THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, 1854. NUMBER 39

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JACOB BISHOP, late of Germany township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on *Saturday, the 30th of December instant*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the following described Real Estate, the property of said deceased, to wit:

No. 1—A Tract of Land,

known as the "MANSION FARM," situate in Germany township aforesaid, adjoining the town of Littlestown, on the Baltimore turnpike, adjoining lands of Wm. Duttera, Wm. McSherry, and others, and containing 64 ACRES, more or less, on which are erected a

TWO STORY
BRICK DWELLING.

with Brick Kitchen attached, a large Bank Barn, part stone and part frame, a log Stable, a brick Smoke-house, a one story frame building, and other improvements. There are also two wells of never failing water near the door.

No. 2—A Tract of Land,

situate in same township, on the road from Littlestown to Hanover, about ¼ mile from the former place, and adjoining lands of of John Spangler, Jacob Weirich, Simon S. Bishop, and others, containing

36 ACRES,

more or less, about four Acres of which are well covered with good TIMBER.—Piney Creek runs through the tract.

No. 3—A Tract of Woodland,

situate partly in Germany and partly in Union townships, adjoining lands of John Hilbert, Philip Bishop, and others, containing 6 ACRES AND 41 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 4—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in Germany township, and adjoining lands of the heirs of Christian Bishop, John Hilbert, and others containing 4 ACRES AND 15 PERCHES, more or less.

No. 5—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in same township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, Amos Lefever, and others; containing 7 ACRES & 8 PERCHES.

No. 6—A Tract of Woodland,

situate in said township, adjoining lands of heirs of Christian Bishop, John Duttera, and others, containing 4 ACRES & 120 PERCHES, more or less.

☞ Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6 adjoin each other, and will be sold separate or entire as may suit purchasers.

The above property is one of the most desirable in the county, being located within a few miles of the terminus of the Hanover Railroad, and convenient to Lime Kilns. Persons wishing to view the premises, will be shown the same by calling on the subscriber.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

A. L. BISHOP, *Adm'r.*

By the Court—EDEN NORRIS, Clerk.
Dec. 1, 1854.

PUBLIC SALE.

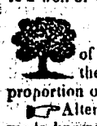
THE undersigned, Executors of the Estate of HENRY BOWERS, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county Pa., dec'd, will sell at Public Sale, *on Saturday the 30th of December inst.*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., by virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, of Adams county, on the premises,

THE FARM

of said deceased, situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining lands of John Budy, Melcher Wolf, John Bender, and others, containing 98 ACRES, more or less.—The Improvements are a

TWO-STORY LOG
DWELLING,

with a Stone Kitchen attached, a log Barn, and all necessary out-buildings There is a well of water near the door, and an



ORCHARD

of choice fruit, of all kinds, on the premises. There is a fair proportion of Meadow and Timberland.

☞ Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

J. H. BOWERS,
JOSIAH BOWERS, *Ex'rs.*

Dec. 1, 1854.—ts

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale on *Monday the 11th day of December next*, on the premises, FIVE LOTS of

TIMBER-LAND.

The lots contain about 30 ACRES, and are situate in Hamiltonban township, Adams county, on the Cold Springs road, adjoining lands of heirs of Elijah Seabrooks, Andrew White, and others. The land is well covered with first-rate

CHESTNUT

Timber. Persons in need of good chestnut timber land would do well to attend, as these lots are among the best on the South Mountain.

☞ Attendance given and terms made known on day of sale by the subscribers.

☞ Should the day designated be unfavorable, the sale will take place on the next fair day.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
GEORGE W. SCOTT.

Nov. 17, 1854.—ts

DO you want CHEAP GROCERIES? Go to FAHNESTOCKS.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

IN Pursuance of an Order of Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of JOHN HOUCK, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, *on Saturday, the 23d day of December next*, the following desirable Real Estate of said deceased, viz:—

TWO LOTS OF GROUND,

situate in Heidlersburg, Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., adjoining lots of Jacob Hollinger, and others. The improvements are a

TWO STORY
LOG HOUSE,

rough-cast, an old and well known TAVERN STAND, very well situated for the purpose—it being on the State Road leading from Gettysburg to Harrisburg.—There is a Stable and two wells of water on the premises. There is a pump in front of the door.

