THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXV. | GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1855. | NUMBER 46

Winter Amusements for Jane and I.

In summer days I till the ground,
And tug and toil and get my bread;
No interval can there be found
Between my labor and my bed.
My wife declines to knit at night,
And I to read by candle-light.

But when the south receives the sun
Beyond the equinoctial line—
When all my summer work is done,
Substantial pleasures then are mine.
Then Jane begins to knit at night,
And I to read by candle-light.

I'm then content and never sigh,
Nor roam from home some bliss to find;
And Jane is pleased as well as I—
It so completely feasts her mind,
To sit her down to knit by night,
And hear me read by candle-light.

For when I read, she always hears,
And what she hears she tries to scan;
When aught to her obscure appears,
Then I explain it—if I can!
O! how she loves to knit by night,
And hear me read by candle-light!

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

My Children in Eutopia.

BY MARY GRAY.

It was Christmas eve, and I was seated in my easy chair, drawn up before the blazing wood fire in my quiet study, lost in a golden reverie. Beautiful pictures of long ago, kept green in memory through many twilight musings, were passing before me. The present, too, with its cheerful realities, and the far-off future, with its hopeful plans, came to fill my heart with happiness. How long my reverie lasted I scarcely know, but I was suddenly aroused from it by seeing the old oak door—that door which had been closed for many a year, that passed into the chamber where mother died—slowly open, and timidly and noiselessly come forth my two little ones, Mary and Fanny. By what means they had obtained ingress into that long deserted room, the key of which I keep in the private drawer of my secretary, I never thought to ask. So I seated them, one on either knee, while they twined their little arms caressingly about my neck, and, kissing me with their red lips, said they had come for papa to tell them some Christmas stories. I felt that God had been very kind in bestowing upon me two such precious gifts.

Mary, my elder child, has the dark hair and the sparkling black eyes of her mother, and the very look which, in my early manhood, had such power to draw me to that mother's side. Fanny, my baby-girl, has light hair and mild, blue-eyes, and resembles—for so I think when in the musing mood—a fair dream of my boyhood, faded into the shadowy long before I knew how to distinguish between love and sisterly affection. Mary is all love and vivacity in life; Fanny is reserved and quiet; Mary laughs aloud; Fanny only smiles; Mary moves about our home like a singing bird, Fanny like a gleam of sunshine.

"And what," asked I, "shall papa tell to his little daughters?"

"Oh," said Mary, quickly, "first of all tell us those funny verses about Santa Claus coming down the chimney, dressed in furs, carrying a big pack on his back, and with a pipe in his teeth, to fill our stockings."

"And then," said Fanny, "please repeat, papa, that pretty hymn of shepherds sitting on the ground watching their flocks by night, when the angel appeared and told them of Crist's coming."

And so, while I repeated good Bishop Moore's well-known Christmas verses, they listened quietly, and when I ended, Mary exclaimed, clapping her hands with childish glee:

"Oh, how I should like to see Santa Claus and the reindeers! and don't you think, papa, that if I should sit up to-night for Saint Nick and ask him to give me a large wax doll, with eyes that open and shut, just like the one cousin Nina has, he would do it?"

"And me a book, full of pictures and pretty stories?" chimed in Fanny.

I had not the heart to tell them that Santa Claus was but an imaginary being, for I consider that these mysteries of our childhood—this belief in fairies and good spirits—are of too poetical and beautiful a nature to be rudely disenchanted of at an early age. The ideals of our childhood disappear fast enough before actualities of life. So I promised my little ones that I would speak to the old saint in their behalf, while they, nestled snugly in bed, should be dreaming of dolls and books, and I doubted not but their wishes would be gratified. Here Mary kissed my cheek and called me her good papa, while Fanny laid her head upon my shoulder and looked up into my face, her mild eyes beaming with gratitude.

