

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI-16.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 21, 1850.

NEW SERIES—NO. 178.

CONTINUANCE.

THE FIRM OF CULP & PAXTON having been dissolved by mutual consent on the 1st inst., the subscriber respectfully announces to his friends and the public that he intends to continue the business, in all its branches, at the old stand, in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite S. H. Buehler's Drug and Book Store, where he will be prepared at all times to fill all orders for

Harness, Bridles, Col-lars, Trunks, &c.

with promptness and on reasonable terms. The subscriber will direct his efforts to producing work which will compare favorably with any that may be turned out from any other establishment, and hopes by attention to business to merit and receive a liberal share of patronage.

JOHN CULP.

A WESTERN FARM.

FOR Sale, or will be exchanged for Real Estate in this Borough or its vicinity, a

WELL-IMPROVED

In Washington county, Illinois.
Apply to Dr. H. S. HUBER, Chambersburg street, opposite the Post Office, Gettysburg, Pa.
March 20, 1850.—if

KURTZ
HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF Florence Braid BONNETS, Colored Chip do. Misses' Mixed Braid do. China Pearl do. Fine Lace do. Alderale & Jenny Lind do. Chip and Straw do.

Palm, Leghorn & Straw Hats, which will be sold as cheap as the cheapest.
[April 5.]

GETTYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE Summer Session of this school will commence the 27th of May, and end the 20th of September. The Winter Session will continue from the 21st of October to the 20th of April.
TERMS.—The prices of the Summer Session, according to the studies, are \$6 and \$8; of the Winter Session, \$10 and \$12. Pupils will be charged from the time of entering to the end of the term. No deductions from the price will be made, except for time lost by the Teacher, or protracted illness of the pupils. Extra charges for Music, Drawing and Painting, the Languages, and the various branches of Fancy Work.
May 3, 1850.—ly

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners will make an abatement of FIVE PER CENT. upon all State and County Taxes assessed for the year 1850, and paid to Collectors on or before Friday the 28th day of June next and Collectors are hereby required to make such abatement to all persons paying on or before said day.
Collectors will be required to make payment to the County Treasurer on or before Monday the 1st of July next, otherwise they will not be entitled to any abatement. It will be the duty of Collectors to call upon individuals personally.
JACOB KING, J. G. MORNINGSTAR, JOHN MUELLERMAN, Jr., Commissioners.

Attest—J. AUGHRINBAUGH, Clk.
PENN MUTUAL Life Insurance Company.
Philadelphia.

CHARTER perpetual. All the profits divided among the policy holders every year. This is the only truly Mutual Company in the City or State.
For particulars apply to D. GILBERT, Agent, and Medical Examiner, Gettysburg, Pa. May 31.—6t

FIRE! FIRE!

THE Delaware Mutual Safety Insurance Company, Philadelphia, are now doing business on the mutual plan, giving the insured a participation in the profits of the Company, without liability beyond the premium paid. "No premium notes taken on which assessments are made."
The subscriber, as Agent for the above Company, will make insurances, either permanent or limited, on property and effects of every description against loss or damage by fire.
SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK, Gettysburg, March 1, 1850.—6t

AUDITORS NOTICE.

THE undersigned, Auditors, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Adams county to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of JAMES MOORE, Adm' of the estate of GEORGE PADAN, dec'd, to and among the persons entitled thereby, will attend at his office in Liberty township, Adams county, on Saturday the 22d day of June inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., of that day, to perform the duties assigned him—and where all persons interested therein may attend, if they think proper.
MAXWELL SHIELDS, Auditor.

BUILDING NOTICE.

A CHURCH will be let, (to be built in East Berlin, in this county), at the house of Dr. BLISH, in Hampton, on the 20th of June. The specifications can be seen at John Werly's, in Berlin, and also at the house of Dr. Blush, on the 16th of June.
F. DYSON.

The House of Friends.

"And one shall say unto him what are these sounds in thy hands? Then he shall answer, 'Thou wilt know I was wounded in the house of my friends.'"—Zechariah, xxi. 6.

