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

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THE DAY IS GONE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

The day is gone; and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
I see the lights of the village
Gleaming through the rain and mist,
And a feeling of sadness o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist.
A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain.
Come, read to me some poem—
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thought of day.
Not from the grand old masters,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,
For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's embattle and endeavor,
And to-night I long for rest.
Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs are softer than the psalm,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.
Who, through long days of labor,
And night's repose of ease,
Still heeds to his soul the music
Of wondrous melodies.
Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.
Then read the treasures volume,
The poem of my choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.
And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently slide away.

FAITHFULNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

"Is Mr. Harris in?" inquired a plainly but neatly dressed boy of twelve or thirteen, of a clerk, as he stood by the counter of a large bookstore.
The well-padded clerk regarded the boy with a suspicious look, and answered, "Mr. Harris is in, but he is engaged."
The boy looked at the clerk hesitatingly, and then said, "If he is not particularly engaged, I should like much to see him."
"If you have any business to transact, I can attend to it," replied the clerk. "Mr. Harris cannot be troubled with children like you."
"What is this, Morley?" said a pleasant looking, elderly man, stepping up to the clerk. "What does the boy want?"
"He insisted on seeing you, though I told him you were engaged," returned the clerk, a little abashed by the manner of his employer.
"And what would you have with me, my lad?" enquired Mr. Harris, kindly.
The boy raised his eyes, and meeting the half scornful glance of the clerk, said, timidly, "I wish you to look at the bill of some books which I bought here about three months since. There is a mistake in it which I wish to correct."
"Ah, my boy, I see," replied Mr. Harris. "You have overpaid us, I suppose."
"No, sir," answered the boy. "On the contrary, I purchased some books which are not charged in the bill, and I have called to pay for them."
Mr. Harris folded his arms across his breast, regarded the boy earnestly for a moment, and then asked, "When did you discover this mistake?"
"Not until I reached home," replied the lad. "When I paid for the books I was in a hurry, fearing the boat would leave before I could reach it, and I did not examine the bill."
"Why did you not return before and rectify the mistake?" asked the gentleman, in a tone slightly altered.
"Because, sir, I live some distance from the city, and have not been able to return till now."
"My dear boy," said Mr. Harris, "you have given me great pleasure. In a long life of mercantile business, I have never met with an instance of this kind before.— You have acted nobly and deserve a recompense."
"I ask no recompense," returned the boy, proudly. "I have done nothing but my duty, a simple act of justice, and that deserves no reward but itself."
"May I ask you what you saw on your noble principles?" inquired Mr. Harris.
"My mother," answered the boy, bursting into tears.
"Blessed is the child who has such a mother," said Mr. Harris, with much emotion, "and blessed is the mother of such a child. Be faithful to her teachings, my dear boy, and you will be the staff of her declining years."
"Alas! sir," sobbed the boy, "she is dead. It was her sickness and death that prevented me from coming here before."
"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Harris.
"Edward Delong."
"Have you a father?"
"No, sir. My father died when I was an infant."
"Where do you reside?"
"In the town of Linwood, about fifty miles from this city."
"Well, my boy, what are the books that were forgotten?"
"Tautis and a Latin dictionary."
"Let me see the bill. Has it signed by

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

The life of Napoleon is extremely rich in well authenticated anecdotes illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. And it is difficult to find any anecdote respecting him, bearing the impress of genuineness, which does not indicate a spirit humane, generous, and lofty.

