

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.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, AUGUST 22, 1836.

[VOL. 7--NO. 21.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court House.

CONDITIONS:
I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SHERIFF CANDIDATES
SHERIFFALTY.

George W. McClellan,
RETURNS his sincere thanks to his FRIENDS and the PUBLIC generally, for placing him on the return with the present SHERIFF, at a former election; and respectfully solicits their votes and interest, for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
at the ensuing ELECTION. Should he be honored with their confidence by being elected to that Office, no exertion shall be wanting on his part, faithfully to discharge the duties of that important trust.
Gettysburg, Jan. 25, 1836. te-43

SHERIFFALTY.
To the voters of Adams county.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I announce myself to your consideration as a CANDIDATE for the **NEXT SHERIFFALTY,** and most respectfully solicit your support. Should I be honored with your successful approbation and favor, it shall be my first wish and aim to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and humanity.
JOHN JENKINS
Gettysburg, Feb. 1, 1836. te-44

SHERIFFALTY.
To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the **SHERIFF'S OFFICE,** at the ensuing Election. Should I be elected, I pledge myself that I will perform the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality.
JAMES McILHENY.
[Mountjoy tp.] Feb. 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.
To the Voters of Adams County:

Once more, Fellow-Citizens, I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the **SHERIFF'S OFFICE,** and respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me, I, as is customary, most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
MICHAEL C. CLARKSON.
February 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.
To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration for the **SHERIFF,** at the next GENERAL ELECTION. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected I will discharge the duties of the office faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
WM. TAUGHNBAUGH.
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Feb. 29, 1836. te-48

SHERIFFALTY.
To the free and Independent Citizens of Adams County:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the **SHERIFF'S OFFICE,** and respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me I most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
GEORGE MYERS.
New-cheater, March 7, 1836. te-49

SHERIFFALTY.
To the free and Independent Voters of Adams County:

Through kind persuasion from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the office of **SHERIFF,** at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes; and should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I would pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with care and fidelity.
WM. ALBRIGHT.
Conowago tp., March 7, 1836. te-49

THE GARLAND.



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

BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Where shall the dead, and the beautiful sleep?
In the vale where the willow and cypress weep—
Where the wind of the West breathes its softest sigh—
Where the silvery stream is flowing night—
And the pure clear drops of its rising spray
Glisten like gems in the bright moon's rays—
Where the sun's warm smile may never dispel
Night's tears o'er the form we loved so well—
In the vale where the sparkling waters glow—
Where the fairest, earliest violets grow—
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair—
Bury her there—bury her there!

Where shall the dead and the beautiful sleep?
Where wild-flowers bloom in the valley deep—
Where the sweet robe of spring may softly rest
In purity over the sleepers' breast.
Where is heard the voice of the sinless dove,
Breathing notes of deep and undying love—
Where no column proud in the sun may glow,
To mock the heart that is resting below—
Where pure hearts are sleeping forever blest—
Where the wandering Peri love to rest—
Where the sky and the earth are softly fair—
Bury her there—bury her there!

THE REPOSITORY.

The Two Mothers.

SAEMMUR is a most delicious place, with its lit red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But alas, this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attendants on civilization—a prison and a subprolet, a literary society and a lunatic hospital—yes, a hospital for lunatics! Ascend the Loire by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clamber by a steep path—you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, on the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood. It is there, while you are occupied with admiring with all the powers of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape; solidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed beside such an accumulation of misery. Look at that young man walking almost naked—the young man whose limbs are blackened by exposure to the sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his pathway. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.

As I was wandering one day in the midst of all this woe of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the throng excitement of a city.

I arrived at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl who had been led out of her cell into the court, and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eyes had so much sweetness, her pale face so many charms and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pity—she appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy, then, appeared that horrible iron chain which abraded her white delicate skin!

I asked the lady sister who acted as guide to me, what had befallen the girl, that she was treated so rigorously? She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, "it is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply. The fiend who tempted, abandoned her after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of reason, she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement, she is chained."

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject.
I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when suddenly I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprang towards the miserable lunatic, who drove her back with shocking brutality.
"It is my babe," cried Mary—"it is she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!"—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize the child by force, but the lady sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary have her own way.

