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## POETRY.

### NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"  
The little opening flower transported cries—  
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;  
The bee comes sipping, every eventide,  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."  
"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling star with hoary pile doth boast—  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host:  
A friendly beacon at Heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,  
His home on high."  
"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—  
"Not to myself alone from flower to flower  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the lower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come;  
For man, for man the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—  
A scanty share."  
"Not to myself alone,"  
The soaring bird with lusty pinions sings—  
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymeneal chime my anthem lead,  
And God adore;  
I call the worldling from his dress to turn,  
And sing and soar."  
"Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ry gem;  
I sing unto the canyon, bleak and bare,  
My gladsome tune,  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In drouthy June."  
"Not to myself alone,"  
Oh man, forget not thou, earth's honored priest!  
Its tone, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain its part,  
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast.  
Play not the mizgarrd, spurn thy native clod,  
And sell thy soul;  
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,  
Not to thyself alone.

## MISCELLANY.

**THE UPRIGHT MAN OF BUSINESS.**—There is no being in this world for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the honest business man. No, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr, than a man of that moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for generous men that I feel this kind respect.—Generosity seems of low quality, a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities—or who bestows magnificent donations. That may all be very well. I speak not to disparage it. I wish there were more of it; and it may all consist with a want of the true, lofty, unbending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands amidst all the interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, upright, fair, and scrupulous. It is the man who sees another's wants as his own.—It is that man whose mind is not for an instant blinded or clouded by his own advantages, but who could sit as a judge in a case between himself and a neighbor. It is he who would never take an advantage of the poor, the ignorant, the despised, the misinformed, or the misjudging. Ah! how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than the chair of executive authority—how much more awful than the guarded pomp of majesty—is that simple, magnanimous, majestic truth? Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbor, and his God—to right, true to his conscience, and who feels that the slightest suggestion of his conscience is more to him than a chance of acquiring a hundred estates.

**ONE FAULT.**—He who will turn away a friend for one fault, is a stranger to the best feelings of the human heart. Who has not erred at least once in his life? If that fault were not overlooked, to what depth of infamy would not thousands have descended? We know not the peculiar and pressing temptation to which another may be exposed. He may have fought manfully for months against this sin, and still kept the secret locked in his bosom. At last he was overcome. In a moment he yielded. He would have given worlds to recall the act. He has mourned over it in secret, and repented in dust and ashes. Shall we forsake him? Earth and Heaven, justice, humanity, philanthropy and religion, cry out—"forgive him!"—He who will not forgive must possess the heart of a demon. Surely the love of God is not in him.

**VIRTUE.**—The everlasting hills will crumble into dust, but the influence of a good act will never die. The earth will grow old and perish, but virtue in the heart will be ever green and flourish throughout eternity. The moon and stars will grow dim, and the sun roll from the Heavens, but true religion and undefiled will grow brighter and brighter and not cease to exist while God himself shall live.

**ANCESTRY.**—An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the root of the tree, for those fruits that the branches ought to bear.

## Human Rights.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

The following passage occurs in an oration recently delivered before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont by J. T. HEARLEY.—The subject of his Oration is the "One Progressive Principle," and is throughout a thrillingly eloquent production:

I have thus endeavored to make history illustrate my proposition, by watching the appearance of this principle at different periods, and studying its character and gauging its strength. But the present, no less than the past, throws in its testimony; and even now this strange, unconquerable principle is moving on, dragging the life and energy of the world after it. Oh, it is fearful to behold its strength, and the upheavings it has occasioned! Ever since the time of Christ, man has striven more or less resolutely to get an acknowledgment of his rights, either in religious or political matters, or in both. Despots have made use of old reverence—superstitious fears—trickery, falsehood—the dungeon—the bayonet and scaffold—to silence his claims and overcome his arguments.—Force has done much, for though "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," it often requires "the eternal years of God," and men have succeeded in burying it faith-fully deep. But the one of which I have been speaking, has had two wild resurrections; one in England, when Cromwell shouted over its grave, and one in France when the infuriated populace called it in shrieks forth from its burial of ages. Oh! how man has struggled to be free—free to eat the bread his own hand has sown—free to breathe his thoughts over the lyre, or utter them through the pages of his country's literature—free to lay the taxes he himself pays—free to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. See England convulsed, her House of Commons in tears, and the torch of civil war blazing over the land, and all for a principle—the principle of personal freedom.—Behold this country, pouring out its blood like water—see it clothed in mourning—her children marching barefoot over the frozen ground, leaving their bloody testimonials on every foot of it they traversed; nay, marching by hundreds naked into battle, and all for this one principle.

