THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXVI. — GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, 1855. — NUMBER 2.

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator *de bonis non* with the will annexed of ISRAEL COOK, late of Latimore township, Adams Co., Pa., dec'd, will sell at Public Sale, on *Tuesday the 27th day of March inst*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the valuable Real Estate of said deceased, situate partly in Latimore township, aforesaid, and partly in Washington township York county, adjoining lands of Abraham Smith, Adam Brown, and others, and containing

30 Acres,

more or less. The Improvements consist of a

TWO-STORY BRICK

DWELLING-HOUSE,

a good Barn, and other out-buildings.—There is a well of water convenient to the door, and an ORCHARD of good fruit on the premises. The farm is under good cultivation. Also,—

At the same time and place,

will be sold a WOOD-LOT, in Latimore township, adjoining lands of John Johnson, and others, and containing FOUR ACRES, more or less, the property of said deceased.

Persons wishing to view the premises, can call on PETER F. SMITH, residing thereon, or on the subscriber, residing in Latimore township.

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

JACOB GRIEST, *Adm'r*.

March 2, 1855.—td

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius McCallion, late of Liberty township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at Public Sale on *Tuesday the 27th day of March instant*, the valuable

REAL ESTATE

of said deceased, situate in said township, about one mile from Emmitsburg, containing 93 ACRES, more or less, adjoining lands of Maxwell Shields, James Bowey, Samuel Duphorn, and others. The improvements consist of a two and a half story

LOG WEATHERBOARDED

HOUSE,

Stone Spring House, with two Springs of never-failing water, near the dwelling, a good LOG STABLE, and other out buildings. About 15 acres are in good

TIMBER,

and the balance cleared and under good cultivation, with a fair proportion of Meadow.

Persons wishing to view the premises, can call on JOSEPH M'CALLION, residing on the same, or on the subscriber, residing in Emmitsburg.

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

JOHN C. M'CALLION, *Adm'r*.

March 9, 1855.—3t

BRUCE'S N. Y. TYPE-FOUNDRY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1813,

HAS now on hand, ready for immediate delivery, in fonts to suit purchasers,

10,000 lb. ROMAN TYPE of new cut,
5,000 " FANCY TYPE,
10,000 " SCRIPTS of various styles,
5,000 " GERMANS,
5,000 " ORNAMENTS in great variety,
5,000 " BORDERS,

and 30,000 feet BRASS AND TYPE METAL RULES, and all the novelties in the business.

All the above Types are cast by steam power, of the new composition of metal, peculiar to this foundry, and which is certainly superior to any used before in any part of the world. The unequalled rapidity in the process of casting, enables me to sell these more durable types at the prices of ordinary types, either on credit or for cash.

Presses, Wood Type, and all other Printing Materials, except Paper and Cards, (which have no fixed quality or price,) furnished at manufacturers' prices.

The latest Specimen Book of the Foundry is freely given to all printing offices, on the receipt of fifty cents to prepay the postage.

☞ Printers of Newspapers who choose to publish this advertisement, including this note, three times before the first day of July, 1855, and forward me one of the papers, will be allowed their bills at the time of purchasing five times the amount of my manufactures. Address—

GEORGE BRUCE,
13 CHAMBERS-ST., N. YORK.

March 2, 1855.—3t

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

ESSENCE OF COFFEE.

S. H. BUEHLER keeps constantly on hand for sale, the Genuine ESSENCE OF COFFEE, of best quality. The use of this article in families will be found a very great saving in the course of the year. ☞ For sale, WHOLESALE and RETAIL, at the Drug & Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

Mar 20, 1853.

100 BOXES BEST CONGRESS TOBACCO, in store and for sale by

WM. BUEHLER,
No. 157 Franklin street.

Nov. 24, 1854.

Almanacs

FOR 1855, Hagerstown, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Christian, Farmer's and Housekeeper's, at KURTZ'S Bookstore.

