THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1852. NUMBER 39.

Love and Friendship.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.

And thus the friends that flutter near,
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains,
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrups 'midst the blast.

Love, like that bird, when friendships throng
With fortune's sun depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

[*From the Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*]

The Bud Transplanted.

Some years ago a beautiful frail flower sprung up in a land which is separated from our own happy home by the blue waves of the broad Atlantic; but in a clime so ungenial, and in a soil so rough and stony, it could not flourish, although watered by the tears of many kindred. Ere the soft voice of Spring had visited it the third time, the hue of its delicate leaf became pallid; and as the wind whistled by, the fragile stem snapped, even while the dew-drops lingered on the flower. But not forever was dropped its beauteous head, nor was its fragrance forever gone; it was gathered for the Saviour's chaplet, there to bloom in unblemished beauty when the radiant sun shall be quenched, and the fair moon and stars be veiled in eternal night.

This beauteous bud was none other than little Hannah ——, the much-loved, first-born child of idolizing parents. The world—where every flower brings its thorn, where every joy is mingled with pain, where every smile is chased away by tears—was not her home, nor were those fond friends her companions; but Heaven—the bright abode of angels—was her dwelling place, and the cherubim and seraphim her associates. From the time when her lips first learned the name of her Creator, her all-absorbing theme was God and Heaven, and her young spirit seemed to pant for joys more pure than those of earth and sense.

When the weekly prayer meeting was convened under her parents' roof, no persuasion could induce her to be absent, but with a voice musical with infant pleading she would say, "Hannah loves to hear her brother Burnham preach and pray." Tho' for a short season she knelt around the family altar, and her guileless heart beat in unison with the pious breathings of God's people, it was the will of the Saviour to take her home; he only permitted her to stay a few brief days on earth to show how fair are the flowers that bloom in Heaven. When the death shades were hanging over her as she lay cradled in her mother's arms, she softly whispered, "See, mother, see the little girls are coming in white frocks for your Hannah," and then closed her eyes, for though the mother still held the form, angels were wafting the spirit home. They laid her in the quiet churchyard, where the birds chanted her requiem, and the nodding trees and lonely tombstones kept their vigils over her lowly grave.

But where now are the father and mother who long years ago laid their darling away to sleep? That family has, we trust, been re-united in Heaven, and, as we humbly hope, the parents with two loved children have gone to meet their Hannah, never more to be separated. There are three of that family circle yet remaining upon God's footstool, but not many years will elapse before they too may be called away; and oh! if it should so please our Father in Heaven, what a happy re-union will be consummated, when amid the songs of angels that whole family will, with united hearts, kneel at the feet of the Lamb, while their voices are attuned to the music of Heaven.

VISSIONARIES.—What is this world?—a dream within a dream—as we grow older, each step is an inward awakening.—The youth awakes as he thinks from childhood—the full-grown man despises the pursuits of youth as visionary—the old man looks on manhood as a feverish dream. Death the last sleep? No; it is the last and final wakening.

A dandy is a thing in pantaloons, with a body and two arms, head without brains, tight boots, a cane and a white handkerchief, two brooches and a ring on his little finger. A coquette is a young lady with more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms of person than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, and more fools than wise men for her attendants.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

If Franklin tamed the lightning, as it is said, Prof. Morse taught it the English language.

Bashful Men.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

We never yet saw a genuinely bashful man who was not the soul of honor.—Though such may blush and stammer, and shrug their shoulders awkwardly, unable to throw forth with ease the thoughts that they would express, yet commend them to us for friends.

There are fine touches in their characters which time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint is to the unfolding rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

We are astonished that such men are not appreciated; that ladies with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the Sir Mustacio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and handle compliments with a Parisian elegance, while they will not condescend to look upon the worthier man who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is worship.

The man who is bashful in the presence of ladies, is their defender when the loose tongue of the slanderer would defame them. It is not he who boasts of conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist in his imagination alone; his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the name of woman coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of our sex.

Who ever heard of a bashful libertine? The anomaly was never seen. Ease and elegance are his requisites; upon his lips sits flattery ready to play court alike to blue eyes and black; he is never non-plussed, he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word he would professedly lay down his life. Yet it is he who fills our wild city dens with wrecks of female purity; it is he who profanes the holy name of mother, desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes, and all under the mask of a polished gentleman.

