

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1838.

[VOL. 9--NO. 12.]

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

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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- TOGETHER WITH
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- Baltimore, Nov. 17, 1837. (f-33)

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WITH A FIRST-RATE ASSORTMENT OF
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A more splendid or extensive assortment of Goods was never before opened in this place—all of which will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms. Call and examine. Country Produce, of all kinds, taken at a fair price in exchange for Goods.

ADAM EPPLEY.
March 6, 1838. (f-4)

GLAD TIDINGS! PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS!

WHEN a medicine comes before the public, endorsed with the names of the medical press and distinguished men, and warranted by the seal of uniform success, the proprietor makes no unreasonable demand upon the public when he claims for it a superior consideration.

PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS.

Are undoubtedly entitled to distinction, inasmuch as many medical practitioners, who have witnessed their efficacy, freely admit their curative powers and prominent virtues; and that they should do so in opposition to their personal interest must be attributed to their candor or their unwillingness to condemn them in the face of all observation and the testimony of thousands. The proprietor does not pretend that his PILLS will cure all diseases, but he does say, and has satisfied the incredulous that in all diseases where a cathartic or a purgative medicine is needed, if used according to the directions for a fair period of time, they will effect a speedy and certain cure, and this much is placed beyond doubt by the testimony and references of individuals already given to the public.

PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are now regarded by those who have had an opportunity to decide upon their merits, as an invaluable: PUBLIC BLESSING.

More than two millions of boxes of these celebrated Pills have been sold in the United States since January, 1835.

Dr. Peters has received upwards of FIFTEEN HUNDRED CERTIFICATES, all given in consequence of the good done by his medicines; and it will at once be seen by this evidence that no remedy for the prevailing diseases of the Southern and Western States has ever been presented to the notice of the afflicted with stronger claims for their attention. Founded upon the surest and soundest of all principles, viz. actual experiments, these Pills have been wonderfully successful in restoring the sick to health, and in spite of doubts and prejudices, the use of them in those parts of the country, which the proprietor has been able to supply, has been rapidly extending. It is highly encouraging to him that, among the list of those who have been either personally benefited by them, or have witnessed their effects on others, are the names of many of the most respectable and intelligent men in the South; who have cheerfully given their written testimony to that effect.

Without an exception in any age or country, no medicine has spread with such rapidity and given such universal satisfaction.

Prepared by J. P. FINEY, M. D. No. 129 Liberty street, New York. Each box contains 40 Pills—Price 50 cents.

Do careful and inquire for Peters' Vegetable Pills. They are for sale in Gettysburg, by Dr. J. GILBERT, and in Hanover by G. W. HUNTER; and on inquiry, can be had in almost every town in the State.

January 5, 1838. 9m-40

THE GARLAND.

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

FROM THE WINCHESTER VIRGINIAN.

TRANSLATION

Of the Twenty-second Ode of the first Book of Horace.

INNOCENCE IS EVERYWHERE SAFE.

A virtuous man of spotless heart,
Needs not Fates, Man's hand,
Nor poison'd arrows in his hands,
When traversing the desert's sands—
Nor, if Mount Caucasus he braves—
Or regions fam'd Hyalapas leaves—
For wand'ring thro' the Sabine wood,
Careless and unarm'd I stood:
Quitting my lay of purest love,
For Lalage to the gods above;
A wolf innocuous from me fled,
Such monster Daunia's beech ne'er fed,
Nor Juba's land, the arid zone,
Of lions—sin's primeval curse:
Place me in the sterile plains,
Where not a tree its life sustains;
Or, where the dense embow'ring fogs,
Or in the burning torrid zone,
Where solar heat is houseless borne;
There, Lalage, my heart still seeks,
Who sweetly smiles and sweetly speaks.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR
THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

[CONTINUED FROM WEEK BEFORE LAST.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE friends of our unhappy heroine gathered round, and the group was soon surrounded by a close crowd, as is usually the case when a lady faints at a ball. "Let her be carried immediately to her room," said a physician who was present; and when Selfridge hastened to assist Lansing in this office, he heard Mrs. Conroy say to her daughters, "Now we can get that handkerchief," and pushing her way among the people, she prepared to pick it up from the floor. To rescue it from the grasp of this malignant woman and disappoint her pertinacious curiosity, Selfridge hastily set his foot upon it; and feeling much indignation at the unscrupulous gowgaw, he trampled on it rather too energetically, and then kicked it into a corner under a bench. The increasing denseness of the crowd prevented the Conroys from seeing what became of it.