They were both very quiet and attentive while I repeated the Christmas hymn; and when I had finished it, they asked me for another, and then another, till I quite exhausted my stock of hymns and carols, and had to bring my inventive powers to the task in conjuring suitable stories for the Christmas eve. I remember I told them tales wherein the words plum-puddings and mince-pies, roast turkeys and flagons of ale, the yule log and wassail had prominent place. But I found that they both loved best to hear me tell of things that happened many long years before to myself, when I was a little boy, and hung up my stocking on Christmas eves; and, among other stories, I told them how, when I was a very small lad, not bigger than Fanny, I had gone with their great grandmother Gray to the house of an old friend of hers, who lived in the country, to spend the holidays. It was Christmas eve when we arrived, and, as we had ridden a long distance, in an open sleigh, I was very tired and sleepy, and so, soon after supper, I asked to be put to bed. Here Mary interrupted me to say that I must have been a very, very little boy indeed to want to go to bed so early on Christmas eve, and that, for her part, she shouldn't have been sleepy in the least; but would have liked to sit up all night. This I knew was intended as a hint for me to allow both Fanny and herself to stay up beyond the usual bedtime; so I let the hour go by without dismissing them, and continued my story.

The chamber which I was to occupy with my grandmother, was a very large one, filled with old-fashioned furniture; and I remember that she told me that the greater part of it came over in the Mayflower along with the Pilgrim Fathers; and while she undressed me, she told me a long story about Captain Miles Standish and Governor Carver, and the Indians, and Plymouth Rock, the greater portion of which I can still recall to mind. Here Mary wanted me to tell her what it was, but Fanny said, "no, wait till papa has finished telling us about himself." So I continued as follows:

"There seemed to my sleepy little eyes to be quite an army of chairs ranged about the room, and, with their high, straight backs and long slender legs, they looked so strange, it was difficult for me to keep from watching them. I half expected to see them step out into the middle of the room and make formal bows to each other. There was a large black walnut book-case on one side of the room, filled with great dusty volumes, that looked as if they never could have been read; and I recollect of walking boldly up to it, in my night-gown, and finding that the books on the lowest shelf were just as tall as I was, and wondering whether I would ever be able to read such huge volumes."

Here Fanny clapped her hands, and wanted to know if, when I came to be a man, I had ever seen those great books again, and whether or not they had many pictures in them. So I told her that some of those same books were now in my library, and that they were the very ones she and Mary so often, of rainy Sundays, were fond of looking at, and having me explain the pictures to them. This piece of news seemed to astonish them very much, so that they both got down and went to the book-case to look at those wonderful books, which, so many years before, I had wondered at, when a little boy. They were very anxious to know how it came to pass that I now owned them, and I told them that, one day, the good old lady, their grandmother's friend, who first possessed them, died, when all her furniture and books were sold, and I had bought those with many others. Here Fanny said, "poor old lady," and crossed her little arms meekly over her breast, looking up into my face most piteously, while her eyes filled with tears. But Mary asked, "where was her husband? why didn't he keep the books?" So I had to tell her that he was killed at the battle of Bunker's Hill, soon after their marriage.

At length I continued:—"Among other tracted my attention were several portraits, in guilt frames, upon the walls, so old and dusky that I thought to myself, they too, must have come over in the Mayflower.—There were two oval framed mirrors in the room, and a great bunch of peacock feathers in one corner.

But the bedstead itself was the crowning wonder; so grand and gloomy did it look that I quite feared to sleep in it. Heavy, blue velvet curtains surrounded it on every side, upheld by four tall posts at the corner. When my grandmother, however, parted the curtains in the middle, and roofed them up at the sides, with the great silk tassel, thereby revealing the white counterpane and lace-edged pillow-cases, I began to think that there might be a worse place for sleeping in than that would prove to be. So raised was the bed from the floor that I had to be lifted into it, as it quite excelled my powers of climbing, even by the aid of a chair. When I sunk down in the feathers, I could but just see the top of my grandmother's turban, as she stood at the bedside smoothing the coverlet about me. After I had repeated my prayers, and my grandmother had gone down stairs, and I was left alone, with only the ticking of the clock upon the mantle, and the light of the blazing wood-fire upon the hearth, to keep me company, I remembered that it was Christmas-eve, and that, occupied as I had been, I had forgotten to hang up my stocking."

