might carry him over. Having retraced far enough he came forward with a momentum proportioned to his weight and velocity—and found himself in the ditch. The water splashed around on all sides and spotted the Sunday clothes of Dorcas, who could not, with all her Quaker sobriety and kind feelings, help bursting into a loud laugh. There was Hezekiah—howing his agility, and sounding in the mud like a whale. The water was not so deep as to be dangerous, and the sight was too irresistibly comical for even a saint to abstain from laughing, though on the Lord's day.

At length, when her risibility would allow her power of speech, Dorcas kindly held out her hand and said:

"Come hither, Hezekiah, and I will help thee out."

"Well, well," returned the floundering in a tone of vexation; "these does well, Dorcas, to stand there and laugh at me, as though it were mere sport to see me stick in the mud and water up to my very middle."

"Nay, say, Hezekiah, thee has shown thy agility so marvelously that I should not help being pleased for the life of me—and now I take shame to myself for opposing thee so strenuously, or having doubted thy capacity for jumping. But if thee's satisfied with thy exploit and ready to come already secured \$20,000.

forth, I will lend thee a hand to help thee out."

Thus saying Dorcas drew near the ditch, but Hezekiah having got himself in by his unaided power, declared that he would get himself out in the same way. But the mud was deep and adhesive, and as he got one foot out he got the other in; and thus he continued to labor and plunge till he was satisfied that his own ability was better calculated to help him in than to help him out of the ditch. He grew wroth and so forgetting the plain language, he exclaimed:

"By—!"

"Don't thee swear, Hezekiah," interrupted Dorcas.

"Swear!" roared Hezekiah, "thee'd swear if thee were here!"

"Swear not at all, Hezekiah, but even lend me thine hand and I'll use my ability to pull thee out, according to the scripture, which saith—'If thine ox or thy ass fall into a ditch on the Sabbath day—'"

"Now, sister Dorcas, thee's too bad—Verily thee should not make me so heavy as the former animal, nor so stupid as the latter."

"As to the weight," returned Dorcas, "thee must be pretty well satisfied by this time; and as for thy stupidity, it were indeed unwise to liken thee to the long eared animal. But if thee is satisfied on these points and will forthwith reach me thine hand, I'll do as much as in me lieth to bring thee safe to land."

Hezekiah was pretty well convinced by this time that his own ability would never fetch him out; wherefore, humbly reaching his hand to Dorcas, he said:

"Verily, sister, I will accept thine aid, inasmuch as my own ability hath deceived me."

Dorcas kindly lent her assistance, and pulling vigorously, Hezekiah at length came to land. Shaking off the mud and water like a spaniel he returned home, but charged his sister by the way never to mention how he came by the catastrophe. Dorcas promised, of course, and as she was a girl of truth and kind feelings, she was as good as her word. But once or twice when they were in company with several other Quakers, discussing soberly about matters and things, Dorcas, looking archly at another girl, merely said:

"Did I ever tell thee, Rachel, how brother Hezekiah, one Sunday—"

Hezekiah turned an embarrassed and imploring look towards her, and she said:

"Nay, say, Hezekiah, I'm not a going to tell—but shewly to ask if I had told thee how shewly thy agility one Sunday, and jumped into the middle of a ditch?"

"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN"

"I shall never be happy again," quivered the pale lips; "earth and sky are alike dark to me, since they laid my only one in the dust."

"Does religion, then, afford you no consolation?" asked the white-haired pastor, solemnly. "Does not the thought that you shall go to him, lift this veil from your spirit?"

"No—no—I know nothing—think of nothing but that I have lost him—lost him. All is a dead blank; my heart is like a stone. O! I would give worlds to know this awful weight—worlds, worlds."

"And if I should say that this terrible weight may be cast off—this cold heart, made warm again?"

"O! tell me how—for I am in despair," she cried.

"In one year, dear madam," said the white-haired man, "my only son, grown to manhood, was drowned; my wife was laid in her grave; my daughter taken from me by death, and my own health so prostrated that I could no longer minister to holy things to my people."

"How sad!" cried the young widow, clasping her hands, "how his eyes filled. 'How did you—how could you bear it?'"

"By looking up to my Father, and saying, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Is thy prayer new to you?"

"O, no!" murmured the disconsolate one, her pale face bowed upon her hands. "I say it every day—but I have never felt it."

The Sabbath came round, and the young widow, for the first time since her husband's death, went to the house of God. On her way she met the white-haired man, and with a gentle but subdued smile he said, "I can hear it now."

A light as from heaven beamed on his agitated face. "Then you found his strength sufficient?"

"Yes," she answered; "it was a struggle, but as soon as I felt it was right, the load fell off."