50 BOXES BLACK FAT in store and for sale by

WM. BUEHLER,
No. 157 Franklin street, Baltimore.

Nov. 24, 1854.—tf

The Phantom.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old family seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweet-brier's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are passed,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remembered faces,
Within the doorway come—
Of voices that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in the summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome,
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays perchance a moment
To dress her dark brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments,
Her light step on the stair.

O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo! a whisper
Peeps out the open door,
And gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor.

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The pine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before;
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

[*Bayard Taylor.*

Not yet, and not quite.

Felix trembled and answered, Go thy way for this time.—Acts xxiv. 25. And Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts xxvi. 28.

In recording the effect of the two last discourses of Paul, the Holy Spirit has indicated with emphatic distinctness, the usual state of mind of those who hear the gospel and are not saved. Felix said, *not yet*; and Agrippa said, *not quite*.

The judgment is convinced, the heart is touched, the knockings of the Holy Spirit are distinctly heard and recognized. Will the sinner absolutely refuse? No, he dares not. He can only say, *not yet* That is enough. The Spirit is grieved, and is gone. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, but man's convenient season

Another says, "Good Master, I am ready to be a Christian now." The Saviour explains what it is to be a Christian, and the young man sorrowfully adds, "But *not quite*." *Not yet* and *not quite!* Fatal words! They are Satan's equivocative synonyms for *never* and *not at all!* They look towards heaven and take hold of hell.

Fellow Christian, let us, in self examination, ponder these words, when the Master says; "Take up thy cross and follow me. Seek first the kingdom of God. Go, preach my gospel. Love thine enemies. If thy right hand offend thee cut it off."—When the Holy Spirit shows us sins to be mortified, and duties to be done; when conscience awakes and talks to us, let us listen, lest, perchance, in the recesses of our hearts may be heard the echo of these sinful words, *not yet—not quite.—Presbyterian.*

Too Soon.

Upon the monument erected to the memory of Hon. C. G. Atherton, of New Hampshire, is the following inscription:

"This I expected, but 'tis *too soon*."—How sad a reflection, and how expressive of weakness! *Too soon* is the last expression of all things human and earthly. When the smiling flowers deck the landscape with their gayest dress, the frost *too soon* nips their tender lives. When the merry sleigh-bells jingle, and when "at home" "compliments" and "will be happys" fly about, thick as snow flakes, the spring with its "merry, merry sunshine," *too soon* ends the frolic. When old age, with tottering step and silvery leaf, it is yet *too soon*. When the middle aged, with elastic step and manly air, confronts the rough world, then falls into the grave like blasted fruit, his wife and his little ones in bitter anguish cry, "Tis *too soon*." When the infant, a frail blossom that bloomed upon the verge of the grave, has been garnered to its kingdom, the stricken parent in humility bows to the affliction, but writes upon his memory, "he died *too soon*." Too late we discover the deception which *too soon* makes grief doubly sorrowful.

PRESIDENT PIERCE AND COL. BENTON.—The correspondent of the New York Evening Post says:

When Col. Benton was being tried in the furnace of affliction by the burning of his dwelling, the President called on him and tendered to him a home and the hospitalities of the White House. This was too much for the stern old Roman, who could defy a world in arms against him, but melted to tears at such consideration and kindness from the President. He declined with suitable expressions of gratitude, accepting however, the proffered use of the library and manuscripts.

"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of the new minister.

"Why, do you understand those languages?" he replied.

"No, but we pay for the best and we ought to have it."

"One of our citizens was thus accosted by the landlord:—"As every thing is on the rise, I feel it my duty to raise the rent." "Sir," said the tenant, "I feel duly grateful, for times are so hard, that it is really impossible for me to raise it myself."

Emperor Nicholas.

