

# Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.—NO. 11.]

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 11, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 479.]

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### SHERIFFALTY.

**GEORGE W. MCLELLAN,**  
Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the  
**Office of Sheriff,**  
at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.  
March 19, 1839. te-51

### SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County.  
**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
Through the encouragement of many of my friends, I offer myself as a candidate for the  
**Office of Sheriff,**  
for said County at the ensuing Election, should I receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket, and be elected, I pledge myself to perform the duties of that Office promptly and impartially.  
**JACOB KELLER.**  
Mountjoy township, }  
April 23, 1839. te-4

### SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent voters of Adams County.  
**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
I offer myself again to your consideration as a Candidate for the  
**Office of Sheriff,**  
at the ensuing Election, (if I receive the nomination of our next General County Delegation) I would then warmly solicit your suffrages. And should I be so fortunate as to become the Honored Candidate of your choice, I would evince my gratitude to you all, by a faithful discharge of the duties of said Office, and by adhering to punctuality, and to impartial, humane, and social feelings.  
The Public's Humble Servant,  
**WM. ALBRIGHT.**  
Conowago Township, April 23. te-4

### SHERIFFALTY.

To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.  
**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the  
**Office of Sheriff,**  
at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.  
**FREDERICK DIEHL.**  
Franklin township, }  
March 19, 1839. te-51

### To the Voters of Adams County.

**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, and Recorder (under such combination as may be adopted by the Legislature,) at the ensuing election.  
Under a knowledge acquired from attending to several of the duties appertaining to said offices, and practical skill as a conveyancer, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to execute the duties thereof personally, in a prompt and correct manner.  
Yours respectfully,  
**JOHN L. GUBERNATOR.**  
March 12, 1839. te-50

### To the Voters of Adams County.

**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder and Clerk of the Orphans' Court, at the ensuing election.  
Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope (if nominated and elected) to be able to discharge the duties of those offices promptly, and correctly, and in person.  
The Public's Humble Servant,  
**WILLIAM KING.**  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

### To the Voters of Adams County.

**THE** Subscriber, offers himself to the consideration of his fellow citizens of Adams County, as a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of said County, (provided he shall receive the nomination of the Convention to settle a county ticket.) And respectfully solicits their support.  
**B. GILBERT.**  
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

### To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

**FELLOW CITIZENS:**  
I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of Register, Recorder, and Clerk of the Orphans' Court: And pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.  
**JACOB LEFEVER.**  
March 19, 1839. te-51

### 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.  
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.  
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.  
IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

### THE GARLAND



—“With sweetest flowers enriched,  
From various gardens culled with care.”

