THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1855.

VOLUME XXV. NUMBER 50.

More New Goods.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received from Philadelphia and Baltimore as large a stock of *NEW GOODS* as has ever been brought to this place, among which are

Cheap Cloths, Cassimers,

Coatings, Cassinets, Flannels, Blankets, Cords, Janes, Ready Made Clothing, Domestics, and every variety of Goods for Mens' wear, also Debage, Alpaca Debage, M. Delaines, Alpacas, Plain and Plaid Poplins, Worsted Plaids, Persian Parametta and Coburg Cloth, English & French Merinoes, Ginghams, Calicoes, Silks, Satins, Lace, Fringe, Bonnet Silks, Satins, Modes & Velvets, Trimmings, a great variety, &c., &c. The Ladies' attention particularly is invited. Also a large stock of *FRESH GROCERIES,*

Queensware, Hardware, &c.

Being determined not to be undersold, we pledge ourselves to sell any and every article as cheap as they can be had at any establishment in this place.

Oct. 6, 1854.

NEW

HARDWARE STORE.

THE Subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of DAVID ZIEGLER, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

GROCERIES,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS,

Springs, Axles, Saddlery,

Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings,

Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

in general, incuding every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally.

Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we guarantee, (for the Ready Money,) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where.

We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles.

JOEL B. DANNER,
DAVID ZIEGLER.

Gettysburg, June 13, 1851.—tf.

NEW BOOKS.

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS received a largely increased assortment of Classical, Theological, School and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

of all kinds, including a large number of handsomely bound Standard Poets of England and America—Annuals, &c., suitable for Gifts. Also,

STATIONERY

of every variety, Gold Pens and Pencils, Penknives, Envelopes, &c., &c. All of which will be sold at a small advance on cost. ☞Call and see them.

Dec. 22, 1854.

LET THE FACTS BE KNOWN!

THAT AB'M ARNOLD has just returned from the Eastern Cities, with the largest and best selected stock of goods for Men and Boys' wear ever before offered, which he is now making up, at the *Old Stand*, where he invites all who wish to purchase *CLOTHING* made of

GOOD MATERIAL,

and by good workmen, to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to undersell any Clothing Store or Slop Shop in the Town or Country.

Having secured the services of one of the best *CUTTERS* in the country, he is prepared to make up clothing at the shortest notice and in the best style. His motto is Quick Sales and Small Profits.

September 29, 1854.

MONEY LOST!

IT is an ESTABLISHED FACT, that many persons lost money, by not purchasing Goods at the well known CHEAP STORE of Abram Arnold, at his old stand, on the South East corner of the Diamond, where he is now receiving the cheapest, prettiest and best selected Stock of

Fall and Winter Goods,

ever before offered to the citizens of Adams county, consisting in part—as follows:

Black, Blue, and Brown French Cloths, Fancy, Felt, and Beaver Cloths for Over Coats, (Newest Styles,) Black and Fancy Casimeres, Tweeds, Jeans, Casinetts, &c., &c., for Men's ware, Silks, Mous de Laine, Alpacas, Merinoes, Plain and Fancy Sack Flannels, also a beautiful assortment of Satins and Silks for Bonnets, Bonnet Ribbon and a great variety of other articles, all of which the public are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves, believing that it is only necessary to see our goods, price them, and examine, to induce persons to purchase. A large lot of Trunks also received which will be sold low.

ABM. ARNOLD.

September 29, 1854.—tf

BONNETS, Ribbons and Flowers, a large assortment of the different style to be found at

SCHICK'S.

A Lament.

I pine for the world where there is no death,
For the angel world I pine;
I sigh with a troubled and weary breath,
For the joys of a Life Divine;
Thou art gone away to the angel world,
And for thee, sweet love, I pine.

I heard in the night a wild bird sing,
A bird with a mystic tone,
The air was moved by its shining wing,
And it sang in the midnight lone;
'Twas a Spirit Bird from the Angel World,
And thither my heart has flown.

I mourn by day with a vain regret,
And I weep in the weary night,
And I sometimes wish that I could forget,
The vision that haunts my sight—
The vision that comes to my dream alone,
But fades with the outward light.

