

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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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.

STANZAS.

Written on visiting my Birth-place after years of absence.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BURLEIGH.

We are scattered—we are scattered—
Though a jolly band were we!
Some sleep beneath the grave sod,
And some are o'er the sea;
And Time hath wrought his changes
On the few who yet remain;
The joyous band that once we were
We cannot be again!

We are scattered—we are scattered—
Upon the village green,
Where we played in boyish recklessness,
How few of us are seen!
And the hearts that beat so lightly,
In the joyousness of youth—
Some are crumbled in the sepulchre,
And some have lost their truth.

The beautiful—the beautiful
Are faded from our track!
We miss them and we mourn them,
But we cannot lure them back;
For an iron sleep hath bound them
In its passionless embrace—
We may weep—but cannot win them
From their dreary resting place.

How mournfully—how mournfully
The memory doth come,
Of the thousand scenes of happiness
Around our childhood's home!
A salutary odour
Is brooding o'er the heart,
As it dwells upon remembrances
From which it will not part.

The memory—the memory—
How fondly doth it gaze
Upon the magic loveliness
Of childhood's fleeting days!
The sparkling eye—the thrilling tone—
The smile upon its lips—
They all have gone!—but left a light
Which time cannot eclipse.

The happiness—the happiness
Of boyhood must depart;
Then comes the scene of loneliness
Upon the stricken heart!
We will not, or we cannot fling
Its sadness from our breast—
We cling to it instinctively—
We weep for its unrest!

We are scattered—we are scattered!
Yet may we meet again
In a brighter and a purer sphere,
Beyond the reach of pain,
Where the shadows of this lower world
Can never cloud the eye—
When the mortal hath put brightly on
His IMMORTALITY!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELOPEMENT, OR MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

"I have earned ten shillings British, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours—(I was penning an article for a certain monthly, dear reader)—and I pushed my closely written manuscript from me. Whereupon I ignited my cigar, and ascending the three steps to my window dormant, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith began to speculate on things external.

It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels beneath me in the new road was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages. The happy, the gallant, and the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable drive! Why was I not with the cavaliers? Where was my Rosinante? Where is my establishment? Echo answered "Where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and blessed soother of the troubled oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned. Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures, of

red brick, with stone facings. This edifice attracted my attention by its simple elegance, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed to my curious eye surrounding one of its inmates!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for ought I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle the bustling road exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a quilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well-mounted, and set on his horse like an Arabian. He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world! a remarkable handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a mustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. As he came opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty!

How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass"! Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, the grace were inimitable. At the unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen back upon his rider, had he not with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse losing his balance, fell violently on his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, which was slightly stunned by the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty be a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated on his box, I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment—(some men are surely born under the auspices of more indignant stars than others)—the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace, and—(blessed encounter that with the omnibus wheel!) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages pass the same route. It was the customary one. At the melting of the twilight into night the throng of riders and drivers repassed. "The lady's" carriage—(it was a landau and top was thrown back)—came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it: He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the paze, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentlemen's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage.

One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn, the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this amour for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One morning, however, about 10 o'clock, A. M., I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterized him. He passed and re-passed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next moment was admitted, and disappeared out of sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their Venetian blinds.—Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby. The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another and I saw him at her feet. Would that I had language to paint you the scene! I then learned the "art of love"! I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern; when I go to make my declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifying. Then came the *labral seal*, that made his bliss secure. By his animating gestures, I could see he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first ap-

peared reluctant but gradually becoming, more pliable, yielded.

To ten minutes the landau was at the door—they came out arm in arm, and entered it. I could hear the order of the coachman, "drive to St. George's—you know the church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at the breaking cover, I will be in at the dead!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning into Park Crescent, Portland Place. I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar!—When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the happy pair already joined together, were just crossing the trottoir to re-enter it! The grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, was following them.

The next day about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman who cast his eyes over the building to see if it stood where it did when he left for Brighton. Then came one after another, two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again, exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "Wonder where Jane is that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady his bride, was striving to prevent him! "You shan't!" "I will!" "I say you shan't!" "I say I will!" were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman was now at the door, enquired as he saw him, "Who in the devil's name are you sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!" "The devil you have! And who may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L———y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!" "Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who came impromptu forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir—she is my house-keeper!" A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's charming house-keeper. She had spread the snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove up to the street door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship, that sailed a day or two after for Boulogne. How he escaped from the mansion remains yet a mystery. Henceforth, dear reader! I must conscientiously eschew matrimony.

THE COUSINS.

At the early twilight hour which ushered in a beautiful evening in June, might be seen in a furnished room in one of the factory boarding houses, a lady and a gentleman; they were dressed in deep mourning, and had it not been for their close resemblance, they might have been taken for lovers.

