THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

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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, 13 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 unpaid.

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 5, A. M.

To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7, A. M.

To Chambersburg, 5, A. M., daily.

" Emmittsburg, 3, P. M., "

Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arendtstown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To Hunterstown, 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: Frankin Pierce.
Vice President: Jesse D. Bright.
Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of 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. States: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Sullivan.
Surveyor General: J. Porter Brawley.
Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slifer.
Judges: J. S. Back, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robison.
Senate: David Mininger.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
President Judge: Robert J. Fisher.
Associates: Sam'l R. Russell. Jno. McGinly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Hendrix.
Prothonotary: John Picking.
Register & Recorder: Wm. F. Walter.
Clerk of the Courts: J. J. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surveyor: Geo. B. Hewit.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.
Commissioners: Jas. J. Wills, George Myers, Henry A. Picking; Clerk—J. Aughinbaugh; Counsel—David Wills.
Directors of the Poor: Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garret Brinkerhoff; Clerk—Rob't. S. Paxton; Treasurer—Alexander Cobean; Steward—John Scott; Physician—David Horner.
Auditors: Edmund F. Shorb, Abel T. Wright, John Hauptman.
Mercantile Appraiser: Jacob Aughinbaugh.
County Superintendent: David Wills.

Borough Officers.

Burgess: John Culp.
Town Council: James A. Thompson, Hugh Denwiddie, Samuel R. Russell, S. S. McCreary, D. Kendlehart, John Gilbert. R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. 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 Ziegler.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street.—Pastors—Revs. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Earnshaw.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Werner.
Lutheran: Christ Church, Chambersburg street; Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krauth. St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Reuben Hill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettys Lodge meets on Tuesday evening of each week
S. of T. Adams Division meets on Monday evening of each week.
Temperance Beneficial 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 Swope.
Cashier: John B. McPherson.
Clerk: John H. McClellan.
Directors: George Swope, Henry Wirt, Jacob Young, Geo. W. McClellan. Dr. D. Horner, D. Wills, Henry Myers, Wm. Gardner, Lewis Motter, Alex. S. Himes, Wm. Douglas, Wm. McSherry, J. K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swope.
V. President: Samuel R. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Buehler.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Bob't M'Curdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. L. Noel, A. B. Kurtz, S. Fahnestock, R. G. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, H. A. Picking, D. M'Conaughy, Jacob Griest, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph Fink.

☞ The Executive Committee meet on the the first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.

Lord Stanhope was a printer! Franklin was a printer! Beranger, the great French poet, was a printer! Thiers, the great French historian, was a printer!

"If a brilliant star
Were stricken from the dome of light,
A Printer's Press, if planted there,
Would fill the vacuum to a hair,
And would give perhaps a better light."

Beauty is a fleeting flower. Handsome is that handsome does.

From the Portsmouth Journal.

The old Church Bell.

Every holy Sabbath morning,
While the sunbeams are adorning
Sloping hills and vallies fair,
Or when wintry winds are sighing,
And the shadows thick are lying
On the uplands, bleak and bare—
Still I hear that silver ringing pealing out upon the air.

From the belfry's station,
With a constant, sweet vibration,
Floats the sound from door to door—
Calling to the sad and weary,
And through by-paths lone and dreary
To the wretched and the poor,
All earth's toil-worn children hear it, hear and bless it evermore.

On some happy, festive morning,
Long before the rosy dawning,
Have I heard that merry sound,
Ringing out across the meadows,
Waking all the sleeping echoes,
Through the misty, quiet town—
Starting from their peaceful slumbers all the dreaming world around.

And when dust to dust is given,
When earth's tenderest ties are riven,
Still is heard that plaintive bell—
Tolling mornfully and slowly,
While alike the high and lowly
Listen to the passing knell—
List and learn the solemn meaning of the deep-toned funeral bell.

Peals of joy, and tones of sorrow,
Sad to-day and gay to-morrow,
Thus are life's great changes rung;
Strong emotions, upward, starting
From the deepest fount of feeling,
Uttered by that iron tongue,
While the sweet reverberations die away the hills among.

