

# Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. XVI.—32.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 24, 1845.

[WHOLE NO. 812.]

## POETRY.

### THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small;  
The oak tree and the cedar tree;  
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine  
Requith none to grow;  
Nor does it need the lotus flower  
To make the river flow.

And clouds might give abundant rain,  
The nightly dew might fall,  
And the herb that keeps life in man,  
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,  
And dyed with rainbow light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,  
And on the mountain high,  
And in the silent wilderness,  
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not;  
They, wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth—

To comfort man, to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim;  
For whose careth for the flowers,  
Will much more care for him.

### HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as heaven designed it;  
Nor need we roam to bring it home,  
Though how we bring it find it;  
We seek too high for things close by,  
And lose what nature found us;

For life has here no charms so dear  
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy  
For future hopes—and raise them;  
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
If we'd but stoop to raise them!

For things afar still sweetest are,  
When youth's bright spell has bound us;  
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught  
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,  
To show us still that come what will,  
We are not quite forsaken!

Though all year night, it but the light  
From Friendship's altar crowned us,  
I would prove the bliss of earth—was this  
Our Home and Friends around us!

## ORIGINAL.

### For the "Star & Republican Banner."

#### An Hour in College during Vacation.

Mr. FARRON.—Did you ever remark the wondrous change that a vacation produces at College? In my peregrinations through space chance led me to visit a certain seat of the Muses not a hundred miles from this place during a vacation, and I was much struck with the contrast. Indeed it hardly seemed like the same place that it appeared to me but a short time before. The external architecture of the building—the walks, the arbors, fountains, flower beds and shade trees, were indeed the same, although giving some sad traces of the decaying touch of Autumn; yet in the inside of the edifice, how complete the change! An awful silence now reigns supreme where "jargon wild" was wont to hold high sway. But a week or two ago, and these now deserted rooms were vocal with the wild notes of youthful mirth; now they only echo the "soft suspended step" of the transient visitor—the melodious squeaking of the fiddle, the wheezing of an asthmatic flute, or the equally nothing hiss of the vegetable rattlesnake. A week ago, and they were teeming with youths all fire, fun and frolic—all hope, joy and expectation—all health, and strength, and buoyancy: now it resembles some medieval castle—abandoned by its lordly proprietor, deserted by its retainers, and left in solitary and neglected widowhood, to sink piecemeal into nothingness. The sounds of jollity, melody and mirth, that are accustomed to ring in soft and silvery cadence, are hushed into a death-like, ominous silence. "No thundering sound of the youthful Orator, with soul on fire with bright visions of Demosthenian glory, rolls its startling echoes along these aisles. Now there is no "whispering with white lips": "The foe—they come—they come!" No stentor's voice or iron tongue shouts the spirit-stirring, talismanic words: "To arms—to arms—to arms!" No Bozarris cheers his band with—

"Strike, till the last arm'd foe expires!  
Strike, for the green graves of your sires!  
Strike, for your altars and your fires—  
God and your native land!"

And "this feast of reason and flow of soul" is a noxious thing that were—all is still, quiet, and voiceless. And but a week or so has wrought this mighty change. A week!—short time, say you; and yet the thrilling incidents of a lifetime may be crowded into it! What pen can record—what language reveal, the startling events and all important mutations that mark the swift progress of one short week? Change—the stern tyrant that subjects all of earth to his despotic sway, and with inflexible rigor exacts their tributary offerings—may (so Fancy suggesteth) have been "playing his fantastic tricks" with the fortunes, destinies, and happiness of the inmates of these deserted rooms. Perhaps some of those who on their departure were all joy and vivacity—whose aches were bright and cloudless; whose every nerve was thrill-

ing with the ecstasy of unalloyed enjoyment; whose every pulsation sent joy and vigor and rapture tingling through their healthful veins; whose step was as light, as buoyant and as wild as the untamed gazelle's; whose tones were the wild, heart-felt music-notes of unchecked, gushing transport; are now drooping, pining, and despondent; their affections torn, mangled and bleeding; their heart-strings shattered with intense agony; their souls in cheerless, desolate orphanage; their eagle-plumed hopes blasted by some unexpected, scathing bolt of Fate, and one dark and horrid cloud of rayless gloom settling over their whole horizon; their only remaining satisfaction to be derived from dwelling on the hapless cause of their hopeless misery—their only consolation in encouraging their hearts to break with a grief that acknowledges no antidote—their only relief to be sought in the gall and bitterness of ceaseless tears. We hope this may prove to be only a fancy sketch, that caught its somber hue from the melancholy gloom of the desolate place.

