

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESSLY FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13, 1854.

NUMBER 42.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

IN PURSUANCE of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pa., and to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale, on Saturday the 14th of January next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House in the borough of Gettysburg, the following property, to wit:

A Tract of Land

situate in Freedom township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of James Cunningham, and Wm. White, Wm. McKee, and others, containing 14 ACRES, more or less, on which are erected a

TWO STORY LOG DWELLING-HOUSE, a frame barn, and other out-buildings. There is a well of water near the door, and a young

ORCHARD

on the premises.—Seized and taken in execution as the property of ISAAC N. McCLAIN. Also,

A Tract of Land

situate in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of George Group, David and Jesse Cook, and others, containing

32 ACRES,

more or less; about 4 Acres of which are in good meadow, about 6 Acres in good timber, and the balance in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a TWO-STORY

R. UGH-CAST DWELLING-HOUSE, a log stable, blacksmith shop, and other out-buildings. There is a first-rate spring of water near the door, and a variety of fruit trees on the premises.—Seized and taken in execution as the property of DAVID DEVENNEY and ROBERT YOUNG.

Also—all the interest of Ferdinand Roth, in

1. A Tract of Land

situate partly in the township of Butler, and partly in Menallen township, Adams county, Pa., containing

25 ACRES,

more or less, adjoining lands of Joseph Taylor, James Taylor, and others, on which are erected a

ONE AND-A-HALF STORY LOG DWELLING-HOUSE, and a Spring house, with a spring of water near the door. There is an ORCHARD of fruit trees on the premises.

No. 2.—A Tract of Land

situate in the township of Butler and Menallen as aforesaid, containing 27 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of the heirs of George Taylor, James Hoops, and James D. Taylor and others.

No. 3.—A Lot of Ground

situate in the township of Butler, in the county of Adams, containing

8 Acres and 91 Perches,

more or less, adjoining lands of Henry Keener, John Peters, and John Wether, on which are erected a **ONE AND-A-HALF STORY FRAME and**

ROUGH-CAST HOUSE, a stable, and other out-buildings, a Spring house, &c. There is an ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.—Seized and taken in execution as the property of FREDERICK RATH. Also,

A Lot of Ground

situate in Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lands of George Jacobus, Jacob Baker, and others, containing

2 Acres and 74 Perches,

more or less.—Seized and taken in execution as the property of ABRAHAM TRIMMER, with notice to Benjamin Stieffer, terre-tenant.

75 per cent. of the purchase money on all sales by the Sheriff, must be paid over immediately after the property is struck down, and on failure to comply therewith the property will be again put up for sale.

JOHN SCOTT, Sheriff, Gettysburg, Pa., Dec. 22, 1853.—d

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAHAM ARNOLD has just returned from the Cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, with the Largest, Cheapest, & Best selected Stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods, ever before offered to the citizens of Adams county,—such as Blue, Black, and Brown French and German Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Sateenes, Tweeds, Ky. Jests, Satins, other Vendings, Alpaca, Merinos, Cashmeres, De Bagns, H. De Lanes, Prints, and a great variety of Goods for Ladies' wear, too numerous to mention. Also, a large and beautiful assortment of broad and square Shawls, and Stocking Flannels. Call and see for your selves, as he is determined to under sell any store in the Town or County. Dec. 22, 1853.—d

HO! THIS WAY!

IN THIS WAY! **Wonders,** the world's most wonderful! he is the only one who can produce a finer stock of Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, than he'll be found in any variety and assortment of goods and prices, suitable for men, women and children. Call at the old stand for your selves. W. W. PATTON, Gettysburg, Sept. 20, 1853.—d

Boys Together.

We were boys together, And never can forget The school-house near the beecher, In childhood where we met; The battle to memory dear, Its sorrows and its joys; Where woke the transient smile or tear, When you and I were boys. We were youths together, And o'er seas built in air, Your heart was like a feather, And mine weighed down with care; To you came wealth with husband's prime, To me it brought alloy; Fore-shadowed in the prime time, When you and I were boys. We're old men together— The friends we loved of yore, With leaves of autumn weather, Are gone for evermore. How best to age the impulse given, The hope time ne'er destroys— Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven, When you and I were boys!

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. A. D. HUNT.

"Dear me!" said Ellen Lincoln, a girl of fourteen years, as she entered the parlour, where her mother was sitting; Bridget tells me that Miss Seymour is to come in the morning and fit my silk; I was really in hopes you would never employ her again."

