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POETRY.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain!
The breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes:
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sleeves.
"My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child."
"They shall all bloom in fields of light,"
Transplanted by his care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.
And the mother gazed, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light, above.
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowrets away.

MISCELLANY.

THE LEGEND OF THE WISSAHKON.

BY GEORGE LIPARD.

It was here in these wilds of the Wissahikon, on the day of the battle, as the noon-day sun came shining through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict near a rock that rose, like the huge wreck of some primeval world, at least one hundred feet above the dark waters of Wissahikon.

The man with the dark brow, and the darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, with muscular form, clad in the blue hunting frock of the Revolution—is a Continental named Warner. His brother was murdered the other night at the massacre of the Paoli. That other man, with long black hair, dropping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a tory refugee. This is the murderer of the Paoli, named Dabney.

They had met there in the woods by accident; and now they fought, not with sword or rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, they go turning, twining and twisting over the green sward.

At last the tory is down! down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast—that upraised knife quivering in the light—that dark grey eye flashing death into his face!

"Quarter! I yield!" gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast; "spare me—I yield!"

"My brother," said the patriot soldier in that tone of deadly hate; "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. Oh, I will give you the quarter of Paoli!"

And his hand was raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched in deadly hate. He paused for a moment, and then pinioned the tory's arms, and with rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss.

"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning black and ashy, by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife, a child! spare me!"

Then the continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss and then hissed this bitter sneer between his teeth:

"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of the Paoli, that wife was a widow—those children orphans! Wouldn't you like to go and beg your life of that widow and her children?"

The proposal made by the continental, in the mere mockery of hate, was taken in serious earnest by the horror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, to have the painful privilege of begging his life. After a moment of serious thought, the patriotic soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms yet tighter, placed him on the rock again, and then led him up the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among the trees, broke on their eyes.

They entered that cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders.

On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years; on the other, a little girl, one year younger, with light hair and blue eyes. The Bible—an old venerated volume, lay open the mother's knee.

And then the pale-faced tory flung himself on his knees, confessed that he had butchered her husband on the night of the Paoli, but begged his life at her hands—"Spare me for the sake of my wife—my child!"

He had expected that his pitiful moan would have touched the widow's heart; but not a relenting gleam softened her pale face.

"The Lord shall judge between us!" she said, in a cold, icy tone, that froze the murderer's heart. "Look! the Bible lays open in my lap; I will close that volume,

and then this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that line you shall live or die!"

"This was a strange proposal made in the full faith of a wild and dark superstition of the olden time. For a moment, the tory, as ashes, was wrapt in thought. Then in a faltering voice he signified his consent.

"Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy whose young cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the Bible, opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger on a verse.

Then there was a silence. The continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating and parted lips. The culprit was kneeling on the floor, with a face like discolored clay, and felt his heart leap to his throat.

Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short yet terrible:

"That man shall die!"

Look! the brother springs forward to plunge the knife into the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years with golden hair and laughing eyes.

The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she does, the little girl opens the Bible as it lays on her mother's knee, she turns her laughing face away, places her finger upon a line.

That awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and the broken gasps of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness. The widow and dark eyed boy are breathless. The little girl unconscious as she was, caught a feeling of awe from the countenances around her, and stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on that line of life or death.

At last, gathering courage, the widow bent her eyes to the page, and read, it was a line from the New Testament:

"Love your enemies!"

Ah, that moment was sublime. Oh, awful book of God! in whose dread pages we see Moses talking with Jehovah, or Jesus waiting by Samaria's well, or wandering by the waves of dark Galilee. Oh, awful book! shining to night, as I speak, the light of that widow's home, the glory of the mechanic's shop—shining where the world comes not, to look on the last night of the convict in his cell, lighting the way to God, even over that dread gibbet. Oh, book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushed the soul into awe—of beauty that melts the heart with rapture! you never shone more strangely beautiful than there in the lonely cot of the Wissahikon, when you saved the murderer's life!

For need I tell you, that murderer's life was saved—the widow recognized the finger of God, and even the stern brother was awed into silence.

The murderer went his way.

Now look ye, how wonderful are the ways of Heaven! That very night, as the widow sat by her lonely hearth, her orphan by her side—sat there with a crushed heart and hot eye balls, thinking of her husband, who now lay mouldering on the blood-drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it—and that husband, living, though covered with wounds, was in his arms! He had fallen in Paoli, but not in death. He was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.