But to return from the digression. Suppose we enter that door, which by chance stands ajar, and observe the little world within. A Student's room during vacation—the very picture of desolation made more desolate—chaos compressed into a few feet square. Every thing around seems to utter the heart-chilling language: "I am not now what once I was." Such a medley of curiosities—such a gallimaufry of entities, qualities and oddities. Art could never effect, Design never accomplish.

Soleless Boots appear to have found bosom-friend in bedless Inexpressibles; a consumptive "long-tailed Blue" bowed frequent recognitions, notwithstanding, to an invalid Gown that hung opposite, (perhaps the door was not closed.) In short, owing perhaps to the fact that "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," all the individual members of the Wardrobe appeared to be on terms of amity and fellowship with each other—although there were some differences and ill-feelings. Fearful schisms threatened, if not carefully healed, to split some asunder, red troubles were plainly visible to the discerning eye and menaced the speedy disruption of the compact by which they had hitherto been knit together. But long I say, may these holy individuals hang together in accord and concord, or by any other cord, so it is a strong one—(adopting the prayer of the Scotchman with regard to the King and Parliament, but with far less treasonable desires.) But I have only noticed one variety out of the many that filled the room.

There was the ink-stained, time-honored Table—the old, one-aimed, broken-heeled "Arm Chair," while several less dignified members of the same family—minus the arm—were lumbered around with every variety of cut, bruise, fracture, rupture, puncture, dislocation, luxation, strain, sprain, and excruciation, that surgery has cognizance of. Add to the foregoing an indefinite quantity of Ink-stands and Book Jacks, Shaving Boxes and Hut-ton's Mathematics, Eye-shades and Stove Pipes, Crockett Almanacs and Blacking Brushes, Band-boxes and Looking-glasses, &c. &c. &c.—now conceive all these, and much more, to undergo a short earthquake—"to be well shaken," and perhaps you may form a remote idea of this chaos in miniature. But out of all this throng of pitiful objects none affected my sympathies more exorcinatingly than a dilapidated Beaver, that lay cheek by jowl with the miserable remnant of a pair of old Boots, (what strange bed-fellows does misery make!)

If I possessed the power of giving a lingual organ to this time-worn veteran, although it might not, like the ambitious stalling, ill volutes with its adventures, yet I doubt not but that it might unfold much that would be interesting, perhaps something that would be instructive. That old rimeless hat—what a theme for reflection! How apposite its fate to that of many mortals! It was once sleek and replendent with velvety fur—once it glistened in the warm beams of prosperity; now Beaver was dandled more proudly, or worn more jauntily. Whenever it moved, admiring eyes by hundreds followed—then it was properly respected by its owner, for he well knew its value. He knew it was the "open sesame" to Ladies' hearts, and he appreciated it accordingly. At home the snugly padded box was its soft dwelling-place—not a particle of dust was permitted to soil its purity or mar its faultless perfection. But oh, what a change—now it lieth covered thickly over with dust, unforgotten and uncared for, "with none so low to do it reverence"—not even the heartless ingrate that it once protected and adorned! This is the way with the world; man, selfish and heartless—but stop; where am I going with these homilies? I must describe what I saw.

Can we extract from these silent chronicles nothing by which we can determine the character of its late occupant? Do you observe that melancholy, broken-nosed pitcher, with those withered, faded, and wilted flowers—don't you see they are, as Burns says, "tied round w' the silken band of love." That rose bud—preciously sweet thing—what a pity that it should droop so soon! However, the arbor vite retains its hue with much more constancy. Now I would venture a wager that that Douquet drove balmy sleep away from the eyelids of the aforesaid unknown, but indisputably loving, swain on that memorable evening. Let us see if we can find any further data. Look at the pencilling on the wall: "Amor vincit omnia, et nos cedamus amori." He quotes Latin; I wonder if he is not a Freshman. And again:

"He who would stay a stream with sand,  
Or fetter fire with flaxen hand,  
Has still a harder task to prove,  
By strong resolve to conquer Love."