If thou art barked, O Freedom, Why do you strain your lungs off southward? Why are you going to Alabama! Sweep first before your own door! Stop this squalling and this scorching! Over the mists there in the distance! Look well to your own eyes, Massachusetts—Yours, New York and Pennsylvania!

I would say you're too, Michigan. But all the sails, all the surgery Of the great wide world were powerless there.

Virginia, mother of greatness, Blush not for being also mother of slaves. You might quench the hopes of ages for a drink—Merck-worms, creeping flat on the ground, A dollar dearer to them than Christ's blessing! All loves, all hopes, less than the thought of gain; In life walking in that as in a shroud; Men whom the throes of barons Great deaden that the gods might stand appall'd; The shriek of the drowned world, the appeal of women.

The exulting laugh of untold empires, We could touch them in the heart, But only in the pocket.

Hot-headed Carolina, Well may you curl your lip; With all your bondbands, bleed the destiny Which brings you no such breed as this.

Arise, young North! Our elder blood flows in the veins of cowards—The grey-haired sneak, the blanch'd politician, The light or real shaver at long's; That nursing babes need hardly cry the less for, Are they to be our tokens always?

Fight on, bandearer than warriors, Faithful and few as Spartans; But fear not the angry, loud-mouthed malice—Fear most the still and forked flag.

That starts from the grass at your feet.
WALTER WHITMAN.

Night before the Wedding.

"We shall be very happy together," said Louise to her aunt, the evening before the wedding—her cheek was tinted with a rich color, and her eyes sparkled with soul-felt happiness.

When a young bride says we, it may easily be imagined whom she is talking of.

"I doubt it not, dearest Louise," answered her aunt; "take heed only that you remain as happy."

"Oh, no fear of that, my prudent aunt! I know myself, and my faults; but my love for him will correct them. So long as we love each other, we can never be unhappy, and our affections cannot change."

"I understand you, dear aunt. You mean to say the virtues only of each can give lasting pleasure to the other. Now, for myself I say nothing—for I can boast only will; but you cannot deny that my betrothed is the best and most deserving of all the young men of this town? Are not all the virtues that lead to happiness blooming in him?"

"I will do you both justice," answered her relative, "and acknowledge that virtues bloom in both. I can say that to you, without flattery, Louise; they only bloom, and need a lifetime of rain and sunshine to ripen them. No blossoms are more delicate than virtuous qualities. We cannot know in what soil they are rooted. Who knows the hidden heart? Nay, my dear child, even could you always be as you are, youth and beauty would lose the power to charm, with habit and their constant presence. Men grow soon weary of the loveliest face. Besides, your husband must grow old himself; and then youthful manners will cease to please him. Your habits, your tastes would not be congenial."

Louise sighed.

"I could store your memory," resumed her aunt, "with precepts to guard your happiness. I would tell you to beware of the first good lover—never to consent even in jest to have no secrets from each other, lest the springs of confidence be insensibly snapped—to beware of the interference of relations. But these are maxims which your prudence will sufficiently impress upon you, and their observance at least will have but a negative effect."

"Would you have the secret of perpetual loveliness? It is a treasure—not feature nor complexion, but in the soul. Men worship beauty for the inward graces of which it is the pledge. Would you know how to keep the soul fair? Religion is the only true secret for that. Thus you see, my love, how little we can depend upon personal perfection—how little on the excellencies or amiable traits of character. But the virtuous born of, and nourished by religion, are immortal—seek them from Him who is the author of religion, and seek them daily from Him." Be assured then, that you will ever remain fair and amiable in the eyes of your husband, and be blessed in every relation of life."

Louise flung her arms around her aunt's neck, and thanked her with grateful eyes for her lesson.

Sham Hays and his Bull-y Race.

Some forty years ago, the managers of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongahela, published a notice of a race, one mile heat, on a particular day, for a purse of one hundred dollars, "free for any thing with four legs and hair on!"