The New York Courier, in alluding to the reported death of the Czar, gives the following interesting sketch of his life:

"The youth of Nicholas was what might be be said to be moral. In the gallant Court of his brother, the Emperor Alexander, he appears to have kept himself marvelously free from intrigues, and to have concentrated all his pleasures on military exercises and amusements. In 1814 Nicholas left the Court of his brother for a tour abroad. He visited France, Germany, England, and various other countries, and returned home early in 1817.

"On the 13th of July, 1817, being then hardly twenty-one years of age, he married Maria Charlotte, eldest daughter of the King of Prussia. The bride was about two years younger than the bridegroom.—The marriage was solemnized at St. Petersburg, and the bride, in accordance with Russian law, although she came of a Protestant family, adopted the Greek religion, and with it the Christian names of Alexandra Feodorowna. The marriage is said to have been one of love on both sides, although there was, doubtless, political expediency mingled with it. There was a great similarity between them not only in the majesty of figure, but also of mind and character.

At the time of his marriage, Nicholas held the military rank of head inspector of engineers in the service of his brother, the Emperor, but he was not admitted to the council table when political and diplomatic questions were discussed, and his sphere of operation was confined to mere garrison service. Nicholas felt his subordinate position and lived with his wife retired from the court, a domestic man, deriving his happiness in performing the part of a husband and father in such a manner that the example of himself and wife has been cited as a model of domestic bliss. His eldest son, Alexander Nicolaiwitch, was born one year after his marriage. In 1819 followed the birth of his second child, the Grand Duchess Maria, in 1822 that of the Grand Duchess Ogla.

Alexander died December 1st, 1825.—The news arrived at the winter palace, where the imperial family were assembled in the chapel to render thanks for the messages received the previous day, announcing the convalescence of the Czar. It was Nicholas who received the fatal news, he only, of the three brothers, then being resident in St. Petersburg. It was supposed by the Russian people that the Grand Duke Constantine, the next brother in age to Alexander, (the latter having died without any direct heir) would succeed to the throne. But Constantine had some years previously resigned his claim thereto to Nicholas, the fact being known

Before the Empress mother

was bruited in the streets of St. Petersburg, Nicholas obtained a brief interview with the Empress mother. What passed at the interview is not known. Immediately afterwards Nicholas repaired to the Senate Palace to take the oath of allegiance to his brother Constantine.—The State Council replied by appealing to sealed packets deposited by Alexander with the Senate to be opened after his death. The packet was found to be the resignation of Constantine addressed to Alexander, a letter of Alexander assenting thereto, and a decree which gave the throne to Nicholas.

Nicholas was then invited to a seat at the State Council, but he answered he had no right to sit there as he was not a member of the council, but he was ready to receive any communication which they might have to make at his winter palace.—To the palace the council accordingly repaired, and were about to take the oath of allegiance to him, when he refused to receive it until his elder brother had signified his determination to resign.

After a lapse of fourteen days, during which the official acts of Government were performed in the name of the Emperor Constantine, Nicholas received the news of his brother's refusal of the throne, and on the 24th of December, 1825, he formally accepted the government. He fixed, however, December 1st, the day on which Alexander died, as the commencement of his reign. A conspiracy was the first greeting which Nicholas received at the very moment he seated himself upon the throne, and the promptness, daring and energy with which he met and quelled it, shadowed forth the determined character which he has since exhibited. We need not repeat the details—a portion of the army revolted and refused allegiance.—Nicholas used mild measures at first, but when they were found to be of no avail, a few shots of cannon did the rest, and throwing down their arms the rebellious who had survived the fire begged for mercy. Some of the leaders were hung, some sent to Siberia, while the punishment of a few were of a lighter character.

From that day forward, Nicholas, Czar of Russia, has been firmly seated on the throne. How he has governed, how he has improved on the absolute sovereignty of his predecessors, until now more than ever all its people are but one mighty piece of human machinery, moved and controlled by his will alone, we need not here relate.

