

# Star & Republican Banner

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

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[VOL. 8—NO. 1.]

## THE GABLAND.

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

FROM THE BALTIMORE MONUMENT.

### Farewell, Eliza!

By Mrs. Lydia Jane Peirson.

Farewell, Eliza! O forevermore!  
This fickle heart has wander'd far from you;  
I thought I lov'd you, but that dream is o'er,  
'Twas fancy only that my bosom knew.

Farewell, Eliza! since I love thee not,  
'Twas joy to link my hand with thine;  
For what enjoyment could attend thy lot,  
If I with frozen heart should call thee mine?

Farewell, Eliza! shed no tears for me;  
Nor let my falsehoods grieve thy gentle breast,  
Some faithful youth may yet be dear to thee,  
And thou may'st live in love supremely blest.

Farewell, Eliza! and remember still  
Thy love though faithless, is unhappy too;  
By luckless love betray'd to every ill,  
He finds not happiness in leaving you.

Farewell, once more Eliza! We must part!  
My blessings ever on thy footsteps wait;  
For me, I watch with agonizing heart,  
The hidden mandate of mysterious fate.

## THE REPOSITORY.

### THE SHOVEL-HAT.

BY BENSON E. HILL.  
"Bold Britain we are now on Shooter's Hill."  
BYRON.

The Rev. Dr. W. was chaplain to the Countess of Elgin, when that lady resided at Shrewsbury House, Shooter's Hill, with her pupil, the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The learned and pious Doctor, in addition to his clerical duties, had the honor of assisting in her Royal Highness's early education; for this office a competent salary was allowed, which he received in London, every half year, from the appointed agent.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to town, that he be thought him of certain sums due to him from the parents and guardians of the lady, whom he was in the habit of preparing for their first military appointments, as gentlemen cadets, teaching their young ideas how to shoot, by theoretically expounding the science of gunnery, in which he well knew they would soon have no lack of practice.

Taking advantage, accordingly, of his trip to London, he gathered in the siller, from most of the sources whence it ought naturally to flow; so that the sum-total of the collection formed a very considerable "consideration," but his call on the various parties concerned detained him in the metropolis till nearly ten o'clock of a clear, though starless and moonless night, early in January.

I am thus particular, at my outset, to avoid the necessity for explanations or repetitions, when once my worthy divine has commenced his journey homeward. Ere he does so, it behooves me to describe himself and equipage.

A wit once said to me—

"Dark grey's the best hue, all experience teaches,  
If not for hair, for horses, eyes, and pantalons."  
He might have rhymed, but this should have been a couplet gives a tolerable idea of the close covering to the Doctor's well-formed head, and of the deep-set eyes, of piercing twinkles, which lit up a visage wherein intellect, benevolence, and the due gravity of his calling, blended with an almost humorous cheerfulness, which rendered him, out of school, the best raconteur amongst us—I must not say story-teller, for Dr. W. was all truth and orthodoxy. Orthodox was he, not only as regarded all articles of religion, but in those less numerous of his own attire. The suit of saffron, though of the most exemplary broad-cloth, and bearing evidence of the hand of a Master-tailor, was scrupulously simple in its fashion; knee-breeches, with silver buckles, incased his nether limbs, finished (at home) by speckled silk stockings (dark grey again) and well-polished shoes; but whenever he travelled the Doctor wore boots—nor jockey, nor Hessian, nor jack, but cut round in a straight line at the top, shaped somewhat like cartridges, and high enough to meet his lower garments; a plaited stock encompassed his neck; his hat was of the most precise shovel pattern, looped up at the sides, so as to narrow the back part, and lend additional dignity to the broad brim which shaded his brow; nor was the silk rosette too large, or too small, by the title of an inch.

Broad-brimmed too, may I call his one-horse chaise. Roomy, cumbersome, with huge leather head; it was what his friends called a good sensible chaise, and what chaise could be sensible without a head? Could such a piece of antiquity, however, be looked on now, by our modern scientific designers of carriages, they would scarcely believe in its having been driven any time this thousand years; but of one thing, I am certain, that they would not accuse it of ever having been too giggish even for a doctor of divinity.

