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[For the "Star and Banner."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FEMALE FRIEND.

Alas, and is it so!—Blanta, art thou dead?
Has thy sweet spirit like a vision fled
From this cold, cheerless world, so scarce of charms,
To leave kind friends to seek a Saviour's arms?—
Like some sweet flower nursed with fondest care,
In youth so tender, and in years so spare,
About to blossom and in beauty bloom,
Been nipped by death to fade within the tomb!
Yes, thou art gone, and we have seen full well
The veil of death steal o'er thee like a spell,
And rob thy glowing cheek, so soft and fair,
Of its pure Rose to plant the Lilly there.
Thy sparkling eyes, thy flowing silken hair,
That made thee while in life divinely fair—
All, all are lost amid oblivion's gloom,
And youth and beauty slumber in the tomb.
Yes, thou art gone, and sleep'st within the tomb:
A fairer bud was ne'er about to bloom,
And autumn's leaves shall strew thy lowly bed.—
And autumn's flowers, too, like thee must fade,—
And winter's snow-flakes cover o'er thy form;
Yet they will sleep on unmindful of the storm,
Till spring shall break cold icy winter's chain,
And lovely nature bloom afresh again.
And so shall time resistless onward fly,
Till all is lost in vast eternity.
Yes, thou art gone: another voice is hushed,
Another form unsparing death has crushed—
Another flower from a sweet boquet,
The frosts of death have doomed to fade away.
No more on earth can this sweet flower bloom,
No more its fragrance scent the the social room.
Farewell, dear one, a last farewell to thee;
May heavenly angels be thy company,
To waft thy spirit on the wings of love,
Afar beyond yon glittering stars above,
To close thy pinions midst the shouts and glee
Of happy heaven's glorious minstrelsy.

TOBY.

Gettysburg, February 12, 1849.

The following elegant piece of poetry, is, with many others no way inferior, the production of an illiterate slave of North Carolina, incapable of writing, and consequently dependent on others for putting his thoughts on paper. A pamphlet containing his poems was published some twenty ago.

CREATION.

"When each revolving wheel
Assumed its sphere sublime,
Submissive earth then heard the peal,
And struck the march of time!
"The mesh in Heaven began,
And splendor filled the skies,
When Woslom bade the morning sun
With joy from Chaos rise.
"The angels heard the tune
Throughout creation ring;
They seized their golden harps full soon,
And touched on every string.
"When Time and Space were young,
The music rolled along—
The morning stars together sung,
And Heaven was drown'd in song."

Beware Rich!—Many a sigh is heard, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which parents often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles so diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as much as virtue is opposed to vice! How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of the daughter, this—"Is he rich?"

"Is he rich?"—yes, he abounds in wealth—but does not afford any evidence that he will make a kind affectionate husband.

"Is he rich?"—yes, he has thousands fleeting on every ocean; but do not riches take to themselves wings and fly away? Will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man that has nothing to commend him but his wealth? Ah! beware, the gilded bait sometimes covers the barbed hook. Ask not, then, "is he rich?" but "is he virtuous?" Ask if he has honor, and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

An Interesting Incident.—The delegation of Chippewa chiefs and warriors were shown around the Capitol on Friday, by their intelligent agent and interpreter, Maj. J. B. Martell. They frequently expressed their wonder and admiration at the extent and grandeur of the building, and the splendid paintings strongly attracted their attention. From the capitol they proceeded to the Statue of Washington, followed by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen. They went up to the front of the statue and gazed at it for some moments, with looks of deep interest depicted upon their painted faces; then, sitting down facing the statue, one of the chiefs, O-ska-ba-wis, filled his splendid pipe of Peace and held it out towards the statue, saying: "My great Father, we shall all shake hands with you; we have travelled a long way through the great country that you acquired for your people by the aid of the Great Spirit. Your people have become very great—our people have become very small; may the Great Spirit, who gave you success, now protect us and grant us the favor we ask of our Great Father who now fills the high place first occupied by you."—*National Intelligencer.*

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin." How encouraging is this lesson to the impatient and desponding.—And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from the leaf of a mulberry?

