

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, APRIL 10, 1887.

[VOL. 6—NO. 2.]

THE GARLAND.

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

FROM THE LYCOMING FREE PRESS.
The Waterman's Song.
BY LYDIA JANE PRINSON.

BROTHERS! the long cold winter's past—
The snow-drifts melt once more;
Away! the streams are rising fast,
Bring your lumber to the shore.
Look up our pine clad hills are gay,
Their swelling breasts are bare;
We toil'd there many a winter-day,
And now our works appear.

The Pine's tall trunk, the Oak's rich spoil,
Lie on the mountain's side;
Away! 'tis a hard, but a jocund toil,
To launch them to the tide.
See how they thunder down the height,
With the mightiest sways;
Oh! 'tis a proud and a fearful sight,
To see them spring away.

Away! with your teams, for the timber, boys,
We want it on the shore;
For hear—'twill swell our boisterous joys
The increasing waters roar.
Now, brothers, we plunge in the cold, mad stream,
And it beats against our sides—
We count it as vain a frightful dream,
We're able to stem its tides.

A moment now to the quiet home,
Where our fond affections cling;
Where the joys & hopes of our bosoms bloom,
And love broods with dove-like wing.
Ah! kiss the babe as it smiling lies
On its mother's faithful breast;
And wake a smile in her swimming eyes,
Where her soul is all express.

Ah, brothers our hearts are harden'd steel
When danger or death are near;
But, oh! they most strongly and tenderly feel,
The ties of affection dear.
Say to the dear ones—Do not mourn,
Love will abridge our stay;
And if God be with us we'll glad return—
Then, brothers—away! away!

THE REPORT.

THE EMPEROR'S PAGE,
OR, A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

It was past midnight, as an individual, closely muffled in a dark military cloak, was rapidly passing through one of the most unfrequented streets of Paris. It was a black night, not a star being visible in the clouded heavens, a circumstance which seemed suited to the purpose of the pedestrian, whose concealed person and hasty movement pretty plainly indicated his wish to gain his destination unobserved. Suddenly, however, his progress was arrested by the hand of a youth, who emerged from the obscurity of a portal, and held a pistol to the pedestrian's head and demanded his money.

"Pah," said the pedestrian, endeavoring to shake off his new acquaintance, "away and do not detain me."

"I must have gold," cried the phrenzied youth—"my misfortunes have maddened me! Refuse me, and this pistol sends a bullet through your head."

The other perceiving his danger, suddenly disencumbered his right arm of his cloak, and with the velocity of lightning laid the assassin prostrate. He then passed on—but suddenly retracing his steps towards the prostrate robber, he raised him from the ground, and dragging him for some paces towards a lamp which cast a "dim religious light," over a brief part of the scene, he exclaimed, "Ah! Louis Bonaparte!"

"Am I discovered?" exclaimed the youth, and falling at the feet of the other, who again drew his cloak over the lower part of his face, he ejaculated, "do not, do not betray me!"

"Sir," replied the other, "my duty to the Emperor will compel me to disclose this atrocity."

"You will ruin me by so doing forever!"—Hear me, sir, my melancholy tale, and then say, if I am not deserving your pity. Since I have had the honor of being in the service of the Emperor, the whole of my salary has been dedicated to the support of my poor and aged mother. For three years I have been the sole prop of her weary life, she has no other hope but in Heaven. I have brought comfort and joy again into her humble dwelling; she was reduced to penury and wretchedness; my father had died in insolvent circumstances, and my dear mother was too old to work for her subsistence: I endeavored to gain work but in vain. Day after day I trod the streets of Paris, and with all the earnestness of ruin, sought employment; but there was no drop in my cup of misery, and at length I sat down in the garden of the Tuilleries, hopeless and despairing. I contemplated suicide—the thought of leaving my dear parent desolate, chained me to life—but even that thought was becoming overwhelmed by my despair, when out of good fortune passed me. He was struck with my haggard looks—he questioned me—inquired into the truth of my story, and then in the benevolence of his good heart took me into his suite. He saved me from despair, and brought smiling joy again into the widow's humble home."

