

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.

GETTYSBURGH, PA., MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1886.

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THE GARDENS.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

BYRON.

Inspired hand! thy genius shot afar,
Like the bright radiance of the wandering star,
Which shoots athwart the darkness of the night
And flares and fades in glory from the sight.
'Twas thine with eagle's wing to soar on high,
In genius vast and thought profound to fly;
To twine a wreath of glory for thy name
Which fades not and forever is the same.
But what is Genius when compared with Worth?
Or Heaven's joys opposed to those of Earth?
Thus worth conjoins with e'en inferior mind,
Leaves the immortal BYRON far behind. C.

THE WIFE.

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear.
I could have smiled on every blow
From Life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee and know
I should not be "alone."
I could—I think I could have brooked,
'E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own,
To win thee back, and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been "alone."
But thus to see, from day to day,
Thy brightening eye and cheek,
And watch thy life sands waste away,
Unnumbered, slowly, meek:
To meet thy smiles of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bliss,
And feel I'll be "alone."
To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heavenward trust they say,
"Earth may not claim the longer."
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break when thou art gone!
It must not be—we may not part;
I could not live "alone."

THE REPOSITORY.

From the London New Monthly Magazine for April.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

It was about seven o'clock of a hot evening when Van Pelt's exhausted horses toiled out from the pine forest, and stood, fetlock deep in sand, on the brow of the small hill overlooking the mushroom village of Saratoga. One or two straggling horsemen were returning late from their afternoon ride, and looked at us, as they passed on their fresher hacks, with the curiosity which attaches to new comers in a watering place: here and there a genuine invalid who had come to the waters for life, not for pleasure, took advantage of the coolness of the hour, and crept down the foot-path to the spring; and as Horace encouraged his flagging cattle into a trot, to bring up gallantly at the door of "Congress Hall," the great bell of that vast caravansary resounded through the dusty air; and, by the shuffling of a thousand feet, audible as we approached, we know that the fashionable world of Saratoga were rushing down en masse, "to tea."

Having driven through a sand cloud for the preceding three hours, and—so say nothing of myself—Van Pelt being a man who, in his character as the most considerable beau of the University, calculated on his first impression, it was not thought advisable to encounter, uncleaned, the tide of fashion at that moment streaming through the hall. We drove round to the side door, and gained our pigeon-hole quarters under cover of the back staircase.

The Bachelor's wing of Congress Hall is a long, unsightly wooden barnack divided into chambers, six feet by four, and of an airiness of partition which enables the occupant to converse with his neighbor three rooms off, with the ease of clerks calling out entries to the ledger across the desks of a counting house. The clatter of knives and plates came up to our ears in a confused murmur; and Van Pelt having refused to dine at the only inn upon the route, for some reason best known to himself, I commenced the process of a long toilet with an appetite not rendered patient by the sounds of cheer below.

I had washed the dust out of my eyes and mouth, and, overcome with heat and hunger, I knotted a cool cravat loosely round my neck, and sat down in the one chair.

"Van Pelt!" I shouted.

"Well, Phil."

"Are you dressed?"

"Dressed! I am as pinguin as *pate foi de gras*—greased to the eye-lids in cold cream."

I took up the sapphire glass, and looked at my own newly washed physiognomy.—From the temples to the chin it was one unmitigated red—burned to a blister with the sun! I had been obliged to deluge my head like a mop, to get out the dust; and not naturally remarkable for my good looks, I could much worse than Van Pelt, afford these startling additions to my disadvantages.—Hunger is a subtle excuse-finder, however; and remembering that there were five hundred people in this formidable crowd, and all busy with satisfying their appetites, I trusted to escape observation, and determined to "go down to tea." With the just named number of guests, it will be easily understood why it is impossible to obtain a meal at Congress Hall out of the stated time and place.

In a white roundabout, a checked cravat my hair plastered over my eyes a *la mar-*

worm, and a face like the sign of the "Rising Sun," I stopped at Van Pelt's door.

