

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.]

GERTYSBURGH, PA. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1887.

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THE GARDEN.

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

The Lore of Love.

BY LT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.
Mother what meant the sybil tongue,
She bid me slun the gaze of men,
And said, while weeping 'neath the yew,
"Beware the hour of evening dew."
The eye of youth is sweet to see,
It cannot lurk with harm for me;
And soft the eve with sunset red,
The vesper hour I may not dread!

Such warning dark, O daughter young,
Flows not alone from sybil tongue;
The strongest spell in passion's bow
Is that which binds the vesper hour;
And eyes which look with softest shade,
Are those which turn on love betrayed.

And is it thus? then mother why
Doth beautiful crimson deck the sky,
And glances swim with azure light,
If full of danger, death and blight?
Is maiden's heart a thing to grieve,
That hope may mock and love deceive!

Oh! daughter fair, go first explain.
Why flouts the cloud and falls the rain;
With deep research next seek to know
Why green the leaf and white the snow;
And last of all discover why,
Both joy and grief should leave the eye;
When these by reason's rule ye prove,
Then may ye learn the lore of love.

THE REPOSITORY.

An Old Sailor's Yarn about Grave Stones.

A TRUE STORY.
"Will you walk with me over the Bridge as far as the Dock-yards? Come, I see you have nothing else to do, Chisel," said my friend S—, as we met on Yarmouth Quay. "I have a vessel there," continued he, "that has been undergoing repairs, and she will be ready by the evening to be launched into what newspaper people tell us is a ship's natural element."

Hooking on, I requested him to back his foretop-sail, (for he was striding away like Parson Adams) and without much conversation, for it was too hot to talk, we brought up upon a timber-head beneath the shade of the shed that shelters the saw-pit in the dock-yard alluded to, and right abreast of the craft that my friend had come to survey. A few minutes elapsed, my friend's eyes were busy upon the different parts of the ship as she stood on her launching ways, at length he broke silence by calling to a boy whom he saw in the yard in these words:—"Come here, you young scamp!"

"Yes, Sir," answered the lad, as readily as if he had been addressed as an angel.

"Go," continued S—, "throwing sixpence on the ground, to Mother Smith's at the Gasworks' Arms, and tell her to send me a clean cool pewter pot of Truegan's best."

In the crack of a biscuit the well-polished quart and tins were placed between us—the lad received coppers for his transit—the porter was offered to me—I blew off the froth and took a pull; my friend followed, and still there remained a fair portion in the tankard. Old sailors have good noses. One of this class, whom I am about to introduce, no doubt winned the beer, for he came springing just clear of us, with an axe under his arm, and touched his hat to my friend man-of-war fashion.

"Here, Mr. Kettle," said S—, "will you drink to the success of the launch?"

"The old one looked these words—"can a duck swim?" and passing the back of his hand across his mouth, and stowing his quid farther aft, he drank towards his honor's good health and the ship's prosperity, and bolted the residuum of the porter, and then up went one of his heels as a sort of accompanying caper to his song, and he was about to morse, when my friend requested he would lay to a bit, and tell me about Dr. Black and the Gravestones.

"Lector, recte paulatim;" you must have a slight sketch of Ben Kettle. Whenever I am interested in any one, I like to know what manner of a man he is. There ought to be a law passed that correct likenesses of loquacious Members of Parliament should be given at the head of their speeches. Unluckily I can see a fellow talk, I can never get at above half his meaning. Now for the portrait.

Ben might stand five feet in his shoes, broad shouldered, short necked, and very light in his lower parts. In youth he was bound apprentice to a shipwright for seven years; at the expiration of five he considered he had learned his trade, ran away from his master, went to the West Indies in a merchantman, and was of course impressed into his Majesty's service. He limped in his walk; this was owing, he said, to the limb being sprung in cutting away the masts of a frigate in a gale of wind. He accounted for his face being so terribly scarred on one side, by its having come in contact with a splinter from the Old Ardent's ribs off Camperdown; and the gunpowder spots, which further adorned his wrinkled front, he supposed was owing to his having been blown up in the Ajax in the passage of the Dardanelles. His limbs by good luck were all right, and with now and then a little bit of fresh caulking, he hoped to weather many a gale. "Many-droll sights he has seen," but now she was over his head, and he was again following the blunder of a shipwright, in the same dock-yard as when a boy, and where, redolent of pitch, tar, oakum, and bacca, he now stood and told his tale as follows:

Addressing himself to me:—"Maybe, sir, you never heard of Old Parson Black of Gaulton? Never, fear, old Barebones, who clapt him under hatches about twenty years ago, has got him in iron and on short allowance, or I have lost my reckoning. Well, this old Parson was on full pay for his church, but that wouldn't do for him; so he had a farm, and lots of fat bullocks and pigs, and he goes wrangling and jangling among the butchers about price till none of them cared to deal with him; so to please you, he builds a span new butcher's shop as big as any two in the town, down by the harbor's mouth, so as to be handy for the shipping, and hired a mate to kill and sell for him. And what do you think the new shop was flooded with? why, the old willow grew into the church-

yard and unships the gravestones as belonged to poor folks' relations; for he knew the Nobs would not stand it, dead or alive, and claps the epitaph sides downwards, and gets the mason to square the tops and holozone the backs, and by this means he gets a beautiful stone-floor for nothing. Howsoever, as you may guess, there was a robbery kicked up; and as soon as the constable comes to my ears, I drop axe and steers away for the church-yard, and blow me if he had not priggled two gravestones belonging to my family! I went up to his house, but I could not find him, and then back into the village, where were lots of chaps standing about talking the constable over. Well, we agreed to a meeting next night at the Globe, and at the time appointed, the house was full; but we had no commander amongst us, no regularly; so we all talked at once, and drank, and smoked, and cursed old parson Black—all jaw and no work; did nothing but get drunk and parted.—A day or two after some of the chaps fell in with the old shark, and used very unbecoming language; but he only made a laugh of it and sneered off without getting overhauled; so thinks I, old 'un you are so used to getting blackguarded, that 'tis nothing to you; I'll try what a genteeler course will do. So on the very next Sunday as came, I rigged myself in clean white ducks, all the same as we used to do when we mustered at quarters on the old King's birth-day, and gets into church in good time, and moored close along-side the gallery fire that stood abreast of the pulpit. There was a strong muster that afternoon, for the old man was a capital hand at his business, and all went on as it should do while he was serving out prayers; then he goes aloft and sat himself down for a few minutes, and when he rose up to give his discourse, you might have heard a pin drop. He gave his text from the 3d chap. Heb. and 12th verse—"Take heed, Brethren, lest there be in any of you a heart of unbelief." No sooner was the last syllable out of his mouth, than I jumped upon the seat and stretched out my right arm towards him, and sung out, "And take you heed, Doctor Black, that you bring back my two grave-stones to-morrow morning, or 'twill be the worse for you."—This so disgraced the old gentleman that he sat down again, and the church-warden comes up and gives me into custody of a sergeant, a chap in long blue tugs with yellow facings, and a long pole with a gold bird on the top of it, and we walked out together. Well, they kept me in hold that night, and next morning I was tried by a court-martial, Sir Thos. Gooch, President, and got three weeks in Beccles gaol."

Grand salaam, and exit Kettle. P. CHISEL.

Emmett and his Intended Bride.

Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmett, the Irish patriot—it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland, he was tried, condemned and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave a man. His conduct under the trial, too, was lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country, the eloquent vindication of his name; and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation; all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his opponents lauded the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When early worldly maxims arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgraced and danger darkened around his name, she loved him more ardently for his sufferings. Since his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell, who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being he loved the most on earth; who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, whence all that was lovely and loving had departed.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the parental roof. But if the sympathy and kind offices of friends could reach a spirit so shocked and driven in horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation; for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her lover—but all was in vain! There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul; that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure; but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude.—She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried within her an inward woe, that mocked all the blandishments of friendship, and choiced not the song of the charmer—charm he ever so wisely.

The person (says W. Irving,) who told her story, had seen her at the masquerade. After strolling through the splendid rooms and gaily crowded, with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about some time with a vacant stare that showed her insensibility to the gayest scenes, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly child, to warble a plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd mute and silent around her, and melted every one in tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for its enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions; her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem.—He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and the sense of her own destitute and dependant situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in

gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes.—She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent melancholy that had entered her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at last sunk into the grave a victim of a broken heart.

It was on this lady that Moore composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But slowly she turns from her gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

"We live to Learn."