We have said the room was neatly furnished. There was a plain carpet on the floor, a table covered with books and various kinds of work, a piano, and think not, fair reader, it was out of place, even there.—Fresh roses were arranged by the hand of taste over the fire place; and above them hung a splendid painting of the brig *Homer*. It was highly prized by the lady, but why, we are not permitted to disclose.

Ellen and William Gray, were orphans. They were the last of a numerous family, having followed their only sister to her silent rest a few months before we introduced them to your notice. Ellen had been employed in one of the Lowell Mills for a number of years to defray the expenses of a collegiate education of her brother. His studies were finished. He had been admitted to the bar, and was about departing for New York to establish himself in his profession. This was the last evening they could spend together for a long time, and well did they improve the parting moments. Many were the hopes and fears they expressed, and many the promises to write to each other.—The tones of the bell warned him it was time to depart. Stepping to the piano, he said, "Will you not furnish me with a song, before I bid adieu?" She seated herself and sang the following words:—

Oh, say not so soon 'tis the moment to part,
That friends so united can give but a tear,
That fancy alone must reveal to the heart,
The whisper of friendship so soon in the ear.
When lips cannot utter the anguish we'd tell,
Our hearts feel most keenly, the silent farewell.

She could sing no more; the tears fell fast, and, turning to her brother, she said, "for give this weakness; but my thoughts unbidden were wandering to other days, when we possessed all that the world calls happiness, when peace and plenty were in our borders,

and the voice of joy and gladness was within our gates, when no days passed over us, and no evening gathered its shades around us, but we were called to the side of our dear father, and taught to lay up our treasures in Heaven; to abide in the shadow of the Rock that is higher than we; and, brother, has not God in mercy heard that prayer? Our treasures were in each other, and one by one, he has taken them home to Heaven. We are the last. But I have detained you too long already. I will bid you good night; perhaps I may see you in the morning, if not"—he anticipated her words, and while a tear that did not disgrace his manhood trembled on his eye, he said, "I shall not forget I have a sister in the city of Lowell, and one whom I love most tenderly."

Ellen continued to work in the factory. She considered it no disgrace to labor for her own support; it was preferable to eating the bread of idleness, or to be dependent on others. Her evenings were spent in study, or other useful employment, for she was never idle. Being contented and cheerful herself, she made every thing pleasant about her. She was never heard to complain that her lot was a hard one; she rather felt that she was best in the enjoyment of health, and had reason to be thankful that her lines were cast in pleasant places. Ever and anon, she received a letter from William, and nothing afforded her so much pleasure, as the assurance that she was not forgotten amidst the cares and troubles of this busy life. He had been successful, and she knew that she had not labored in vain. The star of fame shone brightly over his youthful prospects; all who knew him were loud in praise of the talented and polished William Gray.

She received other letters, bearing a foreign post-mark, though they were like angel's visits, few and far between. With what pleasure would she peruse and re-peruse them, then lay them with others, in a box of curious workmanship, and were we left to judge, we might have said that, too, had seen a foreign port—for it was of shell maid with pearl.

Time passed on. The good brig *Homer*, Capt. Percy, arrived in Boston—and shortly afterwards, the papers announced the marriage of Capt. Percy and Ellen Gray.

It was a dreary day. In a richly furnished drawing room, in a fashionable part of the city of New York, was seated Amy Clifford, on an elegant sofa, before a cheerful fire. She had all the happiness that wealth could afford. Besides being young and handsome, and fashionable, she possessed many good qualities, but I will not enumerate them. "So the mystery is at length solved," she said, thinking aloud, "Percy has not fitted up his new house in vain; and has seen proper to marry that factory cousin of mine! How could he fancy a factory girl!—one so intelligent and refined as he. She must be very ignorant and vulgar." She was out of humor with herself and every body else—with Percy in particular. Though he had manifested no interest in her, she thought it a matter of course that all should bow to the shrine of wealth and fashion. It wounded her self love, too, to think that he had preferred a poor factory girl to her. "I will show off his wife's accomplishments," she pettishly said, as her mother entered the room.

Mrs. Clifford was a vain fashionable woman; and she felt a little piqued that Percy should bring a factory girl to move in the fashionable circles of society. "We will spoil his pleasure for this winter, at least," she said; "he may teach her something before another season." In a stately little parlor, in a retired part of the city, were seated Percy and his wife, unconscious of the feelings of Amy and her mother. There was no need of going abroad for enjoyment, for they found it at home. But they had received a pressing invitation to dine the next day at Mrs. Clifford's about 5 o'clock. The rooms were crowded with company. After she had obtained an introduction to her aunt, not indeed as a near relation, but as an antique stranger, a gentleman dressed in uniform spoke to Mrs. Clifford, who soon introduced him to her niece as General Corbin. "Allow me," he said, "to express the happiness I feel in meeting with the sister of my young friend Gray; and he continued taking her hand and leading her to a distant part of the room. "Allow me to increase that happiness in introducing you to my daughter Elmira, wishing you friendship for each other."

"Who is she," was whispered from one to another, "that the General should pay her such flattering attention?" She is lovely and interesting," said a young fop, as he went to enquire of Miss Amy who the stranger was. "It is some far off relation of my father's," said Amy; "I never saw her before." "Yes," said a young lady who was standing near, "she is from the Lowell factories, believe?" The fop was crestfallen in a moment; he never could associate any other idea than vulgarity with a factory. Presently Mrs. C. joined the group, and she proposed asking Ellen play and sing. "From the manner in which she has been educated, I think she can do neither; and we then will enjoy Percy's mortification." "Yes, yes," said the fop, "we will quiz her a little, if you will lead the way to the piano, Miss Amy."

Amy gladly consented, and shortly after, she sat down and played a few moments, as a better pretence for asking her cousin to play. When she arose, Mrs. Clifford insisted that Mrs. Percy should next be in order. She declined at first, but they

urged her so much that she seated herself and commenced playing. She had a good knowledge of music, and practiced enough to play before her fashionable aunt. They then asked her to sing, and she complied by singing a simple and very touching melody. Silence was the strong token of general admiration, and Percy led away his fair wife in triumph.

"Oh, what have I done?" said Amy when she was left alone in her room that night. "How have I fulfilled my promise to my departed father, that I would seek out these orphan cousins of mine, and that my home should be their home. But they do not need any assistance now. Percy is rich, and William Gray is one of the most distinguished lawyers in the city. I have often heard Gen. Corbin speak of him; and it is rumored that he is soon to be united to the fair Elmira. I have been sadly prejudiced, thinking that all who worked in factories must be impertinent, ignorant, and in fact every thing that is disagreeable. But now I see one who is self educated, and I cannot deny that she is accomplished; besides she is very kind and affectionate.—Another day shall not pass until I have asked her forgiveness, I will tell her all, even how I disliked her before we met."

In her farther acquaintance with Ellen, she found her all she could desire. Many were the happy evenings they passed together, in talking of the city of Lowell; nor did it all terminate here. Twice has the beautiful Amy Clifford visited the "city of spindles." She was much pleased with the appearance of those employed in the mills; and she advises all who are prejudiced against factory girls, to spend a short time in Lowell.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A FACT.

Some hypochondriacs have fancied themselves miserably afflicted in one way, and some in another; some have insisted that they were tea-pots, and some that they were town-clocks; one that he was extremely ill, and another that he was actually dying. But, perhaps, none of this blue-devil class ever matched in extravagance a patient of the late Dr. Stevenson, of Baltimore.

This hypochondriac, after ringing the change of every mad conceit that ever tormented a crazy brain, would have it at last that he was dead, actually dead. Dr. Stevenson, having been sent for one morning in great haste, by the wife of his patient, hastened to his bed-side, where he found him stretched out at full length, his hands across his breast, his toes in contact, his eyes and mouth closely shut, and his looks cadaverous.

"Well, sir, how do you do? how do you do this morning?" asked Dr. Stevenson, in a jocular way, approaching his bed.

"How do I do?" replied the hypochondriac faintly; "a pretty question to ask a dead man."

"Dead!" replied the doctor.

"Yes, sir, dead, quite dead. I died last night about twelve o'clock."

Dr. Stevenson putting his hand gently on the forehead of the hypochondriac, as if to ascertain whether it was cold, and also feeling his pulse, exclaimed in a doleful tone. "Yes, the poor man is dead enough 'tis all over with him, and now the sooner he can be buried the better." Then stepping up to his wife, and whispering to her not to be frightened at the measures he was going to take, he called to the servant— "My boy, your poor master is dead; and the sooner he can be put in the ground the better. Run to C——m, for I know he always keeps New England coffins by him ready-made; and, do you hear, bring a coffin of the largest size, for your master makes a stout corpse, and having died last night, and the weather being warm, he will not keep long."

Away went the servant, and soon returned with a proper coffin. The wife and family having got their lesson from the doctor, gathered round him, and howled not a little while they were putting the body in the coffin. Presently the pall-bearers, who were quickly provided, and let into the secret, started with the hypochondriac for the church-yard. They had not gone far before they were met with one of the town's people, who having been properly drilled by Stevenson, cried out, "Ah doctor, what poor soul have you got there?" "Poor Mr. B——," sighed the doctor, "left us last night."

"Great pity he had not left us twenty years ago," replied the other; "he was a bad man."

Presently another of the townsmen met them with the same question. "And what poor soul have you got there, doctor?" "Poor Mr. B——," answered the doctor again, "is dead."

"Ah! indeed?" said the other; "and so he is gone to meet his deserts at last."

"Oh, villain!" exclaimed the man in the coffin.