And the white-haired pastor, as he stood up to talk to the people, took for his text the words—"Thy will be done."

HEAVENLY TRUTH.—A class of girls, varying from eighteen to twelve years, were engaged in reading the thirteenth chapter of Luke. In the course of questioning, they were asked, "What is a parable?"

"A story teaching heavenly truth," was the reply. After a few simple questions upon the story of the barren fig tree, the inquiry was made: "Now what is the heavenly truth we are taught?" The answer was readily given: "That God looks for fruit on us." "And what is the fruit for which he looks?" was naturally the next question, but the ready and beautiful application of Scripture was scarcely expected, as one of the youngest in the class rose, and without a moment's hesitation repeated, "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, stick in the mud and water up to my very middle."

MEETING OF GENERAL JACKSON AND ADAMS AT PRESIDENT MONROE'S LEVEE.

The following account of the rencontre between General Jackson and John Q. Adams, at Monroe's levee, the night after Adams' election over Jackson for the Presidency of the House of Representatives, is taken from Peter Parley's "Recollections of his Lifetime."

I shall pass over the other individuals present, only noting an incident which respects the two persons in the assembly, who, most of all others, engrossed the thoughts of the visitors. Mr. Adams, the elect, and Mr. Jackson, the defeated. It chanced in the evening that these two persons, involved in the throng, approached each other from opposite directions, yet without knowing it. Suddenly, as they were almost together, the persons around seeing what was about to happen, by a sort of instinct, stepped aside and left their faces to face. Mr. Adams was by himself. Gen. Jackson had a large, handsome lady on his arm. They looked at each other for a moment, and then Gen. Jackson moved forward, and reaching out his long arm, said:—"How do you do, Mr. Adams? I give you my left hand, for the right, as you see, is devoted to the fair; I hope you are well, sir."

All this was said and heardly said and done. Mr. Adams took the General's hand, and said, with chilling coldness:—"Very well, sir; I hope Gen. Jackson is well!"

It was curious to see the stern soldier who had written his country's glory in the blood of the enemy at New Orleans—genial and gracious in the midst of a court, while the old courier and diplomat was stiff, rigid, and cold as a statue!

It was all the more remarkable from the fact that, four hours before, the former had been defeated, and the latter was a victor in a struggle for one of the highest objects of human ambition.

The personal character of these two individuals was in fact well expressed in the chosen meeting of the gallantry, the frankness and heartiness of one, which captivated all; the coldness, the distance, the self-concentration of the other, which repelled all. A somewhat severe, but still acute analyst of Mr. Adams character, says:—"Undoubtedly, one great reason of his unpopularity, was his cold, unsympathetic manner, and the suspicion of selfishness it suggested, or at least added greatly to confirm. None approached Mr. Adams but to receive. He never succeeded—he never tried to conciliate."

I recollect an anecdote somewhat illustrative of this. When he was a candidate for the Presidency, his political friends attended that advisable that he should attend a cattle show at Worcester, Mass., so as to conciliate the numbers of influential men who might be present. Accordingly he went, and while there many persons were introduced to him, and among the rest, a farmer of the vicinity—a man of substance and great respectability. On being presented, he said:

"My wife, when she was a girl, lived in your father's family; you were then a little boy, and she has told me a great deal about you. She has very often credited your head."

"Well," said Mr. Adams, in his harsh way, "I suppose she combs your hair now!"

The poor farmer slunk back like a fashed hound, feeling the smart, but utterly unconscious of the provocation.

CONVERSIONS TO PROTESTANTISM. A London paper of November 20 th says:—"The movement towards Protestantism in Bohemia, Moravia and Austrian Silesia, is becoming daily more immense and overwhelming; whole families, in their branches, simultaneously embracing the Lutheran creed, and a leading others in the same route, to the consecration of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are striving by every possible means to stop the current. It appears that the recent concordat with the pope, which disgusts the more intelligent inhabitants of these countries, is the dominant cause of this movement."

BURSTING OF A GRINDSTONE.—A large grindstone in the machine shop of Beech & Long, Lower Hydraulic, at Hamilton, O., burst a few days ago, without any apparent cause, almost instantly killing John Krebs, who was seated by it at work. The stone, which was about four or half feet in diameter, broke into four or five pieces. One of these struck the joints above, crushing them and the floor upwards; another struck the foundation wall, which it "obliterated" upward, nearly making a hole, and a third struck the unfortunate man.

"What is the world? A dream within a dream. As we grow older, each step is an inward waking. The youth awakes, as he thinks, from childhood; the full grown man despises the pursuit of youth as visionary; the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Is death the last waking? No! it is the last and final awakening.—Sir Walter Scott.

