

# THE STAR AND BANNER

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"FEARLESS AND FREE."

## FARODY.

[Most readers will remember a poem entitled "The Modern Belle," published several weeks since, and which was much admired for its truthfulness and humor. The following Farody is equal to its good.]

The son, he sits in the bar-room,  
In a place most convenient to stare,  
He's clad in very fine broad cloth,  
And his face is covered with hair—  
He smokes and eats and drinks,  
And drinks and smokes and eats,  
The sativa he ejects from his mouth  
To much more plenty than his wife.

His mother goes clad in her cotton,  
And faded and ragged at that,  
She's minus of dress and bonnet,  
But her son wears an elegant hat,  
She's tending and earning "The Thrillings,"  
So wearily night and day,  
While he sits at the theatre and tavern,  
Leaving them all away.

He never gets up in the morning—  
If his mother calls him at noon,  
He comes down cursing and swearing,  
Because she called him so soon;  
His eyes are sunken and red,  
His cheeks are hollow and thin,  
Caused by last night's debaucheries,  
And indulging too freely in gin.

He sits down to his breakfast,  
And then finds fault with the hash;  
His mother says, "The grease it needs  
You used to oil your moustache."  
At this he flies in a passion,  
And hastily leaves the room,  
To the tavern he hurries his footsteps,  
And with wine dispels his gloom.

From his vest there dangles a seal  
That is set with a brilliant red stone,  
But the sparkling top is only wax,  
To his this he never will own;  
On his feet are patent galoshes,  
On his mother's there are none,  
For all her honest earnings,  
He needs the boot of leg son.

At length he marries a lady  
Who is as rich as she thinks she's fair,  
But finds her in truth as poor as himself,  
And then gives up to despair,  
Two checks make an even bargain,  
Both are well met for life,  
She thought she had got a rich husband,  
He thought he had got a rich wife!

## LAST DAY OF EVE.

The following is the composition to which was awarded the gold medal, in the graduating class of Rutgers' Female Institution of Richmond, Va., at its first commencement.

It approached the evening twilight—  
The mother of mankind was placed by her  
descendants in front of her tent, reclining  
on a couch. The western wind fanned her  
pale cheek, and played amidst her gray  
locks. Near her sat her husband. Ever  
turned her eye upon him with a look of  
sadness yet of deep affection, and as she  
saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head  
of snowy whiteness, they seemed to call  
to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Alas!  
neph this was I saw him, when first given  
to him by our God. Where has vanished  
that manly form—where is the elastic  
step—where the eye that beamed with  
brightness—where now the rich and mel-  
low voice? Alas, how changed! And it  
was I who tempted, who destroyed him—  
I, the wife—the cherished companion—  
I, who had known neither pain, nor  
sorrow, nor care?"

And what remains of her on whose beauty  
he then gazed with unsted fast delight?  
—A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking  
into the grave.

"Where is now that paradise with its  
rich fruits—that balmy air which brought  
on every breath a tribute to each happy  
sense—those rays which warmed but never  
scorched? And sadder, sadder still,  
where now is all that blessed intercourse  
with him, who made us rich in the happi-  
ness of living? His voice is no longer in  
our ears—driven from bliss—on scenes  
so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow  
and death, the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush  
of recollection. Her eyes, long dry, found  
new fountains, and her aged form shook  
with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging  
in musings not unlike to these, for he was  
startled as if from a reverie by the emotions  
of his wife. The old man placed himself  
beside her. She laid her head on the bos-  
om which had so often soothed its throbb-  
ings.

"What moves thee, Eve?"

"Oh, my dear husband, how canst thou  
show kindness to her who has done all  
this? Thou wast young and knew only  
happiness, and all around was formed to  
delight our every sense; and I, who should  
have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and  
dragged thee with me, the partner of my  
sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a  
few years of toil and anxiety, we are about  
to lay these worn out frames in the dust."

"But for sin we had lived in perpetual  
youth, and feared no change. The threat-  
ened death has worked slowly but surely,  
and now first with us work is nearly done."

"The first to sin, it was I—me that I  
should first return to dust. Had the guilt  
and the curse been only mine, I might en-  
dure it; but I see thee now, and I compare  
thee with that thou wast as it seems to  
me but yesterday."

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our  
children place us side by side in the cold  
earth. I know not why it is, yet it seems  
to me there will be comfort in our bodies  
dissolving together, as if there were some-  
thing of consciousness in the lifeless dust."

yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall  
utterly cease to be!

"Adam thou hast given me words of con-  
solation. Is there aught that can cheer  
me, now I am to bid thee farewell?"  
"Thou seest yonder sun—thou wilt a-  
gain see it rise and set; he is bidding me  
a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease forever,  
and no light shall again enter these  
eyes."

The old man wiped the tears which fell  
on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A  
sudden light was on his countenance, as if  
a new lamp had been lit up in his soul.—  
Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam  
of hope; she gazed on his face as if death  
had lent new powers to fade vision.

"First of women," said Adam, "claim  
no preeminence in guilt—together we sinned  
—together we have born the punishment."

"But there is redemption—there is hope.  
"Whilst thinking of the fearful change  
which betokened in my heart that its part-  
ner was to be taken away, a heavenly light  
beamed on my thoughts, and taught me to  
understand the visions which have so often  
visited me on my couch."

"We shall not die—there is a costly ran-  
som provided—we must sleep under the  
cold earth, but we meet again in the fresh-  
ness of youth which we first enjoyed; and  
purged from all sin, we shall walk in our  
Eden seven times more beautiful than  
when we first roved amidst its fruits and  
flowers. And there will be the thousands  
who, inheriting our evil natures, will have  
found a powerful Physician. And there  
will be that mighty Physician whose pres-  
ence shall awake ten thousand harps to  
melody."

"This earth, too, so long, so grievously  
crushed for our sin, will come forth more  
than purified from every stain, and in  
more than the beauty of its pristine youth."

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the  
grave; but we shall rise together, with the  
glad shout of gratified jubilation, and with  
us millions on millions of our posterity  
ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused; his eyes fell on the face  
of his wife—a smile seemed to play in the  
brightness of hope upon her pale lip, but  
the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep  
had fallen on her which the trump of the  
archangel only shall disturb.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY WHITTIER.

Jeremiah Paul was a short, round per-  
sonage, with a quick, bald head in front,  
and a short grey eye behind. He was a  
wonderful man to look at, and his history  
was no less so than his person. At one  
period he was the village schoolmaster, a  
rare pedagogue and learned; it is said not  
only familiar with Dillworth's Spelling  
book and Paltor, but also with such difficult  
mathematical problems as are comprehended  
in the abridgement of Pike's Arithmet-  
ic. It may be readily supposed that such  
a ripe and rare scholar would not be suf-  
fered to remain long in obscurity. His tal-  
ents were not of an order to blush unseen,  
and accordingly in his fortieth year, he  
was honored with the office, and enriched  
with the emoluments appertaining to no  
less a dignitary than a Justice of the Peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story,  
and with the reader's permission, we will  
go back a few years and introduce him to  
the wife of Mr. Paul. She, too, was an  
uncommon character, a great, good nat-  
ured, handsome woman who used to attend  
school on purpose, to use her own phrase,  
"to plague Master Jerry." And, verily  
she was a plague. She used to bounce in  
and out whenever she pleased; she pinch-  
ed the boys, inked the faces of the girls,  
and finally, to such a pitch did her saddy-  
ty arrive, that she even presumed to lay  
hands on the nicely adjusted cue of the  
domestic himself.

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a  
musing attitude, engaged in a profound  
mathematical calculation, respecting the  
probable value of the tenant of his land-  
lord's pig sty, when this outrage took  
place. He had already placed the subject  
in a half dozen different attitudes before  
his mind's eye, and was just on the point  
of committing his lucubrations to the frag-  
ments of a slate, upon which his elbow was  
resting, when a vigorous jerk at the hairy  
pericranium, started him bolt upright in a  
minute, and drew from him a cry not un-  
like that of the very animal which was the  
subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear, for he was an  
exemplary and church-going pedagogue;  
but his countenance actually blackened  
with rage and anguish, as he gazed hur-  
riedly and stonily around him; and then  
ill-suppressed laughter of his disciples add-  
ed not a little to his chagrin.

"Who? who? who? I say." He could  
articulate no more. He was nearly choked  
with passion.

"That great ugly girl there who pinches  
me so," said a little ragged urchin, with a  
silly face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair dollu-  
quent, but it was plian, from his manner,  
that he would rather have undertaken the  
correction of the whole school, besides, than  
that of the incorrigible offender in ques-  
tion. His interrogative glance was met

by a look in which it would have been diffi-  
cult to say whether good nature or imperi-  
ence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the  
domineer; but his voice trembled; his situ-  
ation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want of  
your cue?" and a queer smile played along  
her mouth, for a pretty one she had, and  
what is worse, the domineer himself thought  
so. Jeremiah, seeing that he was about  
to lose his authority, hemmed twice, shook  
his head at such of the rogues as were  
laughing immoderately at their master's  
perplexity, and reaching his hand to his  
forehead, said, "Give me your hand, miss."

His heart misgave him as he spoke. The  
fair white hand was instantly proffered,  
and as gently too as that of a modern belle  
at a cotillon party. Jeremiah took it; it  
was a pretty hand, a very pretty hand;  
and then her face, there was something in  
its expression which seldom failed to dis-  
arm the pedagogue's anger. He looked  
first at her hand and then at her face, expres-  
sive of a roguish confidence, then at his fer-  
ule, a heavy instrument of torture, entire-  
ly unfit to hold companionship with the  
soft fair hand held in durance before him,  
Never, in all the annals of his birchen  
authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced  
such perplexity. He lifted up his right  
hand two or three times, and as often with-  
drew it.

"You will not strike me?" said the girl.  
There was an artless confidence in these  
words, and the tone in which they were ut-  
tered, that went to the heart of the ped-  
agogue. Like Mark Anthony before the  
beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of  
the Volsci before his own Virginia, the  
domineer relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will  
you conduct yourself more prudently in  
future?"

"I hope I shall," said the prudent young  
lady, and the master evinced his affec-  
tionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil,  
by pressing the hand he had imprisoned,  
and the fair owner expressed her gratitude  
for such condescension, by returning the  
pressure.

They were married just six months af-  
terwards. So much for lenity in school  
discipline.

### The Seven Children.

The following beautiful gem is from  
the German of Krummhaeher:

Early in the morning, as the day be-  
gan to dawn, the devout father of a family  
arose with his wife from their couch,  
and thanked God for the new day, and for  
their refreshing slumber.

But the red glow of morning beamed in  
to the little chamber where their seven  
children lay in their beds and slept one  
by one, and the mother said, "they are seven  
in number; alas! it will be hard for us to  
find them food." This sighed the moth-  
er, for there was a famine in the land.

But the father smiled, and said, "See, do  
they not lie there, all seven? And they  
all have red cheeks, and the beams of the  
morning stream over them, so that they  
appear lovelier than ever, like seven bloom-  
ing roses. Mother, that shows us that He  
who creates the morning and sends us  
sleep, is true and unchangeable."

And as they stepped from the chamber,  
they saw at the door fourteen shoes in  
a row, growing smaller and smaller, two by  
two, a pair for each child. The mother  
gazed at them, and when she saw that  
there were so many she wept.

But the father said, "Mother, why dost  
thou weep? Have not all the seven re-  
ceived sound and active feet? Why, then,  
should we be anxious about that which  
cheers them? If the children have confi-  
dence in us, should we not have confi-  
dence in Him who can do more than we  
can comprehend."

"See, His sun rises! Come then, like  
it, let us begin our day's work with a  
cheerful countenance."

"Thus they spoke, and toiled at their la-  
bors, and God blessed the work of their  
hands, and they had enough and to spare,  
gives strength and courage, and love ele-  
vates the soul."

**THE BIBLE BETTER THAN PISTOLS.**  
The Rev. Mr. Washburn, Bible agent for  
Connecticut, in his last report, relates the  
following fact:—One donor, who is a  
stranger to the hope of the gospel, told me  
that he had resolved to aid in giving the  
Bible to the world as long as he had the  
means to do so. He thought it indispens-  
able to the security of property and the  
rights of men. He said he once heard an  
irreligious and profane man whose busi-  
ness required him to be often among stran-  
gers, say "that he always carried his pi-  
stols with him, and usually laid them on  
his pillow at night; but when he saw a Bi-  
ble in the house, he never took his pi-  
stols from his valise."

**YOUTHFUL NEGLIGENT.**—Walter Scott,  
in a narrative of his personal history, gives  
the following caution to youth—If it  
should ever fall to the lot of youth to pre-  
pare these pages, let such readers remem-  
ber that it is with the deepest regret that I  
recollect in my manhood the opportuni-  
ties of learning which I neglected in my  
youth; that through every part of my lit-  
erary career I have felt pined and ham-  
pered in my own ignorance; and I would  
this moment give half the reputation I have  
had, the good fortune to acquire, if by do-  
ing so, I could read the remaining part  
upon a sound foundation of learning and sci-  
ence. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W.  
SCOTT.

### PROVIDENCE PROSPERS HONESTY.

BY MRS. ST. ANSON.

A poor boy, about ten years of age, en-  
tered the warehouse of the rich merchant,  
Samuel Richter, in Dantzic, and asked  
the book-keeper for a slate. "You will get  
nothing here," grumbled the man, with-  
out raising his head from his book, "be  
off!"

Weeping bitterly, the boy glided to-  
wards the door, at the moment that Herr  
Richter entered.

"What is the matter here?" he asked,  
turning to the book-keeper.

"A worthless beggar boy" was the man's  
answer, and he scarcely looked up from  
his work.

In the meanwhile Herr Richter glanced  
towards the boy and remarked that, when  
close to the door, he picked something  
from the ground. "Ha my little lad, what  
is that you pick up?" he cried. The  
weeping boy turned, and showed him a  
needle.

"And what will you do with it?" asked  
the other.

"My jacket has holes in it," was the  
answer, "I will sew up the big ones."

Herr Richter was pleased with his reply,  
and still more with the boy's innocent  
handsome face. "But are you not ashamed?"  
he said, in a kind, though serious tone,  
"you so young and hearty, to beg? Can  
you not work?"

"Ah, my dear sir," replied the boy, "I  
do not know how, and I am too little yet  
to thresh, or fell wood. My father died  
three weeks ago, and my mother and my  
brothers have eaten nothing for the two days.  
Then I ran out in anguish, and begged for  
alms. But alas! a single peasant only  
gave me yesterday a piece of bread,  
since then I have not eaten a morsel."

It is quite customary for beggars by  
trade to contrive tales like this, and this  
hardens many a careless, the claims  
of genuine want. But this time the mer-  
chant trusted the boy's honest face. He  
 thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew  
forth a piece of money, and said:  
"There is half a dollar; go to the bak-  
er's, and with half the money buy bread  
for yourself, your mother, and your broth-  
ers; but bring the other half to me."

The boy took the money, and ran joy-  
fully away.

"Well," said the curly book-keeper, "he  
will laugh in his sleeve, and never come  
back again."

"Who knows?" replied Herr Richter.  
And as he spoke he beheld the boy return-  
ing, running with a large loaf of black  
bread in one hand, and some money in the  
other.

"There, good sir!" he cried, almost  
breathless, "there is the rest of the money."  
Then, being very hungry, he begged a knife,  
to cut off a piece of the bread. The book-  
keeper reached him in silence his pocket  
knife.

The lad cut off a slice in grateahaste, and  
was about to bite upon it. But suddenly  
he beheld himself, laid the bread aside,  
and folding his hands, raised a silent  
prayer. Then he fell to his meal with a  
heavy appetite.

The merchant was moved by the boy's  
unaffected piety. He inquired after his  
family and home, and learned from his  
simple narrative that his father had lived in  
a village, about four miles distant from  
Dantzic, where he owned a small house  
and farm. But his house had been burnt  
down, and much sickness in the family  
had driven him to sell his farm. He had  
then hired himself out to a rich neighbor,  
but before three weeks were past at an  
end, he died, broken down by grief and  
excessive toil. And now his mother,  
whose sorrow had thrown upon a bed of  
sickness, was with her four young chil-  
dren, suffering the bitterest poverty. He  
—the oldest—had resolved to seek for  
assistance, and had gone, at first, from vil-  
lage to village, then had struck into the  
high road, and at last, having begged  
everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.  
The merchant's heart was touched.—  
He had but one child, and the boy appear-  
ed to him as a draft at sight, which Provi-  
dence had drawn upon him as a test of  
his gratitude. "Listen, my son!" he be-  
gan, "have you then really a wish to  
learn?"

His heart retained its innocence. Of  
his weekly allowance, he sent the half  
regularly to his mother until she died, af-  
ter having survived two of his brothers.—  
She had passed the last year of her life  
not in wealth, it is true, but by the aid of  
the noble Richter and her faithful son, in  
a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother,  
there was no dear friend left to Gottleib in  
the world except his benefactor. Out of  
love for him, he became an active, zealous  
merchant. He began by applying the  
superstition of his allowance, which he  
could now dispose of at his pleasure, to a  
trade in Hamburg quilts. When by care  
and prudence, he had gained over a hun-  
dred dollars, it happened that he found in  
his native village a considerable quantity  
of hemp and flax, which was very good,  
and still to be had at a reasonable price.—  
He asked his foster father to advance him  
two hundred dollars, which the latter did  
with great readiness. And the business  
prospered so well, that in the third year  
of his clerkship, Gottleib had already ac-  
quired the sum of five hundred dollars.—  
Without giving up his trade in flax, he  
now trafficked also in line-goods, and the  
two combined, made him in a couple of  
years, about a thousand dollars richer.