### FAREWELL.

O! where 'mongst human tongues can there be found  
More depressing melancholy sound;  
What can the throbbing heart such anguish bring,  
Or what the parting soul more deathlike sting,  
Than when that solemn and reluctant groan,  
Speaks in a doleful and impressive tone  
The parting word, Farewell! perhaps no more  
That voice to hear on times eventful shore.  
This passing mournful world its sorrows brings;  
And oft the bard its rapid changes sings.  
Man's born, but like the glimmering dew of morn,  
Shines but a fleeting moment, to adorn  
The earthy plains; then called with pain to tell  
His yet surviving friends a long farewell!  
Yes, oft is mortal man compelled to part  
With pleasures, scenes and friends, dear to the heart.  
Friendships of time, tho' formed with closest ties,  
Cause many anxious tears and groans and sighs,  
E'en oft when called in distant climes to dwell,  
We weep to bid our parting friends farewell.  
But Oh! when death, dread terror's king appears,  
What anguish rends the heart! The limpid tears  
Indicative of grief and woe, now seek  
Their wonted course along the palid cheek,  
See that fond mother, whose parental care  
Was ever ready to protect, and there,  
Weeping o'er her pale infant's lifeless form,  
Which scarcely yet had felt life's pelting storm.  
No consolation can her grief impel;  
But ah! she sighs, and bids a last farewell  
To her departed one, and all earth's joys.  
O! panic thought, this all my hope destroys!  
See that dejected youth, who now appears  
Frank with grief, and almost drowned with tears,  
Sobbing around his parents lifeless form,  
O! what am I, cries he, poor dying worm!  
Farewell! thou parent of my infant days;  
Farewell! to all my earthly sports and plays.  
No more will wotend mirth and sporting toys,  
Around and o'er me blend their transient joys.  
But when these streams of sorrow all unite,  
And all the tender wife's fair prospects blight;  
Yes, she in whom the lover sheds a tear,  
The wife laments, the mother too must bear  
The afflicting hand; yes, when her nearest friend  
A lifeless corpse, where now resort, on whom depend  
In deep distress her trembling lips must tell  
These ones to bright, now lived cheeks, farewell!  
More anguish still this doleful sound will bring  
To him just struggling with death's awful sting.  
To leave his helpless orphans fatherless,  
And dearest friends, awakes deep distress.  
Yet if prepared with God in heaven to reign,  
“For him to live is Christ, to die is gain.”  
Farewell dear friends, adieu to earth, he cries,  
I leave you all, to mount the lofty skies,  
Amid a world of cares he leaves behind  
All earthly things, and seeks in heaven to find  
A rest where parting groans and sighs are o'er,  
A home where friends and foes shall blend no more,  
More awful yet must be that parting sigh,  
Heard from a wicked soul, when called to die—  
To meet his awful and eternal doom,  
And bid a last adieu to friends and home,  
Ah! undone soul! where now the joys of earth?  
Where now the comfort of thy parted mirth?  
‘Tis gone! and thou its faithful votary,  
Art lost, yea lost through all eternity!  
Now through the caverns of perdition swell  
The awful sound, farewell, all hopes farewell!  
Ah! melancholy soul! Now he surreys  
Departed scenes, and friends and by-gone days.  
And waiting his impending doom he sighs,  
With mournful strains, his last adieu, and dies.  
MAY 1, 1839. S. W. N.

### THE REPOSITORY.

From the New York Mirror.

### General Harrison's Letter on Duelling.

NORTH BEND, 7th of April, 1838.  
DEAR SIR,—You ask my opinion “of the code of honor which decides controversies by a resort to the duel.” I comply with your request, and would do so more readily, if I could suppose that any thing that I could say would have an influence in putting an end to a practice which is the cause of so much individual distress, and violate so many obligations of the most sacred character.  
The arguments which may be used against duelling are so obvious, and have been so often urged by persons much more able to do them justice than I am, that I shall content myself with giving you what may be termed my experience in matters of this kind. And as this certainly does not exhibit the practice in a very fascinating light, it may perhaps have a better effect than any other mode of treating the subject that I could adopt.  
I believe there were more duels in the

