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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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## WHAT IS LIFE?

The day grows pensive at its close,  
And wears a sober brow;  
And on its face the languor shows,  
Of autumn's yellow ray;  
Some might well spread its sable pall,  
The day is dying fast.  
How ghoul-like are the shadows tall,  
That on the ground are cast!  
Like pilgrims to the shade of night,  
The shades are hastening on,  
To where the brightness grows the light,  
When day begins to dawn;  
A deeper, softer sadness shows,  
In gentle evening glow;  
And night o'er every feature throws  
A sad and sombre hue.  
And now the sound of streams and floods,  
Becomes a hollow moan;  
The rustling of the trees and woods,  
Hath now a wailing tone,  
And plaintive through the air is heard,  
The night-hawk's piping call;  
There's not a leaf byephyr stirred,  
But hush a dying fall.  
An emblem of our life below,  
Is every passing day;  
More thoughtful of its end we grow,  
When we are growing gray;  
Like pilgrim shadows to the shade,  
We soon shall hence be gone;  
But when life's day the sunset fades,  
A brighter day will dawn.  
The darkness of the silent tomb,  
To which we are consigned,  
Will cast a sad and solemn gloom,  
O'er those we leave behind,  
And we will then bedew the cheek,  
And fall upon our knees,  
And we will then the words they speak,  
To friends who loved us here.

[From the American Courier.]

## ON LEAVING MY COUNTRY HOME.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Farewell awhile, ye fields and woods,  
Gardens and copses and meadows,  
Ye streams and dashing fountains,  
Ye cherished home and haunts, farewell!  
No longer shall your dim retreats  
Be mine, my blissful home and dream,  
Dear shadows from the noontide heat,  
Or summer evening's crimson beam.  
Once more upon the waves of life,  
My bark, unmoored, must spread her sail;  
Surrounded by the din, the strife,  
The noise and bustle of the gale.  
Oh, many a noble heart has mine  
Dulce wrecked upon a rocky strand,  
And many a frail one, o'er the brine,  
Swept safely to the land!  
Once more, commingled with the throng,  
Must I the noisome world behold;  
Even while the wild bird's matin song  
Shall ring on my delighted ear.  
I see sweet the measured sounds of Art  
From lips of human warblers fall;  
A deeper language to the heart  
Speaks Nature's minstrel than them all.  
How beautiful the pictures drawn  
By sunrise on the tinted sky,  
What shadows on the lake and lawn,  
In mead and outline softly lie!  
Could Claude's or Rembrandt's pencil trace  
Distincter lines or deeper hues!  
Can painting yield so true a grace,  
Or such transparent light and hue?  
Not in your halls and galleries gay,  
With artificial sounds and lights,  
Ye cities, there's no voice or ray,  
Like Nature's, for your day or night.  
Therefore, with unweaving tears  
I contemplate the world's deceit;  
Therefore, with many doubts and fears,  
I leave my Sabine farm for Rome.  
It were to go to love and peace  
Are out beneath these vines and trees;  
My very powers of thought would cease,  
If I were in luxurious ease.  
Then welcome, busy life, again—  
Welcome, familiar thought and toil—  
The daily intercourse with men,  
The waning of the midnight oil!  
But less than poet I should be,  
Gardens and copses and meadows,  
Fields, woods, streams, floods, home, haunts, if ye  
Were left without our farewell!

Doct. in Autumn of 1846.

