

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, 1855.

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, 25 cents.
Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent pre-paid, or 2 cents unpre-paid.
Advertisers 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 Emmittsburg, 3 P. M.
Mail to Bordenville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Ardenstown, 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: Gideon Welles.
Attorney General: Caleb B. Smith.
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.
Surgery General: J. Porter Braley.
Judge General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slicer.
Auditor: J. S. Black, E. Lewis, W. B. Lewis, G. W. Woodruff, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robinson.
Senate: David Moiner.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
Judicial: Robert J. Fisher.
Associates: Samuel B. Russell, John McGilly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Hendrix.
Treasurer: John Picking.
Recorder: Charles E. Walker.
Clerk of the Courts: J. J. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surrogate: Geo. B. Hewitt.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.
Commissioners: Jas. J. Clark, George Meigs, Henry A. Picking, Willis A. Aughinbaugh, Council: David Wills.
Directors of the Poor: Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garrett Drinkerhoff, Clerk: Robt. S. Johnston, Treasurer: Alexander Cabot, Street: John Scott, Physician: David Horner.
Auditors: Edmund P. Shorb, Abel T. Wright, John Hauptmann.
Academic Appraiser: Jacob Aughinbaugh.
County Superintendent: David Wills.

Borough Officers.

Borough: John Culp.
Trustees: James A. Thompson, Hugh Henshler, Samuel H. Russell, S. S. McCoy, G. D. Kenderhat, John Gilbert, R. G. M. Groaty, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringham, Joel H. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: 1/2 Ball and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor: Rev. Mr. De Necker.
German Reformed: High and Stratton streets. Pastor: Rev. Jacob Juehl.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street. Pastors—Rev. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Earshavn.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. M. C. Ober.
Lutheran: Church, Chambersburg street; Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krumpholtz.
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.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swops.
Clerk: John B. McPherson.
Trustees: John B. McPherson, D. Kenderhat, Alexander, D. Hines, Wm. Gardner, Henry Wirt, Wm. Douglas, David Wilds, George Young, John A. Swops, Wm. A. Stewart, Joshua Mott, Joseph L. Shorb, John K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swops.
Vice President: Samuel B. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Baehler.
Treasurer: David McCreary.
Executive Committee: Robt. M. Cary, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King, George Swops, D. A. Bueller, R. M. Cary, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. B. Russell, D. M. Creary, J. B. Noel, A. B. Kirts, S. Ebnestock, W. O. McCreary, J. F. Cory, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, H. A. Picking, D. M. Conaugh, Jacob Priest, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph King.
The Executive Committee meet on the first Tuesday of every month at the office of the Secretary.

"Abide with Us."

[The following beautiful poem is from the Knickerbocker for July.]
"Tarry with me, O my Savior!
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening fall,
And the night is drawing nigh!
Tarry with me!
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 find
Rest upon Thy lovely features;
Shall I seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Let me see Thy smile again.
"Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak Thou, Lord, in words of cheer,
Then shall me through the darkness,
Sink my heart with sudden fear;
Cast Thy 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 nor sorrow glowing sweet;
Swift the night of death advances—
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O my Savior!
Lay my head upon Thy breast!
"Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
Then shall 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 thirty years, who, though she often attracted the attention of strangers, was not so popular among her companions; they never wanted her to join their plays or walks. Alice often felt lonely 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; "for we should have," said another cousin, "if it were not for Alice Tracy; she is such a little friend, she spoils all our fun."
"Yes, that she is!" cried all the other girls, joining in.
"I can listen never hear any good of her," said Alice, but she could not help hearing, and what she heard was anything but good of herself.
"A little grandpa, an 11!" thought Alice. How many children you 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. And their loud roars of laughter, he began to mimic, hop and dance—Jack was drunk. Next day, when they went, with the intention of repeating the fun, to take to the 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 banged 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 Janney 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 Northernland song says:
"A man may spare,
And yet be bare,
If his wife be not,
But a man may spend,
And have money to lend,
If his wife be ought,
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 rank grass could not conceal, and cruel ploughs could not obliterate, his "shortest steps" and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.
And who needs to be told whose footsteps were that that kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Aeschylus walked "with equal steps" in Virgil'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 not been wearied; everything, indeed, 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!

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 here; 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 so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she so often lets go her clasps 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 the fact that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for we do not see a quize the lamb, sometimes 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 kind of jambs of stone, smoothed with many knobby knobs, which sharpened their smooth with many little fingers that had long there. There are audacious, too; the old auditors, with fingers 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, 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 banged 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."

