

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. XI.—NO. 3.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

PHOENIX NO. 393.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

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THE GARLAND.



"With a sweetest flower's rich'd,
From various garden's soil with care."

TIMES' CHANGES.

I saw her once, so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding;
She opened to life's cloudless air;
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding;
Her smile, it banish'd my memory yet;
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing;
Her rosy mouth, her eyes of jet,
Around on all their light bestowing;
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So softly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor!
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptur'd gaze trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice, an altered charm,
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest;
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other;—
But matron cares of lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, stainless look had banish'd,
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd wo
Had brook't the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries pourtray'd her,
The glow, the glance had pass'd away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter;
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subdued, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt,
That ever louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness, as of sunset streaming,
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
'Till earth looks like landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever!
I gaz'd—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender-hearted,—
And, when I mused on later days,
As mov'd she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty,—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

MISCELLANEOUS.

STORY OF CALIPH STORK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Once on a fine afternoon, Caliph Chased of Bagdad, was comfortably seated on his sofa; he had slept a little while, for it was a hot day, and now, after his siesta, he brightened up exceedingly. He puffed volumes of smoke from a long pipe of rose-wood now, and then sipped the coffee that a slave poured out for him, and at times stroked his beard, well pleased with the flavor. In a word, it was evident that the Caliph was in a right pleasant mood. This was the hour when one could hope to be favorably received; for he was then always gentle and good humored; and on this account it was, that his grand vizier Mansor used to visit him every day at this time. He came this afternoon as usual, but, quite contrary to his wont, appeared very thoughtful. The Caliph drew his pipe out of his mouth an inch or two, and said: "What makes you look so grave, vizier?"

The grand vizier folded his arms across his breast, bowed before his master, and made answer: "Whether I look grave or gay, my lord, I do not know, but there is a matter standing at the door below, who has such beautiful things to sell, that I am vexed I have no little money to buy them."

The Caliph, who had long been fond of

gratifying his grand vizier, sent down his black slave to bring up the pedler; and the slave immediately returned with him. He was a small, sturdy man, his face sunburnt, and his garments ragged. He carried in a trunk, in which he had a great variety of articles, pearls, and rings, pistols richly mounted, caps and combs. The Caliph and the vizier examined them all, and the Caliph at last bought beautiful pistols for himself and Mansor, but a comb for the vizier's wife. Now just as the pedler was closing his trunk, the Caliph observed a little drawer, and asked whether there were any more articles there. The pedler drew out the drawer, and showed a box of black powder and a paper with strange writing on it, which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read. "These two articles," said the pedler, "I got of a merchant who found them in the streets of Mecca; I do not know what their object is, you may have them for a trifle, since I have no use for them myself." The Caliph, who took pleasure in collecting old manuscripts for his library even when he was unable to read them, bought both the writing and dismissed the box, and the pedler. Now the Caliph thought he should like to know what the writing meant, and asked the vizier whether he knew any person who could explain it. "Most gracious lord and master," answered he, "in the great mosque lives a man, called Selim the Scholar, who understands all languages. If you order him to come to you, perhaps he may know these mysterious characters."

The scholar Selim was immediately bro't in. "Selim," said the Caliph, addressing him, "you have the reputation of being very learned; look into this writing with your sharpest eyes a moment, and see whether you can read it: if you can, I will give you a new festival suit of clothes; if you cannot, you shall have your ears boxed twelve times, and receive twenty-five blows on the soles of your feet, since your name of Selim the Scholar would be undeserved." Selim bowed and said: "Be it done, my lord, according to your will." He scrutinized the writing for a long time, but suddenly exclaimed: "It is Latin, my lord, or may I suffer the severest punishment." "Tell its meaning," commanded the Caliph, "if it be Latin."

