

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.

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

THE JUBILEE OF LIBERTY.

The following lines were written on the morning of the Fourth of July, on the Washington Monument, Baltimore, under the statue of the immortal Father of American Freedom.

Father of Freedom, on this day

This day of days divine,
I, with a kneeling nation pay
My homage at thy shrine;
Hundreds of hearts have humbly here,
Mused o'er thy mighty fame,
And millions more, with souls sincere,
Will hail thy hallow'd name.

Thy flag of freedom, here unfurl'd,
Flaunts proudly o'er the free;
And waves a warning to the world,
Bow'd down in slavery;
The thunder of a thousand hills,
Rolls o'er each distant clime;
And freedom every bosom fills
With sentiments sublime.

Day of Redemption unto thee
Be honor still proclaimed;
This day the limbs of liberty
Were gloriously unchain'd;
And Liberty shall yet repair
To Europe's temples tall;
A thousand tyrants shall tremble there,
A thousand tyrants fall.

Immortal men were they, who gave
Their fortunes, and their fame
To glory of a patriot's grave,
To chivalry, or shame,
Oh! sound the eternal trump of fame,
On this auspicious day;
Let childhood's lip lip every name,
Of patriot's pass'd away.

Roll on, ye thunders, o'er the brave,
Whom Washington once led;
Who slumber in their gory graves,
With all the mighty dead;
Father of Freedom and the free,
Be still this flag unfurl'd;
Thy name, in distant days, shall be
The watchword of the world.

MILFORD BARD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DUKE AND THE BARRON."

Perhaps in the world there is no more pleasing re-union than that which takes place three times a week, in Paris, at the Duchesses de D—'s, of which she is herself the chief intellectual ornament. A few days ago my noble hostess observed that I gazed very intently upon an *Intaglio ring*, which, whatever ornament might decorate her, she invariably wore; and, with that fascinating simplicity which anticipates a desire, and is so conspicuous in persons of high rank, she thus narrated to me its story.

It is now some six years since the young Count Am—s R—i, tired of the monotony of the court in which he had been brought up, obtained passports for foreign travel, and directed his steps to Egypt—a land richer than any other in memorials of the past, and sublime even in her desolation. Soon after his arrival at Alexandria, he was introduced to the Pacha who was much pleased with his personal appearance and frankness of manner, and completely captivated by his varied talents. Nay, he went so far as to offer him his daughter Zuleia in marriage, in the hope of retaining him in the country; but to this proposition the Count returned only an evasive answer. On the occasion alluded to, they were seated on adjoining nunnets, chibouks in hand, and coffee in tiny golden cups before them. The arabesque *jalousies* were partly open and discovered a "garden of roses" beyond.

"Do you see that fairy form?" observed the Pacha, pointing to the left.

"I do, your Highness—she unveils! what exquisite loveliness!"

"That," continued the Pacha, "is Zuleia. To-morrow you shall converse with her. I value outward qualities little, in comparison with mental cultivation.

The result of the interview with the beautiful and accomplished maiden was, that for the first time in his life, Count R—i was

deeply, irremediably, in love. Nor did he scruple to confess this to the Pacha, who embraced him, his eyes glistening with pleasure. But there was a condition as yet unexplained, the Count was required to turn Mussulman.

To this he at once, with the firmness and decision which belonged to his character, formally and resolutely objected. The Pacha expressed his surprise at what he termed the folly of the young foreigner; was sorry that his (the Pacha's) wishes could not be accomplished; hoped the Count would take his own time to survey the magnificent ruins of his empire, and politely congealed him from his presence. The Count was mute, and departed for Cairo. After visiting the pyramids, Thebes, and Luxor, he sat himself down for the remainder of the summer in the pretty village of B—, near Cairo, clinging, it must be confessed to a hope that he should behold, perhaps possess, Zuleia. The house which he inhabited was in the midst of a garden washed by the Nile, a garden luxuriant in all the products of Eastern vegetation.

It so happened that he was the only European at that time in the village, and this may account for the circumstances which follow. The Turks have the most implicit reliance on the medical skill of the Franks, and when their own Doctors are at fault (which is often the case,) always send for their foreign rivals. Indeed, whether physicians or not, they still give them credit for knowledge of pharmacy; but I forgot—you know all this before.

Well, it was past midnight, the Count was fast asleep on his divan, and his chief servant, a Mamluke, was disturbing himself of the yataghan which he always carried, when a most violent knocking was heard at the outer door.

