

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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A BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

A celebrated wit once said he had found out a patent "slip button," so that when a bore laid hold of him, and was detaining him with a long story, he had only to slip the button, leaving it in the bore's fingers, and make his escape. The contrivance was an ingenious and valuable one, and had the inventor, as he threatened, taken out a patent, many would doubtless have adopted the useful article.

There are occasions, however, when a slip button is more necessary than even in the case above referred to; and in illustration of my meaning, allow me to recite the following adventure:

Some years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as single men do) of double bliss some day destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Town Hall of—Musio is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of the tender passion in hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert; it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach the carriage, was very great. I wore that memorable night, a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself that there were worse looking men in the room. I told you candidly, I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was most struck with, was a fat girl with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some friends a few paces distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being as my friends would say, in rather a spoony state, worked myself into a towering passion of love. But, how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as a devoted candle friend once said.

"God save the Queen," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve the occasion," and the company were sneezing out, while I stood stupidly gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied a while by the inner door of the concert room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but alas, the lights in the outer corridor were so few and far between, that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and shoved fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fat one's party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweeting.

"Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hand buttons having hitched to some lady's dress. My progress was suddenly arrested.—"How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress: "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many loops, as many tentacles about her, as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stooped to undo the button, but my hand made the task more difficult, and instead of undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop around the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she unglued her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face.—Stars and garters! but it was the very fair one, black hair and dark eyes, I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flash tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop; and indeed she could not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly. I tried to help her; our fingers met.—

"Please make way there," shouted some gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement? "You hinder the people from going out, Annie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity; "plague upon the tire-some loop, break it!" and, suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd belted bore on, and we were separated; not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view in the darkness outside.

Cruel fate! That night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and what means I should employ to find her out. I know little of the town, which was a large one, and to expect to learn the name of my fair one by a mere description, was hopeless; and therefore doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within the "bills of mortality," there, as elsewhere. After breakfast next day, I sallied forth from my hotel, and walked the town in hope of seeing her, but no trace of the lovely one could I find, though I started off in the pursuit of many a "similar figure" in the streets only to discover on my overtaking each object of my pursuit, that she was not the one I longed to see.

My love fit grew more and more violent in the course of the day; but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress coat from my portmanteau to find my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long. It was with no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye; a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was like in color—and stooped to disentangle it from the bit of brass as gent-

ly as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clicked in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained me with my lady's fan," I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unaccountably fallen into the coat skirt with which she was engaged, and, doubtless, on mistaking it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an antic heroic position to find oneself in! When I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! I was ever an honest lover in such a plight; and to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave, remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of his bracelet.

To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper, lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter what the local paper was published. "To-morrow, sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words:

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Arch's Head Hotel, she will hear of something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the waiter, and five shillings to pay for its insertion in the *Sentinel*—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchantress is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted I ordered dinner and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room damp from the press, and then I read in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But, my stars! I with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column. I only wonder my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

"**REWARD.**"

"Lost, or stolen, on the night of the concert at the Town Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall. Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, if it was stolen, will receive the above reward, on applying to Cambridge Parade."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of "loving not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and, taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to "7 Cambridge Parade."

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said—"Is Miss A. in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant woman, who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message. Soon there came out, not my fair one, but a stout, middle-aged woman, with all that's best of dark and bright, Meeting in aspect and in eyes, but a stalwart border.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss A.'s property; and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, with brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least, at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be sure I accepted his invitation. Need I go further with the story? The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket herself, and received the reward, sooteward being the said pickpocket.

The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fire-place, the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife as a pickpocket, with gentlemanly address." When I charge her with libel, she always does what she has this moment done, pay damages for the slander in an amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON."

[From Dickens' Household Words.]

THE ANGEL'S STORY.

Through the blue and frosty heavens, Christmas stars were shining bright; The glistening lamps of the great City, Almost matched their gleaming light; And the winter snow was lying, And the winter winds were sighing, Long ago on Christmas night.

While from every tower and steeple, Pealing bells were sounding clear, (Never with such tones of gladness, Save when Christmas time is near,) Many a one that night was merry, Who had toiled through all the year.