"But why?" said her mother, as she looked up with a half serious expression. "Because she is an old maid; and you know that I always detest them; they are forever talking or fretting about this or that."

"That is of no consequence at all. I am very sorry to hear my daughter speak thus," replied Mrs. Lincoln, "and hope that you will change your mind and feelings towards Miss Seymour, and all other old maids, as you term them, ere long."

"But let us say no more about the dress; if you will bring your work, and sit by my side, I will relate to you a story of what happened to one of my most intimate friends, when I was young."

"It was on the 18th of November," began Mrs. Lincoln, as Ellen was fairly started, "since what I am about to tell you transported me— At that time, near the home-stead of my father, lived a young and beautiful maiden. But eighteen summers had passed over her head, and yet she had passed through many trying scenes of sorrow and affliction."

"From early childhood we had ever been near and cherished friends; a tenfold cord seemed to knit our young affections. We were as sisters, and everything seemed bereft of half its pleasure to me, unless shared by my friend. In fact, she was the favorite of all who knew her—so gentle and so winning, that she ever won the love and admiration of the whole village school, where together we went, hand in hand, for eight successive years."

less and as if riveted to the spot. No one seemed to notice our approach, until I stepped up to him, and gently laid my hand upon his shoulder, when in silence he pointed towards the parlour door.

"I tried, though in a feeble manner, to support my friends, as she entered the room, where lay shrouded in death the loved and devoted Charles Lincoln. With a trembling hand she removed the heavy pall of black velvet that covered the noble and many form of her adored and betrothed husband. She gazed long upon the sweet and placid features of the being that lay before her; a beautiful smile seemed to wreath his lips in death, as if he were about to speak and tell of the unknown felicity and joy that waits the truly righteous."

"At length, stooping to imprint a kiss upon his noble forehead, she exclaimed, in anguish of spirit— "Oh death, thou hast indeed come near me many times, and broken the after thee which bound me to earth! but thou hast now accomplished thy fearful work, taken all that the world held dear to me, and inflicted a wound which time can never heal."

"The scene was too affecting for me to behold, and I repaired to an adjoining room, where I could, unmolested, give vent to my tears, and mourn over the sad trials of my cherished and devoted friend. As soon as my emotions had subsided, and I was sufficiently composed, I hastened to inquire the particulars of so sudden and unexpected an event. I was informed of the domestic, that so violently had been seized after taking cold, that reason at once forsook its throne, and returned not again until a short interval before death, when he was heard to call constantly upon the name of Helen, expressing a great desire to see her, that he might breathe forth his last blessing upon her."

"I did not see Ellen again until she was bending over him, taking the last lingering look before he was consigned to the grave. There were no tears in her eyes, nor any wringing of the hands to make manifest her grief; but the awful look of intense agony that was depicted on her countenance, caused me indeed to shudder. By request his remains were brought to this village where he had been called upon but a few weeks before to settle as their pastor and teacher. After the last rites of the burial were performed over our dear and departed friend, we returned to our homes, sad and disconsolate indeed."

"A sad and fearful change had in that short space of time been wrought in Helen; she seemed like a crushed flower, that sought to wither away and die. The trial seemed more than she could bear, and she soon began to sink beneath the weight of her affliction; her health rapidly failed, and for many months she was not able to leave her room; but being placed under the care of the most skillful physician, and the undivided care and attention of her mother, she at length recovered so as to be able to go out."

"She expressed a wish to visit the grave of Charles; and early one morning in June her mother and myself accompanied her there. I could not refrain from weeping to see my friend, as she bent over that hallowed spot, and with clasped hands, offered up a silent prayer to that Being in whom she had learned to put all her trust. Perfidious and cruel as the trials of this life, she seemed more like an inhabitant of eternity than a being of earth. Her countenance seemed like that of a seraph, so holy and angelic its expression."

"After she had ended her prayer, she set about to plant the beautiful flowers she had brought with her there, that they might grow and shed their fragrance over a spot so sacred and dear to her. I turned away with a sad heart, as I thought that beneath the cold clods of that earth, lay the cherished idol of her soul's best affection—that she had also buried her heart with him, crushed in all its hopes of future happiness in life."

One Vacant Chair.