"No, no," hurriedly exclaimed the youth, "I am no common robber. Heaven is my witness, until this night—but hear my story out. Among the tradesmen who supplied the palace, there is one having a daughter, whose charms make an impression upon my heart, which reason could not dispel. Long did I strive to master love—but in vain. I struggled against the rising passions of my heart, for the more I strove to master the bewildering passion, the fiercer did it burn. We met—I told my love—I found it was returned—and disdaining any concealment, I openly avowed to the maiden's father my attachment to his daughter; but he, in all the pride and insolence of wealth, spurned my humble suit, and told me that till the Emperor made me worth having, his daughter should not think of me. Seeing that his child's inclinations turned towards me, he introduced a wealthy suitor, and insisted upon her wedding him. I cannot vie with my rival—he lavishes gold and gems upon the lovely Adaline. I've only a humble heart to offer. But that she deemed preferable to all the wealth of the great man of her father's choice; and till this night dreamed that I was still be-

loved. But this night I have seen her at his side—her hand in his—her ear turned to his whispering lips—and the love tributes of gold and gems dazzling before her! I was maddened at the sight. I had clung to the hope that Adaline was constant; that hope was my solace by day, and gave inspiration to my dreams at night. I fancied that the Emperor might one day promote me, when I could demand the hand of Adaline in marriage, in the confidence of my being able to support her without detriment to the comfort and enjoyment of my aged mother.—This hope is destroyed—my dreams are all vanished, and I only see the despairing certainty of Adaline's affections turning to my rich rival! Oh, sir, if you have ever loved—if you have ever known the agony of a situation like mine, your heart may form some excuse for me, when I tell you that in my desperation I purchased this pistol, and determined upon laying contributions upon the public, that I too, might throw jewels into Adaline's lap, and rival the favored one even in his splendor. I saw no other way of recovering Adaline's lost affection—I could not desert my poor mother—the result is as you see. "Will you betray me?"

The pedestrian was silent. The youth with passionate emotion caught his arm, and exclaimed convulsively, "Will you, will you betray me?" and again sunk at his feet.

"I will think upon it," said the pedestrian coldly. "Give me that pistol."

"No, cold-hearted man!" exclaimed the youth, suddenly starting upon his feet, "no, nor shall it be yours till life is out of this wretched body," and he put the muzzle to his forehead.

"For heaven's sake hold," cried the stranger.—The trigger however was pulled, the priming flashed in the pan. The pedestrian then seized upon the weapon, and after a short struggle, wrested it from the youth's grasp.

"Mon Dieu!" cried the pedestrian, "your blood boils."

"Go," rejoined the youth, "disclose all you know. I am ready to go out upon the scaffold, I am tired of life, death will be welcome."

"Then come with me." Thus saying the stranger took him fast by the arm, and hurried him through the dark and narrow thoroughfare.

They proceeded along various obscure streets, until they suddenly stopped before a doorway in a high and extended wall, and the stranger touching a secret spring, the door flew open, and they entered, the stranger closing up the door after them. In a few moments they were in a neat and comfortable apartment, wherein two servants were sitting, who arose on the parties entering, and the stranger taking one of them aside, addressed a few words to him and abruptly left the room.

It was soon evident to the youth that the servants had been commanded to preserve strict silence; he was not in the mood for conversation, and this was, therefore, to him, a matter of more pleasure than grief—his spirit was broken, and he looked upon death as the only refuge he could fly to for relief.

Soon after, the servants intimated to him that he was to sleep there, and that the bed was ready. He followed them, and as he passed out of the room, he perceived that two gendarmes had been stationed outside of the door. They followed him up stairs, and when he was ushered into the small narrow bed-chamber, and the door was fastened upon him, he heard the heavy tread of the gendarmes pacing to and fro on the outside. Here, in his loneliness, the thought of self-destruction again occurred to him. "O that I could die at once," he inwardly exclaimed. "Tis horrible to be brought out upon a scaffold, to public execution, after a gazing million. My mother! mother!" he inwardly exclaimed, "to the protection of Heaven I leave you! The world is done with me. Oh, Adaline, this is thy work!"

He searched the apartment with insane curiosity to discover some instrument of death—but the room was bare of furniture save the bed and its clothes. With the latter he busied himself, and tearing some of the sheets into strips, he was rapidly fastening them together, when a man suddenly entered the room, and sat down upon the bed-side. Louis was suddenly leaped into the bed, and the man remaining in the position he had taken up, the youth insensibly fell into a deep slumber, wherein he remained during the night.

