

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 BALLOT BOX.

Freedom's consecrated dower,
Casket of a princely gem!
Nobler heritage of power
Than imperial diadem!
Corner stone on which was reared
Liberty's triumphal dome,
When her glorious form appeared
'Midst our own green mountain home!

Purchased by as noble blood
As in mortal veins are run,
By the toil of those who stood
At the side of Washington;
By the hearts that met the foe
On their native battle plain,
Where the arm that dealt the blow
Never needs to strike again!

Where the craven that would dare
Mar it with polluted breath!
Scorned and cursed be to share
The traitor's shame—the traitor's death!
Let his faithless heart be torn
From his recanting bosom riven,
And upon the whirring horn,
To the carrion birds be given!

Guard it, freemen!—guard it well!
Spotless as your maidens' fame!
Never let your children tell
Of your weakness—of your shame—
That their fathers basely sold
What was bought with blood and toil
That you bartered right for gold,
Here on freedom's sacred soil!

Let your eagle's quenchless eye,
Fixed, unerring, sleepless, bright,
Watch when danger hovers nigh,
From his lofty mountain heights
While the stripes and stars shall waive
O'er this treasure pure and free,
The land's Palladium, it shall save
The home and shrine of liberty.

From the Metropolis.

TAKE THE RUBY WINE AWAY.

Bring me forth the cup of gold,
Chased by Druid's hands of old,
Filled from yonder fountain's breast,
Where the waters are at rest;
This for me—in joyous hour,
This for me—in beauty's bow,
This for me—in manhood's prime,
This for me—in life's decline.

Bring me forth the humbler horn,
Filled by hunter's hand at morn,
From the crystal spring that flows
Underneath the blooming rose,
Where the violet loves to sip,
Where the lily cools her lip;
Bring me this—and I will say,
Take the ruby wine away!

Take away the damning draught,
By the bacchanal quaffed,
Take away the liquid death—
Serpents nestle in its breath,
Terror rides upon its flood,
Vice surrounds its brim of blood,
Sorrow in its bosom stings,
Sorrow buoyed on pleasure's wings.

Dip the bucket in the well,
Where the trout delights to dwell—
Where the sparkling water sings,
As it bubbles from the springs—
Where the breezes whisper sweet,
Where the happy children meet,
Draw, and let the draught be mine—
Take away the ruby wine!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Companion.

THE RESCUE.

BY MRS. E. S. WHITTE.

The incident about to be related, is one of the many similar ones which occurred during the early settlement of America.—Those who sought a home in the savage wilds, which then covered the land, wedded themselves to a life of peril and hardship. The dangers which continually threatened them, called forth all the heroic qualities of their nature, and their lives were marked by many a lofty deed of daring and devo-

tion. Such deeds should not sink into oblivion, for they belong to the history of our country, and as such, should be recorded and remembered.

We would present a picture to the imagination of the reader. There is a broad and beautiful stream, with deep, still waters, flowing on between banks covered by luxuriant foliage; and its bright surface dotted here and there with fairy little isles, where graceful shrubs and fragrant flowers bud and blossom undisturbed in wild and lonely loveliness. Bright plumed birds, of many varieties, are winging their way over the quiet water, and the surrounding scene echoes with their tuneful minstrelsy. On the borders of the river, at the edge of a forest that stretches far away over hill and dale, stands the rude but picturesque dwelling of a backwoodsman; with the blue smoke curling up from its lowly roof, and its humble walls gleaning out from the green foliage that surrounds them. There are some indications of taste and refinement near the woodman's home, which give a cheerful appearance to that otherwise wild and lonely scene. A graceful vine curtains the lowly window, and many bright flowers, natives of a distant soil, shed their grateful perfume around. Near the door hangs a cage, containing a rare and beautiful bird, whose song of gladness breaks sweetly upon the stillness of that solitary place.