An exchange paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. John Sweet to Miss Ann Sour. It is thought they mean to set up the lemonade business.

[From Sartain's Union Magazine.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER;

Or, How they Chose a May Queen in the School of Parson Cole.

BY C. H. WILEY, A. M.

Parson Cole was an eccentric sort of character, though a learned divine and an excellent man. He lived in the country, on his own farm, being a man of substance, and he and his amiable wife taught a private select school for young ladies. The girls were boarded and lodged by Mr. Cole at his own house, and in all respects treated as members of his own family; and as the situation was healthy, and in sight of the beautiful village of I——, the school was considered a very desirable one by those who knew the merits of the teachers. The number of scholars was limited to twenty, and as no girl under the age of ten years was admitted, and as those who did come were generally handsome and well off, the Parson's residence became a spot consecrated in the imaginations of all young men in that region of country. The Parson's daughters, as they were called, were a lively, romping, happy set, and as they walked out in the afternoons to gather flowers, they knew they were observed by watching eyes, but this did not in the least restrain their gaiety, or prevent them from indulging in that "frolic glee" of which school misses are fond—while their merry voices rung softly and sweetly over hill and dale. Now, as we said, the Parson was eccentric; he had a place for every thing, it's true, but every body else thought every thing in the wrong place. That he might enjoy his books without the fear of interruption, and indulge, at times, in solitary study and holy meditation, he had fitted up a chamber in one end of his house; a chamber admirably suited to the purposes for which it was designed, being removed from the noisy part of the labyrinthian edifice, and approached through long, narrow, dark, and crooked passages. In this chamber, for purposes best known to himself, the Parson kept some rare curiosities; but it is not our purpose to give a description list or catalogue of these natural and artificial wonders. Suffice it to say they lent an air of quaintness to the place, and induced the servants and others who had been there, readily to believe that, as Mrs. Cole asserted, the chamber was haunted. The good lady often, at the table and in presence of her boarders, urged her spouse to fit up a study somewhere else, but the old man declared that he liked to spend his time where familiar spirits of another world seemed fond of holding counsel, though he earnestly urged his pupils to obey his injunctions, and not to venture into a place where their superstitious fancies might discover the most frightful apparitions. It became a rule in school, in fact, that no girl was to visit, on any pretence, the haunted chamber, and thus as parson Cole flattered himself, he could there have every thing his own way, and enjoy his studies uninterrupted.

The parson had a nephew residing in a distant part of the country, the only son and heir of an eminent citizen of great wealth, and a young man famous for his accomplishments and manly beauty. Of this youth, whose name was Edward Cole, every girl in school had often heard, and the announcement that he was shortly to visit his uncle, created quite a stir and excitement. There were many hearts that beat quicker at the intelligence, and there were some even that already began to feel a new and tender sensation. There was, for several days, an unusual attention paid to the adornment of their persons by parson Cole's daughters, and every arrival caused a sudden and violent palpitation.—One day the girls got intelligence that a strange young man had arrived, and as may be expected, they came to dinner dressed with unusual care, and with hearts wildly beating; but judge of the disappointment of each, as she entered and was presented to a plainly dressed young man, by the name of Henry Williams. He was a modest, simple-hearted lad, but learned withal, and won largely on the affections of Parson Cole, who strenuously urged him to study divinity, and declared that, young as he was, he intended to have him appointed tutor to his nephew. The youth bore these commendations meekly, and as he had come to see Parson Cole to solicit the latter's influence in getting him the situation of principal of the village academy, he agreed to wait until the parson could see his nephew. In the meantime he amused himself with books, seeing the young ladies only at the table, at which times he and the parson discoursed at length on literary, historical, and religious subjects.

"What a bore that youth is," said Emma Walters one night while in company with several of her companions.