We were talking, three days since with an esteemed friend, who was reproached for the poor old "vacant chair," and with whom "The Evening," as a master of course, is a habit, a day of family reunion, of social and social rejoicing. He is a man of noble sympathies and a big heart. In speaking of the coming Thanksgiving day, a cloud passed over his features, and a tear glistened in his eye, "I have," said he, "many years gathered my family around me on that day— All my children have sat with me at my annual feast, and it never occurred to me that it could be otherwise. We ate, drank, and were merry, without thinking that a change must one day come. At our annual banquet this year there will be one vacant chair."

"It was a sad, sad thought. Sorrows memories come clustering around the heart at the mention of the "one vacant chair." The pleasant features of the happy smile, the cheerful voice of the loved and the lost come like a vision of sweetness from the sorrowful past. The pale still face, the marble brow decked with the garlands of the grave, follow, and the eye dims with tears as the vision vanishes away and the palpable presence only is left of that "one vacant chair."

"And so it is, and so it will be always.— Year by year those that we love drop from around us. Some are snatched away by death, going down to the silent world out into the great world, and are borne by the currents of life far away from us.— The day of annual reunion comes; we look for the cherished ones, we listen for the loved voices; but the heart swells, and the big tear trembles on the eyelids, for there, in the middle of that cherished circle, in the very place where one who nestled fondly in our bosoms used to sit, is "one vacant chair."

"We who sit at the head of these family feasts should never forget that one day we shall be absent from the banquet. The time will surely come when we shall cease to occupy a place there. We know not when the vacancy may occur, but as an earnest desire to live, and as a human destiny is sweeping onward and onward, always towards eternity, so surely will the day of our departure come—and struggle as we may, resist as we may, as all the aggregated energies of nature may, we must pass from among the living, and leave behind us for the next gathering "one vacant chair." —Albany Register.

Do not say "I can't!"

"I once knew a lad of some twelve years, who had acquired a habit of saying "I can't," whenever he was told or asked to do anything. When at school he was always behind his class, and if reproached by his teacher, his only excuse was, "Well, Miss C., I can't learn it." Miss C., though perhaps, she had assigned him too long lessons, and she afterwards gave an entire, and still shorter, but it was still the same "I can't," as before; and she saw that unless the habit was broken, it would entirely prevent all progress in knowledge and render him a burden to society. Many expedients were resorted to, but without success. At length she resolved to meet him on his own ground; so one morning, during the first exercise, which was reading in the New Testament, when it came to his turn to read, Miss C. said "Horace might be excused, and the next one read. Not long afterwards, he asked permission to get his pencil, which had fallen from his desk, and Miss C. replied, "I will get it for you, I don't think you can pick it up for you." At once it was that all could have recency but Horace—it was presumed he could not read. In the same manner he was excused from all duties, much to his own surprise, and that of the whole school. During the afternoon some one ventured to ask, "Why may not Horace recite with us?" and was only answered "He can't." A little before the closing exercise, as the teacher was standing near him, he looked up beseechingly in her face, and said, "Miss C., are you going to hear me recite any more lessons?" She replied, "I would like very much to hear you go on with the classes if you can, but you always tell me you can't, and if you can't, I ought not to require it of you."

"Said he, 'shall I not recite to-morrow?' and was answered, "Yes, if you can." He burst into tears and said, "I will try to get my lessons, Miss C. The point was gained. For many months, while that teacher remained, his lessons were faithfully learned, and other duties promptly performed, and without any "I can't," to sadden the heart. Years afterwards she was gladdened by hearing that he never lost the benefit of that day's discipline."

"Dear children, do not say "I can't," but rouse up all the energies of your mind, and gladden the hearts of your parents and teachers, by persevering efforts to become able and good, for only the truly good are truly great."

A Girl.—One of the sweetest gems of poetry ever written, is the following, from the pen of Frances Ann Butler: Better trust all, and be deceived, And weep the tears, and that deceiving. Than doubt one heart that he believed. Had blessed one's life with true believing. Oh in this morning world, too true, By no means blind, and do not lose your youth! Better be taught to the last. Than live the blessed hope of truth. A man of truly refined feeling and philosophy will not consent to wear apparel that insults the plainest garb of his associates. He will not build a marble palace, in the midst of the thatched dwellings of the poor. The very luxuries he lives he will try with half guilty conscience to conceal, lest their light should painfully affect his neighbour who does not possess them. Girls, beware of the man who bows and smiles, and says so many soft things to you; he has no genuine love; while he who loves you most sincerely, struggles to hide the weakness of his heart, and frequently appears decidedly awkward."

Dangers of Brandy Drinking.

