

# Star & Republican Banner.

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.

VOL. 6--NO. 11.]

GERTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JUNE 15, 1886.

[WHOLE NO. 271.]

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.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the 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 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 call'd with care."

**TEARS.**  
O! give me not unmeaning smiles,  
Though worldly clouds may fly before them,  
But let me see the sweet blue eyes  
Of radiant eyes when tears wash o'er them,  
Though small the fount where they begin,  
Their form, 'tis thought, in many a sonnet,  
A flood to drown our sense of sin;  
But oh! Love's ark still floats upon it.  
Then give me tears, oh! hide not one;  
The best affections are but flowers  
That fade beneath the fervid sun,  
And languish one day for showers.  
Yet perils lurk in every gem,  
For tears are worse than swords in slaughter,  
And hands are still subdued by them,  
As humming birds are shot with water.

**AN AMUSING TREAT.**

[No. 11.]  
**JAPHET,**  
IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.  
CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

I soon found out that we were not only well fed, but in every other point well treated, and I was very comfortable and happy. Mr. Brookes instructed me in the art of labelling and tying up, and in a very short time I was very expert; and, as Timothy predicted, the rudiments were once more handed over to him. Mr. Cophagus supplied me with good clothes, but never gave me any pocket money, and Timothy and I often lamented that we had not even a half penny to spend.

Before I had been many months in the shop, Mr. Brookes was able to leave when any exigence required his immediate attendance. I made up the pills, but he weighed out the quantities in the prescriptions; if, therefore, any one came in for medicines, I desired them to wait the return of Mr. Brookes, who would be in very soon. One day, when Mr. Brookes was out, and I was sitting behind the counter, Timothy sitting on it, and swinging his legs to and fro, both lamenting that we had no pocket money, Timothy said, "Japhet, I've been puzzling my brains how we can get some money, and I've hit it at last; let you and I turn doctors; we won't send all the people away who come when Mr. Brookes is out, but we'll physic them ourselves."

I jumped at the idea, and he had hardly proposed it, when an old woman came in, and addressing Timothy, said, "That she wanted something for her poor grand-child's sore throat."

"I don't mix up the medicines, ma'am," replied Timothy; "you must apply to that gentleman, Mr. Newland, who is behind the counter—he understands what is good for every body's complaints."

"Bless his handsome face—and so young too! Why, be you a doctor, sir?"  
"I should hope so," replied I; "what is it you require—a lotion, or an embrocation?"  
"I don't understand those hard words, but I want some doctor's stuff."

"Very well, my good woman; I know what is proper," replied I, assuming an important air. "Here, Timothy, wash out this vial very clean."  
"Yes, sir," replied Timothy, very respectfully.

I took one of the measures, and putting in a little green, a little blue, and a little white liquid from the medicine bottles generally used by Mr. Brookes, filled it up with water, poured the mixture into the vial, corked, and labeled it, *haustus statim sumendus*, and handed it over the counter to the old woman.

"Is the poor child to take it, or is it to rub outside?" enquired the old woman.  
"The directions are on the label—but you don't read Latin?"  
"Deary me, no! Latin! and do you understand Latin? what a nice clever boy!"  
"I should not be a good doctor if I did not," replied I. On second thoughts I considered it advisable and safer that the application should be external, so I translated the label to—"*haustus*, rub it in—*stomatium*, on the throat—*sumendus*, with the palm of the hand."

"Deary me! and does it mean all that? How much have I to pay, sir?"  
"Embrocation is a very dear medicine, my good woman; it ought to be eighteen pence, but, as you are a poor woman, I shall only charge you nine-pence."

"I'm sure I thank you kindly, sir," replied the old woman, putting down the money, and wishing me a good morning, as she left the shop.  
"Bravo!" cried Timothy, rubbing his hands; "it's halves, Japhet, is it not?"  
"Yes," replied I; "but first we must be honest, and not cheat Mr. Cophagus; the vial is sold, you know, for one penny, and I suppose the stuff I have taken is not worth a penny more. Now, if we put aside two-pence for Mr. Cophagus, we don't cheat

him, or steal his property; the other seven-pence is of course ours—being the profits of the profession."  
"But how shall we account for receiving the two-pence?" said Timothy.  
"Selling two vials instead of one; they are never reckoned, you know."

