

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NUMBER 26.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1853.

BE. P. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOLUME XXIV.

## MORE NEW GOODS.

The richest and best assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, EVER OPENED IN GETTYSBURG.

## SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH

TAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Fashionable Goods for gentlemen's wear, just received from the city, which, for variety of style, beauty and finish, and superior quality, challenges comparison with any other stock in the place. Our assortment of Cloths, Plaid and Fancy Tweeds and Casimeres, Vestings, Ac.

CANT BE BEAT! Give us a call and examine for yourselves. We have purchased our stock carefully and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fastidious.

FOLLOWING in all its branches, attended to as heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen.

The FASHIONS for FALL and WINTER have been received.

Gettysburg, Dec. 10, 1852.

## HARDWARE STORE.

Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of David Ziegler, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

GROCERIES,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS,

Springs, Axes, Saddlery,

Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,

Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—

which they invite the attention of Country Merchants, Cabinet-makers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee (for the Ready Money) to dispose of every article of it on reasonable terms as they can be obtained anywhere.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and especially to the share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER.

Gettysburg, June 13, 1854—11.

## FRESH ARRIVAL.

One of the largest and prettiest stocks of

Fancy & Staple Goods.

Ever offered in this place.

J. L. SCHOK has just returned from the eastern cities with his Spring stock of FANCY & STAPLE GOODS, which he invites the public to examine, at his new location, South-West corner of the Diamond. He feels confident that he can please every taste, in style, quality and price. His assortment comprises

Black and Fancy Silks,

Stains, Hosiery, Laces, Moss, de Laines, Lawns, Gingham, and Cambric Muslin, Shawls, Calicoes, Trimmings, Ac.

Caution Craps Shawls,

a splendid article; Bonnets, Ribbons & Flowers, Gloves, Hosiery, Irish Linens, Muslins, and hundreds of other articles, in this line. Also,

Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmerettes, Indian Cloth, Sweeds, Cottonades, Linen, Oiled, plain and fancy Vestings, &c.

Call and examine for yourselves, at the South-west corner of the public square, and if you doubt any of the quality of goods in one of the most desirable that you ever saw, the fault will not be mine. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to me by a generous public, I ask a continuance of the same, promising that nothing shall be left undone on my part calculated to please and accommodate.

J. L. SCHOK.

Gettysburg, April 8, 1853.

## EDWARD DANNER,

SADDLE, HARNESS, & TRUNK MANUFACTURER.

3 doors East of White Hall, York, Pa.

Subscribers continue to carry on the above business, in all its various branches, in Market street, York, 3 doors East of White Hall, where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment in his line, consisting of all kinds of fashionable SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Girths, Circles and Halters, also TRUNKS, traveling and saddle bags. Those wishing a handsome, durable and pleasant saddle will do well to call and see them. He also manufactures Harness, Bridles, Collars and Whips in all its varieties, and confidently believes from the general approbation and best goods in all its varieties of goods, that he is made in the country. All the above articles will be made of the best material and workmanship, and with the utmost despatch.

E. DANNER.

York, August 5, 1853.

## Hopes and Fears.

That glitter on each shining ware, When with a quaking sound they come The white and thrifty beach to leave. The waters part—the ripples gleam A moment on the silver shore, And vanish as the hopes that seem A moment bright, and are no more.

Seeking for love, for fame, for power, To lay the wreath of life we cling, For hope we call a withered flower, And tace a harp with broken string. And hope will shed a glimmering ray Of light on the pleasure's ruined shrine, For memento's columns still look gay When summer sunbeams o'er them shine.

Though severed be love's magic chain, Still to its broken charms we trust, And hope to mend the links again. When grief beset them like rust, Dash by the leaves of the withered vine, That hope may be—a transient beam, But not of joy, 'tis sweet to teach The heart to hush its grief and dream.

Our hopes are like the flowers that bloom Upon the mountain's verdant side, That month's heart's burning tomb, Dash by the leaves of the withered vine, They spring and flourish, fade and die, Like human hopes—no frail and fair, While quivering fire beneath them lies, Like human passions hidden there.

