

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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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1840.

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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.

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 enrich'd,
From various gardens culled with care,"

THE FARMER'S SONG.

I envy not the mighty king
Upon the splendid throne—
Nor crave his glittering diadem,
Nor wish his power mine own;
For though his power and wealth be great,
And round him thousands bow
In reverence—in my low estate
More solid peace I know.

I envy not the Miser—ho
May tell his treasure o'er,
May heaps of hoards around him see,
And toil and sigh for more;
I'd scorn his narrow sordid soul,
Rapacious and unjust,
Nor bow beneath the base control
Of empty, gilded dust.

My wants are few and well supplied
By my productive field;
I court no luxuries besides,
Save what contentment yields.
More pure enjoyment labor gives,
Than wealth or fame can bring,
And he is happier who lives
A Farmer than a King.

From the New London Gazette.

SONG.

Attn.—Bruce's Address to his Army.
Ye Yankee sons of Yankee sires,
Whose souls burn bright with patriot fires;
In whom oppression's rod inspires
The love of Liberty.

Come quickly to the rescue—fly!
E'en now the enemy are nigh,
Loud, loud is heard the struggling cry
Of tory tyranny.

Yes, now's the day, and now's the hour!
The "Laces" fall, and power,
Proclaim our chosen Hero's power,
And fear his victory.

O'er the whole land her shouts arise,
Behold a nation's eager eyes,
All turned on Hannibal, the wise,
The brave, the good, the true.

Shall golden crown, and clanking chain
Of avaricious Martin reign
O'er hill and plain and stream and main,
Red with our father's blood?

Shall freedom's son's o'er touch their hands
To till, like slaves, these happy lands?
And chained in cringing, craven hands,
Crouch to a despot's voice.

Not down with these intriguing knaves,
Who'd have us live like Russian slaves!
While yet the flag of freedom waves
In pride o'er this fair land.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO ROADS TO WEALTH.

"What a fine thing it is to be rich!" exclaimed Charles Ashton, as he passed Esquire Wilkins' great house.

"A fine thing, indeed," replied his friend Frank May, "provided—"

"Provided what?"

"Provided we can have a few other good things with it."

"Other good things! why man, money will buy all the good things in the world."

"Not quite," replied Frank. "To be sure, it will buy some small matters which are convenient, but there are things essential that it will not buy."

"Such as what?" interrupted his friend.

"Such as health, happiness, and clear conscience."

"Well, Frank, I suppose it would not be exactly the right coin for these commodities, but I'll tell you of one nice article which it will buy."

"And what is that?"

"A wife!"

"Ah!" replied Frank, "that's the only article in the world which I should rather beg than buy!"

"Well, Frank, you are a man of independent feelings, but I'm afraid you'll never be a man of independent property."

"Why, Charles, what makes you think so? I like money, and I mean to get my share, provided I can do it honestly."

"Ah! you will be too much hindered with scruples, to make any headway in the world. My motto is, Go ahead, hit or miss!"

"And I," said Frank, "should as lief have nothing to eat but sugar, as to have nothing to enjoy but wealth."

Here the friends parted, one to his workshop, and the other to his counting-room. These two young men lived in a villa, on the banks of the Connecticut. Charles Ashton was a merchant, and Frank May was a mechanic. They were both what the world call "very fine young men." It is eyes never look down into the heart. It is the prerogative of one Eye alone to look on the secret springs of action: to that Eye the difference between the two characters was very great.

Both applied themselves with all diligence to their respective callings, and hoped to be rich.

Frank May resolved that every dollar should be gained, not only honestly but honorably. As for Charles Ashton, he had but one purpose, and that was to acquire wealth—untrammelled by scruples about ways and means.

"I'll be a rich man before I die!" said he to himself one night, as he was studying his ledger—the only book in the world that he thought really entertaining. He was sitting in his application to business; and if he did not absolutely cheat, he made what are called "pretty tight bargains." Hard and honest, was his maxim, which some think means "hardly honest."

