

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.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted three times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



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

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES DAILEY.

I dare thee to forget me!
Go wander where thou wilt;
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sailor's bill;
Away thou'rt free! o'er land and sea
Go rush to danger's brink!
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought!
Thy course will be—to think!

Remember me! remember all,
My long enduring love,
That linked itself to perfidy;
The culture and the dove!
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee fondly;
Thy course shall be—to think!

Thou'rt got that thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight;
That thought, when thou art temptest, lost,
Will fight thee with afflict;
In some wild dungeon may'st thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy course shall be—to think!

Go greet the merry banquet hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of me shall make thee there
Endure a deeper gloom;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy course will be—to think!

Forget me, false one, hope it not!
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing;
The airs I used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, every note will have its sting,
Thy course will be—to think!

Forget me! No, that shall not be!
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep,
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That o'erhang the deep;
Thou'lt shriek for aid! my feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy course will be—to think!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TWO NEW YEARS.

"Dear Eleanor, what an elegant piece of embroidery you are engaged on; such a beautiful design and such delicate blending of brilliant colors. It will be a scarf fit for a Queen."

"Your approval of my taste gives me real pleasure. I have been at infinite pains to work this scarf in order to have something unique to wear to our New Year's Ball. But Miss Mellon made me quite sick of it. I fancy however, that if she had one like it, she would not scruple to wear it. But pray Miss Anna, what is the reason you decline going to the ball?"

"Perhaps you will be offended if I tell you that I think my attention, time and money, can be much better employed."

"I believe that you are right, Anna; but it looks so singular in a young lady to stop at home when the world is out rejoicing."

"It does indeed require a degree of moral courage to meet the charge of singularity; yet the spears of the world are to a well regulated mind, less painful than the reproaches of one's own conscience."

"And do you indeed, really think it very sinful to dance?"

"No Eleanor, I do not think it very sinful to dance. I am fond of dancing with my brother at home. It is the unnecessary expense, the fatigue, the exposure and more than these, the unhealthy excitement of the mind. Look into your own heart, and see if you will not detect the fever of vanity, thirsting to bear away the palm of beauty and elegance of dress. Ask if there is no longing admiration, no unwarrantable wish to win those whose love you would not retain; no intention to rival some young creature in the eyes of one to whom she would appear pre-eminently attractive. It

is therefore not to dancing, but to the fostering these evil passions of our nature, that I object.

"Neither can I approve of the unnecessary expenditure of money for these objects."

"Really Miss Ellis, you talk like a methodist and a niggard. Have I not a right to expend my own income as I please?"

"Do not be offended, dear Eleanor. You have undoubtedly a legal right to expend your own money as you see fit. Yet it does appear to me that poverty, sickness, and destitute childhood, have claims upon us, which we may not lightly put aside."

"But if we were to expend our whole fortunes what should we do toward relieving the amount of misery under which the whole world is groaning now?"

"A contemplation of the world's misery is indeed enough to paralyze exertion; yet if every person would, according to his or her ability, relieve the distresses of their immediate vicinity, I think the amount would soon be greatly depreciated."

"It undoubtedly would, but I am no Howard, Anna. I am not willing to resign my own pleasure for the sake of those who would probably make an ill use of my beneficence."

"I am sorry to hear you speak so, Eleanor, for I called expressly to endeavor to enlist your sympathies for a suffering family in our neighborhood; and I did hope that you would relinquish the ball, and apply the money which you intended to lay out for dress and ornament to the comfort and consolation of the unfortunate."

"Your enterprise, Miss Anna, is without doubt very commendable, and had your appeal to me been earlier made, I might perhaps have foregone the ball, and joined you in it. But now as I am engaged to go, and have made so much preparation, I shall not relinquish it on any account."

"Not if I can make it appear that the object of my commiseration is every way worthy of the sacrifice?"

"Doubtless there are many worthy objects of charity, but I cannot now attend to the claims. You will excuse me Miss Ellis, but I am engaged and must bid you good morning."