Persons wishing to view the premises are requested to call upon the Widow residing thereon, or upon the Administrator, residing in Butler township.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., on said day, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JESSE HOUCK, *Adm'r.*

By order of Court—EDEN NORRIS, Clerk.
Dec. 1, 1854.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *Administration Accounts* hereinafter mentioned, will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Tuesday the 26th day of December inst.*, viz.:

294. The first and final account of Henry Reily, Esq., Acting Executor of the last will and testament of Samuel Lilly, Esq., deceased.

295. The first and final account of Henry Heagy, Administrator of the estate of Mary Weikert, deceased.

296. The second and final account of Harman Wierman and Jonathan Miller, Administrators de bonis non, with the will annexed, of the estate of Philip Miller, deceased.

297. The first and final account of Moses McClean, Esq., Executor of the last will and testament of Lettitia McNeely, deceased.

298. The first account of Maxwell Shields, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Mary Patterson, and Jane Patterson, deceased.

DANIEL PLANK, *Register.*

Register's Office, Gettysburg, December 1, 1854.

A STEWARD WANTED
at Pennsylvania College.

THE present Steward of Pennsylvania College being about to leave, applications will be received by the undersigned from persons desiring the situation. Information in regard thereto can be had of either of the undersigned.

☞ Possession will be given on the 1st of April, or sooner if desired.

MOSES McCLEAN,
S. FAHNESTOCK,
H. S. HUBER,
Committee of Board of Trustees.

Gettysburg, March 3, 1854—tf

NOTICE.

THIS is to inform the Public not to purchase a Note which I gave to NATHAN GREIST, dated 15th of October, 1852, payable on the 1st day of April, 1853, for the sum of about Two Hundred and Twenty-Three Dollars, on which is a a credit of one hundred and eighty-five dollars, which I paid, and which is all that was justly due him. The balance of said note I am determined not to pay unless compelled by law, as it was obtained for that amount through misrepresantation, not having received value for the same.

JOHN PFLEEGAR.

Nov. 24, 1854.—3t

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the estate of JOHN JACOB PFEFFER, late of Huntingdon tp., Adams co., dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said tp., he hereby gives notice to all indebted to said estate, to call with him and settle the same; and those who have claims, are desired to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

WILLIAM GARDNER, *Ex'r.*

Dec. 1, 1854.—6t.

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the estate of DAVID SCHITZ, sen., late of Conowago township, Adams co., Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Freedom township, notice is hereby given to such as are indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

DANIEL SHEETS, *Ex'r.*

Nov. 17, 1854.—6t

Ladies' Dress Goods,

OF every style—blk Alpacca for 12½ cts.; Cashmere 12½; Debeges from 16 to 37½ cts.; Calicoes, from 5 to 12 cts.; muslins from 5 to 18¾; and everything else in proportion, at the New Store of

J. S. GRAMMER

300,000 SEGARS of every description and Brands, all of which are offered lower than any other House in the city. And warrants all he sells to be of the best material. Call and examine.

WM. BUEHLER,
No. 157 Franklin street.

Nov. 24, 1854.

The Boy and the Angel.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"Oh, mother, I've been with an angel to-day!
I was all alone in the forest at play,
Chasing the butterflies, watching the bees,
And hearing the woopecker tapping the trees.
I played and I played, till so weary I grew,
I sat down to rest in the shade of a yew,
While the birds sang so sweetly high up on its top,
I held my breath, mother, for fear they would stop!
Thus a long while I sat, looking up at the sky,
And watching the clouds that went hurrying by,
When I heard a voice calling just over my head,
That sounded as if "Come, oh, brother!" it said;
And there, right over the top of the tree,
Oh, mother, an angel was beck'ning to me!