"He seems to be a thousand years old," remarked Susan Standish, "and in his sublime meditations entirely abstracted from the world. I get so sick of his everlasting talk about the immortality of the soul, the nature of man, and the chief good, and all such antiquated stuff. I wonder when Edward Cole is coming?"

"And would you think it," again spoke Miss Walters, "Ellen Saunders is delighted with him!"

"With whom," asked Agnes Thorpe, the belle of the school; "not Mr. Cole, I hope, for *I* want to see *him* first."

"Edward Cole, indeed," exclaimed Miss Walters; "poor Ellen never aspires so high. She is a meek creature, and listens to the musty philosophy of Mr. Williams, as if his words were the sweetest music."

"Yes, and I have observed," said Jane Anderson, "that she has begun to take unusual pains with her dress, and that the sentiments of Mr. Williams have already affected her mind. She will not do what he thinks is wrong, and what he praises is her delight. But here comes the lovelorn lassie herself. Ellen, they say you are in love."

The girl spoken to blushed crimson, and exclaimed, "What! *I* in love?"

"Yes, you little saint," said Miss Thorpe, "and all with his holiness Mr.—what's his name?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Ellen quietly; "you are all disposed to joke, I see, but I'll forgive you, for you no doubt do not intend to wound my feelings."

"Not for the world, dear Ellen," said Miss Thorpe; "you're an angel in heart, and hard indeed would be ours if we could wantonly hurt the feeling of our gentle sister. But tell me, dearest, what is the name of this modern Plato we have here. I never can remember his name; this sage boy who is to be Erasmus the second?"

"Do yo mean Mr. Williams?" asked Ellen meekly.

"That's the man!" cried Agnes—

"'Phœbus, what a name
To swell the sounding trump of fame.'"

"I came to call you all to prayers," said Ellen Saunders, "and they are waiting for us."

A few days after the above conversation, the parson put his school into a flutter, by informing his pupils that his nephew would be at their approaching examination, and that he intended to give him a party.

"I inform you of this," said Mr. Cole, "that you may write to your parents in time, and be prepared with dresses suited to the occasion. The party will be on the first night of May, and you may have a May Queen, if you choose; what say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" cried all the girls at once.

"And you shall select the Queen," said several of his pupils to the parson; "*we* might not be able to agree."

"I was thinking," replied the parson, that we had better have no Queen; it's an invidious honor, and might cause heartburnings."

The young ladies protested that it should not, each one declaring that she would be satisfied with the choice of the parson.

"I cannot distinguish among my children," said the good old man; "you are all, in my eyes, equally fair."

"But then some may be better than others," replied Miss Anderson.

"So they may; but that's for the world, not me, to determine," answered the teacher.

"Suppose we let your nephew chose," said Mrs. Cole.

"Oh, that's the very idea," exclaimed Miss Agnes Thorpe, her eyes sparkling with conscious superiority; "Mr. Cole is the very man to choose—and he is a stranger to us all, he will have no prejudices."

"My nephew would not like the task," said Mr. Cole; "he would not wish to say that one of you is more handsome than the rest."

"Yes, but father," interposed Miss Agnes, "you *know* that some *are* handsomer than others, and so do we—and I'm sure *I* for one will not be offended at any choice your nephew can make."

"Nor I," said Miss Anderson.

"Nor I, nor I," put in all the others.

"Suppose Mr. Williams choose?" said the parson. The girls tittered, Mr. Williams blushed, and the parson continued: "Mr. Williams is a prudent young man, and one of excellent judgment, and I'm certain would make an excellent choice. Will none of you speak? What say you, meek-eyed dove of Glen-Mary."

"Do you mean me?" asked Ellen Saunders, who was from Glen-Mary.

"I do," answered the parson; "as you have not yet spoken, I should like to have your views."

"Indeed," said Ellen, "I'd be so glad to have a May-day frolic, that I'll be perfectly satisfied with any sort of arrangements you all may agree upon."