Ladies, a word in your ear; have you lovers, and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose him whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leads him to stand aloof, while others crowd around you. If he blushes, stammers even, at your approach, consider them as so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh down in the balance, for depend upon it, with him your life will be happier with poverty, than with many another surrounded by the splendor of palaces.—*Bost. Olive Branch.*

Growing Old.

So long as we may grow therein in wisdom and worth, it is well, it is desirable to live, but no further. To my view, insanity is the darkest, the most appalling of all earthly calamities; but how much better is an old age that drivels and wanders, and misunderstands and forgets? When the soul shall have become choked and smothered by the ruins of its wasting, falling habitation, I should prefer to inhabit that tenement no longer. I should not choose to stand shuddering and trembling on the brink of the dark river, weakly drawing back from the chill of its sweeping flood, when Faith assures me that a new Eden stretches green and fair beyond it, and that the baptism it invites will cleanse the soul of all that now clogs, clouds, and weighs it to the earth. No! when the windows of the mind shall be darkened, when the growth of the soul here shall have been arrested, I would not weakly cling to the earth which will have ceased to nourish and uphold me. Rather "let the golden bowl be loosed and the pitcher broken at the fountain;" let the sun of my existence go down ere the dusky vapors shroud its horizon; let me close my eyes calmly on the things of earth, and let my weary frame sleep beneath the clods of the valley; let the spirit which it can no longer cherish as a guest, be spared the ignominy of detention as a prisoner; but freed from the fetters of clay, let it wing its way through the boundless universe, to wheresoever the benign Father of Spirits shall have assigned it an everlasting home.—*Horace Greely.*

HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, oh! excellent wife, cumber not yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any of the villages; but rather let the stranger see, if he will, in your looks, accent, and behaviour, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city, and for which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hardly, to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board; but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.—*Emerson.*

A company of Chinese Theatrical performers arrived at New York in the last steamer from California.

Sabbath.

The popular religious sentiment sets aside a seventh day from the common avocations of life. Faintly resemblant and much distorted indeed, yet we find it—the Sabbath of the Christians—is observed on Monday by the Greeks, on Tuesday by the Persians, on Wednesday by the Assyrians, on Thursday by the Egyptians, on Friday by the Turks, and on Saturday by the Jews. Indeed we have yet to learn that there exists upon the face of the earth a tribe that does not observe some sort of a Sabbath—some fashion of a rest day.—And when infidel rulers have abolished the Sabbath by legal enactments, the craving for periodical rest, stouter than atheistic commandments or human wickedness, has forced the experimentalist to annul his edicts, and give back to the people their Sabbath, or at least, its image. When nations or individuals have attempted to live without it, a visible curse has hung over all their course, and sooner or later frustrated their most sanguine expectations.—*N. Y. Times.*

The young Men of the Age.

Not long since, we saw a tear glittering in the eye of an old man, as he spoke of the past and the present—of the time when he burned pine knots upon the rude home hearth for light, to obtain a scanty education, and compared the ten thousand privileges which are now scattered broadcast around every door. "Oh," said he, "the young of this day do not appreciate the light of the age they live in." The words of the old man made us sad, while at the same time we felt mortified that so many of our youths fail to improve the advantages within their reach. They are even continually muttering about their lot, and pushing for positions where they can win the reward without the sweetening, purifying, emboldening sacrifice of toil. The miscalled enjoyments of a day are eagerly sought after to the exclusion or neglect of the more honorable, intellectual and useful. In truth, few of our young men know anything of the value of the privileges around them.

WEBSTER'S INTELLECT.—An exchange paper compares Webster's intellect to that which Milton drew when he says:

"with grave
Aspect he rose; and in his rising seemed
A pillar of State. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sate, and public care;
And princely counsel in his visage shown
Majestic * * * * sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of empires; and his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air."

LANGUAGE OF THE LAW.—If a man would, according to law, give to another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you this orange," which one would think would be what is called in legal phraseology "an absolute conveyance of all right and title therein," the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my interest, right, title, and claim, of advantage of and in that orange, with all rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, and otherwise eat the same, or give the same away, as fully and effectually as I, the said A. B., am now inclined to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments, of what nature or kind soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding;" with much more to the same effect. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned men among them, that by the omission of any of these words, the right to the said orange would not pass to the person for whose use the same was intended.