One day Napoleon was traversing the camp, attended by two officers, when he met a very pretty sutler woman, weeping bitterly, and leading by the hand a little boy about five years old. The Emperor, who happened to be unknown to the woman, reined up his horse, and inquired into the cause of her grief. The woman, much disconcerted, made no reply; but the child frankly answered:
"My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her."
"And where is your father?"
"He is close by. He is a sentinel on duty with the baggage."
Napoleon again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband. She refused to tell, being fearful that the Emperor, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause him to be punished.
"Your husband has been beating you," Napoleon said. "You are weeping, and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?"
"Alas! Captain," the forgiving wife replied, "he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one. He is jealous, terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion he cannot restrain his violence. And I love him: for he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother."
Napoleon was deeply touched by this little domestic drama. Burdened as he was with the cares of empire, he could turn aside from them, to dry up the fountains of sorrow in the heart of this humble follower of the camp. Addressing the woman again, he said, "Whether you or your husband love each other or not, I do not care that he should beat you. Tell me your husband's name, and I will mention the affair to the Emperor."
"Mr. Harris!" exclaimed Edward, and it was all he could say.
"My noble Edward!" said the old man. "And so you needed a friend. Well, you shall have one."
For five years from that time Edward Delong was the confidential clerk of Mr. Harris, and in three years more a partner in the firm. The integrity of purpose which first won the regard of his benefactor was his guide in after life. Prosperity crowned his efforts, and happiness blessed his heart—the never-failing result of "faithfulness in little things."
Social Kindness.
How sweet are the affections of kindness! How balmy the influence of that regard which dwells around our friends! Distrust and doubt darken not the purity of its brightness; the cravings of interest and jealousy nor mar the harmony of that scene. Paternal kindness and filial affection blossom there in the light of an eternal spring. It matters not if the world is cruel, if we can but turn to our dear circle and ask and receive all our heart's claims.
Childhood's Tears.
There is sometimes a moral necessity for the correction of children, notwithstanding the pain which a profusion of their tears will often give us. The great rule is to never correct in anger, but with firmness which is founded on the deliberations of reason. The sorrows of children, however, are exceedingly transient, and have often been the subject of poetical remark, but in no instance with more beauty than in the following simile by Sir Walter Scott:
"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Like the dew-drop on the rose;
When the next summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry."
With what a scornful disregard of wealth, and the position of the moment, Almighty God scatters the priceless gifts of genius among his children! The great poet, the illustrious statesman, the eloquent orator, is as likely to go forth from the brown-faced laborer's cottage over the way, as from the sumptuous palace of the capital. The future ruler of an empire may be unconsciously digging in yonder field; and this very school may be, under God, the appointed means of revealing his unsuspected destiny to him and to the world.—*Prof. Felton.*
The expectation of future happiness, is the best relief of anxious thoughts, the most perfect cure of melancholy, the guide of life, and the comfort of death.
To live above our station shows a proud heart, and to live under it discovers a narrow soul.
It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those below them.

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A LITTLE BONNET.

(From the Dublin Nation.)
There is a little bonnet,
I am its best friend,
And a little feather on it
That tosses up and down,
Beneath this little bonnet
Are two such jet-black eyes—
Oh! they ooze little bonnets!
Oh! I'll waste myself in sighs!
And what wonder I see it moving
Adown the crowded street,
The little feather bowing o'er it
Nodding in the airy fleet.
Proudly goes the little bonnet,
Proudly tripping the little feet,
And laughing as the eye beam out
On every thing they meet.
Ho! clear the way, fine curls,
With your faded beauty tricks:
Ho! clear the way, ye suckers,
Of the white noise of your sticks!
Ho! smokers of Havana,
Stop your puffing o'er that eye
Put a stopper on your fire,
With its liquid brilliancy.
Proudly goes the little bonnet,
Proudly step the little feet,
And laughing as the eye beam out
On every thing they meet!

Japan and the Japanese.
Japan consists of a large cluster of islands situated at the eastern extremity of Asia. The islands are mountainous and very difficult of access. The largest of the group is called Nippon. It is 700 miles long, but quite narrow, in the center, not being more than 48 miles. The Japanese are a mixture of the Malay and Mongolian races. The present inhabitants came either from China or Corea, or from both; but separated by tempestuous billows from the rest of the world, left to themselves, and free from the invasions of neighboring nations, they became and remained an independent nation.—Their language is a dialect of the Mongolian; the Chinese is the language of their feared men. I recently fell in with an account of the habits of the Japanese, and particularly in relation to dress, which interested me much. It was given by one who has recently been to Japan, and its truth can be depended upon. I will copy a portion of this account for your perusal:
"The clothing of the Japanese exhibits the same peculiarities which characterize their life and customs. The Dutch have adopted the jupon, their outer garment, which has come into general use among them, and is now worn in Batavia and the principle Dutch cities. The jupon is a sort of gown, open in front, and confined by a scarf or girdle. It is the universal garment of men and women, high and low, rich and poor. For a woman it descends to the knees, and for the man to the middle of the leg. It is made of equal length all around. It is made of crapes, silk or cotton stuff; the women mostly choose brilliant colors, and their jupons are frequently embroidered with flowers, or bordered with costly fringes of gold and silver. In winter, silk or cotton lining is sewed into the wadding. Sometimes two or three jupons are worn, one over the other; the females reach even 12, which are then made of the finest crapes or silk of a soft gray color. The men wear partly sewed or buttoned up to the hand, and are frequently used as such. The men wear their scarves and girdles of hand's breadth; but with the women the hand is broad and tapering at the back in two points. It is always made of the most costly materials.
Shirts are not among the necessities of the Japanese. The men wear a cloth around the loins, and the women a broad apron, which reaches to the knee. The nobility and men of rank also wear a sort of pantheon, starched very stiff and laid in regular folds. In cold weather, stockings of cotton or linen, reaching to the calf, are worn. The shoes or rather sandals, are made of straw, or varnished wood, fastened by bands passing over the top of the foot; the lower order wear a jupon, reaching only half-way to the knee, under which are long trousers.
In the street nearly all the males wear dark colored mantles with sleeves, and open in front; the women wear a similar garment, reaching to the feet and provided with a cowl, which can be drawn over the head. On festival days and all great occasions, the men also wear a parade mantle, finely starched and folded, fastened at the neck and falling over the shoulders obliquely, before and behind. In front, on both sides of the breast, and between the shoulders, the coat-of-arms of the wearer—or his master, if a servant—rank worn. Each Japanese, to whatever rank he may belong, has a coat-of-arms. The married women wear the insignia of their husbands.
The great pride of the people, since they wear no jewels or ornaments, consists in the richness of the Japan. The Emperor wears a garment only once, the princess for a few days, the next in rank for a longer period, and so down to the common people. It is a custom among the nobility to give their cast-off Japans to their favorites. The fact of the donor having worn the garment enhances its value. The people mostly go bare-headed, and much care is therefore bestowed on the hair.—The men keep their heads closely shaven; the hair is shagreened on the crown, but allowed to grow on the back part of the head, when it falls in a long queue.—The women comb their hair to the crown, where it is fastened in a knot. The combs and needles which adorn the hair are made of tortoise-shell; and those which are white or yellow, without the mixture of brown spots, are considered most valuable. The women also dust their faces with white powder; the lips are painted, first with crimson, and then with purple dust, which gives them a transparent brilliancy. In most parts of the empire, the women blacken their teeth. If a maiden does this, immediately after her betrothal, it is held as a very flattering compliment to the bridegroom.
Neither men nor women cover their heads in general, whether in or out of doors; whereas the use of umbrellas as a protection against the sun and rain. A napkin, or veil, is worn over the head by women of all classes, to protect the hair