On a low seat at the entrance of the dwelling, is seen a young woman, caressing an infant. She has lost the blooming loveliness of early youth—her cheek is pale, and her brow wears that thoughtful expression which is imparted by the touch of care; yet she is still beautiful in form and feature, and none may look upon her without admiration. As she bends over the child in her arms, her eye fills with the unutterable tenderness and love which are only seen in the eye of a mother, and which make the face of a beautiful woman almost angelic. Now and then she turns from the child, to send an anxious glance towards the forest, as if she watched for the approach of some one from that direction. She is momentarily expecting her husband. He left his home at morn; the hour appointed for his return passed away. The shadows of the trees are lengthening in the rays of the setting sun, and yet he comes not. The fond wife begins to tremble for his safety—a fearful foreboding of evil steals over her mind, and the dark dread of some approaching calamity haunts her imagination.

She has reason to fear; for that portion of country was, at this time, the theatre of many a tragic scene. Sometimes the woodman in penetrating too far into the pathless recesses of the forest, lost his way, and wandered for days in the dreary wilderness, suffering many miseries, and perishing at last by the pangs of hunger.—Sometimes a hungry beast of prey would cross the path of the wanderer, and doom him to a dreadful death. Sometimes the wily red man, who yet lurked about these lonely wilds, entrapped the white hunter, and, from a spirit of revenge, or the thirst for blood, sacrificed his victim with the most wanton and barbarous cruelty.

As the anxious wife thought of these things, her fears and forebodings became almost insupportable. Hushing the infant to sleep, she carried it into the dwelling, and deposited it in its cradle bed. She then hastened forth again, and wandered along the path that led to the forest, anxiously looking forward the while for her husband. She walked onward for some time, fondly hoping to see the object of her search, but her hopes were vain, and sending one more searching glance around, and seeing nothing but the gloomy shadows of the trees, she turned with a heavy heart to retrace her steps. As she was proceeding homeward, a sudden fear for her child whom she had left alone, crossed her mind and caused her to hasten forward. Drawing nearer to the dwelling, this fear became so intense, that it amounted almost to a conviction of some terrible calamity.—Flying, rather than walking, she reached the house, and sprang to the cradle—it was empty, and the child no where to be seen! With frantic eagerness she rushed to the back door of the dwelling, which she had left closed, and which she now found was open. She was just in time to see a party of Indians making rapidly to the woods. Her heart whispered the fearful assurance that they bore away its treasure. Here was a trying situation for a timid and helpless woman—her husband afar off—perhaps in the peril—her child—her first born, and only one, torn away by the rude hand of a savage—dread night approaching, and no earthly arm to aid!

Without pausing for reflection, the mother flew along the path which the Indians had taken. Now and then she caught a glimpse of their forms, as they moved rapidly through the trees, but as the twilight deepened, and surrounding objects became more distinct, even that slight comfort was denied her, and she traced her gloomy pathway without knowing whether or not it would bring her nearer the object of her pursuit. Yet she paused not a moment in indecision but hastened onward through the increasing darkness, unconscious of the uncertainty of her search, and the wildness of her expedition. She had but one thought—one hope; and that was to be near her child—to save it, if it could be saved, or perish with it, if perchance it must. Strong in this determination she pushed forward thoughtless of fatigue and fearless of peril. As the night advanced the wind rose and sighed among the trees with a mournful and heart-chilling sound. The stars, that

had hitherto shed a faint light through the branches, were now veiled in black clouds, that seemed to presage a storm; and ever and anon the shrill croaking of a night-bird, or the prolonged howl of a beast of prey, was borne to the ear of the unhappy wanderer, waking fearful thoughts and warning her of the dangers by which she was surrounded.

Those who have never roamed in a forest at midnight, can scarcely realize how much that is terrifying is connected with such a journey. At one time, the howl of the hungry wolf will burst so suddenly and clearly on the ear, that we can scarcely persuade ourselves that the monster is not close at our side—at another, the falling of a decayed branch will produce such a loud and fearful sound, that we deem it the fatal plunge which must doom us to destruction. Now the wind will come with a fitful and moaning cadence, so like the human voice, that we for an instant believe it to be the wail of an agonized being—and again it will sweep by with a rushing sound like a troop of enraged monsters, bent on a mission of death. Sometimes an unseen low-drooping branch will softly touch the shoulder, congealing the warm current of life with the idea that a spectral hand has suddenly arrested our progress; and again a black and blasted tree, with one or two bare branches protruding from its side, will for an instant still the pulsation of the heart, as we behold in it a frightful phantom, stretching forth its arms to grasp our shrinking forms.