This happened during the customary  
five years of clerkship. At the end of  
this period, Gottleib continued to serve his  
benefactor five years more with industry,  
skill and fidelity; then he took the place  
of the book-keeper, who died about this  
time, and three years afterwards he was  
taken by Herr Richter as a partner into  
his business, with a third-part of the prof-  
its.

But it was not God's will this pleasant  
partnership should be of long duration.—  
An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon  
a bed of sickness, and kept him for two  
years confined to his couch. All that  
love and gratitude could suggest, Gottleib  
now did to repay his benefactor's kind-  
ness. Redoubting his exertions he be-  
came the soul of the whole business, and  
still he watched long nights at the old  
man's bedside, with his graying wife. Un-  
til, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr  
Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his disease, he placed the hand  
of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two  
and twenty years, in that of his beloved  
foster son. He had long looked upon  
them as his children. They understood  
him; they loved each other, and in silence,  
yet affectionately and earnestly, they sol-  
emnized their betrothal at the bedside of  
their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr  
Richter's death, the house of Gottleib  
Bern, late Samuel Richter, was one of the  
most respectable streets in Dantzic. It owned  
three large ships, employed in navi-  
gating the Baltic and North Seas, and the  
care of Providence seemed especially to  
watch over the interests of their worthy  
owner; for worthy he remained in his  
prosperity. He honored his mother-in-  
law like a son, and cherished her declin-  
ing years with the tenderest affection un-  
til, in her two and seventieth year, she  
died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless,  
he took the oldest son of each of his two  
remaining brothers—now substantial farm-  
ers—in his house, and destined them to  
be his heirs. And in order to confirm  
them in their duty, he often showed  
them the needle which had proved such a  
source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it as  
a perpetual legacy to the eldest son in the  
family.

It is but a few years since this child  
of poverty, of fortune and honest industry,  
passed in peace from this world.  
Psalms xxxvii. v. 37: Mark the perfect  
man, and behold his upright; the end of  
that man is peace.

### Five Your Papers.

Having occasion, a few days since, to  
look into the files of this Journal, published  
twenty and twenty-five years ago, we  
could not but think of the satisfaction  
which every man would enjoy in the pos-  
session of such a record. A newspaper is  
the daguerotype of its time, and in those  
diminutive, dingy sheets, we had before us  
what our present village was, in full life,  
as it existed a quarter of a century ago.

The men of business, with their merchan-  
dise and wares, and products, each eulo-  
gic as now of their stock in trade; the  
politician, zealous in the maintenance of  
his right, content solely in him and his  
party; the competition and strife, the fears  
and hopes of all, were before us as in real  
life. Here was the announcement of the  
marriage of those who have long passed  
the meridian, and are in the "sere and yel-  
low leaf" of age; and here, too, was the  
record of the departed, whose afflicted  
successors are among us still. "The news-  
paper itself, with its grotesque advertise-  
ments and general typography, is the im-  
personation of the mechanic arts in those  
days, and exhibits the contrast between  
that period and this."

If every young man who takes a news-  
paper now, will file it carefully, in his old  
age he will not only have a substantial  
mirror of the events with which he was  
contemporary, to gratify his curiosity, but  
will have a record of important facts to be  
obtained from no other source. The trouble  
and expense of filing and binding your  
newspapers is slight, and will be well re-  
paid.—*Amestown Journal.*

To know how bad you are, you must  
become used to know how bad other peo-  
ple are. You must become rich. Many a  
man thinks it is a virtue that keeps him  
from turning rascal, when it is only a full  
stomach. Be careful and do not mistake  
principles for potatoes.

**BLESSING THE POTATO.**—Chop.—There  
is a capital story told of some one, who  
prayed that the Lord would "bless the po-  
tatoes crop which seemed to have been  
unfeminately displeased, and regard with  
special smiles the few planted in our back-  
yard."

### Dan's Cousin's Dog.

"I have a bachelor cousin," said Dan,  
"who is very near sighted" in addition to  
which misfortune he is cross-eyed. He  
has been ordered upon for strabismus, on  
the new mode, but it only resulted in  
changing the obliquity to a different direc-  
tion, and he designs, he says, to have it  
set back, for he likes his old squint the  
best. As I said, however, he is very near-  
sighted; I don't think he ever saw his dog  
yet, and I have seen him blot out his sig-  
nature with his nose, while writing it."