Miss Ellis left the house with a heavy heart. She had been out all morning among her wealthy acquaintances, endeavoring to awaken an interest for an unfortunate family, and every where she had met with a cold, contemptuous or derisive reception. But of the apparent candor and feeling of Eleanor Grant, she had expected better things. She was not opulent herself, or she would not have applied to others, but her heart was so interested that she felt as if others must feel also. A few days before she had been on a visit a few miles from the village and was startled by the voice of passionate weeping within a cottage by the way side, as she returned home in the evening. She immediately knocked at the door, and was hidden by a low voice to come in.

She entered and found a young woman weeping bitterly, while a baby lay asleep on her knee, and a little girl, of about four years, stood on a chair beside her, with her arms around her mother's neck. Anna soon drew from the weeper, the cause of her distress. She had been delicately educated in one of the Eastern cities; and was married to a young clerk in a dry good store, while she was almost a child. Dazzled by the exaggerated accounts of the fertility and richness of the West, that rainbow region which recedes ever before the march of emigration; displaying its glorious allurement like fairy tokens, still in advance of the ardent pursuer; they gathered up their little all, and were soon floating down the broad Ohio.

Enchanted with the majestic stream and the unrivalled beauties of its variegated borders, now swelling with fair banks, then stretching along beautifully enamelled meadows, and anon rising in bold bluffs, or steep and forest clad mountains, they surrendered their spirits to romantic dreams of opulence and happiness, without considering how they were to be obtained. They chose a place of residence within the city of Cincinnati, and having secured a tract of luxurious timber land, fancied themselves rich. The kind neighbors, according to custom in log cabin countries turned out and erected them a commodious one for their habitation, and they took possession in high spirits.

But they were not calculated for the duties that devolved upon them. The husband had been a clerk, and he was ill fitted to fell the forest and make it bud and blossom as the rose, while the wife who had been tenderly reared and educated in what is called a fashionable school, was not competent to contend with the deprivations and hardships which become the lot of the emigrant.

It is no wonder, under existing circumstances, that at the end of two years the Roberts' found themselves miserably poor, and quite destitute of clothing and money; while their neighbors who were fitted for their station, were becoming rich.—Children came, and sickness visited them—want and suffering begat peevishness and ill humor; they reflected upon each other, grew cold and unhappy, and he had finally deserted his helpless family, and left them to beg or starve as they could.

Mrs. Roberts could not do the first, and had resolved to starve in silence. But for her poor children, when she saw them pale and wasted with want, she felt her heart breaking. And now she said, as she concluded her tale of sorrow, I have but one wish; and I dare not hope for its attainment. But if I could by any means get home to my father, I would ask no more. The

pride which so long withheld me, destitute and miserable as I am, is now quelled; and I am ready to go, even as the poor prodigal, to be a hired servant in my father's house.

Miss Ellis comforted the poor weeper by giving her whereby to supply present necessity; and bade her hope, saying that she would use her best endeavors to aid her return home. Mrs. Roberts fell on her knees with tears and kisses.

It was in hope of raising funds to defray the expenses of the long journey, that Anna Ellis had been soliciting her friends and meekly enduring contumely, coldness, and reflections, upon her show of piety and charity.

Yet it was not for these that her heart so swelled, and that the big tears gemmed the veil which she had gathered before her face to conceal her emotions, as she was returning home. It was for the heartlessness of her sex, that she wept, that a beautiful creature would refuse to forego an unnecessary ornament; or the display of the ball room, to give peace to the wounded spirit, to restore the weeping wanderer to her home and friends, and save from want and misery the helpless little ones, who however their parents may have erred, were guiltless sufferers.

Arrived at home, she retired to her chamber and sat down to endeavor to devise some method of realizing the hopes which she had raised in the breast of Mrs. Roberts. She ruminated long, and at length gave way to sorrowful emotions, and wept like a child.

"Here is a letter for you, sister," cried a bright eyed little girl running into her room.

"But what makes you cry, dear Anna, has any one spoken unkindly to you?"

"Yes, little Ella, but I will cry no more about it, now you have come to kiss me."

And she took the child upon her knee and forced herself to appear cheerful and contented. The little girl kissed her repeatedly and at length fell asleep in her arms.—She looked upon the happy sleeper, and thought how many such were suffering from cold, hunger, and neglect. She laid the child down with a murmured prayer, and took up her letter. "For heaven sake why has he written?" she cried as she glanced at the direction of the letter and her cheek flashed, as with trembling hands, she broke the seal. She read,

"Miss Ellis—Will I hope, appreciate my motives and believe that I appreciate her worth. I chanced to hear the conversation between her and Miss Grant this morning, and I humbly trust that she will not pain me by returning the enclosed trifle, which I present, not to Miss Ellis, but to the unfortunate family of which she was speaking."

