BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."-SHAKS

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CONDITIONS:

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

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the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

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

THE GARLAND.

-"With sweetest flowers enrich'd, From various gardens cull'd with care."

FROM THE GETTYSBURG WREATH. THE PYRAMID.

Mysrgatous trophy of man's power and might low standing 'midst the darkness like the light Of former times, when thy gigantic frame, A lasting monument to Egypt's name, Was first erected in that land of lore Which, science' beacon, shono from Afric's shore. Which, science' beacon, shono from Afric's shore. Still do we see thee yet remain, e'en when "I'was but tradition, not th' historic pen, That was the guide that led Herodotus Who wrote of thee, whose history to us Seems fabulous through age, and wants the merit, Which thou proclaim'st it ought to inherit.

Mutation's stamp on all things we can see, But strange, its impress is not left on thee, Thou art the same, 'though age o'er age hath roll'd, Unchanged still, though time itself is old. Worlds that had run their courses, and carcer'd Worlds that had run their courses, and caree Above like suns, have worn out, disappear'd, And stars that at creation had been fired, And hung on high, have wasted and expir'd. Our earth is not the same that it once was, When by the fiat of the Great First Cause, nb of Chuos did its form disclose, And when from nothing it to being rose. Time's morn inst dawn'd upon it as it ran Its course with youthful vigor, when for man Its disobedient lord, the heavy storm Of Heaven's dire anger, blighted its fair form. Since then each passing century in its range, Upon it stamps its own peculiar change. How many thousand forms of breathing clay, Have acted, moved on it, through life's short day, And then have quickly vanish'd, though scarce so Like shadows gone, as though they ne'er had been

Nations have risen like the swelling sea, But like its tumults soon have ceas'd to be, T' oblivion carried by time's rising tide, With all their grandeur, pomp, and boist'rons prid Where are the boasted dwellers in thy land, Men who were wont, accustom'd to command, Heroes who fought, and warriors who bled, Mortals who tought, and warriors who bred, Mortals who were a scourge, a heeded dread; Or where are they who in the march of famo, Acquired and handed down a titled name, Or they who by chance conquest, one short hour Of rule obtain'd; of which ephem'ral power Another mightier possession tool, and Another mightier possession work, until He in his turn bow'd to another's will.

Where is the race of Pharaoh, who the God Of Israel defied, till by his rod Of Israel defied, till by his rod Of iron they were conquer'd? Where is he, The stern oppressor, from whose tyranny The sons of Israel were compelled to fly, To seek repose beneath a distant sky? Where are thy nobles, priests, and men of state, Thy magi who disclosed the womb of fate Things doing inpitously, whose knowledge heav'n Wisely decreed to man should not be giv'n? Where are those beautics which the sculptor form' From the rule block: the canvass once adorn't With life without its action, and where are Those palaces and temples which from far All—all have such beneath the hand of time? Now scarce a relic consecrates the ground, Or tells where once art's trophics could be found! The Roman empire rose but to decay, And Greeian glory blazed to fade away. Their suns ascendant once in dazzling light. Robb'd of their rays, have set an endless night. "The offistress of the world" has long become The shore, and where once sat imperial Rome Receiving nation's homage, throning kings, Bestowing crowns, like gifts of common things, Whose will was law acknowledged o'er the world Where her victorious standards were unfurl'd: No vestige of that power we see remain To tell us what she was, or to explain The deep enigma of a nation's call To such a height of rule, so low to fall. Her conq'ring armies even at whose tread, Invaded realms trembled, quaked with dread, Whose feet the frozen Scythia, Afric's sand Had pressed and of whose triumphs trophies stand E'en yet, rest with their vanquish'd focs unknown, Whilst o'er their mem'res Lethe long has flown. The beauteous halo which so soft, so bright; Once beam'd around Athena's loity beight, Has paled and wasted, whilst Egyptian gloom Has settled on Minerva's city's tomb.



three babies at one time. THOSE who may be pleased to honour these pages with a perusal, will not be detained with a long history of my birth, pa-

novel, as well as in the pilgrimage of life, are in such extreme anxiety about their ed- | "his name is Japhet." gnorance of the future may truly be constitucation. Here it commences with their