The animal who drew this ponderous though convenient vehicle was fitted by nature to his fate; sleek, well-fed, sedate as a Spanish arch-bishop's mule; he drew not of a Greenwich rail-road; nor of the speed now to be witnessed thereon; but like a sagacious servant (as most of your slow and sure are,) decided that the only safe and pleasant rate of travelling for his valued master was brown George's own pace of four miles an hour.

At a lively station on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge, Dr. W. "put up" his equipage, whenever he came to town; but the ostler, on hearing his order to "put to," at ten o'clock, exclaimed, cordially—

"Dear heart alive! who'd a thought it sir!—Why, I made sure, Sir, you was going to stop in London all night. I've been in three minds about littering down old Gregory and giving up his supper. I never know'd 'o so back'ard afore, your reverence. The Lord send 'e safe home to your wife and family! for you're a baddish bit to go; confest with you don't stand on no trifles. Money or life 's all them chaps do say!"

This "good-natured friend's" broad hints as to the perils of the road failed to deter the stout Doctor from seating himself in his chaise, which he drove out of the yard, to the accompaniment of honest Jim's repeated warning—

"Mark my words, Master! you may wish you'd took a fool's advice; but Lud a massy send 'e safe home! that's all the harm I do wish 'e!"

Steady George soon brought his master to the

turnpike, about half a mile beyond the Bricklayer's Arms. At the sound of wheels the collector issued from his minute mansion, recognised the traveller, put his foot on the step of the chaise, and leaning forward, whispered—

"Be on your guard, Sir! They are out to-night!"

Thus satisfying his conscience, he swung open the gate, closed it after the driver, and re-entered the toll-house.

The lovers of white bait, the visitants of fair or college, now find almost one continuous street from London to Greenwich; but at the time with which I deal not more than three houses, and those off the road, existed between the turnpike just left behind, and the Centurion at Deptford. Nursery-grounds and asparagus-beds occupied the way-sides, and, in sooth, to quote our raven Jim, it was a "baddish bit." Yet the ostler's croakings had not affected the Doctor, as did the brief emphatic caution from him of the pike against those of the pistol. His anxiety was now awakened for the "great charge" he carried, and next to the certainty of being met by some moon's minions, such as, before and since the immortal attack at Gads-hill, had conspired to confer upon this district a redoubtable and by no means desirable notoriety.

Yet the Doctor had promised Mrs. W. to sleep at home; and, could he ever have broken his word, he must have kept faith in such a case. So feeling, as became him, that whatever might happen must be for the best, he heroically concluded his mental soliloquy with "I care not what man can do unto me!"

Nevertheless, it was not without a sense of alarm that he presently beheld two horsemen a few paces before him, proceeding at almost a walk, apparently in earnest conversation.

What was to be done? Returning were as tedious as going o'er; besides, he had resolved to brave all danger and push on. Therefore, jerking the rein to stimulate the exertion of his trusty nag, he was shortly a step-ahead of the equestrians, who saluted him with a "Good night," in such hearty, honest tones, as well nigh disarmed suspicion. In return for their courtesy, he echoed "Good night!" adding, "and a pleasant journey to you, gentlemen."

"We are not going far," answered one; "for we hear the road is unsafe, and have no taste for losing watch, money—perhaps more."

"I wonder," put in the other, "to see you, Sir, alone at this time and place; but perhaps we are misled, and ought to be ashamed of ourselves for having owned our fears to a gentleman who seems to care little for the ill name of the neighbourhood."

"Gentlemen," resumed the Doctor, with as nonchalant an air as he could assume, "I often travel this road; and believe that I have discovered the secret of how to escape robbery."

"Indeed, what is it?" asked one of the horsemen quickly.

