

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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II. A 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 cull'd with care."

LINES ON AUTUMN.

BY M. A. HAVEN.
I love the dews of night—
I love the howling wind,
I love to hear the tempest sweep
O'er the billows of the deep!
For nature's saddest scenes delight
The melancholy mind.

Autumn! I love thy bower,
With faded garlands dress'd;
How sweet alone to linger there,
When tempest rido the midnight air,
To snatch from mirth the fleeting hour,
The Sabbath of the breast!

Autumn! I love thee well,
Though black thy breezes blow,
I love to see thy vapors rise,
And clouds roll swiftly round the skies,
When from the plain and mountains swell
And fanning torrents flow.

Autumn! thy fading flowers
Drop to bloom again!
So man though doomed to grief awhile,
To hang on fortune's fickle smile,
Shall glow in heaven with noble powers,
Nor sigh for peace in vain.

THE NEWSPAPER.

BY CRABBE.
Lol where it comes before the cheerful fire,
Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire;
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew),
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue:
Then eager every eye surveys the part,
That brings its favorite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own:
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest,
For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,
Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
For songs and suits, a birth-day or a ball:
The keen, warm man o'erlooks each idle tale,
For "Monies Wanted," and "Estates on Sale";
While some with equal minds to all attend,
Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end.
To this all readers turn, and they can look
Pleased on a paper, who absorb a book:
Those who never deign'd their Bible to peruse,
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest and the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amuse the other;
This, like the public lion, provides a treat,
Where each prominent guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call
Something to all men, and to some men all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Casket.
CHARLES ELLISTON.
"The touch of kindred ties and love he feels."
"I must leave this place to-night; I can bear their mark'd neglect and open taunts no longer," said Charles Elliston, and he left the richly furnished parlor, where, with some fashionable guests, sat Mrs. Merton and her two eldest daughters, and went forth into the garden. "Yes I must go," he continued, "no one cares for me and why should they for the penniless being, whose very origin is unknown. Alas, how hard it is to be thus cast upon the world friendless, and beloved by none—none—none!" and he buried his face in his hands, overcome with the intensity of his feelings.
"None, Charles!" said a clear, silvery voice behind him, and a hand was gently laid on his shoulders. He started, and turning round, said
"Yes, yes, Helen, pardon me, I spoke unthinkingly. You still love me?" he added inquiringly.
"I do, Charles, and my father—"
"Yes your father, my noble benefactor, Helen. He still loves me."
"Then why leave us, Charles?" she said a tender tone.
"Because, Helen, you know I have been already the cause of much dissension in your family—God forbid that I should be so any longer! And besides, Helen, you know what treatment I have received from your mother and sisters. I have borne it long out of respect to your father and love for you, but I can bear it no more. I will go forth into the world in hopes of building up a fortune, and say, Helen, if I should be successful, and return, will you—"
"I will love you still," she said interrupting him. "Oh I will always love you, Charles."

"Farewell!" said he, and imprinting a kiss upon her rosy lips, he tore himself away. In another hour he had quitted that house where he had spent so many happy days with Helen.
Charles Elliston was a dependent on the bounty of Mr. Merton. He had found him one day, when about four years old, wandering about the streets of the city, a lost child. He kindly took him home, and used every endeavor to discover his parents; but all to no purpose. At last finding his inquiries were useless, he raised and educated him as his own. Unlike her husband Mrs. Merton was of a proud, aristocratic spirit, and could not bear one whose birth was so uncertain as that of young Elliston. She had diffused some of this spirit into her eldest daughter, but Helen, the youngest, like her father, possessed a noble and kind heart, and looked only with compassion and love upon the poor, though noble youth. He was now about seventeen years of age; and the insults that were heaped upon him were felt severely. It is true when Mr. Merton present none dare show the least disrespect toward him, but this only served to make him feel it more acutely in his absence. It was on this very mentioned evening, that a new insult had been offered to him, and he determined not to live another day where he was exposed to them. Nor would it have caused him one feeling of regret, had it not been for Mr. Merton and Helen; but however dear they were to him, he resolved to leave them. He left, too, without informing Mr. Merton, for he well knew he would insist on his staying, and he would not be the author of discord in that family, where dwelt the only two on earth that he could call his friends.

It was near the close of a summer day that a steambot touched the wharf of one of our Southern cities, and from its crowded decks poured a stream of weary travellers, eager once again to set foot upon the land. Among the last who stepped on shore was a tall youth, with a valise in his hand, who walked slowly from the landing, bent his way toward the shipping warehouses along the wharves. He was in search of employment; but alas, he was a stranger and had no recommendations. With a dejected mien, and sorrowful step, he was about giving up all hopes when he came to a large warehouse which he had not before entered. He walked into the counting-house, where sat a gentleman apparently about forty years of age. To the youth's inquiry whether he was head of the establishment, he replied in the affirmative.

"What do you wish, my lad?" he inquired.
"Do you want a lad to assist you in your store?" he asked modestly. "I have just arrived in the steambot from the north, and have neither friends nor money. I cannot even buy a lodging for the night," and seeing that the merchant looked incredulously at him, he could contain himself no longer, but said imploringly, "Oh, sir, do not refuse," and the tears trickled down his cheeks.
The merchant, touched by his grief, and convinced by the openness of his manner, hesitated a moment, and finally took him to his house. A few days proved the truth of the youth's story, and he was employed by his new benefactor. In the course of time he rose by degrees until he became head clerk in the establishment of Mr. Thompson. He also by his amableness became the favorite of the wealthy family of the employer with whom he still resided. All loved him, and he loved them in return, as father and mother, and sister. For although Charles (for it was Charles Elliston,) thought that Emma Thompson was almost as beautiful as his own Helen, yet he remained faithful to the latter, and could but think of the former as a sister.

Five years had rolled by, and he had now become proprietor of the large establishment which he had entered as an errand boy, Mr. Thompson having retired from business. One evening he was sitting in family conversation with the family, when Mrs. Thompson, after looking steadfastly at Charles for some time, remarked how much Emma and he resembled each other.

"Yes," said her husband, "I have often observed it; they look as much alike as though they were really brother and sister. Our lost Charles—poor little fellow—could not have been more like Emma."
"Your Charles? I never knew you ever had any child besides Emma," said he, "when did he die?"
"Would to God he had died!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, "then would I have known he was in heaven; but now, perhaps, if he is still alive, he may be buffeted about by strangers, whose hard hearts can seldom feel like parent's and then she gave vent to her feelings in tears.
"He was lost then?" asked Charles.
"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, "above seventeen years ago, I and Mary, journeying north for the benefit of our healths, and to visit some friends in New York city, we took with us our little Charles, who was scarcely four years old, and then our only child. We arrived there in safety, and after staying with our friends some time, set out on our return home. Anxious to prosecute our journey, we immediately on our arrival in Philadelphia, took the steambot to proceed immediately on, I went to see to the safety of the baggage, thinking that my Mary and Charles were in the cabin, but what was my surprise, when on going into the cabin, some time after the boat had left the wharf to find Mary there alone. She thought I had Charles with me, and she swooned away when I informed her I had

not. We searched the boat over, but no Charles could be found, and then it struck us, that he might have wandered on shore, before the boat left the wharf, and consequently was left behind. How harrowing were our thoughts! to think that every minute the distance was increasing between us and our dear beloved child. But there was a thought still more distressing, perhaps he had fallen overboard unscathed, and had been drowned. However, I determined on arriving at New Orleans, and leaving Mary with her friends and relations, to return again to Philadelphia and spare no pains nor expense in trying to discover his fate; but the great mental excitement and bodily fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a fever on the way, and it was several months before I recovered. When I did, and arrived in Philadelphia, no trace could be discovered of our child, and never since have we heard any thing concerning him; God be praised, Charles, he has given us a son in you!"

"But was there no mark by which he could have been known, if he had been left behind as you first supposed?" asked Charles eagerly.
"Yes, there were scars of dog's teeth on his left wrist, and besides he wore a locket—a birth-day present from his father—around his neck, with 'Charles' engraved on it," said Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes.

"Then, father, mother," said Charles, bearing his arm, and drawing from his bosom a locket which he threw into Mrs. Thompson's lap, "Behold your long lost son!"
For an instant they stood amazed—the next they were locked in each other's arms; then turning to Emma, he for the first time pressed to his bosom a sister. How different was his situation now, from the day on which he first set foot in the city of New Orleans! Then he was poor, friendless, with scarce a place to rest his head; now he was wealthy surrounded by friends, and blessed with a father's mother's and sister's love. He could claim now, what her noble father would not have refused, even to the poor youth, had he asked it—Helen's hand; and even her proud mother would not object receiving for her son-in-law, the heir of the richest merchant in New Orleans.

Mirth and music resounded throughout, and joy, and gladness reigned predominant in the splendid mansion of Mr. Merton. It was the birth-night ball of his lovely and accomplished daughter, Helen, given on her nineteenth birthday, and the magnificent saloons were thronged by the youth, beauty and elite of the metropolis. All paid willing homage to her fascinating charms. Nor beneath their fervent congratulations did there lurk aught of malice or envy; for the sweet disposition and gentle manners of Helen Merton had won the good will of all who knew her. And now, as she replied to their warm-hearted wishes, she looked more beautiful than ever. She was attired in a plain white dress, looped with roses, and fitting exquisitely to her finely mounted form; her shining chestnut curls were confined by a costly diamond head-band, that sparkled on her forehead, rivaling the transparent beauty and clearness of her complexion.—All these when she would mingle in the giddy whirl of the dance, a smile would play upon her lovely features; but when over, a melancholy expression would steal into her laughing eye, telling of something yet wanted to complete her happiness. She was thinking, perhaps, how he who many years ago, had won her maiden love, might, whilst she was surrounded by wealth and luxury, be dragging out the prime of his life in poverty and distress. Yes, she still remembered the companion of her childhood.—Such is a woman's constancy and love.—Alas that it should so often be abused!

The evening was somewhat advanced when Mr. Merton approached Helen, locked arm in arm with a young man, whose dark countenance, raven hair, and eyes, and tall, straight form, indicated a native of the South.

"Mr. Thompson of New Orleans, my dear," said Mr. Merton, introducing him to Helen, and then, after conversing for a few moments, sauntering to the opposite side of the saloon.
"Who is that handsome young man you just introduced to Helen?" asked Mrs. Merton of her husband.
"That is Mr. Thompson of New Orleans, the richest merchant in that city, and his father was before him. He arrived but day before yesterday. I was introduced to him yesterday, and invited him here to night, and if the impression of his features is not left on Helen's little heart, which has hitherto been so callous, none ever will be."

"And if they are, I suppose you will regret the disappearance of your protegee Charles Elliston," said his wife, sarcastically.
Mr. Merton did not answer her; he only turned away.
At first, when the stranger was introduced to Helen, there appeared an air of embarrassment, but it gradually wore off, and he entered into conversation with his usual vivacity. In the course of it she asked him if he had ever been in the city before. He replied he had been when he was about seventeen years of age, and that he had then become acquainted with several of his own age, whose acquaintance he highly prized. Among those he mentioned, was that of Charles Elliston, in particular. As he pronounced the name, he bent his dark eye full upon her, and perceived that she started while for a moment, agitation was visibly

depicted in her countenance. After a minute's pause, he continued, "but I have made inquiries, since my arrival, respecting him, and hear that he has returned the kindness of his benefactor, your father, with ingratitude, by leaving his house, and going no one knew whither."
"Oh, no, sir, do not believe that; it is an idle report. He had reason for leaving my father's house," and her voice trembled and a tear stood in her eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for the last cotillon, and the conversation was abruptly terminated. Charles resigned her silently; but his heart was full! It is strange how the lapse of a few years beneath youth and manhood will change the face and disguise the form; the slight stripling that a little while ago clambered on one knee, we can scarcely recognize in the full, stately form, and staid demeanor of the man. So it was with Charles Thompson, and no wonder Helen and her father could not see, in the rich merchant of the South, the poor lad, who, six years before, had left them with scarce a dollar in his pocket.

It was the morning following the ball, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Helen were sitting in the parlor—the former two engaged in discussing some private affairs, the latter with her head resting upon her hand, apparently in deep thought. The servant entered, and handed Mr. Merton a letter. He opened it, and after having perused it for a few moments, uttered an exclamation of joy. Both his companions looked up. Seemingly overcome with the excitement of some unusually pleasing news he approached his daughter, and gently patting her on the cheek, said

"Come, come, Helen dear, cheer up; Charles, our own dear Charles, has returned, is in the city, and will be here in half an hour—cheer up, my dear!" and he began to pace the floor.

"See here," he continued, as a splendid equipage, with servants in livery, drove up to the door, from which a young gentleman alighted, "here is Mr. Thompson too; how glad I shall be to introduce them to one another."

"I don't see why you should be," said his wife, "though, perhaps, your Charles, as you call him, may be as rich now as Mr. Thompson. You know he left word that he was going to seek his fortune," and she pronounced the last word with a sneer.

"And he hopes he has found it, madam," exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment, "thanks be to an all-wise providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you!"

What a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept tears of joy upon his bosom, while the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet and his lips quivered, though not with grief. When they had become somewhat composed, Charles related to them what had occurred since he left them. The joys that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl, as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by the tenderness with which he returned her look of affection. How deep was the bliss of that moment, making amends by its delight, for the long years of doubt and absence. It was not long before Charles renewed again the boyish vows he had pledged to Helen, and the blushing girl listened, smiling and weeping by turns. Need it be added, that in a short time Helen and Charles were united at the altar, and that even the aristocratic mother smiled upon the union of her daughter with the devout Charles Elliston.

From the Kentucky Sentinel.

Question What is Tobacco?
Answer. An ill-savored, stinking narcotic, poisonous weed.
Q. Do animals feed on this weed?
A. An ill-looking reptile called a tobacco worm, a species of stinking goat, and the noblest of God's creatures, man, are the only beings under the canopy of heaven that will touch, or have any thing to do with it.
Q. What is chewing tobacco?
A. It is to stuff the mouth of man with that which would make a hog squeal or a dog vomit. It is to make man an associate and boon companion of the tobacco worm.
Q. What benefits are to be derived from tobacco?
A. It discolors and destroys the teeth, causes an unnatural and deleterious flow of saliva, produces dyspepsia and all the evils attendant upon dyspepsia.
Q. Do gentlemen chew tobacco?
A. Many.
Q. What is a cigar?
A. A cylindrical roll of pollution formed to protrude from the frontal orifice of the heads of fools and dandies.
Q. What is smoking cigars?
A. It is that roll of pollution ignited at one end, and a calf tugging at the other.
Q. Do gentlemen smoke cigars?
A. Many.
Q. What is snuff?
A. It is the stems and refuse and most nauseous portions of tobacco ground to powder, but not to be trodden under foot of men.
Q. Were ladies noses made for snuff?
A. If we reason from analogy we conclude not; for in all the works of the Creator we observe a wonderful adaptation of parts to the use for which they were designed. We therefore conclude, had they been turned the other end up. Wouldn't this look nice?
Q. Do ladies take snuff?
A. Many.
Q. Who knows the folly, the evil of using tobacco from many years experience?

A. The writer of this.
Q. Is not experience a good teacher?
A. The proverb says she is, and that fools will learn of no other.
Q. Will experience teach fools to quit using tobacco?
A. We fear they will reject her lessons.

TOO TRUE TO MAKE A JOKE OF.—Newspaper jokes.—There is but too much truth (says the Newburyport Herald) in the following paragraph, cut from the Philadelphia Ledger:

"One of the standing jokes of the news paper press is the poverty of the editors. Sometimes there is too much truth in this to make jest of it—we know, for instance, an editor who published a paper to support a certain cause, and who was supported himself by the voluntary contributions of those whose interests he was laboring to uphold. This happy person complained, in one number of his paper, that he and his wife had subsisted two weeks on bread and molasses and earnestly entreated his friends to 'pony up,' or he should be obliged to reduce his diet; and that (he suggested) might impair the vigor of his intellect, and disable him from discharging his duties in an energetic manner. This was all regarded as a pretty fair editorial joke; but in a private conversation, the scribe assured us in the most serious manner, that his account of his way of living was literally true. Such candid editors are commonly of the rustic class; our city scribes conceal their poverty as long as possible, and while their jaws shrink in and kiss each other with starvation, they zealously maintain that they are faring sumptuously every day. They have no complaints to make—not they. They are always at the height of prosperity; and the first hint of any thing else which the public receive, is the sudden death, from exhaustion, of the very paper which had been all along thriving so prodigiously."

Corsets.—The Boston Transcript exclaims against the ladies being squeezed in corsets. We see the drift of the fellow; if any squeezing is to be done, he wishes to do it himself. We confess a lady's waist never appears lovelier to us than when it is broad and large; a good armful. Your corn-stalk figures are scarcely palpable—to embrace them is analogous to hugging a knitting needle. When a lady's bosom is compressed with cords and canvass, can the heart throb and dilate with generous emotions? How can such a bosom feel friendship, or sympathy, or love? A large waist is, generally speaking, a sign of loving and lovable qualities. The rationale of the thing is as plain as sunshine. A small waist is the indication of a small heart, and a small heart will seldom be found to contain those noble and expansive sentiments which constitute the essence of all female loveliness. Therefore, girls if you wish to be beloved, do not screw and compress your gentle bosoms. Do not bind the sweet emotions of your hearts in ropes of hempen rigidity.—Do not choke up the fountains of feeling and sentiment with bits of hard canvass and stokes of stubborn whalebone. No, ladies, do nothing of the kind and be assured of this, that the fellow who admires a female in a state of excruciating agony, who by his persnicked taste would impose upon her an undervalued penance—such a foolish fellow was say, and his good opinion are not worth a thought. Men of good sense like a large waist in a wife, but a very little waste in the family. There is no economy in screwing up your persons; but we have often observed that ladies who make a practice of doing so are nevertheless wasteful and extravagant.—Phil. Ledger.

Newspapers.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things that are familiar. A newspaper in one year says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent in mind, pure in language, and always cheerful and circumspect. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed. A mind occupied, becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading and study, are of course considerate and more easily governed.
How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop which ought to be devoted to reading? how many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Advice to young girls.—Never marry a boy whose mamma is afraid to have him to go on the water or whose papa cannot tell the difference between the toothache and the lockjaw.
Advice to young men.—Have it fairly understood before you wed, whether you intend to marry an individual, or a whole family.
Advice to parents.—Do not let a silly ambition hazard the happiness of your children, nor your chagrin at the discovery of your own folly betray you into a violation of your obligations.
Advice to indiscreet people.—Never hire a printer to publish your folly in a book for it is worse than being hung, and paying the executioner forty shillings.

Advice to babies.—Remain with your mothers as long as you can, and do not get married before you are out of lending strings.

Advice to judges.—In forming an opinion, keep both ears open, and then you can hear on both sides.

Advice to legislators.—Never become the corrupt tools of wealth.

Advice to any one who is pleased to receive it.—If you wish to stab a person's reputation, by imputing to him or her falsehood, treachery, and the meanest selfishness, you may as well use the naked dagger as to wreath the blade with flowers.

Advice to sentimental people.—The noblest of all sentiment is that which springs from Sincerity, Constancy, Frankness, and Forgiveness.

Advice to merchants.—Advertise, if you would be prosperous and happy.

Advice to politicians.—Collect the bets you have made, as soon as possible, pay those you have lost without delay, and never be guilty of such conduct again.

Advice to the temperance party.—Offer a reward for the best model of a cider mill.

Advice to people in general.—Subscribe for a newspaper—pay the printer, and mind your own business.—Boston Post.

Curious Bible.—There is at present in the possession of a Mrs. Parkes, of Golden Square, London, a copy of Macklin's Bible, in 45 large folio volumes, illustrated with nearly 7000 engravings, from the age of Michael Angelo to that of Reynolds and West. The work also contains about 200 original drawings or vignettes by Louthborough. The prints and etchings include the works of Raffaele, Marc Antonio, Albert Durer, Callot, Rembrandt, and other masters, consisting of representations of nearly every fact, circumstance, and object mentioned in the holy Scriptures. There are, moreover, designs of trees, plants, flowers, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, such, besides fossils, as have been adduced in proof of an unvaried deluge. The most authentic scripture atlases are bound up with the volumes. This Bible was the property of the late Mr. Boyer, the publisher, who collected and arranged the engravings, etchings, and drawings, at great expense and labor; and he is said to have been engaged upwards of 30 years in rendering it perfect. It was insured in the Albion Insurance Office for £3000.

Painful Disclosures.—One of exchange papers furnishes a notice of a late address of Buehop Smith, who is superintendent of the Kentucky Public Schools, disclosing the astounding fact that of the 140,000 children of the proper age to go to school, in that state, only about 32,000 are receiving an education! He farther states that it costs about as much to educate the 32,000, under the present system, as it would to educate the whole 140,000 under the common school system! The notice goes on to say that, in one of the Circuit Courts the judge ascertained that not one of fifteen persons summoned as grand jurors could read or write his own name. In another county, in a public assembly of about fifty persons, not one could be found capable of reading.—Balt. Sun.

A Prosperous Kings might envy.—Farmer Harrison can stand at the door of his Log Cabin at North Bend, and look upon the soil of three noble States cherished and defended by him in their infancy and danger, and whose three millions of free people in the might of their manhood have now repaid his fatherly care with a majority of sixty thousand for President. What monarch ever ruled an hour like this?
Another view.—Farmer Harrison from his North Bend Cabin can look upon the verdant hills of two States, in either of which his majority for President is larger than the majority obtained by his opponent in the whole twenty-six States as he was by the entire government patronage and influence. Glorious locality that same North Bend.—Cleve. Her.

Frost Bitten Hands, &c. may be cured, so says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, by dissolving alum in pretty warm water, and bathing or washing the frozen parts in the solution for some ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed. Three ounces of alum to a quart of warm water is the proportion.

Crooked Subjects.—The newspapers are publishing a story of a crooked fence "dove east," which was so warped, that a hog in attempting to get through it, always came out on the same side. The following from an exchange is nearly as bad:—"There is a fellow down east whose legs are so crooked that his pantaloons turn hind part before in less than half an hour after he puts them on." But what are both these to Sam Slick's crooked tree which was so crooked that a steak of lightning was half an hour coming down?

The two most Catholic countries in Europe, Spain and Portugal, the Protestant Empire of Great Britain, and the Mahomedan dominions of the Sultan, are now ruled over by Sovereigns, not one of them whom has completed his or her twenty-first year.

Advice that may be safely followed.—Praise the fitness of the day when it is ended—a sword when you have proved it—a maiden when she is married—the ice when you have crossed it—and a newspaper when you have read and rai'd for it.