In the last number of the Irish Quarterly Review, the weakness of poor Maguire is thus alluded to: "He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which had been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollection of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last pictures, with the brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at the terrible condition in which reason could only visit him through intoxication; and Maguire, although not so fallen as this sunk deep. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource; but that which copious drafts of the liquor could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were past forever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant social Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once staid form of Thomas Hook, a miserable wretched skeleton to the grave."

"Maguire, we know, felt his position.— He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw in him with what he might have been, and as we hoped would have been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb: "When you find a ticklish relish upon your tongue, disposing you in a way sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas settling in upon the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would give way to your greatest destruction. If you cannot control the power of fancy, or that which you wish you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. With an essay, pen a character, or description—but not as I do it, with tears trickling down my cheek. To be an object of compassion to friends of decision to fore; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for being witty when you know you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no preparation can give, to be set on to provoke speech which produces the prostrator drunk; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of hither-bringing wine, which are to be distilled into any breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable marrow for night of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little or considerable drops of grinding applause, and the wages of baseness and death."

The Ottoman.—A tale traveller to Turkey, thus describes some of the peculiarities in the manners and customs of the Turks: "They abhor the bat; but uncovering the head—which, with us, is an expression of respect—is considered by them disrespectful and indecent. No offense is given by keeping on a bat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold. The slipper, and not the urban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes. They write from right to left. They mount on the right side of the horse. They follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it. The left hand is the place of honour. They do the honors of the table by serving themselves first. They are great smokers and coffee drinkers. They take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect. They beckon by throwing back the hand instead of throwing it toward them. They cut the hair from the head. They remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin. They sleep in their clothes. They look upon beating as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling. They deem our short and close dresses indecent; our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude. They resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult. They commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in. They catch upon an abandonment. They regard dancing as a theatrical performance only to be looked at and not mingled in, except by slaves. Lastly, their mourning habit is white; their sacred color, green; their Sabbath day is Friday, and interment follows immediately on death."

Corroboration a Crime.—Mr. Bruce, in his classic and Historie, Portrait, speaks of the dangers of becoming too fat in Sparta:—"The Ancient Spartan paid as much attention to the rearing of men, as the cattle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it was lawful in a free state, for any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too fat, or too soft for military exercise and the service of Sparta, were instantly whipped. In one particular instance, that of Nymphis, the son of Polybus, the offender, was brought before the Ephors, and a dieting of the whole people of Sparta, at which his unlawful fatness, was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his culpable mode of living, which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than a son of Lacedaemon."

The Widowed Wife.—What is the story of the wedding ring—that single golden circle? Read and know:—A ring, wherever sold by the church, signifies, to use the words of liturgical writers, intermingled steel, the perpetuity ofidelity; it is the emblem of eternity, &c.; so that the wedding ring symbolizes the eternal or entire fidelity the wife pledges to her husband, and she wears the ring as a badge of the fidelity she owes to her husband, and swore to him at the marriage ceremony."

Love and Hope.—Sam Slick says, "Love is neither here nor there; it is real as real as the real, like real beef, Varnum's 'backey,' is a scarce thing; it is either very genuine or a counterfeit, something you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs, or something that is all warm, and warm, and gloom. The moment it is heated it will fly, and then fall to pieces. Love is a pick-pocket; Hope is a forger. Love gets a girl and dotes her; and the sooner she is rid of him the better, for she is young, and the world is left to her at any rate. Hope comes here; he boards up for the future, and she listens to the villain, and places her happiness in years to come; and when that long future arrives, a pretty short story after all, for it soon comes, and she goes to draw on this accumulated fund, the devil's agent is there; Hope has drawn it all out, and gone to California. Love and Hope are both rascals. I don't put my legs in that, it is all right; it is all right; it is all right for all nature is right. Hope, (and evil seldom comes where they are exposed, We have a right to rely on anybody but on Providence and ourselves. Middle men, or agents in a general way, are evil spirits, but Hope is the devil."

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks, brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desecrated his grave, and then returned home with her. Why, she said, she was good. The book says she always is. So she wash your clothes. She up do what I want her to do. The Minister: "But the book says, you were to take her, for better or for worse." "Yes, indeed, but she all works and no better." "She has too much more, and no good at all."

Every one has admired Pausanias's definition of Love, in Ingomar: "What love is, if it would it be taught. Thy heart must teach alone; For every one has but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one."

A Fortunate.—An English widow lady, residing at Plainfield, N. Y., and who has been in indigent circumstances, last week received intelligence from England that a deceased relative has left her property and valuable worth \$1,000,000.