I pine for the river whose waters flow
Where the deathless roses bloom;
But I sit by day 'neath the cypress Wo,
And I fade like the waning moon,
Low sinking toward life's western verge,
Low sinking to the tomb

I am weary now, and the wild winds blow,
And the mournful pine boughs wave
Where the robe of my beauty lies vailed in snow;
Oh would that I shared thy grave!
'Twere better far, for my heart's a waste
Where the winds of sorrow rave.

THE WAIL OF THE WIND.

The night was cold. The library shutters rattled so as to make us nervous, till we managed to fasten them, and then we could listen to the wind with less disturbance. And a full-toned, sonorous voice he had too. There's an on old tree above the wing which contains the library, to which the wind always seems to be talking, or the wind is replying, one or the other, for they keep up a noise between them, and we—that is Willis and I—have so long listened, that we have grown familiar with the language they use. He had listened to it for a half hour or more in perfect silence, when a new voice joined the conversation, and we started and leaned forward. It was indescribably sweet but mournful, as if some delicate plant (I think it was the woodbine on the corner of the house) had suddenly wailed out a complaint to the wind of his rudeness. It rose and fell, and rose again, now in a long note of thrilling sadness, and now in disconnected sobs, and at length it died quite away. We remained motionless and silent for a moment, and then Joe spoke:

"Do you remember the last time we heard a sound like that?"

"Yes, I very well remember it. It was in the cabin. You were sleeping and it awoke you. I was writing by the fire-light, and I turned over and listened to it; and when it ceased, I was in dream-land. How I slept that night—and yet there was a tempest abroad. Joe, I wish you would ring the bill—the fire is getting low, and Anthony has forgotten us."

"There is something in that peculiar wail which I do not like. I never heard it yet without some sad affair following it. I'm growing superstitious of late. Twice in my life I have heard it as now. The time you speak of in the cabin, it lacked the bird like trill which concluded it. I have noticed the difference. There is something very unearthly in that peculiar sound."

"I heard you say something of the same sort once before. Please explain. I did not know that your life had been marked by any visitations of the supernatural."

"It has not been except in dreams, and in those how often! I tell you, Phil, God never gave to human intellect a gift so blessed as the power of dreaming. It is a magic surpassing that of the woman of Endor: for it not only calls the dead to life again, and clothes them with familiar looks and smiles, but it has power over that most difficult object of resurrection, a dead affection; and it will bring it from the dead, without the grave clothes, in all its original beauty and ravishing glory.—Sometimes it enters the future; not often though (and Willis spoke musingly now, as if I were not present.) I dare not let my dreams go there too often, lest the magic with the fabled power of the olden time destroy the magician. I dare not weave a spell around the things to come, lest the servants of my magic destroy or madden me."

"A story Joe—I wait," said I, raising my feet to the soft cushion of the footstool in front of the grate.

"Well, listen then. I'll tell you one with which you are not familiar, though you know the chief incidents.

"It is one of those memories that often haunt me as I sit here before the grate when you are gone, conjuring up the past to keep me company. Ah, Phil, I love to dream!

"Did you know Carrie Graydon? She grew up while you were away. She had an eye like a star, or a blue break in a cloudy sky. Not that her face was cloudy. That it never was, but always sunny.—Never was there a fairer or a brighter—save one."

Joe paused for an instant, as he uttered the last sentence; and I saw a shade of suppressed grief pass, like a cloud in a swift wind, across his face. I knew that he stood then in the presence of a holy vision. And as the past went before him with stately tread and solemn mien, as the loved past always goes before us in these latter lonesome years, I turned away my face, and left him to the communion of that dream. He remembered the story he was to tell no longer. He remembered only that vision of loveliness, unforgotten and unchanged in the long years since he buried it out of sight. He heard the wind no longer. He heard only that low voice musical now with laughter, and now with songs.

"Carrie was our village pet; and you know what that means. We all loved her, with right willing love. She was one of those that we love to love. None so full of life, and none so full of gentleness.—Children left their play when she came near; and I do verily believe that there was not an old man in the town that did not dream of her when he did dream of angels in heaven.