Soon after this, while the pall-bearers were resting themselves near the church-yard, another stepped up with the same old question again, "What poor soul have you got there, doctor?" "Poor Mr. B——," he replied "is gone."

"Yes, and to the bottomless pit," said the other; "for if he is not gone there, I see not what use there is for such a place." Here the dead man, bursting off the lid of the coffin, which has been purposely left loose, leaped out, exclaiming, "Oh, you villain! I am gone to the bottomless pit, am I? Well, I am come back again to pay such ungrateful rascals as you are." A chase was immediately commenced, by the dead man after the living, to the petrifying con- sternation of many of the spectators, at the

sight of the corpse, in all the horror of the winding-sheet, running through the streets. After having exercised himself into a copious perspiration by the fantastic race, the hypochondriac was brought home by Dr. Stevenson, freed from all his complaints; and by strengthening food, proper attention, cheerful company, and moderate exercise, was soon restored to perfect health.

RATIO OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The apportionment of Representatives under the new census will produce 249 members of the House of Representatives, being an increase of seven over the present number.

At the ratio of one member for every 60,000 inhabitants, Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, will each retain the same number of members.

New Hampshire will lose one member, Vermont 1, Connecticut 1, Maryland one, Virginia 4, N. Carolina 2, South Carolina 2, Georgia 1, Tennessee 1, and Kentucky 1, making together a loss of 16 members. Ohio will gain 6 members, Indiana four, Illinois 4, Michigan 2, Alabama 1, Mississippi 2, Louisiana 1, Missouri 3, making together a net gain of 23, or a net addition to the House of 7 Representatives.

The free States in the aggregate will gain sixteen members and lose 4; and the slave States will gain 7 and lose 12; making a net aggregate gain of seven Representatives from the free States.

THE BIBLE.—The Old Testament was first written in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek, about 275 years before the birth of Christ, by seventy-two Jews, by order of Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, king of Egypt. The precise number of the Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament is unknown; those written before the years 700 or 800 it is supposed were destroyed by some decree of the Jewish senate, on account of their numerous differences from the copies then declared genuine.—Those which exist in the present day were all written out between the years 1000 and 1457.

The following pair of paragraphs will remind our readers of those Kilkenny cats of whose exploits we hear so much:

We saw that our neighbor copies a vile, and we doubt not, an infamously unfounded, calumny of the degraded, scoundrel, liar, and poltroon, Prentice, against Mr. G. V. A. Forbes, of Natches.—*Vicksburg Sentinel*. This comes from that caned, cuffed, cowhided, kicked, nose-tweaked thief of the *Vicksburg Sentinel*; a fellow who has felt the touch of nearly as many boots as the scraper at any door in Christendom.—*Prentice*.

ABSENTEES.—It is stated that at the last session of Congress, the Yeas and Nays were called in the House of Representatives one hundred and twenty-four times, and the average number of members who responded was one hundred and forty-five.—As the House consists of two hundred and forty-two members, the average number of absentees was eighty-seven, or over one-third of the whole number elected.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.—The Nashville Banner represents the season as very backward in Tennessee. Cotton has done badly there, and poor stands are the result. Corn has suffered much from the worm, which has been more than usually destructive, and rendered a second planting necessary in most instances. All kinds of vegetation are later than common. There have, however, been no severe frosts there, and the prospect of an abundant fruit year, were never finer.

The Louisville Messenger states that the season in that part of Kentucky has, on the whole, been cool and backward. The spring crops, generally, were put in in reasonable time, but have not come forward well. But little complaint was made with reference to the condition of Wheat, and fruit promised a liberal yield.

The Norfolk Herald expresses serious apprehensions with respect to the Corn crop of Eastern Virginia. The planting was done at the usual time, but in consequence of the weather the seed did not vegetate in many cases, and replanting has been necessary. Where the corn did come up it presents a sickly appearance.

The Wabash, Indiana, Courier of the 22d ult. says—"About a tenth of the corn early planted in this county has had to be ploughed up and replanted, owing to the unfavorable state of the weather. We have heard of one instance in which the appearance of the white worm has caused replanting. We also regret to learn that the wheat crop is very thin and unpromising, owing, principally, to unfavorable weather; but, in some instances, to injuries sustained by the cut-worm last fall."

A St. Louis Fish Story.—The St. Louis Pennant gives the following specimen of the fish stories of that region:

"A small boy only 13 years old, caught a catfish yesterday, which weighed 152 pounds. After he had got him fairly hooked, the fish made a plunge, and drew the little fellow under the water; nothing daunted, however, he scrambled out again, fixed in hand, and after a hard contest, succeeded in drawing his prize to the edge of the water, where a boatman straddled him and rode him ashore. 'New York may boast of her shark, and Albany of her turbot; but St. Louis challenges the world to produce better catfish.'"