

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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THE GARLAND.



With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cul'd with care."

WHY DO WE LOVE?

I often think each tottering form,
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine.
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled romance;
Commencing, when the blushing boy
First thrills at woman's lovely glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
Would think its scenes of love revive
More passion, more uncharitable truth,
Than any tale, before or since;
Yes, they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight pined, in classic shade,
Of days more bright than modern days—
Of maidens more fair than modern maids;

Of whippers in a willing ear,
Of kissing on a blushing cheek—
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear
For modern lips to give or speak,
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of blushing eyes and tresses gray,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them—what we see them now!
And in this—his human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing!

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only go to this?
Then what are Love's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

Of those being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all we said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy when far from her,
If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more—
Why do we love, if love be vain!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
NIAGARA.
A STORY OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.
BY T. HAMILTON.

Sly. "When the fool come again?"
Sim. Anon, my lord!"—*Taming of the Shrew.*

"Well, I do say," said a puffy elderly gentleman, puffing as he mounted the steps at Niagara, "if this is what they call traveling, then I'd sooner stay at home. Here's my wife and three daughters, have been playing the life out of me these two years to come to Niagara, and now when we're here, they can't stay quietly at the hotel, but must be dragging me about, to see this, and to see that, till I'm almost worked to death; and passing upon the landing, he wiped his heated face with his handkerchief, looked down the hill at his spouse and her three daughters, toiling unaided from below.
"Oh pa," said his youngest child, as she reached the landing, "why did you leave us to climb up that long flight of steps alone. I'm sure ma looks quite faint."
"Can't help it—people that will go traveling must expect to get tired," said Mr. Brown snappishly, wiping his face as assiduously as ever.
"Oh! my—dear—John," gasped his partner, as she in turn arrived at the landing, "lend me your arm, or—I—shall die."
"Die at this place ma'am! Die at Niagara! Die after spending five hundred dollars!"
"Pray, Miss Ellen," said a young man, who met the group on his descent at this moment, "let me assist you up—recollect how often I have been down—will you accept my arm?"
The beautiful girl blushed—for Ellen Bowen was really beautiful—and perceiving that her father had at length undertaken to assist her mother, she took the proffered aid of Edward Seymour, her elder sister,

meanwhile finding beaux, in the two companies of the young lawyer.
"It is a trite question, Miss Bowen," said Seymour, "but I cannot resist asking you how you like the falls—do they equal your expectations?"
The young barrister would scarcely have put such a question to Ellen's parents, or to either of her sisters, but, in the little conversation he had enjoyed with her, since the arrival of the BOWENS at the falls, he had perceived in her remarks the evidence of a refined, and highly imaginative mind.

"Oh! yes! they far surpass my expectations," said Ellen, coloring the next breath at her own enthusiasm. "There is a sublimity about them I cannot describe; they create an awe which deprives one of words; I could feel their grandeur and their majesty forever, but I could never give expression to the sentiments they create in one's bosom."
"You are right. They fill one, like eternity, with unutterable awe. They kindle up all the poetry of one's heart, but they overpower one at the same time. For my part were I a poet, I could look at Niagara forever, but yet would always find it impossible to write upon it."

"And why?"
"Because I could never satisfy myself with what I had written. Nothing but inspiration," said Seymour, enthusiastically, "could do justice to so sublime a wonder."
"That agrees with what I have been thinking the whole morning. I used to admire one or two pieces written on Niagara, but since I have seen the falls, they all appear tame."
"And well may they; for next to the presence of the great I AM himself, what is so awful as this eternal cataract? Think only for what countless ages it has thundered its halloo! How many races have gazed and died beside it since it first hurled its ocean of waters into the abyss below, shaking the earth, and filling Heaven with its might; and yet it still pours forth its eternal incense, fit companion for the cherubims who continually shout beside the throne of God!"

"There was something in such rapt expressions which found an echo in Ellen's bosom; and as she looked into the kindling eye of the speaker, she experienced an emotion as yet unknown to the heart."
Their conversation, however, was brought to an end by the arrival of the party at the hotel, where the gentlemen and ladies separated to dress for dinner.