"That will do capitally," cried Timothy; "and now for halves." But this could not be managed until Timothy had run out and changed the sixpence; we then each had our three-pence halpenny, and for once in our lives could say that we had money in our pockets.

The success of our first attempt encouraged us to proceed; but afraid that I might do some mischief, I asked of Mr. Brookes the nature and qualities of the various medicines, as he was mixing the prescriptions, that I might avoid taking any of those which were poisonous. Mr. Brookes, pleased with my continual enquiries, gave me all the information I could desire, and thus I gained not only a great deal of information, but also a great deal of credit with Mr. Cophagus, to whom Mr. Brookes had made known my diligence and thirst for knowledge.

"Good—very good," said Mr. Cophagus; "fine boy—learns his business—M. D. one of these days—ride in his coach—um, and so on." Nevertheless, at my second attempt, I made an awkward mistake, which very nearly led to detection. An Irish labourer, more than half tipsy, came in one evening, and asked whether we had such a thing as was called "A poor man's plaster." By the powers, it will be a poor man's plaster, when it belongs to me; but they tell me that it's a sure and certain cure for the thum-bago, as they call it, which I've at the small of my back, and which is a hinder to my mounting up the ladder; so as it's Saturday night, and I've just got the money, I'll buy the plaster first, and then try what a little whiskey inside will do; the devil's in it if it won't be driven out of me between the two."

We had not that plaster in the shop, but we had blister plaster, and Timothy handing one to me, I proffered it to him. "And what may you be after asking for this same?" enquired he.

The blister plasters were sold at a shilling each, when spread on paper, so I asked him eighteen-pence, that we might pocket the extra sixpence.

"By the powers, one would think that you had made a mistake, and handed me the rich man's plaster instead of the poor one. It's less whiskey I'll have to drink, any how; but here's the money, and the top of the morning to ye, seeing as how it's just coming on night."

Timothy and I laughed as we divided the sixpence. It appeared that after taking his allowance of whiskey, the poor fellow fixed the plaster on his back when he went to bed, and the next morning found himself in a condition not to be envied. It was a week before we saw him again, and, much to the horror of Timothy and myself, he walked into the shop when Mr. Brookes was employed behind the counter. Timothy perceived him before he saw us, and pulling me behind the large mortar, we contrived to make our escape into the back parlour, the door of which we held ajar to hear what would take place.

"Murder and turf!" cried the man, "but that was the devil's own plaster that you gave me here for my back, and it left me as raw as a turnip, taking every bit of my skin off me entirely, forbye my lying in bed for a whole week, and losing my day's work."

"I really do not recollect supplying you with a plaster, my good man," replied Mr. Brookes.  
"Then, by the piper that played before Moses, if you don't recollect it, I've an idea that I shall never forget it. Sure enough, it cured me, but wasn't I quite kilt before I was cured?"

"It must have been some other shop," observed Mr. Brookes. "You have made a mistake."  
"Devil a bit of a mistake, except in selling me the plaster. Didn't I get it of a lad in this same shop?"  
"Nobody sells things out of this shop without my knowledge."

The Irishman was puzzled—he looked round the shop. "Well, then, if this ain't the shop, it was own sister to it."  
"Timothy," called Mr. Brookes.  
"And sure enough there was a Timothy in the other shop, for I heard the boy call the other by name; however, it's no matter, if it took off the skin, it also took away the thum-bago, so the morning to you, Mr. potty-tarky."

When the Irishman departed, we made our appearance. "Japhet, did you sell a plaster to an Irishman?"  
"Yes—don't you recollect, last Saturday? and I gave you the shilling."  
"Very true; but what did he ask for?"  
"He asked for a plaster, but he was very tipsy. I showed him a blister, and he took it," and then I looked at Timothy and laughed.

"You must not play such tricks," said Mr. Brookes. "I see what you have been about—it was a joke to you, but not to him."  
Mr. Brookes, who imagined we had sold it to the Irishman out of fun, then gave us a very severe lecture, and threatened to acquaint Mr. Cophagus if ever we played such tricks again. Thus the affair blew over, and it made me very careful; and, as every day I knew more about medicines, I was soon able to mix them, so as to be of service to those who applied, and before eighteen months had expired, I was trusted in mix-

ing up all the prescriptions. At the end of that period Mr. Brookes left us, and I took the whole of his department upon myself, giving great satisfaction to Mr. Cophagus. And now, that I have announced my promotion, it will perhaps be as well that I give the reader some idea of my personal appearance, upon which I have hitherto been silent. I was thin, between fifteen and sixteen years old, very tall for my age, and of my figure I had no reason to be ashamed; a large beaming eye, and strongly marked aquiline nose, a high forehead, fair in complexion, but with very dark hair.

