

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BURHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

VOLUME XXVI

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, 1865.

NUMBER 38.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Post Office Regulations.

Rates of Postage: Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents pre-paid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents pre-paid).
Postage on "THE STAR AND BANNER" within the County, free. Within the State, 15 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents.
Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents un-paid.
Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.
The Mails: Coaches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points), leave at 5 o'clock, A. M., daily, except Sundays.
To Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 6 A. M.
To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7 A. M.
To Chambersburg, 5 A. M., daily.
To Emmitsburg, 3 P. M.
Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arundelstown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.
To Hagerstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7 A. M.
To New Chester, and Hampton, on Tuesday of each week, 7 A. M.

Officers of the United States.

President: Franklin Pierce.
Vice President: Jesse D. Bright.
Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of the Interior: Robert McClelland.
Secretary of Treasury: James Guthrie.
Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of Navy: James C. Dobbin.
Post Master General: James Campbell.
Attorney General: Caleb Cushing.
Chief Justice of the U. S.: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Sullivan.
Surrogate General: J. Porter Brawley.
County General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slicer.
Justices: J. S. Black, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodruff, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robinson.
Senators: David M. Reiser.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
President Judge: Robert J. Fisher.
Associate Judges: Samuel H. Russell, J. McGinly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Heald.
Prothonotary: John Pickering.
Register of Wills: Wm. E. Waller.
Chief of the Courts: J. L. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surgeon: Geo. B. Hewitt.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.

Borough Officers.

Borough: John Culp.
Johns Creek: James A. Thompson, Hugh Benavente, Samuel H. Russell, S. S. McGeary, D. Kendallhart, John Gilbert, R. G. McGeary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justice of the Peace: George E. Bringham, Joel H. Bauman.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: B. Hill and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. De Necker.
German Reformed: B. Hill and Stratton streets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Jung.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street. Pastors—Rev. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Karushan.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. M. C. Mearns.
Lutheran: Church, Chambersburg street. Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krusch.
St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Heubon Hill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettysburg Lodge meets on Tuesday evening of each week.
S. of T. Adams Division meets on Monday evening of each week.
Temperance Benevolent Association meets on third Saturday evening of each month.
Gettysburg Beneficial Association meets first Saturday evening of each month.
Young Men's Lyceum meets on Thursday evening of each week.
York Springs Lodge meets on Thursday evening of each week.
Berlin Beneficial Association meets on the first Friday evening of each month.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swopes.
Clerk: John B. McPherson.
Directors: George Swopes, D. Kendallhart, Alexander, D. Hines, Wm. Gardner, Henry Wirt, Wm. Douglas, David Willis, George Young, John A. Swopes, Wm. A. Stewart, Joshua Motter, Joseph L. Shorb, John K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swopes.
V. President: Samuel H. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Baehler.
Treasurer: David McCarty.
Executive Committee: Robt. McCarty, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King, George Swopes, D. A. Buehler, R. M. Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M. O'Creary, J. B. Noel, A. B. Kirtz, S. E. Hahnstock, B. G. McGeary, J. E. Carr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Amphib, D. W. H. A. Picking, D. M. Conaugh, Jacob King, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph King.

The Executive Committee meet on the first Thursday of every month at the office of the Secretary.

A baptizer observed to a learned brother.

in court, that the wearing of brocade was unpropitious. "Right!" responded his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced!"

WINTERING SHEEP.—A Vermont farmer

says: "I wintered last season about two hundred sheep on wheat straw, with one bushel of oil cake and one to the one hundred sheep per day, and now they are fat, although but this winter I bought them."

"Abide with Us."

[The following beautiful poem is from the Knickerbocker for July.]
"Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening fall,
And the night is drawing nigh!
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Pass me not unheeded by.
"Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last;
I am lonely, tarry with me,
Till the dreary night is past.
"Dimmed for me is early beauty,
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon Thy lovely features;
Shall I seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Let me see Thy smile again.
"Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer,
Thou hast me through the darkness;
Sink my heart with sudden fear;
Cast Thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Lest me feel Thy presence near.
"Faithful memory paints before me,
Every deed and thought of mine;
Open Thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within;
Wash me wholly from my sin.
"Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
—Pain no more the glowing west;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon Thy breast!
"Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Thou hast me through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me,
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with Thee!"

Thanksgiving Day in the Heart.

