

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12, 1847.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 25.

BOOK STORE,
GETTYSBURG, P.A.

THE Subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to the Public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh supply of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
PAIN EXTRACTORS,
Paints, Varnish, Dye-stuffs

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of
Classical, Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,
embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also, Blank Books and Stationery of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Ink-stands, &c. &c. all of which will, as usual, be sold at THE LOWEST PRICES.

Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Clips.

S. H. RUEHLER,
Gettysburg, Oct. 23, 1847.

have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
At Public Sale.

On Saturday the 4th of December, at 12 o'clock, M., at the COURT-HOUSE, in GETTYSBURG,

I WILL sell all my land lying within the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., consisting of a

FARM,
CONTAINING MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED ACRES

of excellent land, on which are erected a large Brick BARN, and good FARM HOUSE,

Wagon Shed, and Granaries. There is a large quantity of excellent MEADOW, and 60 Acres (more or less) of WOODLAND.

Much of the land might be sold as Town Lots, as it fronts on several principal streets.

Several Town Lots and other property will be offered for sale at the same time.

As I reside at a distance from the property, I am determined to sell it without reserve. The Farm will be sold in two tracts if purchasers desire it.

TERMS.—One-third part of the purchase money on the 1st day of April next, when a good title will be given, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest.

THADDEUS STEVENS,
Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 22, 1847.

A VALUABLE FARM
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the valuable FARM adjoining that on which he resides, in Cumberland township, Adams county, containing

175 ACRES.
The improvements are in good condition, and include a new two-story Log Dwelling HOUSE,

with a Cellar under it, a Frame Barn, a Garden enclosed with a paling fence; also, a wall of water and a young Orchard of Grapes, Fruit, &c. There is a good Meadow, and more can be made, if desired. About 70 Acres are WOODLAND,

well set with good thriving timber—35 Acres of which can readily be cleared, leaving still a sufficiency of timber for the use of the farm.

This property lies about 6 miles south of Gettysburg, nearly joining the road that leads from Emmelburg and Millerstown to the Two Taverns, on the Baltimore turnpike, and within 1-2 miles of the road between Penn's Mill on Marsh Creek to Taneytown and Baltimore. About 6 miles from the farm there are two Lime Kilns, and plenty of limestone, near the Millerstown road.

The neighborhood in which it is located is not surpassed by any in the county for intelligence, sobriety and good morals, there being stated religious worship by different denominations within a convenient distance—all making it a very pleasant and desirable residence.

The Farm will be sold entire, or divided to suit purchasers. The terms will be made easy, and the payments to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling in the subscriber.

If the above property be not sold on Friday the 12th day of November next, it will on that day be offered at Public Sale.

ROBERT THOMPSON,
Oct. 15, 1847.—

WATCHES, of all kinds, will be cleaned and repaired, at the shortest notice, at FRAZER'S Clock & Watch Establishment, in Gettysburg. July 16, 1847.

From the National Era.

IMPOTENCE OF ERROR—AN EXTRACT.

What have we to do with error? From the broken heart of Woeheadness! The load of error, why it pines, And licensed Fraud in glittering raiment shines— Of errand-borne, why so dark its lot. And drunken Sloth, live on, and suffer not!

Gray Error trembles, in his cloudy bold, To mark the banner of Reform unrolled. Dreadful, like some hermit owl, see ray of light That glimmers through the path of ancient Night, Retaining still the memory of away.

While melts the substance of his power away. Vain his endeavor, in resuscitating blind, To crush the growing energies of Mind! As well the road might try to check the force Of the loud whirlwind in its rushing course, Or patting rain easy to drown the roar Of ocean breaking on a rocky shore.

Come will a day of jubilee ere long; When Power will cease to legislate wrong; When tottering Kings and Princes resign, Will point to ancient precedent in vain, And laws, enacted in a barbarous time, Shall cease to give authority to Crime.

Far back in years, Philosophy may date, While viewing man improved in his estate, The fair beginning of this sublime Against corrupting man the line. Thick clouds and darkness gloom'd around our race And Peace, the dark, could find no resting place: Red Murder boasted the blood he spilt; Heard Muler boasted the blood he spilt; Heard like the sea the beam of the Mass— Nations and tribes, exterminated and despoiled, Like driven cattle for their tyrants toiled.