"Well, to my story. I drag on slowly in these recollections; but, in truth, they flood on me so that I cannot get along any faster; for the faster I speak, the faster they flock. The instant I think of Carrie, I think of her father, the stout old man, and her brother, and then of the old minister, Mr. Winter; he was always at Col. Graydon's in the twilight. You might see them any summer evening in the porch, sitting side by side, talking as familiarly as brothers, of the future and of the past as well. They had lived near each other a long life time. There too was Mrs. Simpson, who used to stop in the street as she passed the Colonel's, and speak a word, if but to hear the old men's voices: 'They sounded so heavenly-like,' she used to say. And there was Fanny Wilson, Carrie's best friend, almost as fair and quite as gentle; and then Harry Wilson, too, dearest of all the world to Carrie Graydon.

"And he was worthy the love even of Carrie. A noble fellow he was, with a stout arm and a stout heart, and ready to die for her at any time, as he did at last.—His love was manly and ennobled himself as well as its object. It was no whining, whimpering love, that thrives in moony nights, and talks of stars, or shivers over grates in the winter, and dreams of summer coming again. It was no ball room love, that lived in a touch of the gloved finger in a cotillion, or the public embrace of the waltz. No such love as the men and women of this day talk and write of. By all the saints, I would not buy that girl's love that you bowed to in the street the last day we were in the city, if you prized it at a kiss. I press lips now-a-days as I used to press my father's old aunt's lips, who rewarded me with a fortune for my respectful salutations. The old lady said there was the air of a gentleman in my kisses! Faugh! I used to kiss with heart as well as lips, but those days are cold, and my heart and lips, too!—Phil, touch that fire. I'm shivering.

"What a brilliant love that was. I remember a hundred little incidents now that proved its forbearance and its beauty. They never exchanged an unkind word.—From childhood till the end, they placed unbounded confidence in each other.—I believe if Henry had told Carrie that it was snowing on a hot August day, she would have put on a cloak to go out, and shivered at that, so firm was her faith in all that he said. He never had deceived her in thought or deed. The hypocritical days had not yet come, though men have been hypocrites from the days of Adam.—But hypocrisy is the characteristic of this day, and the whole world is a sort of masked ball. God only knows what skeletons and death's heads are under the cloaks and masks.

"I was talking about Carrie Graydon, wasn't I? I wander pathetically. Don't be surprised if I discuss the quadrature of the circle before I finish my story, for I'm in a roving humor.

"The Colonel loved Harry too as his own son, knowing that he expected to be so when Carrie should be eighteen. It lacked a year of that yet.

"It was the afternoon of the seventeenth of August—I remember the date because of my frequent recurrence to it and its history. Henry and Carrie were away on the hills on horseback. They left at two o'clock, and were to return by seven. Carrie had my horse, Zephyr; I often lent him to her.

"She kissed her hand to me gaily as she flew away, and I returned the salute, little thinking of the close of that day's pleasure.

"I dined with Colonel Graydon, and Mr. Winter was also at his horse till evening, when an approaching storm warned us homeward. The suddenness with which it came up prevented my going farther than Dr. Wilson's, and there I turned in to wait for the return of my horse, as well as the end of the storm. It was a fearful tempest at first, and then followed a flood of rain. The small mountain streams were swollen to torrents, and the creek became a broad river, shaking the village with its roar and heavy fall over the upper ledge of rocks. The mountains trembled at the noise of the thunder, and the voice of God shook the earth itself. A tall tree before Dr. Wilson's office swayed to and fro in the wind with a groaning sound; as the gale increased it bent over, and I stood watching it from the window. Suddenly there came a crash of thunder that shook the foundations of the world, and seemed to rock the whole earth to and fro, and the tall tree went down, but silently; for the noise of its fall was overpowered by that deep sound that went rolling away among the mountains, now lower, now louder, echoing from some cliff, or moaning through a far off glen, till it died away and a stillness ensued which was more sublime than the voice that preceded it. Not a sound was in the air; not a whisper of the wind, not a rustling branch, not a drop of rain to break the solemn silence. Then, like the wail of a mother over her dead boy, that wail of a broken heart, than which no voice of human utterance is more sad, stole out on the hushed air the same sweet sound of the wind you heard just now. Fitfully at first, as if the weeper dared not weep aloud; then more distinct, until it swelled into a thrilling wail that made one half believe an angel was mourning for her love; and then it died away faintly, as if the heart were crushed, and life had departed with the last notes of that unutterably melodious voice.