I was always what may be termed a remarkably clean-looking boy, from the peculiarity of my skin and complexion; my teeth were small, but were transparent, and I had a very deep dimple in my chin. Like all embryo apothecaries, I carried in my appearance, if not the look of wisdom, most certainly that of self-sufficiency, which does equally well with the world in general. My forehead was smooth, and very white, and my dark locks were combed back systematically, and with a regularity that said, as plainly as hair could do, "The owner of this does every thing by prescription, measure, and rule."

With my long fingers I folded up the little packets, with an air so thoughtful and imposing as that of a minister who has just presented a protocol as interminable as unintelligible; and the look of solemn sagacity with which I poured out the contents of one vial into the other, would have well become the king's physician, when he watched the "lord's anointed" in *articulo morbis*.

As I followed up my saturnine avocations, I generally had an open book on the counter beside me; not a marble covered, dirty volume, from the Minerva press, or a half-bound, half-guinea's worth of Colburn's fashionable trash; but a good, honest, heavy-looking, wisdom-implying book, horribly stuffed with epithet of drug; a book in which Latin words were redundant, and here and there were to be observed the crabbed characters of Greek. Altogether, with my book and my look, I cut such a truly medical appearance, that even the most guarded would not have hesitated to allow me the sole conduct of a whitlow, from inflammation to suppuration, and from suppuration to cure, or have refused to have confided to me the entire suppression of a gum-bolt. Such were my personal qualifications at the time that I was raised to the important office of dispenser of I may say, life and death.

It will not surprise the reader when I tell him that I was much noticed by those who came to consult, or talk with Mr. Cophagus. "A very fine looking lad that, Mr. Cophagus," you get acquaintance would say. "Where did you find him—who is his father?"  
"Father!" Mr. Cophagus would reply, when they had gained the back parlour, but I could overhear him, "father, um—can't tell—love concealment—child born—foundling hospital—put out—and so on."

This was constantly occurring, and the constant occurrence made me often reflect upon my condition, which otherwise I might, from the happy and even tenor of my life, have forgotten. When I retired to my bed I would revolve in my mind all that I had gained from the governors of the hospital relative to myself. The paper found in the basket had been given to me. I was born in wedlock—at least, so said that paper. The sum left to me also proved that my parents could not, at my birth, have been paupers. The very peculiar circumstances attending my case, only made me more anxious to know my parentage. I was now old enough to be aware of the value of birth, and I was also just entering the age of romance, and many were the strange and absurd reveries in which I indulged. At one time, I would cherish the idea that I was of noble, if not princely birth, and frame reasons for concealment. At others—but it is useless to repeat the absurdities and castle buildings which were generated in my brain from mystery. My airy fabrics would at last disappear, and leave me in all the misery of doubt and abandoned hope. Mr. Cophagus, when the question was sometimes put to him, would say, "Good boy—very good boy—don't want a father." But he was wrong, I did want a father; and every day the want became more pressing, and I found myself continually repeating the question, "Who is my father?"

The departure of Mr. Brookes of course rendered me more able to follow up with Timothy my little professional attempts to procure pocket money; but independent of these pillagings by the aid of pills, and making drafts upon our master's legitimate profits, by the assistance of draughts from his shop, accident shortly enabled me to raise the ways and means in a more rapid manner. But of this directly. In the meantime I was fast gaining knowledge; every evening I read surgical and medical books, put into my hands by Mr. Cophagus, who explained whenever I applied to him, and I soon obtained a very fair smattering of my profession. He also taught me how to bleed, by making me, in the first instance, puncture very scientifically all the larger veins of a cabbage-leaf, until well satisfied with the delicacy of my hand, and the precision of my eye, he wound up my instructions by permitting me to breathe a vein in his own arm.

"Well," said Timothy, when he first saw me practising, "I have often heard it said, that there's no getting blood out of a turnip; but it seems there is more chance in a cabbage. I tell you what, Japhet, you may try your hand upon me as much as you please, for two-pence a go."

I consented to this arrangement, and by dint of practising on Timothy over and over again, I became quite perfect. I should here observe, that my anxiety relative to my birth increased every day, and in one of the books lent me by Mr. Cophagus, there was a dissertation upon the human frame, sympathies, antipathies, and also on those features and peculiarities most likely to descend from one generation to another. It was there asserted, that the nose was the facial feature most likely to be transmitted from father to son. As I before have mentioned, my nose was peculiarly aquiline; and after I had read this book, it was surprising with what eagerness I examined the faces of those whom I met; and if I saw a nose upon a man's face, at all resembling my own, I immediately would wonder and surmise whether that person could be my father.

The constant dwelling upon the subject at last created a species of monomania, and a hundred times a day I would mutter to myself, "Who is my father?" indeed, the very bells, when they rung a peal, seemed, as in the case of Whittington, to chime the question, and at last I talked so much on the subject to Timothy, who was my *Fidus Achates*, and bosom friend, that I really believe, partial as he was to me, he wished my father at the devil.

Our shop was well appointed with all that glare and glitter with which we decorate the "house of call" of disease and death.—Being situated in such a thorough-fare, passengers would stop to look in, and ragged, vested, and in other garments still more ragged, little boys would stand to stare at the variety of colours, and the potterary gentleman, your humble servant, who presided over so many labelled-in-gold phainixes which decorated the sides of the shop.—Among those who always stopped and gazed at me passed by, was a well-dressed female, about forty years of age, straight as an arrow, with an elasticity of step, and a decision in her manner of walking which was almost masculine, although her form, notwithstanding that it was tall and thin, was extremely feminine and graceful. Sometimes she would fix her eyes upon me, and there was a wildness in her looks, which certainly gave a painful impression, and at the same time so fascinated me, that when I met her gaze, the paper which contained the powder remained unfolded, and the arm which was pouring out the liquid suspended. She was often remarked by Timothy, as well as me; and we further remarked, that her step was not equal throughout the day. In her latter peregrinations, towards the evening, her gait was more vigorous, but unequal, at the same time that her gaze was more steadfast. She usually passed the shop for the last time each day, about five o'clock in the afternoon. One evening, after we had watched her past as we supposed, to return no more till the ensuing morning, for this peeping in, on her part, had become an expected occurrence, and afforded much amusement to Timothy, who designated her as the "mad woman," to our great surprise, and to the alarm of Timothy, who sprung over the counter, and took a position by my side, she walked into the shop. Her eye appeared wild, as usual, but I could not make out that it was insanity; I rather ascribed it to religious fanaticism. I recovered my self-possession, and desired Timothy to hand the lady a chair, begging to know in what way I could be useful. Timothy walked round by the end of the counter, pushed a chair near to her, and then made a hasty retreat to his former position. She declined the chair with a motion of her hand, in which there was much dignity, as well as grace, and placing upon the counter her hands, which were small and beautifully white, she bent forward towards me, and said, in a sweet, low voice, which actually startled me by its depth of melody, "I am very ill."

My astonishment increased every moment. Why, I know not, because the exceptions are certainly as many as the general rule, we always form an estimate of the voice before we hear it, from the outward appearance of the speaker; and when I looked up in her face, which was now exposed to the glare of the argand lamp, and witnessed the cadaverous, pale, chalky expression on it, and the crow feet near the eyes, and wrinkles on her forehead, I should have sooner expected to have heard a burst of heavenly symphony from a thunder-cloud, than such music as issued from her parted lips.

"Good heavens, madam!" said I, eagerly and respectfully, "allow me to send for Mr. Cophagus."  
"By no means," replied she. "I come to you. I am aware," continued she, in an under tone, "that you dispense medicines, give advice, and receive money yourself."  
I felt very much agitated, and the blush of detection mounted up to my forehead.—Timothy, who heard what she said, showed his uneasiness in a variety of grotesque ways. He drew up his legs alternately, as if he were dancing on hot plates; he slapped his pockets, grinned, clenched his fists, ground his teeth, and bit his lips till he made the blood come. At last he sidled up to me, "She has been peeping and screwing those eyes of hers into this shop for something.—It's all up with both of us, unless you can buy her off."