Althea was carried to her apartment, and the physician, after recommending the usual remedies, and remaining till she showed signs of revival, resigned her to the care of Mrs. and Miss Dimsdale and Miss De Vinoy; and as he returned to the ball-room to inform the company that Miss Vernon would now do well, he met Selfridge and Lansing in the corridor, waiting to hear his report.

When Althea recovered her consciousness she found herself lying on her bed, disengaged from her ball-dress, and her three friends anxiously watching her. She started up, looked all round, and exclaimed wildly—"What has happened?—Have I fainted? Where is the handkerchief? I do not see it! It is lost—it is lost—I know that it is!" "What handkerchief, my dear?" asked Mrs. Dimsdale. Miss De Vinoy made a sign to that lady not to persevere in the question; and bending down to Althea, she whispered—"It is safe no doubt—such a handkerchief cannot easily be lost."

"Such a handkerchief, indeed!" sighed Althea. "Oh! that it were not such a one." "Compose yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Dimsdale; "you must not talk till you are perfectly recovered." "But the handkerchief," persisted Althea, sinking back on the pillow. "I must know if it is really lost, or worse than all, if Mrs. Conroy has found it."

The Dimsdales looked much amazed. "Her head is confused," said Miss De Vinoy; "recovering from a fainting fit, is like waking from an oppressive dream. She will be more coherent after a little repose." "Dear excellent Miss De Vinoy," resumed Althea, "will you not inquire for that handkerchief, and send some one to search for it in the ball room?" "I will, indeed," replied her friend; "if you will promise not to speak a word till my return."

Miss De Vinoy then left her, with the intention of sending for Selfridge to meet her in the upper parlour and commissioning him and Lansing to search for the handkerchief; still wondering at Althea's excessive solicitude about it, and grieved at the effect it had produced on her. To Mrs. Dimsdale and Julia, all this was enigmatical; but they had too much considerate kindness to disturb Althea by further inquiries; and while Julia folded and put away the ball attire of her friend, Mrs. Dimsdale took her seat by the bedside in silence.

Miss De Vinoy found Selfridge walking the corridor in evident perturbation, waiting impatiently for an opportunity of obtaining some further information respecting the condition of Althea. "Miss Vernon has recovered," said she—anticipating his question. "Will you oblige her by inquiring for a handkerchief which she dropped in fainting, and which, I believe, is a valuable one. Mr. Lansing, I am sure, will assist you in the search."

"That vile handkerchief!" exclaimed Selfridge, thrown entirely off his guard. "I believe I kicked it under one of the benches. But I will go in quest of it." "She seems to think," pursued Miss De Vinoy, "that you may possibly find it in the hands of the Conroys." "Then I will tear it from them," replied Selfridge, completely losing all command of himself.

Seeing her smile, he pursued and continued in a milder tone. "Tell Miss Vernon that, as far as depends on me, she may assure herself of that handkerchief being restored to her." Lansing just then came up to inquire also after Althea, and Selfridge leaving him in the corridor with Miss De Vinoy, ran down into the ball room to fulfil his commission.

In the meantime, we must go back a little (according to the frequent necessity of story-tellers,) and relate, that when the bustle occasioned by the fainting of our heroine had subsided, Mrs. Conroy proceeded to look about for the handkerchief; but luckily neither she nor her daughters had seen Selfridge appear in the ball room. They were but one pair of eyes apiece, and all their eyes were at that moment occupied by the intense interest he evidently took in Miss Vernon, and the agitation of his manner when he assisted Lansing in conveying her out of the room.

"Where can that mysterious handkerchief be?" said Mrs. Conroy. "I am convinced it was the cause of her fainting."

"I dare say," observed Phoebe Maria, "Miss De Vinoy picked it up, and took it under her protection." "No matter," remarked Abby Louisa—"it is now of no farther consequence. Of course, none of us really care about examining the thing."

"Here comes Mrs. Vandunder," said Mrs. Conroy; "she has just got back into the room, and is making directly towards us; to inquire, I suppose, the cause of all this commotion. Let us avoid her, and go talk to the Crokenwells, or the Rodenfields. No, we won't—Billy has joined her."

