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R. S. PAXON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE GARLAND



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

From "The Book of the Boudoir," for 1940.

HOPE.

BY T. K. HEAVY.

I look into thy laughing eyes—
As bright and blue as summer skies—
And watch the thoughts that upward spring,
Like birds upon a painted wing—
And to my soul a vision steals
That just such smiling eyes reveals,
With bird-like hopes to make them gay—
"Till all the bright ones flow away!"

I gaze upon thy rose-red lips—
How beautiful amid their dew!
As never o'er their bloom had passed
The breath of one adieu—
"Till other lips before me rise,
With tones as sweetest bells—
Until their music turned to sighs—
Like passing-bells,—and dew and dyes
Were withered by farewell!"

I see within thy snowy breast
The tide of feeling sink and swell,
As storm had never touched its rest,
But one bright noon had made it blessed
With never warning spell—
Has every wish that, like a boat,
Thy heart has launched on that calm sea
Come brightly back, and only brought
New treasure-stores to thee?
Oh, for the white and silken sails
That one young spirit ventured forth—
A heart whose hopes went every where,
East, west, and south, and north,
But one was sunk, and one a wreck—
And now she watches, mournfully,
Where hope has not a single deck
On Fancy's silent sea!

STANZAS.

BY THE LATE WM. LEIGHTON.

If you bright stars which gem the night,
Be each a blissful dwelling sphere,
Where kindred spirits re-unite,
Whom death hath torn asunder here;
How sweet it were at once to die,
And leave this lighted orb afar,
Mist soul and soul to cleave the sky,
And soar away from star to star.
But oh, how dark, how drear and lone,
Would seem the bright world of bliss,
If wandering through each radiant one,
We fail to find the loved of this!

If there no more the ties shall twine,
That death's cold hand alone could sever;
Ah, then those stars in mockery shame,
More hateful as they shine forever.
It cannot be, each hope, each fear,
That lights the eye or clouds the brow,
Proclaims there is a happier sphere
Than this bleak world that holds us now.

There is a voice which sorrow hears,
When heaviest weighs life's galling chain,
'Tis heaven that whispers—dry thy tears,
The pure in heaven shall meet again.

AND YET I LOVE.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

Upon my cheek Youth smiles no more;
No more with hope my pulses move;
For me, life's summer hours are o'er,
And yet—I love!
My brow is stamp'd with many a care,
Whose withering influence I prove;
Within my breast reigns cold Despair,
And yet—I love!

My heart is like a broken lute,
Whose strings no more to rapture move;
The voice of joy in me is mute,
And yet—I love!

I have no witching skill to charm—
No spell a kindred flame to move;
Powerless am I the heart to warm;
And yet—I love!

ALL DISAPPOINT MY WIFE.

A rich old man, who married a young bride,
This evocative order in his will commands;
That his executors, at lowest tide,
Should throw his body far beyond the sands.

One ask'd him, why, when past his mortal life,
He wish'd to lie beneath the rolling wave?
Because, he said, his young and loving wife
Had sworn that she would dance upon his grave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

I have seen the infant sinking down like a stricken flower to the grave—the strong man fiercely breathing out his soul upon the field of battle—the miserable convict standing upon the scaffold, with a deep curse upon his lips. I have viewed death in all its forms of darkness and vengeance with a fearless eye; but I never could look on woman, young and lovely woman, fading away from the earth in beautiful and uncomplaining melancholy, without feeling the very fountains of life turned to tears and dust. Death is always terrible; but when a form of angel beauty is passing off to the silent land of sleepers, the heart feels that something lovely is ceasing from existence, and broods, with a sense of utter desolation, over the lonely thoughts that come up like spectres from the grave to haunt our midnight musings.

Two years ago, I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival, I became acquainted with a lovely girl, apparently about 17 years of age. She had lost the idol of her pure heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting, like the wing of death, upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was indeed a creature to be worshipped; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers; her yellow locks were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom; and she moved through the crowd with such a floating unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away in the air, like the creation of some pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids, at times, closed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of life and purity.