"I have, madam," said I at last, "ventured to prescribe in some trivial cases, and, as you say, receive money when my master is not here; but I am entrusted with the till."  
"I know—I know—you need not fear me. You are too modest. What I would request

is, that you would prescribe for me, as I have no great opinion of your master's talents."  
"If you wish it, madam," said I, bowing respectfully.  
"You have camphor julep ready made up, have you not?"  
"Yes, madam," replied I.  
"Then do me the favor to send the boy with a bottle to my house directly." I handed down the bottle, she paid for it, and putting it into Timothy's hands, desired him to take it to the direction which she gave him. Timothy put on his hat, cocked his eye at me, and left us alone.

"What is your name?" said she, in the same melodious voice.  
"Japhet Newland, madam," replied I.  
"Japhet—it is a good, a Scriptural name," said the lady, musing in half soliloquy, "Newland—that sounds of mammon."  
"This mystery is unraveled," thought I, and I was right in my conjectures. "She is some fanatical Methodist," but I looked at her again, and her dress disclaimed the idea, for in it there was much taste displayed.

"Who gave you that name?" said she, after a pause.  
The question was simple enough, but it stirred up a host of annoying recollections; but not wishing to make a confidant of her, I gently replied, as I used to do in the Foundling Hospital on Sunday morning—"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, ma'am."

"My dear sir, I am very ill," said she, after a pause, "will you feel my pulse?"  
I touched a wrist, and looked at a hand that was worthy of being admired. What a pity, thought I, that she should be old, ugly, and half crazy!

"Do you not think that this pulse of mine exhibits considerable nervous excitement? I reckoned it this morning, it was at a hundred and twenty."  
"It certainly beats quick," replied I, "but, perhaps, the camphor julep may prove beneficial."  
"I thank you for your advice, Mr. Newland," said she, laying down a guinea, "and if I am not better, I will call again, or send for you. Good night."

She walked out of the shop, leaving me in no small astonishment. What could she mean? I was lost in reverie, when Timothy returned. The guinea remained on the counter.  
"Met her going home," said he. "Bless me—a guinea—why, Japhet!" I recounted all that had passed. "Well, then, it has turned out well for us, instead of ill as I expected."  
The words reminded me that we shared profits on these occasions, and I offered Timothy my half; but Tim, with all his *epiegle-rie*, was not selfish, and he stoutly refused to take his share. He dubbed me an M. D., and said I had beat Mr. Cophagus already, for he had never taken a physician's fee.

"I cannot understand it, Timothy," said I, after a few minutes' thought.  
"I can," replied Timothy. "She has looked in at the window until she has fallen in love with your handsome face; that's it, depend upon it." As I could find no other cause, and Tim's opinion was backed by my own vanity, I imagined that such must be the case. "Yes, 'tis so," continued Timothy, "as the saying is, there's money bid for you."

"I wish that it had not been by so ill-favored a person, at all events, Tim," replied I; "I cannot return her affection."  
"Never mind that, so long as you don't return the money."  
The next evening she made her appearance, bought as before a bottle of camphor julep—sent Timothy home with it, and asking my advice, paid me another guinea.

"Really, madam," said I, putting it back towards her, "I am not entitled to it."  
"Yes, you are," replied she. "I know you have no friends, and I also know that you deserve them. You must purchase books, you must study, or you never will be a great man." She then sat down, entered into conversation, and I was struck with the fire and vigour of the remarks which were uttered in such a melodious tone.

Her visits, during a month, were constant, and every time did she press upon me a fee. Although not in love with her person, I certainly felt very grateful, and, moreover, was charmed with the superiority of her mind. We were now on the most friendly and confiding terms. One evening, she said to me, "Japhet, we have now been friends some time. Can I trust you?"  
"With your life, if it were necessary," replied I.

"I believe it," said she. "Then can you leave the shop and come to me to-morrow evening?"  
"Yes, if you will send your maid for me, saying that you are not well."  
"I will, at eight o'clock. Farewell, then, till to-morrow."  
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**NEW SYSTEM OF ASTRONOMY.**—Mr. R. Newman, of Romney, Va., has addressed a communication to the editor of the National Intelligencer, in which he advances several new and bold ideas in relation to the mechanism of the heavens. The following are among the most curious:

1. That the whole of the visible heavens, is moving along around some immense orbit, like notes in the air.  
2. That this motion of the sun, like that of the moon and earth together around the sun, gives ellipticity to the orbits of the planets.