From the N. Y. Independent.

Little Alice.

Happy, loving little Alice,
With her soft and sunny curls,
In the cottage or the palace
She is still the queen of girls?
In her young and guileless bosom
Only infant thoughts repose;
Though we often call her "blossom,"
Years must make the bud a rose.
Playful, winning, artless Alice!
Had I power to drink to thee
From some fairy's nectared chalice
In a draught all rich and free—
I would wish thee days of gladness,
Nights of slumber deep and calm,
And no transient hour of sadness
But should find a healing balm.

I would give thee, merry Alice!
Truest joys for riper years;
Ne'er should envy, grief or malice
Fill thy gentle eyes with tears;
But in sweet and sheltered places
I would have thy pathway fall,
'Till thou seest celestial faces,
"And the Lord is all in all."

O my tender, timid Alice,
There is no such lot for thee!
Thou must tread life's solemn valleys;
Thou must all its anguish see!
May a light still shine before thee
Through the journey dark and cold,
And our God at last restore thee
To the blessed shepherd's fold!

Grandeur of God.

BY U. H. JUDAH.

* * * Go abroad
Upon the paths of nature, and, when all
Its voices whisper, and its silent things
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God
Who hath the living waters shall be there.
[*Willis.*

Oft, when plowing the mighty deep, I've beheld *His grandeur* in the placid ruffling of the waves—in the gentle breeze of heaven that wafted me to a far off clime—in the fury of the tempest—in loud sounding bursts of thunder, amid vivid flashes of lightning—aye! at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jewelry of the ocean as my tomb, and my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then, again, I've viewed it in the abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of his anger—in the renovated splendor of the sky—in the returning brilliancy of the stars—in the unparalleled beauty of the luminary of light—and in the tranquility of the winds.

Reader! Dost thou think that man can adequately portray the grandeur of his Maker? Dost thou suppose that he can dilate on that which is beyond the ken of mortality? The student, in the solitude of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp, and out watch the slow-paced eve; the poet may call into requisition his breathing thoughts, and array them in the all powerful garb of burning eloquence; the orator may summon to his aid the force of that mighty mind with which He endowed him; the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and bend his knees in the solemn attitude of prayer, and in accents of thansgiving and praise. But 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme which is *ad infinitum*, sublime and magnificent.

Grandeur of God! Ye can witness it in the glorious gift of intellect to man—read it in the purer language of his brow—in the splendor of thought—in that victory of mind which causes the mighty of earth to recognise the magnificent brightness of his name, and the beautiful to hail the brilliancy of his talents as a talisman of love.

Contemplate it in the mechanism of the human heart—in the construction of the casket by which it is enclosed—in that immortality therein which will flourish in eternal youth, long, long after the encircling dust has crumbled to that from which it emanated.

Behold it in the pleasing melody of the birds as they tune to heaven their songs—in the plaisid harmony of the air—in the lovely flowers as they throw around their richest perfume—in the rivulets as they leap on their courses—in the glowing loveliness and unmasked beauty of nature—

"In every stream his beauty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows—
The breath of life and health."

A FACT TO NOTE.—Out of the nineteen stone cutters employed on the extension of the Post Office buildings at Washington, EIGHTEEN are foreigners. Americans apply in vain for labor. Such is the policy of the administration.

[*From "The Widow Bedott Papers."*

A Thanksgiving Dinner.

Elder Sniffles, having preached the Thanksgiving sermon, was invited to dine with Mr. McGuire.

ELDER SNIFFLES UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES.

"Elder Sniffles, let me give you another piece o' the turkey."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mr. McGuire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning, that individuals were too prone to indulge in an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on thanksgiving occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandising is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the Gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions: nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections, and take another small portion of the turkey."

"That's right, elder; what part will you take now?"

"Well, I'm not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient."

"Pass the cranberries to Elder Siffles, Jeff—Elder, help yourself; wife, give the Elder some more o' the turnip sass and potaters."

"Thank you, Mrs. Maguire, I am an advocate for vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary hebits and intellectual pursuits like myself, than animal food."

"Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more o' the turkey."

"No, I'm obliged to ye—I've had sufficient."

ELDER SNIFFLES DEPARTS FROM HIS USUAL DIET.

"Jeff, cut the chicken pie."

"Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie. Aunt Sally, you'll take a piece of it won't you?"

"Well, I don't care if I dew take a leetle mite on't. I'm a great favorite o' the chicken pie—always thought 'twas a delightful beverage—don't you, Elder Sniffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very, indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food."

"Allow me to help you to some of it, Elder."

"Thank you, my young friend; as I before remarked, I am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request, and partake of the chicken pie."

"Take some more of the cranberry sass, Elder; cranberries are wholesome."

"A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire; they are so; nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely, in even the most wholesome creature comforts; however, since you desire it, I will take a small portion of the cranberries."

ELDER SNIFFLES HAS AN ACID STOMACH.

"Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain't been touched; take some on't, Elder Sniffles."

"I'm obleeged to you, Mrs. Maguire—but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion.—Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science."

"I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion."

"Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before, it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks."

"Take a slice on't, sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to-day—you're onoommon still."

"What a musical man you be, Brother Magwire! but it strikes me that when an indiwiddiwal has an opportunity of hearin' intellectible conversation, they'd better keep still and improve it. Ain't it so, Elder Soffles?"

"A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott; and one which has often occurred to my own mind."

"Take some more of this chicken pie, Elder Sniffles."

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, Elder."

"Indeed Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take anything more; for, as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

ELDER SNIFFLES OVERSTEPS HIS USUAL BOUNDARIES.

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddins. Jeff, my son, fly round and help your mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin'. Melissy, you may tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So, here's a plum puddin'. It looks nice.—I guess you've had good luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No; I'm obleeged to ye. I've got rather of a headache to-day, an' plum puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the pumpkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't, of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is esteemed highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will, for once, overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of the time and place."

"Jemima! wife, this is as good puddin' as I ever eat."

ELDER SNIFFLES PARTAKES OF PUMPKIN AND MINCE PIES.

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie? Here is a mince pie and a pumpkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie, if you please, Mr. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutricious; but as regards mince pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients.—I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, Elder—quite the contrary, and the reason is obvious. Observe, Elder, it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system, it saves, so to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty.

"Ah, indeed, your reasoning is quite new to me; yet I confess it to be quite satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion, I will partake also of the mince pie."

ELDER SNIFFLES THINKS SWEET CIDER NUTRICIOUS.

"Wife, fill the Elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist, Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating drinks as a beverage."

"Jimmeni! you don't mean to call new cider intoxicating liquor, I hope. Why, man alive, it's jest made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be insalubrious and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, Elder—far from it. Reflect a moment, and you will readily perceive, that before the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of it being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it more agreeable, and facilitates assimulation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable, indeed. Mrs. Miguire you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice of the pudding, Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some of the pie?"

"No more, thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consieration of the nutricious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

ELDER SNIFFLES ILLUSTRATES HIS PRINCIPLES BY EXAMPLES.

"So you won't take nothin' more, Elder?"

"Nothing more my friends—nothing more, whatsoever; for, as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of extremely abstemious habits, endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoin by precept from the pulpit, to wit: temperance in all things."

"Walk into the sitting room, Elder."

A Cup of Coffee.

Henery Ward Beecher has a "realizing sense" of what good coffee is. He writes thus:—"Breakfast is ready. A most useful and salutary custom is that breakfast. One may work with the hand without breakfast, but not with the head—the machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of the spirits; and the grey out of your eyes. A cup of coffee—real coffee—home browned, home ground, home made, that comes to you as dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden bronze as you temper it with cream, from its birth. thick, tenderly yellow, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy or frothing on the Java; such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty blue-devils, and will exorcise them all. Involuntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savor fills his senses with pleasure—for no coffee can be good in the mouth that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils."

FRIDAY NOT AN UNLUCKY DAY.—This day, which has been long superstitiously regarded as a day of ill-omen, has been an eventful one in American history.

