

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BROWN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—40.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, 1846.

{WHOLE NO. 872.

POETRY.

A Good Wife.

We mean to keep a corner of our paper set, like a boy's rabbit-hole in the woods, for entangling and holding the many "strays" of genius that ramble about in the shape of unowned or fugitive poetry. Beautiful things are being written and being lost, continually, and what a wild-wood world it is, where such lines as the following can be found in a paper without the writer's name!

WHAT SHALL THE END OF THESE THINGS BE?

When another life is added
To the heaving turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that we'er can dye again;
When the mother's passionate welcome
Sorrow-like bursts forth in tears,
And the sire's self-gratulation
Prophecies of future years—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When across the faint features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the incoherent murmurs
Syllabic each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection,
With a boundless promise fraught,
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshewn the perfect day—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
Of his all comprising home
Parts aside the arm maternal
That enfolds him ere he roam;
When the canvass of his vessel
Tutters to the favoring gales,
Years of softude's exile
Hid behind his sunny sails;
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold enterprises
Lure him to that eastern soil—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes;
When the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expand,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden ground;
He may palter—so do many;
She may suffer—so must all;
Borne may yet world-disappointed,
This lost hour of love recall—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Creates the expectant bride pair;
When the vows that last till dying
Vibrate on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubt of avarice defly,
Comforting the fainter spirit
Bound his sorrows for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered till possession
Shows the danger of the deep—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning
That is wrought by human skill,
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love, or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters,
While horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chance
Of life's sad, or desperate game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim—
It is well we cannot see,
What the end shall be.

MISCELLANY.

RELIGIOUS GRATITUDE.

There is not, says Addison, a more pleasing exercise of the mind than gratitude. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure that there is no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker! The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good and Father of Mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of grateful man, it exalts the soul into a rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Narrow circumstances are the most powerful stimulants to mental expansion; and the early frowns of fortune the best securities for its final smiles.

A True Man.—Aristotle being asked what thing was the soonest out of memory, answered, "a benefit received."

A man may be very zealous for some appendages of religion, while extremely languid about religion.

A good story, under this head, is going the rounds, shorn of its most important features, the sequel to which is appended.

Mr. —, a merchant, now residing in Philadelphia, who formerly lived in an extravagant style, was in the habit of giving his wife, every Monday morning, a certain sum of money, for the table and other household expenses of the week. He never mentioned his business to his wife, and she, deeming him capable of attending to his own affairs, never inquired into them.

About five years after their marriage, through some mismanagement, and the rascality of his confidential clerk, Mr. — suddenly broke, and his failure was mentioned "sympathizingly" on "change, and like all such matters, there all sympathy ended." The merchant kept the affair secret, and the first intimation the lady had of it, was a newspaper paragraph in the Ledger. Shortly after dinner was over, on the discovery of the startling fact, Mrs. — requested her husband to remain in the parlour a few moments, as she had something to say to him. She then left the room, hurried up stairs, and shortly after returned with a splendidly bound Bible in her hand. Handing it to her husband, she said:—

"George, the day after our marriage, you gave me this precious book as a token of your love, and a rich fountain to look to in the day of trouble. Its passages have been precious to me, and, as your brow looks sad to me, I return it to you, that you may glean from it some consolation in this hour of gloom." She then left the room.

The merchant opened the book carefully, and a bank bill fell out. He picked it up and glanced at its face—it was a \$10 bill. He opened at the first page, and continued to find an X between every two leaves, till he arrived at the commencement of the book of Revelations. He was saved—could commence business, and had a capital of nine thousand dollars to begin with.

He rang a bell—a servant appeared. "Request your mistress to come to me immediately," said the merchant.

The lady obeyed, entering the room with something between a tear and a smile. "Kate! Kate! where did you procure all this money?"

"This is the weekly savings of our household expenses for the last five years," was the modest reply. "Every week I put ten of the twenty dollars which you gave me into Bible bank, that, when the day of trouble came upon us, we should have something to save us from the wolf."

"You are an angel! Kate!" cried her delighted husband, clasping her to his heart. And she is. Does any one doubt it?