Days and weeks passed on, and that sweet girl gave me her confidence, and I became to her as a brother. The smile upon her lip was faint, the purple veins upon her cheek grew visible, and the cadences of her voice became daily more weak and tremulous. On a quiet evening in June, I wandered off with her in the open air. It was then that she told me the tale of her passion, and of the blight that had come down like mildew upon her life. Love had been a portion of her existence. Its tendrils had been twined around her heart in its earliest years; and when they were rent away, they left a wound which flowed till the springs of her soul were blood. "I am passing away," said she, "and it should be so. The winds have gone over my life, and the bright bonds of hope, the sweet blossoms of passion, are scattered down, and lie withering in the dust. And yet I cannot go down among the tombs without a tear. It is hard to take leave of friends who love me; it is very hard to bid farewell to those dear scenes with which I have held communion from childhood, and which, from day to day, have caught the color of my life, and sympathized with its joys and sorrows. The little grove where I have so often strayed with my buried love, and where, at times, even now, the sweet tones of his voice seem to come stealing around me, till the whole air becomes one intense and mournful melody; that pensive star in which my fancy can still picture his form looking down upon me, and beckoning me on to his own bright home; every flower, and tree, and rivulet, on which our eyes had bent, in mutual response, and bore witness to our early seal, have become dear to me, and I cannot, without a sigh close my eyes upon them forever."

I have lately heard the beautiful girl of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream—gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time around a bed of withered roses, and then dies as 'twere from very sweetness.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble, cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on the wave, and then sink into deep darkness and nothingness. Else why is it that aspirations, which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied?—why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set so far above the grasp of our limited faculties—forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in cold and Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visitors, will stay in our presence forever. Bright creature of

my dreams, in that realm I shall see thee again! Even now thy last image is with me. In the mysterious silence of midnight, when the streams are glowing in the light of the many stars, that image comes floating upon the beam that lingers around my pillow; and stands before me in its pale dim loveliness, till its own quiet spirit sinks like a spell from Heaven upon my thoughts, and the grief of years is turned to dreams of blessedness and peace.

"MY FISHING GROUND."

The above is the title of a most interesting essay in the August Number of the Knickerbocker. The following quiet, natural, happy, and pleasing passages, could scarcely have been "better told" by Geoffrey Crayon himself:

A little way from my dwelling, is a deep valley, through which, tumbling from fall to fall, a clear stream pursues its way, murmuring fitfully, as the breezes swell and die along its borders. Its banks are green for a narrow space on each side, and the hills which rise around are thickly wooded to the top. There is one dark, deep pool, where the water whirls around the twisted roots of an old tree, which appears to be the rendezvous of all the piscatorial tribes that navigate that way—a kind of stopping-place—a haven of debate and consultation.—Here sports the trout, "bedroit with gold," the "shiner," bright as a bar of silver; the indolent "sucker," rolling from side to side, with an easy motion; the "flirt-fish," bristling like an angry dog—each intent upon his own business; some putting out of port, and some dartering in, keeping continually a busy excitement in the little community.

Here I sit upon the fragrant grass, and pursue my sports; and I have become so familiar with the spot and its inhabitants, that I am grown to be quite a philosopher, as well as an angler.

Upon a hill above me, day after day, an easy, good natured cow, with a bell attached to her neck, goes tink-tink-tong; tink-tink-tong; passing the whole of her time in the labor of eating. She has worn a winding path down to the brook—down which she marches, with great gravity, for a little refreshment. Sometimes, when the heat is oppressive, she tarries awhile, and seems quite pleased at my sports. She is a very decent, well-behaved, well disposed animal, of good character, and industrious habits. A large frog, with a green surcoat and dark breeches, sits just opposite, looking exceedingly malicious, and apparently swelling with rage. He seems never to consider himself quite secure on land, and stands ready at any moment for a spring.—"Juggero-juggero! plump!" and away he goes. This frog is the most distant and unobscure of all my animal acquaintance. Every time he makes his appearance, he sits tucked up in his own conceit; swelled around the neck like a corpulent pope; gloomy, taciturn and independent; and he always leaves me without taking leave, and in a very impolite manner.

But the whole wood is alive with birds. They assemble in the cool depths of the valley, where the air is tempered by the running water, and sing together their thousand melodies. I have watched them as they came dashing along into their shelter, and welcomed them, as a hermit a way-traveler.

There is the robin, with his breast of gold, looking rather grave, and singing plaintively, with an air of concern about him. He is troubled about many things, but chiefly, where he shall build his nest; and he flirts from tree to tree, followed by his mate, curiously examining every crotch; and then, dashing to the earth, he trips a long to see what timber there is at hand to rear his mansion. He seems to have a forethought; and being thus chastened down, is devoid of all giddiness and folly. There is something soft and touching in his music, as he sings in the twilight of the evening, when the forest is still, and all around the landscape fades into indistinctness.—We all love the robin.

