

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1880.

NEW SERIES—NO. 165.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOL. XX—43.

## THE RAINBOW.

BY MISS EMMA WOOD.

Bright dew drops hung in the flower's cup  
As they shone of day;  
But a glorious sunbeam swiftly came  
And carried the gems away.  
After his glittering home  
And blended them with his burning light.  
They doled his throne with a rainbow bright.

A mother wept for her darling babe,  
That had gone to his home on high;  
But a ray of hope to her bosom came  
As that rainbow met her eye.  
For she knew that her child had gone,  
To win new charms by his fight to heaven,  
Brighter than hues to the rainbow given.

## "I LOVE."

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

Oh! do not speak it lightly!  
That little word, I love,  
Thou dost not know how stern a thing  
One simple word may prove;  
It is the word of destiny,  
The seal of woman's fate;  
And uttered once, regrets and tears  
May come—but come too late.

He unto whom thou breathest  
That little thrilling word,  
Becomes at once thine arbiter,  
And knows himself thy lord;  
His law is on thy tongue,  
And o'er thy spirit evermore  
The tide of his shall roll.

Therefore his every heart- pang  
Shall quiver through thy breast;  
And on thy soul and on thy fame,  
The shade of his shall rest.  
Thou dost not utter lightly  
That word of fate—I love!  
Thou dost not know how stern a thing  
That little word may prove.

## THE TALES OF OLD.

The tales of old, that served the bold  
To deeds of love and duty,  
That woke the sigh, or dimmed the eye,  
Of innocents and beauty!  
Who heed them now? The chilling brow  
And colder heart reprove them;  
For the days of ancient days,  
As those who once could love them!

Around the hearth, with honest mirth,  
Our fathers gathered daily,  
To gaze on the olden merriment,  
Which made them glad and gay.

Three tales of old were often told  
By pilgrim, monk or friar,  
Of gallant war, in regions far,  
Where valor might aspire;  
Of gallant deed, where, once achieved,  
A host could not repell them,  
For these like these were words would please,  
And they alone could tell them!

## PETER CARTRIGHT; THE JOCOSE PREACHER.

A GENUINE PORTRAIT FROM LIFE IN ILLINOIS.

Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp ground near Springfield, on the 2d Sunday of September, 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties for a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The glittering prestige of his fame had lightened far before him, and hence the universal eagerness to see and hear one concerning whom rumors' trumpet tongue discoursed so loudly.

Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the expected prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour for the detonation of the heavy guns of orthodoxy, and still there was no news of the clerical lion.

A common circuit rider took his place, and sensible of the popular disappointment increased it by mouthing a miserable failure. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite afresh their curiosity, and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste and presented a note, which was immediately read to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:

DEAR BROTHERS:—The Devil has founded my horse, which will detain me from reaching your tabernacle till evening. I might have perched the journey on foot, but I could not leave poor Paul, especially as he has never left Peter. Hence he has no souls to save, and therefore it is all the more duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the Devil get among you as he did before candle-light, when I shall be at my post.

Your brother,  
PETER CARTRIGHT.

In fashionable phrase, the reading of this strange epistle "produced quite a sensation." Some thought the man mad; others deemed the letter a hoax. But still the effect as to one particular was unquestionable; it heightened and interested the public curiosity; and such, very likely, was the precise result intended by the writer.

At length the day closed. The purple curtains of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in heaven, and men below kindled their pale candles. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf in the grove to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were varnished with phosphoreous flame. It was like a theatre. It was a spectacle in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry blue, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the olive of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty, and their ears on the music of silver sounds.

Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out hymn preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became instantly riveted on the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, "a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man," although in the present case, it must, for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed even more gigantic than the reality from its crowning foliage of luxuriant coal-black hair, wreathed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked large as a half bushel; beetling brows, rough and cragged as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire, small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—(they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor,) a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by the kisses of sunbeams—rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as if wearing a perpetual merry smile, and you have a life-like portrait of Peter Cartright, the far-famed and jocosé preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentative, the dogmatic, the postulatory, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative, 'in orthodox blows and knocks,' the logical, and the poetic; but this specimen belonged to none of these species. It might be termed properly the *scraggish*.