BEAUTIFUL ANECDOTE.—A happier illustration of the wonderful character of the Bible, and the facility with which even a child may answer by it the greatest of questions, and solve the sublimest of mysteries, was perhaps never given, than at an examination of a deaf and dumb institution some years ago in London. A little boy was asked in writing,—"who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the words—"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." The clergyman then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested on the countenance of the little fellow as he wrote—"This is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third was then proposed, evidently adapted to call his most powerful feelings into exercise. "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when I can hear and speak?" "Never," says an eye witness, "shall I forget the look of resignation which sat upon his countenance, as he took the chalk and wrote—"Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight,"—Banner of the Cross.

A WORD TO BOYS.—The "Learned Blacksmith" says—Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, seas and rivers, with all its shipping and steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs, with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the hands of the Boys of the present age—Boys like you, assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it, look abroad on your inheritances, and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, Men of the future, are all Boys, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

ORIENTAL LEGEND.—"Every man," an Eastern legend says, "has two angels; one upon his right shoulder, and one upon his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it; because what is once well done, is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon his left shoulder writes it down but does not seal it. He waits till midnight. If before that time the man crows down his head and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah!—I have sinned!—forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right weeps."

A MOTHER'S DEVOTION.

About six years since, an aged widow, poorly clad, with staff in hand and umbrella under her arm, might any morning be seen wending her way to the old city grave yard, below Frenchtown. Her walk appeared to be a daily duty, and rain or shine she performed the sad pilgrimage without fail. From one who knew her history, we learned that some twelve years previous, her only son, a promising young man, had suddenly died, and been entombed at this spot. The shock of separation inflicted a blow upon the mother's reason which time had not wholly healed, and since she saw his remains consigned to the earth, her foot-steps had almost daily been directed towards his resting place—her hands had plucked up the weeds which grew upon his grave, and the small stone which marked the spot had been worn smooth by her careful efforts to keep it clean and comely.

The progress of improvement, which with a species of fatality invades the sacred precincts of the grave, threatened to disturb the ashes of the widow's son, and her affliction became heart-rending. The fact being made known to a wealthy and benevolent citizen, he had them reinterred to a grave yard more remote from the city's hum, and to this spot her walks were directed. A few years more passed, and we again met her in her walks. Time appeared to have worked a rapid change in her appearance; her form was more bent, her eyes more sunken, and her steps less vigorous, but her devotion for the spot where rested the bones of her boy unabated; and though the way was more weary she heeded it not—her old umbrella hung in tatters, but, though useless, it has so long been the companion of her walk, that it had grown into a necessary habit to bear it along.

Again we met her a few days since; her step has become more feeble and slow, her head is bowed to earth, as though looking for that resting place which is near at hand; the sometimes shelter and then companion of her walks—the old umbrella—has fallen to pieces and been laid aside, but yet the widowed mother totters to her dead boy's tomb, removes the weeds which gather there, and, with her handkerchief, wipes the dust from the mournful record of her departure. Surely the devotion of a mother is undying.—St. Louis Reveille.

BEGIN LIFE RIGHT.—Are you just stepping on the threshold of life? Secure a moral character. This is the basis of success and true greatness. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor. You are poor, perhaps. No matter. Poverty is oftener a blessing than a curse. Look at the young man, who is heir to half a million. What is his standing? Of what use is he to the world? You must make yourself. The richest man in Maine was born of poor parents, and earned by hard work the first dollar he ever owned. The wealthiest man in Massachusetts was born in North Yarmouth, a small town in Maine, of equally humble origin. See to it, then, that you start fair.

Never repeat a story unless you are positively certain that it is correct, and even not then, unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the person concerned. "Fattling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbor, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the table becomes enormous.

BEAUTIFUL SWISS CUSTOM.—It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys and was sinking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instrument, "Praise the Lord." This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sung out, "Good Night," which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting place.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S INCOME.—Louis Philippe has an immense private fortune; the nation allows him £500,000 per annum, besides £40,000 for the Count de Paris, and a large allowance for the Duchess d'Orleans. He has 13 or 14 magnificent palaces at his disposal, besides Neuilly and the Chateau d'Eu, which are his own private property. He is entitled to all the firewood and timber cut in the royal forests, which are of immense extent. Since his accession to the throne, he has derived, it is stated, upwards of 5,000,000 sterling from this source, equal to \$25,000,000.

