

# Star & Republican Banner.

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

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[WHOLE NO. 283.]

## THE GARLAND.

—“With sweetest flowers enrich'd,  
From various gardens culld'p with care.”

### TO ELIZA.

[WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.]  
Memory, sweet enchantress, loves to trace,  
The mazy, shadowy course of bygone days;  
To call to mind each well remember'd face,  
On which our magic affections loved to gaze:  
She waves her magic wand before our eyes,  
And straight a thousand airy phantoms rise.

As late I bowed beneath her potent spell,  
A world of images came crowding past,  
On my wrapt vision. One I knew full well,  
The dearest link that binds me to the past.  
I knew those laughing eyes—that brow benign  
And, need I say, *Eliza!* they were thine.  
Friend of my youth! altho' we're doomed to part,  
And our last farewell wishes have been spoken,  
Yet still the chain that link'd us heart to heart,  
In young affection's tie, remains unbroken;  
And other, dearer ties can never strain  
Or break one link in *Friendship's* golden chain.  
Gettysburg, Pa. S.

## AN AMUSING TREAT.

[NO. XIV.]

### JAPHET, IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.

My grief for the death of the major was sincere; much may indeed be ascribed to habit from our long residence and companionship; but more to the knowledge that the major, with all his faults, had redeeming qualities, and that the world had driven him to become what he had been. I had the further conviction, that he was attached to me, and, in my situation, any thing like affection was most precious. His funeral was handsome, without being ostentatious, and I paid every demand upon him which I knew to be just—many, indeed, that were not sent in, from a supposition that any claim made would be useless. His debts were not much above £200, and these debts had never been expected to be liquidated by those who had given him credit. The paper he had written, and had been witnessed by Timothy and another, was a short will, in which he left me his sole heir and executor. The whole of his property consisted in his house in St. James' street, the contents of his pocketbook entrusted to my care, and his personal effects, which, especially in bijouterie, were valuable. The house was worth about £4,000, as he had told me. In his pocketbook were notes to the amount of £3,500, and his other effects might be valued at £400. With all his debts and funeral expenses liquidated, and with my own money, I found myself in possession of about £8,000—a sum which never could have been credited, for it was generally supposed that he died worth less than nothing, having lived for a long while upon a capital of a similar value.

"I cannot but say," observed Timothy, "but this is very fortunate. Had the major not purchased you to borrow money, he never would have won so large a sum. Had he lived he would have squandered it away; but just in the nick of time he is killed, and makes you his heir."

"There is truth in your observation, Timothy; but now you must go to Mr. Emmanuel, that I may pay him off. I will repay the £1000 lent me by Lord Windermear into his banker's, and then I must execute one part of the poor major's will. Bring it to me, and I will call and present it."

This conversation took place the day after the funeral, and, attired in deep mourning, I called upon his lordship, and was admitted. His lordship had sent his carriage to attend the funeral, and was also in mourning when he received me. I executed my commission, and after a long conversation with his lordship, in which I confided to him the contents of the will, and the amount of property of the deceased, I rose to take my leave.

"Excuse me, Mr. Newland," said he; "but what do you now propose to do? I confess I feel a strong interest about you, and had wished that you had come to me oftener without an invitation. I perceive that you never will. Have you no intention of following up any pursuit?"

"Yes, my lord, I intend to search after my father; and I trust that, by husbanding my unexpected resources, I shall now be able."

"You have the credit, in the fashionable world, of possessing a large fortune."

"That is not my fault, my lord; it is through Major Carbonnell's mistake that the world is deceived. Still I must acknowledge myself so far participant, that I have never contradicted the report."

"Meaning, I presume, by some good match, to reap the advantage of the supposition?"

"Not so, my lord, I assure you. People may deceive themselves, but I will not deceive them."

"Now undeceive them, Mr. Newland!"

"Undeceive them I will not; nay, if I did make the attempt, I should not be believed. They never would believe it possible that I could have lived so long with your relative, without having had a large supply of money. They might believe that I had run through my money, but not that I had never had any."

"There is a knowledge of the world in that remark," replied his lordship; "but I interrupted you, so proceed."

"I mean to observe, my lord—and you by your knowledge of my previous history, can best judge how far I am warranted in

saying so—that I have as yet steered the middle course between that which is dishonest and honest. If the world deceives itself, you would say that, in strict honesty, I ought to unlearn it. So I would, my lord, if it were not for my peculiar situation; but at the same time I never will, if possible, be guilty of direct deceit; that is to say, I would not take advantage of my supposed wealth, to marry a young person of large fortune. I would state myself a beggar, and gain her affection as a beggar. A woman can have little confidence in a man who deceives her before marriage."

"Your secret will always be safe with me, Mr. Newland; you have a right to demand it. I am glad to hear the sentiments which you have expressed; they are not founded, perhaps, upon the strictest code of morality, but there are many who profess more who do not act up to so much. Still I wish you would think in what way I may be able to serve you, for your life at present is useless and unprofitable, and may tend to warp, still more, ideas which are not quite so strict as they ought to be."

"My lord, I have but one object in allowing the world to continue in their error relative to my means, which is, that it procures for me an entrance into that society in which I have a moral conviction that I shall find my father. I have but one pursuit, one end to attain—which is, to succeed in that search. I return you a thousand thanks for your kind expressions and good will; but I cannot, at present, avail myself of them. I beg your lordship's pardon, but did you ever meet the lady with the earrings?"

Lord Windermear smiled. "Really, Mr. Newland, you are a very strange person; not content with finding out your own parents, you must also be searching after other people's; not that I do not commend your conduct in this instance, but I'm afraid in running after shadows, you are too indifferent to the substance."

"Ah, my lord! it is very well for you to argue who have had a father and mother, and never felt the want of them; but if you knew how my heart yearns after my parents, you would not be surprised at my perseverance."

"I am surprised at nothing in this world, Mr. Newland; every one pursues happiness in his own way; your happiness appears to be centred in one feeling, and you are only acting as the world does in general; but recollect that the search after happiness ends in disappointment."

"I grant it but too often does, my lord; but there is pleasure in the chase," replied I. "Well, go, and may you prosper. All I can say is this, Mr. Newland; do not have that false pride not to apply to me when you need assistance. Recollect it is much better to be under an obligation, if such you will consider it, than to do that which is wrong; and that it is a very false pride which would blush to accept a favour, and yet not blush to do what it ought to be ashamed of. Promise me, Mr. Newland, that, upon any reverse or exigence, you will apply to me."

"I candidly acknowledge to your lordship that I would rather be under an obligation to any one but you, and I trust you will clearly appreciate my feelings. I have taken the liberty of refunding the £1,000 you were so kind as to place at my disposal as a loan. At the same time I will promise, that if, at any time, I should require your assistance, I will again request leave to become your debtor." I rose again to depart.

"Farewell, Newland; when I thought you had behaved ill, and offered to better you, you only demanded my good opinion; you have it, and have it so firmly, that it will not easily be shaken." His lordship then shook hands with me, and I took my leave.

On my return I found Emmanuel, the money-lender, who had accompanied Timothy, fancying that I was in want of more assistance, and but too willing to give it. His surprise was very great when I told him that I wished to repay the money I had borrowed.

"Vell, dis very strange! I have lent my monish a thousand times, and never once they offer it me back. Vell, I will take it, sir."

"But how much must I give you, Mr. Emmanuel, for the ten days' loan?"

"How moch—vy you remember, you will give de bond money—be fifteen hundred."

"What five hundred pounds interest for ten days, Mr. Emmanuel; no, no, that's rather too bad. I will, if you please, pay you back eleven hundred pounds, and that I think is very handsome."

"I don't want my monish, my good sir. I lend you one thousand pounds, on de condition that you pay me fifteen hundred when you come into your properties, which will be in very short time. You send for me, and tell me you wish to pay back de monish directly; I never refuse monish—if you wish to pay, I will take, but I will not take von farding less dan de monish on de bond."

"Very well, Mr. Emmanuel, just as you please; I offer you your money back, in presence of my servant, and one hundred pounds for the loan of it for ten days. Refuse it if you chose, but I earnestly recommend you to take it."

"I will not have de monish, sir; dis is de child's play," replied the Jew. "I must have my fifteen hundred—all in good time. I am in no hurry—I wish you a very good morning, Mr. Newland. Van you wish for more monish to borrow, I shall be happy to pay my respects." So saying, the

Jew walked out of the room, with his arm behind his back as usual.

Timothy and I burst out into laughter. "Really Timothy," observed I, "it appears that very little art is necessary to deceive the world, for in every instance they will deceive themselves. The Jew is off my conscience, at all events; and now he never will be paid, until—"

"Until when, Japhet?"

"Until I find out my father," replied I. "Every thing is put off till that time arrives, I observe," said Timothy. "Other people will soon be as interested in the search as yourself."

"I wish they were; unfortunately it is a secret, which cannot be divulged."

A ring at the bell called Timothy down stairs; he returned with a letter; it was from Lord Windermear, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR NEWLAND,—I have been thinking about you ever since you left me this morning, and as you appear resolved to prosecute your search, it has occurred to me that you should go about it in a more systematic way. I do not mean to say that what I now propose will prove of any advantage to you, but still it may, as you will have a very old, and very clever head to advise with. I refer to Mr. Masterton, my legal advisor, from whom you had the papers which led to our first acquaintance. He is aware that you were (I beg your pardon an impostor, as he has since seen Mr. Estcourt. The letter enclosed is for him, and with that in your hand you may face him boldly, and I have no doubt that he will assist you all in his power, and put you to no expense. Narrate your whole history to him, and then you will hear what he may propose. He has many secrets, much more important than yours. Wishing you every success that your perseverance deserves,

"Believe me, yours very truly  
"LORD WINDERMEAR."

"I believe the advice to be good," said I, after reading the letter. "I am myself at fault, and hardly know how to proceed. I think I will go at once to the old gentleman, Timothy."

"It can do no harm, if it does no good. Two heads are better than one," replied Timothy. "Some secrets are too well kept, and deserting a child is one of those which is confided but to few."

"By the by, Timothy, here have I been, more than so many years out of the Foundling Hospital, and have never yet enquired if any one has ever been to reclaim me."

"Very true; and I think I'll step myself to the workhouse, at St. Bridget's, and ask whether any one has asked about me," replied Timothy, with a grin.

"There is another thing that I have neglected," observed I, "which is, to enquire at the address in Coleman Street, if there is any letter from Melchior."

"I have often thought of him," replied Timothy. "I wonder who he can be—there is another mystery there. I wonder whether we shall ever fall in with him again—and Nantee, too!"

"There's no saying, Timothy. I wonder where that poor fool, Philotas, and our friend Jumbo, are now!"

The remembrance of the two last personages made us both burst out laughing.

"Timothy, I've been reflecting that my intimacy with poor Carbonnell has rather hindered than assisted me in my search. He found me with a good appearance, and he has moulded me into a gentleman as far as manners and appearance are concerned; but the constant vortex in which I have been whirled in his company, has prevented me from doing any thing. His melancholy death has perhaps been fortunate for me. It has left me more independent in circumstances, and more free. I must now really set to in earnest."

"I beg your pardon, Japhet, but did not you say the same when we first set off on our travels, and yet remain more than a year with the gipsies? Did not you make the same resolution when we arrived in town, with our pockets full of money, and yet, once into fashionable society, think but little, and occasionally, of it? Now you make the same resolution, and how long will you keep it?"

"Nay, Timothy, that remark is hardly fair; you know that the subject is ever in my thoughts."

"In your thoughts, I grant, very frequently; but you have still been led away from the search."

"I grant it, but I presume that arises from not knowing how to proceed. I have a skein to unravel, and cannot find out an end to commence with."

"I always thought people commenced with the beginning," replied Tim, laughing. "At all events, I will now try back, and face the old lawyer. Do you call at Coleman street, Tim, and at St. Bridget's also, if you please."

"As for St. Bridget's I'm in no particular hurry about my mother; if I stumble upon her I may pick her up, but I never make a diligent search after what in all probability may not be worth the finding."

Leaving Timothy to go his way, I walked to the house at Lincoln's Inn, which I had before entered upon the memorable occasion of the papers of Estcourt. As before, I rang the bell, the poor swung open, and I was once more in the presence of Mr. Masterton.

"I have a letter, sir," said I, bowing, and presenting the letter from Lord Windermear.

The old gentleman peered at me through his spectacles. "Why! we have met before—bless me—why you're the rogue that—"

"You are perfectly right, sir," interrupted I. "I am the rogue who presented the letter from Lord Windermear, and who presents you with another from the same person; do me the favor to read it, while I take a chair."

"Upon my soul—you impudent—hand some dog, I must say—great pity—come for money, I suppose. Well, it's a sad world, muttered the lawyer as he broke open the letter of Lord Windermear.

I made no reply, but watched his countenance, which changed to that of an expression of surprise. "Had his lordship sent me a request to have you hanged if possible," said Mr. Masterton, "I should have felt no surprise, but in this letter he praises you, and desires me to render you all the service in my power. I can't understand it."

"No, sir; but if you have leisure to listen to me, you will then find that, in this world, we may be deceived by appearances."

"Well, and so I was, when I first saw you; I never could have believed you to be—but never mind."

"Perhaps, sir, in an hour or two you will again alter your opinion. Are you at leisure, or will you make an appointment for some future day?"

"Mr. Newland, I am not at leisure—I never was more busy; and if you had come on any legal business, I should have put you off for three or four days, at least; but my curiosity is so roused, that I am determined that I will indulge it at the expense of my interest. I will turn the key, and then you will oblige me by unraveling, what at present is to me as curious as it is wholly incomprehensible."

In about three hours I had narrated the history of my life, up to the very day, almost as much detailed as it has been to the reader. "And now, Mr. Masterton," said I, as I wound up my narrative, "do you think that I deserve the title of rogue, which you applied to me when I came in?"

"Upon my word, Mr. Newland, I hardly know what to say; but I like to tell the truth. To say that you have been quite honest, would not be correct—a rogue to a certain degree you have been, but you have been the rogue of circumstances. I can only say this, that there are greater rogues than you, whose characters are unblemished in the world—that most people in your peculiar situation would have been much greater rogues; and lastly, that rogue or not rogue, I have great pleasure in taking you by the hand, and will do all I possibly can to serve you—and that for your own sake. Your search after your parents I consider almost tantamount to a wild-goose chase; but still, as your happiness depends upon it, I suppose it must be carried on; but you must allow me time for reflection. I will consider what may be the most judicious method of proceeding. Can you dine *à la carte* with me here on Friday, and we then will talk over the matter?"

"On Friday, sir; I am afraid that I am engaged to Lady Maelstrom; but that is of no consequence—I will write an excuse to her ladyship."

"Lady Maelstrom! how very odd that you should bring up her name after our conversation."

"Why so, my dear sir?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Masterton, chuckling; "because—recollect, it is a secret, Mr. Newland—I remember some twenty years ago, when she was a girl of eighteen, before she married, she had a little *faux pas*, and I was called in about a settlement, for the maintenance of the child."

"Is it possible, sir?" replied I, anxiously.

"Yes, she was violently attached to a young officer, without money, but of good family; so my say it was a private marriage, others, that he was—a *rascal*. It was all hushed up, but he was obliged by the fiends, before he left for the West Indies, to sign a deed of maintenance, and I was the party called in. I never heard any more about it. The officer's name was Warrender; he died of the yellow fever, I believe, and after his death she married Lord Maelstrom."

"He is dead, then?" replied I, mournfully.

"Well, that cannot affect you, my good fellow. On Friday, then, at six o'clock precisely. Good afternoon, Mr. Newland."

I shook hands with the old gentleman, and returned home, but my brain whirled with the fear of a confirmation, of that which Mr. Masterton had so carelessly conveyed. Any thing like a possibility, immediately was swelled to a certainty in my imagination, so ardent and heated on the one subject; and as soon as I regained my room, I threw myself on the sofa, and fell into a deep reverie. I tried to approximate the features of Lady Maelstrom to mine, but all the ingenuity in the world could not effect that; but still, I might be like my father—but my father was dead, and that threw a chill over the whole glowing picture which I had, as usual, conjured up; besides, it was asserted that I was born in wedlock, and there was a doubt relative to the marriage of her ladyship.

After a long cogitation I jumped up, seized my hat, and set off for Grosvenor Square, determining to ask a private interview with her ladyship, and at once end my harassing doubts and surmises. I think there could not be a greater proof of my madness than my venturing to attack a lady of forty upon the irregularities of her youth, and to question her upon a subject which had been confided to two or three, and she imagined had long been forgotten; but this never struck me; all considerations were leveled in my ardent pursuit. I walked through the streets

at a rapid pace, the crowd passed by me as shadows, I neither saw nor distinguished them; I was deep in reverie as to the best way of breaking the subject to her ladyship, for, notwithstanding my monomania, I perceived it to be a point of great delicacy. After having overturned about twenty people in my mad career, I arrived at the door and knocked. My heart beat almost as hard against my ribs with excitement.

"Is her ladyship at home?"

"Yes, sir."

I was ushered into the drawing-room, and found her sitting with two of her nieces, the Misses Fairfax.

"Mr. Newland, you have been quite a stranger," said her ladyship, as I walked up to her and made my obeisance. "I did intend to scold you well; but I suppose that an affair of poor Major Carbonnell's has been a heavy blow to you—you were so intimate—lived together, I believe, did you not? However, you have not so much cause to regret, for he was not a very proper companion for young men like you; to tell you the truth, I consider it as a fortunate circumstance that he was removed, for he would by degrees have led you into all manner of mischief, and have persuaded you to squander your fortune. I did at one time think of giving you a hint, but it was a delicate point—now that he is gone, I tell you very candidly that you have had an escape. A young man like you, Mr. Newland, who could command an alliance into the highest, yes, the very highest families—and let me tell you, Mr. Newland, that there is nothing like connection—money is of no consequence to you, but connection, Mr. Newland, is what you should look for—connection with some high family, and then you will do well. I should like to see you settled—well settled, I mean, Mr. Newland. Now that you are rid of the major, who has ruined many young men in his time, I trust you will seriously think of settling down into a married man. Cecilia, my dear, show your tumbour work to Mr. Newland, and ask him his opinion. Is it not beautiful, Mr. Newland?"

"Extremely beautiful, indeed, ma'am," replied I, glad at last that her ladyship allowed me to speak a word.

"Ennie, my dear, you look pale, you must go out into the air. Go, children, put your bonnets on and take a turn in the garden; when the carriage comes round I will send for you." The young ladies quitted the room.

"Nice innocent girls, Mr. Newland; but you are not partial to blondes, I believe?"

"Indeed, Lady Maelstrom, I infinitely prefer the blonde to the brunette."

"That proves your taste, Mr. Newland. The Fairfaxes are of a very old family, Saxon, Mr. Newland. Fair-fax is Saxon for light hair. Is it not remarkable that they should be blondes to this day? Pure blood, Mr. Newland. You, of course, have heard of General Fairfax, in the time of Cromwell. He was their direct ancestor—an excellent family and highly connected, Mr. Newland. You are aware that they are my nieces. My sister married Mr. Fairfax."

I paid the Misses Fairfax compliments which I thought they really deserved, for they were very pretty amiable girls, and required no puffing on the part of her ladyship; and then I commenced.

"Your ladyship has expressed such kind wishes towards me, that I cannot be sufficiently grateful; but, perhaps, your ladyship may think me romantic, but I am resolved never to marry except for love."

"A very excellent resolve, Mr. Newland; there are few young men who care about love now-a-days, but I consider that love is a great security for happiness in the wedded state."

"True, madam, and what can be more delightful than a first attachment? I appeal to your ladyship, was not your first attachment the most delightful—are not the reminiscences most lasting—do you not, even now, call to mind those halcyon days when love was all and every thing?"

"My days of romance are long past, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship; "indeed I never had much romance in my composition. I married Lord Maelstrom for the connection, and I loved him pretty well, that is, soberly, Mr. Newland. I mean, I loved him quite enough to marry him, and to obey my parents, that is all."

"But, my dear Lady Maelstrom, I did not refer to your marriage with his lordship; I referred to your first love."

"My first love, Mr. Newland; pray what do you mean?" replied her ladyship, looking very hard at me.

"Your ladyship need not be ashamed of it. Our hearts are not in our own keeping, nor can we always control our passions. I have but to mention the name of Warrender."

"Warrender!" shrieked her ladyship.

"Pray, Mr. Newland," continued her ladyship, recovering herself, "who gave you that piece of information?"

"My dear Lady Maelstrom, pray do not be displeased with me, but I am very particularly interested in this affair. Your love for Mr. Warrender, long before your marriage, is well known to me; and it is to that love, to which I referred, when I asked you if it was not most delightful."

"Well, Mr. Newland," replied her ladyship, "how you have obtained the knowledge I know not, but there was, I acknowledge, a trifling flirtation with Edward Warrender and me—but I was young, very young, at that time."

"I grant it; and do not, for a moment,

imagine that I intend to blame your ladyship; but, as I before said, madam, I am much interested in the business."

"What interest you can have with a little flirtation of mine, which took place before you were born, I cannot imagine, Mr. Newland."

"It is because it took place before I was born, that I feel so much interest."

"I cannot understand you, Mr. Newland; and I think we had better change the subject."

"Excuse me, madam, but I must request to continue it a little longer. Is Mr. Warrender dead, or not? Did he die in the West Indies?"

"You appear to be very curious on this subject, Mr. Newland; I hardly can tell. Yes, now I recollect, he did die of the yellow fever, I think—but I have quite forgotten all about it, and I shall answer no more questions, if you were not a favourite of mine, Mr. Newland, I should say that you were very impertinent."

"Then, your ladyship, I will put but one more question, and that one I must put, with your permission."

"I should think, after what I have said, Mr. Newland, that you might drop the subject."

"I will, your ladyship, immediately; but, pardon me, the question—"

"Well, Mr. Newland—?"

"Do not be angry with me—"

"Well!" exclaimed her ladyship who appeared alarmed.

"Nothing but the most important and imperative reasons could induce me to ask the question," (her ladyship gasped for breath, and could not speak, I stammered, but at last I brought it out. "What has become of—of—the sweet pledge of your love, Lady Maelstrom?"

Her ladyship colored up with rage, raised up her clenched hand, and then fell back in violent hysterics. I hardly knew how to act—if I called the servants, my interview would be at an end, and I was resolved to find out the truth: for the same reason, I did not like to ring for water. Some vases with flowers were on the table; I took out the flowers, and threw the water in her face, but they had been in the water some time, and had discolored it green. Her ladyship's dress was a high silk, of a bright slate color and was immediately spoiled; but this was no time to stand upon trifles. I seized hold of a glass bottle, fancying, in my hurry, it was *eau de cologne*, or some essence, and poured a little into her mouth; unfortunately it was a bottle of marking ink, which her ladyship, who was very economical, had on the table in disguise. I perceived my error, and had recourse to another vase of flowers, pouring a large quantity of the green water down her throat. Whether the unusual remedies had effect, or not, I cannot tell, but her ladyship gradually revived, and as she lay on the sofa, sobbing, every now and then, convulsively, I poured into her ear a thousand apologies, until I thought she was composed enough to listen to me.

"Your ladyship's maternal feelings," said I.

"It's all a calumny! a base lie, sir!" shrieked she.

"Nay, nay, why be ashamed of a youthful passion; why deny what was in itself creditable to your unsophisticated mind? Does not your heart, even now, yearn to embrace your son; will not you bless me, if I bring him to your feet, will not you bless your son, & receive him with delight?"

"It was a girl," screamed her ladyship, forgetting herself, and again falling into hysterics.

"A girl!" replied I, "then I have lost my time, and it is no use my remaining here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Good Joke.—"How will you swap watches?" said B. to a plough-jogger, one day last week.

"I have no watch," was the reply, "but if ye want to trade, I will sell ye a horse."

"Is he good for any thing?"

"Yes, the best saddle horse in the country."

"How is he in a carriage?"

"He ought to be good—he was brought up to a baker's cart."

"I will give you ten dollars and my watch for him."

"The horse is your'n," said he of the sod. Our friend mounted, and found the horse as recommended—an excellent saddle horse. B. was mightily pleased with his bargain, and determined to prove all his good qualities at once, forthwith harnessed him into a wagon.

"Gee up!" says B.

"Gee down!" says the horse.

And our friend, found six feet of himself in the mud, with the front of the wagon flying in all directions around him.

"Friend," says B. "you've told me the horse was good in a carriage."

"I told you no such thing," said Plough. "Didn't you say he was brought up to a baker's cart?"

"Yes, sartain I did, but then he was taken away again, as the devil himself couldn't drive him."

GAMBLERS.—The Boonville Herald observes of this class of persons, "Natches and Vicksburg have already played a *High-Low-Jack* game on them, with 'stakes up.'"

A DEAR KISS.—A tailor, near London was recently fined five pounds for forcibly kissing a young girl. We suppose the fellow had a habit of it.—*Ibid.*