"That such goodness of heart may be richly rewarded, even in this life is the fervent prayer of

JAMES M. WINTERTON.

Anna dropped the letter. Its envelope had fallen on the floor, and her face had become livid and cold.—"Ah Winterton," she said, "your kindness is the refinement of cruelty. Do you pray for me. Me! from whom you have stolen the young buds of hope and happiness! Can you extol the goodness of the heart which you so coldly have thrown from you, to wither and perish while you proffer your own at Miss Grant's altar? I will apply your bounty to the aid of the unfortunate; but for myself I would not accept aught from you. Oh, Merciful Father, forgive these rebellious throbs and aid me to say in all humility:—"Thy will be done."

Mr. Winterton was the son of a wealthy gentleman in the interior of the State, and had been two years in Cincinnati, for the purpose of finishing his education. During this time he had boarded in Mr. Ellis's family, and by a nameless, and probable undesigned attentions, had won the whole wealth of her young and artless spirit. Of late he had established himself in the village, treated Anna with a cold politeness and paid constant and particular attentions to Eleanor Grant.

The poor girl's heart was deeply wounded, and an apprehension that she had betrayed the state of her feelings, thus forcing him in honor to withdraw attentions, which he had never intended should go farther than a brotherly familiarity, pierced her shrinking and sensitive spirit to the very centre. But she was truly a pious girl, and her trust in him that rules the spirit and stills the tempest, alone supported her.

She was prevented by a violent snow storm from visiting Mrs. Roberts until New Year's day. But she had in the interval procured the means of conveyance for her children, in a way more cheap and commodious than stage coach travelling.

On New Year's morning she walked out to see them, attended by her brother carrying a large bundle which she had made up for them. "Oh, now I see cried Mrs. Roberts as she unwrapped the clothes, 'what you have been doing, while I thought you had forgotten me. I can never thank you, but may the God of the widow and the fatherless reward you abundantly."

Anna told what arrangements she had made; and here she said "is the money to defray the expenses of the journey; you are not to thank me for it; it was presented to you by a liberal young gentleman, who wishes to remain unknown. The poor woman unrolled the bills with joyful surprise, and Anna almost feared she would go delirious with excess of rapture. "Dear angel," she cried, "this is to me a blessed New Year, and this anniversary shall remind me of her who has saved my children from

starvation, and restored me as I trust to homo and happiness."

As Miss Ellis retraced her steps homeward, she met a gay company engaging in a ride before they went to the ball room. Among them she recognized Winterton and Eleanor chatting and laughing in great glee. She felt a pang in her bosom, as she passed her; and again she wept in her lone chamber.

The New year has become old, and a bright glorious morning ushered in his welcome successor. Anna sat at a happy bride in her chamber. "You will not refuse to accompany me on a visit to Eleanor, now that she is evidently dying she said in a sweet imploring tone to the glad hearted bridegroom. "You are a strange girl, dear Anna," he replied, "a sweet forgiving creature, or you would not wish to visit one who has injured you so deeply. How industriously did she throw derision on your pious spirit.—But for my good fortune in hearing the conversation between you, on that eventful morning she would have triumphed and I should have found leisure and cause for repentance. But I saw in that conversation both your naked hearts, and resolved from that hour to pay her no farther attention after the ball to which I promised to attend her.—"And that ball," replied Anna, "which she could not resign at the claim of the unfortunate, proved fatal to her. A cold taken that evening is fast consuming life, and I feel compelled to go and speak comfort to her."

They went, the gay dressing room had become a dark and silent sick chamber, and its once happy and beautiful mistress lay there a haggard emaciation of disease, writhing with the agonies of body and mind. "Oh Anna! Mrs. Winterton, I should have said; did not know the sweetness of your temper I should say you come here in bridal gladness to mock my misery. But I am rejoiced to see you both; and fervently do I beseech of each of you to pardon the endeavors I made to rob you of your present felicity. I should have been happy at the expense of peace. I felt a selfish triumph over my meek and sincere friend and I resolved to leave no means untried to win the heart which I knew was her only treasure. At that ball I resolved to rivet my chains I could not forego my expected triumph at the voice of humanity, or the demand of duty. Had I complied with your request, I might now have rejoiced in health and hope; now Oh Anna, I would barter the world for the faith which has sustained you under all your trials."