In personal appearance, Nicholas is said to have been the best looking man in Europe—tall, commanding, with a perfect outline of form—physically a fitting monument to mark the history of the present age. A broad chest, a face in which severity and consciousness of majesty were the predominant characteristics, a mouth regularly chiseled, sometimes beaming mildly, but never smiling, eyes which glared terribly in anger, but were calm and mild when the soul was unruffled—such was the physical man Nicholas of Russia. Besides his eldest son Alexander, and the two daughters we have mentioned, he leaves another son, the Grand Duke Constantine, his probable successor, as his eldest son, Alexander, was born before he ascended the throne.

Sir Philip Sidney defines health in these words:—"Great temperance, open air, easy labor, little care."

Know Nothing Exposed.

The following is Mr. Cauliflower Smith's experience in looking for "them Know Nothings." Smith's purpose was to expose, explode, annihilate the Order. Read what he says about it:

My first idea was to find a Know Nothing. I know'd I could do nothing till I found one, of that I was sartain. Well, I cavorted around considerable, all the time as cute as a 'possum, as cunnin' as a fox. I ax'd a good many privately if they didn't belong, and, of course, lied considerably in gettin' around them.—Well, all I got of 'em was, '*I don't know*,' so I had to change tact. I goes to one of 'em who didn't know nothin,' and I tell'd him that I was giddy tired of the old dimmycratic way of doin' things, and I intended to withdraw from pop'lar life, and devote my declining years to my country. I told him that know'd that I was an old sinner, but I wished to repent in sackcloth and ashes, and if he'd only get me into the Know Nothings, I'd show, by my zeal in the cause, the sincerity of my repentance. He looked at me right straight for a [illegible] and then he seemed to think [illegible] He ax'd me if I wanted [illegible] him yes. Th[illegible] by the Hospit[illegible] and he wo[illegible] phant.

"You see [illegible] Chairman, [illegible] 'em if I o[illegible] it? He [illegible] he took and [illegible] we hadn't [illegible] not only [illegible] nothin', unt[illegible] We walked [illegible] reckon nigh [illegible] me a devil of [illegible] he, 'Now loo[illegible] I tell you, for [illegible] gether, but my [illegible] at stake, and you [illegible] nerved me up.

"He took me do[illegible]rs through a cellar, then up stairs, and then through a long passage way. Right clear in that passage way he told me to give him all my money. I obeyed of course, though I didn't like to part with it. We walked along the passage till we come to a door, when he gave the signal. It was two raps. The door opened, and that were whispering.—Directly a voice said, 'bring in the repentin' sinner,' and I was led forward. I heard 'em talkin, all around me, and sometimes they would pinch me. They stripped me stark naked, leavin' nary a stitch on me but my stockings. 'Do you repent, old sinner,' said one to me. 'Yes,' said I, gettin' down on my knees. Whack! cum a lash right across my back. It was the first time I ever had been taken to the, 'that's no position for an American citizen.' Then he gave me two more whacks with the lash, and put a heavier blindfold around my eyes.

"Then the Know Nothings all commenced singing the Star-Spangled Banner; while the guides led me around the lodge room. Some would tickle me, and some pinch me, some kicked me, but I stood it all for the Dimmycratic party.—After they had rolled me over, tripped me with paint and the lash, tried my patience completely, they stopped me.

"Can you keep your tongue still?" asked the guide.

"Yes, sir," said I bol[illegible]

"Will you know [illegible]

"Yes, sir," I sai[illegible]

"Then be free," [illegible]

"The bandage fel[illegible] tinued Smith, and I [illegible]

"Where?" inqu[illegible]

"In Deacon Jo[illegible] street."