He soon acquired the reputation of a keen money-making man. But making money is not always making friends. At the end of ten years, Mr. Ashton was a richer man than his friend May, but he was surprised to find himself not so much respected, or so happy. He began to think there were some things money would not buy.

"But I'll see if it won't buy me a wife," said he. "I believe it's living a bachelor that makes me so blue!"

Now it never occurred to our friend that a wife who could be bought, might not be worth having. But it did occur, naturally enough, that while he was about it, he might as well try for a rich one. So he went peeping around among the heiresses—noting, peeping, and feeling, as they always were in conversation, you would acknowledge there was beauty there. And the very best kind of beauty, too—that which will not fade. This was just the sort of beauty to take with Frank. He found too, that her views of duty, of the great end of life, accorded with his own. That the afflictions of her family had matured her character, and produced a chastened and elevated spirit, which eminently fitted her for the companionship of one whose great desire was to be good and do good.

One evening Frank and Mary had been taking a long walk; it was a bright moonlight evening, of course, and they reached home just as the village clock struck nine. They stopped before the little gate, which was fastened with a string.

"Mary," said Frank, as he reached over to undo the string.

"Well."

"I have been thinking, Mary—hem,"—here he stopped, and worked away for some seconds on the string. It had got into a hard knot, I suppose.

"I have been thinking," he began again, and then he waited so long, that Mary wondered what he had been thinking about, and whether he would ever be done thinking.

"I have been thinking, Mary, that,"—as he had now advanced one word further, he would probably have got out the whole sentence, but just then widow Green, who had been sitting at the window, and seeing Frank working so long over the gate, the kind officious old lady must needs come out, to see "what was the matter with that string."

So Mary was left to finish the sentence according to the dictates of her own feelings or imaginations. But Frank took the more satisfactory method of finishing it on paper.

How the sentence really ended, may be inferred from the fact that the next week Frank was bustling about with an extra gleam of satisfaction on his fine countenance, making preparations for building a house. A light heart makes light work. In an incredible short time he had finished one of the prettiest little cottages you ever saw. It was painted white, with green blinds, and a portico all around. It stood far enough from the road to allow a large garden, which was enclosed by a white fence, with a little gate fastened by a string. Behind the house, at some distance, rolled the Connecticut river, with its beautiful expanse of interval land on each side, ornamented here and there with a solitary, graceful elm. Is there a river in the world whose path is marked with more beauty and verdure than the Connecticut? Among all dwellers on its banks, perhaps there never was a happier couple than the one who, on May day, took possession of the new cottage.

"And so," said Miss Jemima Wilkins that was, as she was returning with others from the wedding day, "poor Mary Green is Mrs. Francis May! I suppose she will carry her head pretty high now."

"Frank's a fool," thought Mr. Ashton, "to marry a girl who has but a cent in the world."

But two years wrought a change in the condition of the parties. Frank and Mary continued on in their even tenor—he applying himself with assiduity to his business, and managing with economy, while Mary made every thing go like clock work at home.

In the mean while Ashton went on as before, until becoming tired of the turnpike he determined to make a flying leap, and with his father-in-law, Esq. Wilkins, engaged in a grand speculation which was to make them both millionaires. But it failed, and involved both in irretrievable ruin.

Though Charles spoke so gaily as he turned away, there was a still small voice which whispered to his heart and told him Frank was right and he was wrong. But as this monitor had not been listened to when its tones were low, was it to be expected that it would be heard now?

Among the poor neighbours who shared Frank's kind attentions, was one, whose peculiar lonely and desolate condition, gave her a strong claim to sympathy and kindness. The widow Green, as she was commonly called had soon better days; but she had lost her husband, her children, and her property. One after another, she had laid her little ones in the grave, till only two remained, a son and a daughter. All the generous sympathies of Frank's nature were moved, when that only son was cut down just as he had reached an age at which his poor mother might begin to lean upon him. He resolved, in the fullness of his heart, to make this widow his especial care, and to do all in his power to supply the place of her lost son. He was unwearied in his attentions, and though time was money with him, he gave it freely to provide for her comfort. The widow Green had, as I have said, an only daughter; this was all that had been saved from the wreck of her earthly happiness. A rich treasure was this daughter—at least so thought the widow—and so thought another.

Now I beg the reader not to call in question the disinterestedness of Frank's attentions to the widow; for I do assure you, that when he resolved to be a son to her, he had no idea of a *literal* fulfillment. But benevolence sometimes meets with unexpected rewards.

Mary Green was at this time about nineteen years old. I suppose you expect me to say she was the prettiest girl in the village: no such thing—there were a dozen as pretty, perhaps prettier; but I don't believe one who had a kinder heart, or more sweet and gentle manners. Though, while her features were at rest, you would not say she was handsome, but if they were lighted up with thought and feeling, as they always were in conversation, you would acknowledge there was beauty there. And the very best kind of beauty, too—that which will not fade. This was just the sort of beauty to take with Frank. He found too, that her views of duty, of the great end of life, accorded with his own. That the afflictions of her family had matured her character, and produced a chastened and elevated spirit, which eminently fitted her for the companionship of one whose great desire was to be good and do good.

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And then, while mourning one day on his blighted prospects and the wreck of his property, he met Frank out in his working dress, who had on also a cheerful countenance; and when he saw how steadily he had won his way in public confidence, and to the enjoyment of a respectable competence, he said to him—

"Ayo, Frank! yours was the right road to wealth, after all."

THE YOUNG BRIDE.—Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and, with downcast looks and a heavy heart, turns her face from "sweet home," and all its associations, which have for years been growing and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step, as she moves towards the carriage; how eloquent those tears, which rush unbidden from their fountains!

She has just bid adieu to her home! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she has pronounced the farewell! and oh, how fond, and yet mournful a spell this word breathes! and perhaps 'tis the last farword to father, mother, brother, sister!

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new, a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—*uncertainly*, assuming that where all was peace—where all was happiness—where home, sweet home, was all in all to her. But these ties, these associations, these endearments she has yielded, one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder. She has turned her face from them all, and witnesses how she clings to the arm of him for whom all these have been exchanged!

See how she moves on; the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled up with life's loveliest pencillings, or, perhaps, with incidents of eventual interest—of startling fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil, even of "three score years and ten," for her, and record the happy and sun-bright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full her cup of life—that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness; that which sweetens social intercourse, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society? Or, who, with firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching? Who pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the confiding heart—the deep corroding cares of the mind, when neglected and forgotten, as it were, by him who is dearer to her than life—when all around is serene and desolate—when the garnered stores are wasted, and the wells dried up, and the flickering blaze upon the hearth wanes, and goes out and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears? But her affections wane not, slumber not, die not!

The brilliant skies may shed down all their gladdening beauties; nature array herself in gay flowers, bright hopes—and kind friends may greet with laughing countenances and glad hearts, but all avail nought.—One kind look,—one soft and affectionate accent, the unequivocal evidence of remaining love; one smile like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than heaven, with all its splendor, and earth, with all its beauties, and gay associations.

Oh! young man, ever be to the young bride what thou seemest now to be; disappoint her not! What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties that bound heart to heart, hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confiding joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Hers is an enduring—an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness! Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then will thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion for thou wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch!—When thine own are failing, she will cling to thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind voice will be like music to thy falling heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yes! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if any thing less than an angel's arm can do it.

MORALITY AND SENTIMENT.

"YOU CAN'T COME IT, JUDGE."

In Arkansas and Ireland and some other parts of the world, they have a fashion of asking a man if he knows one that he does, will name, and if he answers that he does, he is told something that he does not like to hear, which need not be specified more particularly here. They call it *catching* a man, if he should be ignorant of the *catch* and answer the question.

The Hyena Bank of Arkansas, among different currencies issued by it, had a considerable part of its circulation in Coon-skins and Possum-skins, the first of which passed at three bits a piece and the latter at two.

A fellow named Cole cut off part of the tail from a Coon-skin and fastened it on to a possum-skin and passed it for three bits. His

rascality was found out, and he was taken up for counterfeiting and brought before the Hyena Court for trial. A witness was called and sworn to testify, when the Judge commenced the examination by asking him, "Do you know Cole?"