That night there was a prayer in the wood-embowered cot of the Wissahikon.

COUNSEL TO YOUNG MEN.

BY THE REV. DR. ZOTT.

Truth and justice are immutable and eternal principles—always sacred and applicable. In no circumstance however urgent, no crisis, however awful, can there be an aberration from the one, or a dereliction of the other, without sin. With respect to every thing else, be accommodating; but here be unyielding and invincible. Rather carry your integrity to the dungeon or the scaffold, than receive in exchange for it liberty and life.—Should you ever be called upon to make your election between these extremes, do not hesitate.—It is better prematurely to be sent to heaven in honor, than, having lingered on earth, at last to sink to ruin and infamy. In every situation a dishonest man is detestable, and a liar is much more so.

Truth is one of the fairest attributes of the Deity. It is the boundary which separates vice from virtue; the line which divides heaven from hell. It is the chain which binds the man of integrity to the throne of God; and like the God to whose throne it binds him till this chain is dissolved his word may be relied on. Suspended on this your reputation, your life is safe. But against the malice of a liar there is no security. He can be bound by nothing. His soul is already repulsed to an immeasurable distance from that Deity, a sense of whose presence is the security of virtue.

He has sundered the last of those moral ligaments which bind a mortal to his duty. And having done so, through the extended reason of fraud and falsehood, without a bond to check or a limit to confine him, he ranges—the dreaded enemy of innocence—whose lips pollute even truth itself as it passes through them, and whose breath blasts and soils and poisons as it touches.

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.—I am convinced that there never yet was an instance in which kindness has been fairly exercised, but that it has subdued the enmity opposed to it. Its first effort may not succeed any more than one shower of rain can reclaim the burning desert; but let it repeatedly shed the dew of its holy influence upon the revengeful soul, and it will soon become beautiful with every flower of tenderness.

Let any person put the question to his soul, whether, under any circumstances he can deliberately resist continued kindness! And a voice of affection answers, that good is omnipotent in overcoming evil. If the angry and revengeful person would only govern his passions, and light the lamp of affection in his heart, that might stream out in his features and actions, he would soon discover a wide difference in his communion with the world. The gentle would no longer avoid him; friends would not approach him with a frown; the weak would no longer meet him with dread; children would no longer shrink from him with fear; he would find that his kindness wins all by its smile giving them confidence, and securing their friendship.

SHY.—Shy characters, who, from natural timidity are reserved in general society, open themselves with peculiar warmth and frankness to a very few select friends, or to an individual of whom they think kindly. A distant manner is not, as is suspected, the result of a cold heart or a dull head; nor is gayety necessarily connected with feeling. High animal spirits, though they often evaporate in mere talk, yet, by their warmth and quickness of motion, obtain the credit of a strong sensibility; a sensibility, however, of which the heart is not always the fountain; while, in the timid, that silence, which is construed into pride, indifference, or want of capacity, is often the effect of keen feelings. Friendship is the genial climate, in which such hearts disclose themselves; they flourish in the shade, and kindness alone makes them expand. A keen discerner will often detect, in such characters, qualities which are not always connected with

"The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence"

HANDSOME MEN.—One of our exchanges contains the following curious remarks relating to handsome men:—"If you are ever threatened with a handsome man in the family, just take a clothes-pounder while he's yet in the bud, and batter his nose to a quagmire. From some cause or other, handsome men are invariably asses; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. By the time they reach thirty, their heads and hands are equally soft. Again, we say, if you wish to find an intellectual man, just look for one with features so rough that you might use his face for a nutmeg grater."

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a small steel trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squeaked assent, and slapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes; but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders had just assembled and had commenced the deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—Do not touch it!"

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—An amusing incident recently occurred at William's College, which is thus related by a correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) Gazette.

The professor of chemistry, while administering in the course of his lectures the protoxide of nitrogen, or as it is commonly called, laughing gas, in order to ascertain how great an influence the imagination had in producing the effects consequent on respiring it, secretly filled the India-rubber gas bag with common air, instead of gas. It was taken without suspicion, and the effects, if anything, were more powerful than upon those who had readily breathed the pure gas. One complained that it produced nausea and dizziness, another immediately manifested pugilistic propensities, and before he could be restrained, tore in pieces the coat of one of the bye-standers, while a third exclaimed, "this is life; I never enjoyed it before."