He began with a loud, beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night air like successive peals of grand thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices, but his was matchless sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes, his remarks, being preparatory, were common places and uninteresting; but then all of a sudden his face reddened, his eye lightened, his gestures grew animated as the waftures of a fierce torch, and his whole countenance changed to an expression of inimitable humor; and now his wit, waggish, peculiar eloquence poured like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows of wit, shafts of ridicule, bon mots, puns, and side-splitting anecdotes, sparkled, flashed, and flew like hail, till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For awhile the more ascetic strove to resist the strong current of their own spontaneous emotions; the sour-faced clergy frowned and hung their heads; and all the maidenly saints groaned as with unpeakable anguish at such desecration of the evangelic desk. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand the *faciès* of Cartright. His every sentence was like a warm finger tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other men's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equilibrium only increased the disposition to burst in loud explosions, as every schoolboy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in a roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted to tears of irresistible merriment. Molière's best comedy or Sheridan's funniest farce was never half so successful. This continued thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinner, which was his theme. I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result as to the speaker. How, I exclaimed mentally, will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humor? If he ends thus, when the merry mood subsides and calm reflection supervenes, will not the revulsion of feeling be deadly to his fame? Will not every reader feel that he has been trifled with in matters of sacred and eternal interest? At all events there is no prospect of a revival to-night, for were the orator a magician, he could not change the subject now, and stem the torrent of headlong laughter.

But the shafts of my inference fell wide of the mark; for even then he began to change, not all at once, but gradually as the wind of a thunder cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of plesantry; his voice grew first earnest, then solemn, and soon wailed out in tones of the deepest pathos; his eye was shorn of its mild light, and yielded streams of tears as the fountain of the hill yielded water. The effect was indescribable; the rebound of feeling beyond all revelation in words of portraiture by imagination. He descended on the horrors of hell till every shuddering face was turned downwards, as if expecting to behold the solid globe riven asunder, and the fathomless fiery gulf yawn beneath. Brave men moaned like sick infants, and fair fashionable women, covered with silken drapery, and bedighted with gems, shrieked as if a knife were at work among their heart strings.

Again he changed the theme, and sketched the joys of a righteous death—in faith's hope, its winged raptures, and its faithful angels attend the liberated spirit, to its starry home—with such force, fire,

and evident belief, that all eyes were raised towards heaven, as the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the visions of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated as it was on high to the full length of his arm. He then made a call for the mourners into the altar, and five hundred, many of them until that night infidels, rushed forward and prostrated themselves on their knees. The meeting was continued for two weeks and more than a thousand converts were added to the church. From that time the success of Peter Cartright was unparalleled, and the fact chiefly due to his inimitable wit and masterly eloquence that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois.

"In what college did he graduate? Surely it must have required a mighty *alma mater* to develop such a son."

You are more than half right, my good questioner, Peter Cartright, like most of preachers of his sect, received his education in the great universal university—the same that produced Homer, Plato, Moses, Mendelssohn, Franklin—that wreaver of garlands from the lightning's wing—Washington and Patrick Henry. High up on the highest mountain top, deep down in the lowest valleys, far out away on the rolling billow, there he studied and toiled together in the most glorious of all schools—the free school of self culture! "But did he graduate?" Aye, and nature's own hand wrote his diploma with a pencil of living light, and stamped it with a seal of fire—the immortal fire of true genius.