"Why, in the first place, I never carry any thing about me worth taking; and, in the second, I should never offer any resistance—so I don't think there's a gentleman on the road, from Blackheath to Barbam Downs, who would disgrace himself by maltreating a poor fellow, old enough to be his father; for they are mostly young men, and must be brave ones who follow the calling, you know."

"True," replied the shortest rider; and turning to his companion, concluded,

"Well, then, I say, Captain, as the gentleman's pred is none of the quickest, and we've business on hand, let's be jogging."

"With all my heart," quoth his friend; "once again good night 'y'e Sir." And off they rode at a smart pace.

The Doctor doted on their absence; his charitable opinion, founded on their first addresses, was banished by those ominous words "captain" and "business," either dropped inadvertently, or spoken with a candour at once defying his power, and claiming his gratitude for their confiding forbearance.

Reaching Deptford, he perceived that the people of the public house had not yet retired to bed; he felt tempted to prevail on one of the inn's militia to escort him home; but remembering that a rogue frequently existed between that class of persons and those he dreaded to encounter, he refrained from asking protection so equivocal. To shake off "black coming fancies," often more intimidating than bodily assaults, on he drove.

From the Broadway to Midway up Blackheath hill, the security afforded by houses thickly scattered, if I may be allowed such a phrase, served to tranquilize his nerves for the time; but still his spirit felt the consciousness that he had before him only the very worst part of Jim's "baddish bit."

Leisurely did the old horse wend his way up the precipitous hill, crowned by the Green Man, famed for its spacious ball room, and long, low, and narrow tea room, where had young, worse coffee, and discourse as slip-slop, regaled, in those days, the half-gentry of the vicinity. We live in an age of improvement—not too often meeting with (even) half-gentry now.

Small thought had the Doctor on matters like these. Leaving behind him the dense atmosphere which London spreads around itself so far, he found the air clear as he approached L'Homme Vert, and the sky enlightened by "the poetry of Heaven," as Byron called the stars, though he did not prove them so. The Doctor's admiration of their beams was more prosaic; he felt grateful for any means of describing the objects near him, and so gaining time, that he might screw his courage to the sticking place, whatever place that may be; for, veracious as he had ever been till this perilous night, he did intend sticking, or rather whipping, if forced to defend his money with his life.

Gaining the hill's top, before him lay the long straight road that led to his own house. Shooter's hill was dimly visible, and the light colour of the soil, contrasted with the dark sward on either side, enabled him to perceive two men on horseback, their faces turned towards London, stationed one on either side of the path.

"I have fallen among the Philistines!" inwardly ejaculated the Doctor, casting a wistful look at the inn; not a solitary candle denoted that any one was still awake there. His heart beat violently as he passed between the horsemen, who, instantly turning their steeds, sidled up to the carriage. In a moment he recognized the pair he had previously overtaken. "Arcades ambo, id est, blackguards, both," he would have quoted, had the line then been written; yet, although cold perspiration ran down his ample forehead, and excitement near-

ly choked his utterance, he lost not his self-commanding, ready-witted presence of mind.

"Well met again, Sirs," he began; "you have not made up your minds to proceed, I see—wish you had, for I should have been happy in your company."

"How far do you go to-night?" asked the one called the captain.

"Why, whether I get so far as Rochester, or not, must depend upon circumstances."

"I see by your hat," said the other, "that you belong to the clergy. Is your living in Kent?"

"Yes, I get my living in Kent," laughed the Doctor; "I belong to St. Nicholas, who I presume, is your patron saint, gentlemen."

This innocent ruse was unintelligible to its hearers. W. found that he must suit his conversation to his party, with so heavy a stake depending on the chance of the company coming to a good understanding—that is a misunderstanding on one side, agreeably safe for the other—Accordingly he said, with much significance,

"This hat of mine stands me in good stead; it covers more than you think; and this old fashioned chaise holds more than a new-fangled gig could. A man might manage to stow away a good many pieces of bandanna under the seat, when going to leave cards from Mechin or Valenciennes, on ladies in town. D'ye happen to know a woman at Chatham, who goes by the name of Mother Moonshine, gentlemen?"

