

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1852.

NUMBER 48.

VOLUME XXII.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF ADAMS CO. FOR 1851.

Commissioners' Office, Adams County, Pa.

AGREEABLY to an Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to raise County Rates and Levies," requiring the Commissioners of the respective counties to publish a Statement of the RECEIPTS and EXPENDITURES, yearly—We, the Commissioners of said county, do Report as follows, viz: From the 7th day of January, A. D., 1851, to the 6th day of January, A. D., 1852—both days inclusive:

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK, Esq., Treasurer, and Commissioners, in account with the County of Adams, as follows:

DR.	CR.
To outstanding County Tax and Quit Rents in hands of Collectors	By auditing and settling public accounts, S. H. Neely, Auditor appointed by the Court to audit the public offices, 95 81
County Rates and Levies assessed for 1851, 4090 55	Sheriff's bills of Court costs, 203 00
Borough of Gettysburg, 4018 68	Treasurer of Poor-house, 4300 00
Do. Do. Quit Rents, 177 60	Fox and wild cat scalps, 19 98
Cumberland township, 898 36	Abatement to Collectors of 5 per cent., 1039 68
Germany do. 605 64	Assessors' pay, 96 23
Oxford do. 835 16	Coroner and Justice fees for Inquisitions, 137 74
Henningsburg do. 887 45	Wood for public buildings, 328 88
Laporte do. 549 35	Rent for house for Sheriff Pickles, 43 08
Hanilton do. 981 81	Public printing and blanks, 317 37
Liberty do. 740 73	Grand Jury and Tip Slave's pay, 1851, 1000 88
Hamilton do. 625 84	General Jury and Tip Slave's pay, 1851, 99 87
Menallen do. 873 79	Certificates of Constable's returns, 2 50
Snyder do. 740 15	Medical attendance on prisoners, 246 78
Franklin do. 480 36	Jailor's fees for keeping prisoners, 1180 37
Conowingo do. 740 15	Road damages and damage views, 5481 82
Tyrone do. 480 36	Notes and interest paid, 70 00
Mountain do. 490 47	Court Crier's pay, 1 12
Mumpspleasant do. 387 25	Repairs at prison and public buildings, 209 12
Reading do. 317 96	Justice and Constable's fees for committing vagrants, 19 57
Berwick do. 754 47	Officers' pay, General Election, 481 11
Freedom do. 608 61	Officers' pay, Spring Election, 310 60
Union do.	
Butler do.	
Cash received upon sundry loans, 5750 00	For compiling a new Judgments Docket from old Dockets and papers, by order of Court, according to the act of Assembly of March 27, 1827, showing all liens since June 1, 1846—revivals—i. e. a—Sheriff's returns—computation of interest—how many satisfied, assigned, &c. Clerk of Quarter Sessions, for new indexes prepared to old Dockets B. C. D., and Road Indexes to same, and binding several large Dockets in that office, under order of Court, 498 50
Fine received from Henry Chronister, Abatement on State Tax, Harrisburg, Received from Sheriff for Jury fees, Additional Tax, " costs for Inquisition, Errors and Taxes refunded, 1850, " " " 1851,	Register and Recorder, for transcribing mutilated Will and Deed books—adding indexes, and comparing same—under order of Court, 300 00
	For indexing Judgments Dockets from 1844 to 1850 including Appearance Dockets entire—binding and repairing Dockets N. O. and R. by order of Court, D. S. Stoner, Esq., contract of Jail, in full, " " " for Stable, " " " Bake Oven and Scullery, &c., " " " Outbuildings, " " " extra work to Jail required after contract was fulfilled, 456 00
	Counsel to Commissioners, annual salary, 30 00
	Do. for services in connection with contracts, &c., for new Jail, and argument of cases in Court, 40 00
	Quit Rents paid Geo. Himes, up to 1st January, 1851, 202 50
	John G. Moringstatter, Esq., Commissioner's pay, 1851, 186 50
	John Musselman, Jr., Esq., do. 392 50
	Jacob Grist, Esq., do. 120 00
	William Bridges, late Sheriff, summoning Jurors, 332 11
	Repairs at bridges, 19 61
	Postage and stationery for office, 81 00
	J. S. Hildebrand & Co., contract in full Berlin bridge, 690 00
	Beds and Building, &c., for prison, 60 00
	Directors of Poor pay, 254 97
	Exonerations on county orders, 904 95
	Collectors' fees, 300 00
	Balance due Treasurer at last settlement, 1654 63
	Treasurer's salary, 300 00
	Outstanding Taxes and Quit Rents, 501 75
	Balance in hands of Treasurer, 25,913 70