"Really, mamma," observed Phoebe Maria; "we pay very dear for Billy. And I begin to think he will cheat us out of himself, at last."

"Not if we play our cards skillfully," replied Mrs. Conroy. "Young men that know themselves to be eligible, are not very prompt in making up their minds, and are frequently off and on a dozen times before they are finally secured."—And there, I protest, is Sir Tiddering; he has actually finished his supper already, and is talking of his own accord to both mother and son. The group is now worth joining; so let us go and ask them what has become of Wilhelmina, and we will make Mrs. Vandunder talk of her in a way that will render the whole family still more absurd and vulgar in the eyes of the Englishman."

When Selfridge returned to the ball-room, in search of the handkerchief, he found that there was a long recess in the dancing; the musicians having gone out to get their supper. The waiters were handing round refreshments; and some of the company were seated, while some who had not been over-fatigued with dancing were exercising themselves in a promenade round the room; and some were standing in knots and talking. As he approached the bench under which his foot had deposited the handkerchief, a party that had been seated there, rose and left the room to seek the cool air of the piazza. The handkerchief lay found lying in a corner, quite out of view to all casual observers; and taking it up, he saw with vexation that it was soiled, crumpled, crushed, torn, and as he believed, entirely spoiled. The centre was so much injured, that the delicately-marked letters were entirely illegible, but Selfridge supposed, of course, that they had formed the name of Althea Vernon. He put it into his breast-pocket, and leaned against a window frame, while he soliloquized on a subject so new to him.

"Well," thought he—"all that I can now do, is to replace this handkerchief by another exactly like it, if possible, or, at least, of equal value. It was absurd in me to give it such rough usage; but it is out of the question to return it to her in the state to which I have reduced it. What excessive folly in Althea Vernon to be the owner of a handkerchief, whose costliness has made it of so much importance as actually to interfere with her peace and comfort. She was evidently afraid to trust it to a moment in possession of the Conroys. But I will not betray her weakness, even to Lansing. I will purchase for her another handkerchief, similar or equal to this, and send it to her in an envelope, for I think I will not see her again. I must endeavor to subdue this fancy for Miss Vernon, and therefore it is best that our acquaintance should terminate. As Mrs. Conroy says, a wife that gives eighty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief, will not suit me." Fortunately, I can have no reason to suppose that she regards me with any thing more than indifference." But, as Selfridge brushed the hair from his forehead in passing a pier-glass, he thought it just possible that perhaps she did.

He was now met by Lansing, who said to him—"Selfridge, I congratulate you on the recovery of Miss Vernon. I have just seen Mrs. Dimsdale, who reports that she is doing well. I believe none of her friends intend returning to the ball-room, and Miss De Vinoy desired me to inform Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds, that she will not appear again to-night. But the musicians have resumed their places, and it seems there is now to be waltzing. Are you not engaged to Miss Conroy?"

Selfridge started, and repeated the name of Miss Conroy, with one of those exclamations which gentlemen-readers can easily imagine, and which ladies need not know. "Am engaged to her," said he—"for a cotillion or something. But I can dance no more to-night, and with any of that hateful family I will not. Waltz with that girl! my aversion! my antipathy! By heaven, I can do no such violence to my feelings. From this night, I abjure all acquaintance with every female of the name of Conroy."

"There's something more in this than meets the ear," said Lansing. "But do me the justice to believe, that I neither like nor dislike, without sufficient cause, and that I can adduce good reasons for all I say, and for all I do."

"I doubt," replied Lansing, "I can carry my credulity quite so far."

"Lansing," resumed Selfridge—"be still more my friend; take Miss Conroy off her hands. Make some excuse for me. (I know you are clever at these things,) and if she must and will dance, waltz with her yourself."

"Truly you are putting my friendship to a severe test," answered Lansing, "and my ingenuity also. *Mais allons*. What apology can I offer you?"

"Any thing—nothing—say I'm sick, I'm dead—or say, which is nearer the truth, that I am going to leave Rockaway early in the morning, and must retire to prepare for my departure."

"That is, you would rather peek your trunk and go to sleep, than dance with her lovely self. How your character will suffer!"