A CLOCK.—Mr. J. H. Hawes, a resident of our village, has just received a newly-invented "Calendar Clock," which is, beyond all doubt, a very ingenious and convenient article. The clock will run for one year without winding or setting, and, in addition to its value as a correct time-piece, its calendar exhibits the month, the day of the week, and the year. The machinery of the clock is simple, and its movements are strictly accurate. Its designation of the day of the month is surprising. For the months having but 30 days it denotes that number, and so for 31 days, while for February it points to only 28, "except for leap year 29." We understand the inventor and two other gentlemen of our village intend immediately to enter upon the manufacture of these clocks upon a large scale. There is money in the invention, and we are glad our citizens are entering on the project.—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Democrat.*

According to a modern tanveller in Germany, they have a very singular custom in that somewhat singular country. During service at Church on the Sabbath, they have a general *concentration of coughing and nose-blowing.* The clergyman pauses at different periods of his discourse, steps back from the pulpit, and stands and blows his nose. The entire congregation at once imitate his example, by coughing, sneezing, and practicing on the nasal organ then, but disturbing the congregation at no other time. It strikes us that this is a good arrangement; for in influenza seasons, or times of a general "cold," the diversified entertainments of this kind are a sad drawback to both preacher and congregation.—*Harper.*

The Syracuse *Star* says that Pierce's election was brought about by a concatenation of fortuitous circumstances superinduced by a succession of unparalleled coincidences.

The Red Ear; or the Husking Frolic.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

In the rural districts, the merry makings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in the cities, towns, nor villages; overweening self-respect has not come in to letter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh of its free utterance.—Feelings and actions are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untramelled by custom and unaffected by art. A merry making *par excellence* is a New England husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There it is a congregation of negroes from various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders," who have so highly amused the public during the last two or three years. But, at the Forth, the "husking," like the quilting, draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present.—Straight-faced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the city folks, gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leafy covering, amid laughter, music and the mingling of sweet voices of old, mere labor comes in too often to perform the service, and silently and coldly does the work.—Yet, here and there, a farmer who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his actual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merry making for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of so many winters, the grass was fresh and green and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual husking was never omitted. It was, like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in its omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D——, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties; and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make one of the party in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed on the arrival of the party from D——, who quickly joined some score or two young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh yes! all that and more, perhaps;" was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on, as the young folks gathered with bright faces around the golden grain, "now for a good old fashioned time. If there are not half a dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all the graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side, and down sank Kate, feeling for the first time, a little awkard and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face, with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, Miss! plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer.—"The tighter we fit in, the better. Lay the brands close if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this.—As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn. "A red ear by jingo!" suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and as he spoke he sprang towards or rather upon Kate with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rounds off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half around the circle of struggling girls, kissing right and left, with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a phaze of life for Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a particular view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had in none of its vagaries, conceived. An old fashioned, straight-backed, flag bottomed chair stood near, and unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every one in the room.

"First rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet.—"Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden; but her fate was to be kissed by a rough countryman whom she never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl, was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening.—It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed, until—as she alledged to her friend—making a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindliest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour, when supper was announced—and such a supper as it was! No pyramids of ice cream, or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys were there, but not scientifically "boned." No there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, a "gigantic round of beef" in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end of the dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; while pumpkin pies, apple sauce, and a host of other "fixings" filled up the spaces.

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with new surprise as she saw the articles disappearing one after another, like frost work on window panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves gals—make a long arm; and let the men folks help themselves. If any of you like turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em yourselves,"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally "set the table in a roar." All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'

"Soon after the supper was over, all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blindman's buff was then introduced; the company was uproarious. Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his viol, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel inspiring notes of Fisher's hornpipe; whilst a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the Terpsichorean art, put in the "double-shuffle-rig-a-doom." Presently the lookers-on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adepts and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

"Twas right and left, and down outside, six round
and back to back;
Harum-scarum, helter-skelter, bump together
—whack!

"And thus the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; and then broke up the jolly gathering."

So it was at old farmer Bradley's.—When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merry-making and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off."

A THANKSGIVING GATHERING.—One of the largest and probably most pleasant family gatherings in this State took place in the village of Hampden, at the house of Benjamin Sweet, on Thanksgiving day, when forty-six persons sat down to dinner. There were present the father, aged 83 years, all his sons and daughters, seven of the former and six of the latter, twelve of whom are married and had their wives and husbands with them, fifteen grand-children and two great-grand-children. A clergyman and his wife and another neighbor completed the list. They all formed about the old hearthstone, and received the old man's blessing. The cradle in which the thirteen (the number of the original States of the Confederacy) were all rocked, was brought forth, and the whole scene as related to us by a participator was most impressive and joyous.—*Bangor Mercury.*

Mr. Webster's personal appearance, or exterior, was such, his presence so majestic and dignified, that probably no one ever looked at him without being struck (if one may so speak) with the impressive grandeur of his aspect—so remarkably in union with the gigantic intellect of the man. When he was in England, thirteen years since, the people of all classes, as they looked upon his majestic form, seemed to regard him as a man altogether the most God-like and wonderful in his mien they had ever set their eyes upon. "Heavens," exclaimed Sidney Smith, "Why *he looks like a small Cathedral!*"

The Passionate Father.

