

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

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GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1886.

[WHOLE NO. 323.]

THE GABLAND.



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

THE BOVIL'S PARADISE.

BY DR. T. A. WORRALL.

"This evening—unbroken stillness round,
In the high feelings not of mortal birth,
Absorbs my being, in what I have found
To be a spirit, which is not of earth,
I ask more than happiness like this—
It is enough—pure bliss!"

Beautiful—richer than the ocean's gem,
Flows the bright stream from the Eternal's throne!
And earth and time, what is my soul to them,
Or they to me? my spirit stands alone!
"This sweet to dwell in happiness like this—
It is enough—pure bliss!"

Life is pure love within this form of dust,
And heaven must find eternal being there;
Shrine of the breathings mingling with the just,
Earth cannot dim what he has made so fair—
There is unending happiness in this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

"This evening—thought is like a vision spread,
Sweet, but most solemn moment still to me;
I seek more than happiness like this—
Love gushes forth, bright as a summer's sea:
I ask more than happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

One past, the future, what a mighty thought!
One point uniting the vast sun of time;
Mind, matter, all in which has been, will be, sought,
In visible contact, on the sublime!
My moments flow in happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

I have not lived in vain, if joy be love,
And love be endless in the spirit light;
I sought and found the peace that is above,
Rest to the soul in essence purely bright!
I cannot ask more happiness than this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

I walk the earth—yet am not of the earth,
Dweller with men—I do not feel as man—
The mystic life is higher, holier birth,
Has taught the problem earth has sought to scan;
I feel more than happiness in this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

There is a harmony of soul to me,
There is a gladness which my being fills;
A child, Oh, Father, I am fed by thee,
The love like oil, into my breast distils,
Flow on—such happiness as this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

The stars of morning mock the perfect day—
The leaves of heaven are green and gold;
And when the soul has triumphed o'er its clay,
Spring's flowers are turn'd to autumn's fruits of gold,
Endless will be the happiness like this,
It is enough—pure bliss!"

EDUCATION.

FOR THE GETTYSBURG STAR AND BANNER.

On Female Education.

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS express their adoption of the opinion so long sanctioned by PLATO, and maintained among the enlightened and judicious of all ages: "That there is no natural difference between the sexes, but in point of strength; and when the entire sexes are compared together, the female is doubtless the inferior—but in individuality, the Woman has often the advantage of the Man." There cannot be the least doubt, that Plato was wrong in this opinion, plenty of arguments would have been found to contradict it by the learned men who have succeeded him. And therefore we must look to all the differences between the sexes, whether intellectual or otherwise, as being nothing more nor less than the result of Education—taking that word in its widest sense—comprehending not merely the scholastic instructions received in youth, but the habits of mind resulting from situation, or being the effect of the physical organization of the system. The strong form of the male is fitted for bodily exposure and capable of enduring fatigue; whilst the less muscular female requires not the same measure of exercise for the preservation of animal health—Hence are the retired habits which they acquired so young, derived from their want of familiarity with the dangers to which man is constantly exposed; and though woman wants the opportunities of exhibiting strength and courage, she has, at the same time, abundant means of showing her patience and resignation in this particular. Indeed, I hope all will admit that the mental constitutions of the sexes are most happily adapted to the different situations they occupy on the earth. The male being throughout animal creation generally the protector of the female in moments of insult or attack; whilst his softer companion is destined to afford him comfort and consolation in the season of affliction. Thus, by the acquaintance of females with distress not their own, is that sympathy exhibited so characteristic of the softer part of creation. For the proof of this, I could give numerous instances were it necessary; but I trust I am borne out by the every day occurrences of life. Therefore to the different process of their Education is imputed the inferiority of the fair sex to the stronger in a capacity for deliberate thought & the different pursuits which require systematic mental attention, and to the lively and sensible imaginations which females are so peculiarly possessed of—as well as to the easy influence which casual associations obtain over their acknowledged superiority in Epistolary and other modes of writing.