DR.	CR.
To outstanding County Tax and Quit Rents appear to be in the hands of the following Collectors, viz:	
1848. John G. Frey, Borough of Gettysburg, 852 36	
1848. Jacob Adams, Conowingo, 73 86	
1850. Leonard McElwee, Huntingdon, 101 99	
" Samuel Studebaker, Tyrone, 268 66	
1851. Samuel Weaver, Borough of Gettysburg, 103 61	
" Joseph Barker, Cumberland, 103 09	
" David Shriver, Oxford, 146 16	
" Joseph J. Smith, Huntingdon, 117 45	
" Joseph Trimmer, Eastmore, 64 25	
" Aaron Cox, Tyrone, 109 72	
" Martin (etc.), Liberty, 111 59	
" Philip Bonhomme, Straban, 68 36	
" Hugh Garrott, Tyrone, 114 67	
" Andrew Smith, Mumpspleasant, 62 25	
" John Fely, Berwick, 97 27	
" Joshua Brown, Freedom, 86 61	
" Henry Slaybaugh, Butler, 86 61	
	\$1,654 69

IN TESTIMONY that the foregoing statement of Receipts and Expenditures, exhibited at the office of the Treasurer of said county, is a correct and true copy, as taken from and compared with the originals remaining in the books in this office, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two (1852).
JOHN MUSSELMAN, Jr.,
JACOB GRIST,
A. REEVER, Commissioners.

DR.	CR.
Outstanding Tax for 1846, 114 85	Due Treasurer at last settlement, 950 00
Do. for 1848, 59 36	Exonerations for 1846, 14 85
Do. for 1849, 345 28	Do. for 1849, 20 16
Do. for 1850, 2400 56	Do. for 1850, 116 13
Do. for 1851, 177 60	Do. for 1851, 94 83
Quit Rents for 1850, 15,097 87	Fees for 1849, 77 08
Amount of Taxes assessed for 1851, 177 50	Do. for 1850, 534 31
Quit Rents for 1851, 5750 00	Do. for 1851, 293 56
Cash received from sundry persons, 673 68	Outstanding Tax and Quit Rents for 1848, 59 36
Fine received from Henry Chronister, 24 00	Do. for 1849, 78 86
Abatement on State Tax, Harrisburg, 9 30	Do. for 1850, 158 78
Jury fees received from Sheriff Pickles, 17 04	Do. Tax for 1851, 1865 25
Additional Taxes received, 37 27	Do. Quit Rents for 1851, 104 50
Received costs for acquisition, 95 88	Disbursements on county orders, 21,241 04
Errors and Taxes refunded, 27 00	Treasurer's salary, 300 00
Do. do. do. 86 61	Balance in hands of Treasurer, 501 75
	\$25,913 70

WE, the undersigned, Auditors of the county of Adams, Pa., elected and sworn in pursuance of law, do Report that we met, did audit, settle and adjust, according to law, the accounts of the Treasurer and Commissioners of said county, commencing on the 7th day of January, 1851, and ending on the 6th day of January, 1852, both days inclusive. That said account, as settled above, and entered of record in Settlement Book, in the Commissioners' Office of Adams county, is correct—and that we find a balance due to the county of Adams by Samuel Fahnestock, Esq., Treasurer of county, in cash, of Five Hundred and Nine Dollars and Seventy-five Cents; and in outstanding Tax, One Thousand Six Hundred and Fifty-four Dollars and Sixty-nine Cents.

February 5, 1852.
JOHN BLUNDR, F. HOFFMAN, ANDREW MARSHALL, Jr., Auditors of the County of Adams.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pa.
WE, the undersigned, duly elected Auditors to settle and adjust the public accounts of the Treasurer and Commissioners of said county, having been sworn and affirmed agreeably to law—Report the following to be a general statement of said account, from the 7th day of January, A. D., 1851, to the 6th day of January, A. D., 1852, both days inclusive:

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK, Esq., Treasurer, and Commissioners, in account with the County of Adams.