He speaks from sad experience, no doubt. Listen again:

"In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed,  
In war he spurs the warrior's steed,  
In ball in gay attire is seen,  
In harlot, dances on the green;  
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love!"

And on the other side—in stiff, cramped and almost illegible characters—written, no doubt, under great mental depression and cordial pain:

"Alas! how slight a cause may move  
Dissensions between hearts that love!  
A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind, or wrongly taken;  
Oh! Love that Tempests never shook,  
A breath, a touch like this hath shaken!"

Poor fellow! I am afraid that his experience would but add another proof to the truth of that oft quoted line, "The course of true love never did run smooth." His has been like many others—alternate sunshine and showers—smiles and tears. We are fully convinced that a Lover inhabits this desolate abode. A love-sick Student! Under these dreadful words, how much of trouble, anxiety, uneasiness—yes, real misery—is comprehended! I beg leave to say I speak knowingly on this topic. I have been a student in times past, and I have—no, I'll not say that; but this I will say—the combined miseries of a Lover's and Student's life are absolutely insupportable by flesh and blood—it is infinitely worse than being "in love among the musquitos." However, I cannot take up this fruitful theme at the end of my sheet.

October 24, 1845. ANON.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### New England and Virginia.

A large number of New England and New York farmers have, within a few years, gone into Virginia, principally Fairfax county, and purchased the waste land, that is, the land exhausted by bad cultivation. They have gone to work in the New England style, with "their own hired" help, and are redeeming the soil, and bringing back the means of wealth, which Providence placed in the bosom of the earth. The success of this enterprise has been beyond all expectation. The grateful earth responds beautifully to the kindness of the husbandman, and not a drop of sweat, that does not promote the soil. A correspondent of the *Virginia Gazette*, who is a close observer of the Virginians, has written a series of admirable papers upon the improvements made, and recommends that Virginians shall adopt the mode of life, and encourage the means of labor, which prove to be so eminently successful to their new neighbors. He thus concludes one of his essays:

"Of late years, we have had frequent appeals to the people of Virginia to imitate the citizens of the Northern States in the improvement of our natural resources, by the construction of railroads and canals, the establishment of manufactures, the improvement of our agriculture, and the extension of our commerce. But are we prepared to adopt the means essential to success? Are we willing to bring up our children to wait upon themselves? Can we substitute hired 'help' for servile dependents? Will we promote the mechanic arts by encouraging our sons to learn them? And shall we be able to discard those prejudices by which honest labor has been depressed, and false notions of gentility engendered among us?"

U. S. Gazette.

"The following practical observations, contained in a letter from Noah Webster, have been published in the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository:

"It is the practice with some persons to pick apples in October, and first spread them on the floor of the upper room. This practice is said to render apples more durable, by drying them. But I can affirm this to be a mistake. Apples, after remaining on the trees as long as safety from the frost will admit, should be taken directly from trees to close casks, and kept as dry and cool as possible. If suffered to lie on the floor for weeks; they wither and lose their flavor, without acquiring an additional durability. The best mode of preserving apples for spring use, I have found to be, the putting of them in dry sand as soon as picked. For this purpose, dry sand in the heat of summer; and late in October, put down the apples in layers, with a covering of sand on each layer. The singular advantages of this mode of treating are these:—1st, the sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to their preservation. 2d, the sand checks the evaporation of the apples, thus preserving them in their full flavor; at the same time, any moisture yielded by the apples, and some there will be, is absorbed by the sand, so that the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented."

### GIVING A PECULIAR FLAVOR TO MEAT.

A little experience in fattening or stall-feeding animals, will demonstrate that almost any particular flavor may be given to meat, by feeding it with different kinds of substances. If you fatten beef on pumpkins, you give the meat a sweet and juicy character, and the tallow will have a yellow tinge.—If fed upon apples it will have a different flavor, and the tallow will be light colored and melt easier. Indian corn gives the tallow more solidity, and a white color. If you feed milk cows upon turnips, you can taste them in the milk, and onions will give

the milk their peculiar taste.—Sea fowls, that live upon fish, also have a peculiar fishy taste. Partridges are sometimes rendered poisonous by eating poison berries.—There is a variety of ducks, in the Chesapeake Bay and vicinity, called "canvasback" ducks; which are famous for the peculiar flavor of their flesh, which is caused by the kind of food which they get in those waters. This food is supposed to be the wild celery. A Yankee, in a recent Buffalo paper, recommends the manufacture of "canvasback" ducks, out of the common domestic duck, by feeding them with garden celery while fattening. There is no sort of doubt that if this species of food be given them for some weeks before they are killed, they will have the flavor of it in their flesh, and perhaps be equal to, or better than, the famous canvasbacks above alluded to. It is an experiment very easily tried, and one which will no doubt be both successful and profitable.—*Maine Farmer.*