"And 'Brother!' once more, 'come, oh, brother!' he cried,
And flew on bright pinions close down by my side!
And mother, oh, never was being so bright
As the one which then beamed on my wondering sight;
His face was as fair as the delicate shell,
His hair down his shoulders in long ringlets fell,
His eyes resting on me, so melting with love,
Were as soft and as mild as the eyes of a dove;
And somehow, dear mother, I felt not afraid
As his hand on my head was caressingly laid,
And he whispered so softly and gently to me,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

"And then on my forehead he tenderly pressed
Such kisses,—oh, mother, they thrilled through my breast
As swiftly as lightning leaps down from on high:
Or the chariots of God roll along the dark sky;
While his breath floating round me was soft as the breeze,
That played in my tresses, and rustled the trees.
At last on my head a deep blessing he poured,
Then plumed his bright pinions, and upwards he soared,
And up, up he went through the blue sky afar,
And seemed to float there like a glittering star;
And still my eyes followed his radiant flight,
Till lost in the azure, he passed from my sight.
Then oh how I feared, as I caught the last gleam
Of his vanishing form, it was only a dream!
Then soft voices whispered once more from the tree,
'Come, brother, the angels are waiting for thee!'

Oh, pale grew that mother, and heavy her heart,
For she knew that her fair boy from this world must depart;
That his bright locks must fade in the dust of the tomb,
Ere the autumn winds withered the summer's rich bloom.
Oh, how his young footsteps she watched day by day,
As his delicate form wasted slowly away,
Till the soft light of heaven seemed shed o'er his face,
And he crept up to die in her loving embrace.

'Oh, clasp me, dear mother, close, close to your breast,
On that gentle pillow again let me rest;
Let me once more gaze up in that dear, loving eye.
And then, oh, methinks I can willingly die!
Now kiss me, dear mother! Oh, quickly, for see,
The bright, blessed angels are waiting for me!"

Oh, wild was the anguish that swept through her breast,
As the long, frantic kiss on his pale lips she pressed,
And felt the vain search of his soft pleading eye,
As it strove to meet hers, ere the fair boy could die.

"I see you not, mother, for darkness and night
Are hiding your dear, loving face from my sight.—
But I hear your low sobbings,—dear mother good bye,
The angels are waiting to bear me on high!
I will wait for you there, but oh, tarry not long,
Lest grief at your absence should sadden my song."

He ceased, and his hands meekly clasped on his breast,
While his sweet face sank down on his pillow of rest,
Then closing his eyes, now all rayless and dim,
Went up with the angels that waited for him.

The Shadow of Life.

"All that live must die,
Passing through Nature to Eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved one whose living smile was the light of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life; and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton in all our feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy, grave even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fiat of Nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great Law that dooms us all to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest, and the frailest flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass; and the countless multitudes that swarm the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore:

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace shall vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is nature's prophecy of the life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his betrothed, Clemanthe, asks if they shall not meet again. To which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hillls that look eternal; of the flowing streams that lucid flow forever; of the stars amid whose field of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All, all were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, CLEMANTHE."

MEMORANDA OF AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.—The Buffalo Republican says:—"We recently picked up the following memoranda, which we saw dropped by a young lady attired in an embroidered velvet talma, an exquisite honiton lace colar, a white hat and plume, and a painfully brilliant silk dress, with exagerated flounces:

"I must get a vail, sarceknet, gluvs, broun hoes, laise shimmyzot, kulone."

"We confess we were startled at the last item, but think it means colonge."

A lady being asked to join a union of the "Daughters of Temperance," replied: "It is unnecessary, as I intend to join one of the Sons soon.

Woman's Rights.

Miss LUCY STONE favored the citizens of Chambersburg, a few weeks ago, with a series of addresses upon the subject of "Woman's Rights." Col. M'CLURE, of the "Repository and Whig," in a review of these Lectures, makes some very truthful and forcible remarks. We copy the article entire:

In common with most of our citizens, we heard Miss Lucy patiently, and with a willingness to profit by any new light she could shed upon her subject. And while we cannot coincide with her as regards many of her most important themes of Reform, we think she said many things well worthy of the candid consideration of both sexes. If she has succeeded in exciting an interest in the subject amongst our ladies, no one shall be more rejoiced than the writer of this article. The agitation of the proper sphere of Woman as laid down in these lectures, cannot but result in good, for while not more than one in fifty will follow her in her more absurd propositions, forty-nine will open their eyes to new duties, long sanctioned by society, but discarded by the contracted and arbitrary laws of fashion. It is a truth to which no sane person can close his eyes, that American ladies are fast becoming fashion-ridden and indolent, and indolence has ever been the prolific parent of ignorance and pride. We do not mean that they are illiterate and uncultivated; but the tendency of the times is to make them ignorant in the very sense wherein intelligence would best fit them for usefulness to themselves, to their husbands and to their children. The requirements of fashion are growing more and more in antagonism to all the nobler virtues of Woman, and there is no dependence so humiliating and servile—no slavery so abject throughout the whole catalogue of wrongs in society, as the remorseless demands of this great social destroyer. That there are noble exceptions in all classes, is true; but the whole current of society, and especially of that class fitted by education, social position and wealth to be most useful—is whirling rapidly to that point that left the virtue of France but on the pages of her history. In this great wrong to the sex and to the race, the lectures had a happy bearing; and we hope that every lady felt inspired with a new determination when this significant appeal was made to her—"WOMEN! GET KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!"

It is a humiliating truth that the position of Woman is not what it should be; and it is a blistering stain upon the character of the sterner sex, in whose hands our institutions of learning are held, that her facilities for a thorough education are so limited. Our fashionable boarding schools, in most instances, do less than nothing for the improvement and elevation of females. While they teach much that is practical and useful, they crush every noble inspiration by the studied cultivation of tases and habits calculated only to enslave the mind, to impair the health, and destroy all ambition to be truly great and good. In this is woman's greatest wrong—a wrong not to her only, but a wrong that tells upon her in all the sacred relations of companion, wife and mother—a wrong that survives her and spreads its ravages through generations, and a wrong that strikes at her noblest instincts, that crushes her loveliest natural endowments, and unfits her for the responsible duties set apart for her by Nature and Nature's God. But much as is denied her in reference to education, she cannot be held guiltless for the frivolities which so largely usurp her better nature. It is an obvious truth that her elevation and respect do not depend upon the perfection with which she can copy the fashion-plates; the artistic talent she can display in her curls, or the pretty tint of her cheeks, or the snow-like whiteness of her face and hands, or her ability to prattle familiarly about the latest novel. This is *not* Woman's sphere; and so far from elevating her position and extending her influence, it only makes her necessarily a dependent being. And as this characteristic widens its sphere in the ranks of the sex and plants itself more firmly as her second nature, just so much must her dependence increase and her influence diminish. Woman's noblest right is to be intelligent and useful, and when she is so, she will dictate her own sphere, and society can inflict no wrong upon her.

"But," respond the ladies, "have you nothing to say of the growing follies of men?—of your tobacco chewing, smoking, drinking, indolent lords of creation?"—Certainly, we have; and do not start when we say that they owe much of it to woman. We need but see the young men of a place to judge correctly of the tone of female society; for in no instance do they fail to correspond. It is a painful reflection, when we see the heroes of society in the midnight debauch, that such morals have the high sanction of Woman; that she on whom the crushing blow of intemperance has so often fallen, making her home desolate and her children beggars, can smile at the recital of a drunken frolic, and welcome to her society the muddy brain and unsteady nerves which have just been sobered. We involuntarily think of Woman, too, when we hear the profane oath and the obscene jest of those who rank high in female admiration. We think of Woman, too, when those very "tobacco chewing, smoking, drinking, indolent lords of creation" are foremost in the social circle, because they are most expert in modern accomplishments, while patient toil and honest industry—the great beacon lights to female happiness—are ignored because they cannot yield to the arbitrary rules and frivolities of fashion. Men are thus belittled and unfitted for sober, industrious and honest lives to a great degree, because woman discards her noblest right to be intelligent and useful.

"Get knowledge—knowledge is power!" Never was a truer sentiment uttered; and if Woman could but realize her true position; could comprehend the mighty influence she wields in society for good or for evil, she could not be indifferent to her own culture. She could not live an ideal life until adverse storms beat upon her, and reveal a terrible reality of which she never dreamed and for which she is utterly unprepared. She could not give her sunny days in the spring-time of life, when her natural loveliness should be but an auxiliary to her usefulness, to poison her soul and hasten her decay. She would aim to elevate herself, to scatter with a lavish hand the beneficent fruit of her inherent goodness—in short to perfect her mission of love. Could she but realize that no man is a stranger to her influence; that there is no being of God's creation but that loves her; that there is no degree of ambition that has not been her tribute; that there is no smile that does not quicken, no eye that does not brighten, no heart that does not throb, for her—then surely a higher, a holier, a happier life would be hers.