Never mind Him.

"Who is that snarly looking fellow on the right?" "O never mind him!" was the reply of an anxious and admiring mother to her inquisitive daughter. "He's mind him; he is nothing but a mechanic that works at W.—'s machine shop." "O no, madam, 'he is nothing but a mechanic," and he is poor at that. He has no gold guard chain, no 'white vest,' no fashionable coat, no pomatum on his hair, no gold headed cane in his hand. Of course you despise him, for he don't belong to your 'set.' But though poor, he is honest. Though he wears no jewels on his fingers, he has a jewel in his breast— an intellectual and cultivated mind. In looking for a school for your daughter, you sought one who can display flowers on the outside. His are mental and will always be concealed from you; though if you were to engage in conversation with him, and had sense enough to appreciate it, you would be delighted with his stores of knowledge on subjects now engaging the world's attention. However he don't keep store, and that's enough." He has not made a 'pile' by speculations in corner lots, but he has read a 'pile' of books and knows 'lots' about the 'British engine, the latest improvement in machinery, &c., &c.

"Never mind him, he is so vulgar looking." "Very well, Madam, he don't care a fig for that, because, although his hands are hard and tough, he knows so much to touch the velvety hand of your daughter while she is directed by your guidance. When he notices by what she is doing something more than a handsome silk dress with a spotted woman in it, if your daughter should throw off the 'spell' of false pride by which you were seeking to enslave her mind, and recognize moral worth while you are looking only for gold coined dollars, gold rings and ornaments, she might carry off a prize worth having; but wouldn't her mother—and her ambitious papa; too—be dreadfully shocked?" "Would he be shocked to see your daughter, instead of looking toward a few rows in the pocket of a school book, looking at mechanical skill will surely bring a young mechanic's report again? 'Never mind him—he's a snarly fellow.'"

John McCrellin.—The following excellent description of Sam Slick's, we call from a speech made by John Mitchell, the Irish exile, on the occasion of a dinner given him by the authorities of that City: "Here on the spot where Ireland, here, where five years ago a solitary English soldier, visited a lonely being, he was seen on the back of the globe, for a change of life has risen in the air, and the Englishers have been driven from the sea. This younger and farthest daughter of your great republic was yet unborn when I fell asleep. I was wake in the Tyre of the Pacific. No fatigues of a city of air in this. The genius here, not piled it up with clouds. Neither is it, like the city of the Czars, or the city of the Constantines, the enforced woman-ship of vassals or slaves, executing the iron will of a despot. Here stands the fair achievement of free and sovereign citizens, doing their own best and for their own belief—a city staunch and potent, unpaid and free—Eoio perpetua. Long may commerce and freedom at enthroned within her walls, and the wealth of a thousand Isles be woven in her loom and poured into her gate of gold! Reverently and deliberately, it becomes a stranger and aspirant to the privileges of your citizenship, to investigate those wise and useful institutions that have bred and nursed the energy of such a race."

A Nick Landlubber.—A traveller found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel keeper, upon receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that, "Thank you," was worth twenty-five cents, and "Thank you kindly," was worth thirty-seven, and a half. Soon after, a student called for a dinner, six shillings, and the landlubber said to pay. "Twenty-five cents," said the traveller, and bowed off. "Here, my good fellow, you'd better like the change," remarked the landlubber, handing down a nine-pieces, "your dinner was only 38 cents."

Athens.—Athens was much liked in America. An old Yankee, who had some success in a play, was taken to witness Booth's performance of the Mourner, and on being asked at the termination of the piece if he liked it, he replied, "Yes, amazing; but I guess that little rascal, (Othello) played as well as any of the white fellows—if not better." —Alfred Russel.

An Inevitable Native American.—The most decisive case of intemperance we have recently known, is that of a person of this city, who was asked to attend the Pigeon Ball at Plymouth, on the 23d ult. He replied that he was not going forty miles to attend a celebration in honor of the arrival of a parcel of foreigners. —Boston Transcript.

Retort.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson. A clergyman who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

A number of odd epithets are going the rounds of the press. The following, upon a tombstone in the cemetery near Cincinnati, is worthy of being placed among the number:—Here lies _____, who came to this city, and died, for the benefit of his health."

A Caution for the Tongue.—Remember a word cut deeper than a sharp weapon, and the wound it makes is longer healing.