POTATOES.—The editor of the Boston Cultivator says:—"Drying potatoes may be a good method to save them from the rot, and it may be well to save them in this way; yet by exposure to the air they will lose much of their good quality. If potatoes lay in a box or barrel, open to the air, and in a room, shed or other place out of the cellar, they will lose much of their good qualities in five or six weeks. To preserve potatoes in a good condition, they should be dug with a little exposure to the air as possible, and put in a cellar in a close bin, cask or box, and the cellar should be closed so as to exclude light and air.—Yes, it may be better to save them with a loss of a part of their good properties, than to let them decay; but we would caution the lovers of good potatoes against such exposure, as it will cause too great a depreciation in their value."

SALT AS A MANURE.—Gay Lussac, one of the highest authorities in agricultural chemistry, maintains before the French Institute that salt is not a manure, that it does not contribute to the improvement of soil.

THE AMOUNT OF DIME ANNUALLY MINTED IN THE UNITED STATES IS ABOUT 700,000,000. This is more in value than the whole world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that shall flow on, every day and night, with their gentle and quiet beauty.—So with the acts of lives.—It is not by great deeds only, like those of martyrs, that good is to be done—it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband and wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this way all may be useful.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Romance of Real Life.

Mrs. Child's letters from New York, which have lately been published by Wiley and Putnam, contain some very interesting reminiscences, among which is the following very curious incident, which occurred in the family of the authoress, while the yellow fever was raging in that city:

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at the time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. Their arguments made no impression upon her affectionate heart. She felt it would be life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died.

Those who went round with the death card had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go.—She told them that she never knew how to account for it, but, though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression in her mind, that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half-hour again came round, and again was heard the solemn words, "bring out your dead." The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned to them was a painful one, but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the orders they had received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the infected apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in the agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea; but finally, overcome by her tears, again departed.

With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreadful half-hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentler force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength that they could not easily loosen her grasp.—Impressed by the remarkable energy of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all remonstrances she answered, "if you bury him

you shall bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise, that if he showed no signs of life before they again come round, she would make no opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed jugs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half-hour would expire, and these dreadful voices would be heard passing through the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hands trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally the position of the head had become slightly tipped backwards, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly, there was a sharp, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death men came again, they found him sitting up in bed.

He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusual good health.

FLUENT EXTRACT.—A spirit of fault-finding—an unsatisfied temper—a constant irritability—little inequities in the look, the temper, or the manner—a brow cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife cannot tell why—well more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life anything but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness and forbearance, that the happiness and usefulness of life consists, far more than in brilliant eloquence, in splendid talents, or illustrious deeds that shall send the pains to future times.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently—the little rivulet that glides through the meadow, and which runs along day and night by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he "pours it from the hollow of his hand." But one Niagara is enough for a continent. It is not the world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that shall flow on, every day and night, with their gentle and quiet beauty.—So with the acts of lives.—It is not by great deeds only, like those of martyrs, that good is to be done—it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness in the husband and wife, the father, the mother, the brother, the sister, the friend, the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this way all may be useful.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

THE WIFE.—It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the muttering of spleen, the untidy dress and careless home, the forbidden scowl and deserted hearth; these and other nameless neglects—without a single crime among them—have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of despair. Oh! may woman, before that sad sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that toful time, awake and keep alive the promise she then so kindly gave. And though she may be the injured, not the injuring one—the forgetful wife—a kindly allusion to that hour of love—a happy welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past—and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charm, and bid her live, as she had hoped—her years in matchless bliss—loving and contented—the souther of a sorrowing hour—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

### A PAINFUL SIGHT.

The Nantucket Inquirer says: It is painful to see young men lounging about, month after month, neither working nor desiring to work, while others—perhaps their poor parents—are toiling from morning to night to save them from a disgrace which their own thoughtlessness and laziness is fast bringing upon them. But how many such sights do we see in every community? How many are to be found, who have not that sense which is necessary to force them off the "lounge" seat, but enough of that false pride which will not allow them to take hold of employment if it does not happen to be general or profitable! Alas! the fate of such a one sealed, they will go to the grave unloved, but by their mothers; unmourned, but by their companions in idleness, and soon be forgotten by all.