The little that was known at this time I will, mystery of devouring pap; next they are Boy reads?" however, narrate as concisely, and as cord taught to walk-and as soon as they can "Very well, and writes a very good hand. --- I really forget the date, and must rise they can talk--- to hold their tongues; thus

pile of papers--it will detain you too long-- they finally are passed out of its gates, to make a man of him-- and so on," said this it will be sufficient to say that it was on a get on in the world, with the advantage of strange personage, walking round and round countenance was always lighted up with night--but whether the night was dark or some education, and the still further advan- me with his cane to his nose, and scrutinizmonlit, or rainy or foggy, or cloudy or fine, tage of having no father or mother to pro- ing my person with his twinkling eyes. I or starlight, I really cannot tell; but it is of vide for, or relatives to pester them with was dismissed after this examination and liked him the first minute that you were in no very great consequence. Well, it was their necessities. It was so with me: I ar- approval, and the next day, dressed in a plain on a night about the hour----there again rived at the age of fourteen, and notwith- suit of clothes, was delivered by the porter I'm puzzled, it might have been ten, or ele- standing the promise contained in the letter, at the shop of Mr. Phineas Cophagus, who ven, or twelve, or between any of these hours; it appeared that circumstances did not per- was not at home when I arrived. A tall, nay, it might have been past midnight, and mit of my being reclaimed. But I had a fresh coloured, but hectic looking young far advancing to the morning, for what I great advantage over the other inmates of man, stood behind the counter, making up know to the contrary. The reader must the hospital; the fifty pounds sent with me prescriptions, and a dirty lad, about thirteen a nonplus; but we will assume of some days ment, but generously employed for my ben- to deliver the medicines to the several adold-if, when wrapped up in flannel and in efit by the governors, who were pleased dresses, as soon as they were ready. The a covered basket, and, moreover, fast asleep at the time, he does not exactly observe the state of the weather, and the time by the church clock. I never before was aware ic, by the influence of the governors, added cd to establish him on his own account, and of the great importance of dates in telling a to the fifty pounds and interest, as a premi- this was the reason which induced Mr. Costory; but it is now too late to recover these um, I was taken by an apothecary, who phagus to take me, that I might learn the facts, which have been swept away into oblivion by the broad wing of Time. I must therefore just tell the little I do know, trustwe must not travel quite so fast. ng to the reader's good nature, and to blanks.

night------the state of the weather being also ----I, an infant of a certain age----was suspended by somebody or somebodics---at the knocker of the Foundling Hospital. Having made me fast, the said somebody or somebodies rang a peal upon the bell, which made the old porter start up in so great a side of the shop were two gin establish-hurry, that with the back of his hand he hit means, and next to them were two public his better half a blow on the nose, occasion" ing a great suffusion of blood from that or- by graziers, butchers, and drovers. Did mans yet." gan, and a still greater pouring forth of in- the men drink so much as to quarrel in their vectives from the organ immediately below it.

All this having been effected by the said peal on the bell, the said somebody or some-bodies did incontinent! y take to their heels, Mr. Cophagus. Did a bull gore a man, Mr. Spring Street; 16, Cleaver Street, as before; more, or disliked him so much; and now. peal on the bell, the said somebody or someand obey the rude summons. At last the the back parlour of Mr. Cophagus that she into the lodge, lighted a candle, and opened | windows suffered occasionally; but whether the basket. Thus did I metaphorically first it was broken heads, or broken limbs, or ome to light. When he opened the basket I opened my Every one suffered but Mr. Phineas Cophayes, and although I did not observe it, the old woman was standing at the table in very him. The shop had the usual allowance light attire, sponging her nose over a basin. "Verily, a pretty babe with black eyes!" exclaimed the old man, in a tremulous voice. "Black eyes, indeed," muttered the old flies. We had a white horse in one winvoman. "I shall have two to-morrow." "Beautiful black eyes indeed !" continued the old man.

