THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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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.

" Emmitsburg, 3, P. M., "

Mail to Benderswille, 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: Franklin 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.
State: David Mainger.
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 Herner, 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 L ge meets on Tuesday evening of each week
S. of T. Adams Divis n 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 R. 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: Rob'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 first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.

WHAT LUCY SAID.—In a late speech, Lucy Stone said, "We know that there is cotton in the ears of men. Let us look for hope in the bosoms of women.—*Exchange.*

She probably meant to say, "better look for hope in the eyes of men, for we know there is cotton in the bosoms of women."

If a girl thinks more of her heels than her head, depend upon it she will never amount to much. Brains which settle in the shoes never gets above them. Young man note this.

A Sacred Melody.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

If you bright stars that gem the night
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite
Whom death has torn asunder here:
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this blighted orb afar—
Mix soul with soul, to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.

But, oh! how dark, how drear, how lone,
Would seem the brightest world of bliss,
If, wand'ring through each radiant zone,
We failed to find the loved of this!
If there no more the ties should twine
Which deaths cold hand alone can sever,
Ah! then these stars in mockery shine,
More hateful as they shine forever!

It cannot be! Each hope and fear
That lights the eye and clouds the brow
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world which holds us now!
There is a voice which sorrow hears
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain
'Tis heaven that whispers: "Dry thy tears;
The pure in heart shall live again!"

The Merry Heart.

'Tis well to have a merry heart,
However short we stay;
There's wisdom in a merry heart,
What'er the word may say.
Philosophy may lift its head
And find out many a flaw,
But give me the philosopher
That's happy with a straw.

If life but brings us happiness,
It brings us, we are told,
What's hard to buy, the rich ones try
With all their heaps of gold;
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most will truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

Ther's beauty in the merry heart,
A moral beauty, too;
It shows the heart's an honest heart
That's paid each man his due;
And lent a share of what's to spare,
Despite of wisdom's fears,
And makes the cheek less sorrow speak,
And eyes weep fewer tears.

The sun may shroud itself in cloud,
The tempest wrath begin;
It finds a spark to cheer the dark,
Its sunlight is within;
Then laugh away, let others say
Whate'er they will of mirth;
Who laughs the most may truly boast
He's got the wealth of earth.

The Two Heirs.

"I remember," says a late Postmaster General of the United States, "the first time I visited Burlington, Vt., as judge of the Supreme Court. I had left it many years before, a poor boy. At the time I left, there were two families of special note for their standing and wealth. Each of them had a son about my own age. I was very poor, and these two boys were very rich. During the long years of hard toil which passed before my return, I had almost forgotten them. They had long ago forgotten me.

Approaching the Court House for the first time, in company with several gentlemen of the bench and the bar, I noticed in the Court yard, a large pile of old furniture about to be sold at auction. The scenes of early boyhood, with which I was surrounded, prompted me to ask whose it was. I was told it belonged Mr. J. "Mr. J.?" "I remember a family of that name. very wealthy; there was a son, too; can it be he?" I was told it was even so.—He was the son of one of the families already alluded to. He had inherited more than I had earned, and spent it all; and now his own family was reduced to real want, and his very furniture was that day to be sold for debt.

I went into the Court House suddenly, yet almost glad that I was born poor I was soon absorbed in the business before me. One of the first cases called, originated in a low drunken quarrel between Mr. H. and Mr. A. Mr. H., thought I, that is a familiar name. Can it be? In short, I found that this was indeed the son of the other wealthy man referred to! I was overwhelmed alike with astonishment and thanksgiving—astonishment in the change in our relative standings, and thanksgiving that I was not born to inherit wealth without toil."

Those fathers provide best for their children who leave them the highest education, the purest morals, and—the least money.

COMPLIMENTS.—The first meeting between Daniel Webster and Judge Buel, the celebrated horticulturist of Albany, was remarked by the interchange of compliments of a very *flowery* character. They were introduced by the Hon. John J. Crittenden who, on presenting Mr. Webster, said:—"This is Judge Buel, who cultivates the finest *flowers* of the *field*, and this is the Hon Daniel Webster, who *culls* the choicest *flowers* of *rhetoric*."