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INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!
THE Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company, located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, and for townships, rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in insurance, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Book of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no traveling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be obtained.
The Managers are: Samuel Miller, A. R. Stevenson, Geo. Swopes, and D. A. Buehler, Gettysburg; Wm. B. Wilkeson, Menallen; Robert M. Curdy, Cumberland; Jacob King, Straban; Andrew Hildebrand, Franklin; A. W. Magly, Hanilton; J. L. Noel, Oxford; J. Musselman, Jr., Liberty; H. A. Peck, Reading; Jacob Grise, Eastmore.

MORE NEW GOODS.
GEORGE ARNOLD
HAS just received from Philadelphia an additional supply of those cheap Long Shawls, Cloths, Cassimeres, Lawns, Ponies, Alpaca Lusters, Flannels, Domestic, Fresh Groceries, &c., &c., all of which will be sold at very reduced prices. Please call.
N. B.—I would inform my customers and the public generally that I will remove my Store to Sell's Corner in the spring, where I will be pleased to see all who may favor me with a call.
GEORGE ARNOLD.
Nov. 28, 1851—M

FOR SALE OR RENT,
THE VALUABLE THREE-STORY DWELLING HOUSE
in which my family now resides in the Borough of Gettysburg. It is one of the best in town, and will be sold or leased on low and accommodating terms. For further information, call on my brother-in-law Mr. George Swopes in Gettysburg, who is fully authorized to act for me in the premises. Possession given on the first of April next.
N. B.—There is a perpetual Insurance on account of the best Fire Insurance Companies in the State, the policy for which will be transferred to the purchaser.
DANIEL M. SMYSER.
Nov. 28, 1851—M

SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH,
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully inform their friends and the public that they continue the TAILORING business, at the old stand, and solicit a continuance of the public patronage. Garments made in the shortest time possible.
The New York and Philadelphia Full and Undergarments have just been received.

LAST NOTICE
THE subscriber hereby gives notice to those who have promised him WOOD on account, that he is in want of it, and that unless it is delivered forthwith, without further notice, the account will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, and the money required.
T. WARREN.

THE GLASS OF WINE.

Sweet Marion Linnale! She was the gentlest, dearest, best beloved of old and young, in our little village of Alderton. No one was so good a favorite of the children as Marion. She could scarcely stir abroad without having two or three sunny-haired ones attend, like grass, on her footsteps. And she loved the dear young creatures as tenderly as if she had been an angel, and they the objects of her special care. Marion was beautiful. Beautiful, not as a Hobe; but spiritually beautiful, if I may so speak. In person, she was rather below the middle stature, but delicately and symmetrically made. Her countenance did not strike you at first; still, few looked at her who did not turn almost involuntarily, to look again, for the very soul of goodness was in her gentle face, and looked from her blue and heavenly eyes. Yes, all loved Marion Linnale, for no one could help loving her. But there was one who loved her with a more ardent passion than the rest, and that was Mark Wilford, a gay, hearty, high-spirited young man. He was the eldest son of Judge Wilford. So many it was a cause of wonder that Marion should yield her heart to the fascinations of one like Wilford, so opposite in character in every particular. But, Love rarely regards merits and bounds which the wisest mark out for him.

Mark, after passing through College, was sent to Boston by his father to an eminent counsellor in that city. Here his social feelings soon drew him into the society of young men as fond of pleasure as himself, and he led, from the beginning, rather a free life. Six months after leaving Alderton for Boston, he returned, and on the same day he called over to see Marion. There was something in the appearance of Mark that affected the pure-hearted maiden with pain the moment she looked at him; and when he bent close to kiss her, and breathed in her face, the odor of brandy was so strong that it produced a momentary sickness. When they parted, up to her chamber, and after closing the door, sat down and wept silently.

On the next day Mark came over for Marion in his father's rockaway, and insisted on her riding out with him. She did not wish to go, yet was not prepared to decline the invitation. The brief debate in her mind was decided in favor of the young man's request. About a mile from Alderton stands a public house, much frequented by pleasure parties from the village. Out to this Mark Wilford drove, and alighting walked with Marion into the beautiful garden laid out for the accommodation of visitors. Entering one of the arbors, he called to a servant and ordered refreshments, naming, particularly, a bottle of wine. Already he had been drinking enough to give his spirits an unusual degree of volatility; a fact perceived by Marion, much to her grief, soon after they commenced their ride.