But the "fire-bird," or golden robin, a gay relation of the red-breast, is a wild, dashing fellow. Away he goes, blazing through the trees; perfectly reckless, hobbling round with a jerk; and then back and off the next moment in a tangent. He appears to be the busiest mortal alive, but, like some men who are always in a hurry, he accomplishes but little. He cuts a great figure with his fire-red suit, and shows a good taste in building a hanging-nest, where he lies and swings as the breezes may blow—taking his own comfort in his own way. I like the company of this little coquette exceedingly.

Just opposite, a wood-pecker makes his daily appearance upon the trunk of an enormous tree, where he hammers away for four hours together. He is as white as milk, with black stripes down his back, and a head as red as blood. He is a most industrious fellow. While all the birds are round are intoxicated with joy, he keeps as busy at his mechanical work as a tinker at an old kettle. There is no poetry in the wood-pecker, I am sure. All seasons are alike to him. He is a practical body—a regular "worky";—a bird of substantial parts; but, above all, he is a very clever fellow. He subsists upon worms drawn from decayed trees, and leaves the food up on the earth for the lazy and groveling, and unenterprising portions of his tribe.

But the owl is a dozy chap! There he sits, on the left—a knob of feathers—winking at my fish line, and looking as wise as a magistrate with a wig. What a dreary life he passes! all the day in a brown study. A venerable looking blockhead but a great

coward, is the owl. In the morning and evening twilight, he sallies out for his food, when other birds of temperate habits are at rest. A very gloomy and unsocial body is the "melancholy owl."

Of all the birds that keep me company in my excursions, commend me to the whippoor-will. At the dusk of evening, he fills the whole wood with his melody; so plaintive and tender—so soothing and solitary. His very voice speaks a lonely language, as it rings through the valley. It is a language familiar to all, and finds a responsive chord in every bosom; and as he prolongs his melodies late after night, he has the whole inhabitable landscape around for listeners. He is a romantic little fellow—a hermit, and revels in solitude—a poetical bird, if such there be—a poet of the heart rather than of the imagination; and he is "popular," wherever he is known. Give me the soothing voice of the whippoor-will.

FATALITY OF FASHIONS.

It is a startling fact, that human life is shorter in this country now than it was fifty years ago. There are diseases now which were hardly known then—and which bring thousands to a premature grave. What is the cause of all this? Has our climate essentially changed? No; unless it be for the better. The cause is to be found, doubtless, in the corrupting fashions of the times, which regulate the food and dress of people, and which make idleness more respectable than sturdy industry. We deprecate these fashions; they are rapidly leading us, as a people, to those excesses which have proved the ruin of other and earlier nations. It is time this subject were looked into with as much solicitude and care as politicians look for the causes of civil liberty and public good.

In olden times—in the days of the revolution—when sons worked willingly in the forests and the fields, and partook of the simple but substantial fare of their own farms—when daughters wore thick shoes, loose gowns, and labored at the spinning wheel and loom, such diseases as consumption and dyspepsia were seldom or never known. Doctors were rare acquaintances then. But now, if a young man would appear respectable, he must carry a green bag to court, rather than a hoe or shovel; and, as for young ladies—alas!—their shoes must be of kid, thin as wafers; their chests must be pent in corsets as closely as a Chinese foot, and their times must be spent in spinning street-yarn, thumping the pianoforte, or discoursing sentimental songs. All these fashions are prejudicial to human life and health. Oh, that fashion would ever take the right direction, and go upon the maxim of sanctioning nothing which interferes with the laws of health.—Then would the hopes of our country brighten, and individuals would enjoy an amount of comfort which is now too willingly but blindly sacrificed to false taste.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The "rote system" in which charity children are educated, is admirably calculated for the sake of obtuse intellect, as we will prove by an anecdote which occurred at a certain evangelical school. They are examined and questioned in a particular order, and, always standing in the same rank, have always the same reply, whatever may be the question. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, were accustomed to reply to the question, "In whom do you believe?" Thus, No. 1, "In God the Father; No. 2, "In God the Son; and No. 3, "In God the Holy Ghost." It so chanced that, by accident, No. 2 placed himself after No. 3. The question was asked, "In whom do you believe?" No. 1, "In God the Father; No. 3, "In God the Holy Ghost." "What?" said the examiner, "you should say, 'In God the Son.'" "No, Sir," retorted the matter-of-fact No. 2, "I believe in God the Holy Ghost; that 'ere boy (pointing to the misplaced No. 2) believes in God the Son." "You are a bright particular star," said the examiner; "pray have you been confirmed?" "No," was the instant rejoinder, "but I've been vaccinated."

