THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 5, 1854. NUMBER 8.

BRINGMAN'S

CABINET-WARE ROOM,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

THANKFUL for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to him the subscriber would respectfully inform his old customers and the public generally, that he still continues to manufacture every variety of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

at his Old Establishment, in South Baltimore street, second square, a few doors fouth of the "STAR" printing office Gettysburg. He will have on hand, for sale, and will constantly be prepared to manufacture, from the very best of materials, *Sofas* at the rate of from $20 to $50;

Centre, Card, Pier,

Sofa, Toilet, Dining and Break fast TABLES; Dressing Bureaus o every description: French Beadsteads, Washstands, Wardrobes, Secretaries, Book-Cases; Pedestals or Sideboards, Piano Stools, Ladies' Washstands, Reclining Chairs, Lounges, Toilorette, &c., &c., which for neatness, durability and beauty of finish, cannot be surpassed by any in the country.

☞ Persons wishing good and cheap

FURNITURE

would do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Coffins.

He is also prepared to manufacture Coffins of Cloth, Alpaca & Walnut. He has a neat and substantial Hearse, and is prepared to accommodate persons in town and country at the shortest notice. All kinds of work made to order, and warranted to be finished in the best workman like style. GEO. E. BRINGMAN.

Gettysburg, July 22, 1853.—tf.

GROCERY & LIQUOR STORE.

REMOVAL.

THE undersigned has REMOVED his Store a few doors south of his old stand, to the three-story building of Mr. Wasmus, (next door to the "Star" office,) where he will always keep on hand a large assortment of goods, which he is prepared to offer at prices which cannot be beat. His stock consists of

GROCERIES

of all kinds, Sugars, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Fish, Salt, Crackers, Cheese, Pickeled Cucumbers, &c. Also,

Fruits & Confections,

Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Prunes &c.—Also, Powder, Shot, Tobacco, Segars, Gail's celebrated German Smoking Tobacco, and a variety of other articles—Also a first-rate assortment of the best qualities of

LIQUORS,

Wines and Brandies, of different kinds, N. E. Rum, Holland Gin, Old Rye, &c. —all of which can be had on the lowest terms at the Store of the subscriber, in South Baltimore street, next door to the "Star" office.

☞ Also, always on hand a variety of Stone Jugs, &c.—Give us a call.

EMANUEL ZIEGLER, Jr.

Gettysburg, Jan. 27, 1854—tf.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

S. FAHNESTOCK & SONS has just received and are now opening one of the largest and most complete assortment of Spring and Summer Dress Goods ever offered to the public. Our selection having been made with great care, and our stock purchased at reduced prices, we feel prepared to present inducements such as are rarely offered. Our stock of Dry Goods has never been surpassed and with the addition of our last purchase, comprising as it does Cloths of all prices and qualities, Cassimeres, Vestings, Kentucky Jeans, Plaids for Children, Berage De Laines, M. De Laines, Beranges, Berage Alpacas, Calicoes, Ginghams, SHAWLS, (Cashmere, Thibet, and White Crape of every variety,) we challenge the county to produce their equal, as regards to quality and price.

Having added largely to our variety of

GROCERIES,

we are prepared to furnish the finest qualities of Syrup, Molasses, Sugar, &c., &c., at reduced rates; our stock of Molasses and Sugar is regarded as the most complete ever offered in the county. We deem it needless to enumerate, as we have always on hand a complete assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, &c.

To satisfy you of the truth of our assertion, we only ask you to call and examine for yourself, if you want bargains. Call early at FAHNESTOCKS.

Sign of the Red Front.

March 31, 1854.—tf

HAY WANTED.

PERSONS having Hay to sell will do well by calling on the subscriber, in Gettysburg, who is desirous of purchasing. The highest Market price will be paid at all times. ☞ As he intends having the Hay, after being packed, hauled either to Hanover or Baltimore, the preference to haul will be given to those from whom he may purchase.

SOLOMON POWERS.

Dec. 24, 1852.—tf

HAIR BRAIDS, a desirable article, to be had cheap at SCHICK'S.

NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just returned from Philadelphia and Baltimore with as large and handsome a stock of NEW GOODS as has been offered to the public at any time in this place, among which is every variety of

Ladies' Dress & Fancy Goods,

M. Delains, Berage Delains, Popline, Persian Cloth, Alpaca Berage, Bombazine, Alpaca, Lawns, Ginghams, Chinzes, Calicoes, Silks, Caps, Collars, red and white Crape and other Shawls in great variety, Bonnets, Bonnet Silks and Trimmings of every variety, plain and embroidered linen Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Gloves, Veils, &c. Also, the

Cheapest Cloths, Cassimers, and Ready Made Clothing

in town, with every variety of Goods for Gentlemen's wear. Also, a large lot of cheap Domestics, Hardware, Queensware

GROCERIES, &C.

☞ The Ladies' attention particularly is invited to a large and beautiful selection of DRESS AND FANCY GOODS.—The Gentlemen's attention is invited to a large stock of Cheap Cloths, Cassimere, &c., &c.

Give us a call; we pledge ourselves not to be undersold by any establishment in this or any other place.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

P. S. Old Debts thankfully received.

March 31, 1854.

NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE 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 arge and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

GROCERIES,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS,

Springs, Axles, Saddlery,

Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,

Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, incuding every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinetmakers, Shoemakers, 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 any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a 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, 1851.—tf.

Ho, for Nebraska!

NEW SPRING GOODS.

J. S. GRAMMER

HAS the pleasure of informing his friends and the public, that he has taken the store room recently occupied by D. MIDDLECOFF, in Chambersburg street, where he has just received from the Eastern cities and is now opening an extensive and splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS,

which have been selected with great care and bought entirely for cash, and which he believes will enable him to offer rare bargains to all who may be pleased to favor him with a share of their patronage, which is hereby very respectfully invited.

Gettysburg, March 31, 1854.—tf

NEW ARRIVAL AND

A GREAT GATHERING!

ALMOST every body is attracted to the Store of J. L. SCHICK, in the Three-Story building, South West corner of the Diamond, to see the large and splendid stock of

NEW GOODS,

he has just brought from the Cities, and he is of course making any number of sales. But "the more the merrier," and the busier the better he likes it. His assortment embraces

Ladies' Dress Goods,

of every description, such as Silks, Barege De Laines, Chalii Barege, Lawns, Drap de Beige, Alpacca de Beige, Alpacas, Bombazines, Silk Down, Linen Lustre, Calicoes, Ginghams, Chambra Ginghams; Swiss, Jaconet and Cambric Muslins, in every variety; Crape and Cashmere SHAWLS; Laces, Edgings, Gimps, Dress Trimmings and Buttons, &c.

For Gentlemen he has Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmeret, Italian Cloth, Drap de Ete, Vestings, (a large and beautiful variety,) Cottonades, Linen Checks, Gray Linen, (something new and first rate,) Handkerchiefs, Cravats, Suspenders, &c.

He endeavors at all times to sell cheaper than any other Store in town—and that he succeeds in the endeavor will be proven by giving him a call. "Small profits and quick sales," and no trouble to show goods. J. L. SCHICK.

April 7, 1854.

Tell it Around,

THAT MARCUS SAMSON has just opened a splendid assortment of Pants of every variety and style which he will sell at prices that will defy competition here or elsewhere. Remember I buy for cash, and under the most favorable circumstances, which enables me to do just what I promise. No humbugging, call and judge for yourselves.

THE ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I with deep fear and doubt oppressed:
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he, who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door, began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the deathless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatsoe'er He sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said;
And o'er I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with amaranthine wreath
Passing descended, and with a voice divine,
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin,
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If He but wave his hand
The mist collects, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His:
Without His leave they pass no threshhold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messenger to shut the door.

[From the New-York Independent.

HEART-LIFE.