"No, not wine, Mark," said she quickly, speaking from the impulse of the moment.
"Why not? Yes, wine; a bottle of your best pale sherry."
The servant girl departed, and Mark turned to Marion with light and josing words. His eyes were not clear enough to look through the gentle smile she had forced to her face, and see the sadness that was beneath.

Soon the refreshments came, and Mark's first act was to fill a glass of wine and offer it to Marion. But she drew back and said "No."
"Then I will drink two glasses for every one I would have taken—one for you and one for myself alternately," he replied gaily, and raising the glass to his lips, emptied it in a breath. A second and a third glass followed, and then perceiving the deep sadness that was veiling the face of the sweet girl, he drew his arm around her, and commenced singing the words of Moore:

"Nay tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
One charm of fey and fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy snary frowns
Are all I have sunk in its bright waves yet.
Nay, had I been
Been lost in the stream
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
That spell of thine eyes,
Still floats on the surface, and hallow my bow;
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like fountains that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The boys that brighten my eye for thee."
Marion listened until he was done, shrinking farther and farther from him, while the shadows deepened on her heart as love's sorrows began.

"Take me back, Mark," said she, rising as he finished the drinking song. She spoke in a tone that half-sobered the young man and caused him to return the glass he was about lifting from the table.
"And do you really wish to go home?"
"Yes, Mark, take me back. I must go back at once."
Not a word more was said. Marion moved away from the arbor, and Mark walked silently by her side. Brief were the sentences they uttered as they rode back to the village; and when they passed at Marion's door, it was in silence.

Whether Mark was angry or not, that

did not know. Indeed, she did not think of that. He was changed, and she felt an inward shrinking from him.
Mark did not visit Marion again during his stay of a week in Alderton. Shame, rather than anger, kept him away; for he understood clearly the meaning of the sudden shrinking from him when he sang the drinking song, the words of which, when he thought of them in his sober state, he saw to be far different from those he should address to her.

A year afterwards, Mark Wilford stood above a grassy hillock in the grave-yard at Alderton. Beneath reposed all that was mortal of Marion Linnale. Tears were in his eyes and sadness in his heart; for the form of Marion was before him, as love's eclipse fell upon her gentle spirit, and she tarried from him in the vine wreathed arbor. He had lost her from that moment, and— for what?

NEVER DESPAIR.
The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Ghloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shall light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From woefulness' scheme of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The falling bloom and dry seed being once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of changing Tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, fall of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth;
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic Need
Begets the Deed;
Nerve them that soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair.
From "Dickens' Household Words."

THE MAN OF TRUTH.
It requires stern integrity and high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest, as the world goes, is to be one pick-out of a thousand." Our will must be confirmed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known." All persons must encounter difficulties; to overcome them is the prerogative of the pure and just. They who enter the furnace in faithfulness to themselves and highest virtue; shall not miss the form of the fourth in the flames, but shall come forth unharmed, as the Babylonish captives were delivered through the infinitely greater calamity of apostasy. For turning aside from the true and safe path, Jacob was chastened to the end of his days. Peter was openly rebuked. Judas and Ananias are left on record, beacons powerful in their doom as they should be powerful to warn. Man in his best state is weak, and needs to pray, with David, "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I may not be ashamed. I will walk in mine integrity; and redoubt me and be merciful to me."

Integrity is a lofty virtue—one that is a prime element in every trustworthy character. Solomon says, "A faithful witness will not lie; but a false witness will utter lies." A true man is moved neither by smiles or frowns, neither by pious gain nor personal obloquy, to swerve from the truth. He is actuated by the strictest law of rectitude, and therefore is a man of trust. His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; his love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; his tears pure messengers sent from his heart; his heart is as far from fraud as Heaven is from earth.

THE WIFE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.
A correspondent of the "Newark Daily" gave the following anecdote respecting Mrs. Washington, which he obtained from an old family in Whippany, N. J., named Vail. Mrs. Vail's first husband's mother, Mrs. Tuttle, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought, even by those who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors, was Mrs. Troupe, a lady of a half-pay captain in the British navy. She is described as a lady of affable manners, and of intelligence, and much esteemed.

One day she visited Mrs. Tuttle, and the usual compliments were hardly passed, before she said, "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T? I have been to see Lady Washington."
"Have you, indeed? Then tell me all about her, how you found her, ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."
"Well, I will honestly tell you," answered Mrs. Troupe. "I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see, Madame, and Madame, and Madame Budd and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be a kind lady, we thought we must put on our best bibbs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting; and with a speckled check apron on!" She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for herself and her husband!"