On Friday, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday he, unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, Henry III. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded. On Friday, the May Flower, with the pilgrims, made the harbor of Princetown, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present constitution.—On Friday, George Washington was born. On Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, the surrender of Saratoga was made; and on Friday the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown occurred, the crowning glory of the American arms. On Friday, the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were and of right ought to be, free and independent. Americans surely need not be afraid of Friday.

There are three things a woman cannot do—to pass a bonnet shop without looking in—to see a baby without kissing it—and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring how much it was per yard.

The man who imagines himself wise because he detected some typographical error in a newspaper has gone east to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A New view of Spirits.

The Brandon (Mississippi) *Register* reports the following curious sermon, preached at the town of Waterproofs, not far from Brandon:

"I may say to you, my breethring, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that edecation is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

"Thar may be some here to-day, my breethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethring, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist, but I'd ruther hev a fit shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethring, drest up in fine close: you mout think I was proud, my breethring, and although I've been a preacher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting o' that flat boat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

"I'm not gwine to tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it tu say, it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first ch apter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book uf Revolutious, and ef you'll go and search the Scriptures, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many uther *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my text, whin you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now, thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as sum men call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits uv turpen *time*, and then thar's the sperits as sum folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an articlel of them kind uv sperits on *my* flat boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex sez: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethring. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a segar or pipe with, and then thar's cam-fire, fire before yure reddy, and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez: 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

"But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethring—it's *hell fire*! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for 'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

"Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of christians in the world.—In the fust place, we have the Piscapalions; and they are a high sailin' and a high-falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down, and down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss, by the side uv the road—and 'He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then thar's the Methedis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedis believes in gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun; and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim', and from branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums kerflummux—and that's like the Methedis: for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! And—'He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck.'

"And then, my breethring, thar's the Baptist, ah! and they hav been likened unto a possum on a 'simon tree; and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar; and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings furever, for—'He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck.'

Anecdote of Shelley

Shelley took great pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. So long as his paper lasted he remained rivited to the spots facinated by this peculiar amusement. All waste paper was rapidly consumed; then the covers of letters; next, letters of little value. The most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to his pookets, were to be seen at last in pureuit of the former squadrons.—Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles—and he seldom went out without a book—the fly-leaves were commonly wanting. He had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied gopher wood. But learning was so sacred in his eyes that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy. The work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river, without the materials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies in the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found, save only a bank note for £50. He hesitated long, but yielded at last. He twisted it into a boat with the extreme fineness of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with still more anxiety than usual. Fortune often favors those who fully and frankly trust her. The north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where, during the latter part of the voyage, the venturous owner waited its arrival with patient solicitude.

Scriptural Illustrations.

The Arabs of the desert commonly clothe themselves also in manufactures of camel's hair; and the article most prized by them is the "haik," or cloak of that material. It is either black or white, with or without broad stripes; it consists of a square piece, with holes for the arms, and has no seam. The Druses of Lebanon, and the people of Mesopotamia, not only wear a coat which is "without seam," but "of many colors," having variegated stripes proceeding a point downwards from the shoulders, like a reversed pyramid. This is believed to be of the same description as that bestowed by Jacob on his favorite child. We are informed that our Saviour also wore "a coat without seam, woven from the top throughout;" and that, in the wilderness, St. John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a lethern girdle about his loins." The "sackcloth" of the Scriptures was a similar manufacture, but of the roughest kind, like that which is still worn by dirvishes and reputed saints.—It is still used for sack and tent covers.—We can easily understand the necessity of a girdle; no person with loose flowing robes can engage in active occupations without first "girding up the loins"—that is taking up a portion of their dress out of their way. Some lay aside their outer garment for the time; others prepare to put forth their strength by fastening a belt or girdle round the waist, and by layin bare the arms to the shoulders. Thus Elijah "girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to Jezreel;" and the sacred writings abound in passages which, like this, illustrate the habits of those who wear the Oriental costume.

Always do What is Right.