The witness thought the Judge wanted to catch him, so he put the end of his thumb on the end of his nose, and with a cunning look, wavering his fingers, answered, "You can't come it, Judge."

"Answer the question, sir; Do you know Cole?"

"You can't come it, Judge."

"What do you mean, sir, by trifling with the Court? Do you hear the question? Do you know Cole?"

"You can't come it, Judge. I'm a little too smart. I've travelled."

The Judge got into a passion, and being unable to get any answer to the question, except "You can't come it, Judge!" sent the witness to jail for contempt of Court.

His wife heard of his being sent to jail, and went to see him.

"Why, what are you here for?" said she.

"Why, about that question the Judge asked me."

"What question?"

"Why, whether I knowed Cole?"

"Well, didn't you know him?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you answer him?"

"Would you have answered him, wife?"

"To be sure I would."

"Ah, wife, I always knowed you wasn't smart. I knowed so before I married you. I just took you out of pity. I tell you what wife. The judge might come it over a poor woman, but he couldn't come it over me. I'm a little too smart. I've travelled."

The next day, the witness was brought into Court again. The Judge addressed him with awful dignity.

"Well sir, you see the Court is not going to be trifled with. Now sir, will you answer the question that was put to you yesterday? Do you know Cole?"

"You can't come it, Judge. I'm a little too smart. You might come it over a poor woman, like my wife, but you can't come it over me. I've travelled."

"What's the reason you won't answer the question?"

"Why, would you answer it, Judge?"

"Certainly I would."

"What, can you stand a *catch*?"

"Catch! what Catch?"

"Why, do you know Cole?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Judge, I'm sorry for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You know Cole, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well—"

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE?—A writer in the Boston Courier has the following capital hit—

The attempt of the Tories, to make the people synonymous with the office-holders, the hiring editors, or the party, reminds me of an anecdote which I have heard of a colony of Puritans, who in olden time, migrated to this then howling wilderness.— They made it a case of conscience to determine, whether or not they had a right to appropriate the Indian hunting grounds to their own use. After a prayerful consideration of the subject, they drew up the following RESOLUTIONS:

1. Resolved, That the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.
2. Resolved, That the saints shall inherit the earth.
3. Resolved, That we are the saints.

A DIALOGUE TO BE TAUGHT IN SCHOOLS.—There is nothing better than this in Lucian. We advise every Whig paper to publish it, as a specimen of a good deal of truth in a mighty small nutshell. We copy it from the Geneva (N. Y.) Courier.

Whig. Why did you not nominate a Vice President at Baltimore?

Loco. Because we are strong enough to elect one without.

Whig. Oh!—And, why then, did you nominate a President?

Loco. Because—because—

Whig. But really, why didn't you nominate a Vice President?

Loco. We preferred to leave the people unbiased in their choice!

Whig. Let me see; why did you nominate a President?

Loco. Why?—why—really—why, because—because—I say, what will you take to drink?

SAFETY OF STEAMBOAT TRAVELLING.—The memorial of the steamboat owners of New York and other cities, asking Congress to repeal certain portions of the steamboat law, is accompanied by a statement from the pen of W. C. Redfield, Esq., which shows with what safety we can travel in steamboats, and how few among the millions transported in this way, are ever injured. It will be seen, that during the last five years, the number of lives lost to the whole number of passengers, was only one to nearly two millions.

It appears from Mr. Redfield's schedule, that the number of miles navigated by steam vessels connected with the port of New York, in five years ending 31st December, 1824, was about 2,827,850, with an aggregate of 4,796,000 passengers, of whom thirty-eight, or one in 126,211, lost their lives. Twelve accidents occurred.

During the five years ending at the close of 1833, the estimated numbers of miles run was 4,216,200, with an aggregate of 9,416,700 passengers. Number of accidents five—lives lost sixty-two; or one to 151,931.

During the five years ending 31st December, 1833, the estimated number of miles run was 5,467,450; aggregate number of passengers 15,835,300; number of accidents, two; lives lost, eight; or one in 1,285,773.