This is pretty fair, to be sure; and it serves to remind us of a little incident related to us a day or two since, of an old lady who was in the habit of being confirmed yearly. At length, the preacher thinking it somewhat odd, enquired her reason for this predilection for confirmation; the reply was, that she considered it good for the rheumatism.—Columbia Spy.

Eloquence.—The following is an extract from a speech delivered by a member of the Indiana Legislature, on a bill to encourage the killing of wolves, which in sublimity has seldom been surpassed:

"Mr. Speaker.—The wolf is the most ferocious animal that prowls in our western prairies or runs at large in the forests of Indiana. He creeps from his lurking place at the hour of midnight, when all nature is locked in the silent embrace of Morpheus; and ere the portals of the east are unbarred, or bright Phœbus rises in all his golden majesty, whole flocks of pigs are destroyed."

A gentleman, one Sunday morning, was attracted to watch a young country girl.—"What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the damsel continued to pour along the dusty road. She answered gravely, "Sir, I am looking to see if my master be gone to church." Her master had a wooden leg.

The Thermometer at Watervliet, N. Y. on Thursday, ran down to twenty degrees below zero!

SLEIGHING TIME.

AMERICAN COURTESHIP.

This must be an everlasting fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothing to do but to ride about and talk politics. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a sleigh over these here mashes with the gals, or playin' ball on the ice, or goin' to quilting frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a driven home like mad by moonlight. Natur made that season on purpose of courtin'. A little tidy scriptous lookin' slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of onions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, looking for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at a gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one looking right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is 's on almost enough to drive one ravin, taring, distractin' mad with pleasure, aint it? And then the dear critter says the bells make such a din, there's no hearin' one's self speak; so so they put their pretty little mugs up close to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horses, and then whap you both go capized into a snow-drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin' from a pond, chatterin' away all the time like a canary bird, and you a haw-havin' with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. In this way a feller gets led on to offer himself as a lover afore he knows where he bees.—Sam Slick.

William Tell Oudone!—We learn, through the Centreville (Md.) Sentinel, that on Christmas day, a party of whites and blacks assembled at a shop or store about two and a half miles from Elkinton, where, as is customary on such occasions, after punishing the ardent for some time, they had a trial of target-shooting. After this was over, two of the best 'shots' among them, a white man and a black man, declared that they could shoot the hat from each other's heads, without injury to their persons. Accordingly they agreed to make the trial.—It was settled that the black man should shoot first, which he did, shooting the hat from the white man's head without injuring his person. It was now the white man's turn to try his skill; and with having taken their stations, he levelled his gun and blew the brains out of his more skillful but unfortunate rival. There appears to have been no malice between them to have prompted the deed, but it may be regarded as one of the many excesses committed by men when under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

"THE MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE."

On Sunday night last, some six or eight scientific gentlemen of our borough, agreed to sit up until the witching hour arrived, in order to have a peep at the "mysterious appearance," which has for some time past excited the minds of the curious in the movements of the heavenly bodies. To make the termination of their vigils as pleasant as possible, they also agreed to have a supper prepared precisely at twelve o'clock, and accordingly ordered one of our landlords to have it served up at that hour. As they were by no means selfish in the matter, they further agreed to rouse up our more sleepy citizens as soon as the *ignis fatuus* made its appearance, that they too might feast their eyes upon the movements of the celestial luminary. Ten o'clock struck—they felt a little drowsy. Eleven chimed—some were asleep. Twelve came at last—they were all snoring. Still no sign of the mysterious visitor was announced even by the landlord, who had been deputed (before all eyes were closed in sleep) to keep a sharp look out. As supper was ready however, he rung the bell, and our astronomers were wide awake in a moment, exclaiming, "Has the ghost come?" "No, devil a ghost have I laid my eyes on," was his answer, "but the geese and turkeys are smoking on the table." In a moment they were most savagely attacked, but before any one had time to eat even a rump, the cry was heard from the street, "It has come—the ghost has come!" They were up and out in a moment, and sure enough there was the nightly visitor traveling through the heavens in all the majesty of light. They ran—they shouted aloud—they thundered at the doors. Presently were to be seen men without trousers, women without petticoats, and children without either, joining in the race to the head of the town to have a full view of the gorgeous spectacle. Breathless, they arrived at last, when lo! what was their disappointment at seeing nothing more nor less than a wag leisurely walking to and fro with two lighted candles on a ten foot pole. Our astronomers swore most terribly, and hurried back to their inn to wreak their vengeance upon the goodly fare they had been obliged to abandon. Here again was another disappointment, and, if possible, more trying to their patience than the former. The smoking dishes had disappeared. A second wag, who was in the secret of what was transpiring out of doors, made a clear sweep of the board, so that not even a ghost of a fowl remained to tell what had become of the substance. And so ended their vigils.—York Gazette.