Mr. Premium of the Louisville Journal, thus touchingly alludes to the death of his associate, Mr. Shreve: "We, the surviving editor of the Journal, feel that the price of life is scarcely yet gone, yet, as we look back upon our long career in this city, we seem to be bold, near and far, only the graves of the prized and the lost. All the numerous journeymen and apprentices, that were in our employ when we first commenced publishing our paper, are dead, our first partner, our second partner and our third partner are dead, our first assistant and our last assistant are also dead. When these memories come over us, we feel like one alone at midnight, in the midst of a church-yard, with the winds sighing mournfully around him through the broken tombs, and the voices of the ghosts of departed joys sounding dolefully in his ears. Our prayer to God is that such memories may have a chastening and purifying and elevating influence upon us, and fit us to discharge, better than we have ever yet done, our duties to earth and to heaven."

Faithful Forever.—It is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is an unfettered—a flowery seclusion, into which the mind when weary of sadness, may retreat for a career of constant love—a warmth in the clasp of friendship, forever lingering on the hand—a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear—a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled brow of life's world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld, deepened sometimes as chastening grief upon our nature, but there it is so close to the bitterness of broken faith.

A Temperance Man.—Here is a story of a man to whom honor is due, which we find in the Genesis of the West, a Cincinnati identity: "A gentleman called upon a negro, who was a slave farm in Ohio, and wished to purchase some slave linnen. The colored friend inquired for what purpose he wanted it. He desired for an answer, "I have a contract for some many whisky barrels." "Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have neither here nor there, and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single barrel of my slave linnen, unless for that purpose." Discourse Mr. Carper was not a little surprised to get such an answer, and "Well, sir," was the prompt reply, "I have neither here nor there, and want the money, but no man shall purchase a single barrel of my slave linnen, unless for that purpose."

"Here on the spot where Ireland, here, where five years ago a solitary English soldier, visited a lonely being, he was seen on the back of the globe, for a change of life has risen in the air, and the Englishers have been driven from the sea. This younger and farthest daughter of your great republic was yet unborn when I fell asleep. I was wake in the Tyre of the Pacific. No fatigues of a city of air in this. The genius here, not piled it up with clouds. Neither is it, like the city of the Czars, or the city of the Constantines, the enforced woman-ship of vassals or slaves, executing the iron will of a despot. Here stands the fair achievement of free and sovereign citizens, doing their own best and for their own belief—a city staunch and potent, unpaid and free—Eoio perpetua. Long may commerce and freedom at enthroned within her walls, and the wealth of a thousand Isles be woven in her loom and poured into her gate of gold! Reverently and deliberately, it becomes a stranger and aspirant to the privileges of your citizenship, to investigate those wise and useful institutions that have bred and nursed the energy of such a race."

Love and Hope.—Sam Slick says, "Love is neither here nor there; it is real as real as the real, like real beef, Varnum's 'backey,' is a scarce thing; it is either very genuine or a counterfeit, something you wouldn't touch with a pair of tongs, or something that is all warm, and warm, and gloom. The moment it is heated it will fly, and then fall to pieces. Love is a pick-pocket; Hope is a forger. Love gets a girl and dotes her; and the sooner she is rid of him the better, for she is young, and the world is left to her at any rate. Hope comes here; he boards up for the future, and she listens to the villain, and places her happiness in years to come; and when that long future arrives, a pretty short story after all, for it soon comes, and she goes to draw on this accumulated fund, the devil's agent is there; Hope has drawn it all out, and gone to California. Love and Hope are both rascals. I don't put my legs in that, it is all right; it is all right; it is all right for all nature is right. Hope, (and evil seldom comes where they are exposed, We have a right to rely on anybody but on Providence and ourselves. Middle men, or agents in a general way, are evil spirits, but Hope is the devil."

The Dark Side of Matrimony.—Lately a slave in the West Indies, who had been married to another slave by one of the missionaries, at the end of three weeks, brought his wife back to the clergyman, and desecrated his grave, and then returned home with her. Why, she said, she was good. The book says she always is. So she wash your clothes. She up do what I want her to do. The Minister: "But the book says, you were to take her, for better or for worse." "Yes, indeed, but she all works and no better." "She has too much more, and no good at all."

Every one has admired Pausanias's definition of Love, in Ingomar: "What love is, if it would it be taught. Thy heart must teach alone; For every one has but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one."

A Fortunate.—An English widow lady, residing at Plainfield, N. Y., and who has been in indigent circumstances, last week received intelligence from England that a deceased relative has left her property and valuable worth \$1,000,000.