Selim began to translate: "O man who findest this, praise Allah for his grace.—Whoever shall take the powder in this box like stuff, and then say 'MUTABOR!' (which is to be changed), can be changed into any animal, and understand also the language of animals. When he wishes to resume his human form, let him bow towards the east three times, and pronounce this word; but when you are changed, beware of laughing; for if you fail to observe this command, the magic word will wholly fade from your memory, and you will remain the animal you are."

When Selim the scholar had thus read, the Caliph was above measure delighted.—He made the scholar take an oath never to disclose the mystery to any one, presented him a beautiful suit of clothes, and dismissed him: "This I call a good purchase, Mansor; how I shall rejoice, and how impatient I am, to become an animal! Come to me early in the morning; we will go forth into the fields together, take a little pinch out of my box, and then listen to the talk of beast and bird, in air or water, wood or wild."

Hardly had the Caliph Chased dressed and breakfasted next morning, when the grand vizier made his appearance, as he had been commanded, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box of magic powder in his girdle, and ordering his train to remain behind, set out with the grand vizier alone. They first passed through the Caliph's extensive gardens, but sought in vain to discover some animal in order to try their magic experiment. At last, the vizier recommended that they should proceed to a pond farther on, where he had of ten seen a great number of storks, that by their solemn demeanor and the continual din of their voices had much excited his attention.

The Caliph approved the suggestion of his vizier, and went with him to the pond. When they reached the shore, they saw a stork gravely striding up and down, searching for frogs, and making a peculiar bustle with wings and voice, as she went forward. At the same moment they perceived another stork high in air, and sweeping down to the same piece of moorland.

"I'll wager my beard, most gracious master," said the grand vizier, "that these two long necked fellows will have a fine dish of discourse. Would it not be well to become storks, and hear them?"

"Well said," answered the Caliph. "But first we ought once more to consider how we shall become men again. I have it, bow toward the east three times, and say 'MUTABOR!' thus am I Caliph again, and you vizier. But for heaven's sake do not laugh, otherwise we are lost!"

While the Caliph was thus speaking, he saw the other stork hovering overhead and then slowly alighting on the marsh. He instantly drew the box from his girdle, took a good pinch, gave it to the grand vizier, who snuffed it as smartly as he, and then both exclaimed: "MUTABOR!"

That moment their legs shrank and became slender and red, the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his companion became the deformed feet of a stork, their arms became wings, their necks stretched out from their shoulders and became an ell in length, their beard disappeared, and their bodies were covered with soft feathers.

"That is a pretty bill of yours, my lord grand vizier," said the Caliph after a pause

of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet, I never saw the like of it in my life."

"I most humbly thank you," replied the grand vizier, while he made his obeisance; "but if I might venture to say so, I should consider your highness even more handsome as a stork, than as Caliph. But come, if you please, let us listen to our brethren of the moor, there, and ascertain whether we actually know the stork tongue."

Meanwhile the flying stork had lighted; he trimmed and rubbed his feet with his bill; carefully smoothed every ruffled feather; and stepped up to the other stork. But the two new storks made haste to approach them, and to their astonishment, caught the following conversation:

"Good morning, Lady Longlegs, so early abroad on the meadow?"

"My best thanks, dear Clapper-bill! I have but a morsel of breakfast for you; would you like to have a bit of a bird, or the leg of a frog?"

"Thank you kindly; I have not the least appetite this morning. Besides I came to this meadow for a very different purpose.—I am to dance to-day, before the guests of my father, and I wish to practise a little here in private."

Thus speaking, the young female stork began her movements along the marsh in a style perfectly grotesque. The Caliph and Mansor looked after her in wonder; but when she stood on one foot in a picturesque attitude, and gracefully fluttered her wings in harmony with it, the two spectators could restrain themselves no longer; a roar of laughter, not to be resisted, burst from their throats, and it was a long time before they could recover from its violence.

The Caliph was the first to regain his self-possession.

"Assuredly that was a joke," he exclaimed, "which gold is too poor to pay for! I view it as a loss, that the foolish fellows were frightened away by our laughter; beyond dispute they would have amused us yet more."