"The most hideous figure my eyes ever looked upon!" was his first consolatory observation.

"Handsome or hideous," I answered, "I'll not starve! So here goes for some bread and butter." And leaving him to his "ap- pliances," I descended to the immense hall which serves the comers to Saratoga for dining, dancing and breakfasting, and it wet weather, between meals, for shuttlecock and promenading.

Two interminable tables extended down the hall filled by all the beauty and fashion of the United States. Luckily, I thought, for me, there are distinctions in this republic of dissipation, and the upper end is reserved for those who have servants to turn down the chairs, and stand over them; the end of the table nearest the door, consequently, is occupied by those whose opinion of my appearance is not without appeal, if they trouble their heads about it at all; and I may glide in, in my white roundabout, (permitted in this sultry weather,) and retrieve exhausted nature in obscurity.

An empty chair stood between an old gentleman and a very plain young lady, and seeing no remembered faces opposite, I glided to the place, and was soon lost to apprehension in the abyss of a cold pie. The table was covered with meats, berries, bottles of chalybeate water, tea apertunances, jams, jellies and radishes; and but for the absence of the meat, you might have doubted whether the meal was breakfast or dinner, lunch or supper. Happy country! in which any one of the four meals may serve a hungry man for all.

The pigeon-pie stood at last well quarried before me, the *debris* of the excavation heaped upon my plate; and, appetite appeased, and made bold by my half-hour's obscurity I leaned forward, and perused, with curious attention, the long line of faces on the opposite side of the table, to some of whom, doubtless, I was to be indebted for the pleasures of the coming fortnight.

My eyes were fixed on the features of a talkative woman just above, and I had quite forgotten the fact of my dishabile of complexion and dress, when two persons entered, who made considerable stir among the servants, and eventually were seated directly opposite me.

"We loitered too long at Barhydt's," said one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, as she pulled her chair nearer to the table, and looked around her with a glance of disapproval.

In following her eyes, to see who was so happy as to sympathize with such a divine creature, even in the loss of a place at table, I met the fixed and astonished gaze of my most intimate friend at the University.

"Ellerton!"

"Slingsby!" Overjoyed at meeting him, I stretched both hands across the narrow table, and had shaken his nearly off his shoulders, and asked him a dozen questions, before I became conscious that a pair of large, wondering eyes were coldly taking an inventory of my person and features.—Van Pelt's undulating exclamation, upon my appearance at his door, flashed across my mind like a thunder-stroke; and, coloring through my burned skin to the temples, I bowed, and stammered I know not what, as Ellerton introduced me to his sister!

To enter fully into my distress, you should be apprised that a correspondence, arising from my long and constant intimacy with Tom Ellerton, had been carried on for a year between me and his sister; and that being constantly in the habit of yielding to me in matters of taste, he had, I well know, so exaggerated to her my personal qualities, dress, and manners, that she could not, in any case, fail to be disappointed in seeing me. Believing her to be at that moment 2000 miles off, in Alabama, and never having hoped for the pleasure of seeing her at all, I had foolishly suffered this good natured exaggeration to go on, pleased with seeing the reflex of his praises in her letters, and, Heaven knows! little anticipating the disastrous interview upon which my accursed star would precipitate me. As I went over, mentally, the particulars of my unbecom- ingness, and saw Miss Ellerton's eyes resting inquisitively and furtively on the mountain of pigeon-bones lifting their well picked pyramid to my chin, I wished myself an ink-fish at the bottom of the sea.

Three minutes after, I burst into Van Pelt's room, tearing my hair and abusing Tom Ellerton's good nature, and my friend's headless drosky in alternate breaths. Without disturbing the subsiding blood in his own face by entering into my violence, Horace coolly asked me what was the matter. I told him.