North Western army, between the years 1791 and 1795, inclusive, than ever took place in the same length of time, and amongst so small a body of men as composed the commissioned officers of the army, either in America or any other country, at least in modern times. I became an officer in the first mentioned year, at so early an age, that it is not wonderful that I implicitly adopted the opinions of the older officers, most of whom were veterans of the Revolution, upon this as well as upon other subjects connected with my conduct and duty in the professions I had chosen. I believed therefore, in common with the largest portion of the officers, that no brave man would decline a challenge, nor refrain from giving one, whenever he considered that his rights or feelings had been trespassed upon. I must confess, too, that I was not altogether free from the opinion, that even honor might be acquired by a well fought duel.—Fortunately, however, before I was engaged in a duel, either as principal or second, which terminated fatally to any one, I became convinced that all my opinions on the subject were founded in error, and none of them more so than that which depicted the situation of the successful duellist, as either honorable or desirable. It could not be honorable, because the greater portion of that class of mankind whose good opinion of an individual confers honor upon him, were opposed to it. And I had the best evidence to believe that, in the grave of the fallen duellist, was frequently buried the peace and happiness of the survivor; the act which deprived the one of existence, planting a thorn in the bosom of the other, which would continue to rankle and fester there to the end of his days. The conviction that such was the case with men of good feelings and principles, was produced by my witnessing the mental sufferings of an intimate and valued friend, by whose hand a worthy man had fallen. Several years had elapsed from the date of this affair, before I became acquainted with him. We were soon after associated in the general staff of the army, and for the greater part of two years, we shared the same tent or barrack room, and often the same pallet. I had therefore an opportunity of seeing the agony he often felt, when his mind recurred to the event which had deprived society of a worthy member, and himself of an esteemed and cherished acquaintance. Like the unhappy hermit in the tragedy of Douglas, he appeared in his sleep, to “hold dialogues” with the ghost of the victim of his superior skill in the use of arms, or more perfect self-possession; and a witness to them might have adopted the opinion of the youthful Norval, that the happier lot was his who had fallen. Taking the rules which govern such matters, as the criterion, my friend had nothing wherewith to accuse himself. The quarrel was indeed “fastened on him.” Generous as brave, he had done every thing in his power to induce a withdrawal of the challenge, and when, by a first fire, his adversary was wounded, he anxiously desired that the affair might there terminate. His proposition rejected, his second shot was fatal. What an instructive lesson does this story present to him who would resort to this mode of settling a personal difficulty; and who possesses common sensibility, and the principles of humanity and honor. The sad alternatives, his own death or a subsequent life of bitter regret and sorrow. A short experience in the army convinced me, also, that fighting a duel was not an undoubted test of true courage. I had known instances of duels, and desperate duels, being fought by men who would not have been selected by the officers who knew them, to lead a forlorn hope. On the contrary, I possessed the most positive testimony to prove, that some of the bravest of men would not be engaged in an affair of that kind under any circumstances.

Conformably to my plan, as stated in the commencement of my letter, to give you facts rather than arguments, I present you with another reminiscence of my early military life. I introduce it only to sustain my position, but for the respect I entertain for the memory of a gallant brother officer, long since called to receive, in another world, his reward for having preferred the praise of God to the praise of men. In the summer of the year 1793, Lieut. Drake, of the infantry of the 2d sub legion, received a marked insult from another officer. Manifesting no disposition to call him to account, some of those who wished him well, amongst whom I was one, spoke to him on the subject, expressing our fears that his reputation as an officer would greatly suffer, if he permitted such an insult to pass unnoticed. The answer he gave me was, that he cared not what opinion the officers might form of him; he was determined to pursue his own course. That course was so novel in the army, that it lost him, as I had supposed it would, the respect of nearly all the officers. The ensuing summer, however, gave Mr. Drake an opportunity of vindicating most triumphantly, his conduct and principles. He had been stationed in a small fortress which had been erected by Gen. Wayne, during the winter, upon the spot which had been rendered remarkable by the defeat of Gen St. Clair's army, three years before. The garrison consisted of a single rifle company, and thirty infantry, and of the latter Drake was the immediate commander. In the beginning of July, 1794 a detachment of the army, consisting of several hundred men, under the command of Major McMahan, being encamped near the fort, in which they had the previous day deposited a quantity of provisions, they had just completed from the

were attacked early in the morning, by upwards of three thousand Indians. The troops made a gallant resistance; but being turned on both flanks, and in danger of being surrounded, they retreated to the open ground around the fort. From this, too, they were soon dislodged by the overpowering force of the enemy: in the retreat many wounded men were in danger of being left, which being observed from the fort, the commandant, Capt. Gibson, directed his own Lieutenant to take the infantry (Drake's particular command) and a portion of the riflemen, and rally out to their relief. To this Drake objected, and claimed the right to command his own men, and, as senior to the other Lieutenant, his right also to the whole command. “O, very well, sir,” said the captain, “if such is your wish take it.” “It is my wish to do my duty, and I will endeavor to do it, now and at all times,” was the modest reply of Drake. He accordingly sallied out; skillfully interposed his detachment between the retreating troops and the enemy; opened upon them a hot fire; arrested their advance, and gave an opportunity to the wounded to effect their escape, and to the broken and retreating companies of our troops, to reform and again to face the enemy. Throughout the whole affair, Drake's activity, skill, and extraordinary self-possession, were most conspicuous. The enemy of course observed it, as well as his friends. The numerous shots directed at him, however, like the arrows of Teucer, aimed at the heart of Hector were turned aside by Providential interference, until he had accomplished all that he had been sent to perform. He then received a ball through his body and fell; a faithful corporal came to his assistance, and with his aid he reached the fort; and those two were the last of the retreating party that entered it, Drake making it a point of honor that it should be so. Mr. Drake was rendered unfit for duty, for a long time, by his wound. He had not, indeed, recovered from it in the summer of 1796, when he was my guest, when in command at Fort Washington, (Cincinnati) on his way, on furlough, to visit his native state Connecticut. His friends, however, enjoyed his presence but a short time; having, as I understood, taken the yellow fever in passing through Philadelphia, he died in a few days after he reached his home.