3. The moon does not directly elevate the waters under her, but depresses them—thence they recede from this point, and flow from it, and thus from the tides.  
4. The sun cannot be 95 million of miles from us, for Mars would then appear no bigger than a star—[i. e. to our eyes, Mr. Newman should have added.]

5. The principal offices of moons is to give rotation to their suns.  
6. The distance gained by the earth each day in its orbit over the motion of the sun, is equal to its circumference, whatever may be its extent, and nothing more.

Mr. Newman doubts the infallibility of Newton's gravitation, and thinks the whole system of celestial mechanics wants re-arranging, and to make its laws depend on the sun. He calls upon the Americans to patronize him in his bold hypothesis. If so, he will give his system more at large.

**EARLY GENIUS.**—In a late biographical sketch of "MATTHIAS, the Prophet," or rather, Impostor, which is given in the New York Morning Herald, we find the following example recorded of his early genius, and talent for humbugging weaker brothers for his own especial advantage. The game thus began, was played out at Folger Place.

Matthias (says his biographer) was at school among a number of other boys. One day, from some occasion or another, a few sweetmeats, confectionary, or possibly apples, were distributed among the young fellows, just as they were let loose from school. It was rather a cloudy afternoon, and the appearance of the day indicated a thunder gust. Matthias had got rid of all his share of the spoils, and immediately set himself at work to replenish his pocket from those of the other boys. They refused him. His selfish nature, even at that age, began to bud forth in strength.

"Then," said young Bob, "if you don't give me an apple a-piece, I'll make the man of the thunder speak to you."  
The boys laughed. Bob became furious. "See," said he, "that black cloud—I'll make him speak in a few minutes."  
In a short time a flash of lightning broke from the cloud; it was followed by a heavy peal of thunder. Some of the younger boys got frightened. "Bob," said they, "do you know the man in the thunder?" "He is my uncle," said Bob.

The young fellows handed over the remains of the spoils to the little rogue in blue breeches, without another word.

**THE COMET.**—A letter from Vienna announces that M. Letrow, Director of the Observatory in that city, has received from the celebrated English Astronomer, Herschell, now residing at the Cape of Good Hope, the remarkable intelligence that Halley's Comet, of which so much has been said, and which is positively expected in August this year, will not be visible, because it has long since changed the direction of its course, and now revolves in a different orbit. A report by the German astronomers on this important subject is expected very shortly and will be published.

**WHAT NEXT?**—An establishment has been fitted up in New York where Champagne is sold by the glass, being drawn from a reservoir in the same manner as Soda Water.

**HORSE vs. COW.**—The Newport Spectator a year or two since gave us a melancholy account of a cannibal cat that eat herself up! The last number of that paper exhibits the carnivorousity of a horse that eat up a cow! It seems they were confined together in a barn, when Dobbin, seeking a fancy to a piece of fresh beef, commenced operations upon the cow's hip and back. The cow remonstrated against this act, as an unconstitutional suspension of the Hadesa Corpus; but the horse took the responsibility, and the corpus with it, and felt authorized by the constitution, as he understood it, to eat "a foot square of the animal's back" before the Court of Oyer and Terminer, which the sufferer summoned by special proclamation, could interfere in her behalf.

N. B. If farmers would preserve their cows, let them keep hay in the barn for their horses.—Ed. News Letter.

A law was passed at the recent Session of the New York Legislature, providing that hereafter no convict shall be taught any mechanical trade in the Prison, except for the making of those articles the chief supply of which is imported from foreign countries. Convicts acquainted with mechanical trades when they enter the Prison, can still pursue them, without infringing upon the present law.

"In the year 1614, lawyers were forbidden to take any fees whatever, and in 1668 they were excluded from the Legislature!" For this uncourteous act, it must be confessed that their descendants have made the amend honorable.

**ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.**—"Madam, shall I see you home?" said an honest, good-natured sort of a fellow to a strapping damsel of sixteen. "No, sir, I can see myself home." Our hero, not 'actly understanding the reply, repeated with more emphasis—"I say, Madam, shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" "No!" "Are you in earnest?" "Yes," "Well, I am!"

A lady reading from a newspaper the announcement of a marriage between a Mr. Lion and a Miss Lamb, a friend remarked, "There is one prophecy accomplished, the lion & the lamb shall lie down together."