See France rent asunder, her streets flowing blood, and the loud beat of the alarm drum and the steady peal of the tocsin, and the uneasy row of the tumbrils, going to and from the scaffold—the only music of Paris for years—and millions of men sacrificed; and yet this principle, in some form or other, lying at the bottom of it all. Deceived as the fierce actors in this tragedy may have been, and diverted, though the thought, for a while, might have been to personal safety or personal aggrandizement, yet the spell-words by which the storm was directed were "freedom, equal rights." Look at Europe, while the great Napoleonic drama was performing—there is something more than the unrolling of banners and the pomp and majesty of arms. Great deeds were wrought, and glory is the guiding star to thousands, yet that long and fearful struggle, notwithstanding the various pretences set forth, was with all its bloody accompaniment, and waste of treasure, and loss of life, and suffering, simply an effort to stop the progress of this one principle. Here all the diplomacy and hypocrisy of Europe are reduced to a single element—the world in arms against equal rights. France "threw down the head of a king as the gauge of battle," and the conflict was set. Cromwell's army shouting through the fight, and French patriots storming over entrenched positions with republican songs in their mouths, may be fanatical or deluded men, and cheated at last by ambitious chieftains, but the thing they sought was no delusion. What a terror it is able to inspire when such a vast expenditure of life and money is made to check its advancement. Behold the Czar of Russia, the Emperor of Germany, the King of Prussia, and even the Pitt of England, combined together, calling upon the wisdom of the statesman and summoning to their aid a million of men to crush a single principle.

"If ever I reach Heaven," said Dr. Watts, "I expect to find three wonders there:—1st. The presence of some that I had not thought to see there. 2d. The absence of some whom I expected to meet there. 3d. The greatest wonder of all will be to find myself there."

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; when a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to do so; but women and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.—Trust none of these.

**MAXIMS.**—Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will be sure to do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

A little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no man suffers more than he who is turned over to the pain of repentance.

'Tis a sad thing when men have neither hearts enough to speak well, nor judgment enough to hold their tongues; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

## Infatuation of Gaming.

A Mr. Porter, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland; the fee of which, in less than twelve months, he lost at hazard.

The last night of his career, when he had just perfected the wicked work, and was stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted that the person he had been playing with, should give one chance of recovery or fight with him; his rational proposition was this: that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town house, plate and furniture, should be valued in a lump, at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast; no persuasions could prevail on him to depart from his purpose; he threw and lost. He conducted the winner to the door, told his coachman that was his master, and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partly on charity, sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard table, and occasionally as helper at a livery stable.

In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famish staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five, he repaired to a common gaming house, and increased them to fifty; he then adjourned to White's, sat down with his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning next night, he lost it all, and after subsisting many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging-house in St. Giles.

Had he fractured his legs on quitting the gaming house with twenty thousand pounds or been doomed, by a *lettre de cachet*, to straw, bread and water, and a shaved head, for six months, in a dark room, it might have brought him to his senses, and prevented so ignominious a relapse.

**A MUSICAL NOSE.**—At the time Mozart was a boy, he was invited to supper and to dine with the champagne that he could not compose a piece of music which he (Haydn) could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the wager, and dashed off a piece of music which he said Haydn could not play, and he could.