Whenever we visit the country for a day, we gain some fresh impression of the presence, the power, the goodness, and the glory of God in his works. It seems to us that those who live in the country are somehow nearer to God than we of the city can be. The sky they look upon is not a narrow, longitudinal section of blue between two parallel walls of brick and stone, but the wide expanse of the firmament from north to south, from east to west. The sunshine they enjoy is not a reflection from red brick and white paint, or a dimly-illuminated vapor of dust and smoke, but the clear, full out-pouring of the sun himself, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. The flowers they look upon are not nursed in the sickly heat of a conservatory, but sun themselves in the open air. The water they drink does not flow through miles of iron and lead pipes, but comes leaping down the mountain, or bubbling from the glade. The trees that give them shade are not hemmed in with flagstones and wire boxes, but strike their roots in a virgin soil, and spread their branches as they list. There is little of the artificial interposed between the Maker of all and the observer of his works, between the Giver of all and the recipient of his benefits. But, after all, people who live in the country have doubtless their forms of worldliness as well as we of the city. The meadows and fields that we admire as witnesses that the Lord careth for man and beast, are worth just so much to them in hay and wheat, and in those days of telegraphs, railroads, and cheap newspapers, the farmer in the interior is as eager to know the price of breadstuffs in Europe, as is the Front-street merchant or the Wall street speculator. The merry stream that is to us a symbol of freedom, purity, truth, love,—a gush of life and blessedness from the infinite and eternal fountain—is to its neighbor suggestive rather of a mill-privilege worth so much to the farm. The woods under whose venerable shade we love to walk with God, are to their owner so many loads of fuel, or shingles, or so many sticks of ship-timber. Worldliness is everywhere, for it is in the heart of man. It is in the country as well as in the city, and through those forms which are in widest contrast with the city. Indeed, from the frequent requests of our country readers, that we would give them a full *price-current, and bank note list* in every paper, we suspect their is little difference between city and country in the ratio of the things of the world to the things of Christ. We trust that these friends do not make the price-current their Sabbath day reading, and justify themselves because they find it in a religious newspaper! After all, our religious life is not a thing of the outward. Its springs are not in the mountain-cave, or in the wooded glen. Its water do not drop from the clouds. Its light does not come from the natural sun. In city or country, it must be an inward heart-life. But in the city, where all is outward, and where the outward leads away from God, there is need of the most imperative shutting up of the heart to its closet-life, as the spring of all spiritual activities. We cannot grow religious by visits to the country, or by any communion with the outward. We must shut ourselves up with the Bible and with God, in the close communion of prayer. We must take time for this.—In city or in country, our life must be hid with Christ in God.

THE CAMEL IN AMERICA.—The Committee on Commerce in the New York Senate have reported in favor of incorporating the American Camel Company.—The purpose of the asssociation is to introduce the Asiatic camel into the United States for the various purposes of transportation. The capital stock is fixed at one hundred thousand dollars.

☞ In Pennsylvania, according to the census of 1850, there was one clergyman to every eight hundred and fifty inhabitants; one lawyer to every nine hundred and twenty-four; and one physician to every five hundred and sixty-eight.

[From Little Ferns.

ROSALIE AND HETTIE.

BY FAANY FERN.

Every body called Rosalie a beauty.—Every body was right. Her cheeks looked like a ripe peach; her hair waved over as fair a forehead as ever a zephyr kissed; her eyes and mouth were as perfect as eyes and mouth could be; no violet was softer or bluer than the one, no rose-bud sweeter than the other. All colors became Rosalie, and whatever she did was gracefully done.

Yes; overybody thought Rosalie was "a beauty." Rosalie thought so herself.—So she took no pains to be good, or amiable, or obliging. She never cared about learning any thing; for she said to herself, I can afford to be a dunce if I like; I shall be always sought and admired for my pretty face.

So Rosalie dressed as tastfully as she and the dress-maker knew how; and looked up to show her fine eyes, and down to show her long eye-lashes; and held up her dress, and hopped over little imaginary puddles, to show her pretty feet; and smiled, to show her white teeth; and danced to show her fine form; and was brilliant and as brainless as a butterfly.