"I believe I've heard of such a person," said the captain.

"Ah—well, if ever you should want anything either in the shape of dry goods, or a tub or two of white Nantz, I could introduce you to her."

"Thank you kindly," said one.

"You know the road thoroughly, it seems?" added the other.

"Every bush on it, my masters; but it isn't what it used to be, when Slim Billy took his airings there. They weren't good for his health in the end, though."

"What, did you know poor Bill?" asked the captain.

"Aye, that I did—and was with him to the last."

"You be hanged! at least Bill was."

"Nay, Sir, that's as ugly a word for me to hear, as for you to use," took up the Doctor, his heart set on conciliating his fellow travellers; "aye, even in my quiet snug way, those who don't live slaves to the rules laid down by the twelve, can't remember poor Bill's end without queer feelings; but I was given leave to be with him at the very tree, we shall pass it presently, not far from the castle. Doctor," says he to me—

"Doctor?" shouted the henchman.

"To be sure, he knew my travelling name, as well as I knew he was called the Pride of the Green. Doctor," says he, "if ever you meet any of my old cronies, tell 'em I died like a man; and as for the person, you shall have it to swear that all I said here, from first to last, was to you; so, if any of the chaps are ever going to treat you unbecomingly, you just cry, 'Onion sauce!' they'll know my pass-words."

"None of your sauce, my fair trader," said the captain, "that word won't pass now, if ever it did; 'tis my belief, Slim Billy was game to the end, and hangedged you."

"Lord, Sir," said the Doctor, "did you never hear why he chose that pass?"

"No; but if you can tell us, out with it."

"You see, as our friend—my friend—William, I should say, gentlemen, drew the principal part of his revenue, collected in his rents, on Shoulder of Mutton Green, he thought onion sauce the fittest garnish for his favorite dish."

"The wark! that's just like him," laughed his former associates, and the Doctor, per force, laughed with them.

Brown George, with home in perspective, had stepped out, manfully, or rather horsefully, so that our trio had made considerable way across the uninclosed portion of the heath, during their "colloquy divine." An isolated public-house, denominated "the Sun in the Sands," stood on the left side of the road, about midway from the commencement of Blackheath to the bottom of Shooter's Hill. This house, like the Bell at Hounslow, was, in those days, a chosen resort of the "Trojans," who took purses, either singly or running in couples. The inhabitants of this hotel were seldom "objective" to the garish eye of day; but from gloaming till dawn, at the service of all accredited customers. The belated wayfarer might have applied for meat or drink in vain, while knights of the post found jugs of smoking spicy wine, glasses of Cogniac, and divers other comforts fit to drown the qualms of conscience, with all other ills which the breathers of night air "are heirs to."

"Ned," said the captain, who rode on the Doctor's left, "can't you and I persuade our friend to stop and wet his whistle at the baiting crib?"

"In course; he won't part company, when he knows he's got gentlemen of the right sort going down the road with him,—eh, Doctor?"

To enter this house, where his person was known, not only as a clergyman but as a justice of peace, would have been fatal to my revered friend's "Cognito." Almost within sight of his home to be detected as an impostor by perhaps a host of desperadoes—at another sacrifice of truth he must, if possible, evade such a catastrophe.

"You're very kind, my good friends," said he, "but you know as well as I do, there are secrets in all trades. Sharp the landlord, is a straight up, right down honest fellow in his way, but we had a bit of a difficulty about a small parcel of Holland, and I swore that I'd never set foot in his house again. However, don't let that hinder you. I shan't have got to the top of the hill before you have taken your swig, and come up with me."

"No, deuce take it!" said the captain; "we're not so unsober as to drink without you,—why, you're one of us, I may say."

"Proud of the compliment, Sir; but, if it's all one to you, instead of my drinking your brandy there, let me stand treat. I can promise ye as fine a bowl of bishop as ever wetted lips; fit drink for me, eh? Come on to the Bull."