Mr. Webster then happily observed, "your *flowers* produce *fruit*; mine, I fear may prove abortive."

To this Judge Buel, with equal felicity replied:

"My *flowers*, sir, are *annual* and *evanescent*, while your's promise a *perpetual bloom*."

METHODIST ELOCUTION.—The Rev. John Gruber, well known as an eccentric minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church being very desirous to correct an error in the elocution of one of his young brethren, much given to the melodious termination of each sentence with an emphatic "ah," wrote the following queer letter to him:

"Dear-ah Brother-ah:—when-ah you-ah go-ah to-ah preach-ah take-ah care-ah you-ah don't-ah say-ah ah-ah-ah-ah!

Yours-ah,
JOHN-AH GRUBER-AH."

The latest and apparently the fairest estimate of the religious condition of the earth, is as follows: Pagans, 676,000,000; Christians, 320,000,000; Mohammedans, 140,000,000; Jews, 14,000,000. Of Christians, there are 170,000,000 Catholics; 90,000,000 Protestants; 60,000,000 of the Greek church.

There are 300,000 volumes in the private libraries of Boston. Ten of these libraries contain 92,000 volumes.

The Little Factory Boy.

In the town of M—— there are many large cotton factories; and not only are thousands of men and women employed in them, but a great number of children, who work so many hours in the day that they feel but little inclined for learning to read in the evening. What a blessing for them is a Sunday school, and how grateful they should be to the kind people who teach them!

A litte boy, whom I will call James, worked in a factory, and on the Sabbath went to a Sunday school. He was so attentive and so diligent, that he rose to what is called the New Testament class, the teacher of which was a pious man.—Now there was a rule in that school that the teachers should, at least once a month, speak to the scholars separately; and by this means a teacher became better acquainted with the thoughts and feelings of every one of his class, and knew how to give suitable advice, encouragement or reproof. Many children had cause to thank God for this rule, and among them James.

One Sunday, when about eleven years of age, he was called up, as usual, to his teacher, who, observing that the poor little fellow looked very sad, kindly said,—"Well, James, how have you been getting on?"

He hung down his head and made no answer.

"Have you prayed during the week?" inquired the teacher. "You know, James, that I told you what to do. Did you pray the last week in the factory, as I advised you?"

"Yes, sir," said James.

"Well, how is it, James, that you are so cast down to-day? Did you pray at home?"

"Yes, sir; I went up stairs one day at noon, as you told me to do, and prayed to God. And as I was praying my father came up stairs; and, hearing me praying, he came into the room and beat me very hard, and threw me into the street, and he cursed and swore very much, and said that he would have no praying there."

Perhaps, my dear readers, I ought to have told you before that Jamo's father was one of those fools who say there is no God. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." He was a drunkard; and he wished exceedingly that there was no God to punish him for his wickedness.

In reply to the little boy's sad account, the teacher said, "Well, James, I am very sorry for you. I suppose you have not prayed any more since?"

"Only once since, at the factory," answered James

"You must continue to pray to God," said the teacher, "and ask him to give you a new heart, and implant a right spirit within you; and God will hear your prayer and bless you, for he has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' Now, James, as your father will not serve God, nor let you serve him, I will tell you what to do. You must take every opportunity, when your father is out, to pray; but when you do so, always pray that God would bless your father and change his heart. And pray to God to forgive your father, as you have forgiven him. I hope you have forgiven him, have you?"

"Yes, sir," answered James.