"Lie down here," said Van Pelt, who was a small Napoleon in such trying extremities—"lie down on the bed, and anoint your phiz with this unguent. I see good luck for you in this accident, and you have only to follow my instructions. Phil Slingsby, sun- burnt, in a white roundabout, and Phil Slingsby pale and well dressed, are as different as this potted cream and dancing cow. You shall see what a little drama I'll work out for you!"

I lay down on my back, and Horace kindly appointed me from the trachea to the forelock; and from ear to ear.

"Egad," said he, warming with his study of his proposed plot, as he slid his fore-finger over the bridge of my nose, every circum- stance for us. Tall man as you are, you are as short-bodied as a monkey, (no offence Phil!) and when you sit at table, you are rather an undersized gentleman. I have been astonished every day these three years at seeing you rise after dinner in Common's Hall. A thousand to one Fanny Ellerton thinks you a stumpy man.

"And then, Phil," he continued, with a patronizing tone, "you have studied minute philosophy to little purpose if you do not know that the first step in winning a woman to whom you have been overpraised, is to disenchant her at all hazards, on your first interview. You will never rise above the ideal she has formed, and to sink below it gradually, or to remain stationary, is not to thrive in your wooing."

Leaving me this precocious wisdom to digest, Horace descended to the foot of the garden to take a warm bath; and overcome with fatigue and the recumbent posture, I soon fell asleep, and dreamed of the great blue eyes of Fanny Ellerton.

The soaring of the octave flute in "Hail Columbia!" with which the band was patriotically opening the hall, woke me from the midst of a long apologetic letter to my friend's sister; and I found Van Pelt's black boy, Juba, waiting patiently at the bed side, with curling tongs and Cologne water, ordered to superintend my toilet by his master, who had gone early to the drawing-room to pay his respects to Miss Ellerton. With the cold cream disappeared entirely from my face the uncomfortable redness to which I had been a martyr; and thanks to my ebony *coiffeur*, my straight and plastered locks soon grew as different to their "umquihle guise as Hyperion to a Satyr's." Having appeared to the eyes of the lady, in whose favor I hoped to prosper, in red and white (red phiz & white jacket), I trusted that in white and black (black suit and pale vis- nomy) I should look quite another person.—Juba was pleased to show his ivory in complimentary smile at my transformation, and I descended to the drawing-room on the best terms with the cockcomb in my bosom.

Horace met me at the door

"*Proteus redivivus*," was his exclamation. "Your new name is Wrongham. You are a gentleman Senior, instead of a bedevilled Sophomore, and your cue is to be poetical. She will never think again of the monster in the white jacket, and I have prepared her for the acquaintance of a new friend whom I have just described to you."

I took his arm, and with the courage of a man in a mask, went through another presentation to Miss Ellerton. Her brother had been let into the secret by Van Pelt, and received me with great ceremony as his college superior; and, as there was no other person at the Springs who knew Mr. Slingsby, Mr. Wrongham was likely to have an undisturbed reign of it. Miss Ellerton looked hard at me for a moment, but the gravity with which I was presented and received, dissipated a doubt, if one had arisen in her mind, and she took my arm to go to the ball room with an undisturbed belief in my assumed name and character.

I commenced the acquaintance with the fair Ababamian with great advantages. Received as a perfect stranger, I possessed, from long correspondence with her, the most minute knowledge of the springs of her character, and of her favorite reading and pursuits; and, with the little knowledge of the world which she had gained on a plantation, she was not likely to penetrate my game from playing it too freely. Her confidence was immediately won by the readiness with which I entered into her enthusiasm and anticipated her thoughts; and before the first quadrille was over, she had evidently made up her mind that she had never in her life met one who so well "understood her."

Oh, how much women include in that apparently indefinite expression, "He understands me."