Here Mary got down from my knee, and crept quietly to the chimney corner, where she hung up a clean white stocking, with which her mother provided her, and coming back laughing, said she wouldn't forget such a thing for all the world.

"Nor will I," said Fanny, "so soon as papa finishes his story." So I kissed my little daughters, and continued:

"What to do I did not know. I could not get out of bed with any certainty of being able to get back again; and as for going to sleep with never a stocking for Santa Claus to fill, it was not to be thought of. So I determined to keep wide awake, till either the good saint or my grandmother should arrive; but I found it very difficult for my sleepy eyes to keep open, as every few minutes the old sandman came along and dropped black sand into them, till first one closed and then the other, and at last, in spite of all I could do, they both shut up tight and went to sleep."

Here Mary opened her large eyes very wide, as if to let me see that no sandman had come to trouble her yet.

"After I had slept what seemed to me a long time, I was suddenly aroused by hearing the tinkling of sleigh-bells, and as I raised myself softly in bed, I saw just by the fire-place, Santa Claus himself, like as he is described in the Christmas verses."

Here Mary clapped her hands, but Fanny nestled closer to my side.

"He appeared to be looking for my stocking, which he could not find; and just as I had mustered courage enough to tell him where it was, he stepped up before the portrait of a grave looking gentleman, who wore a powdered wig, and displayed an abundance of ruffles to his shirt front and around his wrists, and asked him—these are his very words—could he tell where Barry's stocking was hung?—But no answer came from this fine gentleman; he only shook his head, and seemed to draw back into the depth of the canvass. So Santa Claus put the same question to the next portrait, which was that of a prim and starched gentlewoman, evidently the wife of the first; but she only pursed her lips and said nothing. So he questioned the third, a jolly looking person, with a red nose, and yellow waistcoat and gilt buttons, who nodded and winked in return, but spoke not a word. At last in despair, he turned to the portrait of a dainty looking creature, dressed in white satin, with a red rose on her breast, and who had golden hair and blue eyes, and evidently wanted to get up a flirtation with the good saint. But he seemed so indignant at the treatment he received, that he turned his back upon her and would have gone off in a rage, had I not softly wished him a merry Christmas.

"Oh, papa, how brave you must have been," said Fanny; "I am sure I wouldn't have dared to speak to him."

"Pshaw," exclaimed Mary, "I would, and I would have told him, too, exactly what I wanted."

"Well, my children," I continued, "my greeting acted like a charm, for he instantly opened his pack, and took from it toys, and books, and candy, which he put upon the table, at the bedside. Just as he finished a loud gush of music came up from the rooms below, and quickly shouldering his pack, he passed, with a "Merry Christmas!" on his lips, directly up the chimney; and the next moment I saw the shadow of his sleigh and reindeers glide across the frosted window panes, while with a beating heart, full of wild wishes for the morrow to come, again I fell asleep."

As I finished my story, a soft hand was placed over my eyes, and a fond voice exclaimed, "Barry, Barry, what a romancer you are! How can you fill our children's minds with such foolish tales?" But I soothed my too matter-of-fact wife with the promise of a new set of furs on the morrow, and taking her hand in mine, drew her to the chair beside me. Fanny crept close to her mother, and putting up her rosy lips for a kiss, told her not to scold dear papa. And so, with the fire-light still flickering on the wall, and the wind roaring and blustering without, we passed our Christmas eve. And still I repeated many a pleasant tale, and my wife sung many an olden song, and the children prattled on my knees.