"They'll all be enozing by this time," demurred Ned.

"Not a bit," said the doctor, with an insinuating air; "for, between friends, and it goes no farther, I'm expected to night. Old Dame Dudgeon is rather particular in her laces. I carried her a piece of black t'other day, which don't hit her fancy; she wants me to take it back, for Mother Moonshine to change it,—so Dame's sitting up

for me; and any friends of mine will be right welcome; therefore, let Sharp go to bed, or to any other place you like, gentlemen; but we're for the Bull."

They were now abreast of the Sun, yet, to his inexpressible relief, the others did not pull up. A heavily laden wagon was seen advancing; drawing men catch at straws; my nearly exhausted hero derived consolation from the idea that no violence could be offered him while this machine was near, guarded by one man if not more. The old horse put his best foot foremost. The strangers interchanged some words in a patois or slang, of which their auditor was ignorant, and the foot of the hill was gained!

The Doctor's brain reeled, his unwelcome companions had hitherto preserved the positions they had originally assumed. His aim was now to get rid at least of the man at his right, the side on which his own house stood. Accordingly when within a hundred yards of it, he said to him—

"Now, Sir, if you will ride forward, and knock lustily at the Bull door, it will be open long before this sluggish of a horse of mine can drag me there."

"A bright notion," said Ned, and trotted off to obey the instructions. This was a great point gained, but, scarcely was it achieved, when to his unutterable surprise, our Doctor beheld a lantern at his wished-for gate, borne by his sturdy male factotum, followed by the powerful yard dog, Neptune. Their master could scarcely breathe for emotion; every moment seemed an age till he arrived at the opened gate, when suddenly turning to his companion, he said—

"Thank you for your company, Sir; but, as I am at home now, I can wish you a good night, with pleasure!"

The fellow, completely taken aback by these words, and the sight of the servant and the dog, and the lantern, galloped furiously after his second, who was, sure enough, thundering away at the Bull door.

"Ride, Ned, ride on, you fool!" yelled the captain. "We're done,—bit,—floored."

A moment, and he was joined by his brother in arms. The Doctor's servant, by his master's directions, followed their course to the top of the hill, and saw them rushing down its steep declivity, as if pursued by justice herself mounted on Eclipse.

My excellent preceptor used to narrate this adventure most powerfully, dwelling with gratitude on his preservation; with modesty,—nay, with some half-comic penitence—on the conduct and courage to which, as his *eleves* were not training for the church, they naturally and justly yielded their unqualified admiration.

## A Scene at Hempstead, L. I.

The more thou dost it up, the more it burns,  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou knowest, being stopped, impatiently doth rage.  
SHAKESPEARE.

She was his life,  
The ocean to the river of his happiness,  
Which terminated all.  
BYRON.

Long Island, it is said, the garden of America. Our authority is one Rumor, a fellow who, like a genealogy, is hard to be traced. Who was this Rumor's parent, ergo—this rumor had a parent. It is a wise child that knows its own father. Perhaps the father thought that he was sinning when he begot it, and so set it adrift like some other unnatural parents who are ashamed of their offspring, without acknowledging the child.

It is of little importance whether Rumor's father sinned or not in this assertion. Rumor is in our ears. We will let him out at our pen's point—Long Island is the garden of America. There, you young rascal, we have got rid of you.

In this said garden there is a beautiful village, called Hempstead. In this beautiful village is a beautiful church, and in this beautiful church is a beautiful organ. There are other beautiful things there occasionally—though not without organs, or the theologians lie. There is the person with the organ of communicativeness—there is the clerk with the organ of amenitiveness—there is the congregation with a variety of organs by far too multitudinous to mention.

A short time since—  
Dates, dates. Dates for facts.

Well, then, Sunday week. A great number of organs were assembled in the church. The parson preached—some listened to the discourse, some did not. This was doubtless, the fault of their organs—some thought of their dresses, some of their neighbors—some that the sermon was long, some that it was short; some that it was neither long nor short, but just middling like. At length the sermon was over, and the tide of organs walked forth.

Nearly the first person who went out of church, was one who had excited particular attention during the service. He was a young man, and dressed in a Quaker's garb. There was nothing very particular in this, but then he had a magnificent gold chain thrown over his vest, and there was something, particular in that—more particularly particular, was an unquiet eye, a restlessness of vision, that seemed to indicate a world of thought and trouble.

There he stood at the door, as the living tide poured forth. At length, a beautiful young creature and an elderly gentleman came forth—instinctively he rushed towards her, seized one of her arms, the old gentleman seized the other. The lady seemed in a fair way to be torn to pieces between them, when suddenly the young man drew a bow-knife from his bosom.

"Stand back," he cried, his eye glistening more fearfully than the blade itself. The old gentleman quailed in an instant beneath it.

"Oh, do no harm him. I'll go with you!" exclaimed the lady.

The young man drew her arm through his own and proceeded to walk rapidly away through the crowd of astonished beings who had closed around them, wondering at the strange scene and fearing that some dire mischance would be the result.

The old man instantly recovered from his momentary alarm, and foaming with rage, followed the young couple.

"Stop them—stop them," he cried, "It is my child!"

The assembled multitude, interested on behalf of the old parent, whose grief seemed so extensive, followed them on. They quickly came up with them.

"Give me my child!" cried the old man, "or I will dash your brains out with this club!"

With one arm the young man pressed the trem-

bling girl to his bosom, with the other he drew forth the murderous weapon.

"No," cried he, "For three years you have kept her from me—for three years your obstinacy has blasted my peace, my happiness. I will not give her to you. If she chooses to go of her own accord, she shall, not otherwise. Speak love, with out fear—in open, honest truth. Will you go with your father, or your husband?"

"With my husband," she replied.

"It is sufficient," said the young man. "This lady," he added, "is my wife—her father has separated her from me—for three years—she is my lawful wife, and he who will seek to prevent her wishes and mine must hold his life cheap."

None however did, on the contrary, the assemblage seemed quite pleased at the termination and explanation of the affair. The young couple withdrew together while the old father remained wringing his hands and calling after in a voice almost choked with his emotions. Rage and despair sat upon his countenance—but all was vain—the husband and wife had departed.

## VARIETY.

### AN ACROSTIC.

Who worships Truth, and dares the truth to tell,  
In times when flattering falsehood thrives so well!  
"Some fool, no doubt," a thriving flatterer cries;  
'E'en so—but Truth declares that man is Wise.

A child of Mr. Bell, in New York, died on Saturday, in consequence of her mother carelessly giving her too large a dose of Morphine.

A YANKEE BULL.—The Editor of the Northern Courier at Hartford, Conn. speaking of the uniform of the militia of that state, says, "We reckon that in some of our companies it would puzzle most people to find one man dressed alike."

When you kiss an Arkansas girl, she hops as high as a cork out of a Champagne bottle, and cries, "Whew! how good!"

At Chillicothe, on the 20th ult., 50 head of Durham cattle brought \$36,443. One sold for \$1700.

The paper mill and lands of the late Mr. George Keed of Newburg, sold by auction, a few days since, for \$17,400.

A LIGHT SENTENCE.—James Decker, who was found guilty at the Oyer and Terminer, held in Goshen, Orange county, last week of enticing from her parents, and marrying her against their consent, a girl under fourteen years of age, was sentenced to fifteen days' imprisonment in the county jail.

The court, we understand, declared the marriage valid, and it is said, that Decker intends to claim his bride as soon as she is fourteen years of age.

CINCINNATI LITERATURE.—The Cincinnati Post says that there are now in that city four daily, four tri-weekly, and twelve weekly papers, and four monthly journals. There are fourteen book establishments, and one house (Furman & Smith) have, during the last two years, published 500,000 volumes—chiefly juvenile and school books.