Alice Tracy was a bright pretty girl of about eight years, who, though she often attracted the attention of strangers, was not a favorite among her companions; they never wanted her to join their plays or walks. Alice often felt angry at this neglect, for she did not see clearly why she was treated so.
One day at recess, while a group of the girls were in the entry talking about Thanksgiving, she went to wash her slate at a little shelf behind the school-room door.
"We always have such good times at grandpa's," said one of her cousins; "or we should have," said another cousin, "if it were not for Alice Tracy; she is such a little frebrand, she spoils all our fun."
"Yes, that she is!" cried all the other girls, joining in.
"I can't listen nor hear any good of her," said Alice, who could not help hearing, and what she heard was anything but good of herself.
"A frebrand, am I?" thought Alice. How many children who read this, have enjoyed a Thanksgiving day in the heart, as Alice did?
At first she had resolved to play with her cousins and companions no more; but on second thought she saw it was better to get rid of her faults than to be rid of her friends.

From the New York Quarterly.

A Teetotal Monkey.

Dr. Guthrie relates an amusing anecdote of a reasonable monkey, which we must present: "Jack, as he was called, seeing his master and companions drinking, with those imitative powers from which his species is remarkable, finding half a glass of whiskey left, took it up and drank it off. It flew, of course, to his head. Amid their loud roars of laughter, he began to skip, hop and dance—Jack was drunk. Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take the poor monkey from his box, he was not to be seen. Looking inside, there he lay crouched in a corner. "Come out!" said his master. "Afraid to disobey, he came walking on three legs—the fore-paw that was laid on his forehead saying, as plain as words could be, that he had a headache. "Having left him some days to get well and resume his gait, they at length carried him off to the old scene of revelry. On entering, he eyed the glasses with manifest terror, skulking behind the chair; and on his master ordering him to drink, he bolted, and he was on the house-top in a twinkling. The called him down. He would not come. His master shook his whip at him. Jack, astride on the ridge-pole, grunted defiance. A gun, of which he was always much afraid, was pointed at this disciple of temperance; he ducked his head and slipped over the back of the house; upon which, seeing his predicament, and less afraid apparently of the fire than fire-water, the monkey leaped at a bound on the chimney top, and getting down into a flue, held on by his fore-paws. He would rather be smothered than drink. He triumphed, and although his master kept him for twelve years after, he never could persuade the monkey to drink another drop of whiskey."
From that admirable work, "Illustrations of Instinct," we take the following: "A monkey tied to a stake was robbed by the Johnny Crows (in the West Indies) of his food, and he conceived the following plan of punishing the thieves. He feigned death, and lay perfectly motionless on the ground, near to his stake. The birds approached by degrees, and got near enough to steal his food, which he allowed them to do. This he repeated several times, till they came so bold as to come within reach of his claws. He calculated his distance, and laid hold of one of them. Death was not his plan of punishment; he was more refined in his cruelty. He plucked every feather out of the bird, and then let him go and show himself to his companions. He made a man, of him, according to the ancient definition of a biped without feathers."
THE VALUE OF A GOOD WIFE.—The old Norseman said:—
"A man may spare,
And yet be bare,
If his wife be nought, if his wife be nought,
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be ought, if his wife be ought."

Our Old Grandmother.

"I find the marks of my shortest step beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own," says Alexander Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world. He was revisiting the home of his infancy; he was retracing the little paths around it which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, an ink grass could not conceal, and steel plough could not obliterate, his "shortest footsteps" and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.
And who needs to be told whose footsteps they were that thus kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Vergil's line, "with equal steps" in Arcadia's line, but a strong, stern man, who could have borne him and not been burdened; folded him in his arms from all danger, and he could have done for him, but just what he needed most—could not sympathize with him; he could not be a child again. Ah! a rare art is that, for indeed it is an art, to set back the great clock of time, and be a boy once more! Man's imagination can easily see the child a man; but how hard it is for it, to see the man a child, and the who had learned to glib back into that rosy time, when he did not know that thorns were under the roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a tear could stain a cheek no more than a drop of rain a flower; when he fancied that life had no disguise and hope no blight at all, has come as near as anybody can to discovering the northwest passage to Paradise.
And it is perhaps for this reason that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of Heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She faces the children she is leading her; and they keep her in mind where the river is the narrowest and the air is the clearest; and the beckoning of a radiant hand is no plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she so often lets go her grasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to the neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written, "Where the mother is there the children will be also."
But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear, old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love, spun "by hand" on life's little wheel, was longer and stronger than they make it now, was wound about and about the children she saw playing in the children's arms, in a true for that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for we do not realize the lamb's omniscience, when summer days are over, and autumn winds are blowing, as they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?
Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.
There is a large old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace there, with many knick-knacks of stone, smoothed with many knick-knacks of brass, sharpened there, smooth with many little fingers that had long there. There are audacious, too; the old audacious, with rings on the top, wherein many temples of flame have been built, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad worn hearth; broad enough for three generations to cluster on; worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, and made "beautiful" and walked upon the floors of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner where with a grating coal, and "blowing for a little life," we light our first candle; there is a shovel, wherever it is, which we saw our first fingers and dreamed our first dreams; the shovel which we stirred the sleepy logs all the sparks rushed up the chimney as if the forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lumps, or so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was we washed our first wishes.
There is a chair—a low rust-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and "samplers" in frames.
And everywhere and always the dear old wrinkled face of her mother, or her children's children—the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago. She, the very Providence of the old household; she who loved us all, and said she wished that we were more of us to love, and took all the school in the hollow for grand children's beside. A great expansive heart was hers, beneath that woollen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heirloom of silken texture.
We can see her, to-day, those mild, blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than they could touch or death do more than hide—those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us, and soft reproof, that seemed not passion but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she has longed the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and placed a four-leaf clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel—a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head when a small voice cries "Grandma" from the old red cradle, and "Grandma" fanny shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, and it touches the little red bark a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on edge, and we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one,