It was mid-day when he awoke. The man was still in the chamber. Louis was calm and refreshed, and when the man asked him if he would arise and accompany him to the gentleman with whom he had become acquainted on the previous night, Louis cheerfully assented. Soon afterwards the youth stood again in the presence of the cloaked man, whose life he had threatened. It was a dark antique chamber, and the gentleman had taken his place in a recess, in the depth of which his person was dimly visible. Louis entered, pale and trembling, and with downcast tearful eyes, he approached the man whom he had, in his moment of frenzy assailed. A chair was pointed to him, into which he fell and buried his face in his hands.

"Young man," said the stranger, "you show a becoming sorrow—but what avails it! Suppose you had sent a bullet through my head last night—would your penitence awaken me to life again? Yours is the old story. Every villain is a penitent when the guillotine stares him in the face."

"Oh, sir, spare me, I implore!" cried the youth. "Why should I why should I spare you. You should have thought of the consequences of the crimes you meditated. But you were heat-strong—a fool—and you must suffer for your folly."

"Sir, I am ready to meet my punishment. Do not aggravate it by reproach."

"I will—it is a satisfaction that is due to me I would show you the extent of your folly and your crime. I have made inquiries respecting your story; and find it, in its main point, correct enough; but, *Mon Dieu!* you were a fool. You adventured in the field of love and could not read the woman you ventured with! I would be revenged for the outrage of last night, and I am revenged in telling you, imprisoned as you now are, and in a fair way to the scaffold, that your conclusion respecting your mistress was a false one!"

"False," echoed the youth.

"Ay, hot-brained boy, false! Your rival, pleased with your devotion and your attentions; to your poor mother, became your friend, abandoned his suit, and even pleaded for you with Adaline's father. He succeeded, the old man had given his consent to your marriage with his daughter. For your

rival—the man whom you saw whispering in the ear of Adaline—had bestowed upon you a marriage portion of five thousand francs. What think you now, rash boy?"

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the distracted youth, "it is impossible."

"Not so; you shall hear the story from the girl's own lips; for justice allows one more meeting.—See, see, rash youth, what your hot blood has driven you to. Fine love yours must be to doubt a lovely girl who had been constant to you for so many months, and resisted parent's frowns, rival's gold, merely because you saw something which your jealous imagination tortured into a crime."

"Oh, Heaven, for Heaven's sake forbear," the youth cried. "If you would not see me fall dead at your feet, forbear."

"You would have laid me dead, at your last night," rejoined the stranger. "How can you ask for mercy?"

"I knew not what I did. Love, despair, a friendless aged parent all presented themselves before me. I was distracted, I was mad. You know not, you cannot judge of my feelings then. Pray, spare them now!"

"Ah, there's your mother, too; when the mad fit was on you, you cared little for her; you tho't not that when the guillotine had done its office she would be left to starve and die—"

"Oh, no; the Emperor Napoleon is the father of all his people, and he will not let the desolate widow perish."

"Hum," responded the stranger. "I believe you may make yourself happy on that score—the Emperor will protect her."

"Are you prepared for trial?"

"I am."

"Are you prepared to meet the girl you love! to hear from her own lips the story of her innocence and the generosity of him you hated?"

An inward struggle was evident in the looks of Louis, but after a pause he faltered, "I am."

"Tis well," replied the other. "Be firm, young man. The scene that is about to ensue is no common one. You will look upon the face of Adaline as you never looked upon it before. You will take her hand, but not as the poor and humble, and innocent lover. She will not mingle her tears with yours over the story of your poverty and constant worship. Yours will not be the language of passion and hope, nor hers of encouragement and expectation. You have served the Gordian knot of your fate, and must endure the issue. Come—she is ready."

With these words solemnly and impressively delivered, the stranger pushed open a door and beckoned the youth to follow him. They entered a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which there was a door. They paused.

"She is within this room," remarked the stranger. "You tremble?"

"Oh, Heaven support me!" murmured the youth. "Give me your hand," replied the other, and as he took the youth's hand within his, he exclaimed, "—Do not craven, Louis, at a moment like this, for the honor of manhood!" And at this moment the doors were suddenly thrown open.

The blaze of light which illuminated the apartment into which they entered, dazzled the eyes of the youth, for it was so different from the gloom and obscurity of the chambers and passages they had previously been in. The stranger hurried him along to the top of the apartment. A warm hand was placed in his; a woman's face was buried in his bosom; it was Adaline!

