

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1853.

NUMBER 24.

## MORE NEW GOODS.

The richest and best assortment of FALL & WINTER GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, EVER OPENED IN GETTYSBURG.

## SKELLY & HOLLEBAUGH

TAKE pleasure in calling the attention of their friends and the public to their extensive stock of Fashionable Goods for gentlemen's wear, just received from the city, which, for variety of style, beauty and finish, and superior quality, challenges comparison with any other stock in the place. Our assortment of Cloths, plain and fancy Tweeds and Cassimeres, Vestings, Suits, Overcoats, &c. CAN'T BE BEAT! Give us a call and examine for yourselves. We have purchased our stock carefully and with a desire to please the tastes of all, from the most practical to the most fastidious. TAILORING, in all its branches, attended to as heretofore, with the assistance of good workmen. THE FASHIONS FOR FALL and WINTER have been received. Gettysburg, Dec. 10, 1852.

## EDWARD DANNER, SADDLE, HARNESS, & TRUNK MANUFACTURER.

3 doors East of White Hall, York, Pa.

THE subscriber continues to carry on the above business, in all its various branches, in Market street, York, 3 doors East of White Hall, where he intends keeping on hand a general assortment in his line, consisting of all kinds of fashionable SADDLES, Bridles, Martingales, Girths, Circles, and Halters, also TRUNKS, traveling and saddle bags. These wishing a handsome, durable and pleasant saddle will do well to call and see them. He also manufactures Harness, Brides, Collars and Whips in all their varieties, and confidently believes from the general approbation of his customers, that he makes the neatest and best goods, in all their variety of kinds, that is made in the country. All the above articles will be made of the best material and workmanship, and with the utmost despatch. E. DANNER, York, August 5, 1853.

## FRESH ARRIVAL.

One of the largest and prettiest stocks of Fancy & Staple Goods.

Ever offered in this place.

J. L. SCHICK has just returned from the eastern cities with his Spring stock of FANCY & STAPLE GOODS, which he invites the public to examine, at his new location, South-West corner of the Diamond. He feels confident that he can please every taste, in style, quality, quantity and price. His assortment comprises

## Black and Fancy Silks,

Naines, Bérage de Laines, Mous, de Laines Lawrie, Swiss, Jackson and Cambrie Muesle, Gingham, Calicoes, Trimmings, Canton Craple Shawls,

a splendid article; Bonnets, Ribbons & Flowers; Gloves, Hosiery, Irish Linens, Muslins, and hundreds of other articles, in this line. Also,

## Cloths, Cassimeres, Cashmeretts,

Indian Cloths, Tweeds, Cottonades, Lion-Clack, plain and fancy Vestings, &c. Call and examine for yourselves, at the South-west corner of the public square, and if you don't say that my stock of goods is one of the most desirable that you ever saw, the fault will not be mine. Thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to me by a generous public, I ask a continuance of the same, promising that nothing shall be left undone on my part, calculated to please and accommodate.

J. L. SCHICK, Gettysburg, April 8, 1853.

## NEW HARDWARE STORE.

THE subscribers would respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have opened a NEW HARDWARE STORE in Baltimore st., adjoining the residence of Davis Ziegler, Gettysburg, in which they are opening a large and general assortment of HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

## GROceries,

CUTLERY, COACH TRIMMINGS, Springs, Axles, Saddlery, Cedar Ware, Shoe Findings, Paints, Oils, & Dyestuffs,

A general, including every description of articles in the above line of business—to which they invite the attention of Coach-makers, Blacksmiths, Carpenters, Cabinet-makers, Shoemakers, Saddlers, and the public generally. Our stock having been selected with great care and purchased for Cash, we grant "honor" (for the Ready Money,) to dispose of any part of it on as reasonable terms as they can be purchased any where. We particularly request a call from our friends, and earnestly solicit a share of public favor, as we are determined to establish a character for selling Goods at low prices and doing business on fair principles. JOEL B. DANNER, DAVID ZIEGLER, Gettysburg, June 19, 1851.—

## THE EDITOR.

That Editor who will to please, Must blearily crawl upon his knees, And kiss the hands that beat him; Or if he dare attempt to walk, Must to the mast that others shalk, And cringe to all that meet him.

Says one, your subjects are too grave, Too much morality you have, Give me some which or wiser's tales, Or feathery like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries, Those monstrous fashions lie, Of feathered Kings and Queens and Lords, Of Border Wars, and Gothic hordes, That used to live in hovels.

No, ho! cry one, we've had enough Of such confounded love-sick stuff, To grace the fair creation.

Give us some recent foreign news, Of Roumania, Turkey—the Greeks or Jews, Or any other nation.

The man of refined scholastic lore Would like to see a little more In scraps of Greek or Latin;

The merchant rather has the price Of Russia, Turkey—the Greeks or Jews, Or India silks or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun, A witty anecdote or pun. A riddle or a riddle;

Some long for missionary news, And some of worldly carnal views Would rather hear a fiddle.

The tragic too, with classic skill, Must fly in all his gender quill, And scrawl against the paper;

Of all the literary foibles Bred in our colleges and schools, He cuts the silliest caper.

Another cries, I want to see A jumbled up variety—

A miscellaneous, hodge-podge print, Composed—I only give the hint—Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss, It constitutes my highest bliss; To hear of wedding plenty;

For a time of general rain, None suffer from the drought 'tis plain, At least not one in twenty.

## only two left, and I am sure she might let

little Sis and me eat them, for I have not had anything to eat since morning, only one apple the man gave me, and one part of one he threw away. I could have stolen a turnip at the grocery when I went to get—got something in the pitcher for mother, but I dare not. I did use to steal, but Mr. Pease says it is naughty to steal, and I don't want to be naughty, indeed I don't; and I don't want to be a bad girl, like Lizzy Smith, and she is only two years older than me, if she does dress fine; 'cause Mr. Pease says she will be just like old drunken Kate, one of these days.

"Oh, dear, now there goes a man and I did not cry hot corn, what shall I do?"

"Do! There, that is what you shall do," as we dashed the corn in the gutter. "Go home; tell your mother you have sold it all, and here is the money."

"Won't that be a lie, sir? Mr. Pease says we must not tell lies."

"No, my dear, that won't be a lie, because I have bought it and thrown it away, instead of eating it."

"But, sir, may I eat it then if you don't want it?"

"No, it is not good for you; good bread is better, and here is a sixpence to buy a loaf, and here is another to buy some nice cakes for you and Sis. Now that is nice money; don't give it to your mother, and don't stay out so late again—Go home earlier, and tell your mother you cannot keep awake, and if she is a good mother she won't whip you."

"Oh, sir, she is a good mother, sometimes. But I am sure the grocery man at the corner is not a good man or he would not sell my mother rum when he knows—for Mr. Pease told him so—that we poor children were starving. Oh, I wish all the men were good like him, and then my mother would not drink that nasty liquor and beat and starve us, 'cause there would be nobody to sell her any—and then we should have plenty to eat."

Away she ran down the street toward that rocking corner of filth, poverty and misery, the noted five points of New York.

As we plodded up Broadway, looking in here and there upon the palatial splendors of metropolitan "saloons"—we think that is the word for the fashionable upper class grog shops—we almost involuntarily cried "hot corn," as we saw the hot spirit of that grain, under the various guises of "pure gin"—"old rum"—"pale brandy"—"pure gin"—"Heidsieck"—"Lager-beer"—poured down the hot throats of men—and, ah, yes, of women, too, whose daughters may some day sit at midnight upon the cold curbstone crying "hot corn," to gain a penny for the purchase of a drink of the fiery dragon that are now inviting to a home in their bosoms, whose cry in a few years will be "Give, give, give," and still as unsatisfied as the horse-leech's daughter.

Again, as we passed up that street, still busy and thronged at midnight, as a country village at mid-day intermission of church service, ever and anon, from some side street, came up the cry of "hot corn, hot corn," and ever as we heard it, and ever as we shall through all years to come, we thought of that little girl and her drunken mother, and that "bad man" at the corner grocery, and that her's was the best, the strongest Maine Law argument which had ever fallen upon our listening ear.

Again as we turned the corner of Spring st., the glare and splendor of a thousand gas lights, and the glittering oil glass of that for the first time lighted-up bar room of the Prescott House, so lauded by the Press for its magnificence, dazzled our eyes and almost blinded our senses to a degree of imagination that first class Hotels must have such Five Point denizen-making appearances as this glittering room, shamelessly inviting, open to the street; and that watch-word cry, like the pibroch's startling peal, came up from the near vicinity wailing like a lost spirit, on the midnight air—"Hot corn, hot corn—here's your nice hot corn—smoking hot—hot—hot corn."

"Yes, yes!" I hear your cry—it is a watchword—a glorious word, that bids us do or die—until the smoking, hot, fiery-furrowed before us, shall cease to be licensed by a Christian people, to send delicate little girls at midnight through the streets, crying "Hot Corn," to support a drunken mother, whose first grade was taken in a "fashionable saloon," or first-class liquor selling hotel.

"Hot corn," then, be the watchword of all who would rather see the grain fed to the drunkard's wife and children, than into the insatiable hot maw of the whisky still.

Let your resolutions grow hot and strong every time you hear this midnight cry, that you will devote, if nothing

## the present dish of "Hot corn—smoking

hot?" The next night after the interview with that neglected, ill-used little girl, the same plaintive cry of "Hot corn, hot corn, here is your nice hot corn," came up through our open window, on the midnight air, while the rain came dripping down from the overcharged clouds in just sufficient quantity to wet the thin single garment of the owner of that sweet young voice, without giving her an acceptable excuse for leaving her post before her hard task was completed. At length the voice grew faint, then ceased, and then we knew that exhausted nature slept—that tender house-plant was exposed to the chilling influence of a night rain—that innocent little girl had the curb-stone for a bed, and an "Iron post for a pillow"—that by and by she would awaken, not infrequently with refreshing slumber, but poisoned with the deep inhaled miasms of the filth-reeking gutter at her feet, which may be breathed with impunity awake, but like the malarial of our Southern coast is death to the sleeper. Not soothed by a dreamy consciousness of hearing a mother's voice, taming the sweet halcyon of

"Hush my child, be still and slumber; but starting like a sentinal upon a savage frontier post, with alarm at having slept; shivering with night air and fear, and finally compelled to go home trembling, like a culprit, to hear the hard words of a mother—yes, a mother—but oh! what a mother—cursing her for not performing an impossibility, because exhausted nature slept—because her child had not made a profit which would have enabled her more freely to indulge in the soul and body destroying vice of drunkenness, to which she has fallen from an estate when "my carriage" was one of the "household words" which used to greet the young ears of that poor little death-stricken neglected street sufferer.

It was past midnight when she awoke, and found herself with a desperate effort just able to reach the bottom of the rickety stairs which led to her home.

We shall not go up now. In a little while, reader, you shall see where live the City poor.

Tired—worn with the daily toil—for such is the work of an editor who caters for the appetites of his morning readers—we were not present the next night to note the absence of that cry from its accustomed spot; but the next, and next, and still on, we listened in vain—that voice was not there. True, the same hot-corn cry came floating on the evening breeze across the park, or wormed its way from some cracked dilapidated door, the street, up and around the corner; or out of some dark alley with a broken English accent, that sounded almost as much like "lager beer" as it did like the commodity the immigrant, struggling to eke out his precarious existence, wished to sell. All over this great poverty-burdened, and wicked wastrel metropolis, at this season, that cry goes up; nightly proclaiming one of the habits of this late supper-eating people.

Yes, we miss that cry. "Hot corn" was no longer like the music of a stringed instrument to a weary man, for the table astring was broken, and, to us, the harmony spoiled.

What was that voice to us? It was but one of the ten thousand, just as miserable, which may be daily heard where human misery has its abode. That voice, as some others have, did not haunt us, but its absence, in spite of all reasoning, made us feel uneasy. We do not believe in spirit manifestations half as strongly as some of the nincompoops of this world would have their long-cared listeners think, yet we do believe there is a spirit in man, not yet made manifest, which makes us yearn after co-existing spirits in this sphere and in this life, and that there is no need of going beyond it, seeking after strange idols.

We shall not stop to inquire whether it was a spirit of "the first, third, or sixth sphere," that prompted us as we left our desk one evening, to go down among the abodes of the poor, with a feeling of certainty that we should see or hear something of the lost voice, for that spirit led us on; perhaps it was the spirit of curiosity; no matter, it led, and we followed in the route we had seen that little one had gone before—it was our only cue—we knew no name—had no number, nor knew no one that knew her whom we were going to find. Yes, we knew that good Missionary, and she had told us of the good words which he had spoken, but would he know her from the hundred just like her? Perhaps. It will cost nothing to inquire. We went down Centre street with a light heart; we turned into Cross street with a step buoyed by hope; we stood at the corner of Little Water street, and looked round inquiringly of the spirit, and mentally said, "which way now?" The answer was a far-off scream of despair. We stood still, with an open ear, for the sound of prayer, followed by a sweet hymn of praise to God, went up from the site of the Old Brewery, in which we joined, thankful that that was no longer the abode of all the worst crimes ever concentrated under one roof. Hark

## a step approaches. Our unseen guide

whispered, "ask him." It was a curious question to ask a stranger, in such a strange place, particularly one like him, haggard with overmuch care, toil, or mental labor. Prematurely old, his days shortened by overwork in young years, as his furrowed face and almost phrenetic eye hurriedly indicates, as we see by the flash of the lamp upon his dark visage, as he approaches with that peculiar American step which impels the body forward at railroad speed. Shall we get out of his way before he walks over us? What if he is a crazy man? No; the spirit was right—no false raps here. It is that good missionary. That man who has done more to reform than all the Municipal Authorities of this Police-hunting and Prison-hunting City, whose misfortune is deemed a crime, or the unfortunate driven to it, by the way they are treated, instead of being reformed, or strengthened in their resolution to reform by kind words rather than prison-bars.—"Sir," said Mr. Pease, "what brings you here at this time of night, for I know there is an object; can I aid you?"

"Perhaps, I don't know—a foolish whim—a little child—one of the miserable with a drunken mother."

"Come with me, then. There are many such. I am just going to visit one, who will die before morning—a sweet little girl, born in better days, and dying now—but you shall see, and then we will talk about the one you would seek to save."

We were soon threading a narrow alley, where penitence walked in darkness, and crime, wretched poverty, and filth misery, go hand in hand to destruction.

"Behold," said our friend, "the fruits of our City exercise. Here is the profit of money spent for license to kill the body and damn the soul. Proven by the awful curses and loud blows of a drunken husband upon a wife, once an ornament of society, and exemplary member of a Christian Church, that came up out of the low cellars, which human beings call by the holy name of home."

The "foul odor" of the filth lane had been made more fetid by the "like" and "almost" wailing "hot corn," until it seemed to us that such an air was only fit for a charnel-house. With the thermometer at 86, at midnight, how could men live in such a place, below the surface of the earth? His rum rendered them proof against carbonic acid gas?

We groped our way along to the foot of an outside stair case, where our attendant paused for a moment, calling our attention to the spot. "Here," said Mr. Pease, "the little sufferer we are going to see, faints a few nights ago, and lay all night exposed to the rain, where she was found and beaten in the morning by her miserable mother, because she had not sold all her corn."

"Grant and, unknown Cause, hast thou brought us to her door?" Our friend stared, but did not comprehend the expression. "Be careful," said he, "the stairs are very old and slippery."

"Boat her!" said we, without regarding what he was saying.

"Yes, beat her, while she was in a fever of delirium, from which she has never rallied. She has never spoken rationally since she was taken. Her constant prayer seems to be to see some particular person before she dies."

"Oh, if I could see him once more—there—there—that is him—no, no, he did not speak that way to me—he did not curse and beat me."

Such is her conversation, and that induced her mother to send for me, but I was not the man. "Will he come?" she says, every time I visit her; for, thinking to soothe and comfort her, I promised to bring him.

We had reached the top of the stairs, and stood a moment at the open door, where sin and misery dwell, where sickness had come, and where death would soon enter.

"Will he come?"

A faint voice came up from a low bed in one corner, seen by the very dim light of a miserable lamp.

That voice. We could not be mistaken. We could not enter. Let us wait a moment in the open air, for there is a choking sensation coming over us.

"Come in," said our friend.

"Will he come?"

Two hands were stretched out imploringly toward the Missionary, as the sound of his voice was recognized.

"She is much weaker to-night," said her mother, in quite a lady-like manner, for the sense of her drunken wrong to her dying child had kept her sober, ever since she had been sick, "but she is quite delirious, and all the time talking about some man that spoke kindly to her one night, and gave her money to buy bread."

"Will he come?"

"Yes, yes, through the guidance of the good spirit that guides the world, and leads us by unchance paths, through dark places, he has come."

The little emaciated form started up in bed, and a pair of beautiful soft blue eyes

## glanced around the room, peering through

the semi-darkness, as if in search of something heard but unseen.

"Katy, darling," said the mother, "what is the matter?"

"Where is he, mother? He is here, I heard him speak."

"Yes, yes, sweet little innocent, he is here, kneeling by your bedside. There, lay down, you are very sick."

Only once, just once, let me put my arms around your neck, and kiss you just as I used to kiss papa. I had a papa once, when we lived in the big house—there, there. Oh, I did want to see you to thank you for the bread and the cakes; I was very hungry, and it did taste so good—and little Sis, who waked up, and she eat and eat, and after a while she went to sleep with a piece in her hand, and I went to sleep; haven't I been asleep a good while? I thought I was asleep in the Park, and somebody stole all my corn, and my mother whipped me for it, but I could not help it. Oh dear, I feel sleepy now. I can't talk any more. I am very tired. I cannot see; the candle has gone out. I think I am going to die. I thank you. I wanted to thank you for the bread—I thought you would not come. Good bye, Sissie, good bye, Sissie—you will come—mother—don't—drink—any more—another—good bye."

"The last of earth," said the good man at our side—let us pray.

Reader, Christian reader, little Katy is in her grave. Prayers for her are unavailing. Faith without works went work reform. A faithful, prayerful resolution to work out that reform which will save you from reading the record of such scenes—such fruits of the rum trade as this before you, will work together for your own and others' good. Go forth and listen—If you hear a little voice crying hot corn, think of poor Katy, and of the hosts of innocents slain by that remorseless tyrant, rum. Go forth and seek a better spirit to govern us. Cry aloud, "will he come," and the answer will be, "yes, yes, he is here."

## A Child's Evening Hymn.

Now I lay me down to sleep, Nodily covered in my bed, God alone can safely keep, Him and I from every dread, O, how glorious he must be, Thus to mind a child like me!

Moon my weary eyelids close; Soon my little limbs, and ead, Quietly enjoy repose, 'Till I rise again from rest, God my guardian, he will be, Care for little ones like me.

By and by, in sleep of death, I must lie down in the grave; But the Lord, who gave me breath, Then my trembling soul can save. Helpless, sinful, thoughtless, Jesus died for such as me!

## BROOM CORN AND WERKING WILLOWS.

In the Mohawk Valley, says the Scientific American, vast quantities of this crop are annually grown. Pennsylvania, Ohio and Connecticut are the next largest producers of it. It is a cultivated plant of this country, it is attributed to Dr. Franklin. It is a native of India. Franklin saw an imported whisp of corn in the possession of a lady in Philadelphia, and while examining it as a curiosity, found a seed which he planted, and from this small beginning arose this valuable product of industry in the United States. In the like manner England and America are indebted to the poet Pope, who finding a green stick in a basket of figs, sent to him as a present from Turkey, stuck it in his garden at Twickenham, and thence propagated the beautiful weeping willow.

## Luxurious Kissing Described.

Almost any writer can describe emotions of joy, anger, fear, doubt, or hope; but there are very few who can give anything like an adequate description of the exquisite, heavenly, and thrilling joy of warm, affectionate kissing. We copy below, three of the best attempts that we have ever seen. The first is by a young lady, during her first year of courtship:

"Let thy arm twine Around me like a zone of love, And thy fond lip, so soft, To mine be passionately pressed, As it has been so oft."

The next is by a lady shortly after her engagement. It will readily be seen that the powers of description are far in advance of the ones quoted above:

"Sweetest love, Place thy dear arm beneath my drooping head, And let me lowly nestle on thy heart; Then turn those soul-lit orbs on me, and press My parting lips to 'tast the ecstasy Imparted by each long and lingering kiss."

But the best thing we have seen, is the following, by Alexander Smith. We think, however, that when a man so freely indulges in osculatory nectar as to imagine he is "walking on thrones," he should be choked off. Hear him:—

"My soul leaped up beneath thy timid kiss; What thrill to me were thine, Or parting lips to 'tast the ecstasy Imparted by each long and lingering kiss."

## Answers to do what?

Licensed to make the strong man weak; Licensed to beat his very brain; Licensed a fond wife's heart to break, And cause her children's tears to flow.

Licensed to do thy neighbor harm; Licensed to kindle hate and strife; Licensed to nerve the robber's arm; Licensed to whet the murderer's knife.

Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain; And rob him of his very last; Licensed to beat his very brain; 'Till midnoon crown thy work at last.

Licensed, like a spider, to a fly, To spread thy web for man, thy prey; To mock his struggles—such him dry— Thou cast the worthless bulk away.

## Independence and Progress.

The Albany Knickerbocker of the 4th of July, contains a most unique review of the history and present condition of the United States. It is so clever, generally so witty and so truthful, so patriotically and patriotic, that we conceive it to be our duty to place it before our readers.—Here goes:

"It is seventy-seven years since Uncle Sam was born, and what an eventful seventy-seven years ago, the United States were a remote circumstance—they now compose the first commercial nation in the world. In three quarters of a century we have revolutionized the world, built up an empire, licked our mother, and fenced in a continent. In less than time it took Methuselah to get out of swaddling clothes, we have made more canals, tamed more lightning, and harnessed more steam, and at a greater cost in money than the whole revenue of the world could have paid for, the day he got out of his time. In seventy-five years we have not only changed the politics of the earth, but its wearing apparel—cotton shirts being as much the offspring of the United States as ballot boxes and democracy. Since the 4th of July, 1776, the whole world has been to school; and what is better, has learned more common sense than was taught in the previous four thousand years. The problem of self-government has been solved, and its truth is as immortal as Washington or yellow corn. Its adoption to all the great wants of the most aspiring nation, has been made most signally manifest. Under its harmonious and ordinary life-time, that would have taken any other system of government a thousand years to have brought about. Yes, in less than time it takes some greenhouse plants to arrive at maturity, we have built up a nation that has spread itself from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a nation that has caught more whales, licked more Mexicans, planted more telegraph posts, and owns more steamboats, than any nation that ever lived, or ever will live. For all which, we again say, thank God, and praise Thomas Jefferson."

## THOU PHILOSOPHY.

I was a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried, "My brother! oh, my brother!"

A sage passed that way and said, "For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends, good and cheerful the living, remembering that they will one day be dead also."

## THE NIXON.

The happiest man in the world is said to be a "nigger at a dance." In our opinion this rule is too limited. A "nigger" is not only happy at a dance, but in every other position. A darkey may be poor but he is never low-spirited. Whatever he earns he invests in fun and levity. Give him a dollar and in less than an hour he will lay five shillings of it out in yellow neckties or a cracked violin. There is something in the African that sheds trouble as a "cough" upon him to commit suicide! The negro is strongly given to love and jealousy, but he has no taste for arsenic. He may lose his all by betting against a roulette, but he don't find relief for his despair as white folks do, by resorting to charcoal furner or a new bed-cord, but by visiting "de fair sex," and participating in the mazy influence of "de occupational convolutions of der clarinet."

## GET MARRIED.

Every school boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half-dozen blooming responsibilities, and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who, having nothing to do to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody.

## LIVED LONG ENOUGH.

In addressing the court and bar on the death of a young lawyer to whom he was strongly attached, the late Mr. Webster said:—"His race was short; but short as it was, he lived long enough to do what some of us who are older have failed to do"—and the tears fell as he spoke—"he lived long enough to achieve a religious character."

## An Eastern Caliph.

was afflicted with emul, was advised to exchange a shirt with a man who was perfectly happy.—As the shirt goes, he found the happy man, after a long and vexatious search, but the fellow had no shirt!

## New Boots.

These boots were never made for me! They are too short by half—I want them long enough 'y'ee, To cover all the calf.

"Wait sir," said I, with a stiff laugh, "To alter them 'til they fit my feet, But if they cover all 'y'ee calf, They must be five feet six tall."

## Themistocles used to say.

"My little boy rules Athens; for he governs his mother, and his mother governs me."

## Dr. Johnson, on "manifest destiny."

"Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges strength for superficial splendor."

## Smiles, kindness and small obligations,

given habitually, are what will best preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

## A good book is a guardian angel,

giving good thoughts, guiding good purposes, and promoting to a right course of action.