That night saw old wrongs forgiven, Friends long parted reconciled; Voices, all unused to laughter, Eyes, that had forgot to smile, Anxious hearts that feared the morrow, Freed from all their cares awhile.

Rich and poor felt the same blessing From the gracious season fall; Joy and plenty in the cottage, Peace and feasting in the hall; And the voices of the children Ringing clear above it all!

Yet one house was dim and darkened; Gloom, and sickness, and despair Abiding in the gilded chamber, Climbing up the marble stair, Sillied even the voice of mourning— For a childing lay dying there.

Silken curtains fell around him, Velvet carpets hushed the tread, Many costly toys were lying, All unheeded by his bed, And his tangled golden ringlets Were on downy pillows spread.

All the skill of the great city, To save that little life was vain; That little thread from being broken; That fatal word from being spoken; Nay his very mother's pain, And the mighty love within her, Could not give him health again.

And she knelt there still beside him, She alone with strength to smile, And to promise he should suffer No more in a little while, And with murmur'd song and story The long weary hours beguile.

Suddenly an unseen Presence Checked these constant mourning cries, Stilled the little heart's quick fluttering, Raised the blue and wondering eyes, Fixed on some mysterious vision, With a startled sweet surprise.

For a radiant angel hovered Smiling o'er the little bed; While his raiment, from his shoulders Snowy dove-like pinions spread, And a starlike light was shining In a glory round his head.

While, with tender love, the angel, Leaning o'er the little nest, In his arms the sick child folding, Laid him gently on his breast, Sobs and wallings from the mother, And her darling was at rest.

So the angel, slowly rising, Spread his wings; and, through the air Bore the pretty child, and held him On his heart with loving care, A red branch of blooming rose, Pleasing softly by him there.

While the child, thus clinging, floated Toward the mansions of the blest, Gazing from his shining guardian To the flowers upon his breast, Thus the angel spoke, still smiling On the little heavenly guest:

"Know, oh little one! that heaven Does not earthly thing disdain, Man's poor joys find there an echo Just as surely as his pain; Love, on earth so feebly striving, Lives divine in heaven again.

"Once in yonder town below us, In a poor and narrow street, Dwell a little sickly orphan, Gentle aid, or pity avert, Never in life's rugged pathway Guided his poor tottering feet.

"All the striving anxious forethought That should only come with age, Weighed upon his baby spirit, Showed him soon life's sternest page; Grim Want was his nurse, and Sorrow Was his only heritage!

"All too weak for childish pastimes Drearly the hours spend; On his hands so small and trembling Leaning his poor aching head, Or, through dark and painful hours, Lying sleepless on a bed.

"Dreaming strange and longing fancies Of cool forests far away; Dreams of rosy happy children, Laughing merrily at play; Coming home through green lanes bearing Trailing branches of white May.

"Scarce a glimpse of the blue heavens Gleamed above the narrow street, And the sultry air of Summer (That you called so warm and sweet) Feared the poor Orphan, dwelling In the crowded alley's heat.

"One bright day, with feeble footsteps Slowly forth he dared to crawl, Through the crowded city's pathways, Till he reached a garden-wall; Where 'mid princely halls and mansions Stood the lordliest of all.

"There were trees with giant branches Velvet glades where shadows hid; There were sparkling fountains glistening, Flowers whose rich luxuriant pride

Wafted a breath of precious perfume To the child who stood outside.

"He against the gate of iron Pressed his wan and wistful face, Gazing with an awe struck pleasure At the glories of the place; Never had his fairest day-dream Shone with half such wondrous grace.

"You were playing in that garden, Throwing blossoms in the air, And laughing when the petals floated Downward on your golden hair; And the fond eyes watching o'er you, And the splendor flash before you, Told, a House's Hope was there.

"When your servants, tired of seeing His pale face of woe and woe, Turning to the ragged Orphan, Gave him coin, and bade him go, Down his cheeks so thin and wasted Bitter tears began to flow.

"But that look of childish sorrow, On your tender young heart fell, And you plucked the saddest rose From the tree you loved so well, Passing them through the stern grating, With the gentle word, 'Farewell!'"