There was to be a ball that evening, and consequently the ladies generally retired to their rooms immediately after the meal. Ellen saw nothing therefore of Seymour, though she longed to renew the conversation of the morning.
The ballroom was crowded to excess, for besides the regular boarders at the hotel, there were numerous guests from the families of the vicinity, as well as several British officers from the neighboring Canadian shores. Ellen's beauty attracted general admiration.

Among those who paid her the most marked attentions, and who in fact had done so since her arrival, were Edward Seymour and Sir Theodore Phipps. The former had nothing to recommend him, but his talent and appearance; the latter had a train of servants, and drove splendid bays. Yet though envied the attentions of her titled admirer by all, Ellen would willingly have turned from his flattery to listen to the deep voice of Seymour, breathing the lofty aspirations, beneath which every chord of her heart trembled in sympathy. The baronet, however, was assiduous; he even forced himself upon Ellen despite her manifest repugnance to him; her mother, moreover, insisted again and again that she would dance another set with Sir Theodore; until at length Seymour, either blinded to the truth, or indignant at Mrs. Bowen's conduct withdrew from Ellen's side, nor did he rejoin it during the rest of the evening.
The congratulations which were showered upon Ellen, by her mother and eldest sister, when they had all retired to their parlor after the ball, were nearly endless. Her second sister, Julia, however, having not yet lost all hope of an eligible match, was silent and sullen. At length she gave vent to her spleen.

"Really there's nothing to admire so much in Sir Theodore," said she, with a toss of the head, "to be sure he calls himself an English nobleman, but who knows that he is not an impostor?"
"An imposture," said Mrs. Bowen, "why Julia, how can you go on in such a way? You are envious, child, or you wouldn't talk so. No, Sir Theodore is a real nobleman, and has his seat, I'll venture to say, in the House of Lords, with the best of them. An imposture! fy—ly on you Julia!"

The haughty daughter, however, only answered by a curl of her lip, as if in scorn of her mother's ignorance; but the eldest sister now took up the conversation.
"For my part," she said, "it's clear Sir Theodore is serious; and I'm glad Ellen will form such an alliance. How it will please the Misses de Sibra!"
"But sister," said Ellen, for the first time uttering a word, "I am not yet married to this proud foolish Englishman. Nor do you, she added, fondly putting her arm around the neck of her mother, for with all her petty vanity, her parent had generally a kind heart, and Ellen loved her devotedly, "dear mamma wish me, I am sure to marry him," and she kissed her mother's cheek.

Now, if Mrs. Bowen disliked any thing it was to be thwarted in her darling wish

of elevating her daughters by marriage. How completely she was interested in the baronet's success, the reader has seen from her conduct at the ball. She replied therefore, with unusual harshness,
"You astonish me, child—you do. What! not marry a nobleman! There now, you needn't tattle on me, for I saw who you were making love to to-night—"
"Mamma, dear mamma!" said Ellen imploringly, and then burst into tears.

"Well I do say!" ejaculated the eldest sister.
"Who ever saw the like?" responded the second one, forgetting her pique in the revenge she was thus enabled to take on Ellen.
"Oh! it won't do for you to cry," said her mother, thus countenanced by the elder sisters, and steered on this occasion to her daughter's feelings, "for I've seen it all, and know best what's good for you. Yes! she added, warming into a passion as she proceeded, "marry Sir Theodore you shall, and that too instantly—"

"But Sir Theodore has not yet even proposed said Mr. Bowen appearing suddenly to awake from the doze in which he had been seemingly indulging himself, as he lay extended upon the sofa, "and I don't see the use of worrying Elly until she does so. Mind daughter," said he, shaking his head reprovingly at the imploring, yet thankful look of the poor girl, "I don't mean to say your mother won't be right if Sir Theodore should propose, for though I don't, like a true American, care a sumach for a baronet, as a son-in-law, and though I know every Englishman to be a haughty fool, (ahem!) yet money isn't to be laughed at when it comes in heaps, and a guinea is at any time better to live upon than love. But we've talked the matter over enough to-night, and you've almost worried me into a fit of the gout. It'll staid at home now, like a sensible man, we'd none of us have had any of this fuss. But people that will travel must expect to get themselves into trouble."

