

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 28, 1854.

NUMBER 20.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

FAHNESTOCK & SONS has just received and are now opening one of the largest and most complete assortments 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 purchases, comprising as it does, Cloths of all prices and qualities, Cassimeres, Vestings, Keftichy Jeans, Plaids for Children, Kerage De Laines, M. De Laines, Berages, Berage Alpaca, Calicoes, Ginghams, SHAWLS, (Cashmere, Thibet, & White Crapoe 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.—if

A FRESH SUPPLY.

THE undersigned has just returned from the City, with a large assortment of **FRESH GOODS**, which he is prepared to sell at prices which cannot be beat. His stock consists of

GROCERIES of all kinds, Sugars, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Fish, Salt, Crackers, Cheese, Pickled 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, of different kinds, Wines and Brandy, 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, May 19, 1854.—if

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

ABRAM ARNOLD has just returned from the City with the **Largest, Cheapest, & Best Selected Stock of Spring and Summer Goods**, ever before offered to the town or country, consisting in part of German, French and Domestic Cloths, Black & Fancy Cassimeres, Satin & other Vestings, Italian Cloths, (Cashmere, Tweeds, Ky. Jeans, Berage De Laines, M. De Laines, Prints, Ginghams, and a great variety of Goods too numerous to mention. Also, a large assortment of Bonnets, Parasols, &c.

Call and see, as I am determined to undersell any establishment in the Town or County. March 31, 1854.—if

MORE NEW GOODS!

A SECOND SUPPLY. **GEORGE ARNOLD** HAS just returned from the City with another supply of seasonable Goods, among which is

Ladies' Dress Goods, of every variety, very handsome and cheap. Sleeves, Collars and Cuffs, in great variety and of the latest styles, White and Red Crapoe and other shawls, embroidered and plain Linnen Shawls, Ribbons, a beautiful variety, Bonnets, Trimmings, Calicoes, G. Ingihams, Hosiery, Dress Silks, Bonnet Silks and Satins, Edgings, Insertings, &c., &c.,—with almost any article in the "DRY" GOOD line, also a lot of

FRESH GROCERIES, all of which will be sold as cheap as they can be had at any other establishment in the place. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves. May 12, 1854.

ANTI-NEBRASKA HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES.

COME ONE, COME ALL, and tell your neighbors to come to the Store of the "Two Extremes," and see the splendid stock of **HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES**, now opening, of the latest style and of every variety, suitable for the Spring and Summer season, for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children.

I have made arrangements to have Boots and Shoes made to order, by the best workmen, and of good material, in the quickest possible time. W. W. FAXTON, Gettysburg, March 31, 1854.—if

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

THE School Directors of Gettysburg District will receive applications until Thursday the 3d of August next, from persons wishing to engage as teachers in said district for the ensuing year. By order of the Board, July 14, 1854.—if

Professional Cards.

BOUNTY LANDS. PERSONS entitled to Bounty Lands under the acts of Congress of the United States can have their claims promptly and efficiently attended to by application either personally or by letter to the subscriber, at his office in Gettysburg. Claimants whose applications have been suspended on account of deficiency in proof may find it to their advantage to call, comprising as it does, a fee of \$5 in each case, payable upon the delivery of the warrant. The subscriber will also attend to claims for Pensions for Revolutionary or other services and the location of lands. The sale and purchase of Land Warrants attended to, and the highest cash price paid for the same. **R. G. McCREARY,** Attorney at Law, May 14—if.

D. McCONAUGHY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, (Office removed to one door West of Buehler Drug & Book-Store, Chambersburg street.) **Attorney and Solicitor for Patents and Pensions,** Bounty Land Warrants, Back-Pay suspended Claims, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American claims in England, Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Lands for sale in Iowa, Illinois, and other Western States; and Agents engaged locating Warrants there. Apply to him personally or by letter. Gettysburg, Nov. 11, 1853.