When, lo! a Star, of clear, benignant ray, Rolled like the sun the banner of the Day. While brighter than fish scales of jeweled crown, Its full-orbed blaze on Galilee poured down.

Before its golden pathway, like a dream, Fleed the folk mist that rose to quench its beam: Oh! new commenced the long, unending fight— Between the powers of darkness and of light— Then rose the tower that his frame of earth Enchanted a living page of priceless worth, Formed to shine on, when dimmed the ruby red, Worn by the great who gave him son for bread!

Oh! then more potent than the battle storm, The clouded ground an agent of reform. Refreshed by draughts from his immortal fount, Upward the human soul began to mount; And shook the dust from its immortal plume, Emerging from an atmosphere of gloom.

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

BY JERUSALEM—THE MORNING'S WALK.

There is little pleasure in visiting the places within the walls of Jerusalem which are reported to be the scenes of the acts and the sufferings of Christ. There is no certainty about these; and the spots regarding which there can be no mistake, are so interesting, that the mind and heart of the traveller turn away from such as are fabulous.

About the site of the temple walls one meets at every turn assurance of being where Christ walked and taught, and where the great events of Jewish history took place. Let us go over what I found in one ramble; and then my reader will see what it must be to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the Bethlehem gate, we descended into the valley of Hinnon, or Gehenna. Here there are many tombs cut in the rock, with entrances like doorways. When I speak of Bethany, I shall have occasion to describe the tombs of the Jews. It was in this valley, and close by the fountain of Siloam, that, in the days of Jewish idolatry, children passed through the fire, in honor of Moloch. This is the place called Pophet in Scripture, fit to be spoken of as it was, as an image of hell.

Here, in this place of corruption and cruelty, where fires hovered about living bodies, and worms preyed on the dead—here was the imagery of terror—the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched. The scene is very different now. The slopes are terraced, that the winter rains may not wash away the soil; and these terraces were to-day green with spring wheat; and the spreading olives and fig trees cast their shadows on the rich, though stony soil. Streams were led from the pool of Siloam among the fields and gardens; and all looked cool and fresh in the once hot and parched soil. On the top of the opposite hill was the Field of Blood—the field bought as a burial place for strangers, by the priests to whom Judas restored his bribe. For the burial of strangers, it was used in subsequent ages; for pilgrims who died at the Holy City were laid there. It is now no longer enclosed; but a channel-house marks the spot.

The pools all round Jerusalem are beautiful; the cool arching roof of some, the weed-tusled sides and clear waters of all, are delicious. The pool of Siloam is full and pretty—though less so, no doubt, than when the blind man went to wash there; the nature of the ground—favorable for the encampment of an army, and the shallow moat under the walls, where the Romans brought two great wooden towers on wheels, that the men in the towers might fight on a level with those on the walls, and throw missiles into the town.—This scene of conflict is very quiet now. A crop of barley was ripening under the very walls; and an Arab, with a soft, middle countenance, was filling his water-skins at the pool, called the sheep-pool; near the Damascus gate. The proud Roman and despairing Jew were not more unlike each other than this Arab, with his pathetic face, was unlike them both. As he stooped under the dim arches of the rock, and his red cap came into contrast with the dark grey of the still water below, and the green of the dangling weeds over his head, our thoughts were recalled to our own day, and a sense of the beauty we met meet in every nook and corner of the Holy Land.

From this ramble, my readers may see something of what it is to take walks in the neighborhood of Jerusalem.

DEATH IN THE PULPIT.—The Boston papers notice the sudden death of the Rev. Mr. Tappan, on Sunday. While concluding his opening prayer, during Divine service, his voice faltered, and he suddenly fell in the pulpit, in an apoplectic fit.

From the Lynchburg (Va.) Republican.

BLOQUET EXTRACT.