## FORGET YOUR INJURIES.

—He is unwise and unhappy, who never forgives the injuries he may have received. They come across the heart like dark shadows, which the sunshine of happiness would bless him, and throw him into tumult that he does not easily subdue. The demon of hate reigns in his bosom, and makes him of all accountable creatures the most miserable. Have you been injured in purse or character? Let the smiling angel of forgiveness find repose in your bosom. Study not how you may revenge but return good for evil. It was the constant habit of Bishop Butler to forgive all who injured him. After his death, the following lines were written by one of his friends. They were not less beautiful than true:  
"Some, while they wrong in marble—he more just  
Stood under frown, and wrote them in the dust;  
Trod under foot, the sport of every wind,  
Swept from the earth, and blotted from his mind—  
They buried in the dust he bled them in,  
And grieved they could not 'scape the Almighty eye."  
"RECIPE TO MAKE A FATHER.—Take of the vine called Runabout, and the root of Nimble Tongue, of each six handfuls, fifteen ounces of Ambition, the same quantity of Witsness, bruise them together in a mortar of Misapprehension, boil them over the fire of Wild Surmises till you see the steam of Falshood rising on the top—strain it through a cloth of Misconstrucion, put it in the pocket of Maliginity, and stop it up with the cork of Envy. Such a glass, through the quilt of Misconscience, and you will be prepared to speak all manner of evil, hatred, malice, uncharitableness."  
"Have you ground all those tools right sharp, as I told you this morning, when I went away?" said a carpenter to a "rather green looking chap whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad, promptly, "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that!"

## THE PROPOSAL.

I do not think a braver gentleman,  
More active valiant, or more valiant young,  
More daring, or more noble, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
The Lady Blanche was a beauty and a belle. More than this she was an heiress. Need we wonder, therefore, that old barons, as grim as their ancestors' effigies—gay knights, who sported retainers in cloth of gold—and princes of thirty quarters, from Germany, thronged her castle, and sighed by turns at the feet of the obdurate fair. For the Lady Blanche, though she daily refused none, was indifferent to all. She treated every suitor, indeed, alike. She had a smile for one, a gay word for another, a task for a third, and for each and all the same tantalizing succession of hopes and fears with which beauties have managed to torment their lovers from time immemorial. To tell the truth, the Lady Blanche was a bit of a flirt—and Claude Marston found this out to his cost. As gallant a warrior, as courteous a knight, and withal as poor a gentleman—God help him!—was not to be found in the realm. His ancestors, on one side, had come over with the conqueror, and, on the other, were lost in the clouds of Saxon and British fable. Their war cry had rung and their banners flaunted in every battle from Hastings to Agincourt. But time had stripped them of their possessions, as the sea slowly wastes away some majestic rock; so that Claude Marston, the last of his line, could only claim a solitary tower, with a few rods of land, for his inheritance.

A distant relationship existed between his family and that of the Lady Blanche, and when in his spurs, in fulfillment of a long-standing promise, he visited Delancey Castle, little had Claude thought of love; indeed he boasted that glory should be his sole mistress. Yet he had rare endowments for a lady's bower; he had clerical skill as well as renown at arms; could tune a guitar as well as couch a lance, and was a minstrel withal. The Lady Blanche was accomplished beyond her sex, and could not fail to be delighted with the arrival of such a Crichton, and it was not long, in consequence, before she engaged a chief portion of the young knight's time. Perhaps she hoped to revenge herself on him for his declared indifference to her sex. They read together, rode together, and secured, indeed, as her jealous suitors said, to be always together.

The ravishing beauty of Lady Blanche, her playful humor, the grace of her person, and the winning sweetness of her manner, soon made a captive of Claude, most of whose life had been spent in camps, and to whom female society was new. Day and night he thought only of the fair heiress. At first he fancied his affection not otherwise than a cousin's should be; and when he awoke from his delusion, it was to despair. The Lady Blanche was rich and courted, he poor and unnoticed. She could never be his. Too proud to betray a hopeless passion, he resolved to depart from the castle as soon as possible, and while he remained to set guard on his looks and his tongue, to assume a gayety he did not feel, and even to jest on the folly of love, lest he should be suspected of his secret passion. Once, indeed, he was nearly surprised into betraying himself; for, at times, there was that in the looks and words of Lady Blanche which almost made him hope. On one of these occasions, he made bold to give her a bunch of rose buds, tied with a ribbon that he found on her table, and he thought he detected a consciousness in her manner. He took up her splendid illuminated Petrarch, and opened at one of the sonnets to Laura. It spoke of anying love.