Our fears are like the clouds that shed Their gloom across a summer sky, When life is fairest, some will dread Of grief its ever hovering sigh. The gloom may pass—the shadows fade, And sunlight only seem to reign, But still there is a lingering shade, A fear that clouds will come again.

Where the bright walls of gladness spring, Here will the youthful heart decay, But fear is hovering there, to sting A shadow on the path of joy. A canker-worm within the fruit, A serpent in the linen's nest, Or bids us root beneath her wing, Or fear within the human breast.

A rainbow never spans the sky, With some dark spirit of the storm, With sable plume, in hovering night, To watch its soft and fairy form. Hope never chants her fairy song, Or bids us root beneath her wing, But fear, with all its phantom throng, Is in the distance hovering.

We seek the land of wealth and fame, And all her fickle favors trust, To live—perchance without a name, And find the chapel turned to dust. Life's weaves are grim and sad, And the wedding veil, the funeral pall, But though 'twouldst' all by fate, Hope is the sunlight of the soul.

## THE LOST FLOWERS.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Jennie Gray, with a small bundle in her hand, took her leave of the farmhouse of Drylaw, on the expiration of her half year's term of service. She had but a short distance to walk, the village of Elsington, about three miles off, being her destination. As she passed down the little lane leading from the farm to the main road, two or three fair-haired children came bounding over the stile to her side, and clung affectionately around their late attendant.

"Oh, Jennie, what for maun ye gang away? Mamma wadna let us see you on the road a bit, but we was awy, to you by rinna's round the stack yard."

Jennie stood still as the eldest of her late charges spoke thus, and said: "Marian, you should have had more sense than to come when your mother forbade you. Run away back, like good bairns."

"Run away home, I'll may be come and see you again."

"Oh, be sure and do that then, Jennie," said the eldest.

"Come back again, Jennie," cried the younger ones, as they turned sorrowfully away.

From such marks of affection, displayed by those who had been under her care, our readers may conceive that Jennie Gray was possessed of engaging and amiable qualities. This was indeed the case; a more neat, modest and kind hearted creature perhaps never drew the breath of life.

Separated at an early age from her parents, like so many of her class—that class so perfectly represented in the character of Jenny, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night"—she had conducted herself in several families which she had entered, in such a way as to acquire uniformly their love and esteem. Some mistresses, it is true, are scarcely able to appreciate a good and dutiful servant; and of this class was Mrs. Smith, of Drylaw; a cold, haughty, mistrustful woman, who, having suffered by bad servants, had come to look upon the best of them as sordid workers for the penny fee. To such a person, the timidity and reserve which distinguished Jennie Gray's character to a fault, seemed only a screen, cunningly and deliberately assumed; and the proud distance which Mrs. Smith preserved, prevented her from ever discovering her error. Excepting for the sake of the children, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that Jennie felt no regret at leaving Drylaw.

Her destination on departing from her late abode was, as we have already mentioned, the village of Elsington; and it is now necessary that we should divulge a more important matter—she was going there to be married. Jennie Gray could not be called a beautiful girl, yet her cheerfulness, though pale countenance, her soft dark eye and glossy hair, and her somewhat handsome form, had not attracted a few admirers. Her matrimonial fate, however, had been early decided; and the circumstances under which it was to be brought to a happy issue, were most honorable to

both parties interested. At the age of eighteen, Jennie's heart had been sought and won by William Ainslie, a young tradesman in the neighboring town. Deep was the affection that sprang up between the pair; but they combined prudence with love, and resolved, after biding themselves by the simple love vows of their class, to defer their union until they should have earned enough to insure them a happy and comfortable home. For six long years they had been true to each other, though they had met only at rare intervals during the whole of that period. By industry and good conduct, William had managed to lay up the sum of forty pounds, a great deal for one in his station; and this, joined with Jennie's lower earnings, had encouraged them to give way to the long cherished wishes of their hearts. A but-and-a-ben, or a cottage with two apartments, had been taken and furnished by William, and the wedding was to take place on the day following the May-term, in the house of the bride's sister-in-law.

