

Star & Republican Banner.

BE FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.—NO. 26.]

GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1839.

[WHOLE NO: 494.]

SHERIFF - CANDIDATES.

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 elected 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 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

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

To the Freemen of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the office of PROTHONOTARY, at the ensuing election—should I be so fortunate as to receive a majority of your votes, I pledge myself to discharge the duties to the best of my ability.
JOEL B. DANNER.
Gettysburg, June 24, 1839. te-13

A CARD.

FRIENDS having announced my name to the Voters of Adams county for the Office of Register and Recorder, I would take the liberty respectfully to offer myself a candidate for the Office of Prothonotary; and solicit the suffrages of the public.
AMOS MAGINLY.
Fairfield, April 2, 1839. te-1

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.

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 and Recorder: And please, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices, with fidelity and promptitude.
JACOB LEFEVER.
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, at the ensuing election.
Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope if elected, to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.
The Public's Humble Servant,
WILLIAM KING.
Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts, at the ensuing election, being well acquainted with the business of said offices, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties thereof with fidelity.
S. R. RUSSELL.
Gettysburg, July 23, 1839. te-17

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of Clerks of the several Courts at the next General Election. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the Office faithfully.
THOMAS M'CREARY.
Straban Township, July 30. te-10

LAW NOTICE.

C. BAKER.
WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Adams County—office in Chambersburg Street, one door west of Mr. Buehler's Store.
Gettysburg, April 30, 1839. te-5

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 arrears 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."
"Why don't you take the Papers?"
BY GEORGE D. WILLIS.
Why don't you take the papers,
They are "the life of my delight."
Except about election times,
And then I read for spite.
Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent,
Depend upon my word;
For cash thus spent is money lent
On interest to the Lord.
My grandd used to make his brag
Of living at a day,
When papers sold as cheap as rags,
And trust was took for pay.
My grandd, when she had the blues,
Would thank her gracious stars
That papers filled with wholesome news
Were scattered every where.
I knew two friends, as much alike
As 'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in the bumps.
Each had a farm of equal worth,
A pretty while to keep—
Three boys—three horses and a cow,
A dog and twenty sheep.
One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.
The other took no papers, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down upon his crown,
And killed him as it should.
Had he been reading of the "news,"
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.
Go then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, not pay delay,
And my word heard it is inferred,
You live till you are gray.
An old news-monger friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.
I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No! hearty as a horse.
I knew a printer's debtor once,
Rack'd with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her disease would leave her.
Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain;
But aid forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.
"Here Jesse, take these silver wheels,
Go pay the printer now!"
She spoke, she slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.
Why don't you take the papers:
Nor from the printer's visage sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy,
A paper every week.
For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bill when it is due,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Evening Post and Saturday News.

FACT.

Brackenridge was altogether a remarkable man; eccentric, but of a kind and noble disposition. He possessed intellect of the highest order, and no man had so great an aversion to the formalities and coxcombry of fashionable life. He was remarkable for his wit and keen satire, which he delighted to play off on the elite of the day. Plain and unassuming in his manners he was not very successful in the affairs of the heart.—He used to say that as soon as he became enamored with any of the fair dames of the town of O—and began to press his suit, some youthful Adonis was sure to step in between him and his Lady Love. After being disappointed in this way three or four times, he finally renounced all hopes of ever