It is of little consequence what people learn, unless they learn discretion. Here is a world which has been running on almost six thousand years. Generation succeeding generation, and each professing to be wiser than that which preceded it—and yet after all, how small is the progress of the human mind in the essential principles of true wisdom. Age after age has recorded the history of its follies for the study of prosperity, but the lessons have been successively read and uniformly forgotten. How few read the history of the past with a view to profit by the examples it contains of human weakness and human crime.—The story of misfortunes awakens a temporary interest—but how few search carefully into their causes with a view to avoid them. The narrative of sufferings produces its momentary effect upon the heart, but who of us traces up the link of the chain which connects them with their parent follies, and profits by the study.

Whoever has read the works and history of Xenophon, has admired more the discretion with which his genius and fancy invested the Great Cyrus, than the wisdom with which he displayed himself. The son of Philip of Macedon, though trained in the school of the ablest politician and soldier of the age, was himself little better than an adventurous madman. The boasted wisdom of the Athenians drilled down into effeminacy, and terminated in barbarism. And Rome had scarcely learned to rule the world before she ceased to rule herself.

Demosthenes covered himself with glory in the forum, and with disgrace in the field. Cicero with his eloquence turned even Caesar from his purpose, and fell a victim at last to irresolution and weakness. Sallust delighted the world with his splendid encomiums upon virtue and wrote them in the Sallustian palace which he had built and decorated with the fruits of his own rapine and injustice. And the lives of the Roman Emperors downwards from the Augustan age, afford but one continued commentary upon the miserable follies of human greatness.

How little modern ages have profited by past lessons, might easily be shown. How little men learn from the experience of others, is seen every day. "With all thy getting get understanding," is the wisest of precepts, and the least heeded by mankind.

Now all this is not the result of natural imbecility; no, most men reason well. The difficulty is, that it is not permitted to rule—it is but one branch of the government. The passions divide the empire with reason—and man is governed by whichever power has the ascendancy for the time.

It is amusing and instructive, sometimes, to listen to the colloquies between the rival parties. I see now a youth setting under yonder tree his brow upon his hand. He is pondering the path of his future life. Reason is pointing him to the long pleasant and quiet valley of unambitious life—recommends industry, frugality, and temperance; urges that in that path there are comparatively but few trials and temptations—that it is free from the disquietude and mischances attendant upon every other course—that he may spend his days in peace and contentment, if he but listen to her counsels—enjoying all the real sweets of life, he will experience but few of its vicissitudes. He listens and his judgment is convinced.

But then ambition raises her voice—and she is an eloquent declaimer. She points him to a path of enterprise, and talks of wealth and glory and renown—tells him of the pleasure of the world—interests him with isolated examples of success, until he feels himself ashamed of his humble condition, and gives himself away to ambition.

It is not that reason is absent, but that the passions of his heart are more powerful.

"We live to learn," yet what shall we learn with such counselors, but "to know the right and yet the wrong course."

WHICH IS THE MOST PERFECT POPULAR GOVERNMENT?—That, said Blass, (where the laws have no superior.)—That, said Thales, (where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor.)—That, said Anacharis, the Scythian, (where virtue is honored and vice detested.)—That, said Pilius, (whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base.)—That, said Cleobolus, (where the citizens fear blame more than punishment.)—That, said Chilo, (where the laws are more regarded than the orators.)—But that, said Solon, (where an injury done to the meanest subject, is an insult upon the whole constitution.)

THE BIBLE.—In a dedication to an early printed black letter Bible to Edward VI, by Edmund Burke, we find the following curious passage:—"Let this book be a perpetual president and a pattern for all laws and lawyers, a jewel of joy for all that by your grace's commission are constituted in office or authorities. Then should the great travail—the immoderate expenses and costs which the poor man daily sustains in his endless suits, pierce and move their hearts with pity and compassion. Then neither should God's cause nor the poor man's matter have so many put off and delays." A little further, he hopes "that the better classes of society would willingly vouchsafe to separate, and spare an hour or two in a day from their worldly business employing it about the reading of this book, as they have been used heretofore to do in Chronicles and Canterbury Tales." A copy of the rare Bible from which the above is taken is in the possession of Earl Spencer, at Althorp.—London papers.

VARIETY.