and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the porcelain pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world, and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Javo to be wrapped in a shroud? So mockingly did she fold the white heads of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she wreath the white rose in the hair of the other, that she would not have wondred how she stood between us and apprehended harm; how the ruderest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of that faded and tremulous hand! From capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning, the blessing she had stored for us—the offspring of her heart.
What treasures of story fell from those old lips of good faries and evil; of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever—but then, she couldn't be a handsomer or deuter—but that she could be "little." And then, when we begged her to sing, "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."
"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down, and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor, and the clock ticked lower in the corner, and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead, and grandmother sang. To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert room now-a-days; but then, it was the old kitchen and old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad in the dear old times, and we can hardly see to write the memory of them, where the river is the narrowest and the air is the clearest; and the beckoning of a radiant hand is no plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she so often lets go her grasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to the neighbors, and the children follow like lambs to the fold, for we think it ought somewhere to be written, "Where the mother is there the children will be also."
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Dow, Jr., on Park.

[This celebrated preacher has strayed out to California. We find the following sermon in a late number of the Golden Era.]
"My discourse for to-day, will be chiefly upon hogs. You may find my text in 'Thompson's Castle of Indolence.'
"The filthy beast that never chews the cud, still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous song."
The hog, my hearers, is hereditarily a filthy beast, according to my text. Mud-muck and mire claim a legitimate affinity with the animal. In his early piggishhood he looks clean, pure and spotless as virtue itself; his swinish propensities don't stick out much, and they are but lately budding within him. He frisks round a briar-bush with the nimbleness of a rabbit, and turns over a potatoe paring with all the delicacy of a young Chesterfield. But catch him—take him gently as you may, and you get a squeal sharp enough to pierce the heart of a white oak, crack a frying-pan, and shake the nervous system of a crab-apple orchard. Better let him drop before his maternal ancestor inquires into the row. Two or three moons after—the hog perfected—taking a bath in a mud hole, and granting dissatisfaction at the shabbiness of his tub. A hog and a squire, but a hog—the embodiment of all goodness and contrary opinion in all his intercourse. He is not to be persuaded, reasoned with, nor driven. The only way to get him up a road, is to attempt to drive him down it; then he will go—though he scate your hat off, and knock out your underpinning in his progress. Why, my friends, even harruising human nature has little more contraryness in its composition than is contained in vitallized pork!
Now, my dear friends, as I can find no more in the hog, while alive, let us see whether he is to be appreciated, like a poet, after he is dead and turned to pork. It has been said that a sure cure for love is "boiled pork," taken in conjunction with a "hog-handle." As a medicine, then, it may be allowed the afflicted of both sexes; and it must be taken in homopathic doses, and at proper hours, or fatal consequences may ensue. I once knew a young Miss Dickman, who tried the remedy, but going the whole pig, he came near kicking off the moral coverlid; and probably would have made a die of it, had he not abandoned the pork and taken a "row." Here is his confession:
"Sometimes you feasts von pig supper I treams, but mine schomack is fill full of stones, and I can't eat no more, like the tical schreans, and I can't off der pediculus and grona."
"Oh, shall I put you in a box for a week, like me, and let me see how you get on?"
"A wise choice—any man who wouldn't prefer a wife to a pig at any time, ought to be shut up in a hog-pen every night at sundown. Last episcopes say what they please about the beauty of roast pig, it is nothing but disease-breeding pork in its insipid insipidity. Listen to the panegyric of a pig smitten country editor, and say if the fellow is safe outside the walls of a mad-house: "Behold him! roasting!—he is so passive as he twists around the string that he seems to be enjoying a refreshing warmth—he weeps like the pretty eyes, and they seem to be radiant with joy. He holds him in the dish, his second crackle how still be feth! How lucky he is in possession of that grossness which so often accompanies mature human nature, manhood!—he could not then have repented in the dish, but would have been a glutton, wallowing in all indolence of filth, from which now he is happily snatched away—'Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade, Death came with unly care.'"