Woman! to do this must you vote?—must you legislate?—must you administer our laws?—must you be found in the whirlpool of politics? We shall wait for an answer.

Why should a Man Swear?

I can conceive of no reason why he should, but many why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar. Altogether too low for a decent man.

3. It is cowardly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.

4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear, than go into the street with a clodhopper.

5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."—*Pope.*

7. It is abusive. To the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person to whom it is aimed

8. It is venomous; showing a man's heart to be the nest of vipers, and every time he swears one of them sticks out its his head.

9. It is contemptible; forfeiting the respect of all the wise and good.

10. It is wicked; violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes his name in vain.

There is some talk of having a "baby show" in California, upon which Mr. Spoons, O. G., writes the following for the San Francisco *Sun*:

Our Baby.

At our house, at home, we've a sweet little baby,
As fat as a coon in the fall;
And for mischief, fun, music, or whatever it may be,
Of brats he's the general of all!
With cheeks like two roses,
The prettiest of noses,
Endeared is our Moses,
By every fond tie;
In fair and foul weather,
He serves as a tether,
To bind us together—
My Betsy and I

From morning full blossomed, till night draws her curtain,
His means for employment ne'er fail;
And though hushed be his gabble, of music we're certain,
When he drags the old cat by the tail;
Now calling and bawling,
And falling and sprawling,
And mauling and qualling,
At work and at play;
In the dish-water paddling,
Or Jowler pack-saddling,
Or about fiddle-faddling,
He passes the day.

Tho' his third year is ended this present September,
He's equal to any at five;
At two he could "put out," as well I remember,
As the best "shoulder striker" alive.
In consideration
Of his qualification
I'm in contemplation
Of placing him where
All the Mrs. Duncan's,
And all Mrs. Flunkin's,
Will say he's "some punkins,"
And that is—"THE FAIR."

There's naught can escape his minutest inspection
Displayed on the toy-sellor's board;
And he helps himself, too, without fear of detection,
To the nicest the party affords.
He's just in condition
To meet competition,
At the grand exhibition,
The rogue, with two EYES!
There's one thing, depend on't,
To make a quick end on't,
If he can lay hand on't,
HE SURE TAKES THE PRIZE!

A NOVEL LAW SUIT.—A suit at law, of a somewhat romantic character, has just been terminated in Franklin county.—It seems that one John Lesher, became pierced with the arrow of Cupid, and wishing to heal the wound by the application of lawful wedlock, he made proposals to the object of his affections, which it seems she recieved favorably; but the father, Mr. Jacob Wyant, being a prudent man of much foresight, required the said John to enter into bonds of five hundred dollars, "conditioned that the said John Lesher should live with his wife and treat her as a loving and affectionate husband should do." But the parties, after living together some months seperated, and this suit was brought to recover the amount of the bond. The case was first tried at the last April term of the Franklin Court when Judge Kimmel decided the bond to be invalid. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and it was decided that the bond was "good and valid, and in accordance with the policy of the law." The case, therefore, came up again in the Franklin county Courts, when the Jury found for the plaintiff for $670.75.

The result of this suit may give a valuable suggestion to anxious fathers whose daughters are sought as partners at the Hymenial altar; and an imtation of Mr. Wyant's forethought would show a prudent concern for the daughter's welfare.

Let a man do his best and the world may do its worst.

Lecture on The Chinese.

The Rev. Mr. Shuck, who has been a missionary in China, is delivering a course of lectures in Sacramento on China and the Chinese. The subjoined is a report of his fifth lecture, which we find in the Sacramento *Union*:

At the onset of his discourse, the speaker remarked, that the Bible was designed for all nations, and it was the intention of God that all should enjoy it. Apart from its practical doctrines, it carries with it a healthful influences. The privileges and immunities which we enjoy are owing to the fact that we are a Christian people—hence the apposiveness of Christianity.—Of the Chinese, it might in truth be said, none were so ancient, none were so populous, none so singular. But of these features, the speaker remarked that he had treated previously; he would now refer more particularly to their domestic relations. And, first, the speaker remarked that social intercourse might be said to be unknown among them, and this arose from the fact that they enjoyed not Christianity. They even lack what we term the fond comforts of life. They know not the sweet words of "home"—in truth they have no home, and there is no word in their language that expresses the word home. They are, as it were, isplated, disjointed, and cut off, because they are heathen.