The truly great are those who always do what is right. To be withheld from acting wisely and conscientiously, by motives of temporary policy or fear, to behave like a traitor to the principles of justice, a man should think less of what may be said of his conduct at the time, than of the verdict that may be pronounced a few years in advance. It is by neglecting this, by sacrificing principle to expediency, that character is lost; and character lost is with difficulty regained. Besides, the first decline from right leads to others.—It is like the start in sliding down hill.

But there is a worse feature than even in succumbing to baseness, meaness, or wrong. Habits soon drill the moral perception, so that in time men come to perpetuate, without a remorseful pang, acts at which originally they would have been astounded. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" is the indignant exclamation of many a person who, eventually, commits the very deed he abhorred. Arnold's treason grew up in his mind by slow degrees, nurtured by extravagance, and supposed neglect. Washington, always being rigidly correct, left behind a name, that will never cease to be reverenced. To say merely that "honesty is the best policy," and thus appeal to the selfish part of nature, is a poor way to educate man to do right conscientiously. Better the nobler and higher ground that right should be done for right's sake. —*Phila. Ledger.*

An Incident.

One day I saw a little fellow with his arms about a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her.

'Tommy,' said I, 'what are you doing here?'

'Nothin,' sir, spoke the bright eyed little witch; 'he wath tryin' to kith me, tho he wath, thur,' and she eyed him keenly.

'Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly right here in school?' I asked, anticipating some fun.

'Oh! he hitched up here and then he wanted me to kith him, and I told him that I wouldn't kith thuch a thumpy boy ath he ith; then he thaid he'd kith me, and I told him that he dathn't, but he thaid he would do it, and I told him that I would tell the mather if he did, but he thaid he didn't care a thnap for the mather and then tried to kith me tho hard,' and the little thing sighed.

'Why didn't you tell me as you said you would?' I asked in a pleasant manner.

'Oh,' she replied, with a *naivete* I did not often see, 'I didn't care much if he did kith me, tho I let 'im.'

Here the whole school, who had been listening intently, broke out in an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed very deeply.—*Cincinnati.*

The Jew.

By recent accounts we learn that efforts in behalf of the Jews in Europe are attended with encouraging success. The London Society have ninety-one laborers, of whom fifty-one are converted Israelites. In Poland, during the past thirty years four hundred Jews have been converted; in the Duchy of Posen eight hundred Jewish children are in christian schools; in Berlin there are two thousand baptized Jews; in one chapel in London seven hundred adult Jews have been baptized, and other efforts are made in Constantinople, Basle, and Strasburg.

TRUSTING INNOCENCE.—A backwoodsman, who had never seen a pair of sugar-tongs, being invited to a tea-party, requested a person who unhappily sat near him to give him some information respecting its use. "It is a very ingenious instrument," said the cruel wag, "which has been lately invented for the purpose of blowing the nose. It is now in use in genteel society, and it is expected that the disgusting custom of using the fingers will be altogether abolished." The sugar dish was handed around; the unfortunate victim seized the tongs, and the polite part of the assembly were scandalized at the *outre* application of the instrument and the tremendeous explosion which followed.

Man's happiness spring manly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulous, and are followed by a reaction, which produces a flow of spirits.

A Wyoming County Husband Sold for $500.—The Cleveland Plaindealer tells the following:

"A lady passed through here a few days since in hot pursuit of her husband, who had been smitten with a smart attack of 'passional attraction,' and had ran away with another woman from Wyoming county, New York, to Loran county. She took a brace of officers from this city, and went to Flyria. The gentleman snuffing the approach of danger, left his money with a nephew to effect a diversion with the enemy, and took the cars for the South. On reflection, he suspected the honesty of his nephew, and took the next train back to look after his money. Here he encountered the pursuing party, and negotiations were opened. It resulted in the lady's selling out all her right, title and good will, in and to her husband, and his purchasing a dishonorable peace, for five hundred dollars. The lady returned to Wyoming without a husband, but with a pocket full of rocks."