We left Jennie Gray on her way from the farmhouse of Drylaw. After her momentary regret at parting with the children, whom the affectionate creature dearly loved, as she was disposed to do every thing around her, her mind reverted naturally to the object that lay nearest her heart.—The bright sun above sent his cheering radiance through the light fleecy clouds of the young summer, the revivified trees cast their shades over her path, the merry lark rose leapingly from the fields, and the sparrow chirped from the hedge at her side—every thing around her breathed of happiness and joy, and her mind soon brightened into union with the pleasing incidents. Yes ever and anon a flatter of indelible emotion thrilled through the maiden's heart, and made her cheeks, though unaccustomed, vary in hue. At an angle of the road, while she was moving along abstracted in her own thoughts, a manly voice exclaimed, "Jennie!" and a well-known form started up from a seat on the wayside.

It was William Ainslie. The conversation which followed, as the betrothed pair pursued their way and laid open their hearts to each other, we cannot and shall not attempt to describe.

After Jennie had parted for a time with William, and was seated quietly in her sister-in-law's house, a parcel was handed in to her from a lady in whose service she had formerly been. On being opened, it was found to contain some beautiful artificial flowers, which the lady destined as a present to adorn the wedding cap; an ornament regarding which brides among the Scottish peasantry are rather particular.

The kindness displayed in the gift, more than its value, affected Jennie's heart, and brought tears to her eyes. She fitted the flowers to her cap, and was pleased to hear her sister-in-law's praise of their beautiful effect. "Fatal present! but let us not anticipate."

The wedding came and passed, not so companioned with boisterous mirth and uproar, but in quiet cheerfulness; for William, like his bride, was peaceful in his tastes and habits. Let the reader, then, suppose the festive occasion over in decent order, and the newly married pair seated in their new house—their own house—at dinner, on the following day.

William had been at his work that morning as he was wont, and his young wife had prepared their humble and neat dinner. Oh, how delicious was the food to both. Their happiness was almost too deep for language. Looks of intense affection and tenderness were its only expression.

"I maun be a truant, Jennie, to-night," said the husband. "My comrades in the shop maun have a foy frae me, since we couldna ask them to the wedding, ye ken."

"Surely," said his wife, raising her timid, confiding eyes to his face, "whatever you think right, William; I ken you are no waster, and they wad hae shown the same kindness to you."

"I hope you'll find me no waster," returned her husband, smiling; "nor am I fear'd for you turning out one either, Jennie, lass, though ye wasna very braw about the head last night." By the direction of his eyes to the artificial flowers which had adorned her wedding cap, and which were lying on the top of her new stand of drawers at the moment, Jennie saw to what her husband alluded.

"Oh, the flowers!" said she, blushing; "they didna cost me a muckle, William."

The conversation of the pair was at this moment interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Smith of Drylaw, who, mentioned, with the appearance of kindness, that, having been accidentally in Elsington that day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jennie and her good man. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jennie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to

taste a drop of the best liquor they possessed.

Alas! how sudden are the revolutions in human affairs. The party was in the midst of an amicable conversation when Mrs. Smith's eye happened to be caught by the bouquet on the top of the drawers, and a remarkable change was at once observable in her manner.

"Jennie," said she, with deep emphasis and rising anger, "I did not expect to find my flowers lying there. Say not a word to me about those flowers! Where do you think I found them, after all?—in a rose bush in the garden, where Jennie had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

William Ainslie had risen slowly during this extraordinary speech; and, now raising his finger towards his lips, he approached and took Mrs. Smith by the hand, beckoning at the same time to the two women who were seated with him. They seemed intuitively to comprehend his wishes, and rising, moved towards the bed, around which the curtains were closely drawn, William leading forward also the unresisting and bewildered visitor. The women drew the curtain aside, and William, fixing his eyes on Mrs. Smith, pointed silently to the body of his wife, shrouded in the coverlets of death, and lying with the pale uncovered face upturned to that heaven for which her pure life had been a fitting preparation. The wretched and false accuser gazed with changing color on the corpse of the dead innocent; and, turning her looks for a moment on the silent faces around, that regarded her more in sorrow than in anger, she uttered a groan of anguish as the truth broke on her; then, bursting from the hand that held her, she hastily departed from the house.