The laughter that followed the exposure of this gaseous trick may be imagined.

Sir Humphrey Davy, being once about administering this gas to a person afflicted with paralysis, applied the bulb of a thermometer to his mouth, in order to ascertain the temperature of his system. The patient, being ignorant of the manner of taking the gas, felt instant relief, and, by holding the thermometer a short time longer in his mouth, a complete and permanent cure was effected.—Springfield Gazette.

Uncle John's Courtship.

A CAPITAL LOVE STORY.

"Women are duce queer creatures—I never can understand them."—used to be the constant exclamation of my uncle John, in relation to the fair sex, said Ellen.

"But really, did the old gentleman never think of marrying?" enquired James.

"Oh, yes, he had a sweetheart once, did he never tell you about it?" and Ellen burst into a fit of laughter. "I can never help laughing when I think of Uncle John's courtship," continued she. "I had a dear friend, Kate Dudley, whom you have heard me mention. She was a merry roguish creature, as Kates always are. We became acquainted at school, and she went home with me to spend a vacation. My cousin Morris, my Uncle's namesake, had just graduated at the same time, to spend a few weeks and get into his Uncle's good graces. Well, as fate would have it, my Uncle John Morris, and my cousin John Morris, both fell in love with my sweet friend. Uncle John's passion was a perfect miracle, for he had always declared that no woman should ever rule him; and as for the sentiment of love, I think he was perfectly innocent of ever cherishing it, but he took a wonderful fancy to Kate. She would talk and laugh with him; and would make him talk and laugh with her; she would walk and ride with him; and admire his favorite horse, and praise his taste in his house and garden, which no one else could praise; and with an air of such perfect artlessness and good nature as completely entrapped Uncle John, and he declared, before she had been with us a week, that she was the only woman he ever saw without deceit; he could understand her.

Well; in the meantime cousin John and Kate were talking real love to each other, and they knew if Uncle John suspected it, it would entirely defeat the object of my cousin's visit, which was to induce the old gentleman to give him funds to establish himself in business.—Kate was rich in expedients; she proposed to carry on the joke with Uncle John while her lover was in the mean time, to accomplish his object. Kate acted her part admirably; the old gentleman was in ecstasies, and would then have been ready to give away half his property, and bless at least half the women. He readily settled a handsome sum upon John, and as he delivered to him "signed and sealed," "Now, my boy," said Uncle John, "I wish that you could find as good a girl as Kate Dudley for a wife."

"I wish so, too," replied John, meekly.

"Well, there ain't another such a one in the world," said my Uncle, "and I intend to marry her if she will have me, and I am sure she will; she loves me—I know she does—she knows how to appreciate me."

Cousin John professed himself much pleased with his Uncle's prospects, and wished him a world of happiness with his dear Kate.

"I shall pop the question this very day," said Uncle John, "and will have a wedding, and you must stay, my boy."

"I believe I must leave town to-day, I'm anxious to get settled in business."

"But you will come to Kate's wedding?" insisted the old gentleman.

"Yes, certainly," replied John, with a scarce concealed smile. He soon stole an opportunity to inform Kate of his good fortune, and of his Uncle's intentions, and to make some arrangements for themselves, and then left us, anxious to appropriate his money as soon as possible.

That evening, my uncle invited Kate to walk with him by moonlight so you see the old fellow had a spark of romance after all. I was sure to be in my room when they returned, for I never could have encountered them with a sober face. I soon heard Kate ascending the steps with a very sedate step; but as soon as she had entered my room, and closed the door, she burst into an immoderate fit of suppressed laughter.

"Well, Kate," said I, as soon as we had controlled ourselves a little, "How did you come off, Kate?"

"Oh! capital!" exclaimed Kate. "Uncle John commenced with a few coughs and hems, and asked me if I would like to marry. I said yes, if I could find one that I loved. He then asked if I thought he was too old to marry. Oh, no; said I, just a good age. He then said he never thought of marrying until recently, and that there was but one woman in the world he would ever wish to marry, and that was Miss Kate Dudley. I replied very amiably, that there was but one man in the world, that I would ever wish to marry, and that was Mr. John Morris. 'The old fellow is in ecstasies,' continued she, 'and I should really pity him, when the denouement comes, if he had any heart; but I am sure it will not kill him; he will bustle about for a while, and then re-adopt his old motto, 'Well, women are duce queer creatures; I never could understand them.'"

"And now," said Kate, laughing "I must go home and get ready."

She made Uncle John think it was best to go home the next day. The day was appointed for the wedding, and Kate bade "good bye," and in four weeks, the day before Uncle was to have set out to claim his bride, he received a paper announcing the marriage of "Mr. John Morris and Miss Kate Dudley."

"How did the old gentleman bear it?" inquired James, eagerly.

"Oh, he did first as Kate said he would. He stormed terribly at first—declared that

that rascal John Morris should never have a cent of his money (forgetting that he had already given him all he desired), cursed the women and himself too, and finally settled down into his original habits, by repeating oftener, and with more emphasis, his favorite motto: "Well, women are duce queer creatures, I never could understand them!"

"Did he ever forgive them?" inquired James.

"No; he seldom mentions them, and then always designates them as 'rascally John Morris, and his wife.'"

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—An amusing incident occurred in a court room, some years, in one of the back counties of Missouri. The court was seated, and a cause about to be tried. Now, his honor the Judge was a man well stricken in years, yet he could ride a race, shoot a rifle, and shuffle and deal as well as the "next man," and he who presumed to trifle with the dignity of "the court" on these occasions, generally suffered some.

Well, as I was saying, "his honor" was seated, and a cause about to be commenced, when, in a voice of thunder, the sheriff proclaimed silence. There was a pause: the judge looked up and saw an elderly man near the lawyer's table who had not yet uncovered his head. The court could not brook such disrespect to the ermine, its dignity was assailed, and his honor called out in the authoritative tone—

"Mr. Sheriff, remove that man's hat!"

That functionary, who had until now stood in a corner leaning upon his rifle, stepped up and politely knocked off the offender's hat with his murderous weapon; whereupon Mr. Badger (Badger was the offender's name) seized not the sheriff, but the hat, and clapping it on his head, exclaimed—

"Judge, I'm bald!"

"Mr. Sheriff," said the indignant court, "we instruct you again to remove Mr. Badger's hat from his head."

The order was instantly executed, and no sooner done than Mr. Badger replaced the hat on his head a second time, again insisting that he was bald.

The offended judge now waxed warm, and, rising up in his seat, ordered the clerk to enter a fine of five dollars for contempt of court, and to be committed until the fine was paid.

Mr. Badger was thunderstruck! He deliberately walked up to the bench, and laying down a half dollar before his honor, in a solemn manner thus gave his views of the matter to the law's expounder:

"Your sentence, judge, is most ungentlemanly—but the law is unperpetrate, and I reckon I'll have to stand it; so here's 'four bits,' and the four dollars and a half that you owed me when we stopped playing 'poker' this morning; just makes us square."

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A story is going the rounds of the press, of a man losing his life by mistake of the apothecary in putting up a prescription written in Latin. A mistake, not so fatal, but from which as good a moral is deducible, is related in a western paper. A Cincinnati grocery house, finding out that cranberries commanded six dollars per bushel, and under the impression that the article could be bought to advantage at St. Mary's, wrote out to a customer, acquainting him with the fact, and requesting him to send "one hundred bushels per Simmons," (the wagoner usually sent.) The correspondent, a plain, uneducated man, had considerable difficulty in deciphering the fashionable scrawl common with merchants' clerks of late years, and the most important word, "Cranberries," he failed to make out, but he did plainly and clearly read—*one hundred bushels Persimmons*. As the article was growing all around him, all the boys in the neighborhood were set to gathering it, and the wagoner made his appearance in due time in Cincinnati, with eighty bushels, all that the wagon bed would hold, and a line from the country merchant that the remainder would follow the next trip.

An explanation ensued, but the customer insisted that the Cincinnati house should have written by Simmons not per Simmons.

ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE A SLAVE.—Desperate Conflict.—In Charles county, Md., a slave, named George, belonging to Mr. John D. Bowling, ran away from his master last March. Last week, information having been obtained of his whereabouts, a party, among whom was a young white man, named Jesse Cook, started in pursuit of him. He was found on the plantation of Mr. Edward Keech. As he refused to surrender himself a large dog was set on him, which he killed with a blow of a scythe. Mr. Cook then advanced towards him, when he struck him with the scythe, completely cutting through his collar bone down to the breast, and producing instant death. The negro then made his escape.