SINGULAR SUICIDE.—Adam Potts, carpenter, hung himself at Richmond, Virginia, on Thursday last. His wife came in while he was struggling, but she was too late or too much frightened to cut him down, or call assistance in time.

"WALKING IN THE FOOTSTEPS."—The Albany Evening Journal remarks: "The author of the letter to Sherrod Williams" began to "walk in the footsteps" of Jackson on the 5th of March. Since that time, which is but seven months, he has lost the States of North Carolina, Rhode Island, Maine, and Connecticut, all of which gave him their Presidential vote in November! Illinois and Louisiana are impatient for the opportunity of slipping the collar."

A western preacher, in his efforts to give his hearers the most enchanting ideas of heaven, held forth thus:—

"Be assured, brethren, my description as far falls short of the reality, as Little Mud Creek is transcended by the Mississippi! Heaven is—Heaven; Heaven is—oh, my dear hearers, it is a Kentucky of a place!"

"Kentucky of a place! Paha! Why didn't the fool say Pennsylvania?"

A Nottingham (Eng.) paper gives a melancholy instance of death by tight lacing.—A fine young woman of that place, died suddenly, after a long walk. The next day a post mortem examination of the body took place, when it was found that she had caused a pressure on the lungs and viscera, from lacing her stays tightly to procure a thin waist, which circumstance had caused a predisposition to acute inflammation.

The Portland Times proposes to "kick up a row with the butter market." The most effectual way will be to persuade the cows to kick over the milk pail. [Boit. Tim.] Is butter too plentiful, Mr. Times? If not, we know not how your project can be a remedy.

He of the Baltimore Sun, must be a most ungallant old bachelor. He attempts to kick at the brave Col. Webb, but puts his limb out of joint by the declaration that he should fight a lady! Shamel—Ledger.

INDIANS FOR FLORIDA.—The St. Louis Bulletin of the 4th says:—About ninety Indians, of the Delaware, Pawnee, and Shawnee Tribes, passed this place, yesterday, on their way to Florida. They landed at Jefferson Barracks, and will embark immediately for their destination.

DERIVATIONS.—A correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury gives the following as the origin of the names of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, Elizabeth's Island, and Noman's Land. He says there is a traditional story, that these islands formerly belonged to a Mr. Mayhew, who had four daughters—Anna, Martha, Elizabeth and Naomi. To Anna, who was nick-named Nan, he gave the island of Nantucket, and in consequence it took the name of Nan's-look-it—Nantucket; to Martha the island called Martha's Vineyard; to Elizabeth the present group of Elizabeth's Islands; and to Naomi, what is now called Noman's Land.

UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE.—The annual commencement of this institution took place on the 4th inst. Twelve young gentlemen received the degree of A. B. and nine that of A. M.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS IN FREDERICK CO.—At the recent election a vote was taken in Frederick County, Md. for and against Primary Schools—and the result was as follows:

For Primary Schools,	3128
Against them,	524

The law, (under the provisions of which this vote has been taken,) requires the Levy Court to levy annually \$5000 for the support of Common Schools, and may be increased to \$8000 by direction of the School Inspectors.—Carrolltonian.

The Postmaster General reports the number of defaulting Postmasters to be 1891! Quite a host of safe depositories of the public moneys under the sub-Treasury system.

'But' is to me a more detestable combination of letters than 'No' itself. No is a sorry, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. But is a sneaking, evasive, half-bred, exceptions sort of a conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips.

In the town of Angelica, Alleghany county, Penn. eighteen marriages had recently taken place during one week! The town is rightly named Angelica.

A GOOD ONE!—The Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, speaking of the affected contempt of some contemptible members of Congress, for the conductors of the newspaper press as a class, says—"The only chance such men have of being remembered beyond a day, is from the salt and cayenne with which they are rubbed by the newspapers. That is all that preserves them from at once sinking into their native and ultimately inevitable insignificance!"

We