"I was still standing at the window, when a gleam of sunshine broke through the clouds and rested across the glen.—Within a few minutes the sun went down, and just then Colonel Graydon came in.—He was anxious lest Henry and Carrie had been caught among the hills and the horses would be restive at the lightning.—We sat talking till after dark, and then were aroused by a call for aid, to secure the old bridge below the fall, which the swollen stream had nearly carried away. You remember it was about half a mile from the village, and we hastened there with a dozen hands. The bridge was in a bad condition; so bad that no one dared to cross it. It was swaying back and forth, and every instant seemed as if the addition of an ounce weight would send it down. The stream was in wild commotion, leaping along in the moonlight, silvery and laughing, but with terrible fury. The moon shone gloriously on the trees and water. Phil, I hate the moon. She is cold—terribly cold—and she smiles so mockingly on agony, that I don't trust her smiles on joy. The stars are different. They suit themselves to our moods, are sad as we are sad, and gleam joyfully when we rejoice. But the moon is the same calm, cool, smiling moon in woe or sadness.

"I shrank from the stream with a shudder, beautiful as it was, and did not offer any aid to the men who were trying to make fast the one end. While they were at work I heard the sound of horses hoofs coming down the opposite hill, and was astonished to see Henry and Carrie emerge from the wood at a rapid trot. They should have come by the other road, but had taken a long route around. We shouted to them but they did not hear us.—They were laughing gaily, as we could see in the moonlight, and Carrie's hand was raised playfully to strike Henry with her whip as they came on the bridge. They had crossed but half way when Henry saw his danger. Evidently it was a sudden discovery, for he seized Carrie's rein, drew his own close, and shouted so that we heard him distinctly, 'On, on, for your life, Carrie,' and dashed forward. Side by side the two horses made tremendous leaps, and three more would have saved them. Colonel Graydon rushed forward, but a strong arm held him back, for Mr Winter was not weak, though old and silver-haired.

"Zephyr was fleet as the wind, but it was too late. The noble animals strained every limb, themselves doubtless aware of the fearful danger; the bridge swayed downwards, back again—downward—it cracked, it crashed, it thundered over the roar of the stream—they were gone! I saw the white gleam of a hand on the surface of the torrent, among planks and timber, and then the mass rolled downward and separated, and I next saw Zephyr and his rider emerge, the former apparently unharmed, but the latter evidently badly hurt. Henry had deserted his horse, and when he came up was close to Carrie, so that as she fell from her horse he caught her and threw one arm around her, while he swam with the other. Some loads are easy to bear, and some are lighter than no load at all. I believe that under ordinary circumstances, Henry would have buffeted any current better with Carrie in one arm, but he had received a bad blow from a falling timber, and labored much. I could see that his strength failed him, and I struck out more earnestly. I forgot to tell you that I leaped in as the bridge fell, I don't know how nor where. I was a strong swimmer, as I am still, and I found myself in the water waiting for them to come down. I neared them rapidly, but not so rapidly as to save them.—I never before nor since swam with such a prize before me, but it was in vain. I saw them go down, I saw Henry struggle, bravely, boldly; I saw her in that moment of agony try to relieve him of her load, and I saw him drag her more closely to him, and the water alone was before me and the mocking moonbeams. I saw a white gleam as of a hand. It was but a foam cap. I dove and searched for them, swimming downward with the current I cannot give you any idea of the intensity of thought which I then felt. It was the responsibility of those two lives which oppressed my brain to madness. I knew that I alone was between them and eternity, and I believe if I had not found the object of my search, I should have gone down myself. Their arms were locked around each other. I succeeded in reaching a jutting point of land where Colonel Graydon and the rest seized me and my precious burden, and I remember nothing further until returning sensation showed me a group standing sadly around the two forms which I had rescued. God had not given me to rescue both of them. The spirit of Harry Wilson had gone from the torrent to the rest of the blessed. I staggered toward the side of Carrie Graydon. She was beautiful beyond all words, and as I fell at her side, a tremulous motion of her eyelid indicated returning sensation. The usual active remedies were used and she revived, but only to look at Henry and throw herself on his body and relapse into unconsciousness.