ELIHU BURRITT, the learned blacksmith, is an avowed abolitionist, and is the assistant editor of an abolition print at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was recently invited to attend a convention in Cincinnati, to consider of "Abolition and Disunion." He could not go, but wrote a letter, from which the following is an extract. We have never seen the volume of our glorious Federal Union so eloquently portrayed, as in this short extract:

"With such an aim and end as this, in the opinion, prosecution and issue of the great work of Philadelphia, shall we talk of dissolving the Union?—But Union, which the success of our efforts must give elements of cohesion and unity, than ten thousand chains of adamant, and interests of the future age, humanity!—that Union, to which the position of slavery would give a moral power that should lift up the race from its darkness and depression? Dissolution of the Union!—What out in two the Mississippi, this singular vein of the New World, and soxer all the mighty arteries of the Union, and leave it to bleed to death, in the morbid stagnation, with which the arteries of the Union are now clogged?—This is the profane disruption of a system, to which integrity every stream, from the Sabine to the St. John's, is as necessary as a vein in the human body. Dissolve the Union!—run the amputated limb through the child of all that the progressive ages of humanity have produced of freedom and virtue!—and that because one of its members is infected with a contagious disease, which not a drop of blood less than that which now circulates in its whole system will remove! Does God's mankind require the sacrifice of the Union—this Isaac of the race—in which all nations should be pleased?—And shall Americans lift the knife against it, not as an act of faith, but of pusillanimous distrust in God! If nothing in the natural religion of patriotism could stay the suicidal arm, let every lover of his kind pray that the Almighty may open the cloudy curtain of his pavilion, and interpose a cheaper victim of immolation, or that might.

"Come thick night, And pall it in the dunest smokes of hell, That its keen knife see not the wound it makes, Or heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, To try the hold!"

Dissolve the Union!—dissolve the whole moral power we have and need to abolish slavery! May God grant that your Convention may banish that treacherous idea from every American heart. I trust that its Satanical lineaments will be detected and deposed, should it surreptitiously enter your council in the guise of an angel of light. No; you will not meet to dissolve, but to evolve the Union; to renovate it on the basis of the Fathers of the Republic. That basis is broad and deep enough to unite the world. A better foundation cannot be laid by fallen men. You will designate their way; you will begin where they began, and where their degenerate children left off to build. You will meet to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity. This is the work you will unite to resume. This is the foundation to which you will descend to lay the first stone that has been laid therein since "our fathers fell asleep." As the nations round about Judea contributed materially to the erection of Solomon's Temple, so the world, with all its moral worth, will become tributary to the structure of the great American Temple of Liberty. It is the duty of each nation to contribute its portion to the completion of the ark of our common race. The Union!—it is worth the world to the destiny of human nature for the abolition of slavery, and the abolition of slavery will add the wealth and moral power of the world to the Union. May we speak of the value of salvation and the extent of infinity!—then, for lack of a more religious term, let me express the hope and belief that your Convention will enhance the value, because it shall increase the strength and vitality of the Union. In that hope-inspired imagination with which I am wont to contemplate the destiny of the American Republic, I fancy that, in the life-time of the present generation, there is a kinsman, the offspring of the 11th of June, might be erected from the bed of the Ohio, opposite your city, as a kind of centurion column, saying to all things that shine and sing in heaven, and all that can carry the news on the wings of the wind—saying to all ages, to all men, to all bondmen groaning in the undiscovered habitations of cruelty.

"I stand the plan's proud pride!"

I pronounce the work accomplished, the warfare closed, the victory won, the triumph of the American Union!"

A NEW REPLY.—John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining, with great earnestness, the doctrine of "Vox gratiæ Vox Dei" against his sister, whose talent was not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher put an end to the controversy, but his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said:

"I tell you, sister, the voice of the People is the voice of God."

"Yes," she replied mildly, "it cried, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

A more admirable answer was perhaps never given.

BACHELORS.—Dr. Johnson gives the philosophy of marriage in a few words:—"A married man," says he, "has many cares; but a bachelor has no pleasures." Cutting himself off from life's purest and most exquisite enjoyments, for fear of some trifling annoyance, he emulates the sagacity of the wisecracker who amputated his leg to secure himself from corns."

CHIEF END OF MAN.—"What is the chief end of man?" asked the Schoolmaster.—"The end we gets our heekens on," blubbed the hopeful urchin.

From the Yankee Blade.

A YANKEE IN A COTTON MILL.