"Greater is he who ruleth a spirit than he who taketh a city."

"Come here," said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate looking lad by the shoulder.

"You've been in the water again, sir! Havn't I forbid it?"

"Yes, father, but—"

"No *buts*; havn't I forbid it—hey?"

"Yes, sir, I was—"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale, and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there until you are sent for! I'll master that spirit of yours, before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, gentle woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples slightly transparent. Laying her hand soothingly upon Harry's head she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother," said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"*Did he give me a chance?*" said Harry, springing to his feet with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father."

"Yes, and I am sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words. Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother.

"It's too bad, I say: he's a tyrant, mother," said the boy, with clinched fist and set teeth, "and if it was not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago."

"And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footstep. I say it is brutal, mother!"

"Harry," (and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips) "for my sake—"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—your's and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the sea somewhere—any where but here."

Late that night Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside, before retiring to rest.

"God be thanked, he sleeps," she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from her face. Then, kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for wisdom and patience to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for him.

"No, no, no!" said Harry, springing from his pillow and throwing his arms about her neck, "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I never will for what he has made you suffer; don't pray for him; at least don't let me hear it."

Mary Lee was much too wise to expostulate. She knew her boy was spirit-sore under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated in a low sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will!" he sobbed. Mother, you are an angel, and if I ever get to heaven, it will be your hand that led me there!

There was a hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those heavy blows on that young head.

The passionate father's repentance came too late—came with the word that his boy must *die.*

"Be kind to her," said Harry, as his head dropped upon his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow; and now when the hot blood of anger rises to his temple and the hasty words spring to his lips, the pale face of the dead rises between him and the offender, and an angel voice whispers—"*Peace! be still!*" [FANNY FERN.

THE JEWS.—A Jew must have a nice time of it in Hamburg. It is against the law to give him work, and yet if he becomes a burden to the city, he is cast into prison. This is a good deal like cutting off a man's legs, and then whipping him because he cannot run fast. From the way the Hebrews are used in Germany, a heathen would little dream that the world is indebted to them for Christ and the Bible.

DEBT OF CALIFORNIA.—A statement is published in the San Francisco Herald concerning the finances of California, from which it appears that the civil debt is $1,268,387.60, and the war debt $827,812.20—which latter, it is believed, will be assumed and paid by the General Government.

The best thing for love is sickness. If any of your friends are troubled with this complaint don't therefore, persuade them to consolation in good advice or arsenic, but induce them to eat raw cabbage till they get the cholic. As Dr. Wing very justly observes, no man can go *crazy* about a piece of calico as long as his stomach is *deranged.*

POSER FOR NATURALISTS.—A correspondent of the Boston Investigator fancies that he has knocked the logic of infidelity into a cocked hat by the following query:

"Which was first, the egg that produced the first chicken, or the hen that layed the first egg?"

At a late meeting of the Horticultural Society a plant called Violet Grass was shown, which, if sown in an American border or similar place, grows and blossoms from October to Christmas. A little patch of it taken up and put in a saucer in water will keep flouring a long time, rendering it an interesting plant for the drawing-room window.—*Evening Post.*

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted that he was born without a shirt on his back.

THE SNAKE-BIT IRISHMAN.

A jolly party of sportsmen, made up of veteran huntsmen, ripe for sport and full of fun, were enjoying themselves in Montgomery county, Tennessee. A huge, raw-boned, loquacious Irishman, uninvited, quartered himself in their camp, and in addition to being a nuisance when awake, snored so terrifically when asleep, as to drive "tired nature's sweet restorer" from all others.

Pat was afraid of snakes generally, and "could snake" in particular; and the awful yarns that he heard in the hunter's camp "waked a snake" in every hair of the Irishman's head. After listening one evening to a few yarns on the so much dreaded subject, this fresh son of the sod prepared to turn in, literally "crawling" all over. Counting his beads and his chances of being "snake-bit" before day, and "tucking in" his blanket and wishing the "sowls of all the snakes in these parts particular," in a place where to say the least, they would stand but a slim chance of indulging in a natural torpidity, he fell asleep.