The colonnade of Congress Hall is a long promenade laced in with vines and columns, on the same level with the vast ball room and drawing-room; and (the light of heaven not being taxed at Saratoga) opening at every three steps by a long window into the carpeted floors. When the rooms within are lit on a summer's night, that cool and airy colonnade is thronged by truants from the dance, and collectively by all who have any thing to express that is meant for one ear only. The mineral waters of Saratoga are no less celebrated as a specific for chagrins, than as a tonic for the dyspeptic; and while the female Argus doses in the drawing-room the fair Io and her Jupiter (represented in this case, we will say, by Miss Ellerton and myself) range at liberty the fertile fields of flirtation.

I had easily put Miss Ellerton in surprising good humor with herself and me during the first quadrille; and, with a freedom based partly upon my certainty of pleasing her, partly on the peculiar manners of the place, I coolly requested that she would continue to dance with me for the rest of the evening.

"One unhappy quadrille excepted," she replied, with a look meant to be mournful.

"May I ask with whom?"

"Oh, he has not asked me yet, but my brother has bound me over to be civil to him—a spectre, Mr. Wrongham, a positive spectre!"

"How denominated?" I enquired, with a forced indifference, for I had a presentiment I should hear my own name.

"Slingsby—Mr. Philip Slingsby—Tom's *fidus Achates*, and proposed lover of my own. But you don't seem surprised."

"Surprised! Ehem! I know the gentleman?"

"Then did you ever see such a monster. Tom told me he was another Hyperion.—He half-admitted it himself, indeed—for, to tell you a secret, I have corresponded with him a year!"

"Giddy Miss Fanny Ellerton!—and never saw him!"

"Never till to night! He sat at supper in a white jacket and red face, with a pile of bones upon his plate like an Indian tomulus."

"And your brother introduced you?"

"Fanny," said her brother, coming up at this moment, "Slingsby presents his apologies to you for not joining your cordons to-

night—but he has gone to bed with a headache."

"Indigestion, I dare say," said the young lady. "Never mind, Tom, I'll break my heart when I've leisure. And now Mr. Wrongham, since the spectre walks not forth to night, I am yours for a cool hour on the colonnade."

Vegetation is rapid in Alabama and love is a weed that thrives in the soil of the tropics. We discoursed of the lost pleiad and the Berlin bracelets, of the five hundred people about us, and the feasibility of boiling a pot on five hundred a year—the unmatri- monial sum total to my paternal allowance. She had as many negroes as I had dollars I well knew, but it was my cue to seem disinter- ested.

"And where do you mean to live, when you marry, Mr. Wrongham?" asked Miss Ellerton, at the two hundredth turn on the colonnade.

"Would you like to live in Italy?" I asked again, as if I had not heard her.

"Do you mean that as a *sequitur* to my question, Mr. Wrongham?" said she, half stopping in her walk, and, though the sentence was commenced playfully, dropping her voice at the last word with an emotion I could not mistake.

I drew her off the colonnade to the small garden between the house and spring, and in a giddy dream of fear and surprise at my own rashness and success, I made, and won from her, an avowal of preference—of love.

Matches have been made more suddenly.

Miss Ellerton sat in the Music-room the next morning after breakfast preventing pauses in a rather interesting conversation, by running accompaniment upon the guitar. A single gold thread formed a fillet about her temples, and from beneath it, in clouds of silken ringlets, floated the softest raven hair that ever grew enmored of an ivory shoulder. Hers was a skin that seemed woven of the hly-white but opaque fibre of the magnolia, yet of that side of its cup turned toward the fading sunset. There is no term in painting, because there is no trace of pencil or color, that could express the vanishing and impalpable breath that assured the healthiness of so pale a cheek. She was slight as all southern women are in America, and of a flexible and luxurious gracel- ousness, equalled by nothing but the movements of a snake's curl. Without the elastic nerve, remarkable in the motions of Tagioni, she appeared, like her, to be born with a lighter specific gravity than her fellow creatures. If she had floated away upon some chance breeze you would only have been surprised upon reflection.