"Would you not like Mr. Williams to chose the Queen?" asked Miss Standish, with a sly glance at the other girls.

"If the rest of you would," replied Ellen.

"But tell me, dear," said the parson, "who would you prefer to choose the Queen?"

"I'll declare—I have but one choice about it," answered Ellen; "I want the others to be satisfied, and all to be happy; and then, and not until then, I'll be satisfied and happy also"

"Well spoken," said Mrs. Cole; "those are excellent sentiments, and I hope all sympathize in them."

"No doubt all do," said the parson; "but I think I can easily settle the whole matter to the satisfacion of all. I dislike to see preferences made; you are all handsome enough, and agreeable enough: we are none of us as good as we might be. So that beauty, goodness, or agreeableness, shall not be the test: the matter shall be determined partly by accident, and in a way that will give general satisfaction.—To-morrow morning each one of you shall go separately into the garden and bring me a present; and the one whose present most becomes female royalty, shall be the Queen."

"But who is to determine this?" asked Miss Thorpe.

"All of us," replied the parson. "If we do not all agree, then the choice shall be determined in some other way. You will find violets, tulips, roses, pinks, hyacinths, and other flowers in bloom."

"But suppose that more than one of us bring the same thing," suggested Ellen Saunders.

"That you will hardly do; but to prevent it, you must each bring a compound present. You all have studied the same botany, and you all therefore attach the the same language to the same flowers: but if you do not, you may each translate for yourselves."

On the morning appointed, Miss Agnes Thorpe, who was the first to enter the garden, was somewhat startled as she passed the gate by the question, "Who are you? who are you?" uttered in a hoarse, unnatural voice above her head. She cast her eyes up, and saw sitting among the tangled vines over the arbor a large green parrot, to whose interrogatory, often repeated, she made no reply, and passed on, still a little flurried, to cull and arrange a bouquet worthy of a queen. Miss Standish was the next to enter, and she too, like Miss Thorpe, was alarmed by the strange porter at the gate, nor did she make any reply. Indeed every girl that passed was in her turn frightened by the strange voice above her—some, in their agitation, not even casting their eyes upward to see the mysterious questioner who vociferously demanded their names.

The last to enter was Ellen Saunders, who, when questioned at the gate, instantly looked up, being more curious than fearful, saying as she did so, "I'm Ellen Saunders: who are you?"

"I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson," replied the bird, in great glee at finding a polite interlocutor: "I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson, fearing God—fearing God; who are you? who are you?"

The girl was astonished, and greatly amused at the discourse of the learned bird, and nearly forgetting her errand, while filled with a sudden desire for a frolic, she immediately overhauled his feathered reverence—and running into the house, immoderately laughing, flung the solemn bird into the midst of the assembly, at the same time asking it who it was. "I'm the Parson—I'm the Parson," instantly replied the parrot, to the infinite amusement of the whole company—the real parson himself, though somewhat confused, joining in the laugh.

"And what do you bring for the queen?" asked Parson Cole.

"Crown of Love, Crown of Love," replied his feathered holiness: "Who are you? who are you?"

After they had all admired the bird for a while, Parson Cole suddenly turned to Ellen, saying, "But, my dear, where's your present for the Queen?"

"Indeed," answered Ellen, "I had totally forgotten it, I was so amused by your reverend rival there. Where on earth *did* it come from—I never saw it before!"

"Did *any* of you?" asked the Parson. "Tell me truly, my beloved pupils, have any of you seen that bird before? How comes it that it did not excite your curiosity, and that none of you, except Ellen, stopped to question it?"