A few days after, and the rich, the gay and beautiful Eleanor Grant resigned her hold on life with a trembling hope of immortality.

Anna is still living a pattern of all that adorns womanhood. But her meek brow is overshadowed when any incident recalls the events connected with the two new years.—"The one on which she went on an errand of mercy, and returned with a heart crushed beneath its broken hopes, and spirit writhing under the heartless triumph of perfidious friendship; and that in which she returned from comforting her disappointed and stricken rival, to the calm blessedness of her bridal chamber, and the approving smile of him who possessed her young and undivided heart."

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

What a blockhead my brother Tom is! not to marry! or rather, perhaps I should say, what a blockhead, not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I supposed he'd hardly get any decent body to take him; as old as he is now. Poor fellow!—what a forlorn, desolate kind of life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home; nice social dinners; pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuce is the reason my breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forgot; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold. She coddles that boy to death.—But after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose the young ones will have all his worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid, for although my business does very well, this housekeeping cats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day?—There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven, and Lucy and Sarah and Jane and Louisa, four more—eleven, then there's the cook and the housemaid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and to do odd jobs about the house—fifteen; then there's the nursery maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at Church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again;—wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls—oh it's myself—Faith, I've so many to think of and to provide for, that I forget myself, half the time. Yes, that makes it, seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but then bless their hearts, they please to see them eat, what a havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a morning, to be sure! Now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding house with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies—

No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor; no dawning intellects whose development he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes and keep all his comforts ready.—Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet?

I feel remarkable hungry. I don't mind the boys being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. O, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to-day. Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings. More expense, and their school bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? Next month, as I'm a Christian; and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at thirty shillings a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time as to the propriety of getting a watch for him; gold, of course.—Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score of years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my son, the young villain has learned to play billiards, and three or four times when he has come in late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke.

Heigho! Fathers have many troubles and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their minds to keep them awake; and, when they have once got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; for so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted the strength of her lungs with good, straight-forward screaming. I can't for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through with their squalling and roaring in the day time when I am out of the way. Then again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be rooted out of one's first nap, and sent off post haste for the doctor, as I was on Monday night, when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctor to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort; bless my soul how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school; nobody thinks of me starving all this time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off; I dare say, to read in the school when he ought to be poring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter, there's a great deal of pleasure in married life, and if some vexations and troubles do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away, anyhow; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not so very certain but that you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

Mechanics.—There never was a doctrine more untrue than the now, we trust, almost obsolete one, derived from a false distinction of monarchies, that mechanical professions are menial, and beneath the station of a true gentleman. The truth is, they are the only professions that have substance and reality and practical utility.—All else seems, on reflection, to be mere speculation, ideality, dreaming, leather and prunella. The greatest men in the annals of the world—the men that have done most to enlighten and advance the prosperities and liberties of the human race, have been mechanics. Its directness of mind—the plain good sense these pursuits inculcate, which has led to these immortal discoveries that have enriched and ameliorated the condition of the whole human race. Name but an Arkwright, a Fulton, a Watt, a Franklin, a Whitney, &c. have discovered great principles, but nothing that compares with the mechanic's mind. Let the sickly races of a pampered nobility turn up their noses at mechanic's as they do at merchants. It is to the working men only that the rod of empire has been given, and the revolutions on the globe from mechanic inventions of steam and of the press, and which is hourly advancing, with a pace that excites astonishment, prove incontrovertibly that the progress of mind, of human liberty, and salvation, and of mechanics' labor, are indissolubly wedded.