Dear Blade—Did you ever see, read or hear tell of a "Green 'Un" in a cotton mill? Pray don't answer rashly; don't loose yourself among "Yankees in Hot Baths," "Yankees in Coal Stoves," "Yankees in Benches," and answer unadvisedly, "Yes! Mine is a Yankee in a new phase. His dilemma is a Yankee Fly—'and genera, a—like Yankee in the card-room of a Cotton Mill!"

"The plain unvarnished facts in the case," as politicians say, "are these": A raw, straw-hatted, sandy-whiskered, six-footer—200 of the purely uneducated—came in yesterday from Greene, with a load of wood, for the Factory Company. Having piled his wood to the satisfaction of the "Squire," he bated his team with a bundle of green grass brought all the way from home for that purpose. Then, after investing his available capital in the purchase of a hot beer and gingerbread at Ham's, he started to see the city. Filling his countenance rapidly with bread, and chewing it vigorously as he went.

He reviewed the iron foundry and machine shop, and was just opposite the warp-mill as the "chuffs" were going in from dinner. The girls were hurrying in as only factory girls can hurry, and Jonathan, unaccustomed to such an array of plaid shawls and hood bonnets, deposited the good stick upon the stairs, and stalked in "to see what the trouble was."

The clatter of the machinery and the movements of the operatives soon absorbed his whole attention. Being, however, of an inquiring turn of mind, and seeing much that was unexplained to him, he made some observations in mechanics had been mostly confined to pushing machines and corn shellers, he began to push vigorous inquiries in all directions. In this way he made himself acquainted successively, with the external and internal economy of the "Plecter," "Dreaser," "Lapwinder," "Dobler," and "Spreader." By two o'clock he had extended his researches as far as the "Breakers," and "Finishers."

He reached the latter just as the card-stripper was "stripping the flats." In this operation the cylinder of the card is exposed to view, and is seen revolving with a very pretty buzz. Not satisfied with contemplating the mystery of motion, at a safe distance, our hero must needs intrude himself between the cards to get nearer view. This move brought his "nether habiliments" into dangerous proximity to the gearing of the next card, and "thereby hangs a tale."

"You, I say! She goes pooley, don't she, Bos?" said Jonathan inquiringly.

"She don't do anything else," responded the stripper. "But you must be very careful how you move around amongst this hardware." "Was you lost—week's—Bos? that a promising young man from Oxford—a student at the academy there—was drawn into that very card, Sir, and before any assistance could reach him, he was run through, and manufactured into No. 16, super extra, cotton warp yarn."

"I see—wow! I believe you're joking!" stuttered Jonathan.

"Fact, Sir, continued Stripper, "and his disconsolate mother came down two days ago, and got five bunches of that same yarn as melancholy relics."

"By the mighty! That can't be true!"

"Fact, Sir, fact and all his fellow students purchased a skein apiece, to be set in lockers, and wore in remembrance of departed worth!"

"If that a fact, now! was he really carded, spun, and so on looked?"

A sense of personal danger here shot across our hero's mind; he began to retreat precipitately, without waiting for an answer.

There was not much room to spare between himself and the gearing of the card behind. Another step backwards completed the ceremony of introduction. His unwhisperable being of large calibre, the process of snuffing them up into a hard knot was no easy slow. Our hero "gave tongue" instantly, and by the twentieth gyration of the embodiment, the music was melodious, and did honor to his knowledge of dynamics. "See, Scot, myself could not have protested more forcibly against an 'attack on his rear.'"

"O—! M—u—d—e—r!—Let go!—you—b—r—r! Blast your plecter—let go! Ain't you ashamed! Oh out—taint pooley. Darnation seize ye! Let alone on me—sant' ye! Do!"

The gearing by this time had wound him up so that he was obliged to stand on tiptoe. His hands were revolving vigorously behind him, but he dared not venture near the "seat of war," lest they should be drawn into hostilities.

The card stripper threw off the belt, but the momentum of the cylinder kept it revolving, and our hero, supposing it in full operation, burst out screeching.

"Oh, stop her! stop her do—! I aint well and order be at home. Father wants the steers, and mother's going to bake! Stop the tarant masher—can't ye? Do! Aint ye got no feelin' for a feller in distress? Oh dear! I'll be carded and spun, and made in lockets! Jer—u—s—lem! How I wish I way to Greene!"