"Father," said Miss Agnes Thorpe—a proud, majestic beauty—"father, will you forgive me, and still call me daughter?—Will you love me still?" continued she, the tears starting in her eyes, and her frame heaving with evident emotion: "I have disobeyed your orders, but God only knows how I have suffered for it. I have been miserable ever since; I can bear it no longer, and I feel that it is a relief to me to confess my crime before this whole assembly. I was tempted—I could not restrain my curiosity, and in an evil hour I looked into the haunted chamber. As soon as I opened the door, I saw that bird sitting on your armed-chair, and his questions so frightened me that I ran down stairs, and have never got over my alarm. When I saw it yesterday, I thought the bird knew me and knew my guilt, and I avoided it. Will you forgive me?—I *know* I will never again disobey."

"And I know it too," replied the parson, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he as he took Agnes in his arms: "daughter, I will say to you as One more mighty and more holy said to one of your erring sex thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more."

There were now other and similar confessions to be made; the example of Agnes inspired her more timid companions with moral courage, and soon it appeared that every one except Ellen Saunders had taken a peep into the haunted chamber.

"And how comes it you never transgressed," asked the parson of Ellen; "were you afraid of witches and and goblins, or had you no curiosity?"

"I never thought the chamber was haunted," answered Ellen: "I supposed you did not wish me to intrude into it; and though my curiosity was great, I restrained it, hoping that before I left school you would let me see the the curiosities of which I had heard so many strange reports."

"And so you shall; you shall all look now to your hearts' content," replied the parson, who accordingly led his pupils into the haunted chamber.

All of course were gratified, and all were happy; but Ellen only with a lively relish turned over and examined with increasing delight the many curious relics, and specimens of art and nature, that gave a strange, mysterious air to the parson's study.

"And now," said the parson, after they had left the haunted chamber, "whom shall we make Queen?"

"Miss Agnes, of course," cried Ellen, who sympathized with the sorrow that still hung its sign in the eyes of Miss Thorpe.

"What say you all?" asked the parson.

"I say Ellen Saunders," replied each girl at the same time.

"I thought once she deserved it," said the parson, "but I've changed my mind. The first to abase herself shall be exalted highest," continued he: "Miss Agnes shall hold the first station on that day, Miss Jane the second, and so on in order of your confession; and you, Ellen, will bring up the rear, attended by Mr. Williams. What say you, are you all content?"

They certainly all were, and none more so than Ellen Saunders, who very heartily joined in the laugh at her own expense, although she could not but feel a touch of pity for Mr. Williams, when she saw how much fun his name excited.

"A good conscience is a sufficient honor," whispered the latter to Ellen, while the girls were now too busy to notice him.

"I know it," answered Ellen, "and therefore I think it right that my rank should be lowest. Indeed I wish only that all the others could be as happy as I am."

"The'll never be," returned Williams; "in your heart is a fountain such as their breasts do not contain; a fountain that will bless you, and bless all about you.—Green, and bright, and fresh as the bloom of loveliness which it will for ever produce, and thrice happy will he be who will be allowed to garner for himself the immortal sweetness of thy nature!" Ellen's face turned scarlet, but she did not even turn her head towards the speaker, and hurried off to join her companions.

Need we describe the preparations made to celebrate the first of May at the house of Parson Cole? Shall we picture the green enamelled meadow in which, beneath the shade of aged oaks, the May Queen was to be crowned? Can we describe the floral decorations of the seats, and especially of the throne? Can we tell how the birds were singing—how the skies smiled, and how all nature wore an air of soft repose? Shall we tell of the great crowd of people that came to witness the ceremony—of the songs that rang so sweetly in those old woods, and of the delightful sports that made the day one of the happiest that any body had ever seen?

We'll leave all these things to the reader's imagination, and we will leave him or her to fancy if they can the unutterable emotion of the beautiful and majestic Queen, as she sat upon her throne of flowers, expecting every moment to have presented to her a subject, whose arrival had that morning been announced. At length the parson came, leading up an extremely handsome and elegant young man, and approaching the royal seat, said, after a deep reverence, "I present to your majesty my nephew, Edward Cole." The Queen, as queens ought not to do on such occasions, trembled violently, and felt as if she would faint. Her senses reeled, her eyes grew dim; and when she was finally able to look calmly about her, the young man, the observed of all observers, came leading up the blushing Ellen Saunders, saying, "Permit me to present to your majesty a timid young creature, who is this night to figure as a bride at your majesty's party."