"Dazzled by the fragrant treasure And the gentle words he heard, In the poor floor boy's spirit, Joy the sleeping boy stirred; In his hand he clasped the flowers, In his heart the loving word.

"So he crept to his poor garret, Poor no more, but rich and bright; For the holy dreams of childhood— Love, and Rest, and Hope, and Light—Floated round the Orphan's pillow Through the starry summer night.

"Day dawned, yet the vision lasted; All too weak to rise he lay; Did he dream that nonsense harshly— All were strangely kind that day; Yes; he thought his treasures rose, Must have charmed all ills away.

"And he smiled, though they were fading; One by one their leaves were shed; 'Such bright things could never perish, They would bloom again,' he said. When the next day's sun had risen, Child and flowers both were dead.

"Know, dear little one! our Father Does no gentle deed in vain; And in hearts that beat in heaven, Still all tender things remain; Love on the cold earth remaining Lives divine and pure again!"

Thus the angel ceased, and gently O'er his little burden leant; While the child gazed from the shining Loving eyes that o'er him bent, To the blooming roses by him, Wondering what that mystery meant.

Then the radiant angel answered, And with holy meaning smiled: "Ere your tender, loving spirit Sin and the hard world defiled, Mercy gave me leave to seek you; I was once that little child!"

A DANDY TRYING IT ON.—"My dear Amelia," said the dandy, on bedded knees before his adorable, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now for fear you will reject me; but I love you—will you be mine? You will be to me everything desirable—everything my heart could wish." Your smiles would shed."

Here the dandy stuck fast for lack of some big smile expression to help him out. "Your smiles would shed—"

Another dead halt! Meantime the young lady's brother, a bit of a wag, had stole unperceived into the room and heard all the bright talk. Dandy tries a third time.

"Your smiles would shed—"

"Never mind the *wood-shed*," said the wag, "pass it and try something else!"

The young lady's gravity was quite put away by the queer exhibition, and dandy, gathering himself up hastily, vanished to parts unknown.

A PARALLEL.—New York State, with thirty-five electoral votes, polled at the late Presidential election 598,180 votes, while twelve other States, having together 83 electoral votes, polled 598,973. These States are Florida, Delaware, Arkansas, Alabama, Maryland, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Vermont, New Hampshire and California.

A NOBLE GIFT.—At the Farmers' Assembly, Gen. F. St. G. Cooke, on retiring from the office of President of the Agricultural Society, which he has so ably filled, gave to the society his check for twenty thousand dollars as a contribution to a fund for maintaining an Agricultural School in connection with the University of Virginia.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A young man in New York city has stolen the affection and married the only daughter of a wealthy gentleman, who gave the scamp \$4,000 to release her from all matrimonial bonds—after which he went to the house of her father and took her away in a carriage, the preferring the husband to the parents.

Philosophers say, that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This may account for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches.

A VALUABLE SECRET FOR LADIES.—With a little neatness, and with taste in selecting the right goods, you can dress three times as well as usual, at about one-third the usual expense.

"I say Pat, are you asleep?" "Divil the sleep."

"Then be after lendin' me a quarter." "I'm asleep, be jabbers."

A TALE.

Mr. Choate's miserable and nondescript manuscript has frequently furnished the basis of many a spirited *bon mot*, the best we ever saw having been penned by the late Major North. But the peculiar illegibility of Mr. Choate's handwriting will be seen by the following incidents:

On the occasion of the meeting it became necessary that the letter of declination should be publicly read, and the chairman was called upon to fulfil the office.—Chairman accordingly arose in his seat and thrust his hand into his left hand pocket to find the letter. Letter wasn't there. Chairman tried the right—no go. Tried the coat-tail pockets—no success. Letter turned up missing. Chairman stared at Secretary, and Secretary, in turn, scrutinized the countenance of the Vice President; no Choate manuscript to be found. The next was for the person to whom it was addressed to go to his hotel, in Look street, and hunt the letter. Colonel Richard B. Jones was a busy man, when his guest entered, as a must-rat at high water, engaged in giving a Dutch cashier directions for making an ornamental cornice.