But as the midnight came, the light grew dim, the fire mouldered on the hearth, the songs and stories ceased, and the children's prattle died away. And as I stretched out to take my wife's hand in mine, I groped about in vain; my little Mary's arm no longer clasped my neck, nor Fanny's head rested upon my shoulder. I started up and found that all had been a dream—that wife and children of mine lived not yet on the earth, but had a place only in that far-off land of Utopia, where so many men's possessions and treasures ever remain.

But I heard the church bells ringing the glad and proclaiming to all the world "is born, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." And my voice joined in the mighty chorus, which from all Christendom arose, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, and good will toward men."

Ruth Hall.

The editor of the Louisville *Journal* has the following notice of Fanny Fern. We have never before seen a description of the fair Fanny, and think the following from the pen of the accomplished editor of the *Journal* will be read with interest:

We have not yet read Ruth Hall, but we shall do so as soon as we can obtain a copy. Though we are a warm friend of one of Fanny Fern's relatives, said to be crucified in her book, we rejoice in her literary success, for we believe her to be true hearted and noble hearted, though she may be too fierce in her resentments; and we know, that, in talent and genius, she holds a proud rank among the first writers in America. We have a very vivid recollection of her as we used to see her daily when she was a school girl about seventeen years of age, and when *we* were younger than we are now, and this recollection certainly increases the interest we feel for her. Her face, though not decidedly beautiful, was exceedingly interesting; her chestnut curls fell luxuriantly over her brow and shoulders, her form was as perfect as a sculptor's dream, and her step as proud as that of a young queen over a conquered realm. We knew then that she had genius, but we presumed that her life would be given up to the fascinations and the triumphs of fashionable society. We lost sight of her for many years, and in the course of those years, she had afflictions and griefs, and the effect of them was to impel her to such an exercise of her great powers as has rendered her name a familiar word throughout the nation.

CONFUSED POLITENESS.—Just before the passage of the Maine Law in a neighboring State, says a correspondent of a cotemporary, I came out of a little establishment in N———, of a dark and rainy evening, behind a very drunken fellow, who "beat up" the sidewalk a couple of rods in advance. Presently he "missed stays" on the "starboard tack," and ran into a tree. He pulled off what was originally intended for a hat: "teetered" a moment on his toes, and apologized to the jostled individual, with a "hiccup" between every other word:

"Shuze me, shir! I'shure you, shir, 'tirely 'tentional on my part. Sho dark, shirt I didn't shee you. Shuze me, shir—shuze me, if you please."

After which obsequious explanation, and an abortive effort to put on his hat, he essayed to continue on his way; but brought up again on the first lurch against the same tree.

"I really beg your pardon, shir. I'm 'fraid you'll 'spect I'm 'tosscated; but I 'shure you, shir, I never was more shober in my life. It's dark and splashy, and really, shir, I sphosed, shir, you'd gone along!"

Willis, in a letter from Idlewild, in the Home Journal truely says—speaking of the prevalent distress in New York—there is probably more suffering endured by the seemingly proud and prosperous, before confessing want, than by the abject to whom cold and hunger are all. Pity would go first to unexpected places, if all hearts were unvailed.

Rounding A Period.

A subscriber in the east, remitting his annual subscription for the Gazette—an example worthy of imitation—appends the following:

Squire J——— recently aspired to represent this place in the next legislature, and in hopes of obtaining the nomination he siezed all favorable opportunities to address the million. Few nights since there was a caucus at the schoolhouse, when squire J. delivered one of his flowery speeches, which terminated somewhat as follows:

"I say, fellow citizens, that the inalienable rights of man are paramount and catamount to all others, and he who cannot put his hand to his heart, and thank God that nothing is rankling within, deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—I say, gentleman, he deserves to lie in a bed—in a bed—"

"With cracker crumbs in it," shouted out the shrill voice of a person anxious to round the period. The laugh was tremendous, and it is doubtful if the Squire gets the nomination. It is supposed that the cracker crumb man is the father of a small family, and experienced the delights of such a bed.