☞ The Metropolitan Hotel, New York, which contains over five hundred rooms, and cost about half a million of dollars to build and fit up, has 1 cashier and 6 office men; 2 stewards, 3 bar-keepers, 1 wine man, 2 store men, 2 housekeepers, 3 police watch, 2 linen women, 1 carpenter, 2 painters, 1 engineer and fireman, 1 cabinet-maker and upholsterer, 1 locksmith, 6 firemen, 20 porters, 16 ironers, 16 cleaning girls, 16 chamber-maids, 15 washers—ladies' ordinary, 30 men—gents' ordinary, 20 men—30 rotunda or bell men, 4 pastry cooks, 3 bakers, 1 head cook, and 20 assistants in kitchen—making in the aggregate 229 persons employed about the house. A better hotel, in all respects, does not perhaps exist in the world.

Cannibals among the Indians.—The Hon. G. D. Williams recently returned to Detroit from a visit to the Chippewas, who reside near Grand Portage, within a few miles of the national boundary between the United States and Canada. While there he became acquainted with the Bois Torte Indians, a tribe that often suffers from a want of provisions. The last winter was a peculiarly hard one, and in the course of it this tribe were reduced to the revolting and horrible strait of eating their own children, which they did to the extent of almost extermination. He saw and conversed with two women of the tribe, one of whom had given up two and another three children, successively, to be slain and eaten. We had hardly supposed that cannibals existed so near our very borders.

CHURCH TOWER BLOWN DOWN.—*Hous Out in Twain.*—Early Saturday morning the tower of the new Episcopal Church in Hudson, N. Y., the tower or steeple being upwards of two hundred feet high, was blown down by a gale of wind. It fell with terrific din, and in its descent cut a frame dwelling literally in twain. The inhabitants had just arisen, and fortunately no one was injured. Had the accident occurred ten minutes before, several would have inevitably been crushed to death, as the steeple fell in such a manner that the beds they had vacated were pulverized. The building was cut in two as cleverly as could be done by mechanical means.

"A Few Days."

This seems to be all the rage at present. The Louisville Times thus takes it off, which suits this section exceedingly well:

"You present a man a small account, he will pay you in a few days; pretty girls expect to marry in a few days; nigger boys whistle a few days; brass bands blow out a few days; high fellows sing a few days; and we expect to give our readers some interesting local news in a few days."

And we are hoping that a great many of our subscribers will send the amount of their dues in a few days. In fact we know they will, for some of them have been promising to "do that little thing" every few days for a year or two. We expect them to be "in funds" in a few days.—*Bellville Advocate.*

Prairie Fires.—At Bloomington, Iowa, for the last three weeks the skies have been rendered so brilliant by the burning prairies that pedestrians have been able to make their way safely and pleasantly without other light, even in very cloudy nights with no moon. These fires may be seen in a cloudy night a distance of twenty or thirty miles across the prairies, lighting up the heavens halfway up the zenith, with the most gorgeous colors, and as changeable almost as those of the kaleidoscope.

The Liquor Traffic in Indiana.—There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts. This disability, just now, gives the negroes the monopoly of the carrying trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, and the liquor dealers are not afraid to sell to them, they are very generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller and the consumer of the prohibited article.

A Love of a Bonnet.

We insert, for the benefit of our lady readers, the following elegant and poetical receipt for making a fashionable bonnet.—We hope the "dear creatures" will appreciate our civility:

"Two scraps of foundation, some fragments of lace,
A shower of French rosebuds to droop o'er the face;
Fine ribbons and feathers, with crape illusion,
Then mix and derange them in graceful confusion;
Inveigle some fairy, out roaming for pleasure,
And beg the slight favor of taking her measure;
The length and the breadth of her dear little pate,
And hasten a miniature frame to create;
Then pour, as above, the bright mixture upon it,
And lo! you possess such a love of a bonnet."

Young America at the Plow.—A plowing match for boys came off last week at the Black Boar, in Bucks county, Pa., when nine lads, the oldest only 17 years of age, started for the prizes, finishing their allotted work in a superior manner. The first prize of $10 was won by James Gosnell, aged 15. The other eight all received prizes varying from $8 to $3.