All this, and more, must one feel and fear in a lonely midnight pilgrimage through the forest; and all this the mother endured as she pursued her almost hopeless enterprise. She had travelled far, very far, for the darkness of night and the intricacies of the wood had scarcely lessened the speed with which she commenced her walk, and she had been many hours on her way.—Weariness was beginning to overcome her—hope was departing from her heart, and despair chilling all her energies, when she discovered afar off through the trees a light. It was but a feeble glimmer, yet, oh! how it irradiated the path of the wanderer. The instant she beheld it, hope sprang back to her heart, and strength invigorated her frame. That faint and far-off ray seemed the light of returning happiness, and she watched it as eagerly as the mariner watches the star which guides him over the ocean's stormy waves. She now hastened onward with redoubled energy, and though her steps sometimes faltered, and her heart sunk within her, as the light disappeared behind some intervening object, she still kept her eye steadily in the direction of the beacon, and soon gained a position where it shone brightly before her, and she could approach without losing sight of it again. As she drew near she gazed upon the scene which that light revealed, with mingled feelings of astonishment, hope, and fear.

There was a large fire built of dried branches of trees, and around it lay the dusky forms of five or six Indians, reposing upon the ground. Their appearance was savage and fearful in the extreme; each with his pointed feathers lighted by the fitful glare of the fire, and his tomahawk and scalping knife gleaming at his side. Near them were implements of hunting, and around the fire lay scattered bones and fragments of a recent rude and hasty repast. The whole scene was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the delicate being who gazed upon it.

But she scarcely saw the rude savages or their implements of death, for her whole soul was absorbed in contemplating a portion of the scene which we have not yet described, which riveted her attention with a thrilling and magic power. Bound to a tree was the form of her husband; and at his feet on the cold ground, lay her child. The father's face was pale and stained with blood; the infant's was covered with its dress, and its form was motionless as if chilled by the cold hand of death. How felt the fond wife and mother when that sight of horror met her eye? Repressing by a mighty effort the shriek of agony that rose to her lips, and conquering, by the strength of a heroic soul, the almost irresistible desire she felt to rush forward, and clasp those dear ones to her aching heart, she stood gazing upon the scene with feelings that cannot be described. She saw with a throbbing sudden joy that her husband lived, but her heart grew cold again as she watched the motionless form of her child. She longed to fly to its side and ascertain the truth, for the suspense that preyed upon her spirit was terrible, but again her resolute mind restrained her, and she began to deliberate upon the situation of her husband, and to devise means for releasing him.

The light cast by the fire on all things near it, enabled the wife to note the scene distinctly. She saw with a thankful heart that the savages all slept, and that she could reach the side of her husband without passing near enough to wake them; but she also saw that he was bound by strong cords, which she could not hope in her wearied state, to unfasten, and she looked about for something to sever them.—There was nothing save the knives which the Indians wore in their sides. Looking more intently she saw that one of these had slipped from its place, and lay on the ground by its owner so near, that his hand almost touched the hilt. A pang of intense fear shot through her frame when she thought of approaching so close to the terrific form of the savage, but another look upon the pale face of the prisoner, reassured her, and

she determined to rescue him or perish in the attempt. She could not approach the Indians without revealing herself to the eyes of her husband, and she feared in that case, an exclamation of surprise would follow her appearance, and rouse the foe from their slumber. After pondering a moment upon the best mode of proceeding, she determined to steal softly back of the tree, place her hand on the lip of the captive, whisper a few words of explanation, to implore him, not by the slightest murmur to frustrate her plans. With a throbbing heart she commenced her perilous undertaking. Noiselessly she made her way to the tree and accomplished her purpose.