"I care not. You are going to the city in the morning."

"Yes—but I like Rockaway so well, that I shall return in the evening."

Lansing now proceeded to the Conroys, to excuse Selfridge to Abby Louisa; and he managed his task with so much address, that she could not seem otherwise than satisfied, and was also not the least displeased at the opportunity of exhibiting herself in the waltz, with a partner still more eligible than the very palpable inamorato of Althea Vernon. Sir Tiddering, whose supper had put him into an extremely good humour, was actually seen whirling along with Phoebe Maria, to the manifest triumph of her mother, who hinted to Mrs. Vandunder, "that the baronet having found his attempt on the heart of her eldest daughter quite hopeless, was now transferring his devoirs to the younger."

"Well—she'd better have him then," said Mrs.

Vandunder, tartly. "That is, if she can get him. Thank fortune, none of my family is necessitated to take up with no foreigners. We have not come to that yet, and I hope we never shall. They don't seem to suit; for they're nothing like our natural selves."

Selfridge retired to his room, from whence he despatched a concise note to Miss De Vinoy, requesting her to tell Miss Vernon, that her handkerchief should be sent to her on the following evening. When this billet was communicated to our heroine by her friend, who was now alone with her, (the Dimsdales having retired, as their assistance was no longer necessary)—Althea exclaimed—"But, if Mr. Selfridge has found the handkerchief, why does he not relieve my anxiety by restoring it to me at once?" "Probably," replied Miss De Vinoy, "it has become soiled from lying on the floor, and he is going to send it to a laundress, before he returns it to you." "Men know nothing about such things," said Althea. "It will never more look like a new handkerchief; no matter how skillfully it may be done up. And the lace that trimmed it—who will quill it on again to look as it did before. Oh! how I wish I had never carried the handkerchief into the ball-room!"

Miss De Vinoy, unable to understand the extreme importance she attached to this handkerchief, now persuaded her to try earnestly to compose herself to sleep. Althea smiled faintly, and pressed the hand of her friend, as she took leave of her for the night, but murmured—"My sleep, I fear, will be but little."

CHAPTER XVII.

Next morning our heroine felt a great inclination to pass the whole day in her room; but the fear of exciting remarks, and perhaps invidious ones, made her wisely determine to endeavour to appear as usual; though she knew that it would be a hard task. Her friends expressed their pleasure on seeing her at the breakfast table, from which many of the young ladies, and all the Conroys, absented themselves on account of the fatigue of the ball, and also, because nearly all the gentlemen (including Selfridge, Lansing, Mr. Dimsdale, and Mr. Conroy,) had gone up to the city. Althea looked pale, and felt nervous and out of spirits. She was restless, distract, and had a presentiment that the adventure of the handkerchief was not yet over. Still, her chief fear was, that Selfridge had observed that the name on it was not her own.

Miss De Vinoy devoted much of her time during the day to Althea, and the charm of her conversation, (in the course of which she related many interesting and amusing things that she had seen in Europe,) finally succeeded in giving a more cheerful tone to the feelings of our heroine, who had also the gratification of receiving an affectionate and entertaining letter from her mother at New Manchester. "Ah!" soliloquized Althea—as she folded up and put it away, "how dear mamma would grieve if she knew the strange sufferings I have brought on myself by indulging my nonsensical fancy for that hateful handkerchief. Only let me have it restored to me, and I will again toil to restore it to the right owner. But I must doubt, if I shall find it in a fit state to present to her. It will then be my duty to replace it with another, for which purpose I shall have, for a while, to use the most painful economy in my own expenses; as I am resolved that dear mamma shall be put to no inconvenience by my absurdity. And, worse than all—have I not violated my sense of right, and tarnished my integrity, by merely using the property of another, and attempting a deception in wishing it to be considered as my own? To act a falsehood, is nearly the same as to speak it. And then, if all should be discovered—how contemptible I shall have made myself—and for what!"

In the afternoon, most of the company went to ride, and those that did not, were loitering in the piazza and at the front windows, to see them set out.

Sir Tiddering Tattersall came up to Wilhelmina, and said, he was monstrous glad to see her able to take the field again, as last night she was quite knocked up."

"Knock up," said Wilhelmina—"I don't know what you mean—I can't attempt to understand English."