forming a matrimonial alliance suited to his wishes, and resolved to lead a life of "single blessedness." Like many other bachelors that I have in my eye, resolve to lead a bachelor's life because they can find no one to marry them, and then call a bachelor's life a "Luxury." Yes and I have no doubt a Luxury which they would be willing to dispense with. What say you my fair maid of 'sweet seventeen' with the light blue eye, pouting lip, dimpled cheek and roguish smile. Do you believe there are any bachelors out of choice? Or whether do you believe there are more out of choice or out of necessity? But I am digressing. Brackenridge seriously resolved never again to give any fair dame the chance of refusing him, and steel himself to all the finer feelings of our nature, and to live a cross, morose old bachelor. For one or two years after making this resolution he enjoyed his own fire-side 'Otium cum Dignitate,' solitary and alone. But how futile are all human resolutions, for when returning from Franklin county where he had been holding Court, he stopped to see an old German Farmer who had formerly been a client. Not finding the 'old man' in the house he took a seat at the request of the 'old woman' and soon made himself quite easy, and entered into a spirited conversation with the old Lady, commending and complimenting the many articles of domestic manufacture which were displayed for the admiration of visitors. Every thing looked neat and clean, but of the homeliest kind. The butter milk with which he slaked his thirst was new and excellent, and the 'Tin' out of which he drank it, was nearly as bright as his own silver Tankards. But as he intended to reach his home the same day and the sun was already past the meridian, he determined to walk to the field where the old Farmer was at work, and the youngest daughter, a bright, black-eyed lass of seventeen, was called to conduct him to the field. After walking a quarter of a mile down the lane the Judge scarcely noticing or speaking to his young guide, till Suzette put her hand on a five barred fence, and nimbly sprang over, bidding her hero to follow, as her father was in the adjoining field. The Judge looked up with astonishment at the feat which his guide had just performed, and felt almost ashamed when he deliberately put his right foot on the first rail, his left on the second as if he had been mounting a pair of stairs, and acknowledged that he had not as much agility as the 'nut brown' Suzette. Now for the first time he began to take notice of his guide, and become more interested in her. She had a beautiful black eye, regular features, well personed and her stature rather over than under the middle height. Before they had crossed the fresh plowed field, he made proposals of marriage to her which she did not hesitate in accepting.—The old people readily gave their consent, and in the course of an hour or two, Suzette was Mrs. Brackenridge, or as much so as a country squire could make her, and three minutes after the ceremony was performed the Judge mounted his horse, and rode to his bachelor home a married man. He immediately wrote to a paternal aunt in Philadelphia that he caught a Young *Paynter* which he wished her to tame, and received for reply that although she had not much fancy for taming *paynters*, but as he requested it she was willing to do what she could, and from the known ferocity of the animal she despaired of success. Suzette, the *Paynter* alluded to, was accordingly sent to Philadelphia, and no expense was spared to give her an accomplished education. She possessed extraordinary natural abilities which with close application, enabled her in the course of three years to return to her husband who received her with open arms, and introduced her to the fashionable and aristocratic citizens of Carlisle as the mistress of his heart and mansion. She soon became the leader of the town and was universally acknowledged to be the most splendid and accomplished woman in the interior of Pennsylvania.

that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now and independence forever.

The above speech is one of the most masterly efforts on record. But it is not the speech of John Adams, although it embodies the patriotic sentiments of that great man and patriot. His letter to his wife on the 3d of July, 1776, and the sentiment given by him on the day of his death are the groundwork of the beautiful production which is attributed to the elder Adams.—But the speech itself was never uttered, until 1826, when Daniel Webster, before one of the greatest and most intellectual assemblages of people that ever met in the Old Cradle of Liberty, pronounced his celebrated Eulogy on the character of Adams and Jefferson. In that eulogy, Mr. Webster, in describing the living and burning zeal of the great patriot Adams, gives the speech here quoted, as the supposed appeal of John Adams to the hearts of his compatriots in the Continental Congress, when the draft of the Declaration was framed in that body.—No words can add to its beauty or sublimity.—N. Y. Whig.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
THE YOUNG GREEK GIRL.
A Touching Story of the Plague.
BY MISS PARSONS, AUTHOR OF THE "CITY OF THE SULTAN."
A young Greek girl, whose lover, smitten with plague, was conveyed to the temporary hospital of the Seven Towers, had no sooner ascertained whither they had carried him, than without saying a word to her parents, who would, as she well knew, have opposed her design, she left her home, and presented herself at the portal of the infected fortress, as the nurse of the young Greek who had been received there on the previous day. In vain did the Governor, imagining from her youth, and the calm and collected manner in which she offered herself up an almost certain victim to the pestilence, that she was not aware of her danger, endeavor to dissuade her from her project. She was immovable; and was ultimately permitted to approach the bed-side of the dying sufferer.

Not a tear, not a murmur escaped her, as she took her place beside his pillow, and entered upon her desperate office. In the paroxysms of his madness, as the poison was feeding upon his strength and grappling at his brain, he spoke of her fondly—he talked to her—he stretched forth his hand to clasp her—and he thrust her from him as he yelled out in his agony, and his limbs writhed beneath the torture of the passing spasm.

And she bore it all unshrinkingly; and even amid her misery, she felt a thrill of joy as she discovered that pain and madness had alike failed to blot her image from his memory. But there were moments less cruel than these, in which reason resumed her temporary sway, and the devoted girl was pressed to the fevered bosom of her fated lover; and in these, brief as they were, she felt that she was overpaid for all.

But the struggle oven of youth and strength against the most baneful of all diseases could not last long. The patient expired in the arms of his devoted mistress, and as he breathed his last, bequeathed to her at once his dying smile and the foul poison which was coursing through his veins. She saw him laid in his narrow grave; and then she turned away with the conviction that she, too, was plague-smitten!