The time was, but has happily passed away, when the Literary requirements of the female sex were treated as "starched podanry of vain pretensions," calculated to unfit them for those domestic affections constituting the chief charms of society. What did the satirists intend who undervalued human nature so much as thus to level their shafts against its chief support? Let those who quote the hackneyed sayings, that "every woman is at heart a rake;" and that "most women have no character at all"—with other charges equally unjust—recollect how PORK and SWARTZ repaid two beautiful females who sacrificed every thing to their promotion and happiness. Oh, wicked, ungrateful man! Cowardly ingratitude to their confiding hearts was not enough for you; but you must endeavor to traduce the whole sex, by publishing base, heartless libels against them! But innocence is never without persecution.

Look at our satirists of the present day. The mention of names is unnecessary, as well as common upon their motives. They had better consult the table of the "Fox and the Grapes," instead of ransacking their imaginations for means to pervert Religion, and thus violate the laws of humanity. The time for such satire is passing away; and what remains of prejudices dishonorable to the sex, is fast yielding before the light of truth.

Education is rapidly extending itself through all classes of society. There is now no longer any dread that the culture of Science among females should wear the front of masculine boldness. It is now becoming an evident truth, that knowledge is favorable to female industry, female affection and female virtue; and that literary refinement gives a brilliant lustre to devotional piety, which or moving through the silent vale of domestic happiness, or gaily ranging amid the crowded haunts of fashionable society. A new, bright and glorious path is now opened for female talent. Now she can lighten the burden of misfortune without any sacrifice of modesty, that brightest ornament of her nature—that gem which, in a young female, is as the flower of the tender plant, promising excellent fruit in due season. To destroy modesty, would be to destroy the germ of every virtue that binds society together, and preserves inviolate the sweet bud of Innocence from the blasting breath of an envious world. Rob society of Virtue, and you give power to the heartless villain to walk abroad through the earth and blast at once each precious flower, whether blooming in the rural shades of country simplicity, or gracing the lively and gay festivals of thronged cities.

If Education is important to man, why then is it not equally so to woman? Are not their minds capable of the most elegant, as well as the most delicate impressions? Nothing short of Education can give grace and dignity to the female character; nothing else can so well qualify them for participating in the pleasures of social and polished life. Learned men of sense will undoubtedly seek for educated females to be their companions, that they may possess correspondent qualifications; and thus by concentrating the mutual influences of their minds, lighten the cares and anxieties incident to a married state. In a good wife, is concentrated all a husband's earthly happiness; the pomp, magnificence and pride of wealth sink into nothing when compared with the really solid pleasures to be enjoyed in the society of an amiable and educated wife, whose sincere purity of heart imparts a moral influence to every one around her.

What constitutes the centre of every home?—Whether turns the husband's thoughts when his feet are weary with wandering, and his heart sick with disappointment? Or, if a truant thought ever found a resting place within his breast, where shall he go to look for sympathy unalloyed and heartfelt, but to her who is ever ready to share alike his prosperity or adversity? She is to him every thing—

"The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love."

Behold the husband guilty of any error or crime, where is the source this side of Heaven to which he can look for pardon and forgiveness, but the partner of his bosom, the mother of his children?

THE MOTHER! Oh, what throbbings of reverential recollections seize the heart at the mention of that sweet name! If any being on earth holds a greater degree of influence than another over society, that being is the mother of infancy and rising youth. Consequently, if there be a class of persons who should be educated and possessed of every literary and mental qualification, that class ought to be the Mothers of future generations.—On the mother, devolves the care of the first stages of that course of discipline which is to form a being for becoming, perhaps, the future ruler of nations, or the devout adoror of his Creator. A mother's tenderness calls into exercise the first spark of affection that springs up in the heart; her constant attention nourishes and causes to expand the important germs of her offspring's intellect. She first teaches the little hands to raise to Heaven, and the infantine tongue to lip in prayer—she herself watching over them, their guardian angel, breathing among them the pure spirit of devotion.