THINGS LOST FOR EVER.—Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed by forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—re-called his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom—or obtained from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted life?—*Mr. Sigourney.*

## A RETORT.

Deacon Marvel was asleep in church. At every emphatic word in the sermon, as if the Deacon attended to the discourse even when asleep, his head nodded, and every nod seemed to bring him nearer the floor. The parson was dismayed; what should he do? Once already had the Deacon flown from the gallery, and now it appeared that he was about to repeat the experiment, and alas, with no subject fat woman to break his fall.

Suppressing a momentary rising of wrath and mortified vanity, Elder Mack resorted to several innocent artifices to arouse and save the slumbering saint. He lifted up his voice like a trumpet; nod went the head. He lowered his tones to a gentle murmur; nod, nod, nod, as before.

The audience were surprised and delighted with the unwonted energy of the old parson; they imagined he had received from on high a new and sudden inspiration, little fancying where he borrowed his ardor. And now Elder Mack, growing desperate, began to hurl texts of Scripture at the unsteady head of the sleeper. "It is high time to wake out of sleep," cried he. "But in vain," the Deacon did not heed it. "Wo to them that are at ease in Zion," he shouted, "The Deacon nodded his assent. "Awake, oh sleeper, and arise!" yelled the maddened divine. The only answer was another nod, and a most threatening lurch of the Deacon's whole body.

Elder Mack could stand it no longer, but called out at the top of his voice, "Deacon Marvel! Deacon Marvel! it is hard preaching to a sleepy congregation!" The Deacon's head flew up to its place at once, and before he could command his tongue, he thundered back, "Elder Mack, Elder Mack, it's a darned sight harder listening to a sleepy sermon!" The effect of this retort was irresistible, and the assembly broke out in a paroxysm of laughter.

## SMILES OF PROVIDENCE.

We have all of us heard of the smiles of Providence. I was much pleased with Uncle Joe's ideas on that subject.

"Good morning, Uncle Joe."  
"Good morning."  
"Well, you've not your old married wife yet?"

"Yes."  
"Really, Providence smiled upon you?"  
"Smiled! no, bless you, she smothered right out!"—*St. Louis Reveille.*

## WITTY.

A noble lord asked a clergyman once, at the bottom of his table—"Why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next the parson?" "Really," said he, "I can give you no reason for it; but your question is so odd, I shall never see a goose again without thinking of your lordship."

## A VETERAN'S REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.

An officer of distinction and tried valor refused to accept a challenge sent by a young officer, but returned the following characteristic answer:—"I fear not your sword, but the sword of my God's anger.—I dare venture my life in a good cause, but cannot hazard my soul in a bad one. I will charge up to the cannon's mouth for the good of my country, but I want courage to storm hell."

## ANECDOTE OF KOSCIUSKO'S HORSE.

Kosciusko wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Slothurn, and gave the commission to a young man by the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse he himself usually rode. On his return, Zeltner said that he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered:—"When a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir until some thing is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money, I was obliged to make pretence to give some thing, in order to satisfy the horse."

## LADY SMOKERS.

According to Willis, the practice of street smoking is universal in Paris. He says—

Every man smokes in the street in Paris. And what is worse, (or better, as you chance to think about it,) the ladies smoke very generally! I was sitting by the side of a lovely English woman yesterday, on a morning call, when she suddenly threaded her fair fingers through the profusion of blonde curls upon her cheek, and said, "I hope my hair is not disagreeable to you!" I looked in amazement, at the possibility, of course. "Because," she added, "I have been smoking all the morning, and it stays in one's hair so!" The ladies' smoke small paper cigars, made of very delicate tobacco.

## A HINT TO LADIES.

It is better to please but one person with the natural countenance than to please a thousand by painting.

A lady looking at the review, was asked if she was partial to military trainings; to which she replied, she liked exceedingly the officers' salute.

Vermont produces three million pounds of maple sugar annually.