STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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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.

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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 enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

SONG.

In sunny youth the minstrel lyre
To notes of joy are strung,
And o'er each gaily answering wire
The boy enchanted hung.
His hope was free, his heart beat high,
For she, his lady love, was nigh:
And tenderly her melting eye
Beam'd on him as he sung.

In sunny youth, to pleasure's breeze,
We set our silken sail,
And lightly borne o'er summer sea,
Her fairy islets hail.
The skies are always cloudless there,
The fragment bowers are bright and fair,
And music, in the balmy air,
Is heard o'er hill and dale.

Ah! sunny youth, in distance beaming,
A light spot on the sea,
O'er wintry billows faintly gleaming,
We still look back on thee!
Wisdom points to scenes sublime,
But her glacier snows we climb,
How blest appears youth's summer time
Of love and posey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the February Knickerbocker.

Phrenology and Animal Magnetism.

HOW THEY SERVED AN INDIVIDUAL.

AN AMUSING STORY.

'Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmation strong,
As proofs of Holy Writ.'

The text may be found in the tragedy of Othello, third act, third scene. I state this remarkable fact, to show that the above *is* an 'original quotation,' taken directly from the author, and not merely quoted from a previous quoter. I hold that there may be as much piracy in quotation, as in stealing an original idea; and I am ready to wager that half the scribblers in the world quote from *quoters*, without ever reading the origina's. But to the illustration of my quotation.

A few years ago I left my native State, on an invitation from my kind uncle Scrapings, of Havana, to join him in partnership there, under the firm of Scrapings, Scrapps, and Company; but, before I went, I had incontinently fallen in love with a beauty of my native city, of eighteen years, and a little money. She was a most voluptuous-looking little creature, with eyes as black as a pair of suspender buttons, and two little hands, as white—oh, *how* white! And the dear creature loved me, too; and so it came to pass, that we were 'engaged.' It was arranged that I should go to Havana, get well established in business, then return to claim Clara Smith, (an own sister of John) for my bride. In due time, I *was* established, and business prospered famously. Every thing we touched was converted into gold, and almost without an effort.

I kept up a correspondence with Clara, in which there was a due proportion of vows, rhapsodies, and apostrophes; but occasionally interspersed, on her side and on mine, with little trifling jealousies, which tended to give a lively dash of bitters to the otherwise too sickening draughts of sweets.—There was nothing very serious in these lovers' quarrels, however, and after a short time, we always returned to the old worn-out track of unadulterated love.

Two years passed away, and I was making ready to return for my beloved. I was always fond of exciting surprise, and determined, on this occasion, to make a sort of trap-door entree into the presence of my little idol. So, having deceived her as to the time when she might begin to expect me, I found myself, in the month of September, in New York, on my way home; and the next evening found me at Clara's gate—that gate over which I had taken and given many a parting kiss! The evening was warm—the parlor windows were open, and I heard within voices and laughter.—Softly I approached, and slily I looked in. With a thrill of horror I beheld Clara seated in a rocking-chair, while a fellow, a young fellow, a handsome fellow, seemed with one hand to be playfully covering her eyes, and with the other 'paddling in her neck with his damned fingers;' while her mother and sister sat on a sofa, quietly grinning at the fellow's impudence! I felt my blood hissing in my veins, yet I stood still, I saw him play with her ear; 'I grinned horribly a ghastly smile.' He spanned her face with his fingers; I twisted off two buttons of my coat. He encircled her head with his arm; I tore out a handful of hair. Finally, the dumb ass opened his mouth and spake; and I felt my blood reddening the very tip of my nose; but I restrained my indignation, to listen.

"I think," said he, "you are fond of men in general; and I think you would find little difficulty in transferring your affections from one to another, after the decease or treachery of the first. Now suppose your lover prove treacherous—don't you think so?"

I paused no longer. Job himself, when incrusted with 'sore boils,' would not have waited so long as I did. I rushed into the room, and catching the dog by the throat, laid him prostrate. "Villain!" cried I, 'and is it thus you attempt to inveigle away the affections of my betrothed? Know, sir, that I will suffer death, rather than dishonor!"