Then why is the subject of Female Education slighted or satirized? Can they be charged with possessing a shade of churlish disposition that might, in any way, become injurious? On the contrary, the sympathy of their generous nature has made them better calculated for giving than enjoying. Can man be jealous, lest woman may deprive him of exclusive dominion in authorship? No; the enlightened will rejoice that he can find allies among the softer part of the human family, whose talents, uprightness and elegance of life, will be able to complete the good work that his greatest efforts must have left unfinished.

Education must triumph when the world becomes aware that it is the chief prop of every angel-like attribute of the female. Where can we look for the virtues that reign within the breasts of a Sheridan, a Byron or a Burns, with a number of other splendid victims? (as I must call them.) Where, I ask, can we look for similar virtues among the talented writers of the other sex? They were certainly not to be found in the venerable HANNAH MOORE—the sensible and elegant Mrs. BARBAULD—or in the matchless, witty and characteristic Miss EDGEMORTH. It touches us nearly yet with shame and confusion, we confess, that females, possessing the same amount of education, and the same means of using or showing it, out-rival the greater number of the Poets and Authors of our own sex. Though their literary productions may not more than equal, yet their moral virtues are far superior. Who is there that does not contemplate with enthusiasm the glorious galaxy of female genius adorning our own age?—Where is the being, capable of reading and understanding the English language, who know of the existence of that child of song, that bright or-

namment of creation, Mrs. HEAMANS, but is willing to shed the tear of sympathy with friends yet weeping her loss?

By sure steps is FEMALE EDUCATION advancing; and, notwithstanding the indifference of some, the time may be fondly anticipated when Literature will be highly regarded—when KNOWLEDGE, with its concomitant virtues, shall walk hand in hand through every social circle, spreading their benign influences over every heart.

TEMPERANCE.

THE following letter from the Hon. GEORGE CHAMBERS, Member of Congress from this District, to the former Secretary of the Apprentices' Temperance Society, was read to the Society at a late meeting and its publication requested. We cheerfully comply with the request, and hope those desirous may profit by the wholesome advice and kind wishes of the distinguished writer.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 29, 1836.

DEAR SIR—Your letter has been received acknowledging the receipt of the Temperance Intelligencer, which under my frank I addressed to you, from observing that you were Secretary to the Apprentices' Temperance Society of Gettysburg.

Having a very favorable opinion of the influence of Temperance associations in promoting the cause of Temperance, and good morals in our country, I am always pleased to be informed of their increase and extension. My gratification is increased when I discover the young men of my country embarking with spirit on this great moral enterprise, whose effects will not only have the most happy influence in preserving their own habits temperate, but be instrumental in promoting the like good habits in others.

The association of Apprentices who are yet in their minority, by which they pledge themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, and give their united influence to sustain one another in this good resolution, whilst by their example and opinion, they influence the opinions and actions of others, is an institution highly creditable to its members, as well as their preceptors, and will no doubt receive as it deserves, the approbation and patronage of the friends of moral and intellectual improvement.

Every Apprentice should look forward to the day when he will become a master mechanic, and be the proprietor of an establishment that will give employment to his skill and labor, and that of others dependent on him, whilst it affords him the means of support and usefulness; and whatever can best qualify him to perform his part in that station with most advantage and credit to himself, calls for his attention, whether it be in the exercise of his skill and industry, or of those steady and moral habits which are essential to his prosperity, as well as to obtain for him the respect and confidence of society.

If youths in their apprenticeship give their attention to their moral and intellectual, as well as their mechanical improvement, they not only raise the character of their station, obtain the regard, esteem and kind instruction of their masters, but lay the foundation of character and qualifications that will make them proficient and successful in their art or trade, as well as enable them to discharge with ability and usefulness, such public trusts and stations as the confidence of their fellow-citizens may require them to discharge.

The habits, perseverance and success of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN should encourage the most humble apprentice to imitate the example of that illustrious man, as far as he is able to accomplish it—with the hope, that if such high honors and distinctions should not be attained by him, though accessible to all, yet that he is to remember, that he is on a road, which if it does not lead him to so glorious a termination, will at least, with proper care and attention, lead him to mechanical usefulness and public estimation.

