

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.]

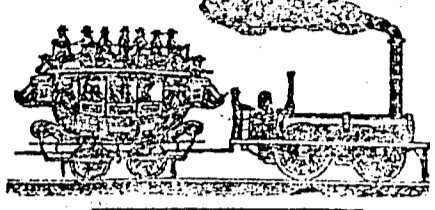
GETTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1837.

[VOL. 8—NO. 18.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN APPRENTICE TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

Will be taken at this Office, if application is made immediately. He must be of good character, have a liberal education, and 14 or 15 years of age.



TO CONTRACTORS.

PROPOSALS will be received, until Friday Evening the 31st of August next, at the Office of the Wrightsville, York and Gettysburg Railway in Gettysburg, for Grading Eight Miles of the above Road between Oxford and Gettysburg.

The line may be viewed by Contractors during the week previous to the letting, and further information may be obtained from J. F. HOUSTON, Principal Assistant Engineer, at Gettysburg.

S. W. MIFFLIN, C. E.
July 14, 1837. 11-15

NOTICE.

THE Creditors of the Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike Company, are hereby notified, that the Subscribers, appointed Auditors to adjust the claims against said Company, will meet at the house of A. B. Kurtz, in Gettysburg, on Friday the 4th day of August next—at which time and place the Creditors are desired to present their claims.

J. F. MACFARLANE,
J. B. McPHERSON,
ROBERT SMITH, Secy.

June 30, 1837. 11-13

ADAMS COUNTY LYCEUM.

A MEETING of the "ADAMS COUNTY LYCEUM" will be held in the Lecture Room of the Lutheran Church in this place on Tuesday Evening, Aug. 8, at half past 7 o'clock.

A PUBLIC LECTURE will be delivered by a member.

The LADIES and GENTLEMEN of the Borough are respectfully invited to attend.

R. W. MIDDLETON, Sec'y
July 28, 1837.

\$50 REWARD.

EMANUEL FREDERICK FINCKLE is hereby requested to return to the subscriber, without delay, a JUPITER GLASS which he borrowed of him some years since. Or if any person has obtained said glass from Finckle, the subscriber will give TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS for its recovery—or the above reward for Finckle and the glass. Finckle was last heard of in or near Carlisle. Address,

JACOB MILLER, Emmitsburg, Md.
July 28, 1837. 11-18

DOSE OINTMENT, for Tetter, Kingworms, Pimples on the face, and other cutaneous eruptions—a remedy which has proved effectual after all other means had been known to fail—which can be seen from certificates in the vendor's possession. There is no trouble in using it. Just received and for sale at the drug store of

DR. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, July 28, 1837. 11-17

TEACHERS WANTED.

THE School Directors of Straban township will meet in Hunterstown, on Saturday the 5th of August next, at one o'clock, P. M. at the house of Mr. Jacob Sowerbeer, to receive proposals for Teachers, to take charge of the Public Schools of said township. Males and Females are invited to attend.

By order of the Board,
HENRY WITMOR, Sec'y.
July 21, 1837. 11-16

GRATE BOTANIC REMEDY FOR FEVER AND AGUE, is prepared by Vaughan & Davis, Philadelphia. It is warranted to be a prompt and effectual cure for the above disease. This valuable medicine (as its name imports) PURELY VEGETABLE in its composition, and contains no preparation of Arsenic, Copper, or other dangerous mineral—it is also free from the injurious effects which sometimes result from the use of Barks. It produces a healthy action and gives tone to the stomach, thereby preventing a recurrence of the disease, which is so apt to follow the use of the common remedies.

Just received and for sale at the drug store of

DR. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg, July 28, 1837. 11-17

FRESH DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

A FRESH Supply just received and for sale—among which are the following:

Brimstone, Calced Magnesia, Saltpetre, Oil Sassafras, Indelible Ink, Nutmegs, Flor. Mustard, best, Origanum, Cream Tartar, Nursing bottles, Powder Puffs, in em Croton Oil, bessed boxes, Balsam Capnaiba, Furniture Corks, Mercurial Ointment, Tooth Brushes, solid Fishing Sounds, backs, Visiting Cards, Quinine, Drawing paper or Refined Liquorice, boards, English Ven. Red, Pearl powder, Acetic Acid, No. 8, Aromatic Salts.

All of which can be had, on reasonable terms, at the Drug Store of

Dr. J. GILBERT,
Gettysburg.
July 14, 1837. 11-15

THE GABRIEL.