I have yet another reminiscence, the relation of which may serve the cause you have so much at heart.  
An officer of the army had so often and so unnecessarily wounded the feelings of another of the same corps, the duties of which made their association indispensable, that he considered himself bound to demand satisfaction in the usual way. They met and the injured man fell, receiving a mortal wound, as it was anticipated he would, from the superior skill of his antagonist in the use of the weapons which they used. Being possessed of a high grade of talents and an amiable character, he had the sympathy of all the officers. With others I visited him, after he had been removed to his quarters. He expressed a desire to see the officer with whom he had fought, and I was present at the interview. I wish I could describe, as it merits, this interesting scene. The circumstances attending it, were so deeply impressed upon my mind that they can never be effaced, as long as memory holds its seat.  
In the tent, were some half dozen officers, the friends of the dying man, (for as I have said, he had, from his amiable qualities, many and warm ones,) exhibiting unequivocal evidences of this sorrow. Conspicuous above the rest, and near the head of the rude couch, was the manly form of the Commandant of the Corps, to which both the duellist belonged, (the beau ideal of chivalrous valor and the chevalier de Bayard of the army,) endeavoring to stifle as best he could, the feelings with agitated his bosom. At a little distance, and in full view of the victim of his passions, sat the insensible—; but I must restrain the indignation which I still feel. He was my brother officer; we shared together the perils of a difficult war; and, in battle, I know that he did his duty, and whatever might have been his conduct to others, I never had personally any reason to complain of him. But there he sat, apparently, at least, unaffected by the mischief he had done, by burying, in an untemperately grave, a man who had never injured him, whose arm might be needed in the pending decisive battle with the hitherto triumphant enemies of his country, and whose intellect might at some future time have been usefully employed in its councils. The severe bodily pain which the dying officer had for some time suffered, had ceased; and that calm and ease had succeeded, which is the unequivocal harbinger of approaching death, and which a Gracious Providence had provided for the mortally wounded soldier, to enable him to offer a last prayer for his distant family, if he had one, or for the pardon of his own sins. Turning his intelligent eye upon his late antagonist, he mildly said that “he had desired to see him, for the purpose of assuring him of his sincere forgiveness; that he wished him happiness in this world; and that as the means of securing it, he recommended to him, with the sincerity of a dying man, to endeavor to restrain the violence of his passions, the indulgence of which had deprived one of life, who had never injured him, in thought or deed.”

I am satisfied that what I have said above, does not entirely meet your enquiry, and that you will expect me to state what effect the scenes described, had in forming my own principles, and governing my own conduct. I have already stated an