AGRICULTURE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

This subject is attracting more and more attention every day in Pennsylvania. For a long series of years, as the common saying is, every farmer worked on his own hook, but a change has taken place recently. Within the last two years a State Agricultural Society and some twenty County Societies have been organized. Highly creditable exhibitions have been held by both State and County societies, and everywhere the subject is attracting the attention of intelligent and able men. These exhibitions have brought to the notice of the farmers of Pennsylvania the finest stock, the most approved machinery, and the best grains, seeds, roots, &c. The articles exhibited or others like them have generally been purchased, and taken into different sections of the Commonwealth, than that from which they came. This of itself tends to great improvement; but whilst this has been done we still have failed in Pennsylvania, to some extent, in applying science to the pursuits of agriculture.
Governor Bigler, in his late message, has called attention to this subject in a very happy manner. He points out the fact that our soils have been exhausted of their productive elements to an alarming extent, and suggests the propriety of appointing a scientific man to analyze them, and suggest remedies to correct the rapid exhaustion that has been going on since the discovery of the country. Other States have done this with marked success, and it is time that Pennsylvania, one of the greatest agricultural States of the old thirteen, should take some steps upon this subject.
We firmly believe that more money is spent annually in a misapplication of manure and supposed restoration to the soil of our State, than would pay all the State taxes. How frequently do we hear farmers say that they have applied sixty, eighty or a hundred bushels of lime to the soil, of their land, without its producing a visible effect. This has been done by agriculturalists in our immediate neighborhood not long since. Now, a little scientific knowledge would guard farmers against errors of this kind, and point out the kind of restoratives necessary for that particular soil.
A few years ago the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, purchased a tract of land near that city, that would not produce five bushels of wheat to the acre, although it had the appearance of being land susceptible of high improvement. Not being able to produce crops upon the employed the State Chemist of Maryland to analyze it, when it was found that it needed but one ingredient, (the phosphate of lime,) to make it produce wheat. He, therefore, gave it a good dressing of phosphate, sowed it in wheat, without any other manure, and obtained a crop of thirty bushels to the acre. Here was a practical illustration of the importance of scientific knowledge in agriculture. Hundreds of like examples might be given, but they would only tend to extend our article.
We trust, therefore, that the Legislature may adopt the suggestion of Governor Bigler, and provide for the appointment of a skillful Agricultural Chemist, and we feel well assured that the greatest good will result to the agricultural interests of our State, from the examinations and publications to be made by this officer.—*Harrisburg Union.*
The Crystal Palace.
We learn from the New York Times that the foreign department of the Crystal Palace is being actively attended to. Letters from agents in Europe and Asia come to us daily the fact of contributions of a most interesting nature being got in readiness by various nations for the exposition. We learn from Constantinople that the Sultan has expressed his intention of devoting a war steamer to the purpose of conveying the contributions to this country. He has also issued a firman, ordering all the members of Constantinople to prepare samples of their wares, which he promises shall be conveyed their free of expense. The German sculptor, Kip, whose splendid statue of the Amazon attracted such notice in the English exposition, has determined on sending some of his works, and several other eminent sculptors have consulted him as to the best mode of contributing also. It is probable that among other works of art, we shall receive from Germany some very fine plaster casts of antique and modern statues. Baron Maxowicz, of Warsaw, has entered into communication with the Committee of the Crystal Palace, as to what site has been determined on for his great work. Under the centre dome has been suggested as an appropriate situation, but no final decision has as yet been come to on the matter. The building itself is progressing rapidly, and they are already engaged in elevating the frame work of the second story to its proper place.
Wonderful Gold Stolen from Australia.
The London Mercantile Gazette of Dec. 16th, contains accounts from Australia in Sept. 7th, with particulars of the wondrous success of the miners, rivaling the fabled stories of the riches of the East in olden times. These accounts would hardly be credible were it not that the actual receipts from the mines fully corroborate them. Not only do the old diggings continue to yield freely, but new ones are found of great extent, embracing districts one hundred miles in length and of an unknown width. Rich diggings have been found within 16 miles of Adelaide, South Australia. The Olympic diggings, which were thought to be exhausted, yielded to an old man and boy nearly \$3000 for nine months labor, after paying all expenses. At Birdwood, parties have gathered three hundred ounces in one week. In the Forest Creek District, four Adelaide men dug out one hundred and fifty pounds weight of pure gold during breakfast and dinner, and other parties there have dug nine, twelve and even twenty pounds weight in a day.
At Fejley Gulley, Bendigo, twenty Adelaide men took out 198 pounds of gold in one week. Flat 29 pounds; in Spring Flat 16 pounds, and 70 pounds at another part of the diggings, and altogether netted nearly \$180,000 worth in a fortnight.
To show that these stories must have some semblance of truth, the receipt from the Mt. Alexander and Britton diggings alone are given in the Australian papers of one million