DEATH—AS WE SHOULD REGARD IT.—We should be glad if any one who reads the following sentences will turn to the works of the writer of them—works unequalled in our day, perhaps, for richness and beauty of thought—those of Walter Savage Landor:—"Death can only take away the sorrows from our affections; the flower expands; the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes. We may well believe this; and, believeing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence, who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour; when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away: and so is the noble mind. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall: and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music are over, and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, hath ceased; when youth and comeliness and pleasantly are departed,

'The dust and desolation left behind!'

But, whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out or change their quality."

GENERAL SCOTT ON THE EASTERN WAR.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury writes as follows:

"I had recently the pleasure of hearing the criticism of General Scott on the war in the Crimea. I look upon Scott as one of the great captains of the age, and I listened with great interest to his ideas.—He says the allies committed a great blunder in delaying the attack upon Sevastopol as long as they did; that immediately after the raising of the siege of Silistria, they should have attacked Sevastopol, at which time there was a comparatively small force in the Crimea; that the allies cannot take Sevastopol unless they receive reinforcements, giving them a superiority of force to the extent of from thirty to fifty per cent; that the Russian regular soldiers are the best troops in the world for defence; they never fly, but perish unless ordered to retreat. He thinks the allies labor under great disadvantage in having two commanding generals; that the road to victory is through unity of designs The inference I would draw General Scott's idea is: that Sevastopol will not be taken; for I doubt whether the allies can throw such a preponderance of force there as is necessary. The general further said that the allies could not re-embark without immense loss of men, and all the materials of war in camp except the weapons in their hands."

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."—A correspondent of Richmond Enquirer claims that the "oldest inhabitant" resides in Powhatan county, Va. He says:

"There is a negro-women in Powhatan, now living in my immediate neighborhood, whom I have very recently seen and talked with, who was ben the year after George II. ascended the throne of England, and four years before the birth of George Washington! She is now one hundred and twenty-six years old, and was, of course, very nearly half a century old at the time our declaration of Independence was proclaimed, on the 4th of July 1776."

BEAUTY OF LAWSUITS.—A conductor upon the road between New London and Norwich, Ct., put a man out of the car for not paying five cents, the extra charge on a ticket paid for in the car. The man had applied at the office, but was shut, and he had only fifty cents; but the conductor would not receive it, and thrust him rudely out of the car, by which his knee pan was broken. He sued the company and recovered $8,200 damges. We are inclined to think it would have been more profitable to have forgiven that five cents.

EMIGRATION.—During the year ending December 27 th, 1854, the number of foreign emigrants arriving at New York from abroad was 313,737, gainst 283,332 for the previous year, being an increase of 30,415. Of this total, 16,723 were Germans, 79,099 Irish, 3016 English, 836 Swiss, 7,503 French, 4,814 Scotch, 1,751 Swedes, 1,289 Dutch and Welsh 1,263. The Germans have been considerably more than doubt the Irish.

Scorn no man for his poverty.

A CURIOUS BIRD.—Few persons have ever heard of the Camapanero, or bell bird of Demerara. It is of snowy whiteness, and about the size of a jay. A tube, nearly three inches long, rises from its forehead, and this feathery spine the bird can fill with air at pleasure. Every four or five minutes, in the depths of the forest, its call may be heard from a distance of three miles, making a tolling noise like that of a convent bell.

ARITHMETIC OF LOVE.—After an introduction find out if you have any rivals, and if none, the following rule may be followed to advantage:

4 Compliments	make	1	Blush,
3 Blushes	"	1	Tender look,
4 Tender looks	"	1	"Smitten,"
2 "Smitten,"	"	1	Moonlight walk.
5 Walks,	"	1	Proposal,
2 Proposals (1 to Pa,)		1	Wedding.