But that is neither here nor there," said  
Dan. "Cousin Joe had a favorite spaniel,  
a handsome fellow, with long, drooping  
ears, and eyes that had a remarkably in-  
tense expression. He was an affectionate,  
faithful animal, and his master loved him  
as he would have loved a child." Well,  
one morning last summer, while passing  
down Broadway, I encountered Joe, wear-  
ing an unusually doleful aspect, and on in-  
quiry, I learned that Dan was very sick,  
and was going to die."

"He acts very strangely," said Joe, "and  
I've shut him up in the kennel."  
"Ah!" says I, "hydrophobia, perhaps;  
won't he drink?"  
"Like a fish," said Joe, "but won't eat."  
"Won't eat!"

"Not a morsel—not a crumb. I've tried  
him with everything I ever had a chicken  
broil for him, yesterday, and buttered,  
and he wouldn't touch it."

"Well; that is strange," said I—"how  
long has he been in that condition?"  
"This is the fifth day," replied Joe, look-  
ing very serious, "and the poor fellow  
can hardly stand."

"We were not far from Joe's house at  
this time, and I proposed to visit his pa-  
tient, to which he gladly assented, and led  
the way, uttering many an exclamation  
on poor faithful Dan's, and expressing his  
fears that he might not find him alive."  
"Well," continued Dan, "we went in;  
and went to the kennel," and Dan's face  
grew redder and redder. "I went to the  
kennel, and there was the dog—ha, ha, ha,  
—there was the dog—ho! ho! ho!—with a  
great wire muzzle on his muzzle!" and  
then followed a final gasp, long, loud  
and sonorous.

"Poor Dan!" continued Dan, recover-  
ing his breath—"how much worse than  
Tantalia had been thy lot!" No stoiler  
had I loosed his maniac than he felt to  
eating like a famished wolf; and cousin  
Joe said he remembered now directing his  
man to procure the muzzle; but his serv-  
ant had been discharged the next day, for  
some offence, and the circumstance had  
quite escaped his memory."

**Kissing.**  
The "Yankee Blade," which is as sharp  
and keen as one of the genuine Damascus  
manufacture, comments upon kissing.—  
We appeal to the experience of all our  
readers, who know anything about kissing-  
dust, if he has not cut right into kissing—  
skilfully dissected the science of the  
thing:—

The sweetness of kissing [quoth this  
Yankee Blade] depends upon us altogeth-  
er on the slyness of the thing. Take our  
word for it, the stolen draughts are the  
most delicious. We would rather be "cut  
up into cash basis" than kiss a girl in  
company. Besides, there is great differ-  
ence in the promiscuous kissing which is in-  
cluded in parties. Ten to one, if your life  
do not, at the very moment after they have  
been revelling in the most ecstatic enjoy-  
ment, come pop! upon those of some old  
maid, so sour that you cannot get the taste  
of the bitters out of your mouth for a week.  
No, no, kissing in public is not the way to  
manage the thing; it destroys the rever-  
ence with which man delights to wrap the  
wondrous sex, and none but a bungler will  
resort to it. If you wish to enjoy a kiss  
in all its raciness—a kiss at once, delicate,  
airy and spiritual, yet one that will cause  
every pulse in your body to thrill with  
ecstasy—go your little charms into the  
corner of a sofa, before a cosy fire, or of  
a freezing night—steal your arm around her  
waist—take her hand gently in your own  
and then, drawing her tenderly towards  
you, "kiss her with a long, sweet kiss, as  
if you were a bee, sucking honey from a  
flower." There's true kissing for you.

### LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

The editor of a  
paper published at Canton, Ohio, gives  
the following description of his paper:

"Mr. Pike and I published a newspaper  
in 1817, among the Miami Indians, in the  
State of Indiana. It was a great partner-  
ship, that. We had two advance paying  
subscribers, one who liquidated his sub-  
scription with beans, the other with saw-  
logs. Godfrey, the chief, took five papers,  
and could not read a word. Our paper  
was called the "Peru Forrester," and  
printed in the woods, that title was appro-  
priate. The town of Peru had a number  
of magnificent names for its streets, such  
as Pearl, Broadway, &c., which street  
exhibited the amazing and bustling spec-  
tacle of stumps and trees as high as a man's