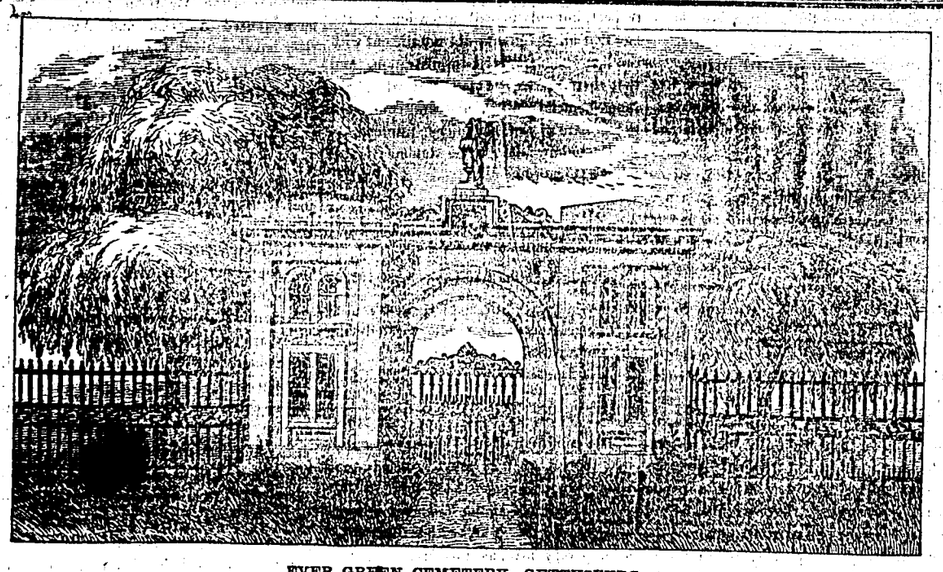
"That's a good boy," said the teacher; "for, except we forgive, we cannot expect God to forgive our sins."

Of course, the young scholar well understood that all prayer must be offered up in the name of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ; it is for his sake prayer is answered. To poor James the wicked conduct of his father was a trial; but in his absence, he used to follow the good teacher's advice, and to go up stairs to pour out his soul in prayer to God.

Some time after the severe beating, I do not know how long, the little boy came home from the factory, as usual, at the dinner hour; and, not finding his father there, retired immediately to the room in which he slept, and kneeling down, began to pray aloud. The man returned unexpectedly, and going upstairs for something he wanted, thought he heard talking; and so he listened. It was his son at prayer. He stood awhile listening, and heard James earnestly imploring God to have mercy upon his father. "O Lord!" said the child, with fervor, "forgive my wicked father, as I have forgiven him!" This was too much for the father. His heart was touched—God had touched it. He rushed into the room—not as before, to beat poor James; not to drag him down stairs by the hair—O no; he took the astonished boy in his arms, carried him down, and placing him in the middle of the room, desired his wife and all his children to kneel down, and then requested the boy to pray for them.

From this happy day James always prayed in the family. His father not only believed in God, and regularly attended public worship, but deeply repented of his sins. God forgave him for Christ's sake, and changed his heart, filling it with love for his Saviour. I wish I could tell you more about this family; but I only know that the father felt it was his duty to go to the Sunday School, and return thanks for the great benefits he owed to the instruction which had been given to his son. No doubt Jame's prayers and good example had been a blessing to his brothers and sisters, and perhaps to their mother; for, when speaking to the superintendent, the father said, "I am come to thank you for the benefit I and my family have received through my son's coming to this school."

How grateful and happy must Jame's teacher have been! I highly respect Sunday school teachers. O may this article encourage them to speak faithfully to the dear children God has committed to their care! May they pray much for heavenly wisdom! May the Holy Spirit lead them and their scholars into the way of all truth, and give them a joyful meeting where they shall part no more!



EVER GREEN CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG.

Anecdotes about Spiritualists.

BY SENATOR TALMADGE.

In my introduction to the "Healing of the Nations" I state the following case:—In June, 1853, after my return from New York, where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a medium would be developed that would be all I could desire. I asked who it would be? It was answered, a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I had four daughters. It was answered, Emily.—I was then directed when a circle should be formed at my house, to put Emily at the piano. I asked will you teach her to play?" It was answered, "you will see." Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark that she never know a note in music, and never played a tune on the piano in her life. The reason is this: the country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself or other members of the family. I soon formed a circle in my own family as directed. Emily took paper and pencil.—Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to strike the table as if striking the keys of a piano. This reminded me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed it to her, and, though naturally diffident, she at once complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played "Beethoven's Grand Waltz," in a style that would do credit to one well advanced in music. She then played many familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Last Rose of Summer," "Hail to the Chief," "Old Folks at Home," "Lilly Dale," &c. She then played an air entirely new, and sang it with words improvised or impressed for the occasion. New and beautiful airs continued to be sung and played by her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

