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POET'S CORNER.

PATRIOTIC SONG.
The vanishing flag of Liberty,
Of Freedom's sun the hoast,
Its stars and stripes long may they wave,
Upon Columbia's coast.
The only flag that Freedom rears,
Her emblem on the seas,
The flag that stands some fifty years,
The battle and the breeze.
To aid the trampled rights of man,
And break oppression's chain,
The foremost in the battle's van,
It never floats in vain.
The mariner where'er he steers,
In every clime he sees
The flag that stood some fifty years,
The battle and the breeze.
If all unite as once we did,
To keep our flag unfurled,
Columbia then may fearless bid
Defiance to the world.
But fast will flow a nation's tears,
If lawless hands should seize
The flag that stands some fifty years,
The battle and the breeze.

LOVE.
Love, it is the soul of nature,
And the breath of life is love;
Flowers their glowing colors mingle
In the field and in the grove.
Buds pour forth from leafy branches
Many a love ecstatic song;
Little brooks of true love babbling
Steal the flowery words along.
See! that one tender leaflet
On its heart another whirms?
O how lovingly embracing
Rest they in each other's arms!
Thus refresh themselves all natures,
Thus themselves in love rejoice;
Canst thou then, thou fairest maiden,
Pause, ere thou make love thy choice?
Come and taste and know what love is;
Love will by his word abide;
Follow then thy bosom's impulse,
Maiden, do not turn aside!

LITERARY.
A Maniac Bridegroom.
A THRILLINGLY TOLD LOVE STORY OF
VENICE.

Perfectly overcome by the heat of an Italian evening at Venice, I quitted the bustling gaiety of St. Mark's Place for the quiet of a gondola, and directed the man to shape his course for the Island of Lido, (a narrow strip of land, dividing the "lagunes," or shallows from the city, from the open sea), I seated myself on the prow of the vessel, with a firm determination to make the most of the fine view of air that every now and then ruffled the surface of the still, dark waters.
Nothing intercepted my view of the distant city, whose mighty buildings glowed beneath the long, red rays of the setting sun, save, occasionally, when a market boat, on its return, floated lazily past us, or the hull of some tall merchantman shut out for an instant the dome of a magnificent church or the deep red brickwork of the Ducal Palace. Lovers, as they were called, were seen to start out of the bosom of the deep; and at that quiet hour the repose—the peculiar repose of Venice—seemed mellowed into perfect harmony with the delicious languor of the atmosphere. The sounds of laughter, or snatches of rude songs that now and then came over the waves, instead of interrupting, invested with fresh charms the luxurious silence of the moment. We touched the narrow strip of sand that forms the beach of the little island, and stepping ashore, I enjoyed the only particle of green sward in all Venice.
I walked backwards and forwards for some time, thinking of England and English friends (for at such hours the mind wanders to distant scenes and old customs) without interruption, until a slight rustling among the bushes of the island reminded me that I was not the only tenant of the garden