He was quickly re-armed, and rushed through the corridor to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"Thy errand, at this unreasonable hour," demanded Mamluke of the mounted emissary without.

"I come from the Bey Yussouf, of Cairo; he is ill—almost dying, and prays your master to see him; he is a *Feringee*, and may save him." The Count who awoke during this colloquy, was informed of the man's errand, and good naturedly consented to repair at once to the invalid.

The Arab horses which himself and servants rode, were not long in taking them to the palace of the Bey in one of the least frequented suburbs of Cairo. This digitary was stretched on his divan, in a state approaching to syncope, from which he was revived by a simple prescription; and it then became obvious that mental excitement was in no slight degree at the root of physical disorder. Left to themselves, the Bey confided to the Count, his secret. A creature of incomparable beauty, had been presented to him, as a wife, by the Pacha; but from some mysterious cause, she had repelled all his advances, and was wholly indifferent even to threats. "Your country, sir, is famous for its knowledge of the sciences—tell me, cannot you prescribe some philtre, that may change the mind and heart of Zuleia, whom, I avow, I love to distraction? Why do you tremble, and look so pale?—Does my proposition offend you?—Not in the least—but the affair is a perilous one, it is one of life and death—the charmed drugs which I shall give her will either transmute her hate of you into love, or—"

"Kill her." 'Tis well. Let her have the portion."

"There is one condition—if she die I am to be permitted to take away her corpse." You must see the prudence of this step.

"I do, and agree to it." Introduced to the chamber of the beautiful girl, the Count beheld a hand and arm of the most perfect symmetry thrust from behind the thick folds of the gauze curtains; and on the fourth finger was an *Intaglio ring*, which he instantly recognized. He was seen, was known, and a suppressed scream of joy reached his ears. The cup was in her hand, which, returned the gentle pressure of his. "I will take it," she exclaimed in an undertone, "I abide the result!" The room was cleared. In an hour the effect was to be produced, and the Count spent the interval with the Bey over a delicate and luxurious repast; the latter, had even regained, in some measure, his usual appetite for suspense would soon cease to afflict him. At length it was announced that the lady Zuleia was dead!

"Better that," remarked the Bey with stern and passionless gravity, "than *love another!* The corpse is yours, sir, and the sooner you convey it away, the better for both!"

Not to be tedious, the corpse was taken by the Count and faithful Mamluke to the village of B—. "Where shall we bury it?" asked the Mamluke, in a sorrowful tone. "Where?" returned the Count, half smiling, "beneath a counterpane. But leave that to me and the Fellow's daughter; send Aische hither quickly."

On the following morning the Mamluke was astonished to observe that Aische prepared breakfast for more than one; and still greater was his surprise on entering the *salon* according to custom in order to clear away, to behold leaning on the bosom of the Count, as he sat on the divan, a being angelic in beauty with whose features he was not unfamiliar once in the pallor of death, now in the bloom of love, and life, and health.

But no time was to be lost, no means of concealment to be despised. A few hours more, and the Fellow's daughter, the Mamluke, the Count, and Zuleia, were on their way to Alexandria; where, at

the residence of the Prussian Consul the nuptials were secretly affirmed.

Five years afterwards, the Count, who had made his Elysium, (no fictitious one) during the whole of that time in Italy, became a widower. But to survive Zuleia, with the love that he had borne her, would have been a miracle, and it was not realized in him; he lived not more than two months beyond that fatal event, and bequeathed the *Intaglio* worn by his first and only love to my most dear friend his sister, then dying of consumption. It passed to me, the emblem of a world equally rife of joy, and of its contingent—misery.

THE NOBILITY OF LABOR.

BY ORVILLE DREW.

So material do I deem this policy—the true nobility of labor, I mean—that I would dwell on it a moment longer, and in a larger way. Why, then, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily had it so pleased the Great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery for producing all that man wants.

The motion of the globe upon its axis might have been going forward; without man's aid, houses might have risen like an exhalation,

"With the proud word
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sound
Built like a temple"

gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxuriant banquettes, spread, by hands unseen; and man, clad with fabrics of nature's weaving, rather imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces: "Fortunate for us had been the scene ordained for human life!" But where then, tell me had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism!

Cut off labor with one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries. No, it had not been fortunate. Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass, whereupon to labor. Better that the rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed and in the forest, for him to fashion to splendor and beauty. Better, I say; not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down.

What do I say? It is broken down and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again—here, if any where, on these shores of a new world, of a new civilization. But how; it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil, it may be said? They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must.

Many submit to it, in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as to escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter but break it in spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten as a chosen, covered field of improvement.

But so he is not compelled to do under our imperfect civilization. On the contrary he sits down, and folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the abused and unjust feudal system, under which the serfs labored and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

Ashamed to toil art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dust labor field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service, more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather stained garment, on which mother nature has embowered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam,—her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is a treason to nature—it is impiety to heaven—it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat, toil, either of the brain or of the hand, it is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.—Every scrap of authentic historical information has its value, and should be preserved. In this country, we are too negligent of such things. We have especially neglected to avail ourselves of the communications we might have gathered from the soldiers of the revolution, a vast many of whom have been able and willing, (and some of whom still are) to furnish us with precious records. We notice that a Mr. Chase has lately deceased in New Hampshire, who was a private in the militia which relieved the Pennsylvania line at West Point, in 1780. Mr. C. with several others, being off duty, was on the shore of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When Washington assigned him the command of the West Point, he left his own barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the shore, for the accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of the desertion, Arnold rode down to the shore, from his head quarters at Robinson's farm, very fast, as was his custom—threw his reins to his attendant, and ordered the barge to be manned. He then directed his course towards the Point; but on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a course down stream, and move very swiftly through the water.

The explanation was afterwards made by

the boatmen. He hoisted a flag of truce, and told them to pull for the Vulture sloop of war, which lay below, saying that he had some business with her captain, and promised if they would row him down to her as soon as possible, to give them a guinea and a gallon of rum each. On nearing the Vulture, and being within range of her guns, Arnold opened his plan saying, "I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough," and declared if they would go with him they should have double pay, and be made sergeants in the British service. One of the men replied that "he did not understand fighting on both sides." "Then," said the General, "you are prisoners."

When they came alongside the sloop of war, Arnold ascended the deck, and was received by the marines with presented arms. He then ordered his men to come on board as prisoners of war. One of them who had been their spokesman just before, said "it was a shabby trick, as they had toiled to their utmost strength to get the boat along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners to boot." The English Captain heard their murmurs; and stepping forward, observed—"Gen. Arnold, I commend this ship, and while I walk the quarter deck no such transaction shall take place. I know the meaning of my words, sir, and will meet the comment." Then addressing the men, he continued—"My good fellows, I respect your principles and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your king. You shall have liberty to stay or go as you please. Here," taking them from his purse, "are your guineas: stave'd, put up four gallons of rum for the gallant sailor, and returned in safety to head quarters, to report their proceedings to Washington, who had just arrived in camp. Arnold, enraged, retired without uttering a word to the cabin.

Such is the amount of the statement made by Mr. Chase, about a fortnight before his decease, and recorded in the Monthly Visitor.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—Some years ago during the heat of a coffee speculation in Boston, when every body was holding on, waiting for the article to advance, an old merchant, keen as a razor, whose store was packed from the first to the fourth floor with prime green Rio, concluded from signs which he well understood, that prices had reached their acme. He was too old a hand at the bellows not to know that the present he, with his immense stock, began to sell, an alarm would be taken and down would go the prices. Quietly sending off a pretty stiff invoice of the article to auction, and giving the auctioneer a good humored hint to mind his own business, he attended the sale, and hid readily and at prevailing prices for the coffee. Other holders, who knew that he had about four times as much on hand as they had, concluded that it was safe to buy when he did, and so stood up manfully and bought largely. While old Mr.—'s carmen were tumbling his purchases into the front door of his warehouse five times as many were carrying coffee away from the back door. On the next day of sale he bid as freely as ever, and this continued for some two or three weeks.—One day he failed to appear at a coffee sale, and most of the dealers took the alarm, and prices declined a little. During the afternoon a pretty large holder who had always been ready to buy when he saw Mr.— willing, met him in the street, and asked the rate of coffee.

"I don't know what its going at to-day," replied the old fellow, as cool and pleasant as an ice cream.

"It declined a little this morning."

"Did it?" responded Mr.— with what seemed to his fellow tradesman a strange manifestation of indifference.

"Yes, certainly! Haven't you heard it before?"

"No; but I expected as much."

"Why, we shall all be ruined, if prices go down!"

"Not all, I presume," replied Mr.— with an unmoved countenance.

"Why, you're into it deeper than any of us."

"Met!" exclaimed Mr.— in well feigned astonishment, why, I haven't a bag in my store!"

The next day the bubble burst, and half a dozen speculators, who had been, for a month or two, dreaming nightly over their golden gains, were ruined.—*N. Y. Signal.*

"GIVE YOUR BOYS A TRADE," says the Maine Cultivator. Ay—ay—say we; always give your boys a trade of some kind. Whether you intend them for the bar, the pulpit, the counting room, or any profession which does not involve hard manual labor; still give them a trade. We do not mean by this that they should serve seven year's apprenticeship, at making shoes or mending wheel barrows, but that they should be made familiar with some kind of handicraft, so that they may be able to earn a livelihood under the worst fortune that may befall them. Under our system of government, fortunes do not go down by entail, and they have a curious way of not remaining in one family through more than two generations at most. The rich parent—and he is very rich, the more likely is the picture to reverse—need not calculate to perpetuate his fortune in his family; but if he wishes to give it the longest possible entail which is consistent with the natural course of events, let him "give his boys a trade," and let his girls take turns in the kitchen.

Idleness is the great destroyer, and parents who accustom their children to it, are

responsible for the train of unmitigated evils which always follow in its course.—"My mother learned me to work," was the remark of one of our Boston matrons, who had graced the first circle of society, whose husband was reputed to be rich, but who, in the commercial pressure of '37, had, in common with many others of his class, all the profits of years swept away. "My mother learned me to work"—and her face looked as happy and cheerful in her cheap but cleanly lodgings, as ever it did when surrounded by the paraphernalia of luxury and pride. Such a wife is a treasure; but what would she have been, had not her mother learned her how to work? The reader can see, even with half an eye, the principles that we are driving at.

Boston Times.

YANKEE PEDLAR.—A clever trick was played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the Captains of the steamboats running from New York to Albany, on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of the custom of putting people on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Poughkeepsie, about half way between New York and Albany. He therefore waited very quietly until he was within a mile or two of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain.—"Well, Captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact; I might have said nothing to you, and run up all the way to Albany—and to Albany I must go on particular business—that's a fact; but I thought it more honorable like to tell you at once, I haven't got a cent in my pocket; I have been unfortunate; but by the 'arnal, I'll pay you my passage money as soon as I get it. You see I tell you now, that you mayn't say I cheat you; for pay you I will, as soon as I can, that's a fact." The captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as soon as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed.

N. Y. American.

AN INDIAN'S CONSCIENCE.—An Indian once made a trade with another individual and cheated him, as he thought. Some time afterwards he called upon him, and the following colloquy ensued:

"Brother John, I owe you twenty dollars, and I have come to pay it."

"Why, no you don't!—what's that for?"

"Yes, I do, I traded with you, and cheated you out of twenty dollars, and I want to pay you, for these little men in here, (pointing to his bosom) won't let me sleep."

After much altercation, "Brother John" took the money, and our conscientious Indian, declared that the "little men" did not only let him sleep but went to sleep with him.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY IN A BALL ROOM.—A case was recently tried in the Common Pleas for damages for an assault and battery, which was rather out of the common run of knock down and drag out cases for which damages are demanded. A Miss Connolly was dancing a Spanish dance in a public ball room with the plaintiff Nevin, and having missed the figure—quite a common case in such matters—he whirled round his partner to her place by placing one arm around her waist and the other around her neck. On this, Starr, the defendant, knocked him down without a word of explanation, took the lady and finished the figure with her himself. For this, the suit was brought. The lady was examined, who testified to the manner in which she was whirled to her place. The Jury, on learning all the facts, assessed the damages at \$25 and costs.

N. Y. Star.

DEATH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—The postscript of our Paris letter, dated Saturday evening, announces the arrival of a telegraphic despatch in the afternoon of that day, with intelligence of the demise of his Majesty Frederick William King of Prussia. Our correspondent does not give the date of his Majesty's decease, but the fact is official. It appears further from our letter, that, feeling the approach of death, the king desired to see his army defile before him for the last time. His bed was, accordingly, carried to a window, whence, by reflection in a mirror, he was enabled to take a last adieu of his army. Immediately after this ceremony, the king placed the regal power in the hands of his son, and the day following rendered his last sigh.—*Times.*

HINTS TO FLORESTA.—Never put water on the leaves of flowers or plants of any kind when the sun shines on them. In this following nature—it seldom rains when the sun shines.

In fourteen States there are 12,897,637 sheep; of this number New York has 4,299,879; the town of Washington, Duchess county, has 34,367; Avon, Livingston county, has 33,353; Hoosick, Rensselaer county, has 37,807. The wool grown in the fourteen States this year will amount to 42,000,000 pounds, valued at \$21,169,000.