They stood before a nuptial altar! They were not alone. The father of Adaline and the rival of Louis were there! The minister was at the altar, and beside the entranced pair stood the stranger, gazing with delight upon their ecstasy. Louis gazed at the strange scene before him in wonder and astonishment. His eyes wandered from one to another; but they rested upon the stranger, who looked on the scene with a smile. Upon him the eyes of Louis rested, and the stranger, perceiving his amazement, gradually allowed the cloak to fall from his person, and he beheld in the person of the stranger, his sovereign, Napoleon, Emperor of France.

"Louis," exclaimed the Emperor, "you have said that the Emperor is the father of his people—Is your father's mode of punishing the hot-brained folly of his son, satisfactory?"

"My sovereign!" cried Louis, "I may not—cannot speak!"

"You must, Louis," continued the Emperor, "for I have given my word that Adaline shall become a bride this day; and you must fulfill my promise. Come, boy, no tears, no fears; your punishment was ended when you left the dark chamber; the reward of virtue now commences. The Emperor Napoleon will not desert your Frenchmen, who give the declining days of aged parents with filial love, and scatter joy upon their gray hairs. Now let the service begin."

The ceremony was performed. Adaline became the bride of her beloved, and the Emperor Napoleon continued the constant friend of the widow's son.

WHAT IS SUNDAY?—The following definition of Sunday, we copy from a Philadelphia paper of 1804, and notwithstanding the thousands and thousands of lectures that have been given from the sacred desk, since that year, on the proper due observance of this holy day, but little improvement has been made in the old manner of spending it.

"Sunday is the day in which people in general lie in bed late. Barbers, bakers, and doctors, are seen busy in the streets as usual. Merchants transfer the counting-house to the parlor, it is no convenient a time and place to settle intricate accounts and write letters. Young bucks take a ride into the country; apprentices take a stroll. It is a day for dinners, for visits and for walking, with all who pretend to any thing like gentility; and also among what is called the lower class; with this difference, however, instead of dinners, they have drinking bouts. The streets, the commons, and the wharves are crowded on this day, Gray's and Harrogate's are generally overflowing. The roads leading to these places, and to Germantown, appear as if the country was invaded. It is the day for mobs and accidents; on it the constables find full employ. We had, many years ago, a chief magistrate who used to invite one of the constables to dine with him, in rotation, on every Sunday. Boys and children stroll into the country on this day to rob orchards and do other mischief, and return home, tired with their walk—"

TEMPERANCE.
How can this world be reformed, in respect to temperance, without the influence and aid of WOMAN? The very idea embodies a contradiction.

Who mould our fashions? Who administer and settle the rights of hospitality? Who cater for our palates? Who arrange our tables? Who attend on the sick? Who administer cordials?—To whom do we look for relief from pain? To whose prescription (whether of balm or poison) does even the learned physician bow implicitly?—Whom does man seek to please? Whose smile allure? Whose frown deters him? Who presides in the nursery? Who lays the foundation for the future temperance or intemperance of men, by withholding or by administering the doses of artificial stimulus that often times decides their destiny in the cradle?

To talk of a temperance reformation without the vigilant and active co-operation of woman, is to talk of the existence and non-existence of the same thing at the same time. It is an insult to common sense—an outrage upon the understanding of all men.

To say that females should not join temperance societies, is to say that those who can render the cause the most efficient aid should not join them. That those who are to do the work, if it ever is done, must by no means attempt it! Is it difficult to understand the import, and discern the origin of such a sentiment!

TRAIN UP A CHILD.—One of the greatest mistakes in parental government is that of flighting children into submission. A correspondent of the Old Colony Memorial gives the following as his experience on this head: "At the early age of eight years, I was sent from home to live with the brother of my father. When I was sent after the cows, or on an errand, my uncle and his wife told me if I didn't go directly, without playing by the way, the bears would catch me. After stopping a few times, and finding myself unharmed, I bid defiance to the bears. They next told me about the devil. This had the desired effect for a short time. But I soon began to have my doubts about their devil, that they talked so much about. I thought if they would lie about bears, they would about the devil. I do not suppose they meant to lie exactly—for they were very respectable, religious people—but they meant to fill my head full of scarecrow stories to keep me, as they said, from being a bad boy."