"Oh! you were certainly knocked up, when you had to give in."

"Give in."

"Yes—in consequence of pinching shoes, excruciating stockings, squeezing corsets, screwing hair strings, scorching handkerchiefs, and all the other evils that young ladies' flesh is heir to—particularly on ball-nights."

"Mamma," said Wilhelmina, "he is talking to me about all sorts of bad things—I know he is!"

"Sir Tattersall Tiddering," said Mrs. Vandunder, bridling—"I'd have you to understand, that me and my daughter never was used to no disrespect from nobody. People from the old country an't half as particular as they ought to be. But we Americans is always delicate."

"So I perceive, ma'am," answered Sir Tiddering. "And I have not the least doubt, that you and the whole Yankee population are very respectable people."

"There, only hear him, ma," cried Wilhelmina, "he's calling us respectable again—and Yankee beside."

"It's just like him," said Mrs. Vandunder—her face turning scarlet with anger. "Him and all his countrymen is made up of brass and ass."

"Brass and ass!" said Sir Tiddering—"a capital combination that—I'll just put it down (taking out his note-book)—it will figure in my journal. Sassa, I suppose, is for the sake of the rhyme."

"Ma—I told you he was all the time making fun of us," said Wilhelmina.

"The patience of Job couldn't have put up with an Englishman," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder; and turning her back to him, she walked majestically away, fanning herself exceedingly. Seeing her son Billy, who was reclining on some chair at a little distance and listening with a broad grin, she hastened to make her complaint to him. "I declare," said she—"that fellow han't no more manners than a grizzly bear, and he looks just like one."

"Brutum fulmen," said Billy—"there's no doubt of that. But remember, he's a baronet."

"Thon, of all noblemen, keeps me from baronets," cried Mrs. Vandunder. "I would not allow you, nor myself, nor even Wilhelmina, ever to speak to him or look at him again, if it wasn't for spiting the Conroys."

"That's right," replied Billy—"my way exactly—always spite the Conroys. But see, Sir Tid-

dering has drawn Wilhelmina to the far end of the porch, and is whispering to her. You had better go and look after them."

Mrs. Vandunder hastily turned about, and scolded towards them as fast as she could; followed at a distance by Billy. She pulled Sir Tiddering by the sleeve, exclaiming—"What are you saying to my daughter? Any thing improper?"

"Very probably," he replied—"I am asking her to take a ride with me in my buggy, and she seems rather skittish at the name of the vehicle."

"Well, she may," replied Mrs. Vandunder—"It's hard to get over these things for people as is spoiled."

Just then Sir Tiddering's servant brought round the buggy, in which two horses were harnessed and ready. "That's really a stylish set out," observed Billy; "quite a neat concern." The dull face of Wilhelmina brightened, and that of her mother shone with pleasure. "To go or not to go?" said Sir Tiddering.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mrs. Vandunder—softening her voice and smiling prodigiously. "It ain't polite for a lady to object to ride with a gentleman, after he's had his chaise brought to the door on purpose. Upon my word it looks very genteel." Wilhelmina, (in a low voice) you know when we talk to the Conroys about it, we can call it a chinchy. Go up stairs, and get on your pink satin bonnet and your laylock shawl, and be ready to wait on his lordship immediately. Think what a dash you'll cut, with two horses Indian file."

Wilhelmina departed with unusual alacrity, Sir Tiddering conducting her to the ball door, and lingering there a few moments to conquer his inclination to laugh. By this time, there were many additional spectators assembled in the piazza; the Conroys had been all the while peeping through the shutters of the saloon. When Wilhelmina re-appeared, Sir Tiddering handed her into the buggy, jumped in beside her, touched his leader with the whip, and turned the corner of the hotel. *Tandem triumphans*, said Billy. "Well, after all," ejaculated Mrs. Vandunder—"there's no gentleman in the known world equal to an English baronet, when you once get acquainted with him. Poor Mrs. Conroy must be quite lonesome there in the big parlour, and nobody near her but her daughters. I'll go in and set with her a while."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as Selfridge arrived in the city, he hastened to Mr. Stewart's emporium of fashion, unwilling to excite remarks to give rise to conjectures by confiding the commission to any one of the ladies he was acquainted with. Taking with him the faded handkerchief as a pattern, he was so fortunate as to find one exactly like it, that was yet unused. He immediately made the purchase, intending to send it up in a blank envelope, and send it to Miss Vernon. On his way down Broad way to his lodgings, previous to the dining hour, he overtook Lansing, who lived at the same house, and Selfridge, inquired if he would take charge of a little parcel, and deliver it to Miss Vernon, on his return to North Carolina gold mines—perhaps to the Virginia Springs, or to Cincinnati—I may take a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans—or I may go round to Boston, by way of the lakes."