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

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

We might have been—there are but common words, And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing; They are the echo of those finer cords Whose music life deplores when unavailing.

We might have been—says the child, Peet in the weary school-room during summer, When the sweet music of the warbling wild, And rosey rays, attend the radiant corner.

We might have been—It is the thought that darkens on our youth, When first experience—sad experience—teaches What fallacies we have believed for truth, And what few truths end-avor ever reaches.

We might have been—Alas! how different from what we are, Had we but known the bitter path before us; But feelings, hopes, and fancies left afar, What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us?

We might have been—It is the motto of human things, The end of all that waits on moral seeking; The weary weight that burdens the flagging wings, It is the cry of the worn heart while breaking.

We might have been—And when warm with the heaven that gave it birth, Dawns on our world-worn way love, our Elysian, The last fair angel lingering on our earth; The shadow of what thought obscures the vision.

We might have been—A cold fallow attends on love, To soon or else too late the heart quickens; The star which in our fate springs up above, And we but say—while robed the vapor thickens.

We might have been—Life knoweth no like misery—the rest, The single sorrows; but in this are blended All sweet emotions that disturb the breast; The light that was our love-light is ended.

We might have been—Henceforth, how much of the human heart must be A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble? A will woe mutters, 'mid our misery, (The worst to hear, because it must dissemble.)

We might have been—Life is made up in miserable hours, And all of which we craved a brief possession, For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers, Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.

We might have been—The future never renders to the past, The young believer's instruction to his keeping; Inscribe one sentence (life's first truth and last) On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping— We might have been.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE PARTY OF SIX.

A TRAIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
BY JOHN INMAN.

BEppo ANTONIO, so e proprietor of the Hotel Della Madonna, situated in one of the quietest streets of the Eternal City, stood at the open door of his dining-room, with a conical blending of hope and grief in his pale and not very engaging countenance. It was a dull time of year for travel, and Beppo had serious doubts whether his tables were not set out to no purpose; for as yet, though his helpmate had sent up three times from below to say that the macaroni was boiled to paste, and the fish fried to a cinder, not a creature had taken his seat at one of the little tables, and ordered even a bowl of minestrata. There was indeed one person within the room, a tall, elderly man, with gray hair and blue eyes, an enormous queue dangling half-way down his back, and a remarkably hungry look peering out from his face, and, indeed, characterizing his person; but this man's garments were soiled, not to say shabby; and though he had been walking backward and forward, from one end of the room to the other, for more than three-quarters of an hour, he had as yet called for nothing; and Beppo nourished a huge suspicion that, if he should order and eat his dinner, payment was not quite so certain to follow as he could wish. "Some broken down militaire," muttered Beppo, his heart almost prevailing to give the poor fellow a meal and a cup of wine, at the risk even of catching a scratched face or a certain-lecture from his better half down below; "some poor kicked-about vagabond, that has been standing up to be shot at, the best part of his life, for three paups a month, and now that fighting has gone out of fashion, is left either to beg or starve, just as best suits his convenience."

Beppo was probably right in his conjecture. The stranger's port was erect, and his walk up and down the room was as much like a soldier's march on parade as it was like any thing. Besides his complexion was bronzed by the sun; his chin was upheld by a stiff leather stock, and his coat, though very much worn for wear, had a standing collar, edged with tarnished gold lace. He was an old soldier, past question, and certainly very poor, or appearances sadly belied him.

At length Beppo's anxieties were relieved. The veteran pretermitted his march, and seating himself at one of the tables, called for a bouilli and a measure of brandy; and, by the time this command was fulfilled, the despairing of Beppo were not a little alleviated by an influx of customers to his table, broiled, and roasted.

First came an old gentleman, tall and thin, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a remarkably narrow head, covered with stiff white hair, and small black eyes, which the frosts of some seventy winters had not yet robbed of their fire. He was plainly but handsomely dressed in blue coat and pantaloons of very fine cloth, and apparently new, and wore upon one finger of each of his small white hands an antique ring set with a jewel of price. His expression was grave and sad, and before he sat down he crossed himself with an air of the deepest devotion. He was accompanied by a lad, or rather young man, of about seventeen, remarkably handsome, with large hazel eyes, and a beautifully shaped head, covered with masses of dark curling hair, with whose tangles the fingers of beauty might love to play. His deportment towards his aged companion was full of a charming reverence softened down by affection, and the eyes of the old man often rested upon his bright, blooming face, with a look of the tenderest love, slightly tempered with sorrow. They conversed together in French; but, like the veteran who preceded them, gave their commands to Beppo in good Italian, strongly marked with a sharp French accent. They asked for a *potage a la julienne*, an *omelette aux fines herbes*, and a bottle of sparkling champagne, which they drank diluted with water.