"You should never let young men kiss you," said a venerable uncle to his pretty niece.

"I know it, uncle," returned she penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that when one has been kissed there is no undoing it."

Miss Louisa West, a girl 15 years of age, at Georgetown, Ky., committed to memory accurately the whole New Testament in six weeks, at the same time attending to her other domestic duties.

"BROTHER JONATHAN."

The origin of this term as applied to the United States, is given in a recent number of the *Norwich Courier*. The editor says it was communicated by one of the most intelligent gentlemen of Connecticut, now upwards of 80 years of age, who was an active participator in the scenes of the Revolution. The story is as follows:

When General Washington, after being appointed commander of the Army of the Revolutionary war, came to Massachusetts to organize it, and make preparations for the defence of the country, he found a great destitution of ammunition and other means necessary to meet the powerful foe he had to contend with, and great difficulty to obtain them. If attacked in such condition, the cause at once might be hopeless. On one occasion at that anxious period, a consultation of the officers and others was had, when it seemed no way could be devised to make such preparation as was necessary. His Excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, the elder, was then Governor of the State of Connecticut, on whose judgment and aid the General placed the greatest reliance, and he remarked, "We must consult 'Brother Jonathan' on the subject." The General did so, and the Governor was successful in supplying many of the wants of the army. When difficulties afterwards arose, and the army was spread over the country, it became a by-word, "He must consult 'Brother Jonathan.'" The term Yankee is still applied to a portion, but "Brother Jonathan" has now become a designation of the whole country, as John Bull has, of England.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The Maine Farmer says:—We have ever been of the opinion that there is more in a NAME than has generally been conceded by savans. Indeed, we never could believe in the dogma, "that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." The following which we recently found in rummaging a multifarious collection of old newspaper volumes, not only clearly demonstrates that there is much in a name, but it is a curiosity of itself:

"A French paper, *Le Journal des Loires*, says Napoleon's name is composed of two Greek words, *Nappas* and *Leon*, which signifies the *Lion of the Desert*. The letters of the same name ingeniously combined present a phrase which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man.

1. Napoleon.
6. Apoleon.
7. Poleon.
3. Oleon.
4. Leon.
5. Eon.
2. On.

By striking off the first letter of this word, and pursuing the same course with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which, literally translated in the order designated by the figures, signify, *Napoleon, being the Lion of the people, became a destroyer of cities.*

A WOMAN IN THE FIELD.

A Monterey correspondent of the Spirit of the Times says, it is generally believed, that a company of Mexican lancers, at the late battle, was commanded by a woman named Dos Amados. The writer says: Seized with a patriotic spirit, she unsexed herself and dressed in a full suit of a captain of lancers; she desired to be led against the foe, and swore that she would never yield until the "Northern barbarians" were driven from her natal land, or until she had shed the last drop of blood in defence of her native country. Previous to our attack, she was paraded before the troops, and greatly excited and augmented their courage. She harangued them and desired to be posted at that spot where the first shot should fall, and where the thickest of the battle should wage. It is reported that on the 21st she led the charge of lancers which proved fatal to some of our command—among the number, the lamented Field. There's an example of heroism worthy the days of old! It has remained for Mexico to produce a second Joan of Arc, but not like her, successful. I would have given a great deal to have seen her ladyship.

How to LOOK YOUNG.—How is it that some men thought to be so old, still look so young; whilst others to be so young, must still look old? The cause lies very frequently within themselves. Mr. Rant once, on being asked the reason, said—

"I never ride when I can walk; I never eat but one dish at dinner; and never get drunk. My walking keeps my blood in circulation; my simple diet prevents indigestion; and never touching ardent spirits, my liver never fears being eaten up alive."

But he forgot to add one of the greatest causes of all of lasting youth, "a kind, unobtrusive heart." Envy can dig as deeply in a human face as time itself.

FEARFUL ODDS.—Corvisart, a French physician of some celebrity, during the latter portion of the last century, was once lamenting in company, the premature death of Dr. Baeker.

"It was not, at all events, for want of medical aid that he died," said he, "for in the last days of his illness, we, Halle, Portal and myself, did not quit him for an instant."

"Alas!" interrupted the Abbe Sieyes, "what could he do against three of you?"