I now add the following as cognate to the above:—On one occasion I saw a young lady entranced, and in that state, with her eyes closed, played on the piano from one to two hours, without intermission in the most superb style. All the pieces played purported to be composed by spirits, and were never heard or played before. Amongst others was a "dirge," which, to my ear, surpassed any music of the kind I ever heard; and the music and the style of playing it were equal to what we understand of the most eminent performers and composers. She also played a "battle piece" never heard before. Nothing of the kind could surpass it. There were the approaches, the attack, the charge of cavalry, and parts representing the peculiarities of the French, English, Irish, Scotch, &c.—The Scotch brigade came up under the music of the bagpipes; and it would seem impossible to give such a perfect imitation of the bagpipes on the piano. Afterwards came the burial of the dead, the slow and solemn music to the grave, the perfect resemblance to the muffled drum directly under the feet of the medium, the volleys of musketry, the booming of cannon at intervals in the distance, and the quick and lively air on the return. The eyes of the medium were closed during the whole performance. The style of playing and the fingering of the instrument were entirely different, and the artistic skill far surpassed her playing in her normal state. In truth, except under this influence, she had not the physical ability to play such a length of time without intermission. She purported to be influenced by some of the old masters. The style of music was changed from time to time, as if some new performer had just appeared. During the performance, the piano at intervals, and for fifteen or twenty minutes in succession, would beat time to the music by raising the two front feet from the floor, and still striking the floor so gently as not to disturb the music in the least. The piano was so large and ponderous that a strong man could scarcely raise the front feet from the floor.

On another occasion, whilst four of us, the medium being one, were sitting around the parlor fire, the piano on the opposite side of a large room was played with no human being near it. The performance was of the most splendid character. I have often heard Strakosch and De Meyer, and say, without hesitation, that in style and execution they never surpassed it. The piano was then closed by the spirits. The same music was repeated, with this difference only—that it was not so loud, on account of the piano being closed. The piano was then opened by the same power, and played by striking the keys on the inside, instead of the keys. Oh! what a wonderful thing is this "odylic force," that supersedes mind in making intelligence.—*National Intelligencer.*

Madame Rachael.

The story of her life is full of incident, as the following brief outline will sufficiently illustrate:

On a cold evening in January, about the year 1830, Choron, the founder of an academy for music in Paris, was charmed by the silver voice of a child singing out the most delightful cadences upon the wintry air. It was little Rachael singing for her supper. Choron pressed through the crowd who were gathering around her, and in utter amazement gazed upon a delicate little girl of ten or twelve summers, thinly clad, and standing in the snow, the very image of desolation. With her benumbed fingers she held out a wooden bowl for a sou, and in it Choron dropped a silver coin. Her heart was touched, and the deepest feeling of interest for the little wanderer was awakened.

'My child,' he asked, 'who taught you to sing so well?'

'Nobody, sir,' said the little girl, while her teeth chattered; 'I have just learned as I could.'

'But where did you learn those beautiful airs which you sing, and which I do not know?'

'Indeed, sir, I have learned a little of them everywhere. When I go about the streets I listen under the windows to those ladies and gentlemen who sing. I try to catch the airs and the words, and afterwards arrange them the best way I can.'

'You are cold and hungry; come with me, and I will give you food and clothing,' said the good Choron; and the crowd clapped their hands. But they lost their little Rachael—she never again sang on the Boulevards. Choron obtained permission of her parents to give her a musical education, and under his tuition her wonderful vocal powers rapidly developed. Death took away her benefactor, and she returned awhile to her miserable parents.