"And that was not all. In the afternoon her ladyship took occasion to say, in a way that we could not be offended at it, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their countrywomen, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent by our determination to do without what we cannot make ourselves. While our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry!"

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Mrs. Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions, and withal, in such a way that they could not take offence. In this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position, than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments which are often found in princesses and queens. In the relations she occupied, her knitting work and her check apron were equally ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen.

Benedict, the Married Man.
The following amusing sketch is from a book recently published, entitled "Dreams of Life," by Ike Marvel.
"You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are earnest in search of your friends; you shake hands with your office boy, as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washerwoman; and give her a shilling over change, and insist upon her keeping it; and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your backman on the shoulder very familiarly, and tell him he is a capital fellow; and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the post office."
You even ask him to take a glass of beer with you upon some chilly evening. You drink to the health of his wife. He says he has no wife;—whereupon you think him a very miserable man; and give him a dollar by way of consolation.

You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written;—whether upon your side or upon the other. You think the stock-market has a very cheerful look,—with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Homans, or Stoddard, or any of the rest. You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers, as you saunter along the street; and say—but not so loud as to be overheard—"she is mine—she is mine!"
You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one half as well as you love Madge? You feel sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men, and borne off like the Sabine women in the Roman history. You chuckle over your future, like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpences. You read over the marriage service, thinking of the time when you will take her hand, and slip the ring upon her finger, and repeat after the clergyman—"for richer—for poorer—for better—for worse!" A great deal of "worse" there will be about it you think! Through all, your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge, as light sweats to day. The weeks leap with a bound; and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are tame.

—And after marriage, the weeks are even shorter than before; you wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar; you look upon them all as a travelled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor, who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow-voyagers; and look upon their wives—ugly as they may be—as better than none.
You blush a little at first telling your butcher what your wife would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugar and tea, and wonder if he knows you are a married man? You practice your new way of talk upon your office boy; you tell him that your wife expects you home to dinner, and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it!

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married; and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand him is for "self and wife?" You wonder if any body was ever so happy before, or ever will be so happy again?
You enter your name upon the hotel books, as "Clarence" and lady; and come back to look at it—wondering if any body else has noticed it—and thinking it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife; nor do you think it very sinful in him, to wish it. You fear it is putting temptation in the way of covetous men, to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber door at night.

Early Times in Indiana.
Said Major Oudeley, as he casually dropped in on us yesterday morning, and commenced talking away, in his usual quiet, chatty and peculiar manner:
"I'm sick and tired of this artificial way of doing things in these latter days."
"Why so, Major?"
"There is an eternal site too much parade about everything that is going on. I was at a wedding last night; the daughter of an old and much esteemed friend was to be married, and I was so urgently invited that I couldn't help going. There was so much fuss and parade that I was perfectly disgusted. I could not help comparing the proceedings where a couple were married in Lawrenceburg many years ago, when Indians formed part of the great western territory. At that time the settlements of the emigrants were mostly confined to the rich bottom lands of the water courses. Lawrenceburg was a small village of a few log cabins. My father was acting magistrate for the district, and very promptly attended to all the various duties of that office, in addition to which he was in the habit of doing a great deal of manual labor on his own hook."
"That was when you wasn't big enough to do much, Major?"
"Exactly; I was a tow-headed brat of some eight or ten years old when the incident I am about to relate took place, but I remember all the particulars as well as if it occurred yesterday. You see it was about dinner time one day in the fall of the year, when the old man, being engaged in laying in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up his ox team with a pretty solid load of logs."
"Just then a young and unsophisticated couple entered the village, hand in hand, inquired for the squire, and were duly directed to the house. The youth was barefooted, and wore a coarse but tow-linen shirt and pants, and rough straw hat of home manufacture. His fall companion was dressed in a blue cotton frock, pink cotton apron, fine bonnet, and wears brogan shoes without stockings."
"We have come to get married," said the young man to the old lady, my mother, who was properly busy among the old pots and kettles.
"That's a very good business," said she, smiling graciously, "though you appear to look very young; but there's the squire, just now drove up; he'll splice you in less than no time."
"So out she bolted to give the fortunate functionary due notice of the important business in hand.
"I can't stop (ill I unload this wood," said the old man; "tell them to come out here."
"Out they went.
"The old man was on the top of the cart, and every time he threw off a stick he asked a question. Before he was fairly unladen, he had the youth's whole story, having ascertained the names, ages, and residence of the parties, how long he had known the young woman, if he really loved her, and was willing to labor honestly to promote her happiness, etc.
"The youngsters gave simple and satisfactory answers to all the questions propounded.
"In the meantime the old lady, perfectly understanding the way of doing things, had sent out to say to the people that a wedding was coming off at the house; and by the time the wood was unloaded, quite a crowd had collected to witness the ceremony.
"The old fellow, having pitched out the last stick, and picked up his long load, stood up in the cart, and commenced the performances.
"Just jine hands," said he to the young couple.
"It was done accordingly.
"I am satisfied with both of ye," he continued, "you've a perfect right to get married." And he united 'em in short order.
"As the rafters on my house are jined together, so I jine you are man and wife—salute your bride. I don't charge you anything for the operation. Whoa haw, Buck; get along, Bright."
"And, with an eloquent flourish of his long stick, he started for another load of wood, leaving the newly-wedded pair amid the villagers, kissing each other with a very distinct and particular evidence of satisfaction.
"That was a wedding worth having," continued Major Oudeley; "I knew the couple afterwards, and know them yet, for they are living in a high state of prosperity. And I know their children after them, too, and mighty fine children they are, for one of them is at this very time Governor of the State of Indiana."—*Durkington Times*, etc.