Noble Conduct of Texans.

The following instances of heroic virtue, as related by General Thomas, will be read with lively interest:

Amongst the prisoners taken at San Antonio in Texas by Gen. Wool, in the fall of 1843, was a Mr. Samuel A. Maverick, a gentleman of very large fortune, and with a young and interesting family. He was a man of fiery and impatient temper, and chafed, under his confinement, like a chained tiger. A good deal had been said about a reannexation of Texas to Mexico, and negotiations were about being entered into to that end, I knew that Mexico only desired to save, in some degree, the point of honor, and that almost any terms would be conceded to such as that Texas should have her own laws, religion, &c., that no Mexican troops should be quartered in Texas; the Texans to make their own revenue laws, appoint their own revenue and other officers, pay only a nominal amount to Mexico; in one word, and in the language of a distinguished member of the Mexican Cabinet, in conversing with me on the subject, "actual independence, with a mere nominal recognition of the sovereignty of Mexico." That even such a reunion, in name only, could have lasted long, no one could have believed. I know that the Mexicans themselves had no such idea. Santa Anna had boasted so much of reconquering the country, which he found himself unable even to attempt, that I have strong reasons to believe he would have allowed the Texans to dictate the terms of even this nominal reannexation, which must have been of very short duration, and would, in the meantime, have given the Texans the advantage of the market of Mexico for their cotton, the high price of which there would very soon have filled up Texas with a population large enough to have enabled her to have dictated terms to Mexico. This was early in 1843, when annexation to the United States had not been spoken of seriously, nor, so far as I knew, thought practicable by any one. I wrote to Maverick, who was then confined in the castle of Perote, saying to him, that if he was in favor of such a reannexation as that, and which would have been so in name only, and would say so to me, that I had no doubt Santa Anna would release him. I give an extract of his letter in reply:

"You say that you think that Santa Anna will release me if I say that I am in favor of the reannexation of Texas to Mexico. I cannot persuade myself that such an annexation, on any terms, would be advantageous to Texas, and I therefore cannot say so, for I regard a lie as a crime, and one which I cannot commit, even to secure my release; I must therefore continue to wear my chains, galling as they are."

A man of principles less stern might, with an easy casuistry, have said, "I am dealing with an enemy who has violated the terms of my capitulation, and it is excusable that I should in turn deceive him." How many are there who would not have reasoned thus? Such an act recorded by Plutarch would have added another page as bright as that which perpetuates the noble constancy and heroic virtue of Regulus.

Maverick was shortly afterwards released, as a personal favor to me, together with Mr. William E. Jones, formerly of Georgia, and Judge Hutchinson, formerly of Mississippi, who he was distinguished for great learning, and beloved by every one for his virtues. I sent them "on their way rejoicing." The residue of the prisoners taken at San Antonio, thirty-six in number, were those of whom I have before spoken as being released by General Santa Anna in so handsome a manner, at the time I was leaving Mexico.

Colonel Wm. G. Cooke, of the Santa Fe expedition, was engaged in the battle of San Jacinto. Two or three days after the battle, two Texan boys, who were hunting stray mules and horses, discovered a Mexican in the grass. One of the boys cocked his gun, and was taking aim at him, when the other told him not to shoot, as the man was unarmed. They found that he was a Mexican, but had no idea of the value of their prize. They determined, however, to take him to the Texan camp, some ten miles distant, and made him mount behind one of them, while the other walked. When they approached the Texan camp the Mexican prisoners exclaimed, "El Presidente, El General Santa Anna." This was immediately after the massacre of the Alamo and Goliad, and the first impulse of the Texans was to put him to death. Colonel Cooke, however, rallied the guard and saved the life of Santa Anna.

After Colonel Cooke was released from imprisonment in Mexico, with all his companions, he remained a few days at my house, and when, in answer to my inquiries, he narrated these facts, I asked him why he had not communicated these things to me before, and stated my belief that Santa Anna would have liberated him instantly. His reply was that in saving the life of Santa Anna he had done no more than his duty, and that he could not think of asking any reward for it; neither would he have accepted his own discharge without that of all his men; that he would not under any circumstances have been released and left them in captivity. All the prisoners were released on the 10th of June, except Colonel Navarro, to whose niece Colonel Cooke was then engaged, and has since been married. He could not speak of Na-

varro without emotion. I asked if I might inform Santa Anna that he was the officer who saved his life after the battle of San Jacinto, and that he took a very deep interest in the fate of Navarro. This he could not resist. He was willing to do for a friend what he would not do for himself. I mentioned the facts to an aide-de-camp of Santa Anna, who promised me that he would communicate them to him. But probably he never did so. All my efforts in favor of Navarro were fruitless. He, however, made his escape from the castle of St. Juan de Ulloa, and returned to Texas.