LAW PARTNERSHIP. **THE** undersigned have associated themselves as partners in the Practice of the Law. Their Office is in the room long occupied by the senior partner, where one or both of the firm can at all times be consulted. The business of CONVEYANCING, in all its branches, will be attended to with promptness, neatness and accuracy. **MOSES McCLEAN,** W. W. McCLEAN, May 5, 1854.—3m

DAVID WILLS, Attorney at Law, HAS taken Mr. Stevenson's office, North West corner of Centre Square. REFERENCE—Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., Lancaster. Dec. 30, 1853.

W. A. McGINLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in the South West corner of the Square formerly occupied by D. McConaughy, Esq., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. May 12, 1854.—1y

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, DENTIST, OFFICE in Chambersburg street, one door West of the Lutheran Church, nearly opposite Grammer's store, where he may be found ready and willing to attend to any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full sets of teeth are invited to call.

REFERENCES. Dr. C. N. BERGENT, Rev. G. P. KRAUTH, D. D. "D. HERRICK, Prof. M. JACOBS, "H. S. HERRICK, "H. L. BACON, "D. GILBERT, "H. A. MUNKER, Rev. R. JOHNSON, "M. L. STORVER, July 7, 1848.

DOCTOR JOHN A. SPOPE, HAVING located permanently in Gettysburg, offers his professional services to the public. Office and residence in York Street, opposite the Bank. April 28, 1854.—1y.

DOCTOR J. J. BENDER, (HOMEOPATHIST.) LATE from Philadelphia, would respectfully offer his services to the citizens of Bendersville and Adams county in general. Office in Bendersville, where he can at all times be found and consulted, when not professionally engaged. Bendersville, May 25, 1854.—6m

NOTICE. **THE** undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Adams county to make distribution of the assets remaining in the hands of **ROBERT SMITH**, Administrator of the Estate of **WALTER SMITH**, deceased, to and among the parties entitled thereto, will attend for that purpose at his office in Gettysburg, on Monday the 31st of July inst, at 10 o'clock, A. M., of which all persons interested are hereby notified. D. A. BUEHLER, Auditor. July 7, 1854.—if

Ladies' Dress Goods. **LADIES**, do you wish handsome dress, for Spring or Summer? If so, call immediately at the long established cheap Store, where we are prepared to exhibit the most beautiful variety and prettiest patterns of Dress Goods ever opened. Do not defer the matter too long, nor lose the opportunity of selecting from the entire assortment. If you wish to save money and at the same time secure for yourself the prettiest apparel worn, call immediately at **FAHNESTOCKS**, March 31, 1854.—if

Call the Roll.

BY SARAH T. BOLTON. Who is ready for the contest? Who, with helmet sword and shield, Will go forth to conquer Error, On Life's battle-field? Who will strike at Superstition, In his goblin haunted cell, And unloose the yoke of bondage, Fettered by his spell? Call the roll.

Who will strive, on God relying, With unwavering faith and hope, To pull down the gory scaffold, And the gallow's rope, Who will break the yoke of bondage, And unloose the yoke of bondage, Saying to the trembling sinner, "Go and sin no more!" Call the roll.

Who forgetting self, will listen To sweet Charity's appeal? Who will cheer the lowly, With unobtrusive zeal— Casting bread upon the waters, Not for human praise, Trusting heaven again to find it, After many days? Call the roll.

Who will put what God has given, Wisely to the noblest use? Who will clothe the homeless orphan, Fill the widow's cradle, And like him of old Samaria, Help the stranger in his need, Reckless of his name and nation, Reckless of his creed? Call the roll.

Who, that finds a child of sorrow, Heir to penury and woe, Will not tarry to inquire What has made it so, Ere he freely shares a pittance From his meagre hard-earned store, Or bestows a cup of water, If he can no more? Call the roll.

Who, when Slander's tongue is busy With a neighbor's name, Will not let his pen and quill, And defend his fame? Who will view poor human nature, Only on the brightest side, Leaving God to judge the evil, Charity would hide? Call the roll.