The Queen again shook violently, but was soon her royal self again, and was thus enabled to see that Mr. Edward Cole and Mr. Henry Williams were one and the same person. But she was every inch a queen; her pride came to the rescue, and for the rest of the day she filled her station with unusual grace and dignity.

It remains only to be said that young Cole had got the consent of her parents before he ever breathed love to Ellen: that he declared himself to her on the day before the first of May, and after a word of trouble got her to consent to become his own the following night. Her parents and friends were there approving; and and on the evening of the first of May, 18—, beneath a canopy of flowers, and in the midst of a delightful assembly, the meek-eyed dove of Glen-Mary declared before the world that her resting-place was and for ever would be in the breast of Edward Cole.

GEM.

Once from a cloud a drop of rain
Fell trembling in the sea,
And when she saw the wide-spread main,
Shame veiled her modesty.
"What place in this wide sea have I?
What room is left for me?
Sure it were better that I die,
In this immensity!"
But while her self-abasing fear
Its lowliness confessed,
A shell received and welcom'd her,
And press'd her to its breast.
And nourished there, the drop became
A pearl for royal eyes—
Exalted by its lovely shape,
And humbled but to rise.

THE MORMONS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Mormon settlements in California, near the Great Salt Lake, are thus described by Mr. E. P. Whipple, a leading Mormon, who lately arrived at Pittsburg, over land from that region:

"The valley in which the Mormon settlements are, is about 50 miles long and 40 broad, and is surrounded on three sides by high mountains, and on the north side by the lake. From various gorges in the mountains, mountain fresh water streams pour their waters into the Jordan, affording fine water power. No timber grows in the valley, but an abundance is supplied by the valleys of the streams in the mountains. It consists of fir, pine, hemlock, and sugar maple.

In this delightful valley, about 1,000 miles from Missouri on the east, and 700 from the Gold Diggings of the Sacramento on the west—the Rocky Mountains being a barrier on one side, and the Great Basin, or the California or the Sierra Nevada range on the other—the Mormons have at last found a resting place. About 7,000 persons, of all ages, and both sexes, are now collected in this valley. They commenced arriving in a valley in July, 1847, and last season they raised a fine crop of wheat, corn, and other productions, sufficient for their own consumption and those of their faith who are yearly coming in. After next harvest they will have provisions to dispose of. They have two grist-mills and four saw-mills in operation, and have laid out several villages, and a town on an elevated plat, which overlooks the whole valley and lake. They are building substantial houses and surrounding themselves with many comforts. They expect a large emigration this season from their brethren in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, where there are some thousands congregated.

The Mormons have established ferries over the only rivers which are not fordable on account of high waters—the Platte and Green rivers—so that no hindrance to emigrants, from that cause, need now be feared. No gold has yet been found in the neighborhood of Salt Lake, or any where east of the Sierra Nevada, as far as Mr. Whipple is informed. What has reached that region, was brought there by the discharged Mormon soldiers, who had returned from the placer to visit their families.

With reference to the story, that the Mormons had claimed a pre-emption right to the diggings, and were demanding a per centage on the gold found, Mr. Whipple gives the following account: The first discovery of gold was made by Mormons, (discharged soldiers,) in digging a mill race for Mr. Sutter. As the discovery was on his ground, he gave them the liberty of digging gold, on condition of paying him a certain per centage. This they agreed to do, but soon started off to explore for themselves, and, having found some rich spot, they demanded a per centage from new comers for digging in their ground, to which they claimed a right of discovery. This practice is general in the mines, and the Mormons, Mr. Whipple says, no more claim the whole of the mines than they do the whole of California.