entire change in my sentiments on the subject of duelling, from those which I entertained upon my first entering the army; and for which no excuse can be offered, but my extreme youth, and the bad examples continually before me. In almost every other case, possessed of the deliberate opinions of a man, you might safely conclude that his conduct would be in conformity to them. But such is not the case with men of the world, in relation to the laws which form “the code of honor.” Abstractedly considered they all condemn them, whilst in practice they adopt them. In all other cases, independent men act from their own convictions, but in this case, upon the opinions of others. I acknowledge, then, that the change of my opinions, which I have admitted in relation to duelling, had no other influence on my conduct than to determine me never to be the aggressor. But, although resolved to offer no insult nor inflict any injury, I was determined to suffer none. When I left the army, however, and retired to civil life, I considered myself authorized greatly to narrow the ground upon which I would be willing to resort to a personal combat. To the determination which I had previously made, to offer no insult nor inflict any injury; to give occasion to any one to call upon me in this way, (for after witnessing the scene which I have last described, the wealth and honors of the world would not have tempted me level a pistol at the breast of a man whom I had injured,) I resolved to disregard all remarks upon my conduct which could not be construed into a deliberate insult, or any injury which did not affect my reputation or the happiness and peace of my family. When I had the honor to be called upon to command the North Western Army, recollecting the number of gallant men that had fallen in the former war, in personal combat, I determined to use all the influence of my station to prevent their recurrence. And, to take away the principal source from which they spring, in an address to the Pennsylvania brigade, at Sandusky, I declared it to be my determination to prevent by all the means that the military laws placed in my hands, any injury, or even insult which should be offered, by the superior to the inferior officers. I cannot say what influence this course, upon my part, may have produced in the result. But I state with pleasure, that there was not a single duel, nor, as far as I know, a challenge given, whilst I retained the command. The activity in which the army was constantly kept, may, however, have been the principal cause of this uncommon harmony.

In relation to my present sentiments, a sense of higher obligation than human laws, or human opinions can impose, has determined me never, on any occasion, to accept a challenge or seek redress for a personal injury, by a resort to the laws which compose the code of honor.  
I am, very respectfully,  
Your fellow citizen,  
**W. H. HARRISON.**  
To AARON B. HOWELL, Esq.

### A Matrimonial Squabble.

(Scene—The Country, two neighboring farmers in conversation.)  
Lank Swipes, what d'yo think's happened?  
—Well, don't know.  
—Why, my wife hung herself high and dry on our big apple tree in the orchard?  
—You don't say so; I wish my apple trees would bear such fruit!  
—Oh, you good-for-nothing villain! I shrieked a female voice from the other side of a neighboring hedge, and in less than no time, Mr. Swipes found himself collared by his good lady; “You wish I'd hang myself, do you?”  
—Oh, no, dear Lizzy; I—I—I don't wish any such thing.  
—You did, though, you villain—I heard you.  
—I didn't mean it; if you'd hang yourself, I'd cut you down.—Wife relaxes her hold, upon which Swipes immediately runs off, and in running cries—“I'd be sure you were dead first, though!”

—Good mind to pinch you, Sal! said an awkward Josey, on his first visit to his first rustic flame.  
—What you 'ant to pinch me for Zekiel?  
—Golly, cause I love you so?  
—Now go 'long, Zeko, you great hateful? I should think you might be big enough to be ridiculous!—*Manhattan Ad.*

**BARRINGTON, THE PICKPOCKET.**—At one of the meetings in St. Martin's church, for the benefit of the Leicester infirmary, I noticed a tall, handsome man, in a scarlet coat, with a gold button hole in a black collar, the fashion of the day, moving with a gentlemanlike air. This person proved to be the notorious Barrington, the pickpocket. In going up to the middle aisle, he was invited into the mayor's paw, and sat between Miss St. John and Mr. Ashby, of Queenby, our late member of parliament. One of the plates was held at the door by this lady and gentleman, and when Mr. Barrington laid his guinea upon the plate, he was kindly thanked by his new acquaintance and passed on with a graceful bow. The gentry who held the plates retired into the vestry, to add their contributions, and when Mr. Ashby would have placed his ten guineas on the plate, to his utter astonishment, they had flown from his pocket.—After considerable amazement, the mystery was explained by one of the company's remarking that Miss St. John's pocket was turned inside out; and that the elegant gentleman who sat between them had helped

