Gettysbyrg, Pa., Moyday, May 4, 1985.

Mullin.

which he made direct.' As soon as he came

most at the same moment that of the bride-

lence. At length he turned to her father.

ply, he led her to the top of the room.

see them now!

move.

garden.

er toward it.

doon his breast.

the garden."

Half did she let me go!

he inquired in some alarm.

How delighted I was with the dancel-

ry to part. Most refrained from kindness

-two or three, through fear, among the

The company became at length so numer-

ous, that the dancers had hardly space to

"Come," whispered Phil Brennan-1 was

garet french! let us make room. The

. The evidenced hesitated; she seemed to

be debating the propriety of her lover's re-

nan out of the room—a shawl—the first

Two turns of the garden did they make.

Plaintively Margaret Lynch related to her

Phil Brennan suddenly stopped; he tried the

flew open. He gently threw his arm

ound Margaret Lynch's waist, and drew

"Whither would you take me, Phil?"

"Are you afraid of me!" was his reply,

an accent of mingled tenderness and re-

roach. "Leave the child," he added, en-

reatingly; for she held me still by the hand.

"The child shall go, if I go."

"Come, then!" said Phil Brennan.

"No, Phil!" she said, gently but resolute.

We walked down the lane, his arm still

lasping her waist. His head was bowed

mother." I felt that she was agitated; the

erspiration began to break upon the hand

with which she was holding me. I saw,

int as the light was-it was a spring eve-

ng-I saw that her cheek was reclining

"Send the child in!" cried Phil Brennand

"No, nol" she faltered; tightening her

grasp again. "No, Phil Brennan! Ask me

not to marry you against my father's will:

I cannot-I will not consent! Hush!" she

suddenly ejaculated, in a lower whisper.-

They have missed us, and are coming in

It was her father's voice, but they had not

been missed. He had withdrawn from the

house accompanied by her noxious suiter,

with whom he was in earnest conversation.

WHOLE NO. 265.

Office of the Star & Banner: Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

CONDITIONS:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two DOLLARS per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.

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paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and char

IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JOSEPH DUKEHART & CO.'S Basket, Wooden-ware and Fishing-tackle

WARD-HOVSB: No 1011, Baltimore, between Calvert and

South streets. Baltimore, 4th Month 20, 1835. 3t*-3

HIDES, LEATHER & OIL.

2500 La Plata

700 Rio Grande 1000 Laguira

HIDES. 600 Pernambuco 1500 Chili

2000 prime heavy green salted Kips, first quality 1000 2d quality

50 Barrels of Strait's Oil 100 do. Bank's do.

Also Tanners Tools of all kinds for sale on the most reasonable terms, for cash or on And when from the skies some kind angel shall c approved paper, or exchanged for Leather To bear me from earth to a happier Home, of all kinds by
JOHN W. PATTEN & Co.

Corner 3d & Vine streets, Philadelphia.
March 10, 1835. 2m*-4

NEW GOODS.

JUST received and for sale by the subscriber, a very large stock of ERBUR BOODS.

Comprising almost every article in the DRY GOODS line-Among which is a complete ASSORTMENT OF

FANCY GOODS. OTTO which the LADIES' attention i

particularly invited.

LEGHORN, TUSCAN STRAW & GIMP BONNETS and HATS. WITH A GREAT VARIETY OF

CLOTHS & STUFFS | lady in all Clonmel! White frock! white glass! FOR GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER WEAR sash! white gloves! white shoes, with

HARD-WARE party resided about six miles from the town, Embracing almost every article in the way of building.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

BAR IRON, hammered and rolled; SHEET-IRON, STEEL, HOLLOW. time, not uncommon, or despised, among WARE & CASTINSG; FENDERS & BRASS ANDIRONS. Or Persons engaged in building and going

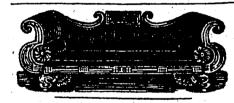
to house keeping, would do well to call. QUEENSWARE, OHINA SETS Mantle and other LOOKING GLASSIE

WOODEN WARE, &c. &c. TOGETHER WITH A FINE STOCK OF Groceries.

OF All of which will be sold on the most

The Public are invited to call and jugge for themselves.

GEORGE ARNOLI Gettysburg, April 13, 1835. N. B. Accounts of an old standing would be thankfully received.



CABINET-WAREHOUSE, Chambersburg Street.

Where there is constantly on hand

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF FURNITURE:

Ready for purchasers, for Cash or Produce Orders for COFFINS punctu ally attended to.

DAVID HEAGY. Gettysburg, Oct. 21, 1634.

REMOVAL.

WILL remove my shop on the first day of April to that owned by Mrs. Chamberlain, on South Baltimore street, two doors South of Mr. David M'Creary's Saddle and Harness Factory,

WHERE ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND FANCY

will be made and sold at redu-

ced prices, of superior finish and warranted best quality. ---A180-

House and Sign Painting. All kind of House and Sign Painting and Turning attended to as formerly. HUGH DENWIDDIE.

Gettysburg, March 24, 1885.

"True, as that I am Mick Quinlan that's

driving yees, madam. But, as I was sav-

*THE GARLAND.

From various gardens cull'd with care.

-"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,

THE SABBATH DAY.

O day of peace, whose dawning ray

I love to own thy soothing sway,

The listening soul forgets its pain,

O day of love, when He, who died,

O day of rest, what heavenly calm.

How often has thy healing balm

Yet still thy memory shall arise,

Removes the sinner's load of wo.

And smiling, shows His-wounded side,

Whence hope and life and pardon flow.

What hallowed peace thine hours impark

Revived and soothed the contrite heart!

The shades of earth shall cloud these eyes,

Each earth born joy he lost, unknown;

Till life's last lingering spark is flown.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Through pastures of verdure delighted I'll roam,

Mid the green sunny vales of my dearly loved Hon

Where the tears of affection, and love's tender smi

Shall the moments that glide on so sweetly beguild

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home-

Sweet cot of my father's how fleetly have flown,

The moments of pleasure in the bosom of Home;

Then each sun beam so brightly that play'd thro'

Show such scenes of contentment, and calmness,

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home-

To the vale of my childhood my last shall be giv

'Twill seem as it now does, a portrait of Heav'n

SELECT TALE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

weddingl. The room was lighted up in

mon market car, upon which was thrown a

middle gentry. Such was our vehicle upon.

minute-though I thought it would never ar-

O! the weary, weary, Irish miles! I

hought we had travelled twice the distance

long before we came to the first mile-stone.

of patience; but we accomplished them at

"Thank heaven!" cried I, when we came

"Hush!" said my mother, with a reprov-

"We must stop!" cried the owner of the

"Were we ever to get to the wedding!"

as I was, appeared to be the most prepos-

re-seated in the car and upon our road again.

the like of Phil Brennan, ma'am!"

fond of her?" inquired my mother.

man to the earl of B-."

"Is it true, Mick, that the young man is

car, "the horse has lost a shoe!"

to the fourth, "we have only two miles more

ive-and off we set!

ing look.

iust entered my fourteenth year.

[By James Sheridan Knowle

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home

There's no place like Home.

There's no place like Home.

There's no place like Home.

trees,

And loses all its guilty fear.

O day of joy, thy choral strain

Smiles meekly in the eastern sky;

While earth's vain cares and tumults die.

Sounds sweetly in the Pilgrim's ear;

as they say he is?" "Every pennerth!" answered Mick," but, ma'am, that Phil Brennan-," continued gaze of the whole room! Satisfaction and by the hair of her head."

he, sticking to his point.

"O, Mick! Mick!" as perseveringly interrupted my mother.

"What's the matter, ma'am?" "The foot rope is giving way!"

"The dickens a bit!" exclaimed Mick-'Tis as fast and as strong as a cable, ma'am!

But, ma,am, this Phil Brennan!-"The sacking is half off the car; Mick!"

cried my mother. "Half off the car, ma'am!" echoed Mick. Where, ma'am? I'll be bound it sits as snug and smooth all around as if it were lying in a tester bedstead, ma'am! Well.

"Yes, Mick!" at last interrupted my mother, thinking that to anticipate him was the only way, "I have heard that Phil Brennan was once a very naughty boy; but if you please Mick, we'll not talk of that now!" lancing a significant look toward me.

"O, you are right," said Mick, "I understand you, ma'am! To talk about such matters would do no harm to you and me: but 'tis as well to be sure that somebody should not know what a devil-"

Mick could get no farther. "Silence, Mick!" peremptorily exclaimed my mother. Mick coloured, dropped his head, like a balked child, and half sulkily drove on.

A quarter of an hour brought us to our destination. It was an evening of wonders to me! Every thing so fine! Every thing so joyous! as if care and sorrow were banished out of the world, and nothing but plenty and happiness was evermore to reign in it. There was not a sad—there was not a thoughtful face in the whole room—save the blacksmith the possession of the fair I sleep that night, with thinking on Margaone; and from that face troni the moment I hand with which he seemed to be in no hurret Lynch and the blacksmith. looked upon it, child as I was, I could scarcely take my eyes the whole of the evening; t was so fair, so soft, so melancholy, so full of sweetness! Its owner was one the bride-

She was somewhat taller than the bride, The Blacksmith of Clonmel. by the side of whom she was standing, dressed in a frock of snow; with shoulders and a neck that vied with the frock, and arms of A WEDDING!-O, how my neart boundthe same extraordinary whiteness. I was ed when I was told that I should go to no judge of shapes, but I cannot describe close to him at the moment—"come, Marthe pleasure with which I looked upon the moment! The boys and girls, in their holy latter. They were uncovered nearly to their sign is also such miles. Throw a shawl over day clothes, were ranged along the floor, shoulder. There was something in their year head, the first you can lay hand on, The fiddlers began! The dance was led off! mould, unlike any thing of the kind I but and take a term with me in the garden?" All was hilarity and motion. My head ever seen before; while the skin, particular-swam round! No wonder! I had only ly on the inside, where it absolutely seemed to shine with a light of its own, exhibited a quest. Her eye fell upon me; she caught I was dressed, and down in the little parglossy transparency through which you saw, hold of me, and pulling me, no way unwilllour, an hour before the time-the finest here and there, a vein as clear as through a ling, along with her, darted with Phil Bren-

> "Who is that?" inquired I of my mother. that came to her hand, covered her head "'Tis Jerry Lynch's daughter, my dear.' and mine, and in a minute we were in the "Is Jerry Lynch a cous n to an eari!" "No! Why do you ask?"

"His daughter is so like a lady," rejoinbed, with a quilt over it, and which was festooned with ropes, round the sides, and

"You are very right, my dear," remarkthe feet, was a mode of conveyance, at that in the room!"

I remember I drew myself up for a mo- the young man whom I first remarked, was ment, but the very next one resumed my favored in his address by her father—that unwearied care anticipate ber infant's wants, un the respectable tradesmen, and even the previous position, and stood staring at Jerry almost every species of persecution had been Lynch's daughter, scarcely conscious that resorted to in order to compel her to accept and intuitively comprehended by a mother's love that happy day. 'Twas at the door to the my mother had been drawn aside by a friend him, and that her father's tyranny had even who had something particular to say to her. proceeded to the extremity of appointing I felt myself irresistibly attracted toward the wedding day. the fair object of my contemplation; and, A gate, leading into a by-road, opened before I knew what I was about, I found from the garden. We had passed it twice, the fair object of my contemplation; and, The second and the third cost a huge effort myself beside her, admiring the more than and were now close to it for the third time. silky feel of her arm as my hand glided up and down the round and pendent column, unnoticed by its abstracted mistress. Remember, I was little more than a girl of fourteen at the time-frank, confiding and

impulsive. At length in the midst of my pleasing occupation, a slight start arrested me, and caused me to look up in the face of the bridemaid-it was as pale as that of a corpse.-A torge was fortunately at hand. The I was sure that something had alarmed her: norse was taken out, and the process of re- and, looking around me to ascertain the placing the shoe was promptly commenced cause, I saw a young man approaching her, by the smith-a young man remarkable handsome enough, but with an eye of an ex-

for his extraordinary stature, as well as for ceedingly unprepossessing expression. his countenance-which even to me, a child The company were going to dance, and as soon as he came up to her he asked her sessing I had ever looked upon. In less to be his partner. She fattered out some To her ear. He kept whispering something than fifteen minutes, all was right; we were | thing, but I could not hear distinctly what to her. I heard the words "wife---priest-she said. He repeated his request, and of-"That's a fine young man, that Phil Brenfered to take her hand, but she drew it back. nan!" remarked the carman to my mother. Never shall I forget the sullen and mortified "A very fine young man, indeed!" was look which he threw upon her.

"What is the matter?" in an authorita-"Troth is he, ma'am! and though that tive tone, inquired an elderly man, who now arm of his is as hard as the anvil he works came up; "you are going to dance with upon, yet his heart is as soft as a baby's. William M'Mullin! Take her, William, and That's he that Jerry Lynch's daughter is lead her to the head of the first set, next to in love with-and no blame to her, though the bride!"

she were a lady in her own right! Gentle I had not observed that the bride had alor simple-high blood or low blood-out of ready been led out to dance by the bridethe county or in the county—there's not groom. Again the young man attempted to take her hand, and again she drew it back.

"Margaret!" sternly ejaculated he that had just before addressed her. It was her "Dying for her, ma'am! Stark mad to father. But the fair bridemaid neither lookget her. Sorrow the wake or fair he goes ed nor spake. She stood immoveable, her o now, unless Jerry Lynch's daughter is eyes fixed upon the ground. "Give your there—and he that used to be such a devil hand," he added, "to William M'Mullin! Give it immediately!"

"Mick!" interrupted my mother, "is it Margaret doubtingly advanced her hand true that his grandfather was cousin gertoward that of the young man, which now in its turn drew back; while his cheek grew as white as if the hue of the bridemaid's had been transferred to it; and she, with a neck ing, nothing in the shape of dimity or musand face of crimson, gazed intently in the direction of the door. I followed her eyes. does Phil Brennan care for now, except anch's daughter! He! that but a The blacksmith had just entered the room. Even now I think I never saw such a fig-

claimed to his companion:

passed, and as they passed, the former ex-

ther, "is it true that Jerry Lynch is as rich | proportioned! with a countenance of suppy | never see another! I repeat it! You shall | where it is her delight to hold communion with good-humour, that warmed your heart the make her your wife that day, even though the spirits that have been ransomed from the moment you looked upon him! He was the I should be obliged to drag her to the altar thraldom of earth and wreathed with a garland of The last words, though the speaker was welcome danced in every eye! Hands were

held out to him on every side. "Welcome receding, were sufficiently audible. The many-Princes and Conquerors may bow with Phill" or "How are you, Phil?" or "God footsteps gradually died away. We heard a save you, Phil!" sounded from every lip .- door opened and closed. They had return-He seemed to be a favorite with all-with ed into the house. Margaret Lynch's cheek all-except Jerry Lynch and William M'now reclined again upon her lover's breast. Again his face was bowed to her ear. A-Frequent, but brief were the pauses he gain I heard the words, "wife-priestwas compelled to make as he approached mother." the group in which I was standing-and for

"Send back, send back the child!" again cried Phil Brennan.

up his hand was frankly extended, and al-Margaret Lynch spoke not. She was weeping. I heard her sobs. My hand dropped from hers; which now, in the cusmaid lay passive within its embrace. He ma'am, did you never hear that this Phil held her hand for upward of a minute in si-tody of her lover, was raised by him to his shoulder, and remained passively lying there.

"Jerry Lynch," said he, in a tone of good-"Go," cried I, involuntarily; "go with humored, unmissgiving confidence, "Jerry Phil Brennan to his mother's, and be mar-Lynch, for three months back I have had your daughter's promise, whenever this ried to him to-morrow. I will return to wedding took place, to dance down the first | the house, and not say a word of the matter." set with me. Of course, you will not pre-

I comprehended all.

Scarce was the last syllable out of my vent her from keeping her word. All is mouth, when the blacksmith was upon his friendship, at a wedding, you know!" and feet, with Margaret Lynch in his arms.without farther preface, or waiting for a re. He had caught her up like an infant, as he rose. He bounded with her toward the end of the lane. I lost sight of him in a minute, How delighted I was with the blacksmith but I heard his steps as he ran. He stopped and his lovely partner! The bride and bride and gave a low, long whistle, which was fol-groom were objects of secondary considera- lowed by the trotting of a horse. The horse tion. The first couple seemed to have been stopped. How my heart beat for a moment made for each other! and their looks! the or two. In less than a minute the horse fundness and respect on the one hand, the was off again and galloping. I listened as modesty and contentment on the other! I long as I could hear the sound of its hoofs, and then returned to the house. My mother was already in the hall, attired for our It was an eventful night for both! They danced down the first set, the second set, the journey home. My things were soon put on. I accompanied her, but not a wink did third set. None attempted to dispute with hand with which he seemed to be in no hur- ret Lynch and the blacksmith.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] VARIETY.

latter, William M'Mullin, whose looks, I perceived, young as I was, betrayed a thou-The following pretty song, composed by Thoma sand things which his tongue had not the Black, Esq., and set to music by Mr. Bianchi Taylor, s now all the rage in London. courage to name, or his hand to perform.

THE MARINER'S LIFE. Oh! the mariner's life is the life for me, Floating along on the changeful sea; When storms are raging, and winds are high, Then from billow to billow we quickly fly. And when all is still on the ocean's breast, We lay to sleep while the billows rest, And dream not of perils or dangers past, On the raging sea 'mid the stormy blast.' And though far away we are doomed to roam, From all that we love in our distant home, Yet we whisper to every passing wind, A prayer for those we have left behind. And when our perils and dangers are o'er. At last we tread on our native shore; Our grateful thanks shall ascend on high, Till Life's voyage is o'er and then happy die. THE MOTHER-A FRAGMENT.

* I saw her large blue eyes swell with maternal tenderness, as she gazed m all the lover all that had happened since their last plentitude of a mother's love, upon the painful stolen interview, beginning every sentence countenance of her silent imploring child. I saw PLANES & EDGE-TOOLS, at the back, for the purpose of supporting ed my mother, "there is nothing like her with a sigh. She spoke in an undertone; her bursting bosom heave with agonizing fear, as but, from what I caught, I could gather that | she gently pressed its outstretched hand between her own, and bathed it with her tears. I saw her fold by words, but eloquently told by infantile look nd when her little sufferer slumbered, I saw a nother's care command a mother's grief: and alf respiring, check the rising sobbings of her

soul, lest a full sigh should wake her sleeping babe. It was then that busy memory gave to her present pain a heightened anguish, and shrouded al gloomy bodements the endearing prattling of ate, it was locked. There was no need of her child, its smiles of timid triumph as once its key. He put his foot and hand to it, and tottering feet bore it from chair to chair, its supiant hands seeking maternal safety.

These and a thousand other endearments rush on her mind, and like a transient light in some dark solitude, made misery still more poignant.he remembrance of hours spent in the society of her child, gradually developing its bodily and mental powers imparted a saddened pleasure to its maternal nurse; when suddenly a feeble groun dissolved her vision, for the vital taper of her child was sinking in its socket. Her stifled sigh now burst în convulsive sobbings from her bosom whilst with utterable anguish her laboring soul gave the pure spirit of her child to God. I sincerely participated in her afflictions, and was silently in this scene of wo, as I was unwilling to interrupt the sacred tribute of her grief, or unclasp that firm embrace, which pressed a lifeless infant to her mother's bosom, for soon it would be cradled in its coffin, and hushed in a lonely mansion of the grave over which the winds of winter howl its lullaby. I thought as I witnessed her conflicting feelings, how kindly Providence had implanted in a mother's bosom, the persevering love which enabled her to bear with unrepining fortitude the varied cares connected with childhood; and that those men are monsters, who repay with cold indifference the affectionate solitude that guarded their years of helpless infancy. I felt a glow within my bosom, a filial offering to the memory of my mother, with a repentant sigh, lest search of us; I heard my father's voice in my thoughtless boyhood may have given her pain, unconscious of the sacred debt of gratitude due to the feelings of a parent.

FEMALE PIETY.

The gem of all others which enriches the core They were approaching the gate which Phil net of a Lady's character, is unaffected piety-Brennan had fortunately put to. The gar- Nature may lavish much on her person—the enden hedge did not reach to the blacksmith's chantment of the countenance—the gracefulness shoulder; he knelt upon one knee, and, en- of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, yet joining Margaret Lynch as she valued his her leveliness is uncrowned, till piety throws alife, to keep silence, drew her, unresistingly, round the whole, the sweetness and power of her upon the other. The father and the rival charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper-unearthly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things be-"I tell you not a day longer will I give low is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings tf-51 "But, Mick!" again interrupted my mo- ure of a man! So tall! so straight! so well her! That day she shall be yours, or may I of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, duce you to alight the warnings of consess.

Her beauty may throw its magical charm over admiration at the shrine of her riches-the some of science and poetry may embalm her memory.la history and song-yet piety must be her profment, her pearl. Her name must be written in the "Book of Life," that when mountains faile a. way, and every memento of earthly greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng, which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of

With such a treasure every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased; friendships will be doubly sweet-pain and sorrow shall lose their sting—and the character will possess a price far "ahove rubies"-life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard and sleeping millions awake tojudgment, its possessor shall be presented "faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy and a crown of life that shall never wear away." Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows, expanding its foliage and imparting its fragranceto all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and untading beauty in the Paradisc of God.

Follow this star-it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life, gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the Heaven of promised and settled

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

Taking a walk with a few of my friends, we came to a place where several men were builty employed. They had dug very deep, as much as ten feet below the surface of the ground; some were clearing away rubbish, and others laying bricks. "Why have you dug so deep?" asked one of our party. "Because," replied they, "it was necessary, as we are going to erect a large building, that we should have a good foundation." Now there was in our party, an old man whose silvery locks were a crown of glory, and also with tle girl, of about eight years of age. "Matiliax, my love," said the aged saint, "lend an ear to my words, and let my speech fall upon thing heffers spirit as the early dew. See you this place; the workmen are going to build upon a sare foundation; what is the only sure foundation of a Christian's hope?" "The finished work and atone ment of the Son of God; for he died for sinners, who have broken the law of God and deserved to die themselves," replied the child. "True, true," reiomed the old man, "for other foundation can no man lay than is laid, which is Jesus Christ. And what my dear child, will become of those who have built their houses upon the sands?" Matilds mused and replied, "When the storm rises it wil beat upon those houses, and they will fall, and great will be the fall thereof."

If you pursue good with labor, the labor passes away and the good remains-but if you pursue pleasure with cyil, the pleasure passes away and the evil remains.

Bolingbroke left one of his infidel publications to be published after his death by Mallet, a brother unbeliever. Dr. Johnson, when asked his opinion of the legacy, exclaimed, "A scoundfel! who spent his life in charging a pop-gun against christianity; and a coward, who, afraid of the report of his own gun, left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death."

Recipes for the cure of various complaints, drawn. from the Principles and Practice of the Homo. patic Doctors.

The grand principle in curing all complaints. is to aggravate the symptoms; or in other words, to produce symptoms of a more aggravated nature than those you undertake to remove; and then, of. course, the first set of symptoms being swallowed: up or overcome by the second, will not be felt. To cure the Rheumatism .- Drink wine and in-

dulge yourself in high living, so as to bring on the gout; and rely upon it, that when this last has placed its screws upon you, you will not feel the rbeumatism. To cure a Flea bite.—Submit the wounded part

to the teeth of a bed-bug, which will aggravate. the symptoms so that the flou bite will be no long! To cure the Tooth Ache .- Get yourself afflicted

with the tic doloreux, and then you may laugh at the tooth ache, even though you should laugh out of the wrong side of your mouth. To cure Suffication from swallowing a Potators

-Swallow a pumpkin. This will cortainly stretch your esophagus so that the petate will go down; for it will so aggravate the symptoms, that will will no longer trouble yourself at all about the

To get a grain of sand out of your eye. Put in nebble. The reason of the cure is obvious. To get a Fly out of your cor .- Put in a hornet To get yourself out of a small scrape. Gat into

And so in any case of pain or difficulty take such measures as will produce an aggravati the case, and the cure is completed.

bigger one.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM. Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one, Have oftimes as connexion. Knewledge design.
In heads replets with thoughts of other men.
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge to proud that he has learned to mileli Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Wisdom, unlike all else we souk on carib Is never sought in vain.

Let no allurements nur precepts of fashion in