kets, have long before suspended cash pay- | tion in the caricature prints. But if his got out of those rudimans yet, and I suppose | influence so all-pervading, yet'so noiseles... so por ments, or, at all events, forget to suspend figure was strange, his language and manthem on the baskets, my arrival created no ners were still more so. He spoke, as some little noise, to which I added my share, until birds fly, in jerks, intermixing his words, l obtained a share of the breast of a young for he never completed a whole sentence, woman, who, like Charity, suckled two or with um-um-and ending it with "so on,"

leaving his hearers to supply the context We have preparatory schools, all over from the heads of his discourse. Almost the kingdom; for young gentlemen, from always in motion, he generally changed three to five years of age, under ladies, and his position as soon as he had finished speakfrom four to seven, under either, or both ing, walking to any other part of the room sexes, as it may happen; but the most pre- with his cane to his nose, and his head cock ance will be considered a new engagement, and the was ignorant of the two first; and it will be paratory of all preparatory schools, is cernecessary for the due developement of my tainly the Foundling Hospital; which takes gait. When I was ushered into his pre-III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will necessary for the due developement of my tainly the Foundling Hospital; which takes gait. When I was ushered into his pre-be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 narrative, that I allow you to remain in the in its pupils, if they are sent, from one to sence, he was standing with two of the gov-the same proportion. The number of insertions to be novel, as well as in the nilgrimage of life three days old, or even hours, if the parents ernors. "This is the lad," said one of them,

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"Japhet," replied Mr. Cophagus; "um, dered as the greatest source of happiness. weaning, when they are instructed in the scriptural-Shem, Ham, um-and so on

rectly, as I am able. It was on the night walk-to sit still; to talk-and as soon as He is a very good boy, Mr. Cophagus."

"Reall-write-spell---good, and so on from my chair, lock for a key, open a closet, are they instructed and passed on from one Bring him up--rudiments--spatula---write and then open an iron safe to hunt over a part of the establishment to another, until labels---um---M. D. one of these days--with my conduct, and thought highly of young man behind the counter, whose name my abilities. Instead of being bound 'pren- was Brookes, was within eighteen months tice to a cordwainer, or some other mechan- of serving his time, when his friends intendengaged to bring me up to the profession. business, and supply his place when he left. And now, that I am out of the Foundling, Mr. Brooks was a very quiet, amiable person, kind to me and the other boy who car-The practitioner who thus took me by ried out the medicines, and who had been the hand was a Mr. Phineas Cophagus, taken by Mr. Cophagus for his food and whose shop was most conveniently situated raiment. The porter fold Mr. brooks who for business, one side of the shop looking I was, and left me. "Do you think that phet?" upon Smithfield Market, the other present. you will like to be an apothecary ?" said Mr.

ing a surface of glass to the principal street Brooks to me, with a benevolent smile. leading out of the same market. It was a "Yes; I do not see why I should not," recorner house, but not in a corner. On each plied I.

"Stop a moment," said the lad who was houses and two cating-houses, frequented me, "you havn't got through your rudi-

"Hold your tongue, Timothy," said Mr cups, who was so handy to plaster up the Brooks. "That you are not very fond of broken heads as Mr. Cophagus? Did a fat the rudiments, as Mr. Cophagus calls them,

never shall." Mr. Brookes, perceiving that I was tired, desired me to leave off, an order which I gladly obeyed, and I took my seat in a corner of the shop.

"There," said Timothy, laying down his basket; "no more work for me, hanty prandium, is there, Mr. Brookes ?"

"No, Tim; but post prandium, you'll post again."

Dinner being ready, and Mr. Cophagus having returned, he and Mr. Brookes went into the back parlour, leaving Timothy and me in the shop to announce customers. And I shall take this opportunity of introducing Mr. Timothy more particularly, as he will play a very conspicuous part in this narrative. Timothy was short in stature for his oval face, with a very dark complexion, grey eyes flashing from under their long eyelashes, and eyebrows nearly meeting each other. He was marked with the small pox, not so much as to disfigure him, but still it was very perceptible when near to him. His merriment; there was such a happy, devilmay-care expression in his face that you his company, and I was intimate with hun immediately.

"I say, Japhet," said he, "where did you ome from?"