The mother and sister ran screaming from the room; but Clara, recognizing me at once, fell upon my neck, cried out, "O Judgment, (Reader, my euphonious name is Judgment Scrapps,) dear, dearest Judgment! spare him, and I will explain all to your satisfaction!"

Half doubting, I quitted my hold, and half doubting, I returned her embrace. "Say on, my Clara; I shall be but too happy to believe any thing you can say in explanation."

"That gentleman whom you have so wronged, is Dr. Feeler, the Phrenologist."

"Phrenologist!—and pray what may *that* be?"

"Why, dearest, it is one who uses the same means to discover another's intellect and disposition, that a monkey does to discover a certain species of the animal creation."

"Ah, I understand; such as we used to call craniologists. Humph! I never had the pleasure of seeing one. But *is* that indeed all! What a fool I have been! My dear Clara, and you my dear Dr. Feeler, is it possible you can pardon my atrocious violence? Sir," continued I, hesitatingly, for he looked rather needy, as I thought, "Sir, if money——"

"Say no more, Sir," replied he, "I perceive that your animal organs, and that of ideality, vastly preponderate over the reflective; and this unfortunate combination has led to these unhappy consequences: but if you will allow me a thorough examination of your—— "

"Sir, you are very kind, very—but having just returned from a foreign land, Sir, and wishing, Sir, to say something to this lady, Sir, will you be so good as to call again, Sir; any other time, Sir; but don't let me detain you *now*, Sir; good evening, Sir;" and I politely bowed him out of the room.

"And now, my dear girl, let us forget this laughable mistake; and dear, we must be getting ready to be married. *We will be married in one month from this very day!*"

"A month!—dear me! So *very* soon!—So unexpected!"

"Soon! Not a bit *too* soon, dearest! So just shut that little ripe mouth, and let me hear no arguments, no objections. I must be back to Havana in all November."

At this juncture, the mother and sister re entered; and after explanations; recital of adventures, statements of future arrangements, and obtaining the old lady's consent, they considerately left us to ourselves, and we poured out our souls together, in all the rapture of passionate attachment. Next day I left for New York, there to purchase my wedding garments, and to transact certain other necessary business.

At the expiration of a week, I again drew near the temple of my idol, secretly hoping that the accursed phrenologist had been extending his examinations in other regions, if any where, during my absence, and feeling beside a great curiosity to find how Clara employed her leisure. So I crept up softly to the house, and again peeped in at the fatal window. The phrenologist was *not* there—would to Heaven he had been?—but a person somewhat older and a great deal larger, with spectacles on nose, and a most diabolical smirk of total depravity. *She* was seated in the old fashioned easy chair, leaning back, while her eyes were closed, as if in conscious shame at her degraded situation; and *he* was standing over her, making motions that almost stifled me with mortification and rage. He seemed to be rubbing his dirty digits up and down over her soft velvet cheeks; those cheeks I had so often kissed, cheeks that now blushed with guilty passion! Anon, the rascal passed his hands over her full, heaving bosom. Yet I had resolution enough to await the result. The scoundrel kneeled—ay, *kneeled* to her!—and passed his hands up and down each side, even to her very feet! How my blood tingled! "Yet," thought I, "I will wait! It *may* be, after all, some other new-fangled notion, started during my absence. I must not again make a fool of myself too suddenly. She may be asleep, and the fellow takes this opportunity to insult her and me. But no; her sister is there, and smiles complacently, as if in mockery of my disgrace!"

Soon the fellow rose, and whispered in Clara's ear—she replied aloud: "O how rejoiced I am at your return, dearest! My heart is all your own!"

A single moment's reflection would have convinced me that she supposed herself addressing me; but, blinded by what I had seen, and the agony I had felt, I could appreciate nothing save my own dishonor; and jumping in at the window I rushed up on the villain, and dealt him a thwack that sent him reeling to the wall. He recovered, however, immediately, and returned the compliment with great vigor. Finding we both might expect some severe sparring, before we had finished, we placed ourselves in the attitude of experienced pugilists, while our eyes glared like the eyes of hungry wolves.

Clara and her sister advanced to the rescue, and caught my arms, crying out, the while, at the top of their voices: "Animal Magnetism! Animal Magnetism! It was nothing but Animal Magnetism!"