Now I suppose you think that Rosalie was very happy. Not it all! She was in a perfect fidget lest she should not get all the admiration she wanted. She was torturing herself all the while, for fear some prettier face would come along and eclipse hers: If she went to a party, and every person but one admired her, she would fret herself sick, because that one didn't bow down and worship her.

Never having studied or read any thing, Rosalie could talk nothing but nonsense; so every body who conversed with her talked nonsense too, and paid her silly compliments; and made her believe that all she needed to make her quite an angel was a pair of wings; and then she would hold her pretty head on one side, and simper; and they would go away laughing in their sleeves, and saying,

"What a vain little fool Rosalie is!"

Now, Rosalie's cousin Hetty was as plain as a chestnut-bur. She had not a single pretty feature in her face. Nobody ever thought of calling Hetty a beauty, and she knew it; she was used to being overlooked; but she didn't go about whining and making herself unhappy about it—not she. She just put her mind on something else. She studied, and read books; and learned a great many useful things. So she had a great deal in her mind to think of, and went singing about as happy as could be, without minding whether any body noticed her or not.

So she grew up sweet-tempered, amiable, generous, and happy. When she went into company, strangers would say, "What a plain little body Hetty is." If they could not find anybody else to talk to they would go speak to her. Then Hetty would look up at them with one of her quiet smiles, and commence talking. She would say a great many very sensible things, and some queer ones; and they would listen—and listen—and listen—and by and by look at their watch, and wonder what had made time fly so; and then go home, wondering to themselves how they could ever call such an agreeable girl as Hetty "homely."

So, you see, everybody learned to love her, when they found out what a beautiful soul she had; and while Rosalie was pining and fretting herself sick, because her beauty was fading, and her admirers were dropping off, one by one, to flatter prettier faces, Hetty went quietly on her way winning hearts, and—keeping them too.

Don't Overtask the Young Brain.

Dr. Robertson says the minds of children ought to be little, if at all, tasked, till the brain's developement is nearly completed, or until the age of six or seven years. And will those years be wasted? or will the future man be more likely to be deficient in mental, power and capability, than one who is differently treated?—Those years will not be wasted. The great book of nature is open to the infant's and the child's prying investigation; and from nature's page may be learned more useful information than is contained in all the children's books that have ever been published. But even supposing those years to be absolutely lost, which is anything but the case, will the child eventually be a loser thereby? We contend, with our author, that he will not. Task the mind during the earlier years, and you not only expose the child to a greater risk of a disordered brain—not only, it may be, lay the foundation for a morbid excitability of brain, that may one day end in insanity—but you debilitate its bodily powers, and by so doing, to all intents and purposes, the mind will eventually be a loser in its powers and capabilities.

Domestic Duties.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable as well as in the literary circles of her time, has said that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined when they are ennobled by sentiment," and they are truly ennobled, when we attend to them, either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. "To furnish a room," continues the lady, "is no longer a commonplace affair, shared with upholsterers and cabinetmakers; it is decorating the place where I am to meet a friend or lover.—To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook; it is preparing refreshments for him whom I love. These necessary occupation viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachments, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusement of the world."

A child was born in Houston, (Texas) recently, having its teeth as fully developed as a child of nine months old. It is literally "born with teeth."

When day "breaks," what becomes of its fragments?

Sorrows show us truths as the night brings out stars.

FASHION.

Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes—or chokes us with a tight handkerchief, or squeezes our breath out of our body by tight lacing; she makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait on one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather be at home; eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure, and interrupts our business.

She compels the people to dress gayly—whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the word of God or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness—destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children and servants of us all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality, an enemy to religion, and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning—and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her servants and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

Plain Talk to Young Men.

They talk about staples and great staples. Honest, industrious, able young men are the great staple in this world of ours. Young man! you are wanted, but not for a doctor. No nor a lawyer.—There are enough of them for this generation, and one or two to spare. Don't study a "profession," unless it be the profession of bricklaying or farming or some other of the manual professions. Don't measure tape if you can help it. It's honorable and honest, and all that, but then you can do better. Of all things don't rob the women. It's their prerogative to handle silks and laces, tape and thread. Put on your hat, then, like a man, don an apron, and go out doors. Get a good glow on your check, the jewel of toil upon your brow, and a good set of well developed muscles. We would go if we could, but then we were young longer ago than we like to think, and you know when one's old he can't.

Besides, if you become a doctor, you'll have to wait—"because you haven't the experience," says an old practitioner; "because you are too young," say all the women! If you are a lawyer, likely to rise, they'll put a weight upon your head, a la Swiss, to keep you under; or if you make a good argument, some old opponent, as grey as a rat, will kick it all over, by some taunt or other, because you were not born in the year one. And so it will go, until you grow tired and soured, and wish you had been a tinker, perhaps "an immortal" one, or anything but just what you are.

Be a farmer, and your troubles are over, or rather they don't begin. "You of the earth," as they used to say, "up to the sky;" you are independent all day, and tired, not weary, at night. The more neighbors you have, and the better farmers they are, the more and better for you.

The Cat and Canary.

A lady had a pretty canary-bird which was so tame that she allowed it to leave its cage and fly at large in her apartment. She had likewise a fine large cat, which she had trained to treat her bird with gentleness; so that they were very good friends.

One morning the bird was hopping about the room picking crumbs from the carpet as usual, when the cat which was a sleep on the rug, suddenly sprang up, and seizing the bird in her mouth, jumped with it upon the table. The lady was alarmed for the life of her favorite bird, and starting from her seat was about to visit her displeasure upon poor pussy, when she discovered the occasion of the cat's unusual behaviour. The door had been left open and a strange cat had just crept into the room intent to make the little bird his prey, had not the friendly puss so seasonably rescued her. The lady immediately turned out the intruder, when her own cat leaped off the table and released her affrighted little captive without doing it the slightest injury.

It was the nature of this friendly puss to destroy every bird within her reach; but in respect to the canary, she had learned self-control. And cannot a child overcome his natural tendency to selfishness, anger, or any other fault? It can be done, little friends. Will you try? The Saviour is ready to help you to do this.—It will make you lovely in the sight of all, and be well pleasing to Him who loves you and gave himself for you.—*Child's Paper.*

The following "hollow song," by a hollow misanthrope, is worthy of the pen of the author or "Let us all be unhappy together:"

I stood beneath a hollow tree—
The blast it hollow blew—
I thought upon the hollow world,
And all its hollow crew;
Ambition and its hollow schemes,
The hollow hopes we follow,
Imagination's hollow dreams,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

A crown it is a hollow thing,
And hollow heads oft wear it;
The hollow title of a king,
What hollow hearts oft bear it!
No hollow wiles, or honeyed smiles
Of ladies fair, I follow;
For beauty sweet still hides deceit,
'Tis hollow, hollow, hollow!

The hollow leader but betrays
The hollow dupes who heed him;
The hollow critic vends his praise
To hollow fools who feed him;
The hollow friend who takes your hand
Is but a summer swallow;
Whate'er I see is like this tree,
All hollow, hollow, hollow!

Daniel a Model to Men of Business.

Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtually ruler of the empire. But amidst all the cares of office, he maintained his wonted practice of praying thrice a day. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the accounts did not run into confusion. There was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his. And though disappointed rivals were ready to found an impeachment on the slightest flaw, so wise, and prompt and impartial was his procedure, that they at last concluded, "we shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a first-rate business man, to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge, his wisdom and his skill. In the composure and serenity which these frequent approaches to God imparted in his spirit, as well as in direct answer to his prayer, he had a decided advantage over those men who, refusing to acknowledge God in their callings, vex themselves in vain, and who, when the fret and worry and sweltering of their jaded day is done, find that they have accomplished less, and that little far more painfully, than their wiser brethren, who took time to pray. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him. Daniel was in a place where prayer was eminently needful. He was in Babylon, a place of luxury and revelry, and from his position in society he was peculiarly exposed to the idolatrous and voluptuous temptations around him. It was difficult, and ere long it was dangerous, to maintain his singularity. But so far as there was any seduction in the pleasures of that luxurious wicked city, prayer kept him separate; and so far as there was any danger in withholding countenance from the idol orgies, prayer made him bold. Though the clash of cymbals and the shouts of the revellers were coming in at the window they did not disturb his devotion; and though he had not forgotten the King's decree and his lions' den, he did not choose the lattice, nor try to conceal his faith and his worship; and secure alike from spiritual detriment and personal danger, the Lord hid his praying servants in the hollow of his hand.

[From the Works of Professor Forbes.

The Laplander at Home.

We saw the Lapp camp before us on a dry and pleasant grassy space, about two and a half English miles from the sea.—Some piles of sticks and mounds, which seemed like no human habitation, first attracted attention. The piles of sticks form (as we found) a sort of skeleton shed, which can be enclosed in bad weather by a kind of rude tarpaulin. They contained barrels, clothes, and many nondescript utensils and stores, which, in fine weather, are exposed suspended from the bare poles. Two low, round mounds of turf, overlaid with sticks and branches in a most disorderly fashion, composed the habitations of a multitude of men, women, and especially children, who seemed at first sight to be countless. Their appearance—uncouth, squalid and diminutive in the extreme—was, I thought, decidedly unpreposessing. But an attentive survey brought out some more favorable features. The countenance was altogether unlike any I had seen, but by no means devoid of intelligence, and even a certain sweetness of expression. Notwithstanding that our party was tolerably numerous, they exhibited no signs either of distrust or shyness; and whilst some of them entered into conversation with one of the gentlemen from Tromso, who knew a little of their dialect, and others went, attended by several small active dogs, to fetch some reindeer for our inspection from the heights, the greater part remained quietly engaged in their huts, as we had found them, quite regardless of our presence. On inquiring into their occupation, we were surprised to find them possessed of some excellently printed and well-cared-for books, particularly a Bible in the Finnish tongue, and a commentary, each forming a quarto volume. We found some of them also engaged in writing.—This was a matter of surprise, when we had been led to expect something approaching barbarism; and we had soon a proof that their pretensions was not merely theoretical; for they positively refused to taste the spirits which were freely offered to them, and of which our party partook; though it is well known that excessive and besotting drunkenness used to be the great sin of the Lappish tribes, and still is of those who have not been converted to habits and religion, by the zealous efforts of the Sweedish missionaries (particularly, I believe, Lestadious and Stockfleth) who have laboured amongst them. The characteristic composure of the people was well shown, in a young mother with rather pleasing features, who brought her infant of four months old out of one of the huts, and seating herself on the sunny side of it, proceeded in the most deliberate way imaginable to *pack up* the child for the night in its little wooden cradle, whilst half a dozen of us looked on with no small curiosity. The cradle was cut out of the solid, and covered with leather, flaps of which were so arranged as to lace across the top with leather thongs;—the inside and the little pillow were rendered tolerably soft with reindeer moss; and the infant fitted the space so exactly that it could not stir neither hand nor foot, yet made little resistance to the operation. A hood protected the head, whilst it admitted air freely. When the packing was finished, the child was speedily rocked asleep. The elder children were inquisitive, but far from rude, and they played nicely with one another. The Lapp hut is formed interiorly of wood, by means of curved ribs, which unite near the centre, in a ring, which is open, and allows free escape for the smoke, the fire being lighted in the centre of the floor. The exterior is covered with turf. The door is of wood on one side. The inmates recline on skins on the floor, with their feet toward the fire; and behind them, on a row of stones near the wall of the hut, are their various utensils. Their clothing—chiefly of tanned skins and woolen stuffs—looked very dirty. Their whole wealth consists in reindeer. The two families who frequent this valey possess about seven hundred deer. We saw, perhaps, about one-fourth of that number. A few of them were driven, for our inspection, into a circular enclosure of wooden paling, where they are habitually milked. One of the men dexterously caught them by the horns with a *lasso*, or noose. The deer are small; but some of them carry immense branching horns, the weight of which they seem almost unable to support. At this season their long winter coat of hair came off by handfuls. They make a low grunting noise, almost like a pig; the milk is very small in quantity and excessively rich. It was eleven o'clock at night when we left the Laplanders, and we reached the sea-side a few minutes before midnight.—It was a gloriously evening—the sun shining warm and ruddy across the calm sound. It was more like a sunset at Naples than what I had imagined of midnight in the Arctic Circle. The town and shores of Tromso lay in a comparative shadow; and as we rowed across to our steamer, we heard in the distance the not unmelodious chant of the Russian sailors, who amused themselves in boating and singing most of the night."