MATANORAS AND ITS INHABITANTS.—One of the officers of the Louisville Legion writing to a friend in Louisville, says—

"The charges at Matamoros are enormous—25 cents for a shave, and \$1 50 per night for keeping a horse—other charges are in the same ratio. The men are small and not good looking. The women are something better looking but not splendid by any means, and if they could talk English as fast as they do Spanish, I would not live in a house with one a week for half of Matamoros. I think their tongues must be on a pivot."

RAISING TURKIES.—Soon after the turkey poult has acquired their first feathers, they are liable to a disease which is fatal to them, if not attended to. This distemper produces great debility, and the birds appear languid and drooping, and most totally neglect their food. Their tail and wing feathers assume a whitish appearance, and their plumage has a bristled aspect. This is occasioned by a disease in two or three of the rump-feathers. On examination, the tubes of these will be found filled with blood. The only remedy for this disease is to pluck them out, when the bird will speedily recover its wonted health and spirits.

In fattening turkeys for the table, various methods are resorted to. Some feed them with barley meal mixed with skim-milk, and confine them to a hen coop during this time; others merely confine them to a house, while a third class allow them to run quite at liberty; which latter practice, from the experience of those on whose judgment we can most rely, is by far the best method. Care should however be taken to feed them abundantly before they are allowed to range about in the morning, and a meal should be prepared for them at mid-day; to which they will generally repair homewards of their own accord. They should be fed at night, before roosting, with oat meal and skim-milk; and a day or two previous to their being killed, they should eat oats exclusively. We have found from experience, that when turkeys are purchased for the table, and cooped up, they will never increase in bulk, however plentifully they may be supplied with food and fresh water, but on the contrary, are very liable to lose flesh. When feeding them for use, a change of food will also be found beneficial. Boiled carrots and Swedish turnips, or potatoes mixed with a little barley or oat-meal, will be greedily taken by them. A cruel method is practiced by some to render turkeys very fat, which is termed cramming. This is done by forming a paste of crumbs of bread, flour, minced suet, and sweet milk, or even cream, into small balls about the bulk of a marble, which is passed over the throat after full ordinary meals.—Boston Cultivator.

TO DESTROY SKIPPERS IN BACON.—Take a sufficient quantity of elder leaves and beat them in a mortar, adding a little water. Rub the flesh of the meat with the bruised leaves and where small holes appear pour the juice in them. This application will effectually destroy the skippers, and will communicate no bad taste to the meat. This simple remedy is within the reach of every housekeeper, and will cost nothing to try it.

PENNSYLVANIA TOBACCO.—The Columbia (Pa.) Spy of Saturday last says there is a large quantity of tobacco planted in that neighborhood this season. The plants look remarkably fine. Tobacco is becoming quite a valuable production in this vicinity, and well repays all the toil and trouble of those who raise it. We think that the crop of corn is going to be large this year. The fields look very well, and if nothing occurs to mar the promise between this and the time when it is to be secured, the yield will be great indeed.

FUNERAL OF A COLORED PREACHER AT THE SOUTH.—The Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel of the 1st inst says:

"One of the largest funeral processions we ever witnessed, numbering upwards of 800 persons, of our colored population, passed through our streets yesterday, in paying the last sad tribute of respect to Jacob Walker, a colored clergyman who had for many years officiated as pastor of one of the African churches of this city.—The deceased sustained through life a high character for piety, and while he was much esteemed among the whites for his exemplary character, he maintained a deep hold upon the affections of his race, who testified in a most laudable manner, their love for him in consigning him to the tomb."

ANOTHER CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A writer in the National Intelligencer says that spirit of hartshorn is a certain remedy for a bite of a mad dog. The wounds, he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day. The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness. The writer, who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently he tried it for the bite of the rattlesnake with similar success. At the suggestion of the writer, an old friend and physician in England tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

AN UNGALLANT EDITOR.—An editor of some paper in New York very un gallantly says that he knows a lady who was twenty years of age ten years ago, and at the present time she is only twenty-three!

A BLIND GRADUATE.—Among the graduates of Dartmouth College this year, is a blind young man from the South Boston Institution.

MISSOURI.—The Constitution formed by the convention of the people of Missouri, to revise the constitution of the State, has been rejected, it is believed, by a decided majority.