CORN COBS.—Permit us to advise you not to sell your corn on the cob, but have it shelled and keep the cobs for your cattle. By crushing and steaming the cobs, when mixed with cut straw or hay, they make a good mess for dry cattle, and if a quart of meal be added to each mess given and made into slop, a milch cow wilk thrive well, and contribute generously to the pail.—*Amer. Farmer.*

An Iowa paper says that the people there have added another measure to their arithmetics. It is called "drunkard's weight of measures."

It is as follows:—

2 glasses make	1 dram.
8 drams make	1 drunkard.
8 drunkards make	1 grocery.
4 groceries make	1 jail.
5 jails make	1 penitentiary.
6 penitentiaries make	1 hell.

Some idea of the rapid strides that "Young America" is making may be gathered from the fact that just fourteen years ago, but a single house and that a log cabin, stood upon what is now the site of St. Paul, Minnesota, a city that supports four daily newspapers, and where upwards of forty-three thousand passengers have been landed within a year.

"THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST."—The Evansville (Ind.) *Journal* says that an old gentleman aged sixty five years was married a few days ago, in Knox county in that State, to his *sixth* wife, and he has only married *five* women. His first wife is his last wife, and she is now in her forty-fifth year. She has been married three times, and her first husband is her last husband.

A woman who wants a charitable heart, she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate. Her experience is her own, and if that is adverse, it ought at least to impose silence. Innocence is not suspicious, but guilt is always ready to turn informer.

A rogue asked charity on pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "From my birth, madam."

"Poor fellow!" said the lady, and she bestowed on him a dollar, with perfect good nature.

"Johnny," said a three year old to an elder brother of six, "Johnny, why can't we see the sun go back where it rises?"

"Why, Jim, you little goosey, 'cause it would be ashamed to be seen *going down East!*"

TO GET UP A HOLIDAY.—Find some destitute family to whom you can send a barrel of flour. Let your right hand pay for it without allowing the left to know of the deed. Try it, and your heart will have a holiday.

If you want to ascertain whether a soil or substance *contains lime*, you may pour upon a small quantity of it vinegar or diluted muriatic acid. If *lime is present* the mixture will froth up or effervesce. —*Dr. Kent.*

"GOING THE WHOLE HOG."—Mr. Stephen Wyckoff, residing at the Delaware Water Gap, Warren county, New Jersey, recently slaughtered a hog of his own raising, two years old, which weighed when dressed, nine hundred and twenty pounds.

A virtuous and well disposed person is like a good metal—the more he is fired the more he is refined; the more he is opened he more the is approved. Wrongs may well try him, but they cannot imprint on him any false stamp.—*Richelieu.*

There are twenty-seven thousand females in New York out of employment, and wholly unable to support themselves in consequence of the general depression of business.

A poor fellow, having got his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that the brain was visible; at which he remarked, "Do write to father, for he always declared I had none."

"I don't like to patronage this line," said a culprit to a hangman. "Oh! never mind this once," was the reply, "it will soon suspend its operation."

Martin Ellis, who fell and broke his thigh in Boston, in consequence of the ice on the pavement, has recovered $1300 damages from the city.

There are seven Universalist clergymen in the Massachusetts Legislature—all members of the Know Nothing order.

Littlefield, whose testimony convicted Dr. Parkman, of Boston, has been insane from a disease of the ear.

Pennsylvania is the largest domestic missionary field of the Presbyterian Board—having 73 missionaries.

The three brothers Washburn, all members of Congress, are printers by trade.

Honor no man for his wealth.

Thursday is the Russian Sunday.

Politics and the Pulpit.