"And where then?" inquired Lansing.

"I do not know; perhaps I shall go to the coal regions of North Carolina gold mines—perhaps to the Virginia Springs, or to Cincinnati—I may take a voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans—or I may go round to Boston, by way of the lakes."

"Your route, indeed, seems very undecided," observed Lansing. "But when shall we see you here on your return?"

"I do not know. One thing is certain: I shall not settle in New York."

"I regret to hear you say so," rejoined Lansing. "Yesterday, you seemed to admire every brick in our houses, and every flag-stone in our pavements, and did not permit me to apologise for the dustiness of the streets, and the scum of the streets in the place we call a park. Then you thought even the flattest and tamest parts of our sea coast wonderfully picturesque and romantic—Rockaway, in particular."

"Do not laugh at me, Lansing," said Selfridge "that is all over now."

"Have you discovered that there is no change of prevailing on the lovely Miss Vernon, to accept your addresses?"

"I have never addressed Miss Vernon."

"Not exactly, perhaps, in good set terms. You have only given her every possible reason to suppose that she might look for the important question to be decided in the twinkling of an eye, and in no other way to trifle as we do with the feelings of women."

"Feelings!—What feelings, what sensibility can exist in the heart of a woman who, without any extraordinary wealth to excite such extravagance, can be so vain and so silly as to expound eight dollars a year, in a single pocket-handkerchief?"

"Yes; she has—and probably of many others similar in character. With such a wife, what chance of happiness can a man expect?"

And then, Selfridge, notwithstanding his resolution to the contrary, could not forbear confiding to his friend the story of the handkerchief, as far as his relations to it, and according to the light in which it appeared to him.

"I had better to hear all this," said Lansing. "I had hoped better things of that very pretty little girl, with whom Miss De Vinoy, a woman of sense and observation, is evidently desirous of cultivating a friendship. Listen to you, Selfridge. I advised you at the beginning of your penchant for Althea Vernon, not to proceed too rapidly; but to allow yourself time to understand something of her disposition and habits. Of her vivacity, intellectual endowments, and beauty, there can be no doubt; and fascinated by them, you have unthinkingly allowed your admiration to become apparent to every one, and certain as to the young lady herself."

"Have I, indeed," exclaimed Selfridge, eagerly. "But do you think—do you believe—that there is any hope—fear—I mean—of her being favourably impressed towards me?"

"I know not," replied Lansing; "but Miss Vernon, I am convinced, is not one of these very susceptible young ladies, who will fall in love with any man whatever, merely because he seems to think her handsome."

"But I am not any man whatever," said Selfridge, smiling.

"Very true," rejoined Lansing. "So I will beg your pardon for the *lapsus lingua*, and make the *amende honorable* by acknowledging you to be an extremely well-looking personage, of fine figure, fine hair, fine eyes, and fine teeth—in short, *fait a plaisir*. Also, I confess you a gentleman of good connections, good character, and good talents, educated at college, familiar with the best society, and possessing sufficient private fortune to establish yourself handsomely in an extensive business whenever you choose to begin. There now—*are you satisfied?*"

"Perfectly," said Selfridge, half-laughing; "and I ought, in gratitude, to return all these compliments; particularly as I can do so without any violation of truth. But, though it is a very pretty amusement to be thus eulogizing, the *Two Gen-*

lemen of Verona, I would rather just now have an answer to my question concerning Miss Vernon."

"That is, you would rather hear that Miss Vernon, if solicited to become Mrs. Selfridge, might probably be induced to consent; and, indeed, I know no reason why she should not. I must own I never saw her frown at your civilities, or avoid your society. I am not sure that the roses on her cheeks did not assume a deeper glow, and her eyes sparkle more vividly, when you were talking to her. Still, perhaps, it was only the delight of gratified vanity."