"One of the Galls."

The following is an extract from a letter from a person travelling in the wild portions of Delaware and Sullivan counties, New York:

As I was trudging alone one afternoon, in the town of Fremont, one of the border towns of Sullivan county, I was overtaken by what I at first supposed was a young man, with a rifle on his shoulder, and being well pleased with the idea of having company through the woods, I turned around and said, "Good afternoon, sir." "Good afternoon," said my acquaintance, but in a tone of voice that sounded, to me, rather peculiar. My suspicions were at once aroused, and to satisfy myself, I made some inquiries in regard to hunting, which were readily answered by the young lady, whom I had thus encountered. She said she had been out ever since daylight; had followed a buck all day; got one shot and wounded him, but as there was little snow, she could not get him, and was going to try him the next day, hoping that she would get another shot at him, and she was quite certain that she could kill him. Although I cannot give a very good idea of her appearance, I will try to describe her dress. The only article of female apparel visible was a close fitting hood upon her head, such as is often worn by deer hunters. Next an India-rubber hunting coat; her nether limbs were encased in a snug tight-fitting corduroy pants and a pair of Indian moccassins upon her feet. She had a good looking rifle upon her shoulder, and a brace of double barrel pistols in the side pockets of her coat, while a formidable hunting knife hung suspended by her side. Wishing to witness her skill with hunting instruments, I commenced bantering her with regard to shooting. She smiled and said she was as good a shot as was in the woods, and to convince me she took out her hunting knife and cut a ring four inches in diamater in a tree with a small spot in the centre. Then stepping back thirty yards, and drawing up one of her pistols, put the ball inside of the ring.—She then, at thirty-five rods from the tree, put a ball from her rifle in the very centre. We shortly came to her father's house, and I gladly accepted an invitation to stop there over night. The maiden hunter, instead of sitting down to rest as most hunters do when they go home, remarked that she had got the chores to do. So out she went; fed, watered and stabled a pair of young horses, a yoke of oxen and three cows. She then went to the saw mill and brought a slab on her shoulder that I shouldn't like to carry, and with an axe and saw soon worked it into stove wood.

Her next business was to change her dress and get tea, which she did in a manner which would have been creditable to a scientific cook. After tea she finished up the usual house work, and then sat down and commenced plying her needle in a very lady-like manner. I ascertained that her mother was quite feeble, and her father confined to the house with the rheumatism. The whole family were intelligent, well educated, and communicative. They had moved from Schoharie county in the woods, about three years before, and the father was taken lame the first winter after their arrival, and had not been able to do anything since. Lucy Ann, as her mother called her, had taken charge of, ploughed, planted, and harvested the farm, learned to chop wood, drive team, and do all the necessary works. Game being plenty she had learned to use her father's rifle, and spent some of her leisure time in hunting. She had not killed a deer yet, but expressed her determination to kill one at least before New Year's. She boasted of having killed any quantity of partridges, squirrels and other small game. After chatting some time she brought a violin from a closet and played fifteen or twenty tunes, and also sung a few songs, accompanying herself on the violin, in a style that showed that she was far from destitute of musical skill. The next morning she was up at four o'clock, and before sunrise had the breakfast out of the way, and all her work out of doors and in the house done, and when I left, a few minutes after sunrise, she had on her hunting suit, and was looking her rifle for another chase after the deer.