MARTIN LUTHER'S WEDDING RING.

MARTIN LUTHER, CATHARINE DE BORE, 1526.
An old trader in Boston, offered to bet that he could tell each of several kinds of liquors presented to him, blindfolded. The bet was accepted, and the trader suffered the eyes to be bandaged so that a glass of brandy was handed him; immediately upon tasting it, he pronounced correctly that it was brandy; he next tried whiskey gin, and other drinks, and he was equally successful in deciding each kind; at length a glass of pure water was presented; he tasted it, paused, tasted again, hesitated and shook his head doubtfully; he was puzzled.
"Gentlemen," said he, "I give it up, take the wager, I am not used to that kind of liquor."
COURT SCENE.—"Sir!" said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, swear that this is not your hand writing?"
"I reckon not," was the cool reply.
"Does it resemble your writing?"
"Yes, sir, I think it don't."
"Do you swear that it don't resemble your writing?"
"Well I do, old head."
"You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?"
"Yes, sir!"
"Now, how do you know?"
"Cause I can't write."
ON LOVING.—"The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy the beloved. Thus our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience, the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam; and how much dust and moths are hovering about."
J. F. Richter.
Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute.—A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches on Sunday.
A boy eighteen months old, weighing twelve hundred pounds, is now on exhibition at Orleans, Maine. He stands six feet six inches high, and girls six feet eight inches.

DEADLY MORTALITY FROM CHOLERA.

The brig Zebr, from New Orleans, bound for Liberia, with emigrants, put into the river below Savannah, on Saturday. She sailed on the 1st inst., with 110 colored emigrants, who were shipped under the auspices of the Colonization Society. On the third day out, the cholera made its appearance on board in a most malignant form. The captain and 27 of the emigrants have died, and others of the officers, crew and passengers are seriously ill.
An editor's duty always to tell the truth.—*Washington Union.*
Ah, but that's a specific duty, and you know that the Democrats are all opposed to specific duties.—*Louisville Journal.*
The celebrated will of R. T. Hairington, of Henry county, Miss., by which his whole estate, amounting to half a million of dollars, is given to a little negro, was admitted to record, we see, at the last term of county court.
Why are 100 square rods like a decayed tooth? Because it is an "aker." Let go my hair, — Bill Jones.
Why are country girls' cheeks like French Calico? Because they are warranted to wash and retain their color.
The key to a mother's heart is a baby. Keep that well oiled with praise, and you can unlock every pantry in the house.
That is a fine imagination of the Danes, in which they see the spirits of their ancestors play in the beams of the Northern Lights.