himself to the subscription he had put on the plate, and something beside. It is said that Barrington facilitated his operations by instruments, which he had made for the purpose. I recollect a circumstance of this kind. He waited upon a surgical instrument maker, and ordered a pair of scissors of a curious form; a few days afterwards, he called for them, and paid two guineas, which the maker charged. After he left the shop, the cutter's wife said—  
“My dear, as the gentleman seemed so pleased with the scissors, I wish we had asked him what use they were for; he might recommend us; do run after him!” The cutter scampered out of the shop, and overtaking the gentleman, hoped he would excuse him, but would tell him what use he intended to make of the scissors? “Why, my friend,” said Barrington, “I don't know whether I can tell you—it is a great secret.” “O, pray do sir—it may be something in our way.” Upon which Barrington, pressed hard upon his pockets! In the utmost consternation, the scissors maker ran back, and the moment he got into the shop, “My dear,” he cried, “will you believe it!—they are for the picking of pockets?” “Yes, my dear,” cries the wife, “but what is the matter with your clothes?” The cutter looked and presently discovered that the scissors had extracted the two guineas he had just received for them.—*Boston Atlas.*

**LUDICROUS INCIDENT IN A CHURCH.**—On Sabbath evening week, a clergyman from the South, who is remarkable for the simplicity and unceremoniousness of his manners, was officiating for a minister in this city, when, after announcing the number and verso of the first psalm, he discovered that he could not proceed further without the aid of his spectacles, and stretching himself over the pulpit to the minister of the place, who was setting in the baptistry room below, he exclaimed, in a sufficiently audible voice, “I say Mr.—, did you see my glasses?” The person thus addressed, without uttering a word, stepped up the pulpit stairs, and removed the ‘glasses’ from the worthy man's wig, to which they had been unconsciously exalted, and placed them upon his venerable nose.—*Edinburgh paper.*

**A Mississippi Jury,** empaneled some where “up south” last spring, is described by an eye witness as being engaged in sticking pins in each other to keep awake, and betting liquor on who could spit tobacco juice the furthest against a newly plastered and neatly whitewashed wall, together with various other amusements, alike rational, beautiful and dignified.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest; it is your cool, dissembling, smiling hypocrite, of whom you should beware. Them's our sentiments.

Tom, tell me the greatest lie, now, you ever told in your life, and I'll give you a glass of cider. “Me, I never told a lie.” Boy, draw the cider.

Grasshoppers are happy fellows—they have dumb wives. It is the male insect that sings.

Paul, being a Roman citizen, was benighted just outside the walls of the eternal city; and Peter, who was a plebeian, and could not claim the distinction of the axe and the block, was executed on the cross, with his head downwards to increase the pain and the indignity.

**PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.**—George II was once silly enough—for even kings are silly—to demand to be shown all the documents connected with a case that had been laid before him. The next morning he had the satisfaction of seeing beneath the royal windows three wagons filled with the papers which he had demanded, the said papers being neatly labelled and tied up with red tape, and in perfect readiness for his majesty's perusal.

**CONSIDERATE.**—Pat Hogan, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes before him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he dismounted, put the potatoes on his shoulders, and again mounted, saying “it was better he should carry the potatoes, as he was fresher than the poor beast.”

**APOTHEGMS OF THE ANCIENTS.**—In answer to the question, “Which is the most perfect popular government?” Bias said, “That, where the laws have no superior.” Thales said, “That, where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor.” Anacharsis, the Scythian, said, “That, where virtue is honored and vice detested.” Pictacus said, “That, where dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous and never upon the base.” Cleobulus said, “That, where the laws are more regarded than the orators.” But Solon said, “That, where an injury done to the meanest subject is an insult upon the whole constitution.”

**Buz!**—The following are the latest facts we have seen recorded by the English penny-a-liners:  
There was sold lately, at an auction in London, the wig worn by Queen Elizabeth—the same that she threw at the head of Lord Essex. Her most gracious little Majesty Victoria, who, by the way, inherits a goodly portion of Betsy's spirit, gave 500*l.* for it. At the same auction, John Liston, the celebrated comedian, gave seventy guineas for an apple, preserved in spirits—the identical pippin, which falling led Sir Isaac Newton to discover the laws of gravity.