"Heigho," she said, with a pretty toss of the head, "you do not believe in love? Love's but lunacy under another name—a juggle to cheat maidens out of their freedom. It's an enchanter's wand, that lulls us to sleep, but we wake up to find ourselves decked with the cap and bells of the fool. I'll have none of it!"  
"You cannot think so," said Claude earnestly; "surely Petrarch loved Laura!"  
"Loved her! He loved himself! and, wanting a theme to hang his verses on, he took poor Laura for lack of a better. Good, honest man! I warrant he thought more of his library than of her charms, and decided a fit of the rheumatism far worse than her frowns."  
"But—"  
"But—I want no bias," said she, stamping her foot with pouting obstinacy, "men marry to get estates, and women to get husbands. It's well enough for the crowd—but I would be a free falcon, and she hesitated, and then, looking at Claude with a merry laugh, "or be chained in a royal mew."  
Claude sighed and rose. He saw that she had twisted his poor roses nearly to pieces. From that hour he grew more reserved, and even haughty at times, to the Lady Blanche. He could not help it. He strove to appear indifferent, but his spirits would sometimes desert him, and

he was either recklessly gay, or silent and brooding. He avoided the dangerous morning *tele-a-tete*, at first finding some feigned excuse for doing so, but finally abandoning them without an apology. As for Lady Blanche she seemed to care little about this pettishness. Of his intended departure she heard with a gay jest; he was going, she said, it was generally believed, to slay the giant Gargantua—Claude was piqued, and grew colder than ever. They never met now but in the presence of others, and then the Lady Blanche seemed to seek for occasions to tease her lover. If he was gay, she rallied him; if he was sad, she pitied him; and if he was both in the same hour, as often happened, she vowed that men were dork, but Cousin Claude was most dork of all.

If the willful heiress favored any suitor, it was the proud Lord of Waltham. He was still in the prime of life, and at the head of the baronage, and had long loved the Lady Blanche. Every one said that the gay beauty, all along, had made up her mind, when she grew weary of flirting, to wed the Lord of Waltham. Certainly her manner towards him grew more condescending daily. He now filled the post at her bridegroom which Claude once occupied, and often during the evening the pair were left together, as if by that tacit consent on the part of the company with which lovers are avoided. Claude was jealous, though he fancied no one knew it; and his wit found vent at the expense of Waltham, who was rather dull, but, on these occasions, the Lady Blanche would fly to his suitor's aid, and generally discomfited the assailant.

It was the night before Claude's departure. No one could be more unhappy than he had been for the preceding fortnight; against hope he had yet ventured to hope, and a single revealing word from his mistress would give rise to most extravagant dreams, but the chilling indifference or merry raillery of the Lady Blanche had at last cured him. On this occasion he was the gayest of the gay. They were talking of a contemplated journey to the fair hostess.

"I think of going around by the border. It is long since I saw it. What say you to it, cousin Claude? You are as merry as a singing-bird to-night, and would be ready, I suppose, to advise me to risk into a lion's den."  
"You surely jest," said he, with earnestness. "The border is very unquiet, and you would run a great risk of being made captive."  
"Why the man's suddenly become timorous as a monk," said the Lady Blanche, but she blushed slightly, notwithstanding. "Think you, noble gentlemen, that a lady of England may not travel in her native realm without fear of capture? What say you?"  
"I think," said the Earl of Waltham, with a haughty glance at Claude, "that the Lady Blanche may travel anywhere, if she has valiant knights for her escort, and for one, I offer my poor sword to defend her."  
"What think you of that, cousin Claude?" said the Lady triumphantly.

"My Lord of Waltham is a brave gentleman," said he, with a low bow, "but I think he has never crossed swords with the Scots. I won my spurs against them, and know the people; and I shall adhere to my opinion that it would be dangerous for you to undertake that route at present."  
The Lady Blanche hesitated, for this earnestness was not lost on her. Indeed, she had, at first, proposed the contemplated route only in jest; but feminine whim, or some hidden motive, had made her persevere in it on hearing Claude's disapprobation. She was now again in doubt. Claude saw his advantage.