A Defini[illegible]

Noah B——[illegible] old age to be [illegible] potations, and w[illegible] of spirits, was m[illegible] Now one Saturday a[illegible] his wife, who was a[illegible] dy, and in every way [illegible] asked Noah to go ou[illegible] split some wood to [illegible] Noah concluded before [illegible] to start off to the tavern and [illegible] thereby, of course, the baking was neglected.—Coming back in a short time, [illegible] utterly oblivious of his good woman's [illegible] quest, he seated himself in the old arm chair.—Noah was very much attached [illegible] that old chair, for, like himself, age [illegible] made it tottering and weak in the bac[illegible]

"Wife," said he, "do you think the Lord in his goodness (hic) [illegible] send us into fire everlastin'?"

No answer from his wife.

"Wife, kin the Lord intend to b-burn us all in fire everlastin'?"

Mrs. B—— by this time quite incensed at her husband's drunkenness; still no answer.

"*Wife*, (hic) do yer think the Lord intends (hic) to burn us all fire everlastin'?"

This was more than human patience could endure, and she could hold her tongue any longer; she'd spout if she died for it: "No, yer old fool! *not if he waits for you to chop the wood.*"

Valuable Recipe.

TO CURE EAR-ACHE.—Ear-ache may be relieved by dropping a little sweet oil and laudanum, warm, into the ear, and applying hot salt in flannel bags so as to keep the part constantly warm.

VEGETABLE SEASONERS.—Parsley, celery, thyme, sage onions, garlic and other seasoners, should not be put in soups or stews until the soup is nearly done; chop fine, and put in five minutes before the soup is taken from the fire.

TO CLEAR COFFEE.—When nothing else can be obtained, mix the Indian meal with the coffee before boiling it to boil.

SOAP.—When preparing fat to make soap, add a little soap to the ley or grease.—This will greatly facilitate the boiling of the making.

Advice to Consumptives.

In some good advice to consumptives, Dr. Hall says:—

"Eat all you can digest, and exercise a great deal in the open air, to convert what you eat into pure, healthful blood. Do not be afraid of out-door air, day or night. Do not be afraid of sudden changes of weather; let no change, hot or cold, keep you in doors. If it is rainy weather, the more need for your going out, because you eat as much upon a rainy day as upon a clear day, and if you exercise less, that much more remains in the system of what ought to be thrown off, by exercise, and some ill result, some consequent symptom of ill feeling is the certain issue. If it is cold out of doors, do not muffle your eyes, mouth and nose in furs, veils, woolen comforters, and the like; nature has supplied you with the best muffler, with the best inhaling regulator, that is, two lips; shut them before you step out of a warm room into the cold air, and keep them shut until you have walked briskly for a few rods and quickened the circulation a little; walk fast enough to keep off a feeling of chilliness, and taking cold will be impossible. What are the facts of the case; look at railroad conductors, going out of the hot air into the piercing cold of winter, and in again every five or ten minutes, and yet they do not catch cold oftener than others. You will scarcely find a consumptive man in a thousand of them."

It is wonderful how afraid consumptive people are of fresh air, the very thing that would cure them; the only obstacle to a cure being that they do not get enough of it; and yet what infinite pains they take to avoid breathing it, especially if it is cold; when it is known that the colder the air is the purer it must be; yet if people cannot get to a hot climate, they will make an artificial one, and imprison themselves for a whole winter in a warm room, with a temperature not varying ten degrees in six months; all such people die, and yet we follow in their footsteps. If I were seriously ill of consumption, I would live out of doors day and night, except it was raining or mid-winter, then I would sleep in an unplastered log house. My consumptive friend, you want *air*, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment, gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by newspaper advertisements, and unfinable certifiers.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—"James, what is geography?"

"Sense—next—Robert, how is the State of Mass. bounded?"

"Bounded by the Maine Liquor Law and Atlantic Ocean on the east and north, on the South and west by wooden nutmegs, abolitionists, rail roads, and Nebraska meetings.

"What are its productions?"

"Snow-storms, hard up authors, fish oil, clams, bakes, Know Nothings, yaller dogs, newspapers, and Bunker Hill Monument."

"What are its animal productions?"

"Mince pies, sassagers, doughnuts, dandies and swaller-tailed coats."