And now his memory is obliterated—no down curse, while his stomach half rejoices the rank bacon—no coal leaves, both him in reeking passages—but he hath a fair sepulture in the grateful sinews of a judicious epicure. "This was Charles Lamb's 'grandmother,' but I must say that I think really more of lamb than I do of Lamb's idol."
Touch not pork, my brethren, lest you be defiled. The scrofulous, and never was acceptable in the sight of Heaven. I don't believe it was ever offered as a sacrifice, and if it ever should be, I am sure it would be rejected by the angels, with upturned noses. If Noah took Ham into the ark, he must have intended it for some Chinese market; for, in those days, the tooth of civilization never ventured to penetrate a piece of pork. "San Francisco, having a surfeit of Bacon, is now ready to walk into anybody's snout that presents itself, any covered with fat. I hope and trust, my friends, that pork for the most part, has hid itself in the mountains, or been devoured by greasers. Abstain from it even you iron-cured, leather-patched man, and you will find your backbone converted into a volcanic chain of mountains, with a Vesuvius between your shoulders, a Hecla at your hip, and a Cotopax upon your nose. Eat much of it, and you are sick; eat less and you are better; eat none at all, and you get well. I am down upon pork in summer time, with forty parson pressure. It is neither fit for the old, the young, nor the athletic—the majesty of the muer, nor the digger. The offense is rank, and smells to heaven."
As to singing a troublous song, my text Thompson's musical dissertation upon must have been very nice if he could discern any kind of song wherever in a bog. As well might a donkey try to sing, "what fairy like music," as for one of the porcine species to attempt to breathe out melody in any shape. I shall give the beast credit for no song—good, bad and troublesome, nothing but his everlasting wail! wough! interludes with my serenity of mind, perpetuity of patience and evenness of temper.
My brethren: in some respects you have a similarity to hogs. You want more "slush" than you can eat, or make use of. You get too fat and lazy to land now. I've got it, by your own "root." You grunt about hard times—and, rather, rather, rather.

you know that it is for want of stirring up that causes times to settle into obduracy. But more especially are you like porkers, because you refuse to be driven. You agree together easily enough to abstain from work, and close your stores on the Christian Sabbath; but when pigs law-makers undertake to drive you into your pens with a big stick, all your hoggy attributes manifest themselves in open defiance. That's natural; and what a creature, is right. Why, my friends, there is more concentrated strength and virtue in fashion, moral assuasion and popular opinion, than in the syrup of all the arbitrary laws of a nation boiled down to a gallon. You are readily governed by the former, but to the latter you make as stiff and formal a bow as if encased in tin tappers, copper waistcoat, and sheet-iron cravat. So note it be.

Conundrums.

"Talking of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty gusts of Havana smoke which had given him his name. "Talking of conundrums, can any of you tell when a ship may be said to be in port?"
"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be mended."
"Just missed!" quoth Old Hurricane, by a mile. "Try again. Who speaks first?"
"I do, secondly," answered Lemon. "It's when she wants a main."
"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."
"When she's a ship of great size," (highly) modestly propounded Mr. Smooth.
"When she's tender to a man of war," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his glass.
"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.
"When she's struck aback by a heavy swell," suggested Straight.
"No as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along!"
"When she makes much of a fast sail," cried Smashpippes.
"Here there was a great groan, and Smashpippes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored Old Hurricane "propelled" again.
"You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down for a smack,' or 'when she is after a conchit,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is, when she's attached to a buoy."
"That's it, is it?" said Smashpippes, who mysteriously re-appeared. "That's what I just stepped out to tell the ladies. Now some of you tell me when a ship is beloved?"
"When the capstan regards her," quoth Meister Karl. "Smashpippes you must find the cigars."
And Smashpippes brought out his box of Regalia, and beheld there came a great cloud over Social Hall.
A child wren asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it. I suppose, when it was a little fellow."
How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many with aching hearts, can remember the days of their childhood, when they were the victims of indirect repression, rather than the happy subjects of some kind direction and culture. The effects of such misguided discipline have been apparent in their history and character, and by no process of human devising can the wrong be rectified. The grand error of their education consisted in a system of rigid restraints, without corresponding efforts to develop and cultivate, and train in a right direction.