BLINDERS OR WINKERS.—A correspondent of the Boston Post says that it is an egregious error to use blinders on horses—that it is a strange custom, derived from England, where it is fast going out of use, and is almost unknown elsewhere. He adds, that instead of preventing their increase shyness, while they add to the headstall an uncomfortable weight, and interfere with the movements of the horse. Several gentlemen in Boston have disused them on their gig harness.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD CIDER.—About 100 miles up the Illinois river, a place called Phillips Ferry, I arrived one evening to "wait for a boat," and being weary and hungry withal, the good woman set before me the best her house afforded. She was from Ohio, and there had learned the mode of preparing all kinds of preserves, and on her table were plums, peaches, apples, raspberries, currants, &c. I told her of the excellent cider I drank at Natchez; she said she came from the place where they made it, and this, she says, is the operation:

"Take the cider from the press, before it ferments, at all, put it in a clean kettle that will hold a barrel, heat it until it 'just boils,' and no longer, immediately turn it hot into a clean barrel, add to it a table spoonful of pearlash, cork it up and roll it into the cellar, and when you have occasion to use it you will find it clear, sparkling, and delicious, without a particle of 'vinegar sourness.' Add nothing to it except the pearlash, neither water nor spirits. Be careful to boil it not a moment after you see it bubble; for it may get burnt, and of course spoiled.

I gave the directions to a friend who made a keg of cider in this way last year, but he 'boiled it a little,' and it got the taint of boiled cider, but in other respects it was good. Perhaps some of your readers would like to improve the quality of their 'hard cider,' if so, you can best judge of the propriety of giving the above recipe publication.—*Boston Cultivator.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S ORATORY.—"Webster never talks any thing but English, and he handles it just as a strong man handles a sledgehammer; that is, in an easy kind of way, as if he was playing with it; and yet the sparks fly right and left from the red hot iron. I heard Webster myself at Bunkerhill, when the corner stone of the monument was laid. It was the 17th of June, 1825. I sat right next to one of the old soldiers who was in the battle. When the speech was over, the old patriot pulled up the waistband of his breeches with his right hand, and turned to me saying—'That's a grand speech, I do declare. I am pretty deaf, you know, but I heard it all as plain as I did the British cannon. Every word of that speech seemed to weigh a pound.'"

PRESENCE OF MIND.—If you should happen to meet with an accident at table, endeavor to preserve your composure, and do not add to the discomfort you have created by making an unnecessary fuss about it. I remember hearing it told of a very accomplished gentleman, when carving a very tough goose he had the misfortune to send it entirely out of the dish into the lap of the lady next to him, on which he looked horrid in the face and said "Ma'am, I will thank you for that goose." This manner of abating such a mortifying accident, gained him more credit than his lost by his awkward carving.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A western paper complains, that the upper Mississippi was so low, that the trip to the Falls of St. Anthony had to be abandoned. At the same time, the New Orleans papers, lament that the lower Mississippi is so high, as to create continual fears of an overflow. The waters must be settling down hill!

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company, "they are like musical instruments which sound a variety of tones." "In other words, madam," said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are liars."—*Jour. of Com.*

A schoolmaster said of himself, "I am like a hone—I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it."

A Texas editor accused a brother editor of having bit one shirt, and says he borrowed that. To this the second editor replies that the first is so poor that he has been obliged to sleep under a wheelbarrow for the last three months.

RECORD OF ROYALTY.—A London paper published in 1810, contains the following singular facts illustrating the dangers of Royalty:—

"It appears that the fifteen monarchs of Europe, who were tranquilly seated on their thrones in the year 1788, George the Third, of England, alone possesses the kingly power. The sum of this melancholy record of Royally stands thus:

One murdered,	One assassinated,
Five deposed,	One abdicated,
One expropriated,	One died a lunatic,
Two poisoned,	One natural death,
One sudden death,	One still reigning,
Well may it be said with the poet: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."	

GOOD ADVICE.—Whenever you see a neighbor's pocket knife or pencil case lying on his desk, pick it up and pocket it, lest some one should steal it!

A farmer in Northampton, Mass. gathered 2000 quarts of strawberries from six acres of mowing land. They were sold at a shilling a quart—almost as valuable as the grass which will be cut.

LAUGHING AND CRYING.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived 109 years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only 60. Laughing then is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable, since we are told that the gods themselves, though they made us as they pleased, cannot help laughing at us.