"What's the matter, sir," he asked as the fat genit rushed into the saloon, puffing like a porpoise; "what's your hurry?"

"Why, Colonel, I am as mad as thunder; I've lost Rufus Choate's letter to the Democratic meeting, and they're waiting to hear it read."

"Ah, indeed! that's a pity," remarked the Colonel, with his usual sympathy.—"Where did you leave it last?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't know; but I am pretty sure I left it in my room."

"Have you looked there?"

"Yes; but I can't find it!"

"Well, the very strange; nobody has entered your room since you left. Suppose you go up and take another look?"

The fat gentleman acquiesced, and they ascended the stairs together, when fat genit espied a paper lying on the floor, which he declared to be the missing document. This he seized, and hurried up to the State House, where the meeting was in session.

He entered, and as the audience were on the climacteric of expectancy to know what Mr. Choate's sympathies were, fat genit's appearance, red as a lobster, in a baggy suit of vermilion, with a paper in his hand, produced a burst of applause. Fat gentleman subsided into a chair, and wiped his face with a square yard of fabric, while Secretary arose, adjusted his spectacles and neck-tie, pulled up his shirt collar precisely three-quarters of an inch higher, and then unfolded the document. When he did so, he blushed scarlet, returned paper to fat genit, and sat down. Audience began to hiss, while fat genit saw that, instead of Choate's letter, he had brought with him, by mistake, an architectural design. The house then went into an uproar. As it was to be late to read the letter, and while the Secretary stated the facts of the case, the fat genit returned to Col. Jones, to enlist his sympathy. While the Colonel was thus listening to his chubby friend's narrative, in comes a Dutch carpenter, with a planed board under his arm, sawed in angles innumerable. Dutchy looked irate, and, as a matter of course, his employer wished to know why.

"Why, Choates, I must give you no dia chob, and have nothing more to do mit—dat ish all!"

"Why not?" was the surprised rejoinder.

"Yes, why not?" added fat genit, quite interested in the man's manner.

"Well, because it takes too much shuff, and too much work; and I loost money oh it pides!"

"Why, you get all you say, don't you?" inquired the Colonel.

"Yes; but you tell me dat de diagram was plain, and you sends me one what ish different every ten foot and ash hard to make ash der tuiel!"

"Why, that's odd!" says the Colonel, "let's look at it!"

"Here, by tander!" said Dutchy, producing the paper and spreading it on the table. "Shoost dell me how you dinks I make dat for six dollars!"

"The deuce!" exclaimed the Colonel, with emphasis.

"Goodness gracious!" said the fat man, "th's been making a cornice by that Choate letter!"

Such was the case. The Carpenter—a newly arrived Leipsiger—had by some mistake got hold of the fat gentleman's treasure, and supposing it to be the Col.'s draft of a "tam Yankees cornice," had faithfully endeavored to saw out a pattern. It was a most unexampled case of perseverance under extreme difficulties, as Col. Choate's manuscript looks very much what a Virginia woman fence must appear to a gentleman upon a hard spree.

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF IOWA.—Governor Grimes of Iowa, in his annual message, makes the State's indebtedness \$128,000; available revenue \$246,000; received during the year \$260,000; paid out \$219,000. The population of the State in 1836 amounted to only 10,531; up to June 1854 it increased to 326,014, and in June last numbered 508,626 souls. At the present moment it probably reaches 600,000. The assessable property in the State in 1851 was valued at \$28,464,550; in 1855 at \$106,895,800, and in 1856 at \$134,104,419. This is truly a wonderful growth, and shows to what greatness and wealth this young State is rapidly attaining.

Pleasure owes all its zest to anticipation. The promise of a shilling fiddle will keep a schoolboy in happiness for a year. The fun connected with its possession will expire in an hour.

GALLAS SON OF GINGER BLUE.

The following lines we find floating "loose." Unlike most negro melodies, they have a ring of genuine poetic excellence and harmony in them, worthy of being set to music. We publish them with the hope that some of our musical friends will try their voices upon them. Let us see if some one of readers cannot set the words to music:

Dark, dark de night, and wus de moon,
Nostar but one am peopla';
The hoot-owl sings de same ole toon,
Astrue de woods I'm creepin'.
"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"—who care for dat,
You good-for-not'n' feddereed cat?
Dis nigger keep on singin';
He sing, and on de banjo play,
To charm de goblin ghosts away,
While de skunk he sweets am flingin'.
Trus de woods—push along,
Nebur fear de boog-a-boog;
Trus de woods—dat's de song,
Gallas son ob Ginger Blue!

De whip-un-will squat on de stone,
Trows music from his fiddle;
De dancing frogs all sezah-down,
Outside and up de middle.
What dat! what dat! dis nigger's eyes
Diaplore, wid mighty big surpris,
Upon de gum-tree swingin'!
It am a postum at his ease
Rocked in de cradle on de breeze,
And it stin' to de singin'.
Trus de woods—push along,
Nebur mind de postum, too!
Trus de woods—dat's de song,
Fearless son ob Ginger Blue!

De moon gwine down—pitch dark de night,
Cold, cold de dew am fallin';
I fear dis darkey see a sight,
Dat sot him wool—a crawling!

Who dar? who dar?—a goblin eaz't?
"Peak! or dis minstrum's banjo's bust!
"Peak, and dyse!" unarrab'.
"Peak! goblin, peak! but whed'r or no,
Dis minstrum drop his ole banjo,
And trip a little trabbl'!"
Trus de woods—cut along—
"Fudder back you boog-a-boog!"
Trus de woods—drap de song,
Nimble child ob Ginger Blue!

MR. WEBSTER ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

His speeches and writings give no finer indications of the majesty and greatness of Mr. Webster's mind, than is afforded by the following letter. It is copied from his "private correspondence," recently published:

WASHINGTON, March 21, 1828.

My Dear Nephew—I thank you for your kind affectionate letter, and assure you that your suggestions are all in strict accordance with my own feelings. It does appear to me reasonable to believe that the friendships of this life are prepared in Heaven. Flesh and blood indeed cannot inherit the kingdom of God; but I know not why that which constitutes a pure source of happiness on earth, individual affection and love, may not survive the tomb. Indeed, is not the principle of happiness to the sentient being essentially the same in heaven and on earth? The love of God and of the good beings whom he has created, and the admiration of the material universe which he has formed, can there be other sources of happiness than these to the human mind, unless it is to alter the whole structure and character of his mind?

And again, it may be asked, how can this world be rightly called a preparation for Heaven, if these affections, which we are commanded to cherish, and cultivate here, are to leave us on the threshold of the other world? These views, and many others, would seem to lead to the belief that earthly affections, purified and exalted, are fit to carry with us to the abode of the blessed. Yet it must be confessed that there are some things in the New Testament which may possibly countenance a different conclusion. The words of our Saviour, especially in regard to the woman who had seven husbands, deserve deep reflection.—I am free to confess that some descriptions of heavenly happiness are so sensual and so sublimated as to fill me with a strange sort of terror. Even that which you quote about our departed friends "are as the angels of God," penetrates my soul with a dreadful emotion. Like an angel of God, indeed, I hope she is in purity, happiness, and in immortality; but I would fain hope that in kind remembrance of those she has left in a lingering human sympathy and human love she may yet be as God originally created her, a little lower than the angels.

My dear nephew, I cannot pursue these thoughts nor turn back to see what I have written. Adieu.

D. W.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.

—Soon after the Copernican system of Astronomy began to be generally understood, an old Connecticut farmer went to his parson with the following enquiry:

"Dr. T., do you believe in the new story about the earth moving around the sun?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Do you think it according to the Scriptures?" It is true, how could Joshua command the sun to stand still?"

"Umph!" said the Doctor, scratching his head; "Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, did he?"

"Yes."

"Well, it stood still, did it not?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Did you ever hear that *his set it going again*?"

The woman who was "buried in grief" is now alive and doing well. It was a case of premature interment.

How to Square the Circle.—Settle your wife's bill for hoops at a dry goods store.

PRINTERS AND PARADOXES.