Amongst the prisoners of Meir, there were two of the name of Reese, Charles and William, the latter a boy of about sixteen. On his arrival in Mexico, I applied to Santa Anna and obtained his release. A few days afterwards he called to see me, and said—"My brother Charles is engaged to be married; and, besides this, I know that he would be much more useful to my father and mother than I would, and I should like, sir, to take his place as a prisoner, and let him go home." In this he was not acting a part: he spoke under deep excitement and with a glistening eye, and I do not know that his was the only moist eye in the room. I could protract these pages indefinitely in narrating similar acts. From the time of my arrival in Mexico until I left the country, there was rarely a month that it was not my good fortune to obtain the discharge of some of the prisoners, and I fully realized the truth of the lines of the greatest of poets:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven—
Upon the place beneath. 'T is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

MAGNANIMITY.—When the Emperor Vespasian commanded a Roman senator to give his voice against the interests of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to save a people was in his power, though the event ever so uncertain, answered with a smile:—

"Did I ever tell you that I was immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal, my life at yours; do what you will, I shall do what I ought; and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all your laurels."

Cool.—Sir Walter Scott tells a story of a gentleman, who, irritated at some misconduct of his servant, said—

"John, either you or I must quit this house."

"Vera weel, sir," said John, "where will your honor be ganging to?"

APPOINTMENT OF GEN. SCOTT.—The Philadelphia Inquirer says that the announcement that Gen. Scott has been sent to Mexico by the Government, has been received with very hearty approbation throughout the country. From all points, language of congratulation is heard. It is known that the best understanding exists between Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor, and that these officers will co-operate together for the good of the country, for the triumph of the national arms, the vindication of the national honor, and the conquest of an early peace. Great confidence is felt in the ability of Gen. Scott as an officer, and with reason. He has had much experience, his bravery is unquestioned and unquestionable, and the views he gave at the commencement of the campaign in relation to the struggle with Mexico, have been fully confirmed. Should the war continue, he will doubtless win laurels, and thus strengthen his hold upon the affection of the American people.

POPK.—The Fincastle Whig, mentioning that Messrs. Shanks and Anderson, of Botetourt, Va. had purchased ten thousand weight of Pork out of a drove, says: "This is but a fraction of what will be consumed by this establishment, and shows conclusively the way in which Manufacturers hurt the farmers."

A MONSTER POTATO.—Richard Sondly Esq. of Newberry, raised on his plantation a sweet potato, measuring two feet one inch and a half in length, and thirteen inches and a half in circumference, at thickest part.

"What is the chief end of man?" inquired a school teacher of a pretty Miss. "Why, I suppose, it is to pop the question," was the reply.

Marriage is at all times a perilous experiment, but Foote defines it to be "bobbing for a single eel in a barrel of snakes." Shocking!

For the "Star and Banner."
ENIGMA.
I AM COMPOSED OF 18 LETTERS.
My 11 15 3 5 15 is an island in the Mediterranean sea.
4 15 12 3 7 16 is the name of a distinguished American General.
16 8 4 6 is the name of a certain lady.
13 10 3 17 15 was a festival celebrated every fifth year in the island of Delos in honor of Apollo.
1 15 3 5 10 16 is the christian name of a very celebrated Poet.
13 8 16 6 15 11 is a town in the north of England.
13 16 15 16 11 10 is an exclamation very common among the fair portion of creation.
4 12 3 18 15 was a President of the United States.
7 3 13 11 15 2 13 is a character whose lot, of all others, is most pitiable.
My whole is an extract from Burns' Poem, in which every verse generally gives utterance to what is vulgarly styled "pops the question."
PHILOKOSMOTES.
Pennsylvania College, Dec. 12, 1846.