Haydn smiled at the presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him on an instrument, ran along with the greatest ease until he reached the middle of the piece, when he suddenly halted: "How's this Mozart? Here my hands are stretched to the ends of the piano, and yet there's a middle key to be touched! Nobody can play such music—not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled as he took the vacated seat, with a self-assured air. Running along through the simple passage, he came to that part which his master had pronounced impossible to be played. Now it should be known that Mozart was at least endowed, if not favored, with a very long—yea, a prodigious nose. Well, reaching the difficult note, his hand stretched to the extremities of the piano, he leaned forward and bobbed his nose against the aforesaid middle key which "nobody could play."

Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, acknowledged the "earn," and avowed that Nature had endowed his pupil with a remarkable and hitherto unappreciated capacity for music.

**MARY.**—Who does not love the common yet beautiful name, Mary? It is from the Hebrew, and means a "tear-drop."—What sweet and joyous hours of other days—what pleasing associations does not the very name call up in every heart?—Who knows aught ill of Mary? Who that does not love the name? If there is any thing gentle and valued and womanly, what Mary possesses it not?—Was it not Mary who was

"Last at the cross,  
And earliest at the grave!"  
And was not Mary the mother of the Savior of the world?

**INTERNAL EVIDENCE.**  
A man of subtle reason asked  
A peasant if he knew  
Where was the internal evidence  
That proved the Bible true?  
The terms of disputation art  
Had never reached his ear—  
He laid his hand upon his heart,  
And only answered—"here."

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable spouse of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," was the very calm reply.

An old lady, hearing somebody say "the mails are very irregular," said, "It was just so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em!"

Plead the cause of the absent. In love and friendship, trust not that person, who injures the absent.

The most fatiguing ill-manners is that which proceeds from an excess of politeness.

Do all those who talk of philanthropy in their parlors live it out in their kitchen?

## The Key of Death.

About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamored of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, but was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged.

Profoundly skilled in mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which on pressure, launched from the other end a key or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered the flesh and buried itself there without external trace.

Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door in which she whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassins sent the slender steel unperceived into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sudden sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died.

Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days.

The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the vigilance of the magistracy; and when on close examination of the bodies, the instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the gate.—The face of the foreigner had ever been displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious, (as though she had a presentiment of the deed in the negative.) Tebaldo, beyond himself in rage, attempted to wound her thro' the grate and succeeded; the obscurity of the place preventing his movements from being observed.

On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and on uncovering it, she found it spotted with one single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady.

The State Inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily on him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

**MICHAEL ANGELO.**—This great genius lived to a very advanced yet very healthy age. "I have seen," says Vignereux, "this divine old man, at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble, in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young stone-cutters could do in three or four hours, a thing impossible to be conceived, but by one that had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble to pieces; knocking off at one stroke great pieces of three or four fingers thick, so near the points that he had fixed, that had he passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work, because that cannot be replaced in stone as in stucco and in clay."

**CHARACTERISTIC.**—An eye witness tells the following occurrence, which strongly illustrates the sailor's character: A few days since, a jolly son of the ocean was about being put on an outward bound ship for which he had previously entered, when he asked leave for another run up town.—Being informed that he could not be permitted to go, as the ship was about sailing, he sung out to a man on the wharf, an entire stranger to him:  
"Here, my friend," throwing him a silver dollar, "send that for me—I'll do as much for you another time."  
He then went off contented.

**REPARTEE.**—The Rev. Dr. Isaac was both a great wag and a smoker.  
"There you are," cried a young lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again."  
"Yes, madam," replied he, coolly, "burning it."

A barber in New Orleans wrote over his door:  
"With water hot and razor keen,  
Walk in my friends I'll shave you clean."  
A person having been shaved by this skillful operator, and cut in several places, wrote underneath:  
"So clean the beard is shaved you'll find,  
That 't'en the skin's not left behind."