"Lady," he said eagerly, "I know you will not go! Indeed I ask it as a farewell favor!"  
He was surprised into speaking thus. The instant he had done so he saw his error. The Lady Blanche colored, and then said, with a slight curl of the lip—  
"Oh! we forgot that Sir Claude Marston was to be dictating for ladies' favors. But perhaps," she added, looking laughingly around on the rest of the group, "he thinks we may lay our injunction on him, as our good cousin, to go with us, and having no taste for these Scottish broadswords would persuade us to travel southward. But never fear, we are a knight's daughter, and dread no foe. So we absolve you from all duty to us, and while you go to play at silken tournaments, our Lord of Waltham, our Sir Squire, Sir John Neville, will bear us through the Douglas' lances."  
The cheek of Claude burned like fire at this gallant speech, but the speaker was a lady, and he could take no notice of it. He bowed.

"So be it," he said, with difficulty mastering his rage; and then turned on his heel and left the room.  
The Lady Blanche had perhaps gone further than she intended, for she changed color, but added quickly and gaily—  
"Did you ever see such a ferocious an-

imal? and he was once, too, as dainty and well behaved—you can tell testify—as my pet greyhound. What can be the matter with Cousin Claude?"  
The young knight was boiling with indignation as he reached his room. It had been the first time he had been thus publicly slighted for the stupid Waltham; but what else, he now asked himself, could he have expected?

"Fool, fool that I was!" he said, as he strode to and fro in his apartment. "She thinks, or affects to think, that I am a coward. By St. George, I only wish that doll, Waltham, had dared to add a syllable, I could have made him eat his words."  
He chafed thus for nearly half an hour, then his passion in part subsided.

"It was a dream—a dream I cherished in spite of a thousand rebuffs, but it is over. Yet Lady Blanche, I cannot see you fall a victim to your own infatuation. I, too, will go round by the border, secretly guarding you until you safely reach Durham. Perhaps some day you may hear of it, and do me justice."  
The next morning, long before sunrise, Claude and his few followers were in the saddle, and without further leave taking, had turned their backs on Delancey castle.

It was near noon on the third day after leaving Delancey castle, that Claude with his little troop, were wending their way up a long hill, near the border, commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country. For three days he had kept unobserved between the Lady Blanche and the Scottish frontier, maintaining a constant look out; but during the last twenty-four hours his scouts had lost site of her cavalcade, though Claude still believed it to be on the English side of the route he was pursuing. Suddenly, however, on ascending the brow of the hill, he saw before him in the valley a thick cloud of dust, from which gleamed occasionally the glitter of helmet and arms, while the clash of weapons in a fray, and the shouts of combatants rose to his ear, softened by the distance. A momentary breeze that swept aside the dust, revealed the banner of Lord Waltham; and the thickest of the fight appeared to be amid a group of women guarded by men at arms. But it was evident that the English had the worst of the conflict, and must soon have given way. Even as he paused, the triumphant shouts of the Scots swelled on the air, for the banner of Lord Waltham was in the dust.

Claude ran his eyes hastily over his little force, numbering not one-third that of the assailants, but he knew they would stand by him to a man.  
"Have at them, my bold fellows," he said, "England to the rescue! A Marston! A Marston!"—And thus shouting his war-cry at the head of his gallant band, and with his lance in rest, he galloped down upon the foe.

Overpowered by numbers, and worn out by a desperate resistance, the few knights and men-at-arms, who remained with the Lady Blanche—for long before, Lord Waltham, deeming the battle lost, had put spurs to his steed and fled from the field—were on the point of giving up the contest, when they were cheered by a well known war-cry that rose even over the din of the conflict, and brought comfort and hope to their fainting bosoms. At the same instant looking up they saw the young knight thundering down the hill, his long white plume streaming behind him, and his followers bravely galloping in the rear.