Cartright became an itinerant at eighteen, with no learning from books save what he derived from the pages of his Bible and a collection of hymns. Year after year he continued to travel the wild circuit of the frontier, earning annually but a hundred dollars for labors as painful as a slave at the oar. But his vocation afforded him an excellent opportunity for meditation, and even reading. In his long journeys from one appointment to another he was alone, with nothing around him but woods and waters, birds, mountains, sun, moon and stars. These he might and did ponder well. Aye, he did more; he bought books of literature and science, and pour ed over them as he rode along, with an ardor and perseverance such as perhaps never was witnessed within the stone walls of college. Thus he mastered mathematics, logic, physics, law and several languages, ancient and modern. Oh! believe me—believe all human history—there is no teacher like the student's own hardworking intellect urged on to action and guided in its efforts by the omnipotence of an unconquerable will!

"Why did not this western prodigy achieve for himself a more extensive renown. Why did he not climb to the loftiest stations in the church? If his narrative be true, he ought before now to have been a bishop, at the least."

The statement of a few facts will solve the problem. Let it be remembered, then, that the Methodist Episcopal church is a hierarchy, in which the dispensation of clerical honors rests exclusively with the bishops and general conference of itinerants, where the laity and local preachers are unrepresented, and consequently have no voice. Hence, in that sect, popularity, eloquence, and other showy qualities, have never been found sufficient passports to the pre-eminence distinctions of authority and office, but often to the reverse. The Bishop's gown must be won by steady, austere devotion, not by brilliant oratory or profound and varied learning.

On this perilous rock Peter Cartright's lofty vessel was shattered into the atoms of a hopeless wreck. He made no pretensions to superior sanctity, nor was it manifested in his conduct and demeanor, whether in the pulpit or in private life. Indeed he was distinguished by one very unclerical peculiarity—combustiveness in the superlative degree. His battles, though always apparently on the defensive, were as numerous as the celebrated Bowie. The only difference was this, that Bowie fought with deadly weapons, while Cartright used his enormous fist, which was quite as effective, however, as any knife or pistol ever forged out of steel. Let the reader judge from the following anecdote:

At the camp meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the control of Mike King, a notorious bully, the triumphant hero of countless fights, in none of which he had ever yet met an equal or even a second. These coarse, drunken ruffians carried off with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader, Fink, inspired, that not one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess.

At last, one day when Cartright ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Cartright's dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited

his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:

"Wait a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the Devil pray." He then proceeded, with a smile on his lips, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully:

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado, raked back the tangled tresses of his blood red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:

"By golly, I'd like to see you do it, old snorter!"

"Very well," said Cartright. "Will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will. They're rale git, and won't do nuthin' but the clean thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked Cartright.

"Ready as a race horse with a light rider," answered Fink, squaring his ponderous person for combat.

But the bully spoke too soon, for scarcely had the words left his lips, when Cartright made a prodigious bound towards his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell crashing upon the other's chin, and hurled him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer.

But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy exclaiming—

"That warn't done fair, so it warn't."

He aimed a ferocious stroke, which Cartright parried with his left hand, and grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for those strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice. When he began to turn purple in the face, and ceased to resist, Cartright slackened his hold, and inquired:

"Will you pray now?"

"I doesn't know a d— word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded Cartright.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you der devil himself."

The preacher then said over the Lord's prayer line by line, and the conquered bully responded in the same way, while the victor permitted him to rise. At this commendation the rowdies thundered out three boisterous cheers. Fink shook Cartright's hand warmly, declaring:

"By golly you're some beans in a bar fight. I'd rather set to with an old 'der in the dog days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose smashers, blast your picture!"

Afterwards Fink's party behaved with exemplary decorum, and Cartright resumed his Bible and pulpit.

A thousand other incidents equally material and ludicrous are related as to Cartright's adventures in Kentucky and Illinois. Many of them are probably fictitious, but those genuine alone, if collected, would be sufficient to stock at least two volumes of romantic reality.