Truth is a gem that cannot be too highly prized. Secure it, and guard it well.

## Modern Curiosities.

A writer in the Journal of Commerce offers the following curiosities to the managers of the National Museum:

The tail of an Irish bull.  
Some sand from Time's hour-glass.  
A torn ruffle from Love's last shift.  
The iron from the plane of the climatic.  
A quandy, with a man in it.  
A finger post from the road to ruin.  
Music of the spheres, original score.  
The cap of a climax.  
A silk tassell from the staff of life.  
The corner stone of a castle in the air.  
The eye of the law.  
An arrow of conviction.  
The huge paw of Democracy.  
A bottle of fresh water from Salt River.  
A jar of the sweets of solitude.  
An eye-lash from the "meek-eyed morn."  
A bunch of the flowers of rhetoric.  
The chain of slavery.  
The town in miniature: very old copy,—faded.  
The screw that was loose in the late elections.  
A phial of cream skimmed from the "milk-y way."  
Whiskers and noses from a masked battery.  
One of the ears that the Romans lent to Mark Anthony.

Some ten-penny nails made from a fragment of the Iron Duke.  
Sofie's bracelets from the last brush with the Mexicans, and a little of Gen. Ampudia's danger on them.  
The march of mind, arranged for a full orchestra, with Trumpet obligato, by faint.  
A pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.  
Part of the patch with which O'Connell's rent was mended.

**THE RIGHT SORT OF STUFF.**—Some fifteen years ago two strangers met on Charlestown bridge. One of them was a young man fresh and green from the country, with his wardrobe in a bundle under his arm, and the other a resident of the city. For some reason not easily explained, they halted and held something like the following conversation:

**Country Lad.**—Sir, do you know any place where I can get any thing to do?  
**City.**—I don't know that I do.—What sort of employment are you seeking for?

**Country Lad.**—Well, I'm not particular. I calculated on teaching school when I left home; but they told me, back here, that they thought I couldn't get one about here. Do you kinder of any stable about they want a lad in?  
Finding they sho'ryman was ready for any thing I'd do, the gentleman, I thought, I don't know what you'd bid him good bye.

It was not long after this casual interview that the young man sought out his adviser and thanked him for helping him to a place. He had found the place to which he had been recommended, and had then full employment in a retail grocer's store, in carting packages and doing jobs of different kinds. From this humble beginning, he worked his way along in the world, to be clerk in the store, then into a wholesale establishment, and finally to be partner in the same concern. He is now reputed to be worth from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars.

So much for energy and perseverance, with a willingness to do any honest work for a living. Men of such sort of stuff, who, if they cannot at once do what they should, will do what they can, with ordinary blessings of Providence, are quite sure to succeed in the world.—*Traveller.*

**GETTING 'EM MIXED.**—We once heard an old fellow famous all over the country for his tough yarns, telling what heavy weight he had seen in the State of New York.

"My father," said he, "once had a flock of wheat, the heads of which were so close together, that the wild turkeys, when they came to eat it, could walk around on the top of it any where."

We suggested that the turkeys must have been small ones.

"No sir," continued he; "they were very large ones. I shot one of them one day, and when I took hold of his legs to carry him, his head dragged in the snow behind me!"

"A curious country you must have had, to have snow in harvest time!"  
"Well, I do declare," said he, looking a little foolish, "I have got part of two stories mixed."

**PROFITABLE SALE.**—"What do you want to get in your two bottles?" said a grocer to a little boy, as he entered his store.  
"Mother wants a cent's worth of your best yeast."  
"Which bottle will you have it in?"  
"I'll have it in both. And will you please put a cork in them? Can't you send it home, 'cause I'm going another way?"  
"Well, where is your cent?"  
"Mother says as how you must charge it."

**HOW TO STOP A PAPER.**—An editor, who has probably suffered "some," tells people how to stop a paper. He says—"Call at the office and fork up arrearsages, and order it stopped like a man; and not refuse to take it out of the post-office, and sneak away like a puppy."