"Saint George for merry England!—Stand fast a while longer, brave gentlemen," said the knight in whom the command had devolved, "and the day will yet be ours. A Neville!" he shouted, and dashing his spurs into his steed and charging into the heart of the foe, where, with his huge sword, he laid about him right manfully.  
"A Douglas! For God and Saint Andrew! A Douglas! A Douglas!" was the response of the foe.  
But now, like a torrent sweeping down the hill, like a whirlwind carrying over the plain, the little band of Claude, with fixed lances, burst full upon the foe, who, turned like a wild boar bay, fiercely confronted the new enemy. The shock was like the meeting of two opposite waves in the mouth of a midway. For a moment, both assailants and assailed shook in their saddles, but the impetuous charge of Sir Claude's weighty men-at-arms, soon bore down the lighter horsemen of the Scots, whose prostrate forms were instantly ridden over by the victors as they pursued their career. Right on like an arrow, scattering ruin on this side and that with his eye level, looking right for a moment of the white dress of Lady Blanche—Claude Marston kept his course; and not until he stood at her side did he look back to see the enemy flying in every direction across the plain.

"This day is yours, Sir Claude," said Sir John, Neville, her squire; "we had been lost but for your timely support."  
"Nay I give the glory to God and the saints, who brought us up opportunely. But see! your lady is fainting!"  
It was even so; the Lady Blanche, after bearing all the horrors of the conflict, had, in the instant of victory, suddenly fainted away.  
"There is an abbey but a mile hence over the hill. She can find a shelter there," said Sir John. "Luckily we have a litter with us. You, Sir Claude, guard her thrice, while I see to the wounded."  
"Nay, nay, let that be my task," said Claude; and notwithstanding every remonstrance, Sir John was forced to attend his mistress to the abbey.  
The truth was, Claude did not desire to impose on the Lady Blanche the painful task of returning him thanks, when he knew her heart must be prey to the mortification consequent on Lord Waltham's flight. He, therefore, after he had seen the wounded borne to the abbey gate, was about to pursue his journey "without stopping, when a message was delivered from the Lady Blanche, asking an interview.—There was no escape, and he alighted.  
But Claude would have given worlds to have avoided the interview. He feared for his composure; feared that by some look or word he might betray his love; feared that the Lady Blanche would feel bound to speak honeyed words of thanks, which she knew and scorned his suit.  
The route to her apartments led through the garden, and as Claude was slowly pursuing his way, with his eyes bent on the ground, he thought he heard a deep sigh near him. Looking up, he found himself near the cloisters, and on a seat only separated from him by some rose bushes was the Lady Blanche. She held something to her lips. Was he in a dream, or could it be the bunch of now faded flowers which he had once given her? He could not be mistaken. There was the well known ribbon with which they were still tied.—She murmured his name, too, as she kissed by the bushes and knelt before her, just as she rose from her seat, alarmed, surprised and overcome.  
"I have long loved you," he said passionately. "Dear Lady Blanche, you do not despise my suit."  
She could not speak, but moved her hand for him to rise, and fell weeping into his arms.  
We spare the blushes of the Lady Blanche; but as her face lay hidden on the broad bosom of her lover, she confessed how long she had secretly loved him, and owned herself properly punished for her momentary flirtation. For the Lady Blanche had returned his affection even on that memorable morning when he gave her the rosebuds; woman's whim prompted her words on that occasion, but, ever since, the little bouquet had been worn next her heart. Pride had kept her, however, from coming to an explanation, until Claude's altered demeanor made her think that his affections were changed.  
They were married—Claude Marston and the Lady Blanche; but the earl of Waltham was not even bidden to the wedding.

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THE LAW OF THE ROAD.—Every one who travels the road should make it his business to understand the law of the road. The law of good breeding and good nature, which rarely fails to dictate the "good nature" to the passer, is a pretty good law, but even that has failed in some cases, where the disposition to put it in practice has been confined to one side. Inferior humanity, therefore, requiring a fixed rule in this respect, as in almost every other, it becomes important to understand what the rule is. In a recent case tried in Essex county, between J. M. Meeker, of Newark, and P. F. Frazee, of Rahway, for damages in breaking the carriage of the former, by coming in contact on the highway, Chief Justice Greene, in his charge to the jury, said:  
"It appears from the evidence, that the plaintiff was on the side of the road, where he had a right to be, and kept steadily on without deviating. He said his statute simply directs that all carriages shall keep to the right. Under this act the person driving on the left of the road is not necessarily in the wrong, unless there is not room enough there to let another wagon pass. If the plaintiff was on the right side of the road, though occupying the whole of the smooth part, he was not necessarily culpable for not turning out. It is by courtesy only that one half of the track is usually yielded to others, that empty wagons run out for loaded ones, &c., but that is not the law, which requires all to keep to the right."  
The jury, after a long deliberation, gave the plaintiff a verdict of 200.