And the moon smiled on that scene too, and the river laughed wildly at its work, and I laid my hand on the breast of Henry Wilson and knew that his sleep was very deep, even death. And we forbore to remove the clasp of Carrie's arms, or attempt to restore her, so overpowered were we all by the scene; and one by one in the presence of the noble dead, and at that holiest altar, whereat man may kneel on earth and worship God in heaven, they knelt, Col. Graydon by my side, and Mr. Winter the good old minister, bowed his head and murmured with a choking sob:—'It is the Lord,' and wept aloud. Phil! I never wept more bitter tears, never, never!

"What became of Miss Graydon?"

"She never forgave me for saving her. I don't mean by that, that she was not grateful as the people of the world ordinarily are, but I have heard that she thought her life not worth saving. The Colonel left this country for the West shortly after that, and his daughter, I am told, is the almoner of a new settlement among the prairies. She has never married."

SPECIMENS OF HUMANITY.—One of the novelties in London, as an exhibition, are a man, woman and a child, of the tribe of Niam—Niams, or tailed people, from Central Africa. Dr. Sexton lectures on them before crowds of visitors three times a day. Ladies are not admitted.

The Lily of the Valley.

"In the month of May, 1853, I passed a very pleasant week at Geneva, Switzerland, tarrying two days in one of the little villages near the banks of the far-famed Lake Leman; and you shall know how agreeable my time was spent, and of my meeting with the "*Lilly of the Valley.*"

"The reader is aware that in some parts of Northern Europe the English Language is sometimes spoken; indeed, in many of the hotels in Switzerland it is quite common. In one instance, however, I was fortunate enough to meet with a family who talked good old Saxon, at the pretty little village inn at which I rested. Here as in other lands, the children have their 'May-Day Festival;' and though I was not quite in time to witness their merry-making, I was in time to inhale the fragrance of the flowers, in time to tell you of the exquisite beauty—even though withered on the stem—of the Lilly of the Valley. What a glorious day it was, as looking from the windows of my hotel, I watched the bright sun-beams as they danced and sparkled on the clear blue waters of the lake! The breeze crisps the tiny waves, so that they dance and toss about the little boats so gently, with their milk-white sails, gliding to and fro. A cozy little craft was hired by me, for a moderate price; and as she fluttered her wings to the wind, the quintessence of repose and quiet was ours.

"The first summer rain had lately fallen, and the valleys, hills, and dales, refreshed by the showers, seemed sending up a song of thankfulness to Heaven; while the trees filled with fragrant blossoms, some just putting forth their leaves, looking so green and lovely, completed a picture of surpassing beauty. On nearing a little village, the name of which is forgotten—not very distant, however, from the world-renowned Zurich, whose waters have been immortalized in story and in song—I observed, as I thought, as unusual gayety and liveliness among the people, and was about remarking to my companion that I imagined some *fete* was taking place, when he informed me we had just arrived in time to see the *last* of the Swiss May-Day Festival. The sports of children are always interesting to me, and away we went, through innumerable groupings of lads and lassies, vineyards, gardens, and bowers, the air seeminglyladened with the perfumes of a thousand exotics; when suddenly, in the distance, the well-known 'May-Pole' burst upon my view. But the dance had ceased; the little twinkling feet that so lightly had trodden on the spring blossoms were gone; but there was *yet*, the Lily of the Valley left, and its fragrance was sweet to me beyond description.