There is little now to add to this melancholy story, which, unhappily, is but too true. The little we have to add, is but in accordance with what has been told. After the burial of his Jennie, William Ainslie departed from Elsington; and what was his future fortunes no one can tell, for he never was seen or heard of again in his native place. As for the unhappy woman who was the occasion of the lamentable catastrophe which we have related, she lived to deplore the rashness of which she was guilty. Let us hope that circumstance had no influence on her future conduct, and will not be without its moral efficacy in the midst of our readers.

THE CASE OF JENNIE GRAY, who was the sister-in-law, "she is ill—change of the kind is enough to kill her."

This prediction, happily, had truth in it. On the ensuing morning the young wife was raving incoherently, in a state between slumber and awaking. A deep sleep remained permanently upon her countenance, most unlike the usual fairness of her complexion. Her muttered exclamations shocked her husband to the soul.

"Oh, William, you believed it! But it's no' true; it is false!" was the language she continually expounded forth.

Medical skill was speedily soon to be necessary; and the surgeon who was called in, informed William that, in consequence of strong excitement, incipient symptoms of brain fever had made their appearance. The utmost quiet was prescribed, and blood withdrawn from the temples in considerable quantity. For a time, these and other remedies seemed to give relief, and the poor husband never left the side of the sufferer. Indeed, it seemed as if she could not bear him to be absent; her mind always reverting, when he was out of her sight, to the idea that he believed the charge which had been made against her, and had left her forever. The oft-repeated assurances to the contrary, from his own lips, seemed at length to produce conviction, for she at last was silent on the subject. But the charge—the blow—had struck too deep. Jennie Ainslie, if we may call her by a name she was destined so short a time to bear, fell, after two or three days' illness, into a state of stupor, which continued with short and rare intervals, and on the eighth day after her nuptials, her pure spirit departed.

William Ainslie had showed on many occasions in life great firmness and self command; and now, though deep suffering was written on his brow, he made, with at least external composure, the requisite preparations for lying in the grave the remains of her whom he had loved so long and so truly. As to retribution upon the head of the person who had been instrumental, through inconsiderate haste, only, it is to be hoped, in producing his misery, the bereaved husband thought not of calling for it. Yet it did come, to a certain extent; for our errors seldom pass, even in this life, without a pang of punishment and remorse.

Several days after charging the innocent Mrs. Smith with the abduction of her flowers, Mrs. Smith of Drylaw found, by a discovery of her new servant, that one of her younger children, impatient for the flowering of a rose-bush in the little garden night day, she had thought it her duty to pay a friendly visit to Jennie and her good man. Whether curiosity had fully as much share in bringing about the visit as friendly feeling, it matters not. Jennie and William received her as became her rank, and the relation in which the former had lately stood regarding her. Bread and cheese were brought out, and she was pressed to

at William Ainslie's on her visit to the village, and explain her mistake.

The call was made two days after Jennie's death; and on Mrs. Smith's entering the room, she found William sitting by his bereaved hearth, with his sister-in-law and another kind neighbor, bearing him company.

"Oh—by the by—those flowers!" said the unwelcome visitor, in a tone and in a manner which she meant to be condescending and insinuating, "how sorry I am for what happened about those flowers! Where do you think I found them, after all?—in a rose bush in the garden, where Jennie had put them. And now I am come to say I am sorry for it, and hope that it will be all over."

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## Married in spite of their Teeth.

Old Governor Saltonstall, of Connecticut, who flourished some sixty years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance in effecting the end desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following:

Of the various sects which have flourished for their day, and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other Rogers, who settled not far from the goodly town of Elsington. The distinguished tenet of the sect was their denial of the propriety and scripturality of the form of marriage. "It is not good for a man to be alone." "It is they believed, and also that one who only should 'cleave to her husband.' But then this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together and live as a man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers and talk the matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John or Sarah would give up to argument. It was a matter of conscience with them; they were very happy together as they were; of what use, then, could a mere form be? Suppose they would thereby escape scandal, were they not bound to take up the cross, and live according to the rules of the religion they professed? The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. Conversation, as usual, turned upon the subject.

"Now, John," says the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, "why will you not marry Sarah? Have not you taken her to be your lawful wife?"

"Yes, certainly," replied John, "but my conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people."

"Very well. But you love her?"

"Yes."

"And cherish her, as home of your bone and flesh of your flesh?"