There was no time for delay, yet one instant the mother turned a look upon her child, yearning to clasp it to her bosom, but not daring to lift the cloth which concealed its features, and assure herself whether or not it lived. A little while before she would have given worlds to be able to do this, but now she felt that to behold it wrapped in the slumber of death, would unnerve her arm, and render her unfit for the further prosecution of her trying task. With firmness that would have done honor to a stoic, she conquered the promptings of natural love and hastened away. With a step as noiseless as the falling dew, she glided towards the slumbering savages; as she drew near, her frame trembled so violently, that she could scarcely support herself; and when she put forth her hand to take the knife, the beating of her heart was so audible, she feared it would wake the sleepers, and she pressed her hand convulsively upon it to still its tumultuous throbbings. One terrible instant she thought the eyes of the Indian opened, and glared upon her with fierce and malignant expression, but this was mere fancy for he still slept, and the next moment she was gliding away with the knife firmly grasped in her hand.—With a few rapid strokes she liberated her husband, and then bent down and uncovered the child. To her unspeakable joy, she found it in a slumber as sweet and peaceful as though it had been hushed to rest upon its mother's bosom. With a prayer of gratitude upon her lips she lifted it from its rude resting place, turned to her companion, and motioned the way to their home. With rapid and noiseless steps they hurried away, speeding onward with tremulous yet hopeful hearts. Not a moment did the fond mother spare to caress her infant—not a word did she utter to greet her husband. The spell of a new found uncertain happiness had settled upon her spirit, and she feared to break its thrilling charm. For a time, they traveled thus in silence and darkness, moving as near as they could judge, in the direction of their home, and anxious to be further, still farther away from their enemies. At length weariness compelled them to rest awhile and as the dawning day began to shed a trembling light abroad, they crept into a thicket and sought repose.

The beams of the rising sun lighted the wanderers on their homeward pathway; and when that sun was sinking to repose, its parting rays fell over the woodman's humble home, revealing a scene of bliss such as seldom visit the abode of man.—How radiant with grateful joy was the face of the fond mother, as she clasped her recovered treasure to her bosom; how full of admiring love was the eye of the rescued husband, as it rested upon his fair preserver; and oh! how warm and fervent was the prayer breathed in that hour of safety, bearing up to heaven the deep devotion of thankful and happy hearts.

A SCENE ON THE OHIO RIVER.—A facetious correspondent of the Boston Morning Post, travelling on the Ohio river, thus describes a scene that "came off" on board the steamer. It's not exactly fair to make woman, "lovely woman," the butt of merriment; but the story is irresistible:—

"Upon looking around to see what chance there was for amusement on our trip from my fellow passengers, I was particularly struck with the appearance of an elderly lady, who seemed very ill at ease. Every time steam was allowed to escape from the boiler she appeared to fancy it the prelude to a grand explosion, and was evidently in a state of continual excitement. As she is to be my heroine, I may as well attempt to describe her, although I shall hardly do her full justice. She is one of the tallest women ever saw, but the effect of her height was taken away by her immense breadth. She was one of McDonald Clarke's style of beauties—"with a waist like a cotton bag and a foot like a flounder." never did I see such a moving mass of flesh encircled by a petticoat. Oh! she was very fat. Upon inquiry, I learned that she had been a passenger on the steambot F—, at the time it was burned a few years before, and narrowly escaped with her life. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the catastrophe of the Ben. Sherrod, by which some scores of hapless mortals were hurried into eternity through the combined agency of fire and water. What wonder that the woman was alarmed at the prospect of a steambot voyage!

After we left the landing, the principal topic of conversation among the passengers was the numerous accidents which had lately happened. Nearly every person was equipped with a life preserver, and some were so cautious as to hang them up in their berths filled and ready for use at a moment's warning. Night came, and all were snugly ensconced in their berths,

when there arose the cry of fire! The wood on the bow of the boat had caught fire, and was blazing fiercely up, shining through the glass doors of the social hall and the cabin windows until the whole boat seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. In an instant all was confusion and alarm. Passengers tumbled out of their berths, and over one another; some grasped their preservers—some ran for their baggage—some for their wives—the wise ones kept quiet. In the midst of the hubbub, the doors of the ladies' cabin flew wide open, and out burst our fat lady, dressed all in white, her face "a map whereon terror was drawn in all its shapes," and around her waist a huge life preserver, not inflated. Seizing this by the nipple with both hands, she rushed from one to another exclaiming, in a voice of agony, "blow me up! blow me up! for God's sake blow me up! will no body blow me up!" Had the old lady actually exploded, I must have done as I did, roll on the floor in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, with half the witnesses of the scene for my companions. The boat was stopped, the fire got under, and, not the least difficult operation, the fat lady's alarm subdued. The next day we landed her at her place of destination, since which time I have never seen her, but the recollection of the scene has cost me many a fit of the side ache."

FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.

HOME.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANN FERRISS.

There's a diamond in memory's soul circling chain
Of lustre which time cannot shroud;
It has treasures of light for the midnight of pain,
And a bow for adversity's cloud.
This diamond is home, the dear home of our youth,
Where the mother we idolize dwelt
With her beautiful lessons of mercy and truth;
Where our father at eventide knelt;
Where lived the pure love that will cling to the heart

Where e'er the weary feet roam;
When the beautiful treasures of memory depart,
Still dearer she cherishes Home.

The maiden goes forth in young love's holy faith,
Confiding in man for her joy;
But her idol is subject to changing and death,
A zephyr his love can destroy.

And then if neglect or indifference come
Like death wounds, to eat out her heart;
Or the fiend who is crueler far than the tomb
Impale her live soul on his dart.

If she finds the deep cup full of wormwood and gall
That mantled with love's rosy foam:
How bitter the taste that in agony fall
As she dwells with the memories of Home.

The exile condemned by the fiat of fate
A stranger in strange lands to rove,
In cottage and palace alike desolate,
Seeks rest like the wandering dove.
Oh! could he like her, with the offering of peace
Return to the dear ark again,
Where the lov'd, and the beautiful, radiant with bliss

Should bring holy balm for his pain.
Bright eyes are around him, glad tones in his ear,
Earth glowing with radiance and bloom,
He turns from them all with a sigh and a tear,
They awaken sad memories of Home.

The rambler may rest in the halls of the great,
Where love sheds his richest perfume,
And beauty is languishing under the weight
Of her pride and luxuriant bloom.
With the gems of the earth, with the pearls of the sea,

With the laurel or crown on his brow,
He will sigh for his home though a cottage it be
And the hearts that would worship him now.
As the slender weed nods to the zephyr's light breath,

A thrill to his bosom will come,
'Tis the same weed that war'd its white bloom
O'er the path
By the door of his own native Home.

Home—home is the Eden that lives in the past,
Its memories are frail'd with life;
And the angels that make it so holy and blest
Are mother, and sister, and wife.

Yes, home is the shrine where the heart of man dwells
And woman reigns royally there;
Her long suffering love is the sceptre that quells
Wild passion, and sin, and despair.

'Tis there that man's holiest affections entwine,
And she is enthron'd in their bloom;
Oh, woman! the noblest of empires is thine,
Thou queen of the heart cherish'd Home.

How rich is thy realm, and how precious thy lot,
Home is unto thee paradise,
Thy heart hovers trembling around the dear spot
Where its treasure in frail caskets lies;

The beautiful wreath of pure hearted young girls
That twines round the altar stone there;
The noble brow'd boys with their clustering curls,
And spirits unshackled by care.

There's a smile of delight in thy husband's proud eye;
Oh! what shall induce thee to roam,
From the treasures of love, and deep fountains of joy
That live in no bower but Home.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

THE SUN.

Thou Son, of this great world, both
Eye and soul.

Mirror.

This glorious luminary was worshipped by many nations of antiquity, as a deity, especially by the Persians, on account of his benign and powerful influence in warming, illuminating, and vivifying the earth; in regulating the seasons, and preserving animated nature from destruction. But the knowledge that the ancients had of this "powerful king of day," was very limited,

when compared to the wonderful discoveries which science and art have enabled the moderns to make. Though Astronomy was studied at a very early age of the world, and if we credit Josephus, by the antediluvians, yet it was not till a recent period, that the magnitudes, the numbers, the distances, the densities, and other phenomena of the heavenly bodies have been ascertained.