"A little blue-eyed girl of some seven summers had just plucked the flower, and, placing it in her bosom, began to cry.—This attracted my attention, and I went to her, asking her to tell me the cause of her sorrow. She replied that her little sister, whom they used to call the 'Lily of the Valley,' had been taken from them, and she was going to send this flower with her to heaven to be planted there!

"I need not say I became much interested, and followed the little stranger for some distance; but in the throng of children I lost sight of her.

"The grouping of youngsters, that on my arrival I had fancied were in the height of excitement and glee, were speaking in subdued tones, while the peasants, male and female, looked gloomy and sad.

"Musingly I strolled to the inn of the village, where I learned the cause of the ceasing of the festivities. They had also a 'May-Queen,' one they were wont to call the 'Lily of the Valley.' For three summers had she reigned over her little flowery band, when suddenly she was called away to bloom in the fields of light above.

"But listen to the story as they told it to me:

"The sun beamed brightly upon the May morn about which I am writing; the day of the *last* 'crowning' of the 'Lily of the Valley;' and though its little head was bent in sickness, the genial sunshine, it was thought, might revive, and the excitement and the merry-making prove beneficial rather than injurious. And so they placed her on her floral throne.

"The shouting of a hundred little voices went up, processions were formed, and garlands wreathed by slender hands were tossed into the air. All eyes were turned toward the throne of roses; and her crown of pure white lilies, that she loved so well to wear, was placed upon her brow. She looked so lovely, all in her dress of buds and blossoms; but she was *very pale*, and her eye looked up to heaven. Could she have heard them calling her away? And then she smiled; they thought she could not be in pain; but, in gently trying to raise herself up, and waving her hand,

"She fell, in her saint like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light!"

The color returned not to her cheek; and thus this tender flowret, in the very height of its May-day glory, was transplanted into the heavenly nursery!

"The May-day dance was over. Garlands and wreaths of flowers dropped from little hands that held them in their glee, and tears flowed like rain; and where so lately smiles, laughter, and the joyous strains of music floated in the air, sobbings now were heard, and rejoicings were at an end.

I thought it was a glorious way to die; ere the young heart had grown familiar with the paths of sin, while spring-flowers budded, bloomed, and blossomed on her very breast; while the shoutings of innocent voices greeted her, her spirit passed silently away.

"On the night of the day that I arrived, the funeral of the little 'May-Queen' took place. Never before was I so strongly impressed with the sublimity, nay, the *beauty* of death, divested, as it seemed to be, of all its gloom and terror.

"There was no coffin, no pall, no raven plumes, no none of the trappings and sombre liveries of the graves were there; but upon two pieces of *cedar-wood*, bound tightly together with boughs of myrtle and ever-green, forming a sort of trellis work, the body was placed, dressed in a garment of plain white, with a single flower—the 'Lily of the Valley'—resting on the breast. The scene was most touching. It was night, but the moon shone full upon that lovely face: it was so light, so *very* light, it did not look like death. And then she seemed to smile, as though a pleasant dream was hers; or perhaps she was talking to the angels! And then each of the children went up and kissed those cold, still lips, and their little hearts seemed breaking. I could hear their sobbings, and they called her 'Lily,' and some thought that she could hear them; and one of them said she had gone to God, to be a queen there among His little angels! and then they chanted a hymn, and its distant echo among the hills made me think that it was answered by cherub voices; it was so distinct, so very clear, that it startled me. And then they hid their faces in their hands and wept; for the 'Lily of the Valley' had passed from their sight for ever!"—*Knickerbocker.*

[For the "Star and Banner."

PERSEVERANCE.

BY LILLY CLOVERHEAD.

"No'er to faint doth purchase what we crave."

LADY:

Somehow I don't know why it is I feel
This strange sensation which I can't reveal;
That flickering lamp appears to dim my sight—
Perhaps it is because 'tis past midnight.

GENTLEMAN:

Sometimes emotions nondescript and new
Creep o'er us, and our very thoughts pursue;
But this will last long as our mortal frame endures—
I cant explain that "midnight" hint of yours.