The card was stopped at last; but Jonathan's clothes were so tangled in the gearing that it was no slight task to extricate him. Like Othello, "he was not easily moved," and it was only by cutting out the whole of the "invested territory," that he was finally released.

"What are you about here?" said the overseer, entering.

"Nothing, Sir—only stripping flats," answered the stripper.

Our hero not caring to resume his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, a pair of overhauls were charitably loaned him, and he "scattered" suddenly towards Mill Hill, giving a series of short kicks with either leg, on his way, as if to assure himself that he had brought away his full complement of limbs from the "cussed machine."

"Why is a young lady like a careful house wife?" Because her waist is as little as she can make it.

From Neal's Saturday Gazette.

NOT A POET.

BY FANNY FORSTER.

I am a little maiden,
Who faint would touch the lyre;
But my poor fingers ever
Bring discord from the wire.
This strange I'm not a poet;
There's music in my heart;
Some mystery must linger
About this magic art.

I'm told that joyous spirits,
Untouched by grief or care,
In mystery so holy
Are all too light to share.
My heart is very gladstone;
But there's a corner deep,
Where many a sorrow smokes,
And future sorrows sleep.

I hope they'll not awaken,
As yet for many a year;
There's not on earth a jewel,
That's worth one grief-born tear.
Long may the heart be silent,
To scorch fingers given,
Upon the chords descending,
Has power to wake its tone.

I'd never be a poet,
My bounding heart to hush,
And lay down at the altar,
For sorrow's foot to crush.
Ah, no! I'll rather sunshine,
For coming evening's hours;
And while the spring-time lingers,
I'll gather up the flowers.

I ain't would learn the music
Of those who dwell in heaven;
For wee tined harp was never
To scorch fingers given.
But I will strive no longer
To wait my heart-led mirth;
I will mind me that the gifted
Are the stricken ones of earth.

From the N. O. Delta.

HOW TO GET A CABIN PASSAGE.

"Those who have ever made a voyage to Brazil, Santiago, or any other point across the gulf, in one of our government transports, must have noticed a crowd of all sorts of people on board—from the exalted officer to the humble private; from the privileged cabin-passenger to the quarter-master's man who has to eat and sleep on deck.

In one of those motley crowds there is much to teach the mind rare lessons of human nature. Here may be found the favorite son of affluence, "the anacostian" with his commission easily if not immediately obtained; the brassy old regular, who has "done the state service" in many a hard campaign, but who, though capable of drilling a battalion, is still a private; the youthful volunteer, inexperienced in the camp-life, seeking distinction by his valor in the battle-field, and eagerly pursuing the "bauble reputation at the cannon's mouth"; the camp-woman, fondly following her husband into the very midst of an enemy's country, to share with him the dangers and toils and chances of war; and the wretched and light-headed tempter, who, seeking adventure, volunteers to go and run his risk abroad in order that he may see—the elephant."

But we are forgetting our purpose—that of telling how to get a cabin passage.—Not many weeks since, when one of our finest and swiftest transports was about leaving the levee for Vera Cruz, the usual crowd, such as we have described above, was on board and made arrangements for the passage; each one having an eye to make himself as comfortable as his rank or circumstances would allow.

The passenger register was lying open in the cabin, and soon Col. A. No. 1, Major B. No. 2, and Lt. C. No. 3, followed by a sergeant and a private, and—did the same, and to make the register short, all these entitled to a berth in the cabin followed in order and entered their names in the register.

All was bustle and hurry; trunks, boxes, saddles, holsters and sabres were being tumbled about in confusion; the steamer was almost ready to let her hawser; and one young gentleman, with a lieutenant's stripe on his shoulder, had forgotten a box of "groceries," another could nowhere see his servant on board, and the scene was one of great disorder generally; when a plain and neatly dressed young man, of intelligent expression, walked quietly up to the table where the register was lying, and, in a plain, bold hand, wrote—"John Robinson, M. D." opposite No. 16. The clerk of the steamer was standing by at the time, and immediately said to the young man:

"Doctor, I can give you a more comfortable berth than 16—one better ventilated."

"Thank you, sir, I'll leave it entirely to your selection," answered Robinson, and walked quietly off.