There are too many at this day, who bring up their children in the same way.

If we would live as we ought to do, we must enjoy the present, that we may look upon the past with pleasure, and upon the future with hope.—The more we can bring ourselves to consider the importance of the future, the more likely we are duly to regulate the present; and the happiness of this life mainly depends upon our reference to that in the life to come.

The trader, who has carefully attended to his business all the week passes this unproductive day at his country seat, or with a friend. What could he do in town? If any invalid wants a carriage on this day, he must wait; they are all engaged by the sons of pleasure and relaxation from business. I have heard of a well meaning woman, in easy circumstances, on Sunday. Her reply was, don't send me, for indeed, I did not know what to do. The author of 'The Year Two Thousand and Five Hundred' tells us in his Tableau de Paris, of a shoemaker, who, on seeing a man drunk in the street, stopped—and after regarding him with fixed attention for some time, lifted up his hands and exclaimed with a sigh,—'Well, this is what I must come to on Sunday.' On Sunday, our hatter, our tailor, and our shoemaker furnish us with new apparel. Our cook is expected to give us a better dinner than common. We read some work that we had no time to attend to in the week; and with many it is the day to form their most important plans and schemes."

STANZAS.
Where do the green-wood birds repose,
When the winter winds us lower?
Have they a home 'mid the drifted snows,
Or a nest in leafless bowers?
The early blasts of the stormy north
No notes of joy prolong,
Nor lure the light-winged minstrels forth
To breathe their mellow song.
In the sunny South, on the clasping vine,
The warblers rest their wing;
And chant where the clustering tendrils twine,
In the warmth of the fadeless spring,
When the trees in summer's vesture smile,
And greener are hill and plain,
They will hie them back to our own lone Isle,
And herald the morn again.

When the noontide hour is warmly bright,
And the clouds have shed their showers,
They will shake the dews from their pinions light,
And nestle amid the flowers.
O! the year is dull while ye are gone,
And cheerless the brightest day—
Then birds of the green-wood speed ye on,
And resume your merry lay.

THE HEART.—Few people hold close communion with their own hearts. It is a terrible thing to question it continuously—severely—and feel the truth of its replies, wrung out fraction by fraction, till the questioner sees himself revealed and humbled at the revelation. There is far more of profound and far-reaching knowledge than most men are willing to perceive in the exclamation of the Hebrew poet—"The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked! And yet men need not be thus deceived. It is because they *dare* not learn the truth—they fear to know themselves. I share in this fear. Once or twice I have torn the mask away, and looked on the nakedness of the heart—but I shut my eyes and tried to cheat myself into the belief that there was no devil there. I will confess it now. It is not a difficult matter to know more of our neighbor than ourselves, for we do not fear to study him. We read him as an open book, and though we cannot pry closely into every page, we can peruse the table of contents, and learn more than he would be willing to tell.—I thank God for the restraining influences which he throws around man—for his mottions without and within, to keep and cherish the spirit of good in the human heart, that it may not wholly die.—But for these, how soon would the light of the inner temple go out in darkness, and a midnight of despair and horror wrap the soul!

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VARIETY.

TO AN INFANT.

We look upon thee, lovely child,
Thy happy face we oft survey;
And life's corroding toils and cares,
Its scenes of trial and its snares,
Are half forgot amid the airs
That o'er thy features play.

We think upon thy innocence,
The pureness of thy spotless brow;
And earthly scenes of wretchedness,
A man's deceit and viciousness,
Are lost amid the loveliness
Of spirits such as thou.

We listen to thy notes of joy,
Thy tones of fondness touch the heart;
And the sad thought, of friends once dear,
Estranged by falsehood, or by fear,
Is softened, by the accents dear
Thy smiling lips impart.

We stand beside thy infant couch,
We trace the dream-god's gentle power;
And Heaven, with all its happiness,
Its purity and holiness,
Shines forth amid the blissfulness,
Of that delightful hour.

MEDICATED COFFEE FOR CHILDREN.

