

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPOKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6--NO. 2.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 262]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of
the Court-House.

CONDITIONS:
I. The Star & Republican Banner is published weekly, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions for the month, or they will be published till filled and charged accordingly.
IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXAMINATION.

THE citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity are respectfully invited to attend the EXAMINATION of the Students of Pennsylvania College, on Monday & Tuesday the 20th and 21st instant.
C. P. KRAUTH, President.
April 6, 1835. te-1

Theological Seminary.

THE Directors will meet at Gettysburg, on Tuesday evening, April 21st. According to a resolution of the Board, when the third Thursday of April, (as is the case this year,) falls into the week before Easter, the meeting is a week later than usual.
JOHN G. MORRIS, Sec'y.
March 31, 1835. tm-52

Pennsylvania College.

THE Trustees of this Institution will meet at the College Edifice, on the Morning of the 23d of April next.
JOHN G. MORRIS, Sec'y.
March 31, 1835. tm-52

REMOVAL.

I WILL remove my shop on the first day of April to that owned by Mrs. Chamberslain, on South Baltimore street, two doors South of Mr. David McCreary's Saddle and Harness Factory,

WHERE ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY

CHAIRS

will be made and sold at reduced prices, of superior finish and warranted best quality.

House and Sign Painting.

All kind of House and Sign Painting and Turning attended to as formerly.
HUGH DENWIDDIE.
Gettysburg, March 24, 1835. tf-51

CABINET-WAREHOUSE,

Chambersburg Street.

Where there is constantly on hand

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

FURNITURE,

Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce.

Orders for **COFFINS** punctually attended to.

DAVID HEAGY.

Gettysburg, Oct. 21, 1834. tf-20

HIDES, LEATHER & OIL.

2500 La Plata

700 Rio Grande

1000 Laguna

600 Pernambuco

1500 Chili

2000 prime heavy green salted Kips, first quality

1000 do. do. do. 2d quality

1000 do. dry do.

50 Barrels of Strain's Oil

100 do. Bank's do.

Also Tanners Tools of all kinds for sale on the most reasonable terms, for cash or on approved paper, or exchanged for Leather of all kinds by

JOHN W. PATTEN & Co.

Corner 3d & Vine streets, Philadelphia.

March 10, 1835. 2m*-49

JUST received and for sale at the Office of the Star, and at the Book Store of S. H. Buehler,

"The Principles of Presbyterian Discipline, &c. unfolded and illustrated in the protests and appeals of the

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD,

entered during the process of the Presbytery of Carlisle against him; at their Sessions in April, 1833, in which his strict adherence to the Confession of Faith, and the standards of the Church, is fully shown."

Gettysburg, March 3, 1835. tf-48

TO PRINTERS.

THE printing materials of the Shippensburg "Intelligencer," and the "Free Press," both papers of super-royal size, and since their union with the CARLISLE HERALD, have been out of use, will be disposed of on very moderate terms. The presses and materials are good and will be sold together, or separately, as may be most convenient to purchasers. For terms and further information address (postage paid) the editors of the Herald.
Carlisle, April 6, 1835. 3t-1

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA HERALD.

THE SWEET SPRING IS COMING.

The sweet Spring is coming, with fragrance around her
And music is heard on the wings of the wind;

The fetters are broken which yesterday bound her,
And all her young glories in joy unconfin'd;

The wild birds are singing,
The sweet flowers are springing,
All Nature is bringing each beauty so rare—
Old Winter to latitudes northern is wincing—
May his flight bear away every dark cloud of care.

O say can you hear the far waterfall humming,
As it comes on the south wind, so mellow and sweet?
And say can you see the fair wild pigeon coming,
So swift from the warm clime with light wing and fleet?

Each living thing's dancing—
The glad waters glancing,
Their beauty enhancing as they dash into foam;
Each bud's gemmed with dew-drops, the sight
How entrancing,
On floweret and tree, now, around my dear home—
Up caps then, for thee, Spring! a kind welcome to thee;
And the last of the trio, ah, what shall we say!
Thou art coming—aye, smiling as when we first knew thee,
And said in our glad hearts, there's no month like
May:

Thou bringest us flowers,
And wild woodland bowers,
With sunshine and showers, like beauty in tears;
Then be the May coming, to us and to ours,
The month of all months, this the year of all years!

A SELECT TALE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK KNICKERBOCKER.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY BENJAMIN MATTHIAS.

"The facts not otherwise than here set down."
[Life of Blantua.]

THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation.