But it now occurred to the grand vizier, that during their transformation laughter was forbidden. He imparted his anxious fear to the Caliph. "Good heavens! Mecca and Medina! that were a bad joke, if I must remain a stork! Pray recollect that stupid word I am not able to bring it out."

"We must bow three times toward the east, and then say, mu—mu—mu—"

They turned toward the east, and bowed so low that their bills almost touched the ground; but, O misery! the magic word had escaped them, and often as the Caliph bowed, and the vizier passionately added his mu—mu—to it, the remembrance of the complete word had vanished from their mind, and the poor Chased and his vizier were nothing but storks.

The enchanted pair wandered mournfully through the fields, wholly at a loss what to do in their wretched condition. They were unable to get out of their stork skin, they were unable to return to the city, to make themselves known; for who would believe that a stork was the Caliph, and if any one did believe it, would the inhabitants of Bagdad acknowledge a stork as their Caliph?

In this manner they sneaked about for many days, getting a miserable subsistence from the produce of the fields, which, on account of the length of their bills, they ate with extreme difficulty. Besides, they had no relish for lizards and frogs, for they were fearful of disordering their stomachs with such dainties. Their only comfort, in this their melancholy state, was their power of flying, and so they often flew upon the roofs of Bagdad, to see what was going on in that city.

During the first days of their disappearance, they observed great disquietude and sadness in the streets; but about the fourth day after their enchantment, as they were sitting on the Caliph's palace, they saw below them in the street a magnificent procession; drums were beating and files playing, as a man, wearing a scarlet mantle embroidered with gold sat upon a richly caparisoned horse, surrounded by a brilliant troop of attendants; half Bagdad were pressing and leaping after him, and all were shouting:—"Hail Mirza, Lord of Bagdad!" The two storks then looked upon one another, and Caliph Chased said: "Can you guess now, grand vizier, for what reason I am enchanted! This Mirza is the son of my mortal enemy, the powerful magician Kaschnur, who in an evil hour swore vengeance against me. But still I am far from giving up hope. Come with me, faithful companion of my misfortune, let us go to the tomb of the Prophet; on that holy spot we may be delivered from the power of sorcery."

They rose from the roof of the palace and flew toward the region of Medina.

With flying, however, they made but indifferent progress, for both the storks were little accustomed to the exertion. "O my lord!" cried the grand vizier with a groan, after proceeding several hours, "I can hold out no longer, you fly too swift, if you will allow me to say so! It is evening already, and we shall do wisely to seek some shelter for the night."

Chased listened to the request of his servant; and when they discerned in the valley below a ruin that promised to afford them a retreat, they flew toward it. The place to which they had descended for the night, appeared to have formerly been a castle.—Beautiful pillars rose above the ruins; many rooms which were yet in respectable preservation, bore witness to the ancient splendor of the fabric. Chased and his companion wandered through the corridors and passages, to find a dry spot, when suddenly

the stork Mansor stooped. "My lord and master," he whispered in a low voice, "were it not unworthy of a grand vizier, and more inconsistent still with the character of stork, to be afraid of spectres, I should feel extremely uncomfortable here, for I distinctly heard something sigh and groan close by us." The Caliph now stood still himself, and heard very clearly a low weeping, that seemed to come rather from a human being than from a beast. Full of vague expectation, he was on the point of rushing to the place, from which the sounds of we proceeded, but the vizier seized him by the wing with his bill, and with great earnestness entreated him not to expose himself to a new and unknown peril. But all in vain. The Caliph, who had a brave heart beating beneath the wing of a stork, tore himself away with the loss of a handful of feathers, and hurried into the gloomy passage. He soon reached a door, that seemed to be standing ajar, and through which he caught the breathing of a sigh and a low moan. He pushed the door open with his bill, and passed on the threshold in surprise. In the recesses of the apartment, which was partially lighted by a small lattice-window, he saw a great owl sitting on the floor. Tears were dropping fast from her large round eyes, and with a hoarse voice she uttered her complaints from her crooked bill. But when she perceived the Caliph, as well as the vizier, who had meantime come stealing after him, she raised a loud cry of joy. She gracefully wiped away her tears with her brown speckled wings, and to the astonishment of both, addressed them in good Arabic, with a human voice: "Welcome, ye storks! you are a good omen of my deliverance, for it was long since foretold to me, that I was to receive great good fortune by means of storks."