And now his memory is inferior—no downy curlew, while his stomach half rejects the rank bacon—no coal heaver, both in seeking "savage" 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 grandmother."
"How she used to welcome us when we were grown and came back once more to the homestead."
We thought we were men and women but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door, and she felt them, as they fell over her form, and she looked dimly upward and saw tall shapes in the doorway, and she said, "Edward I know, and Lucy I know, but where is that other?" It must be Jane's for she had upon her forehead the folded hand. "Oh, no, no, no, Jane, for she let her hair be washed for us, isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.
"It is another daughter, grandmother," that Edward has brought, "says one once, "for your blessing."
"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket as of old; she is limping for a toy, a welcome gift for the children that come again.
One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she bears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here my poor child, rest upon my grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm."
"Come, children, sit around the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder!
The clock in the corner struck nine, the bed-time of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told; it was bed-time at last. Good night to thee, grandmother! The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we felt her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart, and write on it only this:
"Sacred to the memory of our old-fashioned Grandmother—God bless her forever."

Down, Jr., on Pork.

[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 grant 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 squeak 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 ago the hog perfected himself—a taking a bath in a mud hole, and granting dissatisfaction at the abhorrence of his tub. A hog and a mud hole, however, are not identical in cleanliness; 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 screeches and huffs, and knocks out your underpinning in his progress. Why, my friends, even harrasing 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 up to pork. It has been said that a sure cure for love is 'boiled pork,' taken in conjunction with 'hore-hand.' As a medicine, then, it may be allowed the afflicted of both sexes; it must be taken in homopathic doses, and at proper hours, or fatal consequences may ensue. I once knew a young Mrs. Sick Dutchman, 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 foals von pig supper I treams, But mine schmaeck is fill full of stonions, Und mit in minnegeeg, like der tictel schraans, Und klick off der peddel-clous and gromp."
"Oh, shall I tell you a cure for dis trouble of mine? Disks Mit drey, and get me a 'wise."
A wise choice—any man who would prefer a wife to a pig at any time, ought to be shut up in a hog-pen every night at sundown. Let epicures say what they please about the beauty of roast pig, it is nothing but disease-breeding pork in its insipid insipidities. Listen to the panyecry 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 at his pretty eyes, and they seem to be radiant with fire—he holds him in the dish, his second crackle how still be fith! How lucky he is in possession of that grossness which so often accompanies nature, human nature, manhood!—ie, could not then have repassed in the dish, but would have been a glutton, wallowing in all its 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 inferior—no downy curlew, while his stomach half rejects the rank bacon—no coal heaver, both in seeking "savage" 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 grandmother."
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Considerations.

"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 mounded."
"Just missed!" quoth Old Hurricane, by a mile. "Try again. Who speaks first?"
"I do, secondly," answered Lemons. "It's when she wants a main"
"Nonsense!" replied Hurricane. "The question is still open."
"When she's a ship of great size," replied Lemons. "When she's a ship of great size," said the Colonel, regarding the reflection of his face in his belt.
"Everything but correct," responded Hurricane.
"When she's struck aback by a heavy swell," suggested Straightstick.
"No as yet," said Hurricane. "Come, hurry along!"
"When she makes much of a fast sail," cried Smashedhips.
"Here there was a great groan, and Smashedhips 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-mack,' 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 Smashedhips, 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 re-grounds her," quoth Minister Karl. "Smashedhips may find the cigars."
And Smashedhips brought out his box of Regalia, and behind there came a great cloud over Social Hall.
A child woken asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trot upon it. I suppose, when it was a little fellow."
How painfully suggestive is that answer! How many with aching hearts, when they were the victims of indolent repression, rather than the happy victims 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 reformed. 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.

Transpositions.

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. Braundherd and a bill sticker? The one is a pill-booster while the other is a bill-ponter.
What is the difference between having all your children 'down with the measles' and a well educated counterfeiter? The one is a sick family and the other a fac-simile.
What is the difference between a man's granny and his granny? Answer—One is his born kin and the other his corn-bin. —Excellent ones!
THE 'FAN CONSIDERATIONS.' 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 clean,
And steal not; tho' thy state be mean,
Bearing no false witness—shun the blot;
What is thy neighbor's, cover not;
Write thou thy laws, Lord, in thy heart,
And let me not from them depart.
[Richard Christian.]

Persimmon Chop and the Winter.

"Some people believe that a persimmon chop is a sure sign of a 'dreadful 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 'simmon chop' in this region is unusually large. So far we have had quite a mild fall—Frederick (Va.) Herald.
A plain seditious 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 chick is nearest to the heart."
"I love you, Mary." You have surely been able to discern it. My love is a genuine and sincere—oh, say that you'll return it. Return it, Charles! You have more "slush" than you can eat or make use of. When you are too fat and lazy to walk now, I've got it, by your mother's root. You grant about hard times—and I, rather, rather remain it.
"I love you, Mary." You have surely been able to discern it. My love is a genuine and sincere—oh, say that you'll return it. Return it, Charles! You have more "slush" than you can eat or make use of. When you are too fat and lazy to walk now, I've got it, by your mother's root. You grant about hard times—and I, rather, rather remain it.

Conundrums.

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