Such was the jocosé preacher, and his biography teaches us the mighty influence of circumstances in moulding the characters and fixing the destinies of individual men. Had that splendid genius been cast on the tide of war, or thrown into the fiery vortex of a revolutionary era, his name might have been a signal of doom to quaking nations; his renown might have blazed like a comet, through all time. But he was born in the wildest mountains in Kentucky; he was taught the spiritual tenets of Wesley, and educated to regard the calling of a Methodist circuit rider as the loftiest on earth. And so now this poor sketch—this spark of fading fire—as dim, flickering and evanescent as a shadow—is the last ray of his glory, left below the stars—an epitaph by a stranger's hand, written on the sand which the next rain shall obliterate wholly—a blasted limb, that the first wind shall blow away into the Lethæan sea forever!—Sunday Times.

MUSIC OF OLD.—The ancient Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only ram's horns; the psaltory was a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sackbut resembled the zegg used at Malta in the present day—a species of bagpipe; the timbral was a tambourine, and the dulcimer a horizontal harp with wire strings, and struck with a stick like a psaltory—such as are seen about the streets of London at the present day. Imagine the discord produced by two hundred thousand of such instruments while playing at the dedication of Solomon's Temple!

Hallo, you sir, put up your cigar, can't you see that notice, 'no smoking allowed'?" "Well, what of that—I sin, smoking about—I am doing it as still as a man can."

FIGHTING ON EVA'S TEARS.—Speaking of duelling says a correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune, "I will tell you a little incident that occurred in Georgia, many years ago. Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost a leg, and who was known to be a dead set on challenging Col. D., a gentleman of great humor and attainment. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Col. D. was asked if he was ready.

"No, sir," he replied.

"What are you waiting for then?" inquired Judge T.'s second.

"Why, sir," said Col. D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gun to put my legs in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me. You see he has a wooden leg."

The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Col. D. was afterwards told that he would sink his reputation:

"Well," replied he, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can."

"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you."

"Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers that fill a coffin."

No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

SAL DIP INTO THE GRAVE.—DAD PAYS AS MUCH AS ANY ON 'EM.—We were not long since much amused by a couple of Hoosier girls, who came on board the steamer—, at the little town of Monni Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never been a 1000 miles from home, and were making their first trip on a steamboat. The elder one was exceedingly talkative, and perfectly free and unencumbered with regard to many eyes that were scanning her movements. The other was of an opposite turn of mind, inclined to bashfulness. At dinner our ladies were honored with a seat at the head of the table, and the eldest one, with her usual independence, cut her bread into small pieces and with her fork resheated over and enrolled each mouthful in the nice dressing on a plate of beefsteak before her. The passengers preserved their gravity during this operation by dint of great effort. Perceiving that her sister was not very forward in helping herself, she turned around to her and exclaimed loud enough to be heard by half the table—*Sal dip into the gravy—dad pays as much as any on 'em!* This was followed by a general roar, in which the captain led off. The girls arrived at their place of destination before supper, and when they left the boat all hands gave three cheers for the girls of the hoosier state.—Cincinnati Nonparad.

GEN. JACKSON'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN CONGRESS.—When Mr. Gallatin was a member of Congress in the year 1799, Tennessee was admitted as a state into the Union, and sent her first member to Washington. One day, when in his seat in the House, Mr. Gallatin noticed a tall, lank, uncouth looking individual, with long locks of hair hanging over his brows and face, while a queue hung down his back, tied in an owl skin. The dress of the individual was singular—his manner and deportment that of a backwoodsman. The appearance of so singular a character on the floor of the House of Representatives, naturally attracted attention, and a member at his side asked who he was. Mr. Gallatin replied that it was the member for the new State.

"Well," said his friend, "he seems just the sort of chap one might expect from such an uncivilized region as Tennessee. The individual in question was Andrew Jackson.

OLD AGE BEAUTIFIED.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rosiest of youth bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her family she is the life and delight. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy; whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and love, a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirit, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her love truth and virtue; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

FEMALE BEAUTY.—A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intelligent and even beautiful expression to the face. The features may be irregular and the complexion bad, but if the heart is gentle, and the mind well stored, the woman will be handsome. We have known women, who at first sight were positively homely, but who became very handsome, even fascinating, upon further acquaintance.