LADY:

There is an hour which we should not transcend,
For any final object, aim or end;
When we for sleep should stop whate'er's begun—
Hark! don't you hear? the clock is striking ONE.

GENTLEMAN:

O don't, my dear; I wish not to depart
From the dear object of my ambitious heart;
Yet one sweet smile from thy oft smiling face,
One gentle look of love, one last embrace.

LADY:

But dont you see how dim the burners grow?
My ma may ask "what made the oil so low?"
I cannot lie, nor say it was for you—
Come, come go, you hear the clock—ONE, TWO!

GENTLEMAN:

I *cannot* leave thee; wheresoe'er I be,
Thy fairy form in all its grace I see;
Thy rosy lips, fresh as the morning dew,
Oft in my day-dreams their sweet smiles renew.

LADY:

Do go, the coal is burned upon the grate,
And pa will say, "you must have been up late;"
O how I'd blush for shame, should this so be—
O do depart; the clock strikes, one, two, THREE!

GENTLEMAN:

The opening of each flower, the fanning breeze,
The moaning of the distant forest trees;
The mountain's trembling, and the valley's sighs—
All speak of thee I fondly idolize.

LADY:

Just stop that love-sick, sentimental stuff,
For once at least you've tortured me enough;
You've trespassed love's forbearance—say no more,
And why? you hear the clock, one, two, three, FOUR!

GENTLEMAN:

One moment yet; no beauty rivals thine;
No equal gem beneath the ocean's brine;
Fair as the evening cloud and setting sun—
I will be off," if thou'lt say, "we are one."

LADY:

The lamp is out, the grate's becoming cold—
If ma and pa arise, you'll hear them scold;
I will be thine; accept this trusting heart,
Sealed with this kiss—sure *now* thou canst depart.

GENTLEMAN:

Oh! indescribable! ineffable the bliss,
The passing rapture of a single kiss!
My own dear one, I sadly say "good night,"
Or, rather, morn—*the sun is shining bright!*

Feb 1855.

KISSING.—A sprightly, amusing American correspondent in Paris thus describes the rage of kissing in 'La Belle, France:"

"The almost universal custom of kissing in Paris seems at first very singular to a stranger coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand—much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not at all intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she be a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning.—But though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet on New Year's day it is imperative. On that morning I came to my coffee about nine o'clock. I sat down quietly, bidding madam *bon jour*, as on ordinary occasions. But I was not to get off so easily. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with 'Mons. B., I am very angry with you.' I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance at having given her offence.

"'Ah,' said she, 'you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me when you came down this morning.'

"Madame was a lady of perhaps twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, large lustrous black eyes, and clear fair complexion. She was very beautiful; had she been plain I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited as though expecting me to atone for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat all this time trembling in my seat. At length Madame said: 'Mons. B. *embrasiz moi.*' The worst had come. I arose tremblingly, put my white, bloodless lips, all greasy with butter and wet with coffee (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss."

FOUR LANGUAGES IN ONE STATE.—They must have a motley set of people in Wisconsin, as the Legislature has ordered the the publication of some 20,000 copies of public documents in German, Danish, Dutch and Welsh.

One of the finest specimens of a laconic speech is that at Rochejacquelin to his soldiers:—"If I advance, follow me; if I fall, avenge me; if I flinch, kill me."

A Lady's Opinion of Fanny Fern.

And so you wish me to tell you all about "Fanny Fern," and whether "Ruth Hall" is really her autobiography, do you?—Well, I wish Fanny would let me "tell the whole story," as the "Old Doctor" (see Ruth Hall) says, it would do her credit.

Fanny is altogether a remarkable creature. We were school girls together, as you know, and very good friends. Fanny was a conscientious scholar, and always "had her lessons." She was delicate looking, but as muscular and active as a deer; was fond of rambling in the woods to gather flowers, and could out-walk all her school-mates. She was sometimes a little too old-maidish to suit me and many others—more especially the beaux who wished to ingratiate themselves into her favor; she always sent them to the right about in double quick time, and pitched their bouquets out of the window.