A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with a bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him round the track a number of times on several moonlight nights, until the bull had the hang of the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course.—He rode with spurs, which the bull considered mighty disagreeable; so much so, that he always bellowed loudly when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground "on horseback" on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had a dried ox-hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand.

He rode to the judges' stand and offered to enter his bull for the race, but the owners of the horses that were entered, objected. Hays appealed to the terms of the notice, insisting that his bull had four legs and hair on, and that, therefore, he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of "cussing" and "discussion," the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run.

When the time for starting arrived, the horses took their places. The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended, but thought that all would be over as soon as the horses started. When the signal was given they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the bull's sides, who bounded off with a terrible bawl, and on a trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flapping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the red-stone country, and not one of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays under a great many imprecations on the part of the owners of the horses.

A general row ensued, but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horsemen contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and that it had not been for Hays' horn and the ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring on the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this, Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses any how, and if they would put up a hundred dollars against the purse which he had won, he would take off the ox-hide, leave his tin horn, and run a fair race with them. His offer was accepted, and the money staked. They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with his spurs, and the bull gave another tremendous bellow. The horses remembered the horrible sound, and thought all the rest was coming as before. A way they went again, in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again, and won the money. From that time they nick-named him Sham Hays. He afterwards removed to Ohio, but his nick-name stuck to him as long as he lived.

A FRIENDLY VISIT.

In a little town of Dover, which is situated on the Cumberland river, in Middle Tennessee, there lived, some years ago, an eccentric and intemperate old bachelor by the name of Kingston. On one occasion, when prostrated on his bed by excess, and suffering acutely from these horrors peculiar to his situation, he sent for one of his old companions to come and visit him. Shryack, for that's the king's name, came duly to Kingston's room.

"What's the matter, Kingston?"

"Shryack, shut the door."

"Yes, my dear fellow."

"Lock it."

"Certainly, my dear boy."

"Shryack, I'm going to kill myself."

"My dear fellow, let me entreat you not to do it."

"Don't, it'll be the death of you!"

Shryack was quite cool and jocosely, little dreaming that so terrible an event was actually going to take place.

Kingston had, as the last eccentric act of his life, taken a chisel and mallet to bed with him, and with a desperate resolve he seized the extraordinary tools of death, and in an instant drove the blade of the chisel into his breast!

The hair rose upon Shryack's head, and fright spread like a sheet of snow over his face.

"Kingston! Kingston! my dear fellow—you'd—d—racial, Kingston! do you want to have me hung? Hold on! don't you die till I call somebody!"

Shryack ran to the door, and called like a madman to some people across the street.

"Hallo! here! say, you mister! all you stupid people, make haste over here; there's a murder!"

The people crowded into Kingston's house.

"Don't die, Kingston! Don't chisel me that way! Don't die until you've told me all you did!"

"It did it myself," said Kingston.

"There, th'it'll do; now you may die," replied Shryack, taking a long breath and wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

And Kingston did die, in that extraordinary manner, leaving his fate to be recorded as a suicide that was almost a murder.

It is full fifteen years ago that we asked an acquaintance how he felt while a prisoner in Egypt; but we remember the reply: "I felt like a book—bound in Morocco."

The Reward of Upright Conduct.

"Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise!"—Bentley.

The following story, which was published in one of the periodical journals some time since, is too interesting to be omitted:

"An old chifonier (or rag picker) died in Paris, in a state of the most abject poverty. His only relation was a niece, who lived as a servant with a green-grocer.—This girl always assisted her uncle as far as her slender means would permit. When she learned of his death, which took place suddenly, she was upon the point of marriage with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been attached. The nuptial day was fixed, but Susette had not yet bought her wedding clothes. She hastened to tell her lover that their marriage must be deferred, as she wanted the price of her bridal finery to lay her uncle decently in the grave. Her mistress ridiculed the idea, and exhorted her to leave the old man to be buried by charity. Susette refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost one of her places and her lover, who sided with her mistress. She hastened to the miserable garret where her uncle had expired, and by the sacrifice not only of her wedding attire, but of nearly all the rest of her slender wardrobe, she had the old man decently interred. Her pious task fulfilled, she sat alone in her uncle's room, weeping bitterly, when the master of her faithless love, a young, good looking man, entered. 'So, my good Susette, I find you have broken your place!—I am come to offer you one for life—will you marry me?' 'No, my dear fellow, I am sure I can't find a better.' But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me.' 'Oh! if that is your only objection, we shall soon get over it; come, come along; my mother is prepared to receive you.' Susette hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a memorial of her deceased uncle—it was a cat that he had had for many years.—The old man was so fond of the animal that he was determined even her death should not separate them, for he had had his bed stuffed and placed upon the cover of his bed. A Susette took possession, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her so heavy. The lover hastened to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. There were a thousand louis concealed in the body of the cat; and this sum, which the old miser had stored himself to amass, became the just reward of the worthy girl and her disinterested lover."

Signs of the Weather.

Red clouds in the west at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready they will fall. When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows:—Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter and usually moister than cold air, when the strata of air is high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture of cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the ground, it is almost certain that, as the air flows into it, a decomposition of water will take place.

SINGULAR TRANCE.

At the village of Farringdon, England, situated about nine miles from Bristol, on the road to Wells, a young woman named Anna Cromer, the daughter of a master mason, now lies in a complete state of catlepsy, in which she is claimed as gnomes. About sixteen weeks after the commencement of her trance, she was seized with the lockjaw, which occasions great difficulty in affording her nourishment. The unfortunate young woman is twenty five years of age, and has been visited by a great number of medical gentlemen, who have held out no hopes of her ultimate recovery.

HE WORE A FLASHY WAIKIKOAT.

"He wore a flashy waiikicat, on the night when first we met—with a laggoo pair of whiskers and imperial of jet." His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tones, of a gentleman of eighty thousand dollars all his own. I saw him but a moment, and methinks I see him now, with a very flashy waiikicat, and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brook—no neat Bebees was there, but a shocking bad man was his hat, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within that hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by these worthy officers with kicking up a row."

The Country Lassie & Her Lover.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

"To-morrow, ma, I'm a sweet sixteen, And Billy Grim, the drover, He's poppy'd the question in me, ma, And wants to be my lover; To-morrow morn, he says, ma-ma, He's coming here quite early, To take a pleasant walk with me Across the field of barley."

"You must not go, my gentle dear, There's no use now a talking; You shall not go across the field, With Billy Grim a walking. To think of his presumption, too! The dirty, ugly drover; I wonder where your pride has gone, To think of such a lover."

"Oh! Cousin, is that you, ma-ma, And Billy is so lovely! Besides, they say, to Grim's estate, This Billy is the only surviving heir to all that's left; And that they say is nearly A good ten thousand dollars— And six hundred year's!"

"I'd not hear, my daughter dear, Your last remark quite clearly, But Billy is a clever lad, And no doubt loves you dearly! Remember, then, to-morrow morn, He'll be up bright and early, To take a pleasant walk with him Across the field of barley!"

An Evening with the "Spirits."

We were present on Thursday evening at a party of gentlemen, who had been invited to the chambers of Rev. Dr. Griwald, in Broadway, to meet the Rochester ladies, whose connection with the mysterious knockings has called forth such a general curiosity. The party had been arranged by Mr. Griwald, who has been incredulous from the first with regard to any supernatural character of the manifestations, with a view to examine the actual facts of the case, and to obtain material for the formation of a correct judgment.—It consisted of persons whose general character for intelligence and probity, was a guarantee against their being deluded by hasty impressions, and who, probably without exception, had no predisposition in favor of the principal actors in the movement. Indeed, several gentlemen were invited who had been known to express the most entire scepticism with regard to the extraordinary nature of the sounds, believing them to be the result of contrivance and imposture. Among the guests of Dr. Griwald we may without impropriety mention the names of Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper, Mr. George Banger, Rev. Dr. Hawke, Dr. J. W. Francis, Dr. Marcy, Mr. N. P. Willis, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Bigelow of the Evening Post, Mr. Richard B. Kimball, Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, and Gen. Lyman, without meaning in the slightest degree to mix them up in the exhibition, or to intimate the kind of impressions made on their minds, or on that of Dr. Griwald, by the occurrences of the evening.