Senna Coffee—A singular preparation for children is recommended in the Bulletin General de Therapeutique, as one admirably adapted for the exhibition of Senna without inducing nausea or disgust. An infusion of senna is to be made in water, and allowed to stand all night, the liquid is to be filtered in the morning, and employed instead of water in making a cup of coffee, to which a proportionate quantity of milk and sugar should be added.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

An esteemed correspondent has given us some information relative to the *planting of corn*, which we think must be highly useful to farmers, and would perhaps prove a benefit to the corn market generally, were it adopted. Hundreds of thousands of bushels are annually destroyed by birds, (particularly by the blackbird and crow,) which might be preserved by a very simple method. The birds pull it up the moment it appears above the ground and eat the seed. In order to prevent this destruction, the farmer should first soak the seed well in soft water, until the chit is just on the eve of bursting through, then turn it into a vessel of tar, made soft by moderate warming, and stir it thoroughly, until every grain is well coated, when it may well be separated for planting. Work in some pounded plaster, when planting, and this seed the birds will not disturb; it will come up rank and fine, and pay well for the trouble. If the corn is not soaked well before coating with tar, it will not be apt to come up, as the tar will naturally prevent the necessary moisture from penetrating through it. This has been tried by farmers who never could get a good crop of corn in any other way, and found to succeed admirably.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

It is probably known to most of our readers that there is an astrologer, of considerable note, residing in the lower part of Baltimore. That he is no quack in the science, but a real Simon Pure, is as evident from the following facts that the stars pretend human events.

A blushing young girl, wooed by two lovers, a tailor and a tallow chandler, was at a loss "which of the two to choose." The tailor was a neat dapper little man, and the maiden was inclined to favor his suit; but she was a pious girl, and on this as on most other occasions, resorted to the Scriptures for direction. The first passage upon which her eye rested, read—"Thou art warded in the multitude of thy counsels; let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the prognosticators stand up and save thee from these things." She resolved to ask counsel of the astrologer, and communicated her determination to the tallow chandler.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,"
thought the tallow chandler, and believing more over, that

"More wonders typical impress the sky,
Than ere were traced by astrologic eye,"
he improved the opportunity to tell the stargazer how to interpret the mysterious signs of the heavens, when the maiden should present herself, —promising him at the same time, a liberal fee if the portents had a due influence over. The maiden came—the astrologer drew his horoscope, on which were written

"Many rare, strange signs concerning,
The mysteries of astrologic learning."
Every thing boded ill for the tailor,—all the stars in the heavens declared in favor of the tallow chandler. Convinced that "matches are made in heaven" she married a few weeks since, according to the direction of the stars, and now lives happily with her husband in Howard street.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONGRESS.

"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for congress?" and a lady to her husband, who was confined to his chair by the gout. "I am not qualified for the station," was the reply. "I think you are," returned the wife, "your language and actions are truly parliamentary. When bills are presented, you either order them laid on the table, or make a motion to rise, though often out of order, you are still supported by the chair, and you often poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

SAGACITY OF A FOX.

In the neighborhood of Crumcor, county of Louth, a farmer of the name of Conner possessed two geese of a peculiarly large kind. In the open day a fox was seen snatching out of one of the covers of Drunear, and in his route passed close to the farm where the two fat geese were grazing. He seized one by the neck and jerked it in triumph over his shoulder, and was leisurely bearing away his prize, when he was perceived by the farmer, who gave chase accompanied by all his cur dogs and his entire establishment. They speedily gained on the fox, whose progress was impeded by the weight of the goose and the fluttering of its wings and being hard pressed, dropped the goose, some way from where he had so boldly seized it. The farmer in delight lifted up the astonished bird and carried it slowly back to his house—but the crafty fox was not to be cheated out of his meal of which he had so delicious a taste from the neck of the goose. He remonstrated that there was still one apple left at the

farm, so, speedily returning by a circuitous course, seized the other goose, while the farmer was congratulating himself upon the recovery of his first one. Judge of his astonishment on his return, when the second goose was no where to be found; he lifted up his eyes and beheld the fox a long way off, bearing away his dinner, which he succeeded in carrying to his earth, and no doubt enjoyed it in quiet satisfaction.

THE GOOSE THAT SET STANDING.

"Why Mrs. L.—what in the world is the matter," said a friend to an old lady whom she found in a wonderful flurry.

"Matter! Why that old goose of mine has broke all her eggs. I shall have no goslings in the Spring."

"Indeed! And how did that happen?"