The Snow of Age. We have just stumbled upon the following pretty bit of mosaic, lying amid a multitude of those less attractive "No snow falls lighter than the snow of age," but none is heavier, for it never melts.

The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scripture represents age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white; "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was growing grey, that it looked as if Time had lightly sprayed his snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts,"—no never. Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secrets of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years; but, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carries him further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than to die.

"It never melts"—the snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon valley and mountain, but soon the sweet Spring comes and melts it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no Spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is distilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old ox die because they are old—if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of years that have before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.—*Buffalo Express.*

No Business to be a Bachelor. In the vast feld of human affection, the old bachelor is the very scorpion of happiness, who drives away the little birds that come to steal away the hemlock seeds of loneliness and despair.—Where is there a more pitiable object in the world than a man who has no amiable creature interested in his welfare? How dismal does his desolate room appear when he comes home at night, wet and hungry, and finds a cold hearth, and a barren table—and a lonely pillow, that looks like the white urn of every earthly enjoyment!—See the sick old bachelor, in the dark afternoon of life, when his heart is sinking to its sundown! Not a solitary star of memory gleams over the dust of his open grave—no weeping wife to bend like a blessing over his dying bed—no fond daughter to draw his chilly hand into the soft pressure of her own, and warm his soiling blood with the reviving fire of unfeigned affection—no manly boy to link his breaking name with the golden chain of honorable society, and bind history in the last volumes of the world he is leaving forever. He has eat and drank, and died! and the earth is glad she got rid of him; for he has done little else but cramp his soul into the circumference of a sixpence, and no human being but his washerwoman will breathe a sigh at his funeral.

The sorrows of a pure heart are but the May frosts, which precede the warm summer day; but the sorrows of a corrupt soul are its Autumn frosts, which fortify the cold dreary winter.

A true business man bears prosperity without boasting, and sustains a loss without grumbling.

A Visit to Dr. Duff's English School in Calcutta.

RAIN! "Rain!" is the cry of the boys. What is it? "Water from the sky." Is it produced by the sky itself? "No!" How is it formed? "Oh!" says one, with the characteristic smartness of the Hindu, "Do you not know yourself?" I think I do, but my present object is to find out whether you know it. "Well," replies another, with an air of manifest satisfaction, "I'll tell you—it is squirted from the trunk of India's elephant!" Indeed: that's a new theory of the origin of rain, which I did not know before, and I should now like to know on what evidence it is founded. "All I can say about it is, my Gurn told me so." But your Gurn must have some reason for telling you so. Did he ever see the elephant himself? "Oh, no! the elephant is wrapped up in the cloud, so in a covering, and no one can see it with his own eyes." How, then, came the Gurn to know that the elephant was there at all? "To be sure, because the Shastra says so." Now I understand the matter. You say the rain comes from the trunk of an elephant, simply because the Gurn has told you that this account is contained in the Shastra. "Certainly; for though I have never seen it with my own eyes, yet I believe it is there, because the Gurn has told me that the Shastra says so; and what the Shastra says must be true." Your Gurn has taught you a very different theory from that which my Gurn taught me in Scotland. Would you like to hear it, and compare the two together? "No, nothing would delight me more," reply several voices. In boiling your rice, what rises from the vessel? "Smoke—vapor." When a dry lid is held over it, what effect is produced? "It gets wet." What makes it wet? "The smoke or vapor." True; and when it gets very, very wet, does all the vapor continue to stick to it? "No; it falls in drops." Very good.—What, then, would you say of the vapor itself? Is it dry or wet? "Wet, sure enough." Whence, then, does the wet vapor proceed? "It can only be from the water in the vessel." Is the vapor a different kind of substance from the water? "No." Why do you think so? "Because, when it gathers on the lid, it turns to water again." So you conclude that the vapor is just a part of the water in the vessel? "Yes." What drives it off, then, from the rest, and makes it fly into the air? "It is nature to do so." Think a moment: when you hold a cup of cold water in your hand, do you see the vapor arising from it? "No." What, then, makes the difference between the drinking water in your cup, and the water that boils the rice? "The one is cold and the other is warm." What makes it warm? "The fire." So it is from water warmed by the fire that you see the vapor arise, and not from the cold. What must you infer from this? "That it is the fire which, in making the water warm, makes it go into vapor." After a heavy fall of rain on the heated ground, when the sun shines out strongly in the morning, what do you see? "Great vapors or mists." Where do they come from? "From the wet ground." Where do they go to? "Up to the sky." Is it warm or cold up in the sky? "Very cold, high up, so that the fairs say the water grows hard in the Himalayas at the source of Ganga." When the vapors from the wet ground rise up to this cold place in the sky, what will become of them? "Perhaps they will form into drops, as the vapors from the boiling rice do upon the lid of the vessel." When a great many drops gather together, will they stay up in the sky always? "No; they will fall down." And when a great many drops fall down, will they be there? "No; they will be on the ground." Well, that is the theory of the origin of rain which I once learned from my Gurn in Scotland. "How natural!"—"How like the truth!"—"Surely it is true." "Ah! Ah! what have I been thinking? If your account be a true one, who becomes of our Shastra? What becomes of our Shastra? If your account be a true one, then our Shastra must be false. Our Shastra must either be from God, or God must have written it. But that is impossible. The Shastra is true; Brahma is true; so your Gurn's account must be false; and yet, it looks so very like the truth!"