"Sit down—Class in Geography take a recess. Robert you can go home and tell your father I'll take some animal productions for dinner."

"Yes sir—We've some bunkum sassages, our terrier died last week."

OBTAINING GOODS UNDER FALSE PRETENCE.—We have in this town an incorrigible wag who sometimes goes by the name of "BILL COWTON," who a short time since perpetrated the following *ruse* to obtain a seat in a crowded church—"Bill" went rather late one clear night to hear preaching in the Methodist Church in this borough. On entering the church, and passing up the aisle a short distance, he took a survey of the territory, and found every seat full. He was not long in laying his plans. He well knew there were a number of beaux seated there, waiting to escort their respective dulcines home at the close of the meeting, and that they had come unprepared to protect their lady loves from the peltings of a pitiless rain. He at once made his exit, went home, got his umbrella, wet it well at the pump, and returned to the church, and on entering the aisle he gave the umbrella a good shake to get the *rain* off it; which operation being noticed by the swains, some half dozen of them were up and off in a trice for their unbrellas, when "Cowton" quietly took one of the vacated seats. The b-boys on getting outside the door, found that it was *clear*-ly a sell.—Bill's one of 'em, he'll do—he will.—*Wrightsville Star.*

RIGHTS OF PARENTS.—A case of Habeas Corpus came before Judge JONES, of Berks county, last week, involving the question as to whether, under the circumstances, the father or the mother had the right to the custody of the child—a boy some 15 years old. The father resides in Pottsville, and the mother in Berks county. They were divorced when the boy was 2 years old, and both have again married. The father alleged that he wished to obtain possession of the boy to give him a good English education, but a well written English letter from the boy was produced by the mother, in evidence, showing that the boy was not ignorant of the language. The court gave the child in charge of the mother.

The worthiest people are most injured by slanderers; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.—*Dean Swift.*

"I know every rock on the coast," cried the Irish pilot, when the ship then bumped, "and that's one of them."

The Wrong Box.

Larry M'Mullen was a clerk in a store
Where dry goods by wholesale were sold;
The most of his business was sweeping the floor,
And knocking the boxes about the door;
Of writing and reading he knew nothing more
Than the colt that is half a year old.

Now a rich widow from Tipperary went
To purchase some merchandize rare,
And to packing it up in a box Larry went.
But, a little bit corned, and with labor o'ercome,
He stumbled and fell in a box that was meant
For a different description of ware.

All night he lay snug in a beautiful dreame,
Till morning crawled over the sky;
Then to nail up the boxes the carpenter came,
According to orders he fastened the same.
And the place was so dark that nobody could blame
If Larry he did not espy.

Then the fellow who marked all the boxes drew nigh,
And a bad piece of business he made,
For he wrote on the box in which Larry did lie—
"For Mrs. M'Laughlin; take care and keep dry."
Alas for poor Larry, how soon he would die
If that scurvy command were obeyed!

The box was sent on by the railroad in haste,
In the widow's fine dwelling it sat,
And the widow, who had a mechanical taste,
Next seized on a hatchet and quickly uncased
M'Mullen, who roared like a terrifed baste,
"Och! smithereens, what are ye at?"

The widow was horribly frightened at first
At what seemed an infernal machine,
Expecting to see fifty fiends from it burst!
But when she discovered a MAN was the worst,
Her fears were all ended, her doubts were dispersed,
And her raptures were plain to be seen.

"Och! Molly, look here!" thus she cried to her maid,
"Come see what the merchants have sent!
I wrote for such things as a widder might trade,
And faith but the fellows have strictly obeyed,
Bad luck to me now but I'll see them well paid,
For they give me entire content!"

"Where am I?" says Larry, "Faix, darlint, you're here,"
The widow replied with a smile.
Cries the lad, "so I am, sure enough; but I fear,
I have sent the wrong box." "Never mind it, my dear,"
Said Mistress M'Laughlin, and gave him a leer
That cut to his heart like a file.