When the Caliph had recovered from his astonishment, he bowed his long neck, bro't his slender feet into a graceful position, and said, "My dear owl! I am persuaded by your words, that I meet you here a partner in suffering. But, alas! your hope of receiving your deliverance from us, must be in vain. You will acknowledge our helplessness yourself, when you hear our history." The owl begged him to relate it. So the Caliph began and related what we know already.

When the Caliph had told the owl his story, she thanked him and said: "Now listen to my story, and learn that I am not less unfortunate than yourself. My father is the king of the Indies, and I, his only daughter, am called Lusa. That magician Kaschnur, who enchanted you, has also plunged me in misery. He one day came to my father, and requested him to give me to his son Mirza in marriage. But my father, who is a passionate man gave order that he should be kicked down stairs. The wretch, under an appearance that excited no suspicion, had the skill to steal into my presence again; and one evening, as I was about to enjoy a cool walk in my garden, he assumed the disguise of a slave, and brought me a beverage that changed me into this horrible form. He then bore me to this ruin, fainting with terror, and with a frightful voice shouted in my ear:

"Here you shall remain, odious you die, despised by the very beasts, till you die, or till some sutor, out of his own free will, shall beg you to become his wife, even in your repulsive form. Thus I revenge myself on you and your proud father."

"Since that evening many months have passed away. Solitary and sad, I dwell amid these ruins like a female hermit, abhorred by the world and a terror to the beasts themselves; the beauty of nature is denied to me, for I am blind by day, and never, except when the moon pours her pale light upon these walls, is the veil of vision removed from mine eyes."

The owl finished her story, and again wiped her eyes with her wings, for the detail of her sufferings had beguiled her of her tears.

The relation of the princess had sunk the Caliph in a profound reverie. "If I am not much deceived," said he, "there is a secret connection between your misfortune and mine; but where am I to find the key to this mystery?" The owl answered him: "O my lord! I have a presentiment of hope, as I may call it, for a wise woman once foretold to me in my earliest youth, that a stork would bring me great good fortune, and I think I can suggest a way by which we can deliver ourselves." The Caliph was exceedingly astonished, and asked her what she meant. "The magician, who has worked us both this mischief," said she, "comes to these ruins once every month.—There is a dining hall not far from this room, and in that he is wont to carouse with his companion. I have often watched their doings there already. As they recount their infamous deeds to one another, the magician, it may be, will utter the magic word you have forgotten."

"O dearest princess," cried the Caliph, "tell me when he comes, and where is the hall?"

The owl remained silent a moment, and then said: "Do not take it ill, when I tell you, that it is only on one condition I can gratify you."

"Speak it, speak it!" cried Chased, "command me, it is my duty and pleasure to obey you."

"What I would say, is this: I long to be discharged as ardently as yourselves; but this can only be accomplished, when one of you gives me the offer of his hand."

Hearing this alternative, the stork appeared to be somewhat struck up and perplexed, and the Caliph motioned to his minister to go out with him a step or two. "Grand vizier," said the Caliph just without the door, "this is a stupid piece of business; but you may as well take her."

"Not very well, I suspect," replied he; "for should I take her home with me, my wife would scratch my eyes out. Besides, I am an old man, while you, who are yet young and unmarried, can give your hand to a beautiful young princess, with more propriety."

"That is the very point," sighed the Caliph, while he let his wings droop mournfully to the floor, "for who told you she was young and beautiful? This is called buying a cat in a bag!"

They continued discussing the delicate topic for some time, but at last when the Caliph perceived his vizier, preferred remaining a stork to marrying an owl, he resolved to submit to the condition himself. The owl was highly delighted. She informed them, that they could not have come at a better time, for it was probably the magicians would meet this very night.