Now, here was the commencement or first germ of mental struggle, which only terminated, in the case of some, with the entire overthrow of Hinduism. Up to that moment the very notion of atheism, or infidelity, was a new and untried theory, the mind's eye was in vain to shake itself free from a creed that had been struggling and clearing conviction.—*Duff on India Miss.*

WORKS.—Women are like countries; the more beautiful they are, the less they are cultivated. If you wish to find mind among the sex, or industry among a people, make the acquaintance of a raw-boned girl, or take a trip into Scotland.

HONEY.—"My husband neglects his home," said a lady to her friend, the other day. "What would you do, if you were in my place?" "Use more honey," was the apt reply.

One of the German Almanacs remarks that a young girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

Woman's Lore.

Poets have sung, romancists have written, and philosophers have reasoned since, and have had, of the deities, the truth, and devotion of that precious thing called woman's love. And yet, though we have all reflected a little on the subject, we find it over new, ever fresh, ever pleasant to think of. But what we despair of ever seeing realized is, to behold it widely and properly appreciated. Few men who enjoy the inestimable privilege of having one heart which knows no other idol on earth but them, which looks up with admiration, and confidence, and devotion to them are thoughtful enough to place at its lofty height so rare and precious a blessing.—And yet to be loved is the first joy of earth. But then, woman's love is made up of such a world of tenderness, of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of—let them pardon us for betraying them to the many—of worship for the man of their heart; is composed of so many various and conflicting elements, that man in the ordinary hurry and bustle of life, can scarcely find time to seize, learn and understand them. There are, however, two lovers in woman; the maiden love and the wife's love. The absorbing, fresh, and pure love of the maid requires more to feed it than does the wife; and hence she will rarely really love except it be some one whom she can look up to, whom she can respect, and whom at all events she believes to be superior to herself in intellect or general capacity. The love of the wife is more chastened, and made up in part of duty; hence she will pardon what the maid never will—hence does she often stand by the meanest wretch, when he has fallen from his original high estate, and become, perhaps so vile, that all else despise and curse, save her only whose love is ever deeper still—his mother. It is an innate consciousness of this which makes the lover always put on his best behavior before his mistress, when he is sensible and wise and which too often prompts the husband to be careless and thoughtless in his life of conduct.