Fanny dressed the most tastefully of us all. She could tie a ribbon, put the bows and flowers and feathers on a bonnet, cut and make an apron, alter or fit a dress, arrange a collar, or darn a stocking better, and make a few ornaments and a slim wardrobe go further than anybody else I ever saw. Whenever any of us girls at school or at home wanted to dress particularly nice, we would put Fanny's taste and handiwork, into requisition; and although she seldom attended parties herself, she used to take much pleasure in "fixing up" her friends for such momentous occasions. She was very fond of children, with whom she was a great favorite; and she is so still. She seems to know them thoroughly, and they seem to know her. She would quit the gayest circle at almost any time to dress a doll or cover a ball for a child, or to have a good play with the little folks generally.

After we were married (I was married first) we did not see each other so often. Fanny proved an excellent housekeeper, contrary to the predictions of some of her acquaintances. Her husband was a splendid man; and I used to think I never saw so fine a couple as they when they came into church on Sunday. They had three children, the oldest of whom died when about six years old. Poor Fanny! The death of her little darling almost broke her heart. She was a most affectionate and devoted mother, and it took her a long time to recover from the shock. Our Jessie died not long after and was buried near dear Fanny's little one; and we used often to visit their graves and weep there together. During these hallowed communings, I learned to respect and love Fanny more than ever. I have never become acquainted with another such a religious nature as hers. She is orthodox through and through; and nothing can shake her faith. Religion is not a matter of belief with her; she knows it. Had it not been for this strong religious nature, I think she never could have borne up under her trials; for trials she have had, many and severe.

The death of her husband was a terrible blow to Fanny. They loved each other devotedly. For some months I was afraid she'd go crazy, but her trust in Providence sustained her. Then came years of poverty, and sufferings worse than poverty; but of this enough has been said by others. Even in those dark days, Fanny's taste and judgment, her dexterity with the needle, and her faculty for making a little go a great way, enabled her always to make a good appearance at home and abroad. I have often seen her looking quite queenly when her whole wardrobe could not have cost as much as the fan, or the collar, or the bonnet, or the pocket handkerchief of some "fine lady" who was perhaps envying her appearance.—Her fine form and graceful carriage of course helped her a great deal, for she has one of the finest forms I ever saw. Her face is not handsome; but she is so good-hearted, so frank and simple in her manners, so intelligent and witty, that in conversing with her you would never think of calling her homely.

That phrenological examination in the seventy-sixth chapter of "Ruth Hall" would apply to her pretty well, especially what is said about "Ruth's" religious nature, her trust in Providence, her sensitiveness, her taste, and her choice of friends. I think Fanny never had any intimate friends; she is too exacting. If a man should swear in her presence, or speak lightly of religion or anybody she loved, she would be very apt never to admit him to her confidence. But what personal friends she has are always devoted friends, and respect her very highly.

But, dear me, how I am getting on! I must stop; so, to sum the matter all up in a brief space, Fanny Fern is one of the most remarkable as well as one of the best of women. Her success and her plain speaking have doubtless made enemies who will try to injure her; but I can assure you that you can rely implicitly upon her honesty and goodness, whatever you may hear or read to the contrary.

AN ARISTOCRAT IN QUEST OF A FEW POTATOES.—Since I have been here I think I have been patronized by all the British aristocracy in the Crimea, and some of the French.

Col. —— L——, who came here with us, came on board to beg some few things for himself and Lord Raglan. He loaded himself with as much as he could carry in his haversack and a ham over his shoulder. As he was leaving he asked if I could spare him a few potatoes. All I had was a dozen cold cooked ones which I showed him, and he accepted them most thankfully, and begged me to put them in the beautiful dress coat which he had on; and away he went with a greasy ham over his shoulder and his cold potatoes in his pocket. Every one is obliged to be his own porter here. The next morning I met with the Colonel on shore with Lord Raglan and the Duke of Cambrige, and all of them thanked me for the *potatoes*; they said they had them fried, and they were the first they had tasted for three weeks.—*Letters from Balaklava.*

An editor out in Iowa says, they don't brag of the size of their babies, but they a most uncommon sure crop—they never miss.