Your home, when it is entered, is just what it ought to be—quiet, small—with every thing she wishes, and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way;—the piano is the sweetest toned in the world;—the library is stocked to a charm;—and Madge, that blessed wife, is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death, is a suffering you class with the tortures of the Inquisition. You grow wain of heart and purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage; and you wonder how you ever were them before!"

NEVER DESPAIR.
The opal-hued and many-perfumed Morn
From Ghloom is born;
From out the sullen depth of ebon Night
The stars shall light;
Gems in the rayless caverns of the earth
Have their slow birth;
From woefulness' scheme of winter-hours
Come summer flowers;
The bitter waters of the restless main
Give gentle rain;
The falling bloom and dry seed being once more
The year's fresh store;
Just sequences of changing Tones afford
The full accord;
Through weary ages, fall of strife and ruth,
Thought reaches truth;
Through efforts long in vain, prophetic Need
Begets the Deed;
Nerve them that soul with direst need to cope;
Life's brightest hope
Lies latent in Fate's deadliest lair—
Never despair.
From "Dickens' Household Words."

THE MAN OF TRUTH.
It requires stern integrity and high moral courage to withstand the temptations of worldly policy and selfishness. "To be honest, as the world goes, is to be one pick-out of a thousand." Our will must be confirmed to the high principles of immutable justice, or personal integrity cannot be maintained. "He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely; but he that perverteth his ways shall be known." All persons must encounter difficulties; to overcome them is the prerogative of the pure and just. They who enter the furnace in faithfulness to themselves and highest virtue; shall not miss the form of the fourth in the flames, but shall come forth unharmed, as the Babylonish captives were delivered through the infinitely greater calamity of apostasy. For turning aside from the true and safe path, Jacob was chastened to the end of his days. Peter was openly rebuked. Judas and Ananias are left on record, beacons powerful in their doom as they should be powerful to warn. Man in his best state is weak, and needs to pray, with David, "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I may not be ashamed. I will walk in mine integrity; and redoubt me and be merciful to me."

Integrity is a lofty virtue—one that is a prime element in every trustworthy character. Solomon says, "A faithful witness will not lie; but a false witness will utter lies." A true man is moved neither by smiles or frowns, neither by pious gain nor personal obloquy, to swerve from the truth. He is actuated by the strictest law of rectitude, and therefore is a man of trust. His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; his love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; his tears pure messengers sent from his heart; his heart is as far from fraud as Heaven is from earth.

THE WIFE OF GEN. WASHINGTON.
A correspondent of the "Newark Daily" gave the following anecdote respecting Mrs. Washington, which he obtained from an old family in Whippany, N. J., named Vail. Mrs. Vail's first husband's mother, Mrs. Tuttle, was a sensible and agreeable woman, whose company was much sought, even by those who, owing to their wealth, moved in more fashionable circles. Among other frequent visitors, was Mrs. Troupe, a lady of a half-pay captain in the British navy