In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are frequent cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations.

It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be repelling to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L*****.

No lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife.—They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L.—'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of a amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently

enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a gentleman, belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. He monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feelings of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No considerations of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy.—Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business; and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But then, monstrosities appear in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education & refinement, & by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, & fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation.—His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, was a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrank with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued—and such was the weight of his ascendancy power,—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *plausible*, but which in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered—reason loses its sway—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions take possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name—the wife of his bosom friend!

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold

evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire, except that which was furnished by a handful of tan, nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much injured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the "chipping and eager air," would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain; and in the almost total darkness, which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. "Mother," said she, in faltering accents, "are you here?"

"Yes, child: are you better?"

"No, mother, I am sick,—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart—my blood grows cold—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!"

"In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter."

"Do not thank Heaven, mother; you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call him to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!"

"Be composed, daughter—you need rest."

"Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred—oh God! fatally erred—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell—for enticing me from the house of virtue—the home of my heart-broken father—to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days."

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh.

"Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven."

"I do—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?"

"God is merciful to all who —"

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its

throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, a MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest was held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded—LETTITIA L*****.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

THE ALPINE HORN.

The ALPINE HORN is an instrument constructed with the bark of the cherry tree like a speaking trumpet, and is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who dwells higher on those mountains, takes his horn and calls aloud, "praised be the Lord." As soon as he is heard, the neighboring shepherds leave their huts and repeat those words. The sounds last many minutes, for every echo of the mountains and groto of the rocks repeat the name of God. How solemn the scene! Imaginations cannot picture to itself any thing more sublime, the profound silence that succeeds, the height of those stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, every thing excites the mind to enthusiasm. In the meanwhile the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and soon after retire to their huts to enjoy the repose of innocence.

THE ALPINE HORN.

When varying hues of parting day,
O'er evening portals faintly play,
The Alpine Horn calls far away,
Praised be the Lord.

And every hill and rock around
As though they loved the grateful sound
Send back, 'mid solitude profound,
Praised be the Lord.

Just Heaven! has man so shameless grown,
He brings no anthems to thy throne,
When voiceless things have found a tone,
To praise the Lord.

Ah, not for see the shepherds come,
Though hardly heard, the "welcome home"
From toil of day—they quickly come
To worship God.

The look that taught their hearts to bow,
And childhood's laugh and sunny brow,
All, all by them forgotten now
In praise to God.

Kneeling—on starry vaults beneath,
With spirits free as air they breathe,
O pure should be their votive wreath
Of praise to God.

How lovely such a scene must be,
When prayer or praise ascend to Thee,
Is one glad voice of melody,
Eternal Lord!

All space thy temple—and the air,
A voiceless messenger to bear
Creation's universal prayer
On wings to Heaven.

Oh! that for me some Alpine Horn
Both closing eve and wak'ning morn,
Would sound and bid my bosom scorn
The world's vain joys:

Its treasured idols all resign,
That when life cheating hues decline,
The one undying thought be mine,
To praise the Lord.

A VERY PRETTY SPECULATION.—The Catechist Recorder tells the story of a negro speculation, much beyond any thing we have heard or read of in the annals of Yankeeism. A fine intelligent looking negro who had been employed during the summer in a canal boat, not liking to be idle, set his wits at work to contrive some way of turning an honest penny during the winter, and at last hit upon the following expedient. Taking a stage driver of his acquaintance they journeyed lovingly to Richmond, Va., was sold as a slave by his friend, the stage driver, for eight hundred dollars. The stage driver immediately decamped, and the negro took measures forthwith to prove, and obtain his freedom. In this, by aid of friends, and papers in his possession, he soon succeeded—was liberated and returned home; where, much to his satisfaction, he found that the partner, agreeably to promise, had deposited four hundred dollars, the half of his purchase money, to his credit in the Savings Bank.

HASTY LEGISLATION.—In a debate the other day in the Maine Legislature something was said upon the importance of expedition in legislation, to which John Holmes made the following reply.