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other, that they wouldn't move quicker if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

Paddy's description of a fiddle, can't be beat. He says:—"It was as big as a turkey and as fat as a goose—'he turned it over on its back, and took a crooked stick, and drew it across his belly, and, O, St. Patrick, how it did squall!"

THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

MOHAMMED, the Prophet of Allah, lies buried in the city of El Medina, and all the world of Islam goes up to his tomb. About this tomb there hangs a great deal of mystery. The vulgar story of the suspended coffin, has long been exploded, and the question now seems to be, whether there is any tomb at all? Lieut. Burton, who recently made a pilgrimage to the holy cities, in the disguise of an Afghan Derwisch, furnishes the most reliable information upon this point. We learn from his narrative that, although thousands go yearly to El Medina to see the tomb of the Prophet, yet no one ever saw it!

In one corner of the grand mosque of that city there is a chamber supposed to be entirely walled up with stone or planking, inside of which, the pilgrim is told, are the tombs of Mohammed and the first two caliphs, Abubeker and Omar. But this walled chamber is surrounded, outside, with a curtain, somewhat like a four-post bed. No one is permitted to look behind the curtain, except the eunuchs who at times replace it with a new one, and they say that a supernatural light surrounds the tomb that would strike with blindness any one that would have the temerity to approach it. This story is now universally believed among Muslims.

Outside of the curtain, leaving a narrow space between, is an iron flange railing, which serves to keep the crowd from close contact with the tomb. After many prayers and prostrations the pilgrim is made to approach a small window in the railing through which he catches a glimpse of the tomb. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament suspended to the curtain, which the vulgar believe to be a 'jewel of the jewels of Paradise.'

Lieut. Burton, however, says, to his eyes it resembled the great stoppers of glass used for the lunular sort of decanters. Through the window in the railing the pilgrims are expected to throw their contributions, and the treasures of the place are kept in the narrow passage between the railing and the curtain. The tomb is said to be enormous, which Lieut. Burton doubts. No one is permitted to enter this passage except upon the payment of an extraordinary sum.

What there really is behind the curtain, seems to be a matter of great doubt. The Muslim authorities are divided in opinion. Some say there is no wall behind the curtain; others that it covers a square building of black stone, in the interior of which are the tombs, while others say there are three deep graves, but no traces of tombs; and lastly, Lieut. Burton strongly suspects that the burial place of the prophet is entirely unknown. Certainly the church's story of the blinding light that surrounds the prophet's tomb, looks like a priestly gloss to hide defects.

Yet all the world of Islam goes up to pray at the Prophet's tomb, and millions believe that he now lies there with blooming face and bright eyes, and that blood would issue from his body if wounded, for no one dares to assert that the holy one is suffered to undergo corruption.—Portland Transcript.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leisure at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them?

I have known and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging life in bed, might rise to any eminence.—You have all read of the sexton's son who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars after rigging the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phips, who at the age of forty-five had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New-England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write in his eighteenth year, of a shipmaster in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, sat on a stool, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather, with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the great Scotch Astronomer, learned to read by himself, and mastered the elements of Astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that if the hours wasted in idle company, in conversation, at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of knowledge, the dullest apprentice at any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gliding our country with bright yet mellow light.—Rev. Dr. Murray.

"Mother," said a little boy the other day, "I've got such a bad headache and sore throat too."

"Have you my dear?" asked the mother; "well, you shall have some medicine."

"It's no matter," returned the shrewd urchin, "I've got 'em, but they don't hurt me."

FOUND GUILTY.—David Ridenour, tried at Lancaster, Md., for killing Hiram Popp, has been convicted of murder in the second degree.

Z. Olander, a well known Republican merchant of Detroit, is mentioned as a candidate to succeed Gen. Cass in the Senate.

A TRIBUTE TO HENRY CLAY.

The following tribute to the lamented and gallant "Harry of the West," was paid by Hon. Thomas F. Marshall during the recent political excitement. It is enough that Mr. Marshall was the speaker, and Kentucky's idol the subject:

"Every one knows that the various subjects of the Texas boundary, the admission of California, the territorial organization of Utah and New Mexico, the recovery of fugitives slaves who had escaped from their territory to States whose constitutions did not allow slavery, and the abolition of the slave trade in the district of Columbia, were sought by Mr. Clay to be united in a single bill and passed as one measure. In this form, the 'omnibus' bill, as it was termed, failed. But in the shape of several acts on each separate subject, the principles contended for by Mr. Clay were adopted each year. Why the bill reported by himself was defeated and dismembered, yet in the shape of separate acts, adopted in almost exact accordance with his wishes, is not for me to inquire. If it were designed on the part of some Senators, to deprive the dying leader of the honors of his last battle, it was a vain hope. In the public mind, and in common parlance, they are known as Mr. Clay's compromises. They are grouped and termed the Compromise of 1850, in the Democratic platform, even the Kansas and Nebraska acts adopt the common nomenclature, and instead of reciting the several acts by their titles, call them the Compromise."