The next was a younger man, of perhaps thirty or thirty-five. His complexion was very dark, his hair cut short, and black as the blackest of jet, his lips thick and prominent, his nose flat and un-

meaning, his figure inclining to corpulence, and his expression vulgar, coarse, and even ferocious. His beauty was not improved, withal, by a huge pair of mustaches. He was rather foppishly dressed in a purple frock-coat, red waistcoat, and blue pantaloons, with a broad red stripe down the sides. His fingers were covered with rings, a heavy gold chain encircled his neck, descending into his left waistcoat pocket, and his heels were adorned with a pair of exceedingly long gold or gilt spurs, that jangled against the floor and each other at every step. He demanded an *olla podrida*, well seasoned with garlic, and two bottles of wine—one of port and the other of sherry.

After him, came a stout, rather good-looking man, of fifty, or thereabout, with a bald head, a short, curling beard, a merry black eye, and a clear olive complexion. He wore a frock-coat of the latest Parisian cut, a shawl-pattern waistcoat, red slippers, and trousers of very unusual amplitude. A diamond of great value sparkled upon the hilt of a dagger that might be seen projecting conveniently from his breast, and a large and very beautiful dog, of the Newfoundland breed, followed him into the dining-room, where he took his place, like a well-bred beast, under the table. This personage bowed slightly and smiled as he entered, took his seat with an indolent good-humored look of supreme nonchalance, and called for a dish of boiled macaroni, a carafe of lemonade, and a finger-glass half full of rose water, with which he refreshed and perfumed his hands before eating.

Then followed a man of about thirty, with a broad German face, heavy blue eyes, and red hair, cropped close to his head. He was tall and stout, but awkward in figure and movement. His clothes were ill-made, but of the finest quality; and his boots were covered with mud, that had been on them long enough to become perfectly dry; a long meerschaum pipe was in his right hand, and the moment he sat down he placed a large gold snuff-box upon the table before him, just at the side of his plate. He called for a German sausage, some boiled fish, a stewed rabbit, plenty of bread, and a bottle of first-rate Geneva. His Italian was scant, and most inharmoniously qualified with a plentiful sprinkling of deep German gutturals.

Six gentlemen were now taking their dinner under the roof of the rejoicing Beppo Antonio; and although he would have been glad to administer to the appetites of three times as many, still it was very much better than having his tables left on his hands, unconsumed and unpaid for. "One more for good luck," muttered Beppo, "and I'll lay out a couple of *crazzie* in oil for the lamp of my patron St. Joseph, over the way; one more for good luck and the odd number just."

His petition was heard; one more just at this moment entered the room, and taking his seat, called for a glass of iced water, a bowl of pea-soup a *la puree*, *pannes de terre*, *a la maitre d'hotel*, and a large dish of *beignets de pommes*, as we should call them in English, plain apple-fritters, which, be it observed, they cook in Rome to perfection. He was a young man of fair complexion, well-dressed, but with nothing remarkable in his appearance, and was at once set down by the landlord, as well as the other guests, for an Englishman on his travels. His method of speaking Italian went far to confirm this suspicion.

During the few minutes that elapsed between the issuing of his directions and their fulfillment, the new-comer had glanced over the persons of all his companions in eating, and smiled at the chance that had brought together men of so many different nations as he supposed them to represent. The veteran he set down as a Prussian; the old man and the youth as natives of France; the man with the mustaches and red waistcoat as a Spaniard or Portuguese; him with the beard and bald head as a Maltese Jew; and the drinker of gin as a Swiss or German. He was proceeding to speculate on their several occupations, when his reverie was cut short by the entrance of four waiters, each bringing one of the four objects, the which together made up his dinner.

The important business of eating proceeded for some time in grave and respectful silence, and at length was completed. Beppo was busy in one corner of the room at his little desk, making out the respective accounts, and the seven strangers were meditating, probably, where they should go or what they should do next, when a ponderous carriage stopped at the door, drawn by four handsome fat horses, with coachmen and footmen all in the Pope's gorgeous livery. Beppo rushed like a madman from the room, to ascertain the meaning of this phenomenon, and in a few moments returned, walking backward, and bowing at every step to the ground, before an officer of the papal court, evidently of high rank, if one might judge from the splendor of his dress and decorations. The massive gold chain around his neck, to which was suspended a large golden key, and the white wand in his hand, proclaimed him at once to those familiar with Roman dignities, not a personage though the chamberlain of the pontifical household.

The moment he entered the room, his velvet cap was removed from his head, and advancing with three low bows to the elderly Frenchman, he placed before him a letter bearing a broad purple seal, which he drew from a magnificent box of crystal, inlaid with gold, and blazing with jewels. The stranger perused it, and then gave it into the hand of his youthful companion, who did the same. A few words in French were exchanged between them, and then the elder, addressing the papal officer, said, in Italian:

"Be pleased to convey our acknowledgments to his holiness, and say that we have visited Rome without any public objection, and that our wish is to avoid observation. Nevertheless, we daily appreciate the attention of his holiness, and will gladly avail ourselves of his kindness; we will, in person, express our thanks more at large for his courtesy."

With another profound bow, the chamberlain received this brief and ceremonious communication, and only replied by saying:

"The carriage will attend your majesty's pleasure."

He then gathered up his robes and backed himself out of their presence, preceded by Beppo, who stared like a conjurer, and bowed lower than ever.

The eyes of all the other five strangers were now fixed on the old Frenchman and his companion, and all were smiling except the water-drinking supposed Englishman. His gaze was earnest and curious, but very respectful. The silence that ensued was broken, after the lapse of a few minutes, by the bald-headed man with the beard

and the red slippers, who rose from his seat, and waddling across the room, followed by his dog, placed himself in front of the old man so strangely addressed with the title of monarch, and said, with a queer twinkle of his laughing black eyes:

"By the tail of the holy camel! By the golden shoes of the Prophet's mule! Here is a friend of mine come to light! Inshallah! what dirt is this! You are a king, then; a king of France, I suppose; a right royal infidel! I should like to know, if your majesty please, what you have done with my little kingdom, and why you took it away from me! By the soul of my father but this is good; here is a man that has robbed me of my crown, and yet could not take care of his own!"

"Your kingdom! your crown!" said the personage thus addressed, with a look of the most unbounded surprise.

"Yes, my kingdom, my crown!" repeated the fat man with the beard; "I had a kingdom once, as well as yourself, and six dozen veses beside. Now I have only nine. I could not afford to maintain them all; and the insolent people at Naples would not allow me to tie them up, each in a sack, and throw them into the bay; so they all went off and got married. I am, or rather, I was, the Dey of Algiers, at your service."

"My good friend," answered the French deposed monarch, "you should not blame me. I knew nothing about it! Prince Polignac managed that matter entirely. I had my hands full in taking care of my soul."

"Oh well, it's no matter now. We won't quarrel about it, since you are as badly off as myself, thanks be to Allah!"

"Very true," answered Charles; "it certainly is not worth while to quarrel about it now. But I hope you are comfortable in other respects. Allow me to introduce my young grandson, Henry the Fifth."

The Dey-donne bowed gracefully, and the Dey, shaking him by the hand, wished he might live for the next thousand years. Then drawing a chair, and seating himself between them, he turned to the royal Charles, and continued:

"Comfortable! Oh yes, by the blessing of Allah, I do very well, all things considered. I have my nine veses still, a good appetite, and some diamonds left. The eating is very fine here in Rome, and also at Naples; and I am delighted with Punch in the puppet-show."

At this juncture the man with the mustaches stepped up to the trio, and offering his hand with a grin to the ex-monarch of France, grumbled out, in very bad French:

"Odd enough, royal brother of France, that here should be four sovereigns without crowns or subjects, meeting by chance at an eating-house. I was a king too, in my day. You did not acknowledge my right, I believe; but if it had not been for those rascally Englishmen, I should still sit on the throne of Portugal."

"Don Miguel!" exclaimed the tenth Charles; "I am happy to make your acquaintance. This is a very unlooked-for pleasure. Dey, be friends with my royal cousin, the ex-king of Portugal!"