"It is not your daughter," said she kindly to Mary; "she does not resemble you in the least."
"Not my daughter!—good heavens, look—look, sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty she is my dear, sweet daughter!"—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse to still its cries.
It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled as Mary advanced towards, or retired from, sister Martha.
"Lead your daughter to me a moment, Mary; that I may see her," said the Sister.
"Lead her to you! O no, indeed—the first time the priests told me also that I should lead her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months: I will not lead her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep

her body"—and she held up the child as if she would dash its head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the lunatic to give her back her child, and not to do it harm—Mary gave no heed to her; she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half distracted, had gone to seek the director of the institution.

It would have been difficult then, to say which was the really crazy one—the mother, who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, presenting to the child her shrivelled breasts.

It was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was sleeping to take away the child.

Once in her cell, Mary laid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes, in the form of a cradle—while the real mother with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with haggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the lunatic.

Mary carefully deposited the child in its new made bed, hushed it, and sang little nursery songs with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell asleep beside the infant.

The nurse immediately entered the cell on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burthen. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child—she ran to the grating, and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child borne from her; she uttered a wild, discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—she was dead—twice was too much.

We find the following simple but touching story in a French paper, *Le Droit*.

An old man, his age eighty-two, answered to his name and raising himself with difficulty, was supported by his daughter before the tribunal of his judges. To the question of the presiding magistrate, his daughter replied in a trembling voice, "My father does not hear you, gentlemen, permit me to answer for him."

President.—Your father is brought before us charged with begging and being homeless.

Daughter.—May heaven pardon those who have told you that. Gentlemen, from the day I was born my father never left me, and while I can work never shall be a burthen to any one. A month since I fell sick; we were without money; my father rose early and went out. He did not return till evening—then he sat down by my bed side and burst into tears. I asked what ailed him. He said it was a sad thing to be old. He applied for a situation as laborer, but his age was against him. I shall have to beg, said he; for how can I let thee die for want of assistance.

I told him that I was better, and that I would go to work next morning. The next morning I was unable to move. My father went out without speaking to me. An hour afterwards I was informed that the guards had arrested him for asking alms. Gentlemen, if he did so it was not for himself, but for me when I was too sick to work. If you will pardon him for this time, I promise he shall never offend you again.

The affecting manner in which the poor girl spoke softened even the magistrates, and justice, or rather law gave way to feeling; and the octogenarian was discharged.

WOMAN.—The good government of families leads to the comforts of communities, and the welfare of States. Of every domestic circle, woman is the centre. Home, that scene of purest and dearest joy—home is the empire of woman! There she plans, directs, performs: the acknowledged source of dignity and felicity. Where female virtue is most pure, female sense most improved, female deportment most correct, there is most propriety of social manners. The early years of childhood—those most precious years of life and opening reason—are confined to woman's superintendence. She, therefore, may be presumed to lay the foundation of all the virtue and all the wisdom that enrich the world.

THE BIBLE.—As far as our species is concerned, we may say, one sun! one bible! Shut that glorious book—blot from the human memory what we have learned from its pages, and you destroy every ray of hope. The world lieth in darkness! To guilty, miserable man, there remains no Saviour!—no heaven!—no guide in life!—no support in affliction!—no victory over death! The grave becomes a fathomless abyss, and eternity spreads around him like the ocean—dark—illimitable—fearful! But open now again that book, and lo, the sun of righteousness arises with healing in his wings; and all around us and above us, is love and joy and hope.

A CONTRAST.—If the beauties of the year are so fading and its bounties so soon perish—if the loveliest scenes of nature lose their charms, and a few revolvings years break the spell that binds us to those whom we love best—if the figure of the earth is changed by its own convulsions—if the forms of human governments and the monuments of human power and skill cannot endure—if even systems of philosophy that predominated in one age and exploded in another—if nothing on the earth beneath, or the water under the earth, preserves its form unchanged, what is there that remains for ever the same? what is there over which autumnal winds and wintry frosts have no power? what does not pass away while we are struggling with calamity?—what that is proof against the fluctuations of human opinion, and the might of the ocean's waves, and the

convulsions by which mountains are heaved up from their deep foundations?

It is the God by whom these mighty works are done, by whose hands this great globe was first moulded and has ever since been fashioned according to his will. Hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, Jehovah, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary?

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Public School Education.

The following Address was delivered at the Annual Exhibition of Public School, No. 7, in the City of New York, on the 10th of February, 1835, by Master Charles Fanning, aged 13 years. Written by Mr. W. A. WALKER, at that time Assistant Teacher in said School, subsequently Principal Teacher of Public School, No. 15.

This and similar occasions may not, perhaps, readily suggest reflections adequate to their real importance. We are apt, in the moral as well as in the physical world, to overlook what is small and unassuming.—Yet such are oftentimes the sign or the consequence of operations of the highest import. All the kinder and nobler results proceed by gradual and almost insensible means. The lightning, the storm, the earthquake, astonish while they destroy; but it is the gentle dew and summer air, that clothe the earth with beauty, supply the wants of man, and swell his heart with thankfulness.

Is not this then, an occasion of triumph, of gratitude, for us, for you? For ourselves, we know full well that it is. Here is the scene of efforts, where mind strives with mind, in struggles as absorbing (and are they not so worthy!) as those of warrior with warrior. Here the theatre of pleasure the highest and purest, the pleasure resulting from the cultivation of the nobler portion of our nature. Here a home, second only to the parental one, hallowed by companionships in the purest pursuits, and watched over by those elder brothers of the mind, whose duty and whose pleasure it is to direct and to improve us.

Here, then, we are proud and glad, to stand forth and to testify, by word and example, how much we value the high privileges of this place. Here, we welcome parents and friends, to a spectacle, which should gladden each parent's heart. We welcome the philanthropist, to a scene promising to realize all his high hopes for his species.—We welcome the citizen, conscious that here is the source of all those wide and beneficent influences, in which every good citizen will rejoice, as the principles of social and political health. Here, in our Public Schools, are the wells, whose waters are unto life, the streams in which a nation may wash and be clean.

But not alone in triumph would we speak. Gratitude, the offering of the cultivated heart alone, have we to pay in large but willing measure. And to you, ye untiring friends to us and to humanity, to you, may we not be permitted, on this scene of your elevated philanthropy, to pour out the tribute of young, but warm hearts?

But for your Heaven-directed labours, what might have been the fate of many a now happy boy. "Chill penury" might have suppressed every better hope of the future. Had the brow of knowledge, to others so fair and cheering, been turned with a frown from the cottage of the poor, where would have been, for many of us, those warm and bright hues, with which all the future now beams upon our hopes! Despairing of aught better than the poor lot of our inheritance, hopeless of advancement, we might have journeyed through a life of wretchedness, or, embittered by a sense of degradation, have rushed down some "of the thousand paths which slope the way to crime."

How is it with us now? Here the son of the rich man and of the poor meet in that true equality, which is the proudest principle of our country's character. Here, we measure ourselves [mind to mind, and here is no superiority but that of nature and of industry. Who, in this place, would dare speak of rank, or wealth, or sect, or party? Here, we recognise all but in one character; American youth, soon to be American citizens. Citizens knowing no equals but each other, no superior but their God!

It is in this place, and places like this, that we form and train ourselves for future usefulness and honour. But not alone of the present life would we speak. Let us not, in the height of earthly hope, forget the yet higher office of education. Let us remember that, compared with which all else is nothingness. With our education expands the sphere of our duty. Our debt to Heaven increases with the increase of our knowledge. And may it never chance, that, as our minds are strengthened and their view extended, we should fail to conceive more truly, and to appreciate more highly, our relations to a world above us. Let education, like one of the sciences, which it opens to us, become the means of elevating our thoughts from this humble sphere to the universe of Faith and of God.

To you, then, I repeat, ye worthy and devoted almoners of our country's noble patronage, to you our hearts render their deep gratitude for all these our privileges. We would express it, but adequately we may not. To your own hearts, to your own high motives, we refer you for your best reward; to them, to your country, to Heaven. For ourselves, our lives shall tell the story of your beneficence.

One word to our friends here assembled. You are American citizens. Where can you look for the means of national honour; where, for the preservation of the free institutions which you love, but to the system of Public School Instruction? It is an engine of noble invention and mighty powers, framed by your country, with a worthy and

magnanimous patronage, to raise the national character to that level of virtue and knowledge, indispensable, in political society, to self-government.