"Ay, ay," I replied, "I saw it was!" at the same time shaking them off, and redoubling my efforts; "there was quite too much of animal attraction to suit me; but wait till I spoil your magnet, and then you, madam, may go to ——"

"Here, as Yellowplush says, I recollect I was obliged to stop; for at this moment I received a blow under the left lug, which laid me prostrate and senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself upon the sofa, and Clara's sister bathing my temples

"How!—what!" I exclaimed: "Ah! I remember! Where is Clara?

"She left the room but now, declaring that she had done with you forever."

"Glad of it! Have the kindness to call her in to receive my farewell."

Presently she entered, when I commenced a tirade upon her fickleness and faithlessness, etc., which only ended when I was out of breath. She listened calmly till I had done, when she replied with freezing coldness and hauteur:

"Mr. Scrapps, you have spared me the pain I might have felt in bidding you farewell for ever. This is not the first time your absurd jealousy has brought you into a situation the most ridiculous. You will doubtless ere long learn, Sir, that the science of Animal Magnetism is an exalted and innocent one; quite as much so, Sir, as that of Phrenology; and that a woman may submit to the process from pure love of knowledge, without compromising her dignity, her modesty, or her honor!" And so saying, she turned her back upon me, and was stalking out of the room with great dignity.

Bitter remorse overwhelmed me. "Stay, stay!" I cried: "I entreat, I implore! Pardon, pardon my ignorance!"

"No, Sir: I am well satisfied, from the frequent manifestations of your jealousy and violent disposition, that we never could be happy together. I should be as jealous as yourself; and our life would be one scene of discord and rude commotion. And, Sir—however reluctantly—I must now bid you an unequivocal and eternal farewell!"

I lost that girl, merely because I was ignorant of the extent to which modern science had been carried; because I had not then learned, that *undue familiarity with the female sex might be extenuated*, by the forced 'march of the age.'

POPPING THE QUESTION.

This important science in the economy of matrimony, is sensibly and philosophically handled by an old Bachelor in Frazer's Magazine.

"Though it is impossible to say any thing much to the purpose about refusals generally, a little tact and observation will always tell you whether the girl who refused you would have been worth having, had she accepted. I am speaking of verbal communications only; as nobody ever writes who can speak. It is usual, in all cases of refusal, for the lady to say that she is deeply grateful for the honor you have done her; but, feeling only friendship for you, she regrets that she cannot accept your proposal, &c. &c. I have heard the words so often, that I know them by heart. The words, however varied, signify little; it is the tone and manner in which they are pronounced, that must guide you in forming your estimate of the cruel one. If they are pronounced with evident marks of sorrow, instead of triumph, showing unfeigned regret for having caused pain which she could not alleviate—if her voice is soft, broken, and tremulous—her eye dimmed with a half formed tear, which it requires even an effort to subdue—then, I say you may share in her sorrow, for you have probably lost a prize worth gaining; but though you grieve you may also hope, if you are a man of any pretension, for there is evidently good feeling to build upon. Do not therefore, fly out and make an idiot of yourself, on receiving your refusal; submit with a good grace; solicit a continuance of friendship, to support you under the heart crushing affliction you have sustained. Take her hand at parting; kiss it frequently, but quietly; no *outre* conduct of any kind—jest a little at the expense of your own failure, without however, attempting to deprive her of the honor of the victory. Rise in her estimation by the manner in which you receive your sentence; let her sorrow be mingled with admiration, and there is no knowing how soon things will change. These instructions, you will percieve, are not intended for every one, as they require skill, tact, quickness, and feeling, in order to be appreciated and acted upon. If you want these qualities, just make love purse in hand; it is a safe mode of proceeding, and will answer admirably with all ranks, from Almack's to the Borough. There is only one class with whom it will not answer, and that is the very class worth having.

"If, on the other hand, the lady refuses you in a ready made and well delivered speech, which had evidently been prepared and kept waiting for you, then make your bow, and thank your stars for your lucky escape. If she admonishes your inconsiderate conduct, bids you calm your excited feelings, and support affliction—if she triumphs, in fact, and is condescendingly polite—then cut a caper for joy, and come down in the attitude of John of Bologna's flying Mercury, for you have ample cause to rejoice. If the lady snaps at you, as much as to say, 'You are an impudent fellow'—which may be sometimes true, though it should not exactly be told—then reply with a few stanza's of Miss Landon's song:

'There is in southern climes a breeze,
That sweeps with changeless course the seas;
Fixed to one point—oh faithful gale!
Thou art not for my wandering sail.'