TRANSPROPOSITIONS.—What is the difference between a butcher and a young lady?

The former kills to dress, while the latter dresses to kill.

What is the difference between Dr. Brandy and a bill sticker?

One is a pill-booster while the other is a bill-popper.

What is the difference between having all your children 'down with the measles' and a well executed counterfeiter?

The one is a sick family and the other a fac-simile.

What is the difference between a man's granny and his granary? Answer—One is his born kin and the other his corn-bin.—Excellent ones!

THE 'FAN CONUNDRUMS.'—The following poetic version of the Decalogue has often been printed, but cannot be published too often:—

Have thou no other gods but me
Unto no image bow thy knee
Take not the name of God in vain
Do not the Sabbath day profane
Honor thy father and mother too
And see that thou no murder do
From vile adultery keep thee clear
Bear no false witness—shun the lie
What is thy neighbor's covet no
Write these by law, Lord, in thy heart,
And let me not from them depart.
[Richard Christian.]

PERMISSION CROP AND THE WINTER.

Some people believe that a permission crop is a sure sign of a "dreadfully cold" winter. If this be true, then look out for the coming winter—get ready a plentiful supply of food and coal as well as bed-clothes, for we are assured by a friend that the "permission crop" in this region is unusually large. So far we have had quite a mild fall.—Frederick (Va.) Herald.

A plain sad uneducated man, who had received his education principally beneath the open sky, in the field or the forest, and who had wielded the axe more than a pen, while speaking of children, remarked with true and beautiful simplicity: "The little white are nearest to heaven!"

"I love you, Mary.—You have surely been able to discern it. My love is ardent and sincere—oh, say that you love me!" Returns it, Charles!

"I have striven hard to be true to you. You got it, by your own 'root.' You grunt about hard times—and, rather, rather, rather."

you know that it is for want of stirring up that causes times to settle into obduracy. But more especially are you like porkers, because you refuse to be driven. You agree together easily enough to abstain from work, and close your stores on the Christian Sabbath; but when pigs law-makers undertake to drive you into your pens with a big stick, all your hoggy attributes manifest themselves in open defiance. That's natural; and what a creature, is right. Why, my friends, there is more concentrated strength and virtue in fashion, moral assuasion and popular opinion, than in the syrup of all the arbitrary laws of a nation boiled down to a gallon. You are readily governed by the former, but to the latter you make as stiff and formal a bow as if encased in tin tappers, copper waistcoat, and sheet-iron cravat. So note it be.

Conundrums.

"Talking of conundrums," said Old Hurricane, stretching himself all over Social Hall, and sending out one of those mighty gusts of Havana smoke which had given him his name. "Talking of conundrums, can any of you tell when a ship may be said to be in port?"
"I can tell—I can," snapped out Little Turtle. "It's when she wants to be mended."
"Just missed!" quoth Old Hurricane, by a mile. "Try again. Who speaks first?"
"I do, secondly," answered Lemon. "It's when she wants a main."
"Not correct," replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."
"When she's a ship of great size," (highly) modestly propounded Mr. Smooth.
"When she's tender to a man of war," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his glass.
"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.
"When she's struck aback by a heavy swell," suggested Straight.
"No as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along!"
"When she makes much of a fast sail," cried Smashpippes.
"Here there was a great groan, and Smashpippes was thrown out of the window. When peace was restored Old Hurricane "propelled" again.
"You might have said, 'when she hugs the wind,' or 'when she runs down for a smack,' or 'when she is after a conchit,' or something of that sort. But it wouldn't have been right. The real solution is, when she's attached to a buoy."
"That's it, is it?" said Smashpippes, who mysteriously re-appeared. "That's what I just stepped out to tell the ladies. Now some of you tell me when a ship is beloved?"
"When the capstan regards her," quoth Meister Karl. "Smashpippes you must find the cigars."
And Smashpippes brought out his box of Regalia, and beheld there came a great cloud over Social Hall.
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