"It's happy I am, then," M'Mullen rejoined,
"If the goods suit your ladyship's taste.
If any goods you wanted, you'll surely find
That I'll suit you at once, for I'm that very kind."
"Very well, then," says she "that's the goods to my mind.
And now let us send for the Praist!"

FEROCIOUS ASSAULT BY A MAD DOG.—On Tuesday week, the 20th ult., Mr. Wm. Freeman, a respectable farmer of East Brandywine township, Chester county, had an adventure with a strange dog, which came to his premises under the most violent influence of hydrophobia. It was in the afternoon. The dog had been seen in the morning upon the premises, and excited the alarm of the family. He was observed in the afternoon, going toward the barn, Mr. Freeman armed himself with a double-barrelled gun, and advanced to meet him. When Mr. Freeman got within a few paces of the dog, the latter turned toward him, and he snapped his gun at him. At the same moment the dog sprang at Mr. Freeman, with savage fury; he received him with a well aimed blow of the musket which struck him across the head. This only rendered the dog more determined. The infuriated animal was repelled with repeated blows, yelping with pain and frantic with rage, when fortunately a well directed blow prostrating him on the ground, Mr. Freeman seized a stick of cord wood, and finally put an end to the dog's life. The dog, however, kept up the battle to the last, and manifested a determination to bite, and when unable longer to stand, attempted to drag his body towards his antagonist. He was a stout yellow bull dog, a stranger in the neighborhood. The contest was witnessed by the family of Mr. Freeman, who were greatly alarmed for his safety, and begged him to desist; but he had no alternative but to conquer, as retreat was impossible. The contest with the animal under the frightful disorder, gnashing his teeth and foaming at the mouth, was well calculated to inspire horror and to nerve his arm; and he describes himself as completely exhausted when the perilous fight was over—and felt thankful for the almost miraculous deliverance. He escaped entirely without injury. Several dogs were bitten in the neighborhood, and have been killed. The cattle in Mr. Freeman's barn yard were protected by a stone wall, or in all probability they would not have escaped.—*West Chester Record.*

TOO TRUE.—The Syracuse "*Standard*" says:

"When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace—No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed she receives the brand of society, and hence is driven from the ways of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. These are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences."

DEAD HORSES.—The Turks in the Crimea have a curious way of accounting for dead horses. It is Oriental, but satisfactory. One of the men left in charge of horses at Verna came down to Soutari to render up his accounts to the Commissariat officer of the department. The first thing he did was to produce a large sack, which was borne into the functionary by two men. "Two hundred of your horses have died," said the Turk. "Behold! what I have said is the truth;" and at the wave of the hand the men tumbled out the contents of the sack on the floor, and lo! 400 horse-ears, long and short, and of all sizes and shapes, were piled in a heap before the eyes of the astonished officer.

The stepping stone to fortune is not to be found in a jeweler's shop.

A Noble Deed.

During the night of November 26th last, in a thick snow storm, the wind blowing a heavy gale down the lake, the water chilled and making ice fast, the Canadian schooner Conductor, Captain Hacket, struck on the bar outside of Long Point Cut, on the inland side, beat over and filled with water immediately, some distance from the shore, the sea making a complete breach over her, driving the crew to the rigging for their lives. In the morning, at daylight, they were discovered clinging to the wreck by Mrs. Margaret Becker, a trapper's wife, the sole inhabitant of that end of the island, her husband being over on the main land. She immediately went down abreast of the vessel on the beach, and built a fire of logs, made some hot tea, prepared some food for them, in case they reached the shore, and to refresh and cheer their drooping spirits by showing them succor was at hand. All that long day, with the tempest raging around her, did that heroic woman watch the suffering seamen clinging to the rigging of the wreck.