One Bull. The following anecdote is told of the great Norwegian violinist on his first appearance in this country. After his first concert, when Ole Bull reached home, he felt cold, coming out of a warm room, he told the servant to make some fire. The servant rolled up towards the chimney a large ball, put up as wood generally is, and marked with chalk "fire wood." Ole Bull had never seen it before, and asked the man where he bought it, and was told it had been brought by a cartman, who said he belonged to a wood-yard, and was told to leave it there. On opening the huge package, what was his surprise to find it contained twenty-two violins and violinellos, with bows complete, accompanied by the following certificate: "The undersigned, respectively members of different societies, more or less devoted to music, hereby declare and attest, that from the day of the date hereof, they hereby pledge themselves to forego and abandon all and every species of study and practice on the accompanying instruments. These pieces of wood, which live and breathe under the touch of M. Ole Bull, cannot be considered, in the hands of the undersigned, as any thing but mere combustibles. They therefore request M. Ole Bull to commit them to the flames himself, and to regard the smoke that rises from them as the incense of sincerity and repenting devotedness to the divinity of his art." Followed by twenty-two signatures. Three days after M. Ole Bull presided at a grand dinner, to which he invited all the signers of this extraordinary address. Each man found the violin he had given up, hanging at the back of his chair, and to each was fastened a gold ring, on which was engraved, "Sincerity and Perseverance," by which, in two words, he gently chided them for having been so easily discouraged, and indicated the regret of his own success.

How to Cook Tomatoes. Wash them, and cut them in two parts, around the tomato, that is, so that the cells can be divested of the pulp and seed which they contain. Put six tomatoes take a half-pint of bread crumbs, one large onion, finely chopped, one ounce of butter—pepper and salt to the taste. Fill the cells of each piece with the dressing; put two halves together, and tie them with a piece of thread.—Put them in a pan with an ounce of butter and a gill of water, set them in a moderate oven, and cook till they are soft.—When done, cut off the threads and serve them.

TOMATO FRICATEAU.—Get some slices of veal cutlets, pound and wash them, season them with pepper and salt, and fry them slowly till they are done. They should be of a light brown on both sides. Slew some tomatoes very dry, strain them through a sieve to get out all the seeds, pour the pulp into the gravy after the meat has been taken out, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Pour this over the meat, and serve it hot.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel fine, ripe tomatoes, cut them in small pieces, and put in a pan a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of tomatoes, with pepper, salt, and some pieces of butter, then put another layer of bread crumbs and so on, until the dish is full. Sprinkle some beaten egg over the top, and set in the oven and bake it.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Wash them, put them in half, take out the seeds, and season them with pepper and salt. Have ready some melted butter in a pan, put them into it, and fry them slowly till very soft.

BENTON ON PATTI.—Patti, a Senator from Indiana, recently made a speech in the State, in which he said that Benton was in favor of breaking the Missouri Compromise, to which Benton replies in a letter to the Indiana editor who published the speech: "Sir, your Senator is a great liar and a dirty dog, falsifying public history, for a criminal purpose." That's what we call plain talk.

A Dollar or Two.

With cautious step, as we tread our way through This intricate world, as other folks do, May we still on our journey, be able to view The benevolent face of a dollar or two? For an excellent thing Is a dollar or two; No friend is so true As a dollar or two; Through country or town, As we pass up or down, No passport so good As a dollar or two.

Would you read yourself out of the back of a fellow's crew, And the hand of a female divinity due, You must always be ready the hand to do— Although it would cost you a dollar or two. Love's arrows are tipped With a dollar or two; And affection is gained By a dollar or two; The best aid you can meet, In advancing your suit, Is the eloquent chirp Of a dollar or two.

Would you wish your avowance with faith to imbue, And enroll in the ranks of the sanctified few, To enjoy a good name and a well cushioned pew, You must freely come down with a dollar or two. The gospel is preached For a dollar or two, And salvation is reached By a dollar or two; You may sin at some times, But the worst of all crimes Is to find yourself short Of a dollar or two.