The friends of Mr. Clay meditate the construction of a monument, to mark the spot where repose the remains of that frail tenement, which once held in his fiery soul. It will be honorable to them, and will form a graceful ornament to the green woods, which surround the city of which he had himself been so long the living ornament, but it will be useless to him or to his fame. He trusted neither himself nor his fame to mechanical hands or perishable materials. "Exigit monumentum perennius ore," they may rear their pedestals of granite; they may rear their polished columns till they pierce and flout the skies; they may cover their marble pillars all over with the blazonry of his deeds, the trophies of his triumphant genius, and surround them with images of his form, wrought by the cunningest hands—it matters not—'tis not there. The prisoned eagle has burst the bars, and soared away from strife, and conflict, and calamity. He is not dead—He lives. I mean not the life eternal in any other world of which religion teaches, but here on earth he lives the life, the life which men call fame, that life the hope of which forms the solace of high ambition, which sustains the brave and wise and good, the champions of truth and human kind, through all their labors—that life is his beyond all chance or change, growing, expansive, quenchless as time and human memory. He needs no statue—he desired none. It was the image of his soul he desired to perpetuate, and he has stamped it himself in lines of flame upon the souls of his countrymen. Not all the marbles of Carrara, fashioned by the chisel of Angelo into the mimicry of breathing life, could convey to the senses a likeness so perfect of himself as that which he has left upon the minds of men. He carved his own statue—he built his own monument. In youth he laid the broad basis as his whole country, that it might well sustain the mighty structure he had designed. He labored heroically through life on the colossal shaft. In 1850, the first half of the nineteenth century, he prepared the healing measures which bear his name as the capital, well proportioned and in perfect keeping with the now finished column, crowned his work, saw that it was good and durable, sprang to its loft and commanding summit, and gazing upon that lone height upon a horizon which encompassed all counting time, with eternity for his back ground, and the eyes of the whole world riveted upon his solitary figure, consented there and thus to die."

From the Philadelphia News of Tuesday.

A Celtic Flawless.—Yesterday morning bright and early, Patrick Mooney, not yet sober, who the night before, quaffed early, filled the streets with noises hoarse, had a hearing by the Mayor, sitting on the stool of justice: "May it please the Court, yer honor"—said Patrick, with a faint voice—"What's the dimingo I've bin doin'?"

"Thee's a big black lamp-post, where I went to soranade her. By my soul, the thing went nicely, till these spalpeens came and seized me. I had caught a fat young pig, sir, thinkin' it a fine flutins, placed its head beneath my surcoat, and commenced to chew its tail, sir, spualpin' music out to Biddy, when these spalpeens came and seized me; seized me roughly by the collar, placed the bloody nippers on me, and the pig ran home like thunder. Now, yer honor, what is the dimingo? Be as shy as you can, sir; for you know I hate the nation, as I hate these dirty spalpeens, who have brought me here before you. I go in for equal justice, dimergent man and measure, Irish paritids, pigs and whiskey. If ye'll just be asy with me, by the spirit of St. Patrick, I'll not lean against a lamp-post where these spalpeens' eyes can see me, I'll not bite a douot pig's tail for a soranade to Biddy, and be jabbers, I'll vote for you, if ye ever run for Mayor." But the Mayor, stern, and rigid, told poor Patrick he should fine him—drag him to the black hole, "Ob, swate Biddy!" Patrick shouted, "come and pay the money for me, or yer honor, Patrick Mooney, will be sent off to prison, where he canna be a dog of Irish whiskey to console him in the hour of tribulation!"

"Time is money!" Of course it is, else how could you spend it?

Who is the strongest man? He that can lift his notes every day without assistance.

A woman may laugh too much; it is only a comb that can afford to show its teeth.

Dr. Kane has left England for the West Indies for the benefit of his health.

More evil truths are discovered by the penetrations of the heart than by the penetrations of the mind.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT RHODES.

The Atlantic brought us a brief announcement that an awful explosion had occurred in the island of Rhodes, by which about nearly five hundred lives were lost. The Press d'Orient publishes a letter which gives some of the details of the destruction of a part of the town of Rhodes by the explosion of the powder magazine:

"In the afternoon of the 16th of November, Rhodes was visited by a