The ladies had been previously consulted, and after ascertaining that the manifestations would take place, to a certain degree, consented to meet the party. In order to prevent any suspicion as to the arrangement of the room, the lights, closets, &c., the reunion was appointed at the house of Dr. Griwald, which neither of the ladies had ever entered before the party had assembled. A little past 8 o'clock they made their appearance—Mrs. Fox, an elderly lady, the mother of the "ghost-better" (which word we use for want of a better), Mrs. Fish, a married daughter, and her two young sisters, with a couple of gentlemen from Rochester, whose names we did not learn.

For some time, perhaps a little over half an hour, after the arrival of the ladies, no sounds were heard, and the company gave obvious symptoms of impatience.—They were then requested to draw nearer the table, which was in front of the ladies, and form themselves into a compact circle. Soon after, faint sounds began to be heard from under the floor, around the table and in different parts of the room. They increased in loudness and frequency, becoming so clear and distinct that no one could deny their presence, nor trace them to any visible cause. The question was now asked by the gentlemen, "Will the spirits converse with any one present?" No satisfactory answer was obtained, though there was a general rumbling—succession of sounds, the purport of which appeared to be ambiguous, to those who professed to be most conversant with the language.—The question was then put more definitely, with regard to several gentlemen present. After a good deal of coquetting it was said that replies would be given to any questions proposed by Dr. Marcy.—He inquired whether the spirit which he wished to converse with was a relation—was a child—and what was its age at the time of its death. We understood Dr. Marcy to say that the answers were correct, but nothing worthy of notice was elicited.

Mr. Henry Tuckerman was the next to propound inquiries, which, contrary to the usual custom, he expressed audibly, so as to be heard by the ladies and the whole company. Having fixed in his mind the name of the individual, he asked, "Did he live in New York?" No answer.—"In Baltimore? In Cambridge? In Boston?"—three distinct raps, which is the sign of an affirmative answer. A negative reply is indicated by silence.—Mr. T. continued, "Was he a lawyer? A merchant? A physician? A clergyman?" "Knocks." "Was he an Epicurean?" "Knocks." "Was he a Unitarian?"—going over the names of the principal sects. No answer. At the suggestion of a gentleman, Mr. T. asked, "Was he a Christian?" "Knocks." Mr. T. then asked the age by a series of tens. "Was he twenty years old at the time of his death?" Fifty! Sixty! "Knocks." "Was he left a family?" "Knocks." "Did he die in Boston? In Philadelphia? In Albany? In Northampton? In Bennington?" "Knocks." "Did he die of consumption? Of fever? Of cholera? Of old age?" "Knocks."

was the late Rev. Dr. Channing of Boston, who died in Bennington, Vt., while on a journey. The degree of correctness in the answers may be judged by the reader. It may be stated, however, that for the last years of his life Dr. C. disclaimed the use of all sectarian names, preferring to be called only a Christian, and that though under seventy, his physical powers had long suffered from premature exhaustion.

Rev. Dr. Hawks was then urgently solicited by several of the party to propose inquiries, to which, after some hesitation, he reluctantly consented. He did not meet with any great success. The sounds uttered were faint, and almost inaudible at several times, and in the great majority of cases indicated an incorrect reply.—Dr. Hawks pursued his inquiries with exemplary patience, but, after several more ineffectual attempts, he resigned the floor to Dr. John W. Francis, who was welcomed with the general roll of knockings, from the mysterious agency, seeming to claim the privilege of old and intimate acquaintance. With his proverbial urbanity, seating himself as if at the bedside of a patient, Dr. F. asked, in terms of the most insinuating blandness, whether the spirits present would converse with any member of the company? Would they vouchsafe to speak to his illustrious friend, the world-renowned author, Mr. Cooper? Would they converse with the great American poet, Mr. Bryant? To these questions he repeated the same humble individual as his guest? Loopy! Loopy! Dr. F. then asked—fitting on a person. Was he an American? Was he an Englishman? Was he a Scotchman? The knocks were loud and unambiguous. Was he a merchant? Was he a lawyer?—Was he an author? Loud knocks. Will you tell his name? Here the spirits called for the alphabet by sounds intelligible to the ladies. It then spelled out B-u-r, when the company indelicately, but spontaneously, interrupted by crying out Robt. Burns. This was the true answer, and after the interview with the favorite Scotch poet, Dr. F. declined any further communication.

Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper was then requested to enter into the supra-mundane sphere, and proceeded to interrogate the spirits, with the most imperturbable self-possession and deliberation. After several desultory questions, from which no satisfactory answers were obtained, Mr. C. commenced a new series of inquiries. Is the person I inquire about a relative? Yes, was at once indicated by the knocks. A near relative? Yes. A man? No answer. A woman? Yes. A daughter? A mother? A wife? No answer. A sister? Yes. Mr. C. then asked the number of years since her death. To this the answer was given in rapid and indistinct knocks, some counting 45, others 49, &c. After considerable pausing, as if in the manner in which the questions should be answered, the consent of the invisible interlocutor was given to knock the years so slowly that they might be distinctly counted. This was done. Knock, knock, knock—for what seemed over a minute, till the number amounted to fifty, and was unanimously announced by the company. Mr. C. now asked, Did she die of consumption—naming several diseases, to which no answer was given. Did she die by accident? Yes. Was she killed by lightning? Yes. Was she shot? Yes. Was she thrown from a horse? Yes. Mr. Cooper did not pursue his inquiries any further, and stated to the company that the answers were correct, the persons alluded to by him being a sister, who, just fifty years ago the present month, was killed by being thrown from a horse.

The evening was now far advanced, and it was not thought desirable to continue the colloquies any further. At the suggestion of several gentlemen, the ladies retired from the room, where they had sat during the evening, and remained standing in another part of the room. The knockings were now heard on the doors, at both ends of the room, producing a vibration on the panels, which was felt by every one who touched them. Different gentlemen stood on the outside and inside of the door at the same time, when loud knockings were heard on the side opposite that where they stood. The ladies were at such a distance from the door in both cases, as to lend no countenance to the idea that the sounds were produced by any direct communication with them. They now went into a parlor, under the room in which the party was held, accompanied by several gentlemen, and the sounds were then produced with great distinctness, causing sensible vibrations in the sofa, and apparently coming from a thick hearth-rug before the fireplace, as well as from other quarters of the room.

Such are the most important facts, which we can recall of the manifestations of the evening. We believe we have stated them without any coloring whatever, as they appeared to every one present; but with regard to their origin or their nature, we are as much in the dark as any of our readers. The manners and bearing of the ladies are such as to create a predisposition in their favor. They have no theories to offer in explanation of the acts of their mysterious attendants, and apparently have no control of their incomings or outgoing. But if the sounds are not made by their agency, are they made by the spirits of the departed? If so, why do they come such an unusual journey, on an unprofitable errand? At the utmost, they only exhibit their credentials, but bring no message. After the first introduction, their silence is as unmitigated as that of the awkward stranger, who having exhausted the weather, had not another word to say. We wait for further disclosures without wishing to hasten the course of delaying time, and recommending our readers to see for themselves, take shelter in a discreet, and somewhat apathetic non-committalism.

Well, we'll begin on a new column.

TRUTH AT LAST.—There is an eastern story of a person who taught the parrot to repeat all the words, "what doubt is there of that?" He carried it to market for sale, fixing the price at one hundred rupees.—A Mongul asked the parrot, "are you worth a hundred rupees?" The parrot answered, "What doubt is there of that?"—The Mongul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all that it could say. Ashamed of his bargain, he said to himself, "I was a fool to buy this bird." The parrot exclaimed as usual, "What doubt is there of that?"