The little girl was just budding into the bloom of a graceful and fascinating woman. She looked to the stage as the means of obtaining bread, and succeeded in making an engagement at the Gymnase, one of the minor theatres of Paris. She made no impression, and the audiences refused to applaud. She was disappointed, but not discomfitted. From an old clothes merchant of her own race she borrowed an odd volume of Racine, and was charmed with the tragedy of *Adromache*. She recited the part of the daughter *Helene*; her eyes filled with tears of deep emotion, but she said to her mother, 'I know my destiny—I will perform tragedy.'

Through the influence of a retired actor she obtained an engagement at the Theatre Francaise, and her appearance in the characters of Racine met with great applause. The Parisians were in ecstacies. The singing-girl of the Boulevards was apotheosized as the 'Tragic Muse'. Her salary was first fixed at 4,000 francs; the second season it was raised to 15,000 francs. The courts of France and England soon delighted to pay her homage; and within ten years from the hour when Choron took her half frozen from the streets of Paris, she wore a gorgeous diamond necklace with the words "*Victoria to Rachael*" emblazoned upon it!

A LONDON FOG.—Few persons can form any idea of the density of a London fog, from what they occasionally see in this country. On the 15th and 16th of November a dense fog prevailed in London and its vicinity, during which steamboats and omnibuses ceased to run, hacks and cabs got on the side-walks, numbers of persons walked over the wharves into the Thames, and were drowned; similar accidents took place in the docks and basins of several docks, with many fatal results; persons were stopped and robbed in the streets with impunity, and several ships were plundered in day time, without a possibility of efficient interference by the police, so dense was the misty pall that overspread the monster city.

REWARDS OFFERED.—Barnum offers five hundred dollars for the hen that "laid a wager." One hundred for the cat that was "let out of the bag." Two hundred for the cow that "chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy." And three hundred and sixty for the horse that lives upon the "wild oats" sowed by a "fast" young man.

I didn't know what it Meant.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four bladed, the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad! Oh yes, yet the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went,
And my heart thumped wonderously pit-a-pat,
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half afraid but he coaxed and coaxed,
And he got me on at last.
Laughing and chattering in merry glee,
To my home his course he bent,
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily ripling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullaby is
And ——*now I know what it meant!*

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—How natural it is for man to undervalue his influence, especially when it is evil! and how difficult to realize the fact, that his influence will live after him. Mrs. Shelley has an excellent story of a German student, who devoted himself for many years to intense study, to discover the principle of animal vitality—the secret source of sentiment life. He moulded a mass of clay into human form, and attempted to breath or transfuse into it the living principle, which he believed he had discovered. The experiment succeeded! The creature moved, opened its stony eyes, and sprang up before him, a human creature, a living being. But, alas! what was his consternation and horror to find that the body which he had formed and embued with life, was animated by the spirit of a demon, and that he was sending upon society a being of his own creation, armed with power and malignity to scatter desolation thro' the world, in all coming time, without the possibility of checking its fatal ravages, or recalling the fatal gift which he had so presumptuously conferred. Precisely so it is with that man who sends forth upon the world around him the baneful influence of a corrupt and vicious life.—*Western Recorder.*

OCCUPATION.—The following thoughts on occupation we extract from Mrs. Stephens' 'Old Homstead.'

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupation, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present.—Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle.—Grief after all is but a selfish feeling: and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any which brings no joy to his fellow man.

SHARPENING EDGED TOOLS.—We translate the following from a German scientific journal for the benfit of our mechanics and agricultural laborers:

"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muratic acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of whetstone by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing futher but a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained.

"Of late this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman at the beginning of his noon-spell, or when he leaves off in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidified as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting, which moreover speedily wears out the blades. The mode of sharpening here indicated would be found especially advantageous for sickles and scythes."

PROCRASTINATION.—It is with our good intentions as with our dishes—to-morrow is but too often the hash of to-day.

Hooped Skirts.