"I am afraid you are too fond of society," said Miss Ellerton, as Juba came in hesitat- ingly, and delivered her a note in the hand writing of an old correspondent. She turned pale on seeing the superscription, and crushed the note up in her hand unread. I was not sorry to defer the denouement of my little drama, and taking up her remark, which she seemed disposed to forget, I referred her to a scrap book of Van Pelt's, which she had brought down with her, contain- ing some verses of my own, copied (by good luck) in that sentimental Sophomore's own hand.

"Are these yours, really and truly?" she asked, looking pryngly into my face, and showing me my own verses, against which she had already run a pencil line of appro- bation.

"*Peccavi*!" I answered. "But will you make me in love with my own offspring by reading them in your own voice?"

"They were some lines written in a balcony, at day-break, while a ball was still going on within, and contained an allusion (which I had quite overlooked) to some one of my ever changing admirations."

"And who was this 'sweet lover,'" Mr. Wrongham. I should know, I think, before I go further with so expeditious a gentle- man."

"As Shelly says of his *Id* al Mistress,—
"I loved—oh not! I mean not one of you,
Or any earthly one—though ye are fair!"

It was but an apostrophe to the presenta- ment of that which I have found, dear Miss Ellerton! But will you read that ill-treated billet-doux, and remember that Juba stands with the patience of an ebon statue waiting for an answer?"

I knew the contents of the letter, and I watched the expression of her face as she read it with no little interest. Her temples flushed, and her delicate lips gradually curled into an expression of anger and scorn, and having finished the perusal of it, she put it into my hand, and asked me if so imperti- nent a production deserved an answer.

I began to fear that the *elargissement* would not leave me on the sunny-side of the lady's favor, and felt the need of the moment's reflection given me while running my eye over the letter.

"Mr. Slingsby," said I, with the delibera- tion of an attorney, "has been some time in correspondence with you?"

"Yes."

"And from his letters, and your brother's commendations, you had formed a high opinion of his character; and had expressed as much in your letters?"

"Yes—perhaps I did."

"And from this paper intimacy he con- ceives himself sufficiently acquainted with you to request leave to pay his addresses?"

A dignified bow put a stop to my cate- chism.

"Dear Miss Ellerton," I said, "this is scarcely a question upon which I ought to speak, but by putting this letter in my hand, you seemed to ask my opinion?"

"I did—I do," said the lovely girl taking my hand and looking appealingly into my face; "answer it for me! I have done wrong in encouraging that foolish correspondence, and I owe this forward man, perhaps, a kinder reply than my first feelings would have

dictated. Decide for me—write for me—relieve me from the first burden that has laid on my heart since I—"

She burst into tears, and my dread of an explanation increased.

"Will you follow my advice implicitly?" I asked.

"Yes—oh yes!"

"You promise?"

"Indeed, indeed!"

"Well, then, listen to me. However painful the task, I must tell you that the encouragement you have given Mr. Slingsby, the admiration you have expressed in your letters of his talents and acquisitions, and the confidence, you have reposed in him respecting yourself, warrant him in claiming as a right, a fair trial of his attractions. You have known and approved Mr. Slingsby's mind for years—you know me but for a few hours. You saw him under the most favorable auspices (for I know him intimately), and I feel bound in justice to assure you, that you will like him much better upon acquaint- ance."

Miss Ellerton had gradually drawn her- self up during this splendid speech, and sat at last erect, and as cold as Agrippina upon her marble chair.

"Will you allow me to send Mr. Slingsby to you," I continued rising, "and suffer him to plead his own cause?"

"If you will call my brother, Mr. Wrong- ham, I shall feel obliged to you," said Miss Ellerton.

I left the room, and hurrying to my cham- ber, dipped my head into a basin of water, and plastered my long locks over my eyes, slipped on a white roundabout, and tied a- round my neck the identical checked cravat in which I had made so unfavorable an im- pression the first day of my arrival. Tom Ellerton was soon found, and easily agreed to go before and announce me by my proper name to his sister, and treading closely on his heels, I followed to the door of the music room.