An Amusing Incident.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Evening Gazette, in a letter dated Peoria, Ill., gives the following very amusing incident, of which he was an eye witness a few days previous:

"A young man from Boston, or that vicinity, with a friend, was sauntering along the bank of the river, when they discovered

a fine buck swimming across from the opposite shore; one of the party went for a rifle, while the other remained to watch the buck. Before the former returned, the buck had nearly reached the shore, when young P. tried to prevent his landing until his Illinois friend returned with the rifle. The buck immediately turned and made for the other shore again. Fearing he was going to lose the prize, P. lost no time, but stripping himself, and taking a penknife in his teeth he plunged in after the animal. He overtook and passed him in the middle of the stream, and seizing him by the head, cut his throat with his knife, and taking the deer by one of his hinder legs, endeavored to drag him ashore. The latter had no thought of yielding his life without a struggle, and gave his enemy a tremendous kick, who, changing his position, took his prey by one of the ears, and after considerable effort succeeded in bringing him to the shore, greatly to the relief of his friend, who had come with a musket, and had been an anxious spectator of the danger to which his Yankee companion had unconsciously exposed himself.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.—Mr. Buckingham, the traveller, has the following paragraph relating to the American Navy:

"The American Navy comprises at present, I three-decker of 120 guns, the Pennsylvania, built at Philadelphia, and said to be the largest ship in the world, capable of mounting 150 guns, though rated at only 120, and probably carrying no more at present; 11 two-deckers rated as 74's, though all capable of carrying from 80 to 90 guns each; 15 frigates, of 64, 44, and 36 guns respectively; 18 sloops, of 24 and 18 guns each; and 10 schooners, of 12 and 10 guns each—making altogether only 50 vessels of every class; and yet small as it is in the number of its ships its efficiency is so great, and the skill of its officers and seamen so conspicuous, that it is superior in actual force to any other Navy in the world, except that of Great Britain, and would not shrink, single-handed, from a contest with it, gun for gun, and man for man, with a probability of being victor."

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Boston Atlas says that during the halibut storm of Wednesday afternoon, a Mr. John Seaver witnessed a very singular phenomenon whilst riding over the Tremont Road.—Among the hail-stones which fell, was an animal, ten inches in length, and four inches and a half in circumference, known to naturalists as the *Loligo illecebrosa*; and to the fisherman as the *Squid*. It is supposed to have fallen from a great height, from the fact that the hail-stones which fell with it were ascertained to be salt. The animal has been preserved in spirits, and may be seen at the office of the Atlas.

LOVE AND ROMANCE.—In the recent search and examination of the island and bayous in the vicinity of New Orleans, in quest of the retreats of the supposed pirates of the ship Charles, Captain Taylor found upon one of the lone islands in the gulf, a suspicious looking chap, and his mistress, dressed in male attire. They were brought up to the Balize, and on examination it was found that the lady was the wife of a resident of New Orleans, and her romantic enterprise to have sprung from the love of her new lord being so strong as to induce her to break her marriage ties and fly with her lover to his wild and rocky retreat.

GOING THE ENTIRE.—A fellow was recently met in great haste going towards a pill manufactory. "Hallo, Jim, which way now, so fast?" "The fact is, I have taken two boxes of fashionable pills, directions, boxes and all, without doing me any good. I'm going to swallow the manufacturer now, to see what effect he will have."

CULTURE OF SILK.—The act for the encouragement of the silk culture, passed by the Legislature of New York, on the 26th of May authorizes county treasurers to pay a bounty of fifteen cents per pound for reeled silk, said cocoons having been raised, and silk reeled within the State, until the 1st of June, 1846.

CONSUMPTION.—It has been ascertained that individuals laboring under consumption have been restored to health by continuing, to inhale the air of a place where cows are constantly kept. Dairy women are proverbially healthy.

An exchange paper says that the most dignified, glorious, and lovely work of nature is woman, next to her is man, and then Berkshire pigs.

Good.—It is often that a fine idea is expressed with so much felicity in a toast as in the following:—

"Party Spirit.—The foam and spray that dash around the Ship of State, sometimes threatening to engulf her, yet composed of the very elements that support and buoy her up."

An Englishman having asked a son of Erin, if the roads in Ireland were good, Pat replied, "Yes, they are fine, that I wonder you do not import some of them into England; let me see, there's the road to love, strewed with roses; to matrimony, through nettles; to honor, through the camp prison, through the law; and to the undertaker's, through physic." "Have you any road to preferment?" asked the Englishman. "Yes, faith, we have, but that is the dirtiest road in the whole kingdom."