This decided expression of opinion silenced the group. Ellen was grateful; the sisters were sullen; and Mrs. Bowen flung herself out of the room. But the pillow of our heroine was that night wet with some of the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

The next day, on descending to the breakfast room, the first person that met the eye of Ellen, was Seymour, conversing gaily with one of the prettiest girls of the company, who had been his partner during the latter part of the preceding evening. He bowed with some haughtiness to Ellen, and continued his conversation without interruption. Poor Ellen felt a strange pang shoot through her heart at the coldness of the only one of the company for whose esteem she had cared. But returning the salutation with equal pride, she moved to a neighboring seat, and was soon to all appearance, deeply engaged in conversation with several gentlemen, who, in the instant she made her appearance, crowded around her.

An excursion had been planned that day for the purpose of visiting a point some miles below the falls, from which they might be seen to peculiar advantage, and both Seymour and Sir Theodore had signified their intention of joining the party.

It was a beautiful day, and the whole landscape was smiling beneath an unclouded sun as the party pursued its way to the point of destination.—Mounted on horse back Sir Theodore constantly maintained his place by the side of Ellen, attempting to amuse her by his conversation, made up of pretended descriptions of noble life and stale anecdotes without point. Hurt as she felt at Seymour, she could not avoid contrasting him favorably with her assiduous suitor, nor prevent herself from glancing involuntarily, now and then, in the direction of the young lawyer, who was riding in the midst of a gay party, of which he appeared to be the life. Perhaps the pang that shot through her bosom at his avoidance of her society, did more towards acquainting her own feelings, than a mouth of the usual intercourse of visitors at the Falls would have done.

At length the party arrived at the end of their journey, and after viewing the Falls dispersed themselves into groups and sauntered about preparatory to returning. Ellen was soon surrounded by a numerous suite of gentlemen, for she was unquestionably the belle of the party. But still Seymour avoided her group, except occasionally.—He seemed to be chained to the side of the beautiful Bostonian, to whom he was so assiduous on the preceding evening, and who was evidently flattered—as who would not be?—at his attentions. Ellen felt again that pang at her bosom, but suppressing her emotion by such an effort as woman can command, she launched out in the gayest conversation, nor was it long before she had enchained those suitors by her wit, whom at first she had attracted by her beauty.—Yet even then she could not regard her titled admirer with any sentiment except disgust. She knew that but for him, Seymour would now be at her side. But she could not avoid reproaching him for deserting her, when neither by word nor action had she herself slighted him, whatever others might have done.

What a strange thing is the heart! It suffers itself often to become inextricably involved in the meshes of that master passion, LOVE, long before it discovers to its owner how utterly its liberty is gone. And then, when the victim would endeavor to regain its freedom, how subtly and slowly and surely it resists every attempt, and perhaps ultimately triumphs. Nothing can be more profound than the deception

it often practices upon its victims. It suffers them to love, yet persuades them they are still free. A word, a look, a gesture will be treasured up in the memory, and this, too, will continue, day by day, and week by week, and yet the victim is made to believe that there is nothing in it but friendship, until some sudden remark, some unexpected train of events, brings on the denouement, and the victim discovers at once its deception and its love.
Meantime, the party had set forth on its return, and Ellen was again surrounded by a troop of admirers on horseback. Seymour still, however, kept aloof, until an incident occurred, which in a few rapid moments, altered the whole face of events.

The party had not proceeded far, when they passed near some workmen engaged in quarrying stone, and just as Ellen and her group approached, an explosion took place in a dangerous proximity to the riders. The consequence was, for the moment, a general consternation. Several of the horses began to rear frightfully, and the one on which Ellen sat, after plunging for a few seconds, took the bit in his mouth, and darted furiously ahead.