He was not sure but the old maxim applied to legislation as well as to many other things; "the more haste the worse speed." I remember (said he) some examples of hurry and precipitancy. Last year a law was passed which provided that all Acts should take effect a certain number of days after they were published in the State paper.—This made the laws all depend upon the Eastern Argus—the Eastern Argus was the Law of the Land! I don't know how some gentlemen may like that, probably very well; but it don't exactly suit me. I will mention another instance. The town of Boston was once much afflicted by fires, and it was thought by many that they were set by the blacks. Accordingly the Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts passed a law forbidding any blacks to be seen out of doors after dark, "without a lantern." Upon this Cuffie issues out equipped with his lantern but no candle in it! At the next session, it was enacted that there should always be a candle in the lantern. Well, Sir, Cuffie puts in his candle according to law, but "he no light 'em." Thus they were obliged to enact laws three successive sessions before they could make Cuffie carry a lantern with a lighted candle in it.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A young school Miss, whose teachers had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a tutor for the as-

sent to marry him, replied "No, no," swain look astonished and bewildered, referred him to Murry, when, for the first time, he learned that no, no, meant yes.

ORIGIN OF PUBLIC DISSECTION.—It is said that the earliest law enacted in any country, for the promotion of anatomical knowledge, was one that passed in 1545. It allowed the united companies of barbers and surgeons to have yearly the bodies of four criminals for dissection.

The Kilkenny Cats.—The manner in which the two factions of Wolfites and Muhlenbergers are using each other up, as the boys would say, *beautiful*. They are fairly pitted against each other, and that vast reservoir of vulgar abuse which they have been so lavish in times past towards the opposition party, is now fairly exorcising themselves. They tell a great many disgraceful facts of their mutual dishonesty, and of the base methods which they have employed to humbug the people and to get a monopoly of the public money. The Pennsylvania Reporter—the organ of the governor—declares that Wolf "does not entertain the most remote idea of disappointing the wishes of the people, or of declining the nomination which so large a number of the delegates, chosen by his democratic fellow citizens, have thought proper to confer upon him." On the other side, the friends of Muhlenberg are busily engaged in beating up recruits to support their favorite, and members of the Legislature are using Uncle Sam's frank and spending the people's money in efforts to buy up the press in his favor. For Wolf, all the State and County officers and the papers under their influence, go the entire swine; while the custom house officers and post-masters and those who are endeavoring to get into good fat berths, advocate the cause of Muhlenberg, and pour anathemas upon the heads of the stubborn Governor and his friends who will not let go their hold upon office. Many of the honest and sagacious members of the party, seeing in this nothing but a furious scramble for the "spoils"—discovering that the great noise about Democracy and principle is nothing but a sham, and finding that the interests of the people and the State are entirely unheeded in this mad scuffle for personal aggrandizement and emolument, are deserting the rotten and sinking ship; and they and many of their brethren, will join heartily in giving "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" for the Washington County farmer and the cause of REFORM.—York Republican.

ANOTHER LABORER IN THE FIELD.—The Ebensburg, Cambria Co. Sky, which has heretofore been neutral in politics, has "entered the arena of political strife," and will go the whole for the Western farmer, Joseph Ritner.

RECOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.—Soon after the sailing of Mr. Livingston, minister to France in the summer of 1833, his dwelling house at Red Hook was broken open, and property to the amount of \$2,000 stolen. No tidings were heard of it till a short time since, when the goods of a young man by the name of Monroe, who had found it necessary to abscond, for malpractices, were taken on an execution; among which were found, packed in boxes, most of the stolen property. Moore subsequently came to the city, and dashed away at Lovejoy's Hotel under the assumed name of Capt. Patterson. Finding that his tricks were discovered, and that the officers were in pursuit of him, he bent his way South, and reached Reading, under the name of Chauncey Ludlow, where he was arrested, and related in this paper on Saturday, and brought to this city and thence sent off to Dutchess county prison.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

A clergyman, who was at one time a lover of argument and of pudding, being at a visitation, in which, during the time of dinner, the Archdeacon was holding forth on the transitory things of this life, enumerating health, beauty, riches, power, &c. the parson listened with great attention, and afterwards turned round to help himself to a slice of pudding, when he found it was all eaten, on which, turning to the Archdeacon, he begged that in future he would not, in his catalogue of transitory things, forget to insert a pudding.

NURSING BY STEAM.—It is an absolute fact that a patent has been taken out for nursing by steam! It consists of the steam to the machinery which rocks the coats of children who happen to be passengers in steam vessels.

An editor in New Orleans, had his office entered and robbed of an opera glass, a pair of baby's silk stockings, and a pencil case, which the robbers found in the editor's breeches pocket.

The Winchester Republican says the transposition of one letter would change the United States into united states.

A gunsmith's wife having lately eloped from him, her friends were expressing their surprise at her conduct in going off so— "Oh!" said one of them, "she has swallowed the fulminating powder, and any spark is sufficient."

Why is an Umbrella like a horse? Because its movements are governed by reins.