Magic Table.—*To find a Lady's Age, Rule*—Let her tell in which columns her age is found. Add together the first columns, and the sum will be her age. Suppose, for example, she says that she finds her age in 1st, 2d and 5th columns. Then the addition of 1, 2, and 16, (the first numbers of said columns,) gives 19 for her age.

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Every thing great is not always good, but all good things are great.

The Fop Outwitted.—In one of our country taverns, a few years since, there happened to be a number of respectable farmers clad in the usual habit, when a spruce young gentleman came in, rigged in the highest style, with a watch in his pocket, who strutted about the room with great pomp, dangling his watch, keys and seals, in the most foppish manner. After swaggering about the room for a few minutes, he cried out and challenged any man in the room to drop money with him, one piece at a time, and the man whose purse held out the longest should take the whole and treat the company. No one appeared to accept the challenge, which only tended to render the fop more inflated with an idea of his superiority in wealth, and he became more in earnest. At length a rusty looking, but shrewd old farmer, observed, if no one else would accept the offer, he would do it. "It's done," said the fop, and immediately called on the third man to hold the hat. The farmer then put his hand in his pocket and took out what he called a bungtown copper, and dropped it in the hat. The fop immediately dropped in his second piece, and the farmer feeling in his pocket for another piece, but finding none, gravely observed, "I am beat, I have no more; you may take the whole and treat the company."

Report of the Patent Office.—The report of the Commissioners of Patents for 1848, will be the best document which has ever emanated from the office on account of the great amount of valuable scientific information which it contains. It contains a brief history of the Patent-office up to 1849. From 1790 to 1849, the number of Patents issued are given as follows:

States.	No. Patents.	States.	No. Patents.
Maine,	463	Mississippi,	23
New Hampshire,	267	Louisiana,	77
Vermont,	310	Arkansas,	0
Massachusetts,	2161	Tennessee,	108
Rhode Island,	234	Kentucky,	185
Connecticut,	1156	Ohio,	749
New York,	3382	Michigan,	51
New Jersey,	461	Indiana,	114
Pennsylvania,	2167	Illinois,	71
Delaware,	52	Missouri,	40
Maryland,	660	Florida	1
Virginia,	660	Texas,	4
North Carolina,	137	Iowa,	2
South Carolina,	122	Wisconsin,	8
Georgia,	80	District Columbia,	224
Alabama,	65		
Total,			14,064

The following table shows what cities have taken out the greatest number of patents in proportion to the rest of the Union—yet we must not judge by this that other cities have not as much mechanical ingenuity in proportion to their population.—The four cities here mentioned were flourishing places when Cincinnati was the dwelling place of the wild deer and Buffalo:

Boston	623	New York,	1787
Philadelphia,	960	Baltimore,	430
Total			3,800

The proportion which the inventive genius of Boston bears to that of the State of Massachusetts, is about one-third of the whole. The proportion of the city of New York to the State of New York is more than one-half of the whole. That of Philadelphia to the State of Pennsylvania as 3 to 7; and of Baltimore to Maryland as 2 to 3.

The Dandy and His Turkey.—Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen at sunrise, with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions a fashionable young man from I——, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey; Marshall stepped up and said to him:

"This is on my way, and I will take it for you."

When he came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "it was on my way home, and no trouble."

"Who was that polite old man that brought home my turkey?" inquired the young man of a bystander.

"That," replied he, "is John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?" asked the young man.

"To give you a severe reprimand, and teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

True, genuine greatness never feels above doing anything that is useful; but especially the truly great man will never feel above helping himself.

"I cannot conceive, my love, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," was the exclamation of an indulgent husband, to his better half, the other day.

"No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, 'cause baby and I washed it in the basin, ever so long, this morning."

A Paris carricature, represents Louis Phillippe receiving a kick from Lamartine, who is receiving one from Cavaignac, who is in return kicked by Louis Napoleon; and then comes a scroll—"To be continued."

☞ The true mystery of the letters O. K. has at length been discovered—they mean *Off to California.*