It is the first and fundamental portion of free institutions. From the day when the Spartan mother sent forth her boy, the pupil of his country, to die or to conquer, in his country's battles, to that dark and bleak hour, when the more than Spartan Band stood first upon the Rock of Plymouth, no land has long remained free without a system of public instruction. And has our country no battles to be fought? Are there not here, as well as elsewhere, the elements of licentiousness, of crime, of political degradation? And whence are these powers of evil to be borne back? They are the foes, alike to knowledge and to our country.—And here, in our Public Schools, are the battle-fields, where they are to be met and vanquished with weapons of ethereal armor. Here is marshalling a host, ready armed, to go forth and do mightily for virtue and for right.

Whenever, in our now blessed country, these dark powers shall array themselves for their work of desolation, here will be found a chosen band for their discomfiture. Ours are not the banners rolled in blood, or streaming fearfully across the reddened fields, and above the stormy passions of men! But that, under which we go forth, gleams gloriously in the sunlight of truth; and, as it floats broad and proud mid-heaven, out from its bright waving folds, flashes forth, in characters of light; the one, true, legend of freemen, KNOWLEDGE AND LIBERTY, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!

The Masonic Testimony.

Testimony taken by the Committee appointed by the House of Representatives to investigate the Exits of Free-Masonry.
MR. STEVENS CHAIRMAN.
[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

Testimony of Ezekiel Birdseye

The following deposition was presented by EZEKIEL BIRDSEYE, at the request of the chairman of the committee.

CORNWALL, Connecticut, }
June 2d, 1836. }

Personally appeared Ezekiel Birdseye, who being duly sworn, states: That in the fall of the year 1825, he went to reside in the town of Athens, Alabama, and that in that town a man by the name of James Fitten lived, who was said to be the Master of the Masonic lodge in the town, who returned from Maryland with negroes who, it was reported, he had purchased on speculation. I became suspicious that one of them whose name was Emory Sadler, a tanner and currier, had been kidnapped. My suspicions were mentioned to one of my friends, who said he was present when the sale was made to a man living near, and that regular well authenticated papers were produced. I was for a time satisfied with this statement. About a year after, at the solicitation of my friends, I became a member of the lodge in that town, having previously been a member of a lodge at Union, South Carolina. Very soon after I became a member of this lodge, I was again suspicious that Emory had been kidnapped, and made inquiry of him, which convinced me that such was the fact, and wrote to his friend, Wm. Pritchett, No. 112, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, where said Emory stated he had been employed. Soon after I received a package of documents, in which were several depositions, which represented that Emory was a freeman, and that Fitten was personally concerned in carrying him off, with a full knowledge of all the facts. A few days after I met with Fitten and informed him of the claim of Emory to freedom, and the substance of the depositions I had obtained, and that suit would be brought to recover his freedom, unless he would give him up without, which he refused; counsel were employed to institute legal proceedings. The day after I had engaged counsel, I was met by the taylor of the lodge, and notified to attend a called meeting of the lodge on the day following. Understanding the object of the meeting, I attended with the documents in my possession, which were read and discussed to a late hour, when I was requested to retire for a short time; when I was called back, the following certificate was handed me by the Master of the lodge, whose name was William Mason, a lawyer, who informed me that it was the positive order of the lodge that I should sign it: "This may certify that I have no documents in my possession relative to the alleged kidnapping and subsequent abduction of a certain negro man called Emory Sadler, that ought to induce the belief that Capt. James Fitten has acted dishonestly, unfairly, or ungentlemanly in any way whatever, connected with the transaction."

I declined returning the certificate at the request of an officer of the lodge. I was afterwards informed by Dr. D. J. Gatwood, who acted as secretary pro tem, for the evening, and in whose hand writing it was drawn, that it was the composition of Daniel Coleman, at that time judge of the county court for that county; and counsel for the defendant Fitten. Another certificate was drawn up of a similar import, and signed, I believe by all present, excepting myself, which I was afterwards informed was shown in various parts of the county. Some who saw it called on me for an explanation, which was readily given.

Soon after this meeting, suit was commenced for the recovery of the freedom of Sadler. Several meetings of the lodge were held during the summer of 1827, apparently with the intention to suppress the suit against Fitten; in those meetings judge Coleman took an active part. Finding their efforts

to be unavailing, they handed me the following notice:—

MR. EZEKIEL BIRDSEYE:
This is to notify you to appear at the next regular meeting of Athens Lodge, at their lodge room, in the town of Athens, on the 21st day of the present month, (February,) to answer the charges preferred against you by James Fitten, before said lodge, for unmaisonic conduct. When and where you are required to attend.
ROBERT AUSTIN, Jr.
February 14, 1828."