The alarm now became universal, and the screams of the ladies and the shouts of the male portion of the company only served to increase the speed of the frightened steed. Meantime none knew what to do. The terrified animal was careering towards the river's side, at that point terminating in an abrupt precipice, and though every one cried out to save her, none made the attempt. Ellen, however, still kept her seat firmly, though the imploring look that she cast backward upon the company betrayed her consciousness of her peril. But at this instant, Seymour, who had been some distance behind, perceiving her danger, instead of calling to others as the rest were doing, gave spurs to his horse and dashed in pursuit of Ellen.

For a few minutes the pace at which they went was tremendous. Nothing stayed their progress. Now crashing among the forest trees, and now leaping over seemingly impassable barriers they soon gained the precipitous banks of the river.—They were yet within a few paces of it, when Seymour, perceiving the imminence of Ellen's danger, shouted,

"To the right!—to the right!"
Almost mechanically the fair girl made a sudden jerk at the reins, and succeeded in partially altering the course of the terrified animal, so that instead of plunging over the precipice he ran for a few paces almost parallel with, but in fearful proximity to it. The momentary delay of the crisis saved Ellen's life. A few feet further on the precipice took a turn, and the maddened animal was now galloping right on to the abyss; but before it could reach the edge, Seymour overtook Ellen, and with consummate dexterity, catching the rein of her steed, threw it at a powerful effort, back on its haunches. The second of relief was enough for Ellen, with admirable presence of mind, to spring from her seat. For a moment longer Seymour endeavored to restrain the frightened animal but it plunged so dangerously, that his own steed, though under the most complete training, began to grow infected, and he was forced, from regard to his own safety, to let go the rein of the snorting steed.—With one plunge it sprang forward, and almost as rapidly as the eye could follow it, went crashing over the precipice, falling a mangled mass of flesh and bones upon the jagged rocks below.

Without pausing to look after the fate of the terrified animal, Seymour hastened to the relief of Ellen, who, although maintaining her presence of mind up to the moment of her rescue, had fainted away the very instant that she touched the ground. Throwing the bridle over his panting steed, her lover—for we must now call him such—raised her in his arms, and scarcely knowing what to do, threw off her bonnet, letting those rich, luxuriant curls, on which so often he had gazed in delight, fall in massy tresses on the breeze. As he gazed on her inanimate face, and felt her form reposing in his arms, he could no longer restrain his long concealed passion, but, kissing her snowy brow, he said,
"Ellen, dear Ellen, awake!"

As if roused by his impassioned words, the maiden slowly opened her eyes, and gazed a moment inquiringly around; but when she recognized, in the one who bent over her, the person of Edward Seymour, she blushed and would have risen, if her strength had not proved too feeble for the endeavor.
"Ellen—Miss Bowen—forgive me," said Seymour, perceiving her design, and fancying she resented his words.
"Forgive you—oh! how can I sufficiently thank you?" eagerly said the artless girl. The words, the tone, but more than all the look, filled the bosom of her lover with tumultuous joy. His voice was eager and hurried as he replied,
"You have nothing for which to thank me!" and perceiving that the color mounted into Ellen's cheek, and her bosom heaved while her eyes fell to the ground, he continued, "I—I only thought to be grateful for having saved so pure a being as you."
The eyes of Ellen still sought the ground, and her form trembled, as Seymour, emboldened by her emotion, poured forth, in a few burning words, the tale of his love. And when he had done, and Ellen, unable from her agitation to reply, sank unreeling upon that bosom, to which she was so gently drawn, could any, even the most selfish and calculating, blame her for thus blessing so pure a suit as that of Edward Seymour.

But the *tête-à-tête* of the lovers was soon interrupted by the arrival of the remainder of the company; and after a thousand felicitations on her escape, Ellen was provided with a seat in one of the carriages, and the whole party returned to the hotel.

"God be praised, my dear girl," said Mr. Bowen, clasping Ellen to his heart, and moved for a moment out of his usual cynical mode of expression, by the knowledge of her danger and escape, "you have had a narrow escape. But then people that will travel, must expect to get into scrapes."
The joy of the mother we will not relate. With all her faults, Mrs. Bowen loved her daughter ardently, and, for once, she was led by her gratitude to believe, that Edward Seymour might be as much of a gentleman as Sir Theodore Phipps.

The very next day two sturdy looking men alighted at the door of the hotel, and after making sundry enquiries after the pretended baronet, proceeded to arrest Sir Theodore, on his return from a ride, as a notorious forger, lately escaped from a southern penitentiary. He departed that night hand-cuffed, and under the charge of two officers.

The career of the *pseudo* baronet being thus cut short, even the sisters of Ellen began to look upon Seymour with more lenity, nor was this good feeling at all lessened, when an elderly gentleman appeared on the succeeding morning, who greeted Seymour as his nephew, and whom the keeper of the hotel recognized as the rich Judge Townsend of ——— county. Before noon it was whispered on his authority, that the apparently penniless lawyer was not only the heir of the new comer, but the possessor of a handsome fortune already. It was confirmed before evening by the intelligence that he had proposed for and been accepted by Ellen.
"Well," said Mr. Bowen on that occasion "you say you concealed your wealth in order to be loved for yourself alone. All very good, very good, no doubt," especially for a novel; but confoundedly like nonsense, begging your pardon, my friend, in real life. Money is money, and men without it don't cut half such a figure as men with it. But every one to his taste. I owe you a thousand thanks for saving Ellen, —take her —and God bless you both."

"Well for my part," said Mrs. Bowen, when *tête-à-tête* with her husband, "it's a capital match. You see now what we've gained by coming to Niagara. Its all through me Ellen's got so nicely fixed."
"Pshaw! you'd married her to that rascal of a counterfeiter if he hadn't been found out, and a pretty business you'd made of it. But people that will travel must expect to get into scrapes."
New York, Feb. 1841.

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever know a lady with very white teeth to put her hand over them when she laughed?
Did you ever know a boy to keep a piece of plumb cake till it was mouldy?
Did you ever know a money dealer that did not expect a panic, and great distress in the money market?
Did you ever know a person to believe you when you explained how you got a black eye?
Did you ever know a young lady that did not have some very curious pieces of sewing, that she wouldn't let the young gentlemen see?
Did you ever know a young lady who was too weak to stand up during prayer time in church, who could not dance all night without being tired at all?
Did you ever know a young man to hold a skein of yarn for his favorite to wind, without getting it strangely tangled?—*Bot. Mail.*

STEALING ON CREDIT.—A farmer in this State was once greatly puzzled by the sudden disappearance of his sheep. One after another was missed from the flock, without any solution of the mystery—until at last his suspicions rested on one of his neighbors. Accordingly, as the sheep disappeared, each one was entered on the book against the suspected man, and the price carried out. At the end of the year, the bill was sent to him—and without making any words on the subject, he prudently paid it. Another year passed, and the absence of a greater number of sheep had added numerous items to a new bill, which was presented, as on the year previous. This time, however, the lover of mutton demurred—and insisted on its being reduced; protesting that he had not taken an eighth part of the number charged to him. "Well," said sheepy, "if I must pay, I suppose I *must*; but the fact is some scamp has been *stealing on my credit.*"—*New Haven Register.*

THE HOUSIER LADIES FOREVER!—A lady of Indiana recently dated a letter "in bed," to her lover in Mississippi. The following is an extract from the warm hearted girl's love letter: "Oh you marrygold—you hollyhock—you tulip—you cabbage. Oh, you sweet owl—come and comfort your distressed, your sorrow smitten, dying, dead Caroline. Oh, my dear Henry, how I do love your big grey eyes." Booh!

A PRODIGY.—There is a female child now exhibiting at the Museum who is but seven years of age, and is 5 feet high, weighs 220 pounds and measures nearly four feet round the waist. She is a native of New Hampshire, and has been considered such a prodigy at home, and has drawn so many people from different parts of the country to witness her, that Mr. Harington has been induced to secure her presence, for a short time.—*Boston Times.*

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Six miles north of Manchester, Eng., on the line of the Bolton railway five trees have been found in the excavation made at that place, which appear to have been partly converted to coal. They seem also to stand in the places where they grew. The roots are imbedded in a soft argillaceous shale, immediately under a thin bed of coal. The bark of the trees is converted to coal, from one quarter to three quarters of an inch thick, the substance which has taken the place of the interior of the trees is shale. The largest of the trees is 154 feet in circumference at the base, and the height 11 feet.

ART OF COMPRESSION.—Few editorials exhibit so much skill and power in this respect, as those of the Louisville Journal—witness the following paragraph:
"The Louisville Log Cabin was taken down, two or three days ago, and cut up for the poor. It yielded a large quantity of fire-wood. Several logs were nearly as large as the one which our neighbor of the Advertiser skulked behind in the last war."

FIRE.—The Kent (Md.) News of Saturday says:—Just as our paper was about to go to press this morning, we were informed by a gentleman residing in the lower part of this county, that all the houses, except store house and blacksmith shop, at Halls Corner, belonging to Mr. C. F. Hale, were entirely destroyed by fire on last evening. Five or six horses, and several head of cattle were burnt, and most of his household furniture. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A LARGE BUSINESS.—We have been informed that a Mrs. Collins of Marietta, recently became the mother of four children at one birth, all whom are doing finely.—This is assuming responsibilities with a vengeance.—*Lan. Guard.*

RECIPE, for making the most Sweet, White, Light, and best bread without the use of yeast.—Take a table spoonful of pounded saleratus, dissolve it in half a tea cup full of warm water, rub it through three pounds of flour, and then mix it up with buttermilk till it is quite soft. Place it in pans and let it bake rather slowly, about an hour and a half. A small slice of butter mingled with the dough, will be found an improvement. This mode of making bread is particularly worthy of the farmers' "guide wives." Don't fail to try it.—*W. Farmer.*

"In this country," says an English editor, "it is considered the height of folly for a man to get drunk and lie across a railroad with the idea of obtaining repose." The same opinion obtains to a considerable extent in America.

SAD ACCIDENT.—The last Galena Gazette says, that on the 30th ult., a two horse mail stage, which runs between that place and Dubuque, while on the Mississippi, broke through the ice, and the mail, horses, carriage, and a passenger named Taylor, all went to the bottom.

EDITORS REING.—Mr. Gautier, editor of that sensible and facacious journal, the St. Joseph Times, has been elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of Florida. The Hon. Joseph Howe editor of the Nova Scotian, by far the most ably conducted print in the Province, has been chosen Speaker of the Assembly of Nova Scotia.

TRAY, BLANCH AND SWEETHEART.—Somebody has estimated the dog population in the U. States at about two millions, and the expense of keeping them upwards of \$10,000,000 per annum.

PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO CANAL.—The Western Reserve (Ohio) Chronicle gives a statement of the commerce on this Cross Cut Canal, during the past season—from which we learn that, of property on which toll is charged by weight, there arrived at Warren (Ohio) by way of the Canal, 2,563 566 lbs. And that of property of the same description there were cleared at Warren by way of the Canal, during the past season 7,128,134 lbs. Considering that this is the first season in which the Cross Cut Canal has been in full operation, these figures show for it a large amount of commerce.

CRUELTY AND BRUTALITY.—A disgraceful scene occurred at Chew's Landing, New Jersey, on the night of the 22d. A number of boys made a bonfire in a field—when a brute in human form, and animated by the spirit of a fiend, rode a horse into the middle of the fire, kept him there until the poor animal's legs were shockingly burnt, and then, because the horse would not stand quietly and undergo the torture—dismounted, and deliberately cut the poor beast's throat. Such a human being is a disgrace to any age or country.

A Harrisburg paper, gives a case of absence of mind in the following way:—"A girl, who was one of our first loves, was one night lighting us out, after having passed a delightful evening, and in a burst of trepidation, she blew us out of the door, and drew the candlestick behind the door and kissed it!"

A Lady, in the modern reception of the term, is a female with her head stuck in a silk bonnet; her waist puckered into the shape of a junk bottle, and a hole in the hoop of her stocking!