How to TREAT SLANDER.—The only proper and effectual mode of dealing with malice is invariably to despise it; for it has been justly remarked by an old writer, "the malice scorned, puts itself out; but argued gives a kind of credit to a false accusation."

The names of 8879 strangers were entered on Hale's News Room Book, New York, during the month of September.

The town of Marshall, Michigan, is only one year old; yet it contains three newspapers!

The town of Brest (Michigan) is only eight months old; but it has mills and a bank and a newspaper wanted!!

A bed of iron ore has been found at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

CANADA.—At the Yarmouth, (L. C.) Radical Meeting, three flags were hoisted, one bearing the word "Liberty," another "Equal Rights," and the third contained an "Eagle and Six Stars." These were their banners, to defend which, the Liberal says the Radicals brought about forty rifles. At the assemblage, resolutions were adopted, employing not only the sentiments, but the very words, of a portion of the Declaration of Independence.

By a gentleman just from Velasco, Texas, we are informed that the Texan cruisers have captured seven Mexican merchant vessels and their cargoes, among which are \$150,000 in specie captured by Commodore Thompson, of the Texian service.—Phil. Inquirer.

A STRANGE AND INFAMOUS CRIME.—Mr. J. Coffield, of Edenton, offers \$1000 reward for the apprehension of some villains who broke open and robbed a tomb, which contained the remains of his deceased brother.

Count CASTELMAN, the celebrated European naturalist, intends shortly to leave Paris, on a visit to the United States.

THOMAS H. BURROWS, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and Superintendent of Common Schools, has recently returned from a tour of observation through the State. He was much pleased with the condition of the schools he visited. It would be a good plan for other States to follow this example of Pennsylvania. A man of sound judgement, liberal views and cultivated mind must be able in such a situation to render great service to the cause of education, morality and general improvement. [Balt. Trav.]

A COUNTERFEITER, calling himself Patrick Brady has been arrested in Columbia, Pa. He had managed to get rid of several counterfeiters on the Farmer's Bank of Reading. While under examination, he was observed to be moving his jaws very earnestly, and on examination his mouth was found to be full of false notes. He was trying to utter them, we suppose.

ROBBERY IN COLUMBIA.—On Friday the 22d ult. one of the Transportation Line Cars of O'Connor & Co. was robbed at night, of a large quantity of goods. A gang of negroes have been taken up on suspicion; in deed, some of the goods were found in their houses. Waits, a white man, also implicated, has fled. His wife, and several other leading spirits, have been taken up.

DR. W. TURNER, an eminent surgeon and physician of Newport, R. I. suddenly expired while attending at the bedside of a patient. He had held for many years the office of Post surgeon in the U. S. Army.

COL. STONE'S Book on Animal Magnetism has been published in New York and C. F. Durant is about to publish a reply explaining the theory and exploding its wonderful assertions.

DAYTON, Ohio, September 12. A MAMMOTH (not BANE, ye democrats, but) PUMPKIN.—Mr. James Perrine sent us, last week, a pumpkin which weighed 171 pounds—and measures 7 feet 1 1/2 inches in circumference. Mr. Perrine raised this vegetable in his garden from seed which were brought from France. He desired us to furnish all good Whigs with the seed of this mammoth, but does not mean to be understood by this restriction that there are too many pumpkins in the democratic party already.—Journal.

ANECDOTE OF A PAINTER.—The Cincinnati Post gives the following striking anecdote of the introduction of an American painter to Benjamin West. Some thirty odd years ago there lived an Edward G. Malbone, by birth a native of Newport, Rhode Island; by profession a miniature painter. The productions of his pencil were, among the lucky-judgment people of the United States, considered very fine.—He was our personal and intimate friend; in one of our voyages to Europe, he went with us, "to improve himself in the art," so said his letter of introduction to BENJAMIN WEST. A day or two after our arrival in London, we went together to see Mr. West. We introduced him to the "President of the Arts in Great Britain," as Napoleon called him. Mr. W. said after reading his letter, "Sir, have you any specimens of your art with you?" "I have sir," was the prompt reply; at the same time producing, from a breast pocket, a shagreen case of an oval form, of some four inches by three, which contained a picture of three female figures, on a piece of ivory, repre-

sented "the hours" past, present, and future, by their positions. Mr. West looked at it attentively for some minutes, then turning to our friend, he said, "Sir, your letter informs me that you came to London to improve yourself in your art; you may go home by the first vessel, sir, there is not a man in Europe can paint a picture like this."