She did not return to her home; but she stood a few paces from one of the companions of her youth, and bade her bear to her aged parents her blessing and her prayers; this done, she fled to the mountains, and sought out a solitary spot wherein to die. None knew how long she lingered, for she was never seen again in life; but her body was found a few days afterwards beneath a ledge of earth, in a doubled up position, as though the last spasm had been a bitter one.

She who had sacrificed herself to soothe the last hours of him whom she had loved, perished alone, miserably, in the wild solitude of the Asian hills; and her almost Roman virtue has met with no other record than the brief one in which I have here attempted to perpetuate the memory of her devotion and her fate.

ADVERTISING FLOUR.—At what is called a "Protracted religious meeting," held in a neighboring city, brother W—, a steady respectable man, engaged in the flour business, rose to exhort. He said—"Brethren and sisters, it is our duty to attend immediately to the insuring of our salvation, and in order to do this we must believe in the Scriptures. Brethren, I fully believe in them as fully as I do that I shall receive for sale to-morrow 200 barrels Howard street flour, and very good flour it will be too." At this moment the good old parson present, rose and said, "Tut, tut, brother W. do not advertise your flour here, if you please."

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
THE DYING TEMPLAR.
He lay upon the bloody field,
With helmet cleft, and broken shield,
And from his wounds, now gaping wide,
Was flowing fast life's crimson tide.
His sliver'd lance was firmly clenched,
In his right hand, his glance unquenched,
Still gaz'd where loud the trumpet's bray,
Proclaim'd the raging battle fray.
He saw his own brave legion stand,
Surrounded, yet a gallant band,
Press on its almost triple foe,
And where they strike, some Moslems go,
To bask in sunshine of the eyes
Of Houris, in their Paradise.
Now beaten back, now form'd again,
They force their way: he feels no pain
While gazing on so glad a sight;
Forgets his wounds, and with a might
Collecting all his scatter'd strength,
To this last effort, rose at length,
And pro'd upon his sliver'd lance,
Throw o'er the field his eager glance,
Survey'd the scene, then curs'd the blow,
And he that with it laid him low.
"And yet 'tis joy, though wounded here,
To see my friends so bravely cheer,
And rally to the onset. See!
(Good heavens, can such daring be!)
They wheel and turn upon their foe,
And hundreds fall beneath their blow,
Ha! strike Beauvais! 'twas nobly done,
(Thou art the Temple's favorite son,
And thou deserv'st it,) on, once more,
And victor's wreath shall crown thee o'er.
Now, now Beauvais, charge! charge! on! on!
Another blow, and victor's won.
A gallant charge, by Holy Mother,
Each knight strives to outdo his brother
In deeds of daring; see Beauvais,
He's foremost in the battle's front;
And Stanley, Beaufort, De Clareaux,
And noble Leon bear them through,
Where'er the battle's thickest storms
Demands the succor of their arms.
Well done, knights Templar! bravely done!
The Moslem's shrink, now charge them on!
'Tis done; they turn their backs and fly,
God's for the temple! I can die
Content and happy, now I see
My brothers gain the victory."
This said, he sank upon the ground,
While faster flow'd each gaping wound,
And thick and shorter came his breath,
His eyes fast glazing o'er in death:
But still a smile was on his face,
As one with whom life's troubled race
Had ended sweetly. Now cold death
Has stop'd the gallant Templar's breath.

From Weld's New York Despatch.
SPEAKING PLAIN.
There is in this world a great deal of unnecessary ceremony about some things, and a great want of necessary ceremony about others. There is a deal of unnecessary ceremony for instance, in very politely following a man to the lower door, regretting his departure, when in truth you rejoice at it. There would, on the other hand, be a great want of necessary ceremony in following the bent of your own inclination, and kicking the man down stairs. There is much unnecessary ceremony practiced between women who hate each other, who know it, and each of whom know that the other knows it. That they should carry on a system of ceremonious and unnecessary small talk of which there is no need, while standing in such relations to each other, is among the inexplicable in woman's character.

There is sometimes "much, too much" ceremony between lovers—and sometimes much too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. The most amusing part of the whole business is too see two young fools, who have been sighing a twelve month, or longer, through each other's nostrils; and who consider themselves as good as married, and fly into a passion of tears or rage at the mention of the name of any other he or she in the same connexion;—it is the most amusing part of the whole business, we say, to see such a couple boggling at mere words—the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposals to Pa's and Ma's of both sides of the house.—Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak plain; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word as if it would burn her lips, and after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband by pantomimic gestures.

Thank heaven all people are not quite so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say honestly, and in few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and when one of the sensible ones of either sex is opposed to a mincing one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge. When two fools come together, as sometimes happens, they can only trust to accident, to come out of the dilemma, "some how;" and accident always assists and favors fools, wherever they are.