The raging fashion in New York of hooped skirts, is touched off in the following inimitable style by one of the New York papers. This fashion has not reached this region, and we hope it never will. Our 'boys' always like to be close to the 'gals,' but they won't go to the singing school, or any other place where the gals do congregate, if they imbibe the hooped skirt fever—cause they don't like to 'stand off':

"Oh! Venus de Medicis! such skirts and waists! How can we embrace them at all positively, where there is no such a thing as getting around them in one effort? Skirts have swollen to that extent of fashion, that no door is wide enough for them to pass through without some considerable squeezing. Real 'belles' of the fashion now seem like moving bells, literally so that the mullets and men have to steer well in the streets, else they will run against ropes, hoops, bag-matting, cainoline, and the duce knows what, which now inhabit the lady's dress, and completely take up the side-walks.

The other day we happened to see one of the "dumpy" kind of moving belles of fashion, sailing along the street a la "pointer" style—hands close and skirts out.—At forty paces distant they seemed like miniature pyramids of silk; at twenty paces a strong smell of cologne water and other essences; at ten paces a little lamp like a bonnet was discernable at the top of the skirt pyramid; at three paces distant the embedded voice of a female in the dress could be heard; at two paces, four ringlets of slim appearance resembling cat-tails dipped in molasses were discovered—two eyes of weak and consumptive expression resembling boiled onions—lips like unto sandwiches with a bit of discolored beafsteak sucking out—and cheecks 'roughed' with *mien fun.* (Chinese coloring) This was all that could create in us the impression or imagination, that the above things, dry goods etc. formed a woman! We moved aside to allow canvas, ropes and hoops to pass, and went on our way rejoicing that such was not our share of what happy husbands like to term, 'Oh! my honey!'

FASHIONABLE CHURCH IN NEW YORK.—You enter the church porch. The portly sexton, with his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest, meets you at the door. He glances at you, your coat and hat are new, so he graciously escorts you to an eligible seat in the broad aisle. Close behind you follows a poor, meek, plainly clad seamstress, relieved from her treadmill round to think one day in seven of the immortal. The sexton is struck with sudden blindness. She stands embarrassed one moment, then, as the truth dawns upon her, retraces her steps, and, with a crimson blush recrosses the threshold which she has profaned with her plebian feet. Hark to the organ. It is a strain from Norma, slightly Sabbath-ized.—Now the worshippers one after another glide in—silks rattle—plumes wave—satin glistens—diamonds glitter and scores of forty dollar handkerchiefs shake out their perfumed odors. What absurdity to preach the Gospel of the lowly Nazarite to such a seat. The clergyman knows better than to do so. He values his fat salary and handsome parsonage too highly. So with a velvet tread he walks all around the ten commandments—places the downiest pillow under the dying profligate's head—and ushers him with seraphic hymning into an upper ten Heaven.—*Fanny Fern.*

THE 'HARD SHELL BAPTISTS' are a well known sect in the south and southwest. They go dead against all Bible, temperance, and education societies; hate missions to the heathen, and all modern schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to learning, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent relates the following of one of their preachers:

'Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.'

The one behind strove to correct his blunder by saying out aloud: '*Abraham warn't thar.*'

But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interuption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.'

'And I say,' cried out the other, '*Abraham warn't thar.*'

The hard shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people exclaimed with great indignation, 'I say Abraham was *thar, or thar* abouts.'

SOMETHING THE PRIEST COULDN'T BURN.—A Romish Priest in Ireland meeting a boy with a bible in his hand, which he had got at a Protestant school, took him home, and on entering his room threw the bible into the fire, telling the boy that it was a bad book, and he should not read it again, at the same time forbidding him to go to the school again. The boy was at first sad, but soon began to smile. The priest insisted on knowing why he laughed. "I can't help laughing," he replied, "for I was thinking your reverence couldn't burn those ten chapters I've got by heart."

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY, N. Y.—The Troy Whig says that the number of devotees to the spiritualist doctrines in that city is estimated by a gentleman, whose it regards as sufficient authority, at twelve hundred. These embrace, it says, many of our leading citizens—men of worth and intellect, who deduce their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and are by no means to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory.

The Chinese appear to be returning to their old homes from California. One ship from San Francisco to Hong Kong took back 400, and another about the same time took back 200 of that race.