LEAD MINES.—The Iowa News, published at Dubuque, Wisconsin Territory, of a late date, says: "In passing through a portion of the mining country during the past week, we observed an appearance of general activity in business. All the smelting furnaces are actively engaged in making lead, and large quantities of ore are being raised. Notwithstanding the 'pressure' is somewhat felt in the territory, and money very scarce, yet the energy of our citizens remains unabated, and the current of business flows on with little interruption."

PEAT FOR GAS LIGHTS.—Peat is now considerably used for making gas in France. It is said to be less expensive, and produces nearly as much inflammable gas as coal, oil, or rosin; it is also harmless and inoffensive; and, what is still more important, it may be used for fuel afterwards, and is found as good as charcoal.

THE CONSTITUTION FRIGATE.—The U. S. Frigate Constitution, with Gov. Cass on board, arrived at Constantinople on the 15th July. The frigate saluted with twenty-one guns, and was answered with the same number from the castles. The correspondent of the London Morning Herald calls her "the magnificent American Frigate."

THE DESTRUCTION AT ST. MARKS.—The terrible tempest which visited Apalachicola, completely destroyed the town of St. Marks, as appears by a postscript to the St. Joseph's Times. The light house was about the only building left uninjured. The loss of life was fearful—fifteen dead bodies, mostly blacks, were found. The town of St. Joseph's suffered very little by the gale.

On the 13th of this month, we learn from the Nashville papers, the Ex President Gen. JACKSON, was on a visit to his friends in that city. We have heard, from other sources, that his health is quite feeble and unstable.

The Louisville Journal states that the Chickasaw Indians are to be removed, during the present fall, from near Pontotoc, Mississippi, to Fort Coffee, on the Arkansas river, and that they will be taken from Memphis up the Arkansas by water.

Speaking of the result of the Maine election, the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal says: "NEW HAMPSHIRE must come next in the train—all that she needs is, that, as in Maine, every Whig should do his duty.—The full strength of the Jackson party has been exhibited at the past elections; and it is shown that it does not amount to half the number of voters the State can produce.—Let this subject be borne in mind, every Whig be at his post, and next spring will exhibit a political overturn in the Granite State."

HENRY A. WISE.

We find, says the National Intelligencer, in the Baltimore Patriot a letter from Mr. Wise, the able Representative in Congress from Virginia, to a gentleman of that city, under the date of 24th ult. expressing his views of the present state of public affairs. The following is the concluding paragraph of the letter, to which we invite the serious attention of our readers:

"The truth is, the nation has to go through its day of probation, and I hope, of purgation too. I advise the mercantile interest—that much abused class called Merchants, who have been beggared by 'the Government,' and then made outcasts, and outlawed, too, by the President and his party—that interest which is no more dependent upon the agricultural, manufacturing, and Government interests than they are all dependent upon it—not to look any longer to Congress, or to politicians, or President, or to party—the Whig party is crippled; but to husband their resources, and to wait for the waking up of the people! I look to the People alone. The next two years will decide not only their fate, but the fate of our liberty. You know that my opinion is that nothing will save us but a United States Bank. We must patiently wait until all the humbug experiments are tried, endure all their evils until the people are heartily sick of them, and when they shall begin to think and act for themselves, then, and not till then, can we begin to repair our commercial and financial, our individual and national ruin. God grant us a safe and speedy deliverance from the harpies who now bat ten at that wide-spread ruin.

Yours, sincerely,
HENRY A. WISE.

To Z. COLLINS LEE, Esq., Baltimore, Md."

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

We are indebted to the Editor of the Alexandria Gazette for the following account of Mr. CLAY'S great speech on Monday, which engagements elsewhere deprived us of the pleasure of hearing.—Nat. Int.

MR. CLAY made a most able speech on Monday. The Senate Chamber was filled to overflowing, and hundreds went away unable to hear him. For three hours he held the Senate and the anxious crowd of speculators spell-bound by the eloquent tones of his voice—the gracefulness of his gestures—the force and beauty of his language—the extent of his oratorical powers—the cogency of the arguments he used—and the

strength as well as brilliancy of his whole address.

It is Mr. Clay's opinion that the present condition of the country arises, solely from the improper course of the late administration in its financial measures. He is opposed to the Sub-Treasury scheme, as well as the deposit bank system; but of the two, prefers the latter; that is, if forced to go for either, would go for Mr. Rives's plan in preference to Mr. Calhoun's. He thinks that the only real and substantial remedy for the disorders of the currency is in the establishment of a Bank of the United States; but he does not make the proposition, nor does he think it ought to be made, until the general and united voice of the People demand such an institution. When the People of the United States shall require a Bank of the United States, it will then be time enough to endeavor to establish one.

Mr. Clay's indignant denunciations of the policy of the Government were severe in the extreme. He told the friends of the Administration that they knew that, for the last eight years, this country had labored under a practical despotism, where the will of one man was supreme. He told them that the disastrous result which had ensued was owing, not to their want of wisdom, but to their want of firmness in resisting the commands of the Dictator; and he appealed to their consciences to answer him, if they had not in their hearts, disapproved of the removal of the Deposites—the Treasury circular—the pocketing of Mr. Rives's bill—and the whole train of despotic measures pursued, without regard to law or reason, by the late President.

Mr. Clay went for the relief of the People as well as the Government, and hoped the administration would do something for the Country as well as for themselves.

EIGHTEEN REASONS.—The Madisonian gives the following EIGHTEEN REASONS, against the proposition to divorce the "General Government from all Banking Institutions, and substitute Sub-Treasuries."

1. It will be trying an unnecessary experiment.
2. It gives one currency to the Government, and another to the people, and reflects discredit on the latter.
3. It levies a tax of ten to twenty per cent. upon the public debtors, and therefore on the consumers, who are the People.
4. It yields up the proposed reform of the Banking System, which was the favorite policy of the whole of Gen. Jackson's administration, and one of the leading principles involved in Mr. Van Buren's elections.
5. It is hostile to the State Institutions.
6. Those institutions are so thoroughly incorporated with every interest in the country that it would be difficult to get rid of them for many years.
7. The Public money is unsafe.
8. It virtually surrenders the "purse" to the Executive.
9. It will enlarge the patronage of the Federal Government.
10. It will increase the difficulty, charge and expense of transporting the public funds.
11. It will subject the public debtor to great inconvenience.
12. It opens temptation to speculation and embezzlement, and is therefore of a demoralizing tendency.
13. It will put off indefinitely, and perhaps render impossible, the resumption of specie payments by the State Institutions.
14. It will result in the issuing of paper money by the Government, and render it to all intents and purposes, a Bank.
15. It will derange exchanges, confuse business, and cause a universal blight and paralysis.
16. It will contravene the approved doctrine of Gen. Jackson, "that in the regulations which Congress may prescribe, respecting the custody of the public money, it is desirable that as little discretion, as may be deemed consistent with their safe keeping, should be given to EXECUTIVE AGENTS."
17. The amount of specie, equal to the public revenue, will be almost wholly lost to the uses and profits of the country.
18. It will result in an increased demand for a National Bank, and secure its establishment.

THE LITTLE FOX.—The delegation of Fox Indians now in Washington have given Mr. Van Buren an appropriate designation. On being presented to him as their Great Father, they said it was necessary he should in this capacity, have a suitable title—and after examining his physiognomy and person with some care, they unanimously agreed that he must be styled the "Little Fox," pronounced, with their usual emphasis the Indian term synonymous therewith. It is needless to remark upon the aptness of this cognomen. Never was Aboriginal sagacity more signally displayed. "The by-standers were convulsed, and Mr. Van Buren himself could not resist the impulse to laugh outright."

MISSOURI CHICKENS.—The Majestic steamer, from St. Louis, brought down for the good people of New Orleans, under their afflicting calamity, 525 dozen, that is, 6,300 chickens; turning the Loveys, says the Picayune, into one great farm yard.

STATISTICS OF EGGS.—M. A. Legrand, of Paris, says the number of eggs exported from France, from having been less than two millions in 1813, increased in 1833 to nearly fifty-five millions. In 1824 nearly a half million. In 1835 seventy-five millions were exported to England, 60,000 to Belgium, 40,000 to the United States, and nearly as many to Spain and Switzerland. In Paris every soul sells over 115 eggs a year; in all the rest of France over seven millions are consumed. What has the French must have?