She and the storks left the ruin to go to the hall; they proceeded for a long time through a dusky passage, till at length a bright light flashed upon them through a half demolished wall. When they reached the opening, the owl warned them to keep perfectly still. From the aperture, where they were standing, they were able to overlook a great hall. It was embellished on every side with pillars, and exquisitely finished. The colored lamps were so numerous as to produce a light resembling that of day. In the middle of the hall stood a round table covered with choice viands of various kinds. Sofas were drawn up to the table, and eight men were seated there. In one of these men the storks recognized that very pedler who had sold them the magic powder. The man who sat beside him requested him to relate his recent exploits, and among others he told the story of the Caliph and his vizier.

"What was the word you gave them?" inquired another magician.

"It was a very difficult Latin word, the word 'MUTABOR.'"

When the storks heard this, as they stood listening by the breach of the wall, they were well nigh beside themselves with joy. So swiftly did they run with their long legs to the door of the ruin, that the owl scarcely kept up with them. The Caliph then addressed the owl with emotion: "Deliverer of my life and the life of my friend, receive our eternal gratitude for the kindness you have done us, and accept me as your husband." And he then turned to the east. Three times the storks bowed their long necks toward the sun, whose earliest beams were tinging the mountain tops.—"MUTABOR!" they exclaimed. In the twinkling of an eye they were restored to their natural form, and exulting in the enjoyment of their new existence, both master and minister rushed laughing into each other's arms. But who can describe their astonishment, when they looked round? A beautiful lady, in glorious apparel, stood before them. Smiling, she gave her hand to the Caliph. "Do you no longer recognize your owl?" said she. It was she herself. The Caliph was so charmed with her beauty and sweetness that he cried out in a transport of joy: "It was the most blessed event of my life that I was changed into a stork!"

All three now proceeded towards Bagdad together. The Caliph found in his garments not only the box of magic powder, but also his purse of money. So he purchased at the nearest village whatever was needful for their journey; and in this manner they soon reached the border of Bagdad. But there the arrival of the Caliph produced no little astonishment. It had been given out he was dead, and the people were delighted therefore to welcome home their beloved lord again.

So much the more did their hatred burst into flame against the impostor Mirza.—They rushed to the palace, and seized the old sorcerer and his son. The Caliph sent the old man to the same apartment of the ruin which the princess had occupied as an owl, and ordered him to be there hung. But the son, who understood nothing of his father's art, the Caliph allowed to take his choice, either to die or take the snuff.—When he chose the latter alternative, the grand vizier gave him the box. A good pinch and the magic word of the Caliph turned him into a stork. The Caliph ordered him to be shut up in an iron cage, and placed in his garden.

Caliph Chased lived long and happy with the princess, his wife; his happiest hours were always those in which the grand vizier paid him his afternoon visit; they then talked over their stork adventure, and when the Caliph was in a right merry mood, he would allow himself to imitate the appearance of the grand vizier as a stork. He would stalk up and down the room with stiff legs and a solemn air, keep clapping his arms and wings, and show how he had bowed toward the east, and cried mu—mu—all in vain. For the Caliph's lady and their children this exhibition was always a scene of high merriment; but when the Caliph continued clapping rather too long, and nodded his head, and cried mu—mu, then the vizier, smiling, threatened to tell his lady the discussion that took place before the door of the owl princess.

ORIGIN OF TALK.—The ancient tells us that during the sojournment in Paradise, Heaven sent down twelve hogheads of talk, and while Adam was eating three of them, Eve snatched up the other NINE.

THE WATER OF THE DEAD SEA.—It is my very agreeable surprise. I found the shore fine, smooth, gravelly, and deepening very slowly, so that a person might wade in for some distance. There was along the shore drift-wood, most of it small, but still larger than any I had seen on the Jordan. This would seem to indicate that somewhere on the shores there is more timber than we found on the spot we visited. The water was not only very salt, but it was likewise exceedingly bitter, as much as most travelers have stated. The great density of the water was amply proved by its power to bear up the body. There is some truth in the saying: "It requires an effort to keep the feet and legs under, so as to use them with advantage in swimming. I could lie on my back in the water, with my head, hands and feet all out at the same time, and remain thus as long as I pleased, without making any motion whatever; this I could not do in any other water that I have been in. Still it is carrying the matter too far; and beyond the truth, when it is said to be so heavy or so dead, that it never rises in waves, but always lies smooth and untroubled, let the wind blow as it will. The drift-wood thrown out is evidence to the contrary.—*Letters on Palestine.*

A petition was recently presented to the Indiana Legislature, praying it to grant a bounty on killing wolves, in language like the following:

"The wolf, the enemy of sheep, prowls about when we're asleep, And, in despite of faithful dogs, Oft kills our sheep and junior hogs, And robs us of our wool and bacon, One by one—the imps of Satan! Hence we pray the Legislature To pass a law to kill the creature, And by a unanimous vote Make his scalp a Treasury Note."

A female medicant, aged 90, died at Lyons, recently from want of a medicine, which would not have cost her more than seven sou's. When her effects were examined, she was found to be in possession of 600 five franc pieces, 20 francs in small coin, 20 gold Louis, eight double Louis, four bank notes of 1,000 francs each, a bond for 1,000 francs, and security for an annuity of 2,000 francs!

The poor creature realized the idea of some poet, (probably Robert Treat Paine.) "The wretch who, dying, would not take a pill, If living, she must pay the Doctor's bill."

FIRST PRACTICAL DISCOVERY OF STEAM.—In the year 1605 Florence Rivault, a gentleman of the bedchamber to Henri the fourth, and preceptor of Louis the XIII, discovered that an iron ball, or bomb, with very thick walls, and filled with water, exploded sooner or later when thrown into the fire, if its mouth was closed, or, in words, if you prevented the free escape of the steam as it was generated. The power of steam was here demonstrated by a precise proof, which, to a certain point, was susceptible of numerical appreciation, whilst at the same time, it revealed itself as a dreadful means of destruction.

MAKING A NOSE.—An account is given in a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, of a case in which a portion of the skin of the left fore arm was transferred to the nose. The object of the operation was to repair the tip and left side of a nose which had been accidentally removed. Instead of taking the piece designed for a patch, from the forehead, as commonly practised by Talmucianists, it was thought better in this particular instance to resort to the arm, and thus save the face from a disagreeable scar. The operation, which was performed by Dr. J. W. Warren of Boston, was attended by complete success, and the patient immediately started for his home in the state of Maine.

QUIET AT LAST.—A bickering couple, residing near Manchester, were recently overheard in high controversy, and the repentant Benedict exclaimed, "I'm determined I'll have one quiet week with thee!"—"But how wilt thou get it? how wilt thou get it? how wilt thou get it?" said his taunting spouse, with that "d—d iteration" which married ladies so provokingly practise. "I'll keep thee a week after thou'rt dead!" was the tender rejoinder!

SLANDERING BEASTS.—The St. Louis Pennant objects to the phrases, "drunk as a bear," and "beastly drunk," sometimes used to describe people in a state of intoxication. He says, "it is a gross slander upon the beast creation. We never saw a beast yet that was not too respectable to get drunk—man is the only animal that is mean enough to do it."

DESPAIR AND CONSOlation.—I'm ruined, as the old woman said when her house was on fire—but it's a cold night, and I may as well warm myself.

BEST CONUNDRUM YET.—Why may Prince Albert be considered a saving and frugal personage? Because he lays by a sovereign every night.—*N. Y. Eve. Signal.*

A celebrated preacher having remarked in a sermon that every thing made by God was perfect; "What think you of me?" said a deformed man in a pew beneath who arose from his seat, and pointed at his own back. "Think of you," reiterated the preacher, "why, that you are the most perfect hunchback my eyes ever beheld."