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—The twenty-four letters of the alphabet may be trans-formed 824,433,401,733,239,489,260,000 times. All the inhabitants of the globe, on a rough calculation, could not, in a thousand million of years, write down all the transpositions of the twenty-four letters, even supposing that each wrote four pages daily, each of which pages contained forty different transpositions of the letters.

TO FARMERS.—It may be well for farmers to bear in mind that an Act was passed by the last Legislature, providing that no person shall be entitled to damages done to crops, land or premises, by the horses, cattle, swine or sheep of another person—unless such crops, land or premises were enclosed with a substantial fence at least four and a half feet high.

A friend of ours was telling us not long since, of an acquaintance of his in South Carolina, who was noted for mendacity. He related of him the following anecdote: Said some one to the liar, "do you remember the time the stars fell many years ago?" "Yes," said Mendax.

"Well," remarked the other, "I've heard it was all a deception—that the stars did not actually fall."

"Don't you believe it?" returned Mendax, with a knowing look; "they fell in my yard as big as goose eggs. I've got one of 'em yet, only the children played with it so much they've wore the shiny points off!"

LEMON PIES.—A good pie can be made of lemon and molasses, as follows: Press out the juice of a lemon in two tea cups full of molasses, grate in a dial peck of anion, cover a plate with a layer of crust, spread over the mixture, lay on a thin crust, spread on another layer of the mixture, and over that lay a top crust; bake thoroughly, and you will have an excellent and wholesome pie. One lemon will make two pies.

"Oh, ain't that your honor again?" to give me, seen? as it's myself that saved your honor's house from turning to ashee entirely!"

"How so, Pat?"

"Ain't sure, when it touched afire, wasn't I the second one that holered fire first?"

"I'm a great gun," said a tipsy typto, who had been on a bender for a week.—

"Yes," said the foreman, "you'r a great gun, half cocked, and you may consider yourself discharged." "Well," said the typto, "when I 'spose I'd better go off!"—Exit.

"Did you say, Jones, that your wife had the flu?" "Yes, she has them quite often."

"Well, I wish my wife were similarly afflicted. She has tried a dozen'dress-makers within the last twelve months, and not a fit to suit her has she got yet."

"Will you have a pinch of snuff?" inquired a quite of a young lady, a few days ago. "No, I thank you, but a few rays, 'I consider my nose an ornament to my face, and not a dust hole."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; and a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

MYSTERIOUS KNOCKINGS.—The following "elegant extract" accounts for all mysterious knockings:

"Where folks believe in witches, witches are; where folks that don't believe—there are no witches as they say!"

A DUTCH STORY.—I and proder Honore and two oder togs, vash out hunting next week, and we trove nine woodchuck into a stone heap, and kilt ten out of them before they cot in.

A poor woman, who lived in the olden country, had two children, one of whom dying she caused it to be buried there.—Soon after coming to America the other died also, and it was buried here. Wishing to commemorate the place, she put a gravestone with the following inscription:

"Here lie two children dear— One in old Ireland, 'tother one here."

FORTUNE'S FROLICKS.—A short time since, Louis Napoleon was carrying a cudgel about London streets, doing duty as a special constable. Lamarine at that moment was the topmost man in France, and the attracted the gaze of the whole world. The wheel of fortune is now turned. Louis is at the top and Lamarine is living in a garret, or nobody knows where. The next turn may bring Louis down but will hardly bring Lamarine up again.

None know what it is to gain a living until they are forsaken by friends, and compelled to live upon their own resources.

Zeal without judgment is like gunpowder in the hands of a child.

A person who was very fond of relating his dreams, observed in the presence of John Randolph, that he dreamed last night of him! "That was very natural," replied Randolph, "for a person almost invariably dreams by night of what is running through his head all day."

CHURCH FULL.—An ex-Governor relates a good story of a man whose life had not been entirely happy, who applied to a worthy deacon for admission into his church. "I'm unwilling to offend him, and yet not inclined to receive him, the deacon replied.—"The church is full just now, when there is a vacancy I will notify you!"