When wolves cross a river, they follow one another directly in a line, the second holding the tail of the first in his mouth, the third that of the second, and so of the rest.

EXPERIENCE is the most eloquent of preachers, but she never has a large congregation.

THE CORPORAL.

During the American revolution, an officer not habited in his military costume, was passing by where a small company of soldiers were at work, making some repairs upon a small redoubt. The commander of the little squad was giving orders relating to a stick of timber, which they were endeavoring to raise to the top of the works. The stick of timber went up hard, and on this account the voice of the little great man was often heard in its regular vociferations of "Heave away! There she goes! Heave ho!" etc. The officer before spoke of stopped his horse when arrived at the place, and seeing the timber scarcely move, asked the commander why he did not take hold and render a little aid. "The latter appearing somewhat astounded, turning to the officer with the pomp of an emperor, said, "Sir, I am a Corporal!" "You are not, though, are you?" said the officer. "I was not aware of it," and taking off his hat and bowing, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Corporal!" Upon this he dismounted his steed, flung the bridle over the post, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops upon his forehead. When the timber was raised to its proper station, turning to the man clothed in brief authority,—"Mr. Corporal Commander!" said he, "when you have another such a job, and have not men enough, send to your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you the second time." The Corporal was thunderstruck. It was WASHINGTON!

A THRILLING ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote was related to a writer in the Jerseyman of this week. In a farm house in Virginia, during a night spent there some six years ago:

"In December, 17—, towards the close of a dreary day, a woman and an infant child were discovered half buried in the snow, by a little Virginian, seven years old. The lad was returning from school, and hearing the moans of some one in distress, threw down his satchel of books and repaired to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, with a firmness becoming one of riper years. Raking the snow from the bumbled body of the mother, and using means to awaken her to a sense of her deplorable condition, the noble youth succeeded in getting her upon her feet; the infant, nestling on its mother's breast, turned its eyes toward their youthful preserver and smiled, as it seemed in gratitude, for its preservation. With a countenance filled with hope, the gallant youth cheered the sufferer on, himself bearing within his tiny arms, the infant child, while the mother leaned for support on the shoulder of their little conductor. 'My home is hard by,' would he exclaim, so oft as her spirit failed, and thus for three miles did he cheer onward to a happy haven the mother and child, both of whom otherwise, must have perished, had it not been for the humane feelings and preservation of this noble youth.

A warm fire, and kind attention, soon relieved the sufferer, who, it appears, was in search of her husband an emigrant from New Hampshire, a recent purchaser of a farm in the neighborhood of —, near this place. Diligent inquiry for several days found him, and in five months after, the identical house in which we are now sitting, was erected, and received the happy family. The child grew up to manhood—entered the army—lost a limb at New Orleans, but returned to end his days, a sojourner to the declining years of his aged parents.

"Where are they now?" I asked the narrator. "Here," exclaimed the son. "I am the rescued one; there is my mother, and here, imprinted on my naked arm, is the name of the noble youth, our preserver!" I looked, and read "Winfield Scott!"

Family Pride.—Notwithstanding the assertion made of old—or, if not made, it shall be now—that the man who has nothing but his ancestors to boast of, is like a potato, the best part of him being under ground, still there are many who at this day of intelligence are foolish enough to talk of family, and boast of their pedigree, as if like cattle they were better for it. The English family of Vere, Earls of Oxford, pretended to deduce its pedigree from the Roman Emperor, Verus. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, placed among the portraits of his ancestors, two heads, inscribed Adam de Stanhope and Euse de Stanhope. The French family of the Duke de Levis have a picture in their chateau, in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk, on which is written, "Papers belonging to the Levis family."

THE LIGHT HOUSE.

A plain, but excellent father, had a son much given to the toilet, who coming home in a new fashioned bang-up, with something less than a scrub of capus, was asked what kind of hatching he had got on his shoulders. "Capus, only capus, father!" "So, so," said the old man, passing his hand over them—Cape Hatteras, Cape Henlopen, I suppose, and here clapping his hand on his head, "is the light-house."

Mr. Van Buren's Message.—A gentleman who had cast his eyes over the interminable Message lately sent to Congress, by Mr. Van Buren, remarked, that it seemed to be a weak infusion of bitter herbs. "No wonder the tea is weak," replied a bystander: "for this is the third drawing from the same ingredients. However, it makes up in quantity what it lacks in strength."