The Dey shook hands with the Don, who also seated himself at the other side of the table. Charles called for three more bottles of champagne, and Miguel produced a roll of delicate little segars, which, he affirmed, were made purposely for his own use, of the very best Cuba tobacco. He offered them round to his companions, but they were all too well-bred to smoke in a public dining-room; so the Don put them in his pocket again, with a sheepish look, like a man caught in a breach of good manners.

In the meantime, the remaining three parties present at this somewhat remarkable meeting, having finished their meal, were diversely occupied. The water-drinker was evidently engrossed with what was passing before him; the casual meeting of four deposed kings was for him a most pregnant subject for study and speculation. He sipped his iced water, and pretended to look over a memorandum book which he had drawn from his pocket, but his ears were attentive to what took place at the other side of the room, and his eyes often wandered furtively in the same direction. The German took huge pinches of Strassburg, hummed snatches of airs from the Frey-schutz, and mixed glass after glass of strong gin and water and sugar. The old soldier rested his head on his hand, the elbow propped on the table, and seemed lost in thought of no very cheerful description.

The conversation between the four grew lively and mirthful. Charles relaxed from his habitual sadness, and now and then perpetrated a joke at the expense of his lucky successor and cousin, Louis Philippe. Henry gave full way to the natural cheerfulness of his age and temperament. Don Miguel laughed like a clown at a fair; and the Mussulman told some very queer stories with a delightful gravity. The champagne was renewed, and the whole party were fast advancing to a state of excellent good humor with the world, themselves, and each other.

But all this seemed to affect the German very annoyingly. He grew more and more fidgety, plunged his fingers into his snuff-box every half minute, vaped about with his meerschaum, and put less and less water to his gin, at each replenishment of his tumbler. It was evident, from his wishful looks, that he was dying to join the merry and royal party. At length, with a doubtful look, half foolishness and half fun, he rose from his seat, and gravely advancing to the four ex-monarchs, bluntly asked leave to make one at their sederunt. His reception was characteristic.

The elderly Bourbon drew himself up with a look of hauteur; Henry started up with a flushed cheek, and an expression of countenance that intimated a disposition to kick the intruder out of the room; Miguel scowled, and poured out for himself another glass of champagne; and the Mussulman, whose perceptions were now somewhat affected by his potatoes, stroked his black beard, and, with a suspicious twinkle of his still blacker eyes, gave voice to his cogitations:

"By the tail of the Prophet's mule, illustrious stranger—you're a very respectable person, no doubt—hiccup—but you see, friend, such trifle as this—(Allah forgive me if it's wine)—is fit only for kings—hiccup—and deys—and sultans—you understand; and although you're a very respectable person, as I said before—hiccup—and excellent company for your equals, excuse me for saying—hiccup—that you had better stick to your own drink, whatever it is—hiccup—and leave us to ourselves, you know—hiccup. Another glass,

most royal of infidels, and I'll drink with you, in the name of the Prophet, although you did steal my crown, and drive me out of my kingdom."

The latter branch of this discourse was addressed to the ex-king of France, between whom and the merry Mahometan there seemed to be an excellent good understanding, despite of bigotry on the one side, and the remembrance of injury on the other. The reply of the gin-drinking gentleman soon put a new face on the whole matter.

"Yah, yah, my good friend; what you say is quite right, strafe mich hael. Der champagne is only fit for kings; and if I were no more than a beggarly merchant or mister, or even one of the barons or counts that swarm all over this pitiful country, I should think shame to intrude on your good company. But I am a sovereign too; or at least I was, not long ago; before my rebellious subjects, der hagel confound them, got up and burnt my palace about my ears, and drove me out of my dominions. Six months ago I was Duke Charles of Brunswick and Lunenburg."

The four boon companions, at this announcement, shook heads with the duke, and made room for him at their table; and Henry the Fifth, of France, rang the bell, and ordered another glass and another flask of champagne.

As the wine circulated, the five deposed sovereigns grew more and more jovial. Duke Charles volunteered a German song with a droll chorus, at which the Dey laughed himself almost into convulsions, although not understanding a word of it. Young Henry, pleased at seeing his grandfather so much beguiled by his melancholy, exerted himself to increase the pleasure and harmony of the meeting, with excellent tact and success. His wit was gay and sparkling, and his demeanor a graceful compound of ease, elegance, and active politeness, beautifully tempered with the modesty becoming his age, and the respect due to his elder brethren in misfortune. Don Miguel grinned and said nothing, but drank like a fish; and as to the poor Dey, the unaccustomed liquor was making fast inroads upon his powers, mental and bodily.

At length, when the song was finished, the younger Bourbon, after exchanging a few words in a low voice with his grandfather, rose from his chair, and, crossing over to where the veteran still sat absorbed in reflection, addressed him in French, and to this purpose:

"Mon camarade—for I too am a soldier, though a young and untried one—will you not do us the favor to join our party, and help us to empty a bottle of this very excellent wine! You have heard our conversation, no doubt, and learned that we are all princes in exile and misfortune. An old soldier is worthy to be the companion of kings upon whom no cloud has fallen, and our misfortunes have not made us proud. Will you not join our company?"

The veteran had raised his face and fastened his eyes on the blooming and ingenuous countenance of the speaker; he now rose to his feet, and, placing his hand with a solemn and touching dignity upon the young man's head, exclaimed with deep emotion:

"My son, the blessings of an old man, full of years and sorrows, be upon you. I will gladly and gratefully accept your invitation. The voice of kindness is not so familiar to my heart as to make it unwelcome, even from a stranger. The old soldier thanks and blesses you. But before I take my seat among your friends, know that their misfortunes and your own are as nothing compared with mine. They have fallen from no greater height, and to no such depth of poverty and wretchedness as an unkind fate has singled out for me. Return to your friends, and say to them that the exiled and lonely Colonel Gustafson is happy to forget his sorrows for a time in their good company."

At that name all rose to their feet, except the Dey, who was now scarcely able to sit upright. The sad and stately Charles, the half-witted Brunswick, and even the brutal Miguel, paid willing homage to the sorrows of one not less exalted in birthright than themselves; and deep was the respect with which they received and welcomed the poor, deposed, and time-worn king, Gustafus of Sweden.

It seemed that another errand of politeness and benevolence, not unmingled, perhaps, with curiosity, now presented itself to the mind of the young Bourbon. The water-drinker was now the only solitary stranger in the room, and he had risen to depart, moved, it is not to be doubted, by a feeling of respectful delicacy, to which none but a brute could be insensible, in the presence of one so hallowed by misfortune as the uncrowned monarch who once had sat upon the throne of Gustafus Vasa. Already, perhaps, had curiosity and wonder betrayed the stranger into what might be regarded as a violation of good breeding, although certainly a king has no more right in a public house than any other man who pays for what he has, and makes no disturbance. It would have been more generous, if not more courteous, to leave the royal party to themselves at an earlier moment; the singularity of these successive disclosures had kept him a listener and a spectator; but now he felt that it would be uncivil and unmanly longer to remain a spy upon their conviviality. Such at least may be supposed to have been his sentiments, for he arose and drew on his gloves; but the young heir of France had already determined upon his line of conduct. Advancing to the stranger, and addressing him in very correct, and, for a Frenchman, well-spoken English, with a good-humored smile playing upon his lips and beaming in his eyes, he once more adventured to become the ambassador of his royal friends:

"It is not," he said, "presuming too much, I trust, upon the strangeness of this encounter, to which you, sir, have been a witness, to ask you the favor of becoming also a party. It will afford great pleasure to my grandfather and myself, and I am confident in making the same assurance in the name of these other unfortunate personages, with whose history you are, no doubt, acquainted."

The stranger rose and bowed. "I feel honored by this invitation," he replied, "and render grateful acknowledgments for your attention. A request be courteously proffered could not be denied even without regard to the high gratification I must feel in joining so excellent and illustrious a company."

"May I ask the additional favor of being permitted to introduce you to my friends?" returned the Bourbon. "Perhaps," he added with a smile, "it is my good fortune to address another dethroned king or sovereign prince."

"Not so," answered the stranger. "Mine is no such distinguished name. I am a simple citizen of the United States, where none is higher or lower than his neighbor."

"And as such most heartily welcome," said the young ex-monarch. "Our party is now singularly complete. Six sovereigns, and a republican, who owes allegiance to no power save the law. And now," he continued, speaking in Italian, "permit me to present you to my grandfather."

The American placed in the hand of the young king a card, and was introduced to the royal party by name and title, "Mr. —, citizen of the United States."

"President at some future day, perhaps," added Henry, with a smile and bow.

"Or, it may be, king," answered his grandfather, "it would not be more strange than what has befallen us here to-day."

Origin of Methodism.