We have been often diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was rich—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, & the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She met "him by moonlight" while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
REFRESHING.
A late number of the Cincinnati Gazette has the subjoined paragraph. The generous trait of character which it describes—the story which it tells—is so good and so creditable to human nature, that we hope it is true. The paper says: I have read or heard an anecdote of a wealthy northern man, of this import. In visiting his large estate, he tarried over night with his tenant, that kept a snug country tavern, on a farm of 200 acres of land. The tavern keeper owned a beautiful pony, which became an instant desideratum to a little son of the proprietor. A proposition to purchase was made, but a sale declined. Soon after the morning departure the lad came cantoring on the pony to his father's carriage, with a note from the owner, requesting the father to permit the boy to receive it, as a present, from one upon whom he had bestowed many unrequited favors. The pony was accepted, and from the first stopping place, a complete and fully executed deed of conveyance for the farm and tavern house he occupied, was forwarded to the pony's late master. This was in somewhat of the olden time, when great men rightly understood the true sense of the maxim—"one good turn deserves another."

CONSUMPTION.—There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightning load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.
Nicholas Nickleby.

A GAMBLING STORY.—The Louisville Gazette states, that an amusing incident occurred the other day on board a steamboat bound up from New Orleans, between a gentleman and a ruffianly blackleg, who were engaged at a game of poker. The betting upon the game ran up to \$5,000, when the gentleman exhibited the four aces. "You certainly hold the strongest cards, but I think here is a document that can take the money," said the blackleg, making a motion for the bank-bills with one hand, and drawing a Bowie knife with the other, and pointing to the inscription, "Hark from the Tombs." "I think you are mistaken in your calculations," retorted the gentleman, coolly pocketing the money and displaying a cocked pistol with the inscription, "A dreadful sound." The discomfited had n't another word to say.

A FACT.—A merchant of this city being applied to for credit by a young man who was a stranger to him, and having seen his advertisements in our paper, called on us to ascertain if he had paid his newspaper bills. We exhibited his account, upon which the credits were as punctual an advance as the amounts were charged. The merchant went to his store and dispatched, without hesitation, the articles desired, to the young man's place of business. No other evidence was considered necessary.—Balt. Post.

"You're a good book-keeper," as the librarian said when a person would not return a book he borrowed.
If you would make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife that will scold him every time he comes home.

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From Weld's New York Despatch.
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REFRESHING.
A late number of the Cincinnati Gazette has the subjoined paragraph. The generous trait of character which it describes—the story which it tells—is so good and so creditable to human nature, that we hope it is true. The paper says: I have read or heard an anecdote of a wealthy northern man, of this import. In visiting his large estate, he tarried over night with his tenant, that kept a snug country tavern, on a farm of 200 acres of land. The tavern keeper owned a beautiful pony, which became an instant desideratum to a little son of the proprietor. A proposition to purchase was made, but a sale declined. Soon after the morning departure the lad came cantoring on the pony to his father's carriage, with a note from the owner, requesting the father to permit the boy to receive it, as a present, from one upon whom he had bestowed many unrequited favors. The pony was accepted, and from the first stopping place, a complete and fully executed deed of conveyance for the farm and tavern house he occupied, was forwarded to the pony's late master. This was in somewhat of the olden time, when great men rightly understood the true sense of the maxim—"one good turn deserves another."

CONSUMPTION.—There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between the soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightning load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.
Nicholas Nickleby.

A GAMBLING STORY.—The Louisville Gazette states, that an amusing incident occurred the other day on board a steamboat bound up from New Orleans, between a gentleman and a ruffianly blackleg, who were engaged at a game of poker. The betting upon the game ran up to \$5,000, when the gentleman exhibited the four aces. "You certainly hold the strongest cards, but I think here is a document that can take the money," said the blackleg, making a motion for the bank-bills with one hand, and drawing a Bowie knife with the other, and pointing to the inscription, "Hark from the Tombs." "I think you are mistaken in your calculations," retorted the gentleman, coolly pocketing the money and displaying a cocked pistol with the inscription, "A dreadful sound." The discomfited had n't another word to say.

A FACT.—A merchant of this city being applied to for credit by a young man who was a stranger to him, and having seen his advertisements in our paper, called on us to ascertain if he had paid his newspaper bills. We exhibited his account, upon which the credits were as punctual an advance as the amounts were charged. The merchant went to his store and dispatched, without hesitation, the articles desired, to the young man's place of business. No other evidence was considered necessary.—Balt. Post.

"You're a good book-keeper," as the librarian said when a person would not return a book he borrowed.
If you would make a sober man a drunkard, give him a wife that will scold him every time he comes home.