In approaching the house of the peasantry no windows are seen, but a door only is visable—all appears gloomy and forbidding. On entering the door there is a court yard, and on the right and left are rooms, one of which is the reception room, where they eat and spin, and perform their domestic duties. They have no plank, and but few of them tiled floors.—Through the summer and winter they have nothing but the ground for their bed. All appears gloomy—they have no social circle, no friendly board, no quiet family.—Their dwellings are unplastered, and the cobwebs that first gather on the ceiling remain. They have no paintings, no tables, no ornamental furniture—they prefer discomfort. Before the speaker's arrival at Shanghae, the English had rented some of these houses temporarily, and had improved them by cutting windows, and effecting other alterations, but when the Chinese re-entered them, they did away with all these conveniences—they would not have them. They would not use rakes, hoes, or other farming utensils, which were offered to them—they preferred the implements which their ancestors had used before them. The speaker furthermore mentioned the fact of the Chinese adopting to some extent our costume in this country, but stated that they would not dare to return to their native land in foreign garb.

Families dwell together organized as regularly and legally as with us. Their marriage ceremony, continued the speaker, illustrates to some extent the parable of the ten virgins. The preliminaries are settled through the instrumentality of the parents, the parties more immediately interested not being consulted. These select a negotiator, or "go between," to whome the matters matrimonial are entrusted, who submits the same to the parents for them to adjudicate upon. It frequently happens that the father of the groom is compelled to pay sums of money to the father of the bride, varrying according to circumstances. On the whole said the speaker, one can get a very good wife in China for about sixteen dollars.—The groom and bride have nothing to say, and "courting" is unknown.

The preliminaries being arranged, the guests are invited to the gentleman's house. There are establishments where wedding sedans are kept—one of these is sent to the bride's house for the purpose of conveying her to the groom's residence, where the wedding is to take place. The parrallel to the parable holds good, except that the expression—"Behold the bridegroom cometh," should be rendered—"Behold the bride cometh." But this illustration the speaker mentioned only as the exemplification of the fact that every incident almost in China is different from that of any other country. The bride leaves her house for her future husband's in nearly every instance crying, instead of smiling as do our brides. At the threshold of his door, she meets him for the first time.—The ceremony commences by taking wine, stepping over live coals or geese, which are regarded as favorable omens. The benediction, instead of being pronounced by males, as with us, is cried out by old women; this concludes the ceremony, when the festivities are carried on. This ceremony is binding, and no matter how ugly the bride may turn out to be, the groom has got to take her.

Divorces are, however, granted, and a man may obtain one if his wife talks too much. Homes, however, are not homes; the husband never eats with his wife—the latter takes her meals with the servant, but never with her husband. They neglect their children, but teach them to bow to stocks and stones—their idols. On the birth of a male child there is a general rejoicing, on the birth of a female; mourning and lamentation; the latter being considered a great misfortune.

The reverend gentleman next proceeded to speak of their funeral rites. When a Chinaman dies his corps is dressed in the garments which he wore during life. He is placed in a coffin with a fan in his hand, cap on head, and hankerchief, scrolls, cache, rice, &c., deposited in the coffin.—These latter are placed there to defray expenses and sustain him on his way to Hades. The corps often is retained in the house a long time, or till the necromancer comes along and by his legerdemain announces that the lucky hour for burial has arrived. At the funeral, women are often hired to weep. The Chinese invariably bury their dead, except in Siam, where there are some 600,000 of them, and in this country they burn the corpses, thus conforming to the custom of the country. The Chinese place great stress upon their being buried near the place of their nativity. At Shanghae there's a grand necropolis, where corpses of strangers which are to be burn to their own homes, are lain.

The way they Get Married in Norway.

We advise everybody who can manage to keep cool, to read and inwardly digest the following description of a marriage in Norway. It is, after all, somewhat similar to our ceremonial in the United States; but it is none the less tantalizing on that account.