FUNERAL OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST. A young priest—a mere boy—came running breathless one morning into the house where I was staying, and called out to my host, also a priest, "Come with me, make haste, for Tang-a is dying." We hastened to the adjoining house, which was the abode of the sick man, but found that the king of terrors had been before us, and the priest was dead. By this time about a dozen persons were collected, who were all gazing intently on the countenance of the dead man. After allowing a few minutes to elapse, orders were given to have the body washed and dressed, and removed from the bed to a small room with an open front, which was situated on the opposite side of the little court. Mosquito curtains were then hung, as well as some candles were lighted, and these were kept burning day and night. For three days the body lay in state, during which time, at stated intervals, four or five priests, dressed in yellow robes, chanted their peculiar services. On the third day I found that the coffin was ready, and, on expressing a wish to see it, was led into an adjoining temple. "Are there two priests dead?" said I, on observing another coffin in the same place. "No," said one, "but that second coffin belongs to the priest who lived with the deceased, and it will remain here until it is needed."

On the evening of this day, when I returned from my labors amongst the hills, I called in again to see what was going on; and now a very different scene presented itself. The form of the premises, in order that this scene may be better understood, the little house or temple consisted of a centre and two wings, the wings being built at right angles with the centre, and forming with it three sides of a square, a high wall connecting the two wings, and so a little court or Chinese garden was formed, very small in extent. A square table was placed inside the central hall or temple, one in front of it, and one in front of each of the two wings. Each of these tables were covered with good things—such as rice, vegetables, fruits, cakes and other delicacies, all the produce of the vegetable kingdom, and intended as a feast for Buddha, when these people worship. This offering differed from others which I have often seen in the public streets and in private houses; in having no animal food in any of the dishes. The Buddhist priesthood profess an abhorrence of killing any animal life or of eating animal food, and hence no food of the kind was observed on any of the tables now before me. On two strings, which were hung diagonally across the court, from the central temple to each end of the front wall, were hung numerous small paper dresses cut in Chinese fashion, and on the dresses were large quantities of paper made up in the form of painted scrolls, or of the image of Sycee silver encased in a circulation. The clothes and silver were intended as an offering to Buddha, and was certainly a cheap way of giving away valuable presents. A rude painting of Buddha was hung up in the centre of the court, in front of which incense was burning; and these, with many other objects of minor note, completed the picture which was presented to my view. "Is not this very fine?" said the priest to me; "have you any exhibitions of this kind in your country? You must pay a visit in the evening, when all will be lighted up with candles, and when the scene will be more grand and imposing." I promised to return in the evening, and took my leave.

About eight o'clock at night, an old priest came to inform me that all was lighted up, that the ceremonies were about to begin, and kindly asked me to accompany him. On our entrance, the whole scene was blazing with the light of many candles, the air was filled with incense, and the scene altogether had an extraordinary and imposing effect. A priest, dressed in a rich scarlet robe, and having a sort of star-shaped crown on his head, with four others of an inferior order, were approaching up and down the court, and bowing lowly before the images of the gods. At last they entered the central hall, and took their seats at two tables. The high priest, if I may call him so, occupied the head of the room, and had his chair and table placed on a higher level than the others, who were exactly in front of him. A servant now placed a cup of tea before each of them, and the service began. The high priest uttered a few sentences in a half-singing tone, making at the same time a great many motions with

his finger as he placed and replaced a number of grains of rice on the table before him. Two little boys, dressed in deep mourning (white) were engaged in preparing themselves many times before the table at which the high priest sat, and as a singular contrast in all this seeming devotion, a number of Chinese were sitting smoking on each side, and looking on as if there was a play or some other kind of like amusement. The other priests had now joined in the chant, which was sometimes slow, and at other times quick and loud, but generally in a melancholy tone, like all Chinese music.