POSTAGE ARRANGEMENT.—According to the new postage arrangement between this country and Great Britain, a letter from the United States, or vice versa, will cost 24 cents, prepaid or not, at the option of the sender. Newspapers not to exceed two cents, to be prepaid. Pamphlets, periodicals, &c., over two, and not exceeding three ounces, 12 cents; over three, and not exceeding four ounces, 16 cents; and for all exceeding four ounces, four cents for each additional ounce or fraction.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.  
NOW IN COURSE OF FULFILLMENT.  
"Before fifty years," said Napoleon to Las Cases, one day at St. Helena, "Europe will be Republican or Cossack."  
"Then, if my son is alive, he will be called to the throne amidst the acclamations of the people. If he is no more, France will become a Republic again; for no hand would dare to grasp a sceptre which it could not wield."  
"The Branch of Orleans, though agreeable, if I do not prefer living as simple citizens, whatever changes arrive."  
"Once again France will be a Republic, and other countries will follow its example. Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes and Russians, will join her in a crusade in favor of liberty. They will arm against their sovereigns, who will hasten to make them concessions, in order to retain a part of their ancient authority; they will call themselves constitutional kings possessing limited powers. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow; like the ocean mist, it will vanish before the first ray of the sun of liberty."  
"But, things will not rest there; the wheel of Revolution will not stop at that point; its impetuosity will increase fivefold, and its rapidity in proportion. When a people recovers part of its rights, it becomes enthusiastic; from victory, and having tasted the sweets of liberty, becomes more enterprising in order to obtain more. The States of Europe will be, perhaps, for some years, in a continual state of agitation, like the ground the moment before an earthquake; but at last the lava breaks forth, and the explosion ends all."  
"The bankruptcy of England will be the lava which will shake the world, devouring kings and aristocrats, but cement by its outbreak the interests of democracy. Believe me, Las-Cases, as the vines planted in the ashes which cover the feet of Bine and Vesuvius, produce the most delicious wines, so the tree of liberty will become immovable when it has its roots in the 'revolutionary lava' which it overflows all the monarchies. May it flourish for ages! These sentiments may perhaps appear strange to you in my mouth; they are mine, however."  
"I was born a republican; but destiny and the opposition of Europe made me Emperor. I now await the future."

A western preacher observing one Sunday, that a considerable number of his congregation were crowding the outside seats, where a better opportunity was afforded to stare and whisper, and disregard the solemn services, while the front seats were vacant—addressed them in this eccentric style:—"Young ladies and gentlemen, you have no doubt heard it remarked by farmers, that the outside rows of corn in their fields were but of little value, the squirrels generally destroyed them—so it may be with you, on the outside there—the devil may come along when you are not aware, and grab some of you in the outer rows and destroy you, as the squirrels do the corn. Some of the young ladies are good looking and wish to be considered respectable—and young men like to have a 'good name'—therefore let me kindly invite you to come up among the good corn in the front rows, and you will be much respected. The young ladies rushed to the front seats; and the young men soon followed, and the preacher had no difficulty afterwards.

ADJUSTING THE MOUNTS.—The London Gazette contains some important information for the ladies with regard to the manner of placing their lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c.; it says that when a lady would compose her mouth to bland and serene character, she would just before entering the room say *beam*, and keep the expression in which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing not suggestive of sweetness, she would say *brush*, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth small and girlish she must say *lip*, but if the mouth be already small, and needs enlarging, she must say *Cabbage*. Ladies, when having their daguerrotypes taken, may observe these rules with some advantage.