"If she bursts out into a loud fit of laughter, as I once knew a lady do, then join her by all means; for you may be sure that she is an ill bred hoyden or a downright idiot. But if unable to speak, grief at having caused you pain makes her burst into tears—as a little Swedish girl once did when such a proposal was made to her—then join her if you like, for the chances are that you have lost one worth weeping for."

POVERTY OF PUBLIC MEN.

Chevalier, (whose letters, says the Boston Journal, we have mentioned as just issued by Weeks, Jordan, & Co.) evidently thinks that our public characters, and especially our national functionaries, are allowed to spend and be spent in their country's service, rather more than is either politic or just. He allows them to be "servants" of the people, but thinks they are not treated as well as *other* menials. As might be expected, he would have a system of retiring pensions. On this subject he says:

"I had already seen the illustrious GALLATIN at New York, who, after having grown old in the service of the republic, after having been for forty years a legislator, a member of the cabinet, a minister abroad, after having taken an active part in every wise and good measure of the Federal Government, was dismissed without any provision, and would have terminated his laborious career in poverty, had not his friends offered him the place of president of one of the banks in New York. The distress of President JEFFERSON in his old age is well known, and that he was reduced to the necessity of asking permission of the Virginia Legislature to dispose of his estate by lottery: while President MONROE, still more destitute, after having spent his patrimony in the service of the State, was constrained to implore the compassion of Congress;—and these are the men to whom their country owes the invaluable acquisitions of Louisiana and Florida."

General HARRISON's case strikes him as another of the same class. He encountered that gentleman at *Cincinnati, and gives us the following comment*:

"*I had observed* at the hotel table a man about the medium height, stout and muscular, and of about the age of sixty years, yet with the active step and lively air of youth. I had been struck with his open and cheerful expression, the amenity of his open and certain air of command, which appeared through his plain dress 'That is,' said my friend, 'General Harrison, clerk of the Cincinnati Court of Common Pleas'—What! General Harrison of the Tippecanoe and the Thames?—The same; the ex-general, the conqueror of Tecumseh and Proctor; the avenger of our disasters on the Raison and Detroit; the ex governor of the Territory of Indiana, the ex-senator in Congress, the ex-minister of the United States to one of the South American republics. He has grown old in the service of his country, he has passed twenty years of his life in those fierce wars with the Indians in which there is less glory to be won, but more dangers to be encountered than at Rivolt and Austerlitz. He is now poor, with a numerous family, neglected by the Federal government, although yet vigorous, because he had the independence to think for himself. As the Opposition is in the majority here, his friends have bethought themselves of coming to his relief by removing the clerk of the Court of Common Please, who was a Jackson man, and giving him the place, which is a lucrative one, as a sort of retiring pension. His friends in the East talk of making him President of the United States—Meanwhile we have made him clerk of an inferior court.'"

LONGEVITY.—The Observer of Trieste states that there is at present living at Hildgausen in Silesia, a man named Hans Heiz, in his 142d year. He has not gone out of doors for the 37 years, but still takes 2 or 3 weeks in his chamber every day. When the weather is fine, he opens his window and smokes three pipes. He has not been able to speak distinctly for six years, but utters a few inarticulate sounds, which his grandchildren, who attend him (all his sons are dead,) understand. "This man," adds the Observer, "has lived in three different centuries, a thing never witnessed, perhaps, since the times of the patriarchs."

MISSISSIPPI BANKS.—By a vote of 47 to 34, the House of Representatives of the Mississippi Legislature, have adopted a resolution requiring the Banks of that State to resume specie payments on the 1st of April next, on all their habilities, and upon failure to do so, their charters are to be forfeited, and their affairs to be wound up by commissioners—*their debtors to have four years in which to pay up!*

One of the very best political speeches we have heard, was delivered by Col. McKennoy, at the dinner on Saturday, the 22d of February, in Harrisburg. Speaking of the reasons which induced him—an old Jackson man to support Gen. Harrison for the Presidency, the Colonel related the following anecdote:

An old man who lived in the western part of this state, had two sons; of these, one was considered remarkably shrewd and intelligent—the other was an idiot. All the property which he possessed was an old rusty gun and a flock of sheep. In the flock was an old ram named Billy, and he was the only creature to which, except his father, the poor simpleton evinced the least degree of attachment. Often on a pleasant day might the pair be seen butting each other in playfulness, or lying on the sunny side of a verdant hill, caressing with the utmost tenderness. But the father died and the poor boy having one object less to call forth his affections, seemed to become more fond of the society of Billy than ever he was before. A short time after their father's death, the cunning son counting on his brothers great love for Billy, divided the flock, putting all the diseased sheep together with Billy into one inclosure, while the sound members of the flock were driven by themselves. He then informed his brother that the sheep were separated into two equal portions, of which he might take his choice. For some time the idiot surveyed the two divisions with intense interest. At length putting down his head as was his custom when he wanted to romp with Billy, he said: Dear Billy, one butt more for the sake of old times—the best of friends must sometimes part, and I think you and I will play no longer. I love you dearly billy, and I am sorry for it, but you have got along with such a set of rotten scamps that I can have nothing more to do with you. Brother I take the other lot of sheep. Farewell Billy.

Thus, said the Colonel has it been with thousands of the original Jackson men of Pennsylvania; they loved Jackson as well as the poor silly boy loved his Billy—he is in bad company now. The old rotten corrupt federals were around him, and though like the cunning brother, they might hope to cheat that great simpleton the public, by playing upon their affections, yet simple as the people were considered by the little Magician and his federal advisers they would find themselves mistaken in their views.—Foolish as the people might be, they had always sense enough to know their own interest, and rebuke those who would dare to bring them on a level with the slaves of the monarchical government of the Old World.

From the Philadelphia Evening Star.

COMING AROUND.

Like many others who went off half cocked, immediately after the nomination of Old Tippecanoe, the *New York Herald finds that it is necessary to follow* what it *cannot longer resist*—the swelling tide of popular enthusiasm in favor of the gallant soldier "who has fought more battles than any other American General and never lost one!"

In a letter written from Washington, the editor states that "the President gives no *soirees*, no entertainments, but a badly cooked dinner occasionally to members of Congress, who cry it up or down with their politics. He lives in the most excluded way; for all the world like a proud English lord in his castle. Forsyth, Paulding and Poinsett, all old withered dandies, with more *hauteur* than sense, form his exclusive companions. They amuse themselves with playing whist and looking at French prints

"What a contrast between the life of these men at cards, and General Harrison at the plough tail! The "battered dandy," of Kinderhook, as though he had just came out of a band box—and the "old granny" of Ohio, tending his cattle and feeding his poultry!

"A few days ago, I saw Gen. Duff Green in Baltimore "Sir," said he, "Mr. Calhoun, by his coalition with Mr. Van Buren, has lost his moral influence, and in my opinion, Gen. Harrison will be elected."—I was very much surprised to find such opinions in such a quarter. Mr. Calhoun stands fast to his ideal state right opinions, while the whole south is changing around him. He does not perceive that the ground is stealing from under his feet.

"From every fact, inference, and opinion I can hear or gather, there can be no question but the Opposition can elect Harrison if they will come to the polls as they did in 1837 and '38. They have the votes no mistake, as the returns the last four years will show. The administration here are beginning to be alarmed at the prospect of things."

THE LOG CABIN AND HARD CIDER CANDIDATE.—Gen. Harrison, when parting from a regiment of his soldiers, just after the Indian war, said to them—"Gentlemen, if you ever come to Vicennes, you will always find a plate and a knife and fork at my table, and I assure you that you will never find *my door shut, and the string of the latch pulled in.*"

The debt of the State of ALABAMA, according to the State Treasurer's report is $15,400,000. It is comprised in two classes, of bonds, called *long and short bonds.* The latter are issued at two, four and six years, amount to $5,000,000 and bear an annual interest of $300,000. The other class of bonds amount to $10,400,000, fall due at different periods between the year 1840 and 1886, and bear a semi-annual interest of $260,500.—*Nat. Int.*

THE PETTICOAT HEIR APPARENT.—The Memphis Enquirer of the 23d ult., fixes upon Ross county Allen, the charge of the red "flannel" lie, most indubitably. He says:—"At a Van Buren State Convention held in Chilicothe Ohio, on the 8th of January, 1839, Mr. Allen stated that the ladies of Chilicothe, after the gallant defence of Fort Stevenson by Major Croghan, presented him with a sword, and Gen. Harrison with a petticoat. General Murphy of Chilicothe, immediately pronounced it to be a vile slander, under his own hand in the Scioto Gazette, and called on Allen to substantiate his calumnious charge by naming the time and place, when and where it occurred. Allen never replied. The ladies of Chilicothe also, soon after Allen made the charge, called a meeting, and passed resolutions pronouncing Allen's charge to be a base unfounded calumny; and demanded of him to name one lady who participated in the alleged affair; and that if he did not, his silence would be received as a proof of his having uttered a vile and calumnious falsehood. Allen never opened his mouth; and from that time he has been looked upon in the contempt and derision he merited, by the honorable of both parties, and the boys to this day, when he passes them in the streets, cry out "*there goes petticoat* ALLEN."

Henceforth, this calumniator may be styled "petticoat heir apparent" to Tom Benton.

We lately heard of a minister, who had been a chaplain in Harrison's army in the late war; who, a short time since in holding forth to a congregation somewhere in Indiana, and feeling it his duty to minister to their temporal as well as their spiritual welfare, and knowing some of his hearers were supporters of Mr. Van Buren, he hit upon the following expedient. He earnestly prayed for the welfare of the whole human race, and that "God would in his mercy direct the American people to select for the chief magistracy of these United States, one who was

Honest and well qualified,
American in principle,
Republican in heart,
Reform his aim,
Independant of political quacks,
Strong in support of our Constitution,
Open to the voice of the people, and
Never oppressing *them*, in order to gratify his malice for individuals."

To which there was a fervid and unanimous response of "*Amen*"

[By taking the first letter of each line we have the name of HARRISON.]—*Harrisonian.*

A very rabid and notorious Whig was passing a few days since, through a very benighted region of a neighboring county, when he encountered some ten or a dozen of the natives—all thorough stitch Locos. They held a parley, and politics, of course, being introduced, the Whig began to let out on "old Granny Harrison," the "imbecile dotard," &c. His auditors spread the white of their eyes to the Heavens, in utter a tonishment. "What! have *you* changed? Have you quit the Whigs?" "Yes—it is now pretty certain that Harrison will get all the votes in the Union—he is certain of all except this neighborhood. I was afraid you too were about to quit Van, and, therefore, I set in to abusing Harrison, to prevent you from doing it—for it would be a pity if Van did not get a single vote."

They all, of one accord, swore, after the old Virginia fashion that they would be *whipped* if they would vote for Van.

Richmond Whig.

NEW YORK AGAINST THE SUB-TREASURY.—The anti-sub-Treasury resolutions from the House passed the senate of New York on Thursday, by a vote of 16 yeas to 9 nays. Being slightly amended, they were returned to the House, and immediately passed that body by a vote of 92 to 7 Thus decidedly speaks the Empire State against the Sub-Treasury scheme of the Spoils' party.

ROBBER ARRESTED.—The man, Wright, formerly a stage driver in the employ of Mr. Reiside, who managed to "abstract" and make off with a box, containing $1100 in hard money, some two weeks since, near Smithfield, Pa has been arrested at Buffalo, N. Y. and the principal part of the booty found upon him. The money belonged to the Bank of Norwalk, Ohio. About $400 of it had been "invested" by the robber in a horse, a gold watch, and other jewelry to match. These articles and $700 in cash, were recovered—having been in possession of Wright something less than a week He was making for Canada; and was thus within an hour's journey of his place of destination, when his pursuer came upon and captured him.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—I never knew a marriage expressly for money that did not end unhappily. Yet, managing mothers, and heartless daughters, are continually playing the same unlucky game. I believe that men more frequently marry for love than women; because they have a freer choice. I am afraid to conjecture how large a portion of women marry because they think they shall not have a better chance and dread being dependent. Such marriages no doubt sometimes prove tolerably comfortable; but a great number would have been far happier single. If I may judge by my own observation of such matters, marrying for a home is a most tiresome way of getting a living.—*Child.*