Methodism arose from the necessity of the times. Had the regular clergy, the bishops, and others in the establishment, done their duty, lived and preached according to the letter and spirit of their own articles of religion, and the pious and holy sentiments breathed in their formularies of devotion, there had been no necessity for the institution of Methodism, and John Wesley had never been known otherwise than as a faithful coadjutor among his fellow presbyters of equal talents and zeal striving with them for the "faith of the gospel." If therefore there were anything irregular in the proceedings of Wesley and his associates the fault was not in them, but those who by their neglect of their duty, made it necessary for them to do as they did, to save sinners from perdition. This is finely illustrated by the following anecdote of Mr. Charles Wesley and Archbishop Robinson, primate of Ireland. Being at the Hot-wells, near Bristol, he met Mr. C. Wesley in the washing-room. After some time the Archbishop observed:

"Mr. Wesley, you must be sensible that I have heard many things of you and your brother; but I have not believed them. I know you better. But one thing has always surprised me—your employing laymen."

C. Wesley.—"It is your fault, my lord." Archbishop.—"My fault, Mr. Wesley?"

C. Wesley.—"Yes, my lord, yours and your brethren's."

Archbishop.—"How so, sir?"

C. Wesley.—"Why, my lord, you hold your peace and the stones cry out."

"They took a turn in silence. His grace however rallied:

Archbishop.—"But I hear they are unlearned men."

C. Wesley.—"Very true, my lord; in general they are so; so the *dumb ass rebukes the prophet*."

His grace immediately turned the conversation. And well he might, for a pertinent reply was impossible.

It was therefore the fault of the clergy that rendered the doings of Wesley necessary, and which furnishes us with an unanswerable argument in his defence. Had they with the bishops at their head, as I before remarked, possessed the spirit of piety so plainly inculcated in their daily prayers, and preached the doctrines of their church in power and purity, there had been no call for the machinery of Methodism to rouse the world from its spiritual lethargy.—*Dr. Bangs.*

APPRENTICE BOYS.—Of all classes of people, these lads are least affected by the pressure of the times. Whatever happens, they get their meat and lodging; and if their masters have no work for them to do, they take it as kindly as if they had. Whichever way the world wags, it wags well with them. So sensible of their good fortune is one of them, that he has absolutely become poetical on the subject.

A lad of some fifteen years, clad in a short jacket, came into our office, and popping down a bit of paper folded letterwise, immediately disappeared. On opening it we discovered, under the head of "An Apprentice," and over the signature of "a young fellow," a very considerable string of poetry, of which the following lines are a part. After holding forth on the troubles and vexations of the times, broken banks, shin-plasters, ruined trade, puzzled politicians, and prevailing discontent, he thus triumphantly refers to his own and his fellow-apprentices' condition:

"But look for buoyant hearts and real joys; They're nowhere found but with apprentice boys. No deaths can scare them, nor no panics fright; No paper banks can quench their pure delight. They live upon their masters' milk and honey, Gold's worth no more to them than paper money. And gives them work whenever trade affords. When times are hard, and work cannot be found, And withered merchants start at every sound, Ev'ry body walks, and smiles on all he meets; Nor spec nor iron 'twixt his heart annoys— Then who'd not live the lives of 'prentice boys?"

A GOOD TOAST.—The following sentiment was offered by Miss SARAH P. METCALF, at the ladies' celebration of the Fourth in Cambridge, Ohio, and as we should hope, received by the fair assemblage with "three times three."

"Parties in the United States.—The best of all parties are WEDDING parties."

NEW THEORY OF THE UNIVERSE.—Mr. B. Lerman, of Stark county, Ohio, has pronounced in the Massillon Gazette a theory which differs in toto from those of Newton and Copernicus. He contends that the earth does not go over or around the sun in any manner whatever; but that instead of this it has a centre of its own outside of the sun, round which it revolves, producing the various seasons.

TALL WALKING.—"Did you run away from Texas?" said a man to his friend, who returned from that country in something of a hurry, shortly after Fanning's massacre. "No, oh, no! I did not run away exactly, but I gave some of 'em a specimen of *mighty tall walking*!"

CANDOUR.—A foreign medical writer, possessing candour, has lately asserted that "physick is the art of amusing the patient, while nature cures the disease."

IRISH WIT.—A gentleman wishing to know the price of coal, and observing an Irishman standing near a load, of which he took him to be the owner, inquired—"How is coal now?"—"Black as ever, your honor," says Pat.