A priest, who was sitting at my elbow, now whispered in my ear that Buddha himself was about to appear. "You will not see him, nor shall I, nor any one in the place except the high priest, who is clothed in the scarlet robe, and has a star-shaped crown on his head; he will see him." Some one out-side now fired three rockets, and at once every sound was hushed; and might have heard a pin drop on the ground; and the priest at my elbow whispered—"Buddha comes." "Prostrate yourselves! ah! pull your caps off," said one of the young priests in white, already noticed. The boys immediately took off their little white caps, and bent lowly on the straw cushions placed in front of the various altars, and knocked their heads many times on the ground. At this particular moment the whole scene was one of the strangest I had ever been my lot to witness, and although I knew it was nothing else than delusion and idolatry, I must confess it produced an almost superstitious effect on my feelings. "And is Buddha now here in the midst of us?" I asked the gentleman at my elbow. "Yes, he is," he said; "the high priest sees him; although he is not visible to any one besides." Things remained in this state for a minute or two, and then the leader of the ceremonies commenced once more to chant in that drawing-tone I have already noticed, to make various gyrations with his hands, placing and replacing the rice grains, and the others joined in as before. My old friend the priest, who had brought me in to see these ceremonies, now presented himself and told me I had seen all that was worth seeing, that the services were nearly over, and that it was very late and time to go home. On our way to our quarters, he informed me the funeral would take place early next morning, just before sunrise, and that if I wished to attend he would call for me at the proper time.

Early in the twilight of next morning, and just before the sun's rays had tinged the peaks of the highest mountains, I was awakened by the loud report of fireworks. Dressing hastily, I hurried down to the house where the scene of the preceding evening had been noted, and found myself among the last of the sorrowful procession. Looking into the court and hall, I found that the sacrifices had been entirely removed, the tables were bare, not a morsel of any kind remained, and it seemed as if the gods had been satisfied with their repast. The silver incense, too, and the numerous gaudily painted dresses which had been presented as an offering, were mouldering in a corner of the court, having been consumed by holy fire.

As the funeral procession proceeded slowly down, inside the covered pathway adjoining the temple, the large bell tolled in slow and measured tones, rockets were fired now and then, and numerous priests joined in as we went along. Having reached the last temple of the range, the body was placed on two stools in front of one of the huge images, and Chinese-like before proceeding further, all went home to breakfast. This important business finished, the assembly met again in the temple and performed a short service, while the Coolies were busily employed in adjusting the ropes by which they carried the coffin. All being ready, two men went outside the temple and fired three rockets, and then the procession started. First went two boys, carrying small flags of bamboo poles; then came two men bearing brass gongs; then came the chief mourner, dressed in white, and carrying on a small table two candles which were burning, some incense, and the monumental tablet. After the chief mourner came the coffin, followed by the young priests of the house to which the deceased belonged, also clad in white, then the servants and undertaker, and last of all, a long train of priests.

I stood on one side of the lake, in front of the temple, in order to get a good view of the procession as it wound around the other. It was a beautiful October morning; the sun was now peeping over the Eastern mountains, behind the monastery, and shedding a flood of light on water, shrubs and trees, while every leaf sparkled with drops of dew. In such a scene this long and striking procession had a most imposing effect. The boys with their flags, the chief mourner moving slowly along with his candles burning in the clear daylight, the long line of priests with their shaven heads and flowing garments, the lake in front, and the hills covered with trees and brushwood behind, were all presented to my view. As we passed a bridge, a little way from the temple, a man belonging to the family of the deceased, and who carried a basket containing cash—a Chinese coin—presented a number of the followers with a small cup, which they received with apparent reluctance. Most of the priests followed the chief mourner, and the intimate friends, with a band of music, followed the body to its last resting-place. The spot selected was a retired and beautiful one, on the lower side of a rocky wooded hill. Here, without further ceremony, the firing of some rockets, we left the coffin on the surface of the ground, to be covered with thatch or brickwork at a future opportunity.

The slaveholders in part of Missouri bordering on Kansas, and in parts of Kansas, are holding public meetings, at which they resolve to sustain slavery, and the right and bow to the "peace" and "poplar" sovereignty; that the Nebraska bill has brought