"The Foundling," replied I.

"Then you have no friends or relations." "If I have, I do not know where to find hem," replied I, very gravely.

"Pooh! don't be grave upon it. I hav'n' any either. I was brought up by the parish, in the workhouse. I was found at the door of a gentleman's house, who sent me to the overseers--I was about a year old then. They call me a foundling, but I don't care what they call me, so long as they don't call me too late for dinner. Father and mother, whoever they were, when they run away from mo, didn't run away with my appetite. 1 wonder how long master means to play with his knife and fork. As for Mr. Brookes, what he eats wouldn't physic a snipe. What's your other name, Ja-

"Newland."

"Newland-now you shall have mine in exchange. Timothy Oldmixon at your ser vice. They christened me after the workhouse pump, which had 'Timothy Oldmixon fecit' on it; and the oversees throught it as good a name to give me as any other; so I was christened after the pump-maker with some of the pump water. As soon as I was big enough, they employed me to pump all the water for the use of the workhouse. I

erful, yet so gentle-so beneficial, yet so unpretende ing, as a virtuous, intelligent, high-souled Fridate. Man, with all his self-confidence and pride, yields almost unconsciously to this unobtrusive sway; and finds his happiness increased, as well as his interests promoted, by so doing.

WHOLE NO. 276.

Since, then, such is the case, it follows that Females may be no inefficient co-workers in the field of Literature, for the promotion of the good of mankind. That Literary Journals, when properly conducted, with a view to this end, are well calculated to promote it; is now generally admitted. Here, then, is a verdant, flowery, and pleasant field for the labors of the Female mind. In it, a SEDGEWICK, a Sigouaway, a HOFFLAND, and many other bright stars in the constellation of American Female genins, have already reaped rich and bountiful harvests; and the avenues to it are as open to others as to them. Let not our fair country-women, then, be backward about entering it. Though all may not reap the full harvests, even age, but very strongly built. Ho had an the scattered gleanings are well worth picking up Foremost in almost every other field of benevolent enterprize, why should they be mere lookers-on in this? There is many a flower of rare fragrance and glowing tints in the bowers of Literature, destined to be plucked only by Female hands-many a plant of bal samie influence, in the gardens of Science, whose unknown virtues remain to be developed by the magic divination of Woman's mind. We invite our fair friends to wander with us through these delightful gardens; or, when weary, to recline with us in hose delicious bowers : and, peradventure, whilst twining a "WREATH" to encircle the head of Virtue, they may also weave a garland to adorn their own beautcous brows.

> Upwards of 40 years ago I knew a man who wilfully took 11 grains of arsenic in warm tea, in order to kill himself. It took effect immediately. Three physicians exerted their skill to save him, but to no purpose, and said he must die. By their consent, another person proposed onions, which were immediately applied to his stomach. arm pits, wrists, and tenderest parts of the body. Though he was much swelled, he immediately began to recover, and the next/ day went to his work. It appeared like a miracle to all who witnessed it. I have heard of onions being used for the bite of a rattle-snake, with good success, by being applied to the wound.

> The editor of the London Times comments upon, Mr. Calhoun's report on Executive patronage under the very erroneous opinion that all our state officers, from the Governor down, are paid by the President of the United States!

A correspondent of the Portland Courier the names given by the I dains to American rivers and lakes: "Ocmulgee-hoiling, bubling water. Wetumykah, the name of the falls of the Chattahoochee, rolling or grazier cat himself into an apoplexy, how is very clear. Now walk off as fast as worked at my papa, as I called the pump, fall where the water pours over a precipice

The loud acclaim of vict'ry, triumph's song, To captive Judah now no more belong, Her sweet-toned harps untouch'd, unstrung, are stil Jerusalem's no more on Zion's hill: Where once the sacred-holy temple rose, Which for a dwelling place on earth Jchovah chose Which was the nation's pride, and hope, and trust, But which the heathen levelled with the dust, The Paynim crescent's impiously rise, And blood-stain'd daringly salute the skies.