"Ah, Ellen!" said he, without giving her time for a scene, "I was looking for you.—Slingsby is better, and will pay his respects to you presently. And I say—you will treat him well, Ellen, and—don't flirt with Wrongham the way you did last night! Slingsby's a great deal better fellow. Oh, here he is!"

As I stepped over the threshold, Miss Ellerton gave me just enough of a look to assure herself that it was the identical mon- ster she had seen at the tea-table; and not deigning me another glance, immediately commenced talking violently to her brother on the state of the weather. Tom bore it a moment or two with remarkable gravity, but at my first attempt to join in the conversa- tion, my voice was lost in an explosion of laughter which would have been the death of a gentleman with a full habit. Indignant and astonished, Miss Ellerton rose to her full height, and slowly turned to me.

"*Peccavi*!" said I, crossing my hands on my bosom, and looking up penitently to her face.

She ran to me, and seized my hand, but recovered herself instantly, and the next moment was gone from the room.

Whether from wounded pride from hav- ing been the subject of a mystification, or whether from that female caprice by which most men suffer at one period or other of their bachelor lives. I know not—but I never could bring Miss Ellerton again to the same interesting crisis with which she ended her intimacy with Mr. Wrongham.—She professed to forgive me, and talked laughingly enough of our old acquaintance; but whenever I grew tender she referred me to the "Sweet Lover" mentioned in my verses in the balcony, and looked around for Van Pelt. That accomplished beau, on ob- serving my discomfiture, began to find out Miss Ellerton's graces without the aid of his quizzing-glass, and I soon found it necessary to yield the *pas* altogether. She has since become Mrs. Van Pelt; and when I last heard from her, was "as well as could be expected."

VARIETY.

"Coming through the Rye."

If a body's fond of toddy,
That's no reason why
That they should speak of other folks,
A "coming through the Rye."

I recollect on Satur' night,
When I was very dry,
I met "the shadow of the Globe,"
A "coming through the Rye."

He asked me if I'd take a horn,
Yes, sir, was my reply,
And both of us got "unco'fou,"
Upon the field of Rye.

Then why should he of others speak,
And set his part so shy,
And censure those who have a taste
To rest upon the Rye?

There was the glorious six foot two,
I have him in my eye,
Will bet, that, in the Texans' cause,
He's pouring in the Rye:

'Tis thus with every patriot Chief,
On this you may rely,
And who'd discard a bottle lass,
When coming through the Rye?

Then here's success to every lass,
And every field of Rye,
May every blade drink evening dew,
And ne'er a lass cry;

And may the shadow of the Globe,
The real truth to see,
And health impart its genial glow
On every field of Rye.

The following toast was drunk at a celebra- tion of the Fourth of July, at Montpelier, Vt.

It is pretty severe on male bipeds, but the ladies will probably consider it not more so than it should be.

"Old Bachelors of Thirty or Upwards."

—Infamy and disgrace rest upon their igno- rant and stupid heads for having so long lived a single life, unless they can make it appear that they have made faithful trial and been repulsed at least three times, or pro- duce bonds that they will be married in six months if possible.

A NEGRO'S DESCRIPTION OF A GENTLE- MAN.—"Ah, honey, he's a raal gentleman;

none y'er make believe sort. Tell you what, you may know a gentleman let him be in any condition whatsoever, "cane a sure nuff" gentleman won't be nothing else but a gentleman, and you can't mistake him, no matter if he han't got no shirt to his back. If so be he is a gentleman you always find him to be a gentleman, I don't care wher he black or white;—and dat's de trefe."

COUGH AND COLD.—Horse Radiah cut into small pieces and chewed in the mouth, is an excellent remedy for hoarseness, coughs, colds, cases of incipient consump- tion, &c.