Democracy, depend upon it, will show its teeth at the next election.—*Philadelphia Keystone.*  
His lip hangs down so low that it shows them already.—*Louisville Journal.*

Woman's "Empire State" is matrimony. Here she is always in the majority—always reigns, and sometimes storms.

## A Peculiar Situation.

Capt. Rogers had once accepted the invitation of a brother officer, in a totally different part of the island, to try a few days' hostilities against the elephants which abounded in that neighborhood, and had arrived, after a day's sport, within a mile or two of the bungalow, where his host and hostess were awaiting his arrival, when passing by a delightfully cool looking river, he thought a plunge would be the most renovating luxury in existence; so a plunge he determined to take, and sent on his servants with his guns, and an intimation, that in ten minutes he would arrive to dinner. So, stripping and placing his things very carefully upon a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys overhauling his entire wardrobe. One was putting his legs through the sleeves of his shirt; another cramming his head into his trousers; another trying to find if any treasure was concealed in his boot; whilst his hat formed a source of wonderment to some two or three others, who were endeavoring to unravel the mystery by unripping the lining and taking half a dozen bites out of the brim. As soon as he gained his mental equilibrium (for the thing was so ridiculous as to make him laugh heartily, notwithstanding his disgust at seeing his garments turned to such "vile purposes.") he made with all haste towards the shore, but judge of his horror, when he saw these "precious rascals" each catch up what he could, and set off at full speed into the jungle! Not leaving poor Rogers even the vestige of an article of raiment to cover himself. All he heard was a glorious chattering as they one by one disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping him up, by getting between his legs. Here was a pretty pickle for a Christian under a hot broiling sun! and here he stayed until the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water in a frame of body and mind which we may conclude to be more easily imagined than described.—*Reminiscences of the late Capt. Rogers.*

ness, both in adults and children, may be readily cured by abstinence from all food; Headaches, disordered stomachs, and many other attacks, are caused often by violating the rules of health, and in consequence, some part of the system is overloaded, or some of the organs clogged. Omitting one, two, or three meals, as the case may be, gives the system a chance to rest, and allows the clogged organs to dispose of their burdens. The practice of giving drugs to "clear out the stomach," always weakens the system, while abstinence secures the good result without doing any injury.

Said a young gentleman to a distinguished medical practitioner in Philadelphia—

"Doctor, what do you do for yourself, when you have a turn of headache, or other slight attacks?"  
"Go without my dinner," was the reply.  
"And if that does not cure you, what then?"  
"Go without my supper."  
"But if that does not cure you, what then?"  
"Go without my breakfast. We physicians seldom take medicine ourselves, or use them in our families, for we know that starving is better, but we cannot make our patients believe it."

Many cases of slight indisposition are cured by a change of diet. Thus, if a person suffers from constipation, has headache, slight attacks of fever, or dyspepsia, the cause may often be removed, by eating rye mush and molasses, baked apples and other fruits.—*Domestic Receipt Book.*

**SUNDAY IN PARIS.**—English people generally think that in Paris the people attend church in the morning, and amuse themselves in the afternoon. No such thing.—Almost every place of business is open from morning till night, and workmen pass along the streets to their various occupations. Mechanics are employed as on other days. Every place of amusement is thrown open—theatres, ball rooms, and gaming houses. No Englishman can discern the signs of the Sabbath, unless it is that the signs of the amusement are more visible than on other days.

**A PROOF THAT A MAN CAN BE HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.**—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son and the daughter the old gentleman. The widow was therefore grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great grandmother: now as the son of a great grandmother must be either a grandfather or great uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather!—This was the case with a boy at school at Norwich.—*Hood's Magazine.*

"I would advise you to put your head into a dye-tub—it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-haired girl. "I would advise you to put your's into an oven—it's rather soft," said Nancy.

There is a volume contained in a few words of Shakspeare when he says, "drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched."