

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1857.

NUMBER 52.

NEW FIRM!

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes.

THE undersigned having purchased from Wm. W. Paxton, Esq., his entire stock of Goods, will continue the business at the old stand, in Chambersburg street, a few doors west of the corner of the firm of BRINGMAN & AUGHRINBAUGH, and solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally. We have made arrangements largely to increase our stock of

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes. and will always keep on hand a full assortment of all kinds, suitable to the season, which will be sold at the lowest possible prices. Hoping, by strict attention to business, to merit a liberal patronage, we invite all needing anything in our line to call and examine our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Geo. E. BRINGMAN, BRINGMAN & AUGHRINBAUGH, Gettysburg, Jan. 9, 1857.—If

MOST BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

MISS McLELLAN'S

HAS added to her already large stock a new and elegant assortment of MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, to which she would invite the attention of her friends and the public, believing that an examination will satisfy them that her Goods are the best selected and most fashionable as well as the cheapest ever offered in this place. The assortment comprises

Cashmere, Silks, De Lanes, Gingham Calicoes, De Bage, Colgate, Gowns, Muslin, Linen, Sack, Trimmings, Satins, Ladies' Dress Trimmings, Velvets, Artificial, Black Veils, Blue do, Gloves, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, French Wrinkled collars, Cambric, Jacknet and Swiss Edgings, Insertings, Madras, Stripes, Mohair and Silk Mitts, Black Lace and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Brads, Pins, &c., &c.

Call and examine for yourselves. Gettysburg, Nov. 14, 1856.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, DRUGS & MEDICINES.

Increased Assortment.

A. D. BUEHLER has added to his former stock of Goods an unusually large assortment of Classical, School and Miscellaneous

Books, embracing all the text Books used in the College, Common Schools, and standard Classic authors, with the recent popular publications, constituting a larger assortment than ever before opened in Gettysburg. Also

STATIONERY

of all kinds; Cap, Letter and Note Paper, of the best quality, Envelopes, Gold Pens and Pencils, Pen-Knives, &c., with a large assortment of

Fancy Goods,

to which he invites attention, being prepared to sell at unusually low prices. He has also largely increased his stock of

Drugs and Medicines,

which can be relied upon as the best in the market. Arrangements have been effected by which any article in his line of business can be promptly ordered from the city. Gettysburg, Nov. 2, 1856.

AND STILL THEY COME.

JUST received at HOKE'S Store, a large supply of Winter Goods, the cheapest ever offered in market. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell very cheap for Cash. Also, very cheap Millinery Goods. All Goods cut free of charge. Ready-made Clothing on hand which will be sold low. JOHN HOKE, Gettysburg, Dec. 19, 1856.

BIGGEST STOCK,

And the Cheapest!

THE undersigned would inform the good people of Adams county and the rest of the world, that he has received an extra large supply of all kinds of MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Buffalo Robes, &c., from New York; and although goods have advanced in price, he is able and determined to sell at a price less than heretofore.

Country Merchants are invited to call—he will sell them Goods lower than they can buy in the city. No one can compete with him, unless he buys his Goods as he does: that is to say, go to New York and buy three or four months, and watch the chances.

A word to the wise is sufficient. If you need such Goods as he keeps, go to him and make your purchases, to save money. MARCUS SAMSON, Oct. 31, 1856.

NEW GOODS.

Come this way, if you want to save at least 20 per cent. of your money. COBBAN & PAXTON have just received, and are now opening the largest and best selected stock of GOODS, in their line of business, ever offered in Gettysburg, to wit:

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes.

Overseas and socks, Umbrellas, Trunks, Carpet Bags, Fancy Window Blinds, Stationery, Perfumery, and a variety of Notions; also the largest stock of

QUEENSWARE, CHINA, GLASS,

Stones and Earthen Ware, ever offered in Adams county—all of which they are determined to sell lower than they can be had at any other Establishment in the County. Call at COBBAN & PAXTON'S, south east Corner of the Diamond. No trouble to show Goods. Oct. 10, 1856.

HARDWARE—Another large supply.

PUBLIC SALE.

On Monday the 16th of March,

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale, at his residence in Butler township, near Aroostook, and about 4 of a mile from Becharoville, the following personal Property, to wit:

4 HORSES.

1 yearling Colt, Cows, Young Cattle, 7 head of hogs, 1 two horse Wagon, 1 one horse Wagon, Ploughs, Harrows, 1 Sleigh, Winnowing Mill, Cutting-box, Grain in the ground, a lot of Horse Gears, Shovel, Forks, Wheelbarrow—Also, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads and bedding, 1 air-tight Cookstove, 1 ten-plate Stove and pipe, Bacon, Lard, Applebutter, a lot of excellent Vinegar, Trunks, Barrels, 3 Copper Kettles, 1 Iron Kettle, and a great variety of Household and Kitchen Furniture.

Attendance will be given and terms made known by JACOB KECKLER, Feb. 20.—3*

PUBLIC SALE.

On Tuesday the 24th of March, at 9 o'clock, A. M.,

THE undersigned, intending to remove to the West, will sell at Public Sale, at his residence in Butler township, about midway between Bendersville and Middletown, the following valuable Personal Property, to wit:

2 HEAD OF WORK HORSES.

1 two year old Colt, 6 head of Milch Cows, a number Young Cattle, 5 hogs, a four horse narrow track Wagon, Lined-hed, Hay and Wood Ladders, a good Carriage, Sleigh, Harness, Gears, Chains, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Winnowing Mill, Cutting-box, Grain Cradles, Scythes, Forks, Rakes, and a variety of other farming utensils. Also, 1 Table, Chairs, Bedsteads, Bureau, Corner Cupboard, Mirrors, Carpeting, two ten plate and one parlor Stove, Barrels, Tubs, Kettles, Meat Vessels, and a variety of Household and Kitchen Furniture. Also, Corn and Oats by the bushel, a lot of Potatoes, Lumber, four Scaps of Beef.

If the above are not sold in one day the Sale will be continued on the succeeding day until all are sold.

Attendance will be given and terms made known by W. M. H. WRIGHT, Feb. 20.—4d

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Henry Stoenhagen, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on Thursday the 12th day of March next, at the late residence of said deceased, near Gettysburg, (York Springs), the following property, to wit: Five good work Horses, 1 three year old Colt, 1 two year old and one yearling Colt, 1 young Station, 3 years old this Spring, 6 Milch Cows, 9 head young Cattle, 5 Sheep, 10 Hogs, 1 breeding Sow, 1 hen, 1 rooster, 1 road Wagon, and 2 Wagon-bodies wood and covers, 1 plantation Wagon and a good lime bed, 2 one-horse Wagon, 1 Carriage and Harness, 2 Sleighs, 2 sets of Hay Ladders, one just new, one first rate Winnowing Mill, and excellent Threshing Machine and horse power. Ploughs, Harrows, shovel and fork Ploughs, a lot of horse gears, and a variety of other farming utensils. Wheat, Corn and Oats by the bushel, Hay by the ton, and a lot of Corn-meal. Also, a variety of household goods, such as Bedsteads and Bedding, one case of Drawers, Tables, Chairs, one Halfway Cookstove and one ten plate Stove, a lot of Carpeting, Bacon and Lard, and a great variety of household and kitchen furniture too numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by W. M. H. WEBB, Adm'r, Feb. 13, 1857.—15*

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscribers, intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, at their residence, 12 miles north east of Cashtown, on Friday next, the following Personal Property, to wit: 4 head of Horses and Horse Gears, 1 wagon Saddle, 1 side Saddle, 7 head of Milch Cows, 1 splendid Bull, 1 head of young Cattle, 1 Sow with piglets, 9 Shoats, 1 narrow track Wagon, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Corn Crusher, 1 Corn Mill, 1 Corn Sheller, Corn by the bushel, 2 grain Cradles, Ploughs, Harrows, pair new Hay Ladders, and a large lot of Bags. Also, Household and Kitchen furniture, consisting of Bedsteads, Carpeting, Bureau, Tables, Chairs, Cupboards, 1 Cook Stove and a first rate ten-plate Stove with pipe, 1 clock, 1 copper Kettle, 1 Iron Kettle, meat Vessels and Tubs. Also, a full assortment of Furniture and other articles to numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock on said days, when attendance will be given and terms made known by PETER ESHELMAN, JOSEPH ESHELMAN, Feb. 6, 1857.—14d

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscribers, intending to quit farming, will sell at Public Sale, at their residence, 12 miles north east of Cashtown, on Friday next, the following Personal Property, to wit: 4 head of Horses and Horse Gears, 1 wagon Saddle, 1 side Saddle, 7 head of Milch Cows, 1 splendid Bull, 1 head of young Cattle, 1 Sow with piglets, 9 Shoats, 1 narrow track Wagon, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Corn Crusher, 1 Corn Mill, 1 Corn Sheller, Corn by the bushel, 2 grain Cradles, Ploughs, Harrows, pair new Hay Ladders, and a large lot of Bags. Also, Household and Kitchen furniture, consisting of Bedsteads, Carpeting, Bureau, Tables, Chairs, Cupboards, 1 Cook Stove and a first rate ten-plate Stove with pipe, 1 clock, 1 copper Kettle, 1 Iron Kettle, meat Vessels and Tubs. Also, a full assortment of Furniture and other articles to numerous to mention.

Sale to commence at 9 o'clock on said days, when attendance will be given and terms made known by PETER ESHELMAN, JOSEPH ESHELMAN, Feb. 6, 1857.—14d

LADIES' DRESS FURS.

A Fine Assortment of new and elegant FANCY FURS, consisting, in part, of five French Sables, Ermine, Silver and Roch Martin, Genetti, and French Coy; all new and fashionable made into Mantlets, Cuffs, Vestures, Whistles, Muffs, &c.—just received and for sale at the Hat and Cap Store of S. S. McCREARY, 120 North Second Street, S. S. McCREARY, Dec. 19, 1856.—3L

COME ONE! COME ALL!

HERE WE ARE AGAIN! WITH the handsomest and cheapest Stock of NEW GOODS to be found in this place. All the newest styles are to be seen in the assortment, and many of them are really magnificent, without being costly. No time for particulars. Call in and see for yourselves, at J. L. SCHICK'S, On the Public Square, Oct. 31, 1856.

Flour for Sale.

If you want a good barrel of Flour, call at HOKE'S STORE, as he has made arrangements to have always the best, which will sell at 25 cents advance. JOHN HOKE, May 2, 1856.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

All goods cut free of charge by an experienced tailor. FARMER'S STORE, Oct. 10, 1856.

[For the Star and Banner.]

BY S. JACOB V.

A spirit of the muse, whose mind Awoke the world to strains profound; Whose mystic paths soared to find A nobler earth beneath the ground;

Whose clouded brow spoke storms of woe, Whose feet his foot his smiling flowers; Whose magic, mirthful, maddened flow Had vainly sought for keener powers;

Whose curses, prayers and fervid soul, Poured forth poetic rays sublime; Whose fondest, distant halcyon goal, Was near 'twixt death and lasting time.

As oft he loved beyond his bound, And idly sang of futile bays— So oft that love no objects found, And tamed his thoughts to other days.

He learned mankind, alas! too well; He saw how frail the human heart; He trod where human greatness fell, Yet dared to choose misfortune's part.

He sought the lucid haunts of fame, Then sprang its upward-soaring flight; He strove for power—pomp—a name, Then led them their seek chaotic night.

Thus Byron came and passed away, The victim of a thousand wrongs— A poet king—a meteor day— The genius of unrivalled songs.

Though men with sacerdotal tongue— Concocted minds unknown to fame— Too weak to sing as he sang, Would tarnish Byron's living name—

Let them but scan existence o'er— And glean their evil from the good— Won't many hearts, with grief, deplore That they now stand as Byron stood?

The poet sang his dark deeds, And nobly lashed his open hand; His mind spread forth his best seeds, Yet bore a secret, prayerful wand.

Unlike the constant-gliding crowd, With outward morals unsurpassed; Whose acts seem pure; whose prayers are loud;

Whose every thought shows heavenward cast. Such are not always what they seem, Nor can the world thus judge aright; Yet twinkling star and sunbeam beam Attend their God both "day and night."

Those strains profound are buried now; His soul is in his native soil; His vivid thought—his form is mute, But, ah! his deep, man-born renew, When nature crowns the mind of man, Must ever wipe away the frown.

And pour delight where hatred ran. When fancy finds a perfect muse, Without a single, sinful blot; When other hearts their fame can lose, Oh! then can Byron be forgot.

It is not our design to uphold the lawlessness of Lord Geo. N. Byron. But we are prone to remember and admire the good; to honor rather than blacken the character of the dead—and wish to render "justice to what is true."

The great majority of mankind have forgotten to be gracious in their eulogies upon this great poet. He has been classed with demons and infernals, and yet he was neither.

Although some of his most profound thoughts, as recorded, partake of infidelity, yet they were in every instance the result of a profound, yet careless and unnatural brain—made so by the free use of stimulants, such as wine, gin and water, &c. His error must be attributed to the head and not to the heart. We have conversed with the most prominent authors who have touched upon the subject of our theme; and we have carefully perused and meditated upon what we have learned; we have searched out all minor sketches within our scope, and after having done so, feel perfectly justified in opposing the too bitter censure that is constantly being poured upon the man. His natural mind was devout and prayerful, and when unpoisoned, his hand was ever open to the necessities of the poor and oppressed—which is a noble example for those to imitate, who would disturb his peaceful ashes by reckless abuse. We say to such—"Don't you," and several other of his most unworthy productions—remembering that Baccus did the deed, and that Byron, unlike the mass of humanity, beautifully endeavored to obscure his most noble deeds and wrongfully sang his darkest and most evil ones. Had ardent spirits, as already alluded to, been kept from his Lordship, we do not believe that any portion of his productions would have been unfit for the personal of the most modest and refined. The major part of his life was great; but for some years before his death he prayed frequently; wrote religiously, and at his death remarked to his constant servant—"I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people imagine." Thus Byron died under the influence of Christianity, to some degree. The world had done him injustice while he lived, and why should they not be just after he has departed into the presence of a more than earthly judge— Yet again, we say—select from his writings his most beautiful and profound—yet moral and religious productions, and "speak not too harshly of the dead."

ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.—The wit of Brougham in his better days, as well as his propensity to punning and impromptu, is well known. The following anecdote appears to be well authenticated:

The Duke of Gloucester, being in conversation with Lord Brougham on the subject of reform, grew so warm in the argument that he observed hastily the chancellor was very near a fool. Brougham replied that he could not think of contradicting the duke, and declared that he fully saw the force of his royal highness's position.

A young lady, who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whosoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

A bill is before the Louisiana Legislature allowing the head of each family to take a three dollar newspaper at the expense of the State.

A SWEDISH TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In Falun, a little town in Sweden, a hundred years and more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's day our love shall be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art all in all, and without thee I would choose my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their nuptial in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's Day pronounced the words, "If now any one can show good reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," death was at hand.

The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb, already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window, and said good morning. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embroidered for him on that very morning, a black cravat with a red border for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to weep or mourn for him.

Meanwhile time passed on; the Seven Year's War was fought; the partition took place; America became free; the French Revolution and long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops.

As the miners in Falun, in the year 1801, a little before or after St. John's day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full three hundred ell below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron vitriol, but otherwise unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep while at his work.

But when they brought him out to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances had long been dead; no one could identify the sleepless youth, or tell anything of his misfortune till she came to the place, who was once betrothed to that miner, who had one day gone to the mine and never returned. Gray and shriveled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, and recognized her bridegroom, when more in joyful ecstasy than pain, she sank down on the beloved form.

As soon as she had recovered her composure, she exclaimed—

"It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and now permits me to see him once more before I die. A week before the wedding time, he went under the earth and never returned."

All the bystanders were moved to tears, as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth, and now, after an absence of fifty years, her youthful love awoke smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she finally, as the only one belonging to him, and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared for him in the church-yard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were the wedding day, and not the day of his burial.

As they laid him in the grave in the church-yard, she said:

"Sleep well now, for a few days, in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have but little more to do, and will come soon, and then it will be day again."

As she was going away, she looked back once more and said:

"What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

WORKING GIRLS.

Happy Girls! who cannot love them? With cheeks like the roses, bright eyes, and elastic step, how cheerfully they go to work. Our reputation for it, such girls will make excellent wives. Blessed indeed will those men be who secure such prizes. Contrast those who do without but sigh all day, and live to follow the fashions; who never earn the bread that they eat, or the shoes they wear; who are languid and lazy from one week's end to the other—Who but a simpaton and popinjay would prefer one of the latter, if he were looking for a companion? Give us the working girls; they are worth their weight in gold. You never see them minding looms, or jamp a dozen feet to steer clear of a spider or a fly; they have no affectation, or silly airs about them. When they meet you, they speak without putting on a dozen silly airs, or trying to show off to better advantage, and you feel as if you were talking to a human being, and not to a painted automaton or a fallen angel.

If girls know how sadly they miss it, while they endeavor to show off their delicate hands and unsoiled skins, and put on a thousand airs, they would give worlds for the situation of working ladies who are as far above them in intelligence, in honor, in everything, as the heavens are above the earth.

Be wise, then; you have made fools of yourselves through life. Turn over a new leaf, and begin, though late, to live and act as human beings; as companions to immortal man, and not playthings and dolls. In no other way can you be happy and subvert the designs of your existence.

"When a fellow has reached a certain pint in drinking," said an old smoker, "I think he ought to stop." "Well, I think," said a wag, "he had better stop before he reaches a pint."

"A SMART HIT.—A proxy orator reproved Lord North for going to sleep during one of his speeches. "Pooh, pooh!" said the drowsy Premier, "the physician should never quarrel with the effect of his own medicine."

OVERLOOK AND FORGIVE OFFENSES.

Every man will meet with enemies. They will speak evil of you, annoy you, and soil your fair fame. Never mind, a young maner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's day our love shall be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art all in all, and without thee I would choose my grave."

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"What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.—To understand the Philosophy of this beautiful and sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation of the world, and so essential to the very existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered.

1. Were the atmosphere everywhere, at all times, of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain humidity, is proportionately greater in warm than cold air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates.

Now, when, from continued evaporation, the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it is invisible and the sky cloudless, its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above; or rushing from a higher to a cooler latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold. How singular, yet how simple, the philosophy of rain! What but Omnipotence could have devised such an arrangement for watering the earth?—New York Observer.

A SMART HIT.—A proxy orator reproved Lord North for going to sleep during one of his speeches. "Pooh, pooh!" said the drowsy Premier, "the physician should never quarrel with the effect of his own medicine."

A WORD TO LITTLE GIRLS.

Who is more lovely? It is that little girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks and pleasant smiles, as she passes along—and has a kind word of sympathy for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty—who never scowls, never contends, never teases her mates, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase, their happiness. Would it please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, and precious stones, as you pass along the streets? But these are the true pearls and precious stones which can never be lost. Take the hand of the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy.

If you do this, you will be sure to be loved. Dr. Dodsridge one day asked his little girl why it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," she replied, "unless it be that I love everybody." This is the true secret of being loved. "He that has friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love beget love. If you love others, they cannot help loving you. So then, do not put on a scowl, and fretfully complain that nobody loves you, or that such or such a one does not like you—If nobody loves you it is your own fault—Either you do not make yourself lovely by a sweet winning temper, and kind winning way, or you cannot love those of whom you complain.—Anecdote of Girls.

THE STARS.—What is there beyond the stars? Other stars, brighter and lovelier, in a scale of ascending magnificence—worlds beyond worlds—all glorious, and all God's. It was the conclusion of the older Herchel, that the depth of the Milky Way, in some places, admitted 500 stars being arranged in a line one behind the other, and each separated from the other by a distance equal to that which divides our sun from the nearest fixed star.

A GOOD ONE.—County court was sitting awhile ago, in —, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however, and unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next thing—leaned against the wall with "tears in his eyes, and his fists doubled up," and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deed as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wall, I pose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot at my rate."

"From Wisconsin! that is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say did you ever pass—ll in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly physiognomy." "I thought likely