"Yes, certainly I do."

"Then," cried the Governor, rising, "by the laws of God and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be husband and wife!"

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail—the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree, in Greece.

St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged upon a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coronandul, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia.

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

## The Reason why "Baudouin Dickson" Left the Church.

Mr. Dickson, a colored barber in one of our large New England towns, was shaving one of his customers, a respectable citizen, one morning, when a conversation occurred between them, respecting Mr. Dickson's former connection with a colored church in the place.

"I believe you are connected with the church in Elm street, Mr. Dickson," said the customer.

"No sah, not at all."

"What are you not a member of the African church?"

"Not de year, sah."

"Why did you leave their communion, Mr. Dickson? I if I may be permitted to ask."

"Why, I tell ye, sah," said Mr. Dickson, stopping a concave razor on the palm of his hand. "It was jess like dis. I joined that church in good faith. I giv ten dollars towards de stated preaching de gospell, de fess year, and de church peepill all call me Brudder Dickson. De second year my business not good, and I only giv five dollars. Dat year, de church peepill call me Mister Dickson. Dis razor hurt you, sah?"

"No, razor goes tolerable well."

"Well sah, de third year I feel berry poor—sickness in my family—and I giv noffin for preaching. Well sah, arder dat dey call me old nigger Dickson, an I leff 'em?"

So saying Mr. Dickson brushed his customer's hair, and the gentleman departed, well satisfied with the reason why Mr. Dickson left the church.

A little sea-pagan, who for the first time was receiving some sort of religious instruction from a female friend, whom he was visiting, found some difficulty in understanding that Sunday had anything remarkable in it over any other day. At last, by dint of time upon time and precept upon precept, he was made to comprehend somewhat the sanctity of the day.

Unfortunately, however, soon after he began to understand things, coming from church one Sunday, he noticed the apothecary shops open. His newly-acquired moral sense received a terrible shock, and he entered into a very oratorical denunciation of the unbecoming compounds of simples. "But," he was told, "the druggists must keep open on Sundays, so that the sick people can get medicine."

"Why! do de people get sick on Sunday?"

"Yes, just as on any other day." Well, good people don't die on Sunday, do they? "Certainly!" "How can that be? Does Heaven keep open on Sunday?" It is needless to say that all further grave conversation on the subject was impossible.

PRESERVATION OF GRAPES.—We find the following translation of an article in a German paper, in the *Agriculturalist*, which contains an account of the preservation of grapes in Russia: A traveller who lived at St. Petersburg during the winter season states that he ate there the freshest and most beautiful grapes he ever seen. To preserve them they should be cut before being entirely ripe. Do not handle the berries; reject all damaged ones, then lay the grapes in a large stone jar holding a pound thirty gallons. The mouth should be so narrow that the grapes will not touch each other. Fill the spaces between them with miller. Cover closely with a stone; cover well fitted and cemented. Over this paste a thick paper, and let it be hermetically sealed, so as entirely to exclude the air. In this air-tight jar the grapes ripen fully, and acquire a flavor seldom attained by any other method; and are preserved for two years in the best condition.

The Coming Century.

Mr. Everett said in his recent speech—"The pioneers are on the way; who can tell how far and how fast they will travel? Who that compares the North America of 1733, but a century ago, and numbering but a little over a million of souls of European origin; or still more, the North America of 1853, when there was certainly not a fifth part of that number—who that compares this with the North America of 1853—its twenty-two millions of European origin, and its thirty-one States, will venture to assign limits to its growth; will dare to compute the time table of our railway progress, or lift so much as a corner of the curtain that hides the crowded events of the coming century?"

SWALLOW.—As a proof of the valuable services rendered by swallows, it is estimated that one of these birds will destroy, at a low calculation, 900 insects per day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air, but for these birds, may be readily conceived.—One kind of insect alone might produce 500,000,000,000,000 of its race in a single year.

"Why don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an impenitent person "I set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."

"So I do," said the toper; "but I set it so far off, that I always got drunk before I get to it."

A man attempted to resign a favorable opportunity, a few days since, but his health shopped, and he fell to the ground considerably injured.

It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious; the first adds vanity to extravagance, the second adds a doctor's bill to long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.