THE AVERAGE NUMBER OF MILES TO EACH EXPLOSION IN THE FIRST OF THE ABOVE PERIODS, WAS 235,646; IN THE SECOND, 843,230; AND IN THE THIRD, 2,733,725.

ANTE-DILUVIAN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—A book has recently been published in London, by Lieut. Radford, R. N. seriously recommending the form and dimensions of Noah's ark, as the best model for ocean steamboats. The author reasons out his case in perfect good faith, apparently convinced himself, if he shall fail to convince others. The ark is described to have been "three hundred cubics in length, fifty in breadth, and thirty in height;" and by some commentators is reckoned to have measured about 81,000 tons. Our modern Lieutenant thinks a steamark, of about 10,000 tons, and built of iron, would do for all reasonable purposes of travel.

He thus, vindictively, by modern instances, the form of the ark, as not unsuited to navigation: "As many have expressed their surprise as to the square and oblong shape of the Ark, because it is not customary to see ships in this fashion, nevertheless, the little rush-box in which the infant Moses floated, and rescued by Pharaoh's daughter on the waters of the Nile, was after this construction. The vessel or barque, Danae was confined with her child by Acrisius was of this description. The barques which the Romans called *Rates*, were of this figure. But we have no occasion to go down to the time of Pharaoh to prove the form and construction of the Ark, when it is borne in mind that this description of vessel is very common in the present day. The large barges that navigate up and down the Seine from Havre, Rome, &c. to Paris, are many of them of this build. The same may be observed as to the barges that go up and down the Danube from Ulm to Vienna, Pest, Ofen, and down to Galatz in the Black Sea, and, to bring the matter still clearer to the views of our readers, the coal barges on the Thames, which are seen in such shoals about London Bridge, are precisely of the same form and build."

PLAYING POSSUM.—The particulars of the recent affair at Fort King, are given as follows in the St. Augustine Herald. It is the keenest kind of military tactics on record.

"Captain Raines, commanding that post, prepared a shell with a shirt over it, in such a manner that any attempt to remove the garment would explode the shell. This he placed at a distance from the post. In a little while the shell was heard to explode, and Captain Raines repaired to the spot when he discovered Indian signs, a pony track, and some blood. So pleased was he at the success of the experiment, that he placed another shell similarly prepared, covered with a blanket, and retired. It exploded, and on going to the spot, it was discovered that the Indians had tied an *opossum* to it and its exertions to escape, had exploded the shell. The Indians had stationed themselves, and as they came up, fired upon the troops, killing one sergeant and one private, wounding Captain Raines mortally, and three privates. The Indians are variously estimated, from 60 to 90 in number."

IF A MAN BEGINS TO SAVE TEN CENTS A DAY when he is 21 years old, and continues to do so until he is seventy, he will then be worth \$10,957 37. A great many boys and young men spend noisily as much as this for unnecessary and injurious eating, drinking and smoking.

YOUNG MEN.—Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day; how many of these can now boast of wealth and standing! On the contrary, how many have become poor, less their places in society and are passed by their own boon companions, with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

INTERESTING SOLILOQUY.—In Indiana, a few days ago, an honest old farmer, a veteran supporter of the administration, was engaged thrashing wheat. Towards evening he became weary, and, as he leaned, during a short interval of labor, upon his flail, bitter thoughts passed so vividly through his mind that they at length found utterance in words.—"Here I am," exclaimed he, "dovling my life out with hard work; and what shall I get for my wheat after I have thrashed it? 'Thirty-seven and a half cents a bushel—Ah—thirty-seven and a half cents a bushel, all told! God knows I can stand these things no longer, and I will stand them no longer; I will vote for Gen. Harrison!" [Prentice.

OUT, LA SCIENCE EST QUELQUE CHOSE, MAIS LA DANSE! MON-TEUR LA DANSE!—The Emperor of Russia has presented Madame Gioielli Tagliioni with a magnificent sledge, with coachman, horses, &c. There were 400 silver bells on the harness.