With this notice I received the following charges:

To EZEKIEL BIRDSEYE:
The following are the specifications of the charges for unmaisonic conduct, which I have preferred against you, and which will be acted on at the next regular meeting of Athens Lodge, for unmaisonic conduct.

1st. In disobeying the order of said lodge, which enjoined on you the performance of certain duties towards me.
2d. In refusing to do me justice when you had it in your power to do so.
3d. In acting towards me unmaisonically in relation to my purchase and sale of a certain negro, called Emory.
4th. In pressing openly, and in lodge, that you had not and would not say anything which would tend to injure me in the late election, when you privately and secretly endeavoured to defeat me, by retailing circumstances connected with my purchase of the negro Emory.
JAMES FITTEN.
February 13, 1828.

The above is a true copy.
ROBERT AUSTIN, Jr. Secretary of Athens Lodge.

Mr. Austin was also clerk of the court at that time. I met with the lodge at the time appointed, and informed them that I had fully determined to prosecute the suit for the recovery of the freedom of Emory, and had no apology to offer. The next day the Secretary handed me the following, as their act of suspension:—

ATHENS LODGE, No. 16, Feb. 21, 1828.
Resolved, by this Lodge, That Ezekiel Birdseye, a member of the same, be suspended and excluded from the rights and privileges thereof for unmaisonic conduct.
The above is a true copy.

ROBERT AUSTIN, Jr. Secretary.
In March following, the semi-annual term of the Circuit Court was held. The trial for the freedom of Emory was continued until the last day of the term, and was the only jury trial on that day. On going into court with my counsel, I observed that the jury were principally members of the lodge. Most of the regularly empanelled jurors had been permitted to return to their homes, which gave the sheriff an opportunity to select the remainder of the jury of tall men. Some time afterwards I endeavoured from recollection and inquiry, to obtain the names of the whole jury. If I have them correctly, and I believe I have, there were ten Masons on the jury who were in the practice of meeting with the lodge. Several of them were present at the called meeting of the lodge, and signed a certificate of the entire innocence of their brother, James Fitten. The sheriff was also a member of the lodge, and had taken an active part in their proceedings.

Being unwilling to have a cause of so much importance tried by such a jury, I submitted an affidavit to the court, stating that undue influence had been used; and for the cause of justice alone, I wished a change of venue, which was granted by the court, and the cause sent to Huntsville, in Madison county, for trial, where it was tried soon after, and resulted in the liberation of Emory.

An authenticated copy of the record was procured from the court at Huntsville, and brought on with Emory to Philadelphia, where he is yet employed, at 112 Chesnut street.

EZEKIEL BIRDSEYE.
STATE OF CONNECTICUT, Litchfield }
County, ss. CORNWALL, June 2d, 1836. }
Personally appeared the abovesigned Ezekiel Birdseye, and made oath to the statements contained in the foregoing affidavit by him, subscribed before me.
F. KELLOGG, Justice of the Peace.

Michigan has been the first State to legislate in reference to the act of Congress concerning the Deposites of Public Money.—Her legislature, now in session, has passed an act, which the Governor has approved, authorizing the acceptance and reception of her share of the Deposites to be made under that act.

WHO WANTS A PLACE?—A gentleman in Pawtucket advertises for a servant of middling sized character, large hands, and small appetite. This gentleman must be a brother of the lady who kept a boarding house, and wanted a few young men to board with her, who were quiet, kept regular hours, and didn't eat much.

"What," exclaimed a promising lad who had been reading of the illuminated missals of former times; "what is an illuminated missal, father?" "A red hot cannon ball, sonny," replied the bullet-headed father.

A person lately falling into a mill stream, was drawn into the wheel. "What is the matter?" asked a looker-on. "Only a person travelling in cog," was the answer.

The following agricultural paragraph is from the Boston Morning Post:—"How is your crop?"—"Why, corn, tolerable—wheat aint none, but RYE and RATES—Oh Lordy!" This is equal to the man complaining of the high price of provisions. "Potatoes is risin', and meat is risin'."