We have no doubt that a vigorous Landlord, having sharked it all the week, screwing and griping among his tenants, would be better pleased on Sunday to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that might treat of the duties of a christian landlord. A broker, who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the "New Testament spirit." Catechism is what he wants, doctrine is to his taste. A merchant, whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who on the same day swore a false invoice through the custom house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection. They have nothing invested in those subjects—they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox.—But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample pew rents, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial subjects. A rich Christian brother owns a distillery and is clamorous about letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax titles, and noses about all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A mechanic who plies his craft with the unscrupulous appliance of every means that will win, he who wants "doctrine" on the Sabbath—not those secular questions. Men wish two departments in life—the secular and the religious. Between them a high and opaque wall is to be built They wish to do just what they please for six long days. Then stepping on the other side of the wall, they wish the ministers to assuage their fears, to comfort their consciences, and furnish them a clear ticket and insurance for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and Mammon, at the same time.—*Rev. A. W. Beecher.*

The following scotch ballad, "Take back the ring, dear Jamie," was sung by Madame Anna Bishop, at Musical Hall, San Francisco, September, 1584. The words are by James Linen, Esq., and the music was composed, and dedicated to Mrs. B. S. Brooks, of San Francisco, by Stephen C. Massett:—

Take back the ring, dear Jamie,
The ring ye gae to me,
An' a' the vows ye made yestreen,
Beneath the birken tree;
But gie me back my heart again,
It's a' I hae to gie.
Sin' ye'll no wait a fitten' time,
Ye canna marry me!

I mun wed have my lily,
Whate'er and her be fa';
I'll faithfu' keep my promise,
For a' that ye can gie;
Sae, Jamie, if ye winna wait,
Ye ne'er can marry me!

I canna leave my minnie,
She's been sae kind to me,
Sin, e'er I was a barnie,
A wee thing on her knee.
Were I an heiress o' a crown,
I'd a' its honours tine,
To watch her steps o' helpless age,
As she in youth watched mine!

Beautiful Incident.

A correspondent of the Preston (England) Chronicle gives the following anecdote:

A good while ago a boy named Charlie had a large dog which was very fond of the water, and in hot weather he used to swim across the river near which the boy lived. One day the thought struck him that it would be fine fun to make the dog cary him across the river, so he tied a string to the dog's collar, and ran down with him to the water's edge, where he took off all his clothes; and then, holding hard by the dog's neck and the bit of string he went into the water, and the dog pulled him across. After playing about on the other side for some time, they returned in the way they come; but when Charlie looked for his clothes, he could find nothing but his shoes! The wind had blown all the rest into the water.—The dog saw what had happened, and making his little master let go the string, by making believe to bite him, he dashed into the river; and brought out first his coat, and then all the others in succession. Charlie dressed, and went home in his wet clothes, and told his mother what fun he and the dog had had. His mother told him he did very wrong in going across the river as he had done, and that he should thank God for making the dog take him over and back again safely; for if the dog had made him let go in the river he would most likely have sunk, and been drowned. Little Charlie said, "Shall I thank God now, mamma?" and he kneeled down at his mother's knee and thanked God: then, getting up again, he threw his arm round his dog's neck, saying, "I thank you, too, dear doggie, for not letting go." Little Charlie is now Admiral Sir Charles Napier.

A BOLD PREACHER.—When Samuel Davies was President of the Princeton College, he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. George II had a curiosity to hear a preacher from the "wilds of America."—He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with the commanding eloquence of the preacher, that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way across the church, in such terms as these:—"He is a wonderful man! Why, he beats my bishop!" Davies observing that the king was attracting more attention than himself, pausing and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him, in an emphatic tone, the following rebuke:—"When the lion roareth, let the beast of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The King instantly shrunk back in his seat, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day, the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the institution over which he presided; observing at the same time to his couriers—"he is an honest man—an honest man."

National Agriculture.

The total value of the annual products of the soil of the United States is now about One Thousand Millions of Dollars; and no one who knows what science has done for Agriculture, will doubt that the same amount of labor which is now employed in producing this aggregate, might be so applied as to secure a total product thirty per cent. greater, or One Thousand Three hundred Millions. But scientific, skillfull, thorough Agriculture always employs more than the shiftless, slouching sort too generally prevalent; and it is certainly within bounds to estimate that our Agriculture might be so improved as, by the help of additional labor now unemployed and unproductive, to give an additional annum—an achievement which would double the wealth of the country every eight or ten years. Whosoever will carefully review the Agriculture of a single state, or even an average County, in any part of the Union, and estimate how much its product might be enhanced by irrigation, manuring, deep ploughing, draining, &c, will perceive that our calculation is far within the truth.