Soon the steamer was under way, and the passengers began to dispose themselves about the cabin as was most convenient. Robinson had a small valise carried by one of the stewards, and placed in the berth selected for him by the clerk, and sat down perfectly at ease. But this was not to last long. One of the "sure enough" officers suspected that Robinson was intruding, and not knowing who he was, called the attention of Capt. — to him.

"Do you know who that man is, captain?" said the inquisitive officer.

"Not exactly," replied the captain, "but I think he is one of the teamsters under my charge; I'll see the clerk about it."

As he passed where Robinson was sitting, he recognized him; and approaching the clerk, he said, in rather an abrupt tone:—"Why, sir, do you allow that man (pointing to Robinson) to enter the berth?"

"That man," answered the clerk, "has as much right, sir, in the cabin as you have."

"You are mistaken," said the captain, "do you know who he is?"

"Certainly, I do know who he is—that's one of our surgeons."

The astonished officer stared in amazement and exclaimed:—"Why, sir, that's one of my teamsters—surgeon indeed!"

It was now the time for the clerk to show surprise, and he looked the very picture of astonishment.

"There must be some mistake about this," he finally remarked, "but I'll soon see all about it," and stepping into the cabin, he took up the register and pointed to "John Robinson, M. D."

By this time several of the passengers

were crowding about the register, having heard something of the affair. The captain of the steamer, too, had also joined the company; when the clerk, turning round to Robinson, said to him:

"Look here, doctor, or Mr. Robinson, or whoever you are, is this your name?"

"The individual addressed coolly got up, and stepping to the table to see which name the clerk meant, said, upon seeing the name on which he held his finger—

"Yes, sir, that's my name."

"Did you write it?" asked the commander of the vessel.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you write 'M. D.' after it?" asked the commander.

"I did."

"Are you a doctor of medicine or surgeon?" continued the captain.

"No, sir," calmly answered Robinson. "Then why do you attach those initials to your name?"

"Because they designate my profession, or rather my rank in the army."

"Your profession! your rank! Explain yourself. Are you an officer?" continued the commander.

"No, sir, I never said I was an officer," mildly replied Robinson.

"Well, sir," demanded the captain, "why do you use the 'M. D.' after your name; what do they mean?"

"I have no sort of objection, sir, to inform you—M. D., as I use the letters, stand for *Male Doctor*; John Robinson, M. D.—John Robinson, Male Doctor!

"I ain't troubling you."

All hands laughed at the cool wit of the fellow, and the captain of the ship said that the M. D. couldn't go on the deck of his vessel to eat and sleep, "no how it could be fixed!"

DR. PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once dreamed that he visited the Lord Mayor of London who treated him with the greatest hospitality, and asked him if he would take a little sun-bath.

He replied that he "wouldn't mind a little whiskey punch."

"Hot or cold?" inquired his lordship.

The Irishman preferred it warm, but while the Lord Mayor was out heating the water, the Irishman awoke from his delicious slumber,—"Och!" cried he, comprehending what a fool he was to await for hot punch during the precarious tenure of a dream, "how I wish I said could!"

A BETER HIT.—An ingenious down-easter, who has invented a new kind of "Love-Letter," has been selling as it entirely fades from paper in two months from date, was recently most awfully done brown by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, giving him his note therefor at ninety days. At the expiration of the time the ink inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written by his own ink.

THE DEAR LITTLE FELLOW!—"Ma, has Flour been sick?"

"Sick! Why no, you serpent! What under the canopy made you ask that question?"

"Coz the express says 'Flour is better,'—don't see how it could be better if it had'n't been *best*, nor how it could a-better 'best' if it had'n't been *best*. That's the how 'o't, mother."

"Jake!"

"Was, mother?"

"You'll be the death of somebody, yet!"

"Yethem!"

"My dear, where is my Morning and Evening Devotions?" said Mr. Paul Parlington—meaning a small book with a title, in which he was accustomed to read.

"Here it is," said Mrs. P., producing a dark bottle from the closet, where it is, in the larder." He looked intently in her face to see if malice was actuating her, but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation, and par-took.—(Boston Post.)

Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said that a little smattering in philosophy would lead a man to Atheism; a thorough insight into it will lead a man back again to a first cause; and that the first principle of right reason