Marriage is a beautiful, a solemn, and a most imposing and sacred ceremonial. It is a kind of ordeal through which the younger portions of the world must pass; but, with all its excitements and beauties, we do not know that we should advise everybody to go through with it. In our case we have found it delightful and thrilling; but, other people, who might try it on," might be disappointed; and, therefore we do not say another word on the subject.—*Exchange.*

HOW THEY GET MARRIED IN NORWAY.

"The interior of the church is painted white, with some gilding here and there. Immediately under the pulpit, which is entered from behind a staircase out of the church in a sort of vestry room, is the altar, around which a double railing runs; one close to it, as in our churches, the other reaching out a long way into the church, enclosing a space. Within this space the public were not admitted, but the whole bridal party sat there, round by the outer railing. During the ceremony, two immense candles were kept burning on the altar, which was covered by a white thin cloth. On this cloth, where it hung over the rails, garlands of fresh flowers were fastened, and on that part of it which was on the floor of the church, little boquets tastefully arranged in patterns, were plentifully strewn. It was on this spot that the bride and bridegroom had to stand during the greater part of the ceremony.

When the time was come, the minister preceded the party from the vestry into the space before the altar. He was dressed in the old white starched ruff which one sees in portraits of divines of Queen Elizabeth's time, and wore a long black gown without sleeves, meeting in front and enveloping the whole figures. After all the bridal party had taken their seats, the ceremony began by the singing of a hymn by the choir. The organ was playing and the choir singing as at an ordinary service. The priest then kneeled down for a short time before the altar, with his hand resting upon it and his back turned to the congregation, as in the Roman Catholic Churches. When he rose the bride and bridegroom also rose, and coming forward, stood upon the flower-strewn white linen cloth, while the minister delivered a long extempore exhortation to them. He was remarkably fluent, and most impressive in manner; but it must be a most awful part of the ceremony for the poor young couple who have to stand there—all the rest of the party sitting around in a circle—for a mortal half hour, the observed of all observers.

Towards the close of the exhortation, the old priest, ceasing to address the young people, turned solemnly around to where the elders of the party were sitting, and addressed them in such affecting terms as drew tears not only from the bride and young and old ladies present, but also from a tender-hearted little German tradesman of the place, who stood next to us and wept copiously. We had bought a few things from him in the morning, and seeing us in the church, he had come up to us and very obligingly explained everything we wished. I heard afterwards that the marriage exhortation is always considered to demand a careful display of oratory on the part of the pastors, who, unless they can draw tears, consider it a failure.

After the exhortation, the minister, taking a book, asked questions of the bride and groom, to which they bowed their heads in answer; the bride then pulled off her right-hand glove, and taking the hand of of the bridegroom in hers, they kneeled down, and the old pastor, laying his hand on theirs thus clasped, pronounced them man and wife; and then placing his hands alternately on each of their heads, prayed for them, and pronounced blessings on both of them. This and the preceding part the old man did in a simple, impressive manner. The couple then returned to their seats, and after the intoning of some prayers by the priest, and the singing of another hymn by the choir, the whole thing concluded by the old man giving three sweeping bows to the congregation on the three sides of the church and marching out. We met him afterwards in the street, trotting along in full canonicals, in the middle of a number of the bridal company, laughing and joking, evidently the life and soul of the company."

ADNERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The following curious advertisement appears in a Westen paper: "Whereas, at particular times I may importune my friends and others to let me have liquor, which is hurtful to me, and detrimental to society—this is, therefore, to forbid any person selling me liquor, or letting me have any on any account or pretence; for if they do I will positively prosecute them, notwithstanding any promise I may make to the contrary at the time they let me have it."

One of our smart city urchins hearing his faher read an article in the newspaper in relation to a new invention of bricks of glass, exclaimed—"Glass bricks? I know what them is." "What are they?" inquired one of the family. "Tumblers of licker!" shouted the juvenile.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

An inveterate bachelor being asked by a sentimental young miss, why he did not secure some fond one's company, in his voyage on the ocean of life, replied, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be pacific."

The famous saying of Shakespeare, that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends," is illustrated in the employment of 100 pretty girls at Milford, in making gentlemen's gaiter boots.