LITTLE GRAVES.—Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the church yard. They are the depositories of mothers' sweetest joys—half unconscious buds of innocence—humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a single canker worm of pollution had nestled among its petals. Callous indeed must be the heart of him who can stand by a grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life begun and life ended, without a stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul, brief young being, together among us! How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth bed of his little ones! Mourful, because that sweet treasure is taken away; joyful, because that precious treasure glitters in the diamonds of the Redeemer.

THE PRESENT YEAR.—A German newspaper, recently published a prophecy by a Benedictine monk, who died in 1847, the purpose of which is that the present year, 1850, will be one of unusual prosperity. The different sects of christianity will in that year accord. The Sultan will be poisoned, and his empire will become christian. Russia will suffer much from an eastern nation. A German prince will be found an emperor's empire. Grain, fruit, lentils, and other vegetables will be so plentiful that the birds will be unable to contain them. The disease of the sweet potato will every where cease, and old men will not remember such a year of fruitfulness. The wine of this year will surpass that of the year of its combat.—Foreign Paper.

THE EXTENT OF OUR COUNTRY.—It has been computed that the U. States have a frontier line of 10,750 miles, a sea coast of 8,430 miles, a lake coast of 1,160 miles. One of its rivers is twice as long as the Danube, the largest river in Europe. The Ohio is 800 miles longer than the Rhine, and the noble Hudson has a navigation in the "Empire State" 120 miles longer than the Thames. Within Louisiana are bayous and creeks almost unknown, theiber of Soire. The state of Virginia alone is one third larger than England. The State of Ohio contains 3000 square miles more than Scotland. The harbor of New York receives the vessels that navigate rivers, canals and lakes to the extent of 3,000 square miles, equal to the distance from America to Europe. From the capital of Maine to the "Crescent City" is 3000 miles further than from London to Constantinople, a route that would cross England, Belgium, a part of Prussia, Germany, Austria and Turkey.

A distinguished writer upon health and longevity says:—Extend the same favor daily to your whole person that you do to your face and hands. All you require is two or five quarts of cold water; (and as much more as you please,) and one or two towels: the whole operation need not occupy five minutes. When you can faithfully and fearlessly wash yourself all over with cold water daily, you will have taken a vast step in the commencement of unimpeded health. The religion of some whom we call heathens, enjoins this upon them, while we, with all the lights of christianity and civilization, are too apt to neglect it.

CURIOS FACT.—The whole population of the United States could be compressed into the space of one square mile, and each individual be allowed sufficient room to breathe in. Fifteen inches square would suffice for this. There are 1,700 yards in a mile, which, being multiplied gives 63,360 inches; and this product divided by 15, the number of inches occupied by each individual, would place 4,224 of them in a row, to extend the length of a mile; and the same number of rows so completely square miles would consequently number 17,842,578.

DEATH OF A NUN.—Mr. Thomas Mescham of the town of Hopkin, St. Lawrence co., N. Y., who died a few weeks ago, and for several years was a resident on the North West Bay road, of what was then called No. 10, in Franklin co., on E. Brook, near the bounds of Hopkinton, was somewhat of a hunter. He kept an exact account of the game killed by him, which has been furnished to the St. Lawrence Mercury:

No. of Wolves	214
" Foxes	37
" Bears	2550
" Deer	

EAT SLOWLY.—Those who eat too fast are apt to get too much. When our food is well masticated, it is brought longer in contact with the nerves of taste. We fully enjoy its flavor and the appetite is satisfied before the stomach is too much distended, and its digestive power overburdened. We require a certain amount of nutriment and a single guncer over the proper quantity oppresses our organs.

The Duke of Wellington has cost England \$14,000,000.