And now the storm began. His snoring grew fast and furious, long and loud; occasionally a sort of half-snort, half-grunt, terminating with "snake be jabers! blast their sowls! ugh!" and then came the variation of chorus in the shape of a grind of his teeth that threatened to drive them through his jaws, or crush them to powder. By way of variety he would hold his breath a few seconds, and then snore again, and such snoring! My stars that I could spell it! It was a sort of a cross between the breathing of an asthmatic elephant and the braying of a superannuated donkey, whose will lasted longer than his wind. Well, it thus continued with the regularity of a wippoorwill's cry, till say half an hour before daybreak, when J. M. W., (Jim. W. we'll say,) whose stock of patience had long ago evaporated, unrolled himself from his blanket, saying in his usual quiet way, "Humph! I'll stop that infernal concert, or start the snaker out of it—see if I don't." He then woke up Jim. A., and the Judge, when the plot was thus laid and thus carried into execution.

He got his hunting-knife, and going to where the offal of a large deer had been thrown, he cut off about seven feet of entrails, and securing the ends with a twine he tied one extremity of it to a corner of Paddy's nether garment, that had obtruded through a "rent" in the seat of his breeches, coiling it all up smooth by his side, snake like and true. All being now arranged, the conspirators lay down again, and at the conclusion of one of the stage horn snores, with the snakes' sowls variation, Jim A. roared out at the top of his voice, "*Ha, ha! ha, ha!* a big copper-head, eleven feet long, has crawled up my breeches, and is tying himself in a double bow-not round my body!" giving the Irishman with every word a vicious dig in the side with his elbow, and a running accompaniment on his shins with his heel. Of course this awoke him quick and wider than his first movement he laid his hand on the nice cold coil by his side. Hearing that a terrible exclamation from between his clenched teeth, he made a bound that carried him some ten feet clear of the camp, and with a force that straightened out the coil and made the snake's tail crack like a cart whip.

Casting one wild blazing look behind, he tore off with the rapidity of lightning around the camp, in a circle of some thirty acres, and at every bound shouting or rather yelling—"Saze 'im by the tail?—Och, Saint Patherik, tare 'im inth giblets? A what! a what! Bate 'im to smatheresins with a gun, can't yees? Och murder! he's forty foot long if he's a *foot.*" On making his last circuit, he ran through a part of the smouldering campfire, and the twine at the end of the snake caught fire. This brought a new terror, and added a strong inducement for him to put on more steam and increase his speed. Round, round he went. "He's a fiery serpint!—Och, murther, howly Vargin, he carries a light to see how to bite by. Och, help, I'm swallowed (jumping a log) intirely; all but my head. Tread on his fiery head, will yees? Try to save me!" Then, as if transported with new life and hope, he roared out, "Shoot 'im! but *don't shoot at his head!* Shoot! shoot!

Now here was a picture. There stood the Judge, hugging a sapling with both arms and one leg, head thrown back and emitting scream after scream. Here lay Jim W. on his back, with his ism against a tree, his arms elevated like a child's when he wants you to help him, and it was scream after scream with him. All minus at all of ordinary laughter had ceased, and the present notes would have rendered immortal the fame of a dozen panthers, accompanied at their concert by the fog whistle of a steamboat. Yonder stood Jim A.—fat Jim—with his legs about a yard apart, his hands on his hips, shouting at regular intervals of about five seconds, "Snake! snake!"—at the same intonation, but so loud that the echoes mocked each other from fifty crags, till "Snake" reverberated loud and long among those mountain slopes, while his eye carefully and closely followed the course of Paddy round the camp. After running round it about thirty times, the persecuted man flew off in a tangent into the dark woods, and the medley sound of "Snake!", "murther!" "help!" "fire!" &c., gradually died away in the distance, and the hunters were alone.

"Umph," said Jim W., after stopping his laughing hiccough, "umph, I thought I could put an end to that snoring." The next evening the Paddander was seen travelling through Knoxville, with a bundle under one arm and a huge shillelah in the other hand, poked out before him in a half-defensive half exploring attitude. When he was hailed by Archy Mc——, with—"Which way, Paddy?" casting around at the speaker a sort of a hang-dog, sulky glance, growled forth a word at a step—Strate to ould Ireland, by St. Patrick, where there's no snakes!"

You cannot say "snake" to either member of that party yet, without its costing a set of vest buttons or producing a stitch in the side.