The purpose of your society is so laudable, that if conducted, as I trust it will be, with subordination and propriety, it must commend itself to your employers, as well as every good member of society.—I hope it may flourish, and embrace every Apprentice in the Borough of Gettysburg who can be induced to appreciate the value of character to the youthful apprentice, and give his aid to raise its standard by a studious regard to their morals and habits.

With my best wishes for the success of your society, and the prosperity of its individual members, I remain, very respectfully, yours,
GEORGE CHAMBERS,
E. S. RILEY, Secretary Apprentices' Temperance Society of Gettysburg.

THE DEPOSITORY.

FROM THE CINCINNATI MIRROR.

The Compromise.

A TALE FOR "TRUE LOVERS."
The course of true love never did run smooth.
[Midsummer Night's Dream.]

WIZEN persons have arrived at a certain period in life, it is astonishing with what grasp habits cling to them. You may rectify a crook in a sapling, but you can never untwist a knot on a grown-up tree. Cross grained it is, and do what you may, cross grained it will remain. Speaking of knots and cross grained things, puts me in mind of a knotty friend I once had. People are very much mistaken by the way, when they say old bachelors are crusty. They are not crusty—that is, if you have a crust of bread or a crust of ice in your mind—for they are of a hardness or iciness from rib to back-bone, and therefore no crust about them. That they are knotty, I admit; and if you have ingenuity to untie one who has been in the habit of consulting his own will, you may as well not despair of finding the philosopher's stone yet, as your sagacity is fully up to the discovery of any thing.

Well, I had a knotty friend, named Will Tompkins, who never perorated but one pun in his life, and that was when a certain lady told him once that he was the most knotty fellow she ever saw. Will, with a leer in his left eye, replied that she was more knotty by halves he had been beseeching her to get ready for the altar and bridal for the last six months, and every time he asked her if she was ready, she replied she was not—not not. And that, continued Will, is evidence enough that there are more knots about you than there are about me.

"You want me to get ready for the altar and the altar, do you, Mr. Will Tompkins," replied the fair one; "I will let you know that I am neither a horse nor a culprit, and therefore I will not have

a bridle in my mouth, nor a halter about my neck."

I forgot to describe this couple, and I therefore have got for to do it, as the old ballads phrase it. Will was three-and-thirty; corn-fed and corpulent—with tell-tale marks of red on the extreme end of his nose—fond of the sex, and, consequently, of good living—and a lover of jokes and his own way of doing things. Will had a streak of waggliness in his flesh—his natural lymph was all turned to good humor—and he was altogether unequalled for the heartiness of his laugh, which emotion would cause his cheeks to be lifted up to the almost total eclipse of that bright little gray luminary, his eye, which would twinkle in the shadow cast upon it, in a manner provocative of the most ludicrous glee. How did Will manage to preserve his celibacy? Ah! thereby hangs a tale, which, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you. But I must describe Miss Susan Hawthorn first. She was twenty five—single ladies never get into the second quarter of a century—she had a black eye, which Will told her looked like Venus, because it was bright and cold; and he used to worship it every evening, as they do the evening star in Persia. Miss Hawthorn's cheek was like one of those roses which are always in bloom—her brow was white like a lily—her lip was red like a honey suckle; and thus much for the botany of her face, which, like an elegant blossom, was fair and delicate, and wholesome to look upon.

There was an attachment subsisting between Will and Miss Hawthorn, of some years' standing. The people wondered why matrimony, or a squabble, or some such interesting issue, was not forthcoming. In vain did they attack either of the parties—there was a crotchet some where, but what it was, was the question which no one could answer. All the girls thought it must be Miss Hawthorn's fault, and all the men suspected Will. Thus were the sexes by the ear. Many were the ingenious speculations as to the cause, which were set afloat, as month after month rolled away, and Will visited Miss Hawthorn and she did not change her name. Nobody suspected them of a Platonic attachment, as neither of them were poetical enough for any thing of that nature. Might it not be romance? Is there no room for romance about an old bachelor's head, or an old maid's heart? The truth is, people are not aware that romance plays around a brow that has a wrinkle in it, although some of the most romantic beings in the world are those who have survived the "equinoctial line of life," thirty years, and have preserved their single blessedness without a flaw. Did you never see an old bachelor, with a few gray hairs lightly sprinkled over a silver crown, talking about moonshine and Moore's melodies, sentiments and sonnets, to a lady with a withering blossom on her cheek, while she sighed, and fidgeted, and blushed, as his words stole unconsciously to her heart? Did you never see any thing of this kind? Then, I can tell you that you have never witnessed the most interesting exhibition of romance, which is indicated in human actions.

Will and Miss Hawthorn took their own time to arrange their affairs, and the world wondered on. Public curiosity does not act like a spur on these ancient folks. They are deliberate on the serious business of matrimony, and they are not to be forced into it precipitately by any amount of scandal and small talk that a generous public can bring to bear upon them.

Among those who wondered most at the dilatoriness of our hero and heroine, was a lady by the name of Mary Warland. It was her opinion, that if they meant to marry for the happiness which was to result from the connexion, it was high time they were about it. Miss Warland was a faded beauty of thirty—that is to say, twenty-five. Rumor, which never lies, asserted that about ten years previously, Will had offered himself to, and was rejected by Miss Warland, who at that time had an eye on a naval officer, who was flourishing like a moth about the brilliancy of her beauty, and getting singed at every turn.—The lieutenant was suddenly called away to the service, and Miss Warland, after sobbing and languishing for a week, turned her eye with a mollified expression upon Will. But Will, like a philosopher, had already begun to besiege another lady's affections; and Miss found out, too late, that she had committed a sad blunder when her hopes of an officer induced her to consign Will to all the pains and penalties of unrequited love.

Judge of Miss Warland's surprise, then, when Will, ten years after, again returned to her, with visits most flattering for their frequency. She fancied she saw in his attentions, indications of a genuine passion in its incipency. She felt with made up her mind that she was wiser than she had been before, and that if Will, like the prodigal son, after years of wandering abroad, should return to her house, she would extend both her arms, and give him the embrace of a hearty welcome. Her heart had expelled its love for military glory, and renewed the palpitations of its younger days, whenever Will favored her with his presence. Our hero visited her frequently, and attended to all her pleasures with wonderful assiduity for several months, and the town began to think that the affair between Miss Hawthorn and himself was out—that is to say, that he had got his walking-papers—and that Miss Warland would, after all, be the chosen object of Will's heart, and the depository of his most sacred affections.

Suddenly, Will deserted Miss Warland, wheeled right about, and resumed his attentions towards Miss Hawthorn, who had evidently pined away as long as Will made his devoirs at the shrine of her rival. There was a mystery in all this which people could not solve, and which you, fair reader, cannot solve. Shall I do myself the pleasure of solving the affair for you?

Bearing Miss Hawthorn's age in mind, it will not appear singular if she was a little, just a little, squeamish, and quite fastidious. She had a few prejudices which seemed to her to possess unconquerable force. For instance, she would have

died, rather than have dwelt under the same roof where a kitten inhaled the breath of life. Next to her hatred of kittens, was her hatred of tobacco—particularly of segars. She protested it would kill her to look upon the mouth of her husband smoking like a foul chimney of a damp day.—Now, Will, of all things, loved a fragrant segar, and next to it he loved Miss Hawthorn, and he loved his own will better than the will of any body else. A dilemma is now easily imaginable. Miss Hawthorn had engaged herself to Will, before she was aware of his failing, and one night, as he was about to salute her in a most affectionate manner, she shrunk back from his embrace, and—fainted: She came to, and assured Will that it was the odor of his breath, tainted with postilion segar smoke, which had caused her syncope.—She besought him to forsake the filthy practice, and he promised her that he—would not! She was vexed, and hastily declared she would never marry him, or suffer him to take any liberty with her, until he had desisted from the practice of smoking.

Here, then, they were at issue! Alas! says the poet—

"Alas! how slight a cause may move
Disunion between hearts that love."

They exhausted their powers of eloquence and argument, on the question of smoking. Neither party flinched from their original position. Thus they contended and quarrelled, for two years.—One night, Will, whose patience was well nigh exhausted, went to see Miss Hawthorn as usual. The lady received him, as she always did, with kindness. For an hour, they talked over the affairs of the neighborhood, and then Will told her that he had made his mind up to one thing. While the lady listened with great attention, Will deliberately drew from his pocket a match and paper, placed a segar in his mouth, made fire and lit it.

"Now—Miss—Susan—I—want—you," said he with a puff at every word—"to give me a final answer. Will you accept me, as I am?"

"I will not, so long as you are so filthy as to smoke."

"Is—that—final?" said Will, putting,

"Yes—and your impudence is most unexcusable."

"Farwell," said Will, and off he started, with a volume of smoke wreathing about his head.

Several nights went and came, but Will came not. Miss Hawthorn scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry at what she termed his obstinacy. She was not a little alarmed, when tidings reached her, that Will, instead of shooting a bullet through his heart, was engaged in the very silly business of shooting darts at Miss Warland's heart. Gradually the flower faded from Miss Hawthorn's cheek, and the lustre forsook her eye, and a pain gathered in her breast. She thought she would have the consumption, and become the victim of a broken heart. Never was maiden in so sad a plight.

Should she give way? No: the mere thought of smoke was insupportable. She would discard Will, she thought she would; and then she shed a flood of tears to moisten and keep alive her resolution. One day, as she was lamenting her desolate condition, Will came upon her—sugarless! He told her his affections were all her's—with the exception of a moiety, which belonged to segars—and if she was willing to take him with his infirmities, he was at her disposal; if not, he would take her rival, Miss Warland.

She told him her mind was fixed, irrevocably, and then burst into tears. Will could brave the battery of her vocal eloquence, but there was a pathos in her tears which unmanned him, and he left her. In an hour after, she received a pink billet.

"Dear Susan: I will meet you half way. I will compromise our difficulty. I now smoke six per day—I will come down to three—one after each meal. I will die, or what is worse, marry—if you do not agree to this proposition. Yours, ever, Will."

"This proposition wrought a miracle, and the quarrel ended in smoke. The chasm between the lovers was bridged. Miss Hawthorn's visage amended hourly.

Miss Warland was left in the lurch, and Will puffed away, and fancied the form of his inamorata, in the smoke which wreathed above him.

For fear of further difficulties, they proceeded to the issue with commendable expedition, and in a fortnight Will led the blushing damsel to the altar.

Wives and Sisters.

By a correspondent of the New York Mirror.

A deal of mischief and misery is not unfrequently occasioned in families, by the interference of relations between man and wife; and, in many instances, the unhappiness of a married couple's existence is owing to the weakness of the wife, and the malignity or mistaken kindness of her friends. A woman should look upon her husband as her only friend, and, in all cases, whenever he differs with any branch of her family, she should assume it as a fact, that he is in the right, and govern herself accordingly. Whenever any one whispers a tale to her, derogatory to her husband, she should look upon the tale-bearer as the enemy of her happiness in the first place; and, in the second place, as a despicable and impertinent person, as all tale-bearers are. In short, as Miss Fardoe says, in the subjoined extract, when a woman marries, she should give up her heart, feelings, fancies and opinions to her husband, and never allow a sister's influence to be superior to his. For the joy, tranquility and comfort of her existence is dependant upon her husband; and, if they cannot live in amity together, they will look in vain for comfort or respectability in any of the other relations of life.

"There is a degree of intimacy and communion of thought and feeling existing between sisters that cannot remain unbroken after marriage.—Pure and beautiful as is the tie of sisterhood, it is not right that it should continue in all its strict-

ness and exclusiveness when marriage has divided them; for the husband has still stronger claims upon his wife, and it is impossible this can exist uninjured if the tie of sisterhood is retained in all its former power."

A TALE TOLD IN A CHURCH.

BY J. T. BARNETT.

We were betrothed; the village priest
A laughing, dark-haired girl was she,
Who, mindless of the world beside,
Resigned her virgin heart to me!
A holy prize of virgin love,
As pure as angel breathes above.

With eyes that spoke we often met
In early life, in youthful years—
How dear we loved, dark memory yet!
The record keeps;—'tis traced in tears—
Alas! how often in the past,
The tomb of first love and the last!

Stern time rushed on! (as rush he will
Though hearts be covered—empires swept)
And many vows were broken—Still
The faithful girl her promise kept;
True to the pledge her lips revealed,
That mine confirmed, that both had sealed.

The war-cry rose! we parted, where
The swelling wave a proud ship bore;
Furled were her sails,—a tear,—a prayer,—
A farwell kiss,—and all was o'er!
Though hope forbade, I deemed that then
We parted ne'er to meet again.

Years came and went! the battle won,
With pride I trod my native shore—
The dark and fearful strife was done;
Affrighted peace looked glad once more:
A warrior's meed adorned my brow,
And all was changed—except my vow!

With eager steps I passed the crowd
Of flattering knaves and greeting friends,
Though many who had spurned me—bowed;
(Such the importance title lends!)
Honored with fame, obeyed, caressed—
But *one* gift more, and I were blest.

I sought her humble cottage home,
The scene of gay, of blithesome years,
And all was there,—but she had gone!
And I was woe to grief and tears.
You rude plain lettered stone will tell
The grave of her I loved so well.

Improved Cookery, to make a Match.

We copy the following excellent receipt from the London Morning Herald:—

Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can; let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner table; put in a good quantity of wine, and whilst he is soaking stick in a word or two every now and then about Miss, this will help to make him bold. When getting red in the gills take him out into the drawing room, set him by the lady, and set them both with green tea—then set them at the piano and blow the flame till the lady sings; when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner table, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care must be taken as they are apt to turn sour.

The Wild Strawberry.

In the last number of the Scientific Tracts, is the following passing notice of the wild strawberry, a delicate little fruit whose merits are not duly appreciated by the present generation:—

"The common wild strawberry is, or would be if taken care of, a valuable fruit, exceeding the commonly cultivated species in sweetness, and under favorable circumstances, equalling them in size. The progress of agriculture, however, in our thick settled State, at least, is making rapid inroads upon their native growth. It would be worth while for the horticulturalist to take it under his protection, we think; even though it should not for a long time become extinct, as at least it threatens to do."

ANCESTORS.—The numbers of ancestors a person has is astonishing at first sight; at first two parents; in the second remove four—the parents of his father and mother; and in the third, eight; the parents of his two grandfathers and two grandmothers; by the same ratio of progression, 1,024 in the tenth; and at the twentieth degree, or at the distance of twenty generations, every person has above 1,000,000 ancestors, as common arithmetic will prove.

A FAIR HIT.—An industrious son of the Land of Steady Habits, was endeavoring to sell a clock, a few evenings ago, to a person who is by no means the handsomest man in town. As far as paint, varnish, and a looking glass front would go, the clock was passable, but as a whole, it was rather an ugly piece of furniture. The owner praised it to the skies; the other derided it, and jocularly remarked, that a look at it almost frightened him. "Then mister," replied the vendor of notions, "I guess you had better buy one that has no looking glass in front."

LOVE.

(Undoubtedly written by a bachelor just after getting the "mittin'.")

Love with white lead cements his wings;
White lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, briliest earthly things—
A lady's face and china ware.

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician observing in the morning, that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

ERRATA.

Beneath the word *Finis*, at the end of some stupid book, a wit added the following pointed couplet:

Finis! an error or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books there is no end.