A woman in Pottsville was last week violently assailed by her neighbor, and terribly pelted with stones and bricksbats. Jealousy moved the assailant lady. The assailed declared herself innocent, and pleaded her gray hairs and fifteen children.

MISSISSIPPI.—The growth of this state during the last five years, says the Grand Gulf Advertiser, has been almost unparalleled—the population within that time having more than doubled, and the wealth more than quadrupled. There are now fifty-six counties in the state; and the population is believed to amount to about 328,000.

NEW IMPROVEMENT.—It is said that a canal of 60 miles from Lake Simcoe, to Toronto, on Lake Ontario, is to be constructed, by which the trade of the upper lakes can be brought to Oswego; by a saving of four or five hundred miles of transportation. It saves traversing a part of Lake Huron, and the whole of Lake Erie, for all the trade of Lakes Michigan, Superior and Huron.

From the testimony of Mr. Leigh, no doubt can now remain that the acceptance by Mr. Randolph of the mission to Russia, against the opinion and advice of some of his best friends, preyed heavily on his mind, and rendered him unhappy. Indeed, many believe that he felt a sense of self-abasement on that account to the last moment of his life.—Richmond Cour.

It is a remarkable fact, that Ransom Clark, the only survivor of the massacre of Major Dade's detachment, was one of a party of six men from Fort Morgan, under Lieut. Chandler, all of whom except him- self, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat in Mobile bay, in January, 1835.

VIOLENCE.—We regret to learn from the Harrisburg papers, that at the recent Har- risburg Masonic Convention, the quarrel between the delegates on the State Bank ques- tion rose so high, that personal violence was threatened and knives were drawn. Such feelings should be discouraged in the party.

"**GOING THE WHOLE.**"—The following toast was given at a Fourth of July Dinner at Etonton, Ga.—

Dr. M. G. Slaughter: Washington was the father of our country; Jefferson the great apostle of our liberties; but Andrew Jackson has been the saviour of both.

AN AVALANCHE.—We are indebted to the politeness of an intelligent and respectable friend of ours for the following particulars of an Avalanche which recently occurred on the Alleghanies:

On the 20th of June, during a terrible thunder storm on Lyeoming creek, in this county, near the residence of Mr. WILLIAM KING, at the instant of an electrical shock, the clouds discharged a column of water upon the face of the mountain, about 700 feet above its base; which brought down rocks, mud, trees, &c., and uncovered three strata of Iron ore at its outcrop. The angle of the mountain is 45 to 50 degrees.

Mr. King's son was looking in the direction of the mountain at the time. He says, instantly after a verticle flash of lightning the water spouted up from the face of the mountain 100 to 200 feet high. No doubt it appeared so to him. But it is reasonable to suppose that it was a column of water discharged from the clouds.

Rocks, measuring from one to fifteen cubic yards, were torn from their beds and swept unresistingly down the side of the mountain, carrying trees three feet in diameter and every thing, which obstructed their path, before them, making a ravine in the side of the mountain of 50 to 100 feet in width and 10 to 20 in depth.—Lyeoming Free Press.

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.—To the youthful female we should say, that no individual of either sex can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother.—Deceive her, and "your feet will slide in due time." How many thoughtless young daughters receive addresses against the wishes of their parents, receive them clandestinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave for all their earthly happiness. He, who would persuade you to deceive your parents, proves himself in that very deed unworthy of all your confidence. If you wed him, you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will find you have exchanged a sympathising friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, a kind and devoted nurse, for a selfish and unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglecting you in health and deserting you when sick. Who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of the un- dutiful daughter?

WICKED CONFESSOR.—A Methodist and a Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed.—The Methodist knelt down prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins.—After he rose, the Quaker observed, "Really friends, if thou art as bad as thou sayst thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

TO REMOVE SPOTS OF INK FROM LINEN.—Take a mould candle or some pure tallow, melt it and dip the spotted part of linen in the melted tallow, then put it into the wash, when it will become perfectly white. This is given from experience.