The sun's distance from the earth is 95,000,000 miles; a distance so great, that if a locomotive started from that luminary towards the earth when Columbus discovered America, (1492) had travelled with greater celerity than the one which brought President Tyler's late message to the Ledger, say thirty miles an hour, it would not have arrived yet! A cannon ball, at the velocity of 500 miles an hour would require more than 21 years to traverse this space; but "swift winged arrows of light," perform the journey in 8 1/2 minutes.

The sun's distance is obtained by means of his horizontal parallax, a problem theoretically considered, easily solved; but as the base line is only the semi-diameter of the earth, (3,965 miles) the angle of parallax is difficult to find correctly. Dr. Halley suggested an excellent method to find this parallax; by means of the transits of Venus across the sun's disc. By the last transit (1769) the parallax was ascertained to be 8 1/2 seconds, which gives the sun's distance as above. La Place, and other eminent astronomers, consider this distance so near the truth, that the true distance cannot be less than 94 millions, or more than 97 millions.

The sun's magnitude is immense. His diameter is 890,000 miles, so that he would not only fill the orbit of the moon, but would extend 200,000 miles beyond it in every direction. If 1,300,000 globes such as the earth were put together, the enormous heap would only be as large as the sun and if a fragment as large as the earth was detached from this "great source of day," it would be no more missed than a pebble of an ounce weight would be missed from a heap of pebbles weighing 30 tons.

The density of the sun is much less than the density of the earth. Its specific gravity is not much more than that of water, whereas the specific gravity of the earth is more than five times that of water, so that 329,000 such as the earth would weigh the sun.

The sun turns on his axis in 25 days, ten hours; this has been known by means of dark spots which often appear on his disc. Some of these spots have been seen so large, that ten worlds such as we inhabit, could be placed side by side on one of them.

The sun, (besides a motion round the common centre gravity) has also a motion through absolute space of 65,000 miles an hour. His destination is towards the constellation Hercules, carrying the earth and 29 other worlds, and hundreds of comets, along with him in his sublime career!

The orbits of all the planets and comets in the solar system are hence continually changing their ethereal locality, if I may so express it, and we ourselves, through innumerable ages of eternity, will never occupy the same spot of God's universe which we occupied an hour ago.

We are not yet well informed of the physical constitution of the sun. Sir Isaac Newton, and the philosophers of his day, considered him an immense globe of fire or molten matter, in a constant state of ebullition; but this theory has of late been rejected. The Herschels and other eminent astronomers assert that the sun is an opaque body like the earth, diversified with hill and dale, and the abode of millions of millions of intelligent beings; that the sun's atmosphere is about 4,000 miles high, on the top of which floats a stratum of luminous clouds, which emit both light and heat, and that the dark spots which appear and disappear are portions of the dark surface seen through openings in this atmosphere. The solar inhabitants must have organization different from ours: a human being weighing on terra firma, 170 pounds, would weigh on the solar orb more than two tons, a weight sufficient to crush him.

LOBELIA.—On the 4th inst. at Wilmington, N. C. a Mr. Driver administered to himself a powerful dose of this medicine, was seized directly after with spasms, and in fifteen minutes was a corpse.

A LIBERAL ACT.—Captain Stockton of the U. S. Navy, and one of the most liberal and public spirited of our citizens, has made a donation of \$4000 to the American Whig Society, one of the Literary Associations of the College of New Jersey.—Phila. Inq.

AN AMERICAN CONSUL IMPRISONED.—Captain Merriman, of the brig Iris, arrived at this port from Matanzas, states that Nathaniel Cross, Esq. American Consul at that place, was imprisoned by order of the Governor General of Cuba, the day he sailed. Captain M. did not learn the cause of this extraordinary proceeding.—Phila. Inq.

In 1799, the following matrimonial advertisement appeared in a Concord, N. H. paper:—"Whereas I, Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to put my wife, Rhoda, in the paper; now beg leave taken her to wife, after which, all our domestic broils in an amicable manner, so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clock work."

A wag suggests that the Temperance cause should be carried on with ardent spirit.