REMOVAL OF THE TAX ON THE JEWS IN AUSTRIA.—Among the many important changes which have taken place on the continent, is the vote come by the Diet at Vienna, on the 5th of October. They decided, by a majority of 243 against 20, to abolish the tax hitherto imposed on the Jews in the Austrian dominions, called the "Judensteuer," as well as the other taxes levied for permitting the temporary residence of Jews in Vienna, or by passport and police regulations. The minority is said to have consisted of German members, while the Bohemian and Gallician representatives, without an exception, voted in the majority.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Gaspard Bagnus, who was both a poet and a physician, deranged his brain so much by excessive study, that he imagined his body was separated into butter, and he always showed the fire with the utmost care. Being a length worn out with the constant dream of melting, he put an end to his misery by throwing himself into a well.

COOLNESS—A TALE ABOUT A HEAD.  
Jake, a little buck negro who belonged to Dr. Taliaferro, was said to have in his little frame a heart as big as Gen. Jackson's. He didn't fear even our respectable fellow citizen, Old Nick; and as for coolness, he was as cool as the tip-top of the North Pole.

One day, Dr. Taliaferro, upon occasion of the commencement of a Medical College, of which he held the chair of Anatomy, gave a dinner. Among his guests was a well known ventriloquist. Late in the evening, after the bottle had done its work, the conversation turned upon courage, and the Doctor boasted considerably of his favorite man Jake. He offered to bet that nothing would scare him; and this bet the ventriloquist took up, naming at the same time the test he wanted imposed. Jake was sent for and came.

"Jake," said the Doctor, "I have bet a large sum of money on your head, and you must win it. Do you think you can?"  
"Berry well, massa," replied Jake, "jes tell dis nigger what he's to do, and he'll do it so!"  
"I want you to go to the dissecting room. You will find two dead bodies there. Cut off the head of one with a large knife which you will find there and bring it to us.—You must not take a light however; and don't get frightened."  
"Dat's all, is it?" inquired Jake, "Ob! berry well." I'll do dat soze for cent; and as for being frightened, the Debbel himself aint gwine to frighten me."

Jake accordingly set off, and reached the dissecting room, groped about until he found the knife and the bodies. He had just applied the former to the neck of the latter, when from the body he was about to decapitate a hollow and sepulchral voice exclaimed—  
"Let my head alone!"  
"Yes, sah," replied Jake, "I aint 'fraid lar; and tudder head'll do jes as well."  
He accordingly put the knife to the neck of the corpse, when another voice, equally unceremoniously in tone, shrieked out—  
"Let my head alone!"  
"Jake was puzzled at first but answered promptly—  
"Look a hea! Master Tolliver say I must bring one ob de heads, and you aint gwine to fool me now!" and Jake hacked away until he separated the head from the body. Thereupon half a dozen voices screamed out—  
"Bring it back! bring it back!"  
Jake had reached the door, but on hearing this turned around and said—  
"Now—now, see yah! Jes you keep quiet, you fool, and don't wake up the women folks. Master is only gwine to look at de bumps."  
"Bring back my head at once!" cried the voice.  
"Tend to you right away, sah!" replied Jake as he marched off with the head and in the next minute deposited it before the Doctor.

"So, you've got it, I see," said his master.  
"Yes sah," replied the unmoved Jake, "but please be done lookin' at him soon, kays de gospilin told me to fetch him back right away."

## HUMAN NATURE.

When a wild spark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl, she says, "come" sheer off, or I'll spill your mainwail with a typhon."  
The Boston girls hold still until they are kissed, when they stare up all at once, and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed."  
When a young chap steals a kiss from an Albany girl, she says, "I reckon it's my time now," and gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget for a month.  
When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl, she smiles, blushes, and says nothing.  
In Pennsylvania, when a female is saluted with a buss, she puts on bonnet and shawl, and answers, "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah."

The Western ladies, however, are so fond of kissing, that when saluted on one cheek, they instantly present the other.  
The Sag Harbor girls tussle and scratch till out of breath, when she submits to her fate with the most exemplary fortitude and resignation, without a murmur.  
When a young man steals a kiss from a Lowell girl, she blushes like a "new blown rose," and says smugly, "You darnt do that twice more."

Much curiosity has been exhibited by certain editors in relation to the manner in which the Baltimore gas behaves when they are kissed. It has at length come out, that during the operation they are affected after the manner of a person taking chloroform, and remain perfectly quiet until it is all over.