Just at nightfall the Captain called to the Mate, who was on the other side of the rigging, that they would all perish if they had to remain in the rigging another night, and that he was going to attempt to swim ashore; if he succeeded the rest could follow him—if he drowned they should cling to the rigging and run their chances. He leaped overboard and struck out. As he reached the undertow and back water, his strength failing, and chilled and benumbed with cold, he would certainly have been drowned, had not the woman gone to his rescue. She waded in through the surf up to her neck, grasping him and dragging him out safely. The balance of the crew then followed him one by one, with the same result, this noble woman breasting the waves, and meeting and dragging them out singly as they came ashore, being the main instrument in saving the whole crew. Such noble conduct deserves more than a passing notice. She is a woman of most humble position in life, but showed herself on this occasion a true heroine, and possessed of the noblest qualities of heart and soul.—*Buf. Com. Adv.*

Yellow Fever Prevented by Inoculation.—We notice in La Cronica, a Spanish journal, published in New York, that Dr. Wm. L. Humboldt has discovered a means to prevent yellow fever, by inoculation. The Government of Cuba, as La Cronica is informed, has directed the inoculation of the major part—amounting to one thousand—of the newly arrived troops, which has resulted in the greatest success, since none have been attacked by the terrible disease, which generally decimates the foreign population shortly after their arrival. The operation is similar to vaccination, by inserting charity in both arms. A few hours after this trifling operation, the symptoms of a miniature yellow fever commence, and all the pathological consequences follow rapidly and slightly, rarely exceeding forty-eight hours in duration, and with nothing more than a slight feverish action.

What won't the love of Whiskey do?—Last week one of our physicians was called to see a sick child that seemed to be wasting away for want of proper nourishment, and suspecting that a want of money made a want of food, he gave a little brother of the sick child a shilling, and told him to take it to some person who would give him the worth of it in good rich milk for his sick little sister. The little fellow, joyfully taking the money, with many thanks from the mother of them both, set out with his little brown mug in search of milk, and the doctor went his way. An hour later he met the father of those children beastly drunk, and on his visit next morning, learned that he had met his little boy with the mug, and took the money from him, and with it bought a quart of whiskey, and left his helpless babe to starve or get its food from the ravens. The child and family were provided for, but not the wretch who gave them whiskey for their milk-money.—*American Freeman.*

Fearful Rencontre with a Bear.—On the 28th ult., a citizen of Morgan county, Va., was hunting on the Cacapon mountain, when his attention was drawn by the barking of his dogs to a ledge of rocks. Approaching the spot, he perceived some object which appeared to be the head of some animal. He raised his rifle and fired, and immediately a huge bear rushed upon him. What ensued is thus discribed by the Bath Enterprise: The hunter attempted to defend himself with his empty gun; this the bear threw from him with a stroke of its paw, and hurled him upon the ground and bit him severely. The hunter then called his dogs to his assistance, which engaged the attention of the enraged animal, and enabled the prostrate man to regain his feet. He then had recourse to his tomahawk, and after a tremendous struggle finally succeeded in destroying the monster. The hunter afterwards entered the den & captured two cubs.

Turning the Tables.—At Washington they have had a delegation, for the past month, of the chiefs of the Chippewas and Winnebago Indians, who have just concluded a treaty for the disposal of their land west of Lake Superior. They had an interview with the President and Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on Friday last, when Flatmouth, a Pillager Chippewa, told the President "that two great men there met, that the whites were often accused of cheating the Indians, but that this time the Indians had cheated the Commissioner; for they had sold him a tract of land for a good deal of money which was worth but little." At this the President and Commissioner laughed heartily, and the chiefs took their departure, well pleased with their interview with their Great Father.

An enthusiastic down-east poet thus immortalizes the "principal stream" that runs through the State of Wooden Nutmegs:—

"Rollon, loved Connecticut, long hast thou run,
Giving shad to old Hartford and freedom to men."

The Yankee who was "lying at the point of death" whittled it off with his jack knife and is now recovering.