A FACETIOUS SHERIFF. Nearly half a century ago, (says the editor of the Washington News, who well remembers the time, place and scene,) there dwelt in the town of —, in Old England, a remarkable oddity, in the person of an attorney-at-law, who, although not fair to look upon, (for he was in truth one of the homeliest specimens of humanity ever beheld by mortal man,) was withal a person of sound judgment, great benevolence, various learning, a poet, a painter, and wit.

It so happened that the aforesaid gentleman, G— G—, Esq., was appointed High Sheriff of the town of —. He was a man of fortune and had a kind heart, as many a poor prisoner could testify, who partook of the good cheer with which the prisoners were liberally supplied from the private purse of the worthy sheriff.

It was of course the duty of the High Sheriff to summon a grand petit jury to attend at the quarter-sessions, of which the recorder, mayor, and alderman of the borough, composed the court. In the performance of his official duty, in summoning the petit jury, our High Sheriff indulged in some of the strangest and drollest freaks, that have probably ever been heard of in any other town or country. In the first place he summoned for the October court, a jury consisting of twelve of the foremost men he could find in the borough, and when they came to the book to be sworn, it appeared that only nine jurors could sit comfortably within the box! After a great deal of sweating, squeezing, and scolding, the panel was literally jammed into the box, and when seated they presented to the eye of the court, the barristers and audience, "the tightest fit" of a jury that was ever seen in any court-room. Literally they became, much to the amusement of the court and its robed advocates, a "packed jury," and no mistake!

For the January term, our facetious High Sheriff (in consequence, it was said of some hint of the recorder, that there should be no more fat panels summoned to his court) went into the opposite extreme. He summoned twelve of the leanest and tallest men he could find in the borough, and when they took their seats in the box, it appeared comparatively empty—there was indeed room enough for twelve more of the same sort and dimensions.

For the April term of the court, our humorous functionary summoned a jury consisting of twelve barbers! Now it so happened that among the latter were the very perquacious who dressed the recorder's and barristers' wigs, and some of the latter arriving late at the bar, had to appear that morning in court with their wigs undressed or half dressed, so as to cut a very ridiculous figure, amidst the smiles and half-suppressed laughter of the by-standers.—The High Sheriff of course enjoyed the fun amazingly, but looked "grave as a judge," while he tried to keep silenced in the court-room.

But the crowning joke of this waggish officer occurred at the summoning of his fourth and last jury at the July session.—For that term of the court, the High Sheriff, not having the fear of the recorder, the mayor, and the alderman, before his eyes, actually summoned a *Squinting Jury*—twelve as queer looking bipeds as ever took their seats in a jury-box—a jury that was probably more looked at and laughed at, than any of the appointed twelve that ever were sworn to "well and truly try, and true deliverance make, between their sovereign lord, the King, and the prisoner at the bar." But the scene was so irresistibly droll that the learned recorder could not maintain his gravity. The mayor and alderman followed suit. The barristers laughed while their wigs became bald and powerless; nay, even the poor prisoners in the dock, who were to be put on their trials, and some of them under transportation, could not refrain from joining in the general cachinnation? And when the recorder commanded the High Sheriff to bring the court-room to order, and intimated, with a half suppressed laugh, that the latter ought to be ashamed of himself for summoning such a jury, the drollery of this court scene was heightened considerably by the quick, ready, and generous response of the High Sheriff, who, looking at the same time waggishly at the squinting jury, exclaimed—"All good and lawful men, your honor!"

But our humorous functionary has long since "shuffled off his mortal coil."

Woman's mission is to teach. This office she cannot reject without an abandonment of duty. The sister, the mother, and the mistress of a household, must constantly give lessons of a varied nature to those who come within their sphere of influence; even the wife, the weaker vessel, placed by Infinite Wisdom in subordination to her husband, must often exercise a commanding power over his mind, in order to save him from ruining himself—from dashing to earth the fair fabric of family reputation and prosperity. How wisely, how gently, how imperceptibly, must this influence be exercised, so that while the man yields to it, his pride and self-respect be not wounded.—Mrs. Phelps.

The Duke of Wellington has cost England \$14,000,000.