But suppose that only half of it, or an addition to our national wealth would thereby be insured! Four fifths of this would probably be permanently added to the wealth of the country—that is, the farmer whose annual product should be swelled from $1,000 to $1,250, or from $2,000 to $2,500, would not eat or drink up the surplus, but would invest the greater part of it in new buildings, fences, barns, implements, furniture, &c., &c., giving profitable employment to mechanics and laborers, and largely increasing the business of merchants and the incomes of professional men. Such an addition to the annual product of our Agriculture would increase the consumption of Manufactures, domestic and imported, in far greater ratio, since from the annual product of each farm the food of those making a living on it must first be taken for home use, affording no business or profit to any one else, leaving only the surplus to form the staple of trade; and an addition of twenty-five per cent. to the annual product of each farm would probably double the annual exchanges and general trade of the country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Curculio.

A correspondent of the American Farmer gives the following as his experience in the use of wrappings of "cotton laps" as a remedy for the curculio. If any of our friends have had any experience in this matter we shall be happy to hear from it. "Some time since I saw in the Maine Farmer a recipe for the curculio, which I tested at the time with unexpected success. It consisted of three bands of cotton fastened around the tree at intervals of about one foot. It did not prove to be a perfect security against that pest of all plum trees, but enabled me to save the greater part of my plums, and encouraged me to do a little something to renovate my trees, which, since the appearance of the curculio had been growing in award land. Accordingly I dug up the ground around them, and removed the turf from all save one to the hog pen. From that tree I gathered about one peck of plums infected with the bug, also a bushel of sound fruit, (it being a small tree,) while from the others the fruit was all sound. I allowed the cotton to remain on the trees the year round, taking no trouble to renew or repair it after it was put on. I am now nearly rid of the "critter;" indeed, I have not been able to find one upon my trees this season. And when examining the cotton have found but three eggs.

The trees look finely, and are already bending under their burden of fruit. If, in any case, cotton has failed to protect any body's plums, I am persuaded it is because they have been too stingy of it.

The best way is to buy batting and split it in two several times, then cut into stripes three or four inches wide, and tie with a piece of twine on the upper edge. Three bands at least should always be used, and more would be better, unless the land is in grass, in which case the sods can be removed, together with the larvae, which spend the winter in the earth directly under the tree."

To Make Hens Lay Perpetually.

Keep no roosters; give the hens fresh meat chopped up like sausage meat, once a day—a very small portion, say half an ounce a day to each hen in winter, or from the time insects disappear in the fall till they appear again in the spring. Never allow any eggs to remain in the nest for what are called nest eggs. When the rooster does not run with the hens, and no nest eggs are left in the nest, the hens will not cease laying after the production of twelve or fifteen eggs, as they always do when roosters are allowed, but continue laying perpetually. If the above plan were generally adopted, eggs would be as plentiful in winter as in summer.—One reason why hens do not lay in winter as freely as in summer is the want of animal food which they get in summer in abundance in the form of insects. When the ground is covered with snow give them access to lime and pebbles, from which the egg shell is formed.

BRITISH LONGEVITY.—The British census, just published, give some remarkable instances of longevity. It appears that Thomas Parr lived one hundred and fifty-two years and 8 months; Henry Jenkins, one hundred and sixty-nine years; Thomas Carn, two hundred and seven years. From 1760 to 1850 forty-eight persons died, the youngest of whom was one hundred and thirty, and the elder one hundred and seventy-five.

Dr. Johnson was one night at a concert, where an elaborate and florid concerto on the violin was performed; after it was over, he asked a gentleman, who sat near him, what it meant. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur, who could only say that it was very difficult. "Difficult!" answered the learned auditor, "I wish it had been impossible!"