All things have chang'd, the world is not the same All things have chang'd, the world is not the same As when from Heav'n the mighty mandate came, Which brought it into being, much more then, Exposed to change must be the works of men. But still thou standest, and thou firm hast stood, Though ages have swept by their heavy flood, They passing have but left upon thy side, The moss-grown marks of their far-flowing tide. Who will unveil to us thy mystery? Or who narrate thy wondrous history? Were they the laborers in the "brick and tile" Who raised thy gloomy, dark, uncarthly pile? Why wast thou built? Was it that thou mighst hold In thy dark dungcons hidden well, the gold Their princely dust from angling with the earth, Too proud t' return it whence it took its birth. How empty, futile, are our reasonings? How worthless, useless, our conjecturings? In vain we strive to penetrate the cloud Of doubt that ever must thee closely shroud. But why ought we to wonder that we know So little of thee, e'en when none could throw More light upon thee, in the days of Homer, Whom we account a visionary roamer; His story might perhaps have once been true, But truth so old, might truly be worn through. What mightly events have transpired beside Around thee! Did there not a whisper glide Once stealingly in angels language by, Aunouncing 'Manuel's nativity? A thick and pitchy durkness did surround Thee once when awful thunders shook the ground, When we are told that rocks did split, that dead Men rose. Why wert thou not to fragments shred?

We too will die, as have our fathers done, And generations more their courses run, Spring, summer, autumn, whater come and go, And still the world successive changes know, But yet thou'lt stand in majesty sublime, The landmark 'twixt eternity and time. And when at last the king of day shall rise, T' illume but once again his native skies, Then sink to rise no more, his parting ray, Shall linger on, and round thy summit play. ÉUDOR.

"Terrible black eyes, for sartain," continued the old woman, as she sponged away. "Poor thing, it must be cold," murmured the old porter.

"Warrant I catch my death a cold," muttered the wife. "But, dear me, here's a paper !" exclaim-

ed the old man. "Vinegar and brown paper," echoed the

ld woman. "Addressed to the governors of the hospi-

al," continued the porter. "Apply to the dispenser of the hospital,"

continued his wife.

"And scaled," said he. "Get it healed," said she.

"The linen is good; it must be the child person and his qualifications. of no poor people. Who knows ?"-soliloquised the old man.

"My poor nose !" exclaimed the old woman.

the receiving room of the Foundling Hospi-"I must take it to the nurses, and the letter I will give to morrow," said the old por. was thin, his nose very much hooked, his ter, winding up his portion of this double eyes small and peering, with a good-husoliloquy, and tottering away with the basmoured twinkle in them, his mouth large, ket and your humble servant across the and drawn down at one corner. He was stout in his body, and carried a consideracourt vard.

"There it will do now," said the old wife, ble protuberance before him, which he was wiping her face on a towel, and regaining her bed, in which she was soon joined by very complacently; but although stout in ter the colebrated personage whose signature her husband, and they finished their nap his body, his legs were mere spindles, so it bore. "Newland is my other name, sir," without any further interruption during that that, in his appearance, he reminded you of some bird of the crane genus. Indeed I night.

The next morning 1 was reported and may say, that his whole figure gave you just examined, and the letter addressed to the such an appearance as an orange might do, governors was opened and read. It was had it taken to itself a couple of pieces of aconic, but still, as most things laconic are, tobacco pipes as vehicles of locomotion. very much to the point. He was dressed in a black coat and waist-

"This child was born in wedlock--he is coat, white cravat and high collar to his to be named Japhet. When circumstances shirt, blue cotton-net pantaloons and Hessian permit, he will be reclaimed." boots, both fitting so tight, that it appeared But there was a postscript by Abraham as if he was proud of his spindle shanks.

Newland, Esq., promising to pay the bearer His hat was broad-brimmed and low, and on demand the sum of fifty pounds. In plain he carried a stout black cane with a gold er terms, there was a bank note to that a. | top in his right hand, almost always raising face. mount enclosed in the letter. As in general, the gold top to his nose when he spoke, just the parties who suspended children in bas. as we see doctors represented at a consulta- have been more than a year, and never have fection as is, perhaps, attainable. None can exercise an Y. Y. Com. Adv.

and disappear long before the old porter could | Cophagus appeared with his diachylon and | and then to John Street, 55, Mrs. Smith's. pull his legs through his nether garments lint. Did an ox frighten a lady, it was in Do you understand?"