A printer, says Oliver, is the mostvarious being living. He may have a *bank and coins*, and not be worth a cent; have *small caps*, and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along swifter by *setting fast*. He may be making *impressions*, without offending; may use the *lay* without offending; and be telling the truth; while others cannot stand while they sit, he sits standing, and does both at the same time; have to use *furniture*, and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away *pi*, and never see a pie; much less eat it, during his whole life; be a humn being and a *rat* at the same time; may press a great deal and not ask a favor; may handle a *shooting iron*, and know nothing about a cannon, gun, or pistol; he may move the *letter* that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog under a molehill; spread *sheets* without being a housewife; he may lay *his form* on a *box*, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the *dagger* without shedding blood, and from the earth he may handle *stars*; he may be of a *rolling* disposition, and yet never desire to travel; he may have a *sheep's foot*, and not be deformed; never without a *case*, and yet know nothing of law or physic; be always *correcting his errors*, and be growing worse every day; have *em-braces*, without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his *form locked up*, and at the same time be free from jail, watch house, or any other confinement; his office may have a *hell* in it, and not be a *hell place* after all; he might be plagued by the *devil*, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, he may be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

THE LIFE OF A STATE.—A state cannot flourish long on wrong ideas—on a foundation of violence and wrong, fraud and oppression; and if honest citizens' verdicts were recorded on the tombstones of dead empires, we should read different histories from those false stories told us in the books. We should read that Babylon the great died of a flood of delirium tremens—that Ninowah was killed by apoplexy—that Macedonia died of fear—that old Egypt's death blow was given by the shock—that Rome received shock after shock of paralysis, with centuries intervening between the attack—that, to come to modern times, poor Ireland's disease is hunger—that old England is plethoric—that Germany is bilious, and has a most terrible headache—that Spain is afflicted with the scurvy—that Austria not only has dreadful fits of cholera, but is troubled with a very sensitive nerve on either side—that France has the measles, and sometimes, in a revolutionary era, has St. Vitus' dance. Turning to America, we find that her only safety in clinging to her ideas of trial and right, and that when the States cease to live by these grand ideas it must die like a blasted tree.—*Times Store King.*

BAD NEWS TO USERS OF TOBACCO.—The *Scalpel* (a Medical Journal), published in N. York for December, gives a long article against the use of tobacco, with the following:

In eating the tobacco-chewer must lose all delicate appreciation of flavor; we have observed, indeed, that he is very easily satisfied by the filthy Irish cookery, and greasy and cold meat and vegetables of the hotel or boarding house; his seasons find very high, because of his tobacco taste; many of these unfortunate drink raw brandy for the same reason. The tobacco-chewer rarely eats a raw oyster, preferring it, fried, and coated over with grease and its empyreuma; if he takes it raw, he tortures the poor creature with pepper and vinegar, and sticks a fork in it he cannot eat it gently from its pearly prison with his lips—they are clumsy and half paralyzed. Finally and worse than all, he ceases to appreciate the classic culture from the rosy lip of love, and if the mistress of his blunted affections should permit him to approach her, and she only be with paint-upon her cheek, it can only be directed towards his pocket—his only attraction a beautiful woman can possibly have for a tobacco-chewer. If there be a vice more prostrating to the body and mind, and more crucifying to all the sympathies of man's spiritual nature, we have yet to be convinced of it.

A FARMER.

Among our hills and valleys, I have known Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent hands Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth, Were reverent learners in the solemn school Of Nature. Not in vain to them were sent Stead-time and harvest, or the vernal shower That darkened the brown thill, or snow that beat On the white winter hills. Each brought in turn Some truth, some lesson on the life of man, Or recognition of the Eternal mind, Who veils his glory with the elements. One such I know long since, a white-haired man, Pithy of speech, and merry when he would! A genial optimist, who daily drew From what he saw his quaint moralities.

[W. C. Bryant.]

LITTLE LOVE LYRICS.—A gentleman, who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Mote, a lady of diminutive stature:

"I've lost the Little once I had;
My heart is sad and sore;
So now I should be very glad,
To have a little more."

To which the lady sent the following answer:

"I pity much the loss you've had;
The grief you must endure;
A heart by Little made so good,
A Little more won't cure!"

What grows the less fired the more it works? A wagon-wheel.