"She has no vanity," said Selfridge.

"Well, well—have it as you please," pursued Lansing. "She is a woman, therefore may be won." But thus far I will counsel you. In your fear of deciding too soon, do not err on the other side and be too fastidious. Neither should you consider the fallow of gay and unreferring youth, like so many mortal sins, Edgewise and Edgewise fashion. Give up, for the present, this wayward scheme of chasing the points of the compass all round the Union. Return to Rockaway. See Miss Vernon—and then—*cogite la galere*."

Selfridge made no immediate reply; but his brow cleared, his eyes brightened, he sprang lightly up the steps of their residence, and before entering the door, he turned to Lansing and shook him warmly by the hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VARIETY.

The velocity of a ship is from 8 to 12 miles an hour—of a race horse from 20 to 30 miles—of a bird from 50 to 60 miles—of the clouds in a violent hurricane from 80 to 100 miles—of sound 823—of a cannon ball (as found by experiment) from 600 to 1000 miles, (the common estimate is much too low)—of the earth round the sun 6,800 miles, (more than one hundred times swifter than a cannon ball)—of Mercury 105,000 miles—of light about 800,000,000 miles—passing from the sun to the earth, 95,000,000 miles, in about 8 minutes, or about a million times swifter than a cannon ball—and the exceeding velocity of the thoughts of the human mind beyond all possible estimate.

Sugar Beet and Mulberry.

We had promised ourselves the pleasure of presenting to our readers before this time, such an abstract of the material portions of the communications which accompany the report of the Committee of Congress on Agriculture, the receipt of which was acknowledged a day or two since, as would be useful and satisfactory. In this we regret to find ourselves disappointed, owing to the difference of views entertained by the various writers in reference to matters of detail, to give a fair statement of which will require more space than we can at the present moment spare from other subjects, or perhaps more pressing interest. Of the importance of the culture of the Mulberry tree and the fibre obtained, in proportion as they examine into the subject. A vast amount of money has been paid year after year by this country for silk and sugar, and that too under circumstances which preclude barter thus rendering the importation of them a dead weight upon the community. For this immense outlay, as experience has already shown, there is no just cause. Averse as we certainly are to the policy which would confine us to what may be termed the Chinese system, we are nevertheless warmly in favor of adopting such a course as will elicit our resources, and put in requisition all the capabilities of our varied soil and climate. As regards the products in question, we are safe in saying that no part of the globe possesses greater advantages than the United States, and there is no sound reason why we should be tributary to other countries. When France first undertook in 1811 the culture of the Sugar Beet with reference to the manufacture of that important article for household consumption, the scheme was regarded as visionary, and yet we find that in 1837 the quantity of sugar manufactured from this root in that country was no less than 90,000,000 lbs. or one half of the consumption of the Kingdom. Circumstances are in progress which will eventually, as we think, deprive us of the supplies of sugar from the West Indies, and it would be wise for the farmers of the Middle and Northern States to put themselves in such a position as to be independent of them. With regard to the circumstances here alluded to, it is only necessary to state that the views of the British government in reference to their colonies in the West Indies have been such as, if carried out, must affect most seriously the productiveness of that portion of the empire.

It is unnecessary to do more than hint at these things, as a sufficient motive for the home cultivation of the sugar beet is to be found in its profitableness under any possible state of things. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has, with a wisdom that does her honor, offered a bounty of three cents a pound on all sugar made from the beet within five years, which, taking the alleged product of an acre of these roots as the basis of a calculation, will give 4000 lbs. of sugar per acre or \$120 bounty, a greater yield perhaps than can be procured in any other form, and that too from the State alone. In this estimate the mere bounty money is considered, without including the difference between the cost of production and the market price of the article.

With regard to the Mulberry tree, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to which variety is the best for the purposes of silk production, all who have a knowledge of the matter agree in stating that the culture is adapted in every way to the habits of our people, and the peculiarities of our soil and climate.—*Baltimore American.*

"Tom, what are you laughing at?" said a mother to her son, who was rising greatness itself as he sat shaking his sides. "Nothing," roared Tom. "Nothing," exclaimed she. "Thomas, my son, I did not think you were so foolish as to laugh at nothing."—"I couldn't think of any thing to laugh at, and so I laugh cause I couldn't."