"To be sure I do-can't I read ? I reads old man swang open the gate, and the bas- was recovered from her syncope. Market all the directions, and all your Latin stuff ket swang across his nose; he went in again days were a sure market to my master ; and into the bargain-all your summen dusses, for a knife and cut me down, for it was cruel if an overdriven beast knocked down others, horez, diez, cockly hairy.' I mean to set to hang a baby of a few days old; carried me it only helped to set him on his legs. Our up for myself one of these days."

"I'll knock you down one of these days, Mr. Timothy, if you stay so long as you do, broken windows, they were well paid for. looking at the print shops; that you may depend upon."

gus, who never suffered a patient to escape "I keep up all my learning that way," replied Timothy, walking off with his load, of green, yellow, and blue bottles; and in turning his head round and laughing at me, hot weather, from our vicinity, we were as he quitted the shop. Mr. Brookes smilvisited by no small proportion of blue-bottle ed, but said nothing.

As Timothy went out, in came Mr. Codow, and a brown horse in the other, to announce to the drovers that we supplied horseputting up his cane, "nothing to do-bad--must work-um-and so on. Mr. Brookes medicines. And we had all the patent medicines in the known world, even to the "all sufficient medicine for mankind" of Mr. Enouy; having which, I wondered, on my his nose, pointed to the large iron mortar, first arrival, why we troubled ourselves aand then walked away into the back parlour. bout any others. The shop was large, and Mr. Brookes understood his master, if I did at the back part there was a most capacious not. He wiped out the mortar, threw in chapter.

iron mortar, with a pestle to correspond. some drugs, and, showing me how to use The first floor was tenanted by Mr. Copha- the pestal, left me to my work. In half an gus, who was a bachelor, the second floor hour I discovered why it was that Timothy was let; the others were appropriated to the had such an objection to what Mr. Cophagus housekeeper, and to those who formed the facetiously termed the rudiments of the proestablishment. In this well-situated tene- fession. It was dreadful hard work for a ment, Mr. Cophagus got on swimmingly. boy; the perspiration ran down me instreams, I will therefore, for the present, sink the and I could hardly lift my arms. When Mr. Cophagus passed through the shop and this time: we went into the parlour, when shop, that my master may rise in the estimation of the reader, when I describe his looked at me, as I continued to thump away with the heavy iron pestle, "Good,"-said

Mr. Phineas Cophagus might have been he, "by and by--M. D.-and so on." I about forty five years of age when I first had the honour of an introduction to him in breath. "By the by-Japhet-Christian tal. He was of the middle height, his face name-and so on-sirname-heh!"

"Mr. Cophagus wishes to know your other name," said Mr. Brookes, interpreting. I have omitted to acquaint the reader that sirnames as well as Christain names, had long been for the same offence; but Mr. are always given to the children at the Caphagus would not allow her to stint him, Foundling, and in consequence of the bank | saying, "Little boys must eat-or won't in the habit of patting with his left hand note found in my basket, I had been named af-

replied I. "Newland-heh!-very good name-ev ery body likes to see that name-and have plenty of them in his pockets too---um--very comfortable-and so on," replied Mr. Cophagus, leaving the shop.

I resumed my thnmping occupation, when Timothy returned with his empty basket. He laughed when he saw me at work. "Well, how do you like the rudimans?---and so on-hehl" said he, mimicking Mr., Cophagus.

"Not overmuch," replied I, wiping my "That was my job before you came.

Japhet, you see, from habit, I'm pumping you."

"You'll soon pump dry, then, for I've very little to tell you," replied I; "but, tell me, what sort of a person is our master?" "He's just what you see him, never alters, hardly ever out of humour, and when he is, he is just as odd as ever. He very often threatens me, but I have never had a blow yet, although Mr. Brookes has complained once or twice."