"Why, it happened just so. After having saved the eggs until she had eight, I made her a nest and set her on it. She didn't seem to like it much, and wanted to get away, but I shut her up and left her. Next day I went to the nest and there, as I live, she was standing up right over the eggs. I tried all I could to make her set settin' but she would set standin', do what I would. So I got a large flat stone and put it on her back and made her squat right down over the eggs, quick enough I tell you. In an hour I went again, and there stood the critter right straight up and all the eggs smashed to pieces. Aint it too bad!"—*Balt. Visitor.*

AVENUE OF A MOUSE.

The Niagara Democrat relates the following curious experiments, which were made upon a mouse which was caught in a glass jar at a store in that village. A small hard twisted linen thread was suspended in the jar, so that the mouse could reach it standing upon the bottom. It clasped the thread with its fore foot, but its hind feet would not adhere to it. To remedy, the little animal gnawed and loosed the fibre of the thread with its teeth, to obtain a hold for its hind feet, where it placed them, and raising itself to the top, when the cover prevented its escape. The same experiment was tried, with waxed thread, with a similar result.

GREATER DURABILITY TO WINDOW GLASS IS ACQUIRED,

according to recent experiments of Prof. Florio of Turin, by adding lime water during its manufacture, by which means a silicate is formed. The furnace in which it is melted requires peculiar gradation, or the sheets will warp.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The following anecdote respecting this eminent divine, was related to us the other day by a gentleman from London, who was present at the time:

Observing that colors were notoriously backward in attending Church, Mr. Hill on one occasion gave out notice to his congregation, that he would next Sabbath show them the quickest way to make a shoe. As was anticipated, when Sunday came, all the pews and aisles of the church were crowded with shoemakers, from every part of London, who had come to meeting, (many for the first time in their lives,) to learn a thing of so much importance to the craft. Having attained his end by addressing to them a most heart stirring sermon; Mr. Hill taking a boot by the top and leaning over the pulpit, cut the leg from the foot, and holding the shoe up to the congregation pronounced his benediction.

RUNNING IN DEBT.

The following remarks upon this subject are extracted from D'Israeli's new work "Henrietta Temple."

"If youth but knew the fatal misery that they are entailing on themselves the moment they accept a pecuniary credit, to which they are not entitled, how they would start in their careers! how pale they would turn! how they would tremble and clasp their hands in agony at the precipice on which they are sporting! Debt is the prolific mother of folly and crime; it taints the course of life in all its streams. Hence so many unhappy marriages, so many prostituted pens, and vengeful politicians! It hath a small beginning, but a giant's growth and strength. When we make the monster, we make our master, who haunts us at all hours, and shakes his whip of scorpions forever in our sight. The slave hath no overseer so severe. Faustus, when he signed the bond with blood, did not secure a doom so terrific."

ADVICE TO WIVES.

We heard a story related the other day of a signal revenge taken on a wife's remorseful husband by the weaker vessel. Finding that in all her contests she came off second best, she one day very affectionately requested him to get through a trap door in the floor which was laid very near to the ground, and get her thimble which she had dropped through a small opening. The kind husband, cheered on by the unwanted smiles of his better half, was soon doubled up beneath the floor, but while going about for the stray thimble he found himself suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness. The mystery was soon explained, as the loving wife seated herself on the trap door, and called out in exulting tones.

"Ah! hal my fine gentleman! who is the better man now!"—*Balt. Visitor.*

QUESTION OF EXPEDIENCY.

A person in the town of South Burwick, Me. desirous of getting up a religious excitement thus prayed, "O Lord, we would not presume to dictate, but would humbly suggest the propriety of a revival in this place."

"UNCLE JOHN,"

said a little urchin to an old gentleman who was sitting with his head towards the fire, "why are you like an Indian building his house! D'ye give it up? Because you are making your wig warm!" [Wigwag.]

SLEAZEBAGS!

Oliapod, a writer in the Knickerbocker, says:—Rozzy lips are only the glowing gateways of beans, pork, and cabbage!

THE PERSON WHO CORRUPTS THE FAITH,

or taints the morals of another, may commit such an injury, as the whole world could not compensate; and if he draw his brother into sin, it is hardly to be commended, much less to be expressed, how wide this sin may extend, and what numbers it may be the cause of corrupting and ruining brethren. This, not only is a foul authors, or fiddler companions, may do great mischief; but also all other authors, and all other companions, who eat and drink, and who induce the poison of vice by the eye and mouth, the agreeableness and pleasantness, which they know how to disguise, and set it off