"But surely Mr. Brookes is not cross?" "No, he is a very good gentleman; but sometimes I carry on my rigs a little too far, I must say that. For, as Mr. Brookes says, people may die for want of the medicines, because I put down my basket to phagus. "Heh! Japhet. I see," said he, play. It's very true; but I can't give up 'peg in the ring' on that account. But then I only get a box of the ear from Mr. -boy learn rudiments-good-and so on." Brookes, and that goes for nothing. Mr. Hereupon Mr. Cophagus took his cane from Cophagus shakes his stick, and says, 'Bad boy-big stick-um-wont torget-next time-and so on," continued Timothy, laughing; "and it is so on, to the end of the

"By this time Mr. Cophagus and his as sistant had finished their dinner, and came into the shop. The former looked at me, put his stick to his nose, "Little boys-always hungry-um-like good dinner--roast beef-Yorkshire pudding-and so on," and he pointed with the stick to the back parlour. Timothy and I understood him very well the housekeeper sat down with us and helped us. She was a terrible cross, little, old woman, but as honest as she was cross, which thought it was a very rough road to such is all that I shall say in her favor. Timothy preferment, and I stopped to take a little was no favorite, because he had such a good appetite, and it appeared that I was not very likely to stand well in her good opinion, for I also ate a great deal, and every extra mouthful I took I sank in her estimation, till I was nearly at the zero, where Timothy grow—and so on."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIOUS MATTERS.

From the Gettysburg Wreath. LITERATURE--FEMALE GENIUS.

THE distinguishing characteristic of civilized from avage life, is found in the consideration and respec n which FEMALES are held. We profess to be an humble worshipper at BEAUTY's shrine, and have of ten bowed with awe and admiration at the altar of WOMAN's intellect. It is true, there are too often to be found among the "Master-pieces of Creation' the empty, the silly, and the vain ; but are there as empty, silly, and vain specimens to be found among the "Lords of Creation" too? When expanded and cultivated intellect is united with exalted virtue, and this union of rare and precious qualities combined in Woman, we have as near an approach to earthly per-

leghany, clear water. Ohio, most beautiful of rivers .--- Canandagua, place of rest. Schenectady, over the plain. Connecticut, long river. Winnipiscogee, the smile of the Great Spirit."

CANAL FROM COLUMBIA TO TIDE .--- We learn from the Columbia Spy, that a majority of the Commissioners appointed to receive subscriptions of stock to the Susquehanan Canal, are in favor of making it a Ship Canal.

TENNESSEE .--- The Van Buren press at Nashville is trying to get out a candidate in opposition to Mr. Bell. So far it has been unsuccessful, as Van Buren has hardly sup." porters enough in that district to "show fight."

The woman who dances the rounds of show and flummery-quizzes here and oggles there---- leaving her house to be domesticated by a servant--when she gets home and finds matters in an uproar-sits hereelf down under the weighty declaration .----have so much to do."

THE FLEAS .--- The papers have announced sometime since the aarival of the wonderful Flens from England. They have just reached Baltimore for exhibition. The Patriot says it is truly a curious exhibition! The ingenious and inventive gentleman who exhibits them, has a flea harnessed to a miniature baggage wagon, another to a sulky, another to a dray-one to a gig, on the seat of which sits another flea, cracking his whip, not quite loud enough, however, to be heard. He has an omnibus, to draw which he has four stout fleas in training. He has two fleas dressed and placed opposite each other, and each swinging a sword. These he denominates duellists. He has a wild flea, which he obtained from the Numidian Lion, chained by the ancle! He has another, dressed in petticoats, and drawing a bucket up out of a well. He has a balloon car made, for which Mr. Mills is now preparing a balloon, and when it is finished, two fleas are to make an ascension! He has s fea orchestra on a miniature musical box, and dressed fleas beating time to the music.

THE LAST OF THE COCK'D HATS .- The venerable and Rev. Dr. Emmons-the oldest divine, we believe in the United States -is among the distinguished visitors of our city during the anniversaty week. He is, we believe, upwards of ninety years of see and appears remarkably well. He adheres to the ancient clerical usage of wearing the old-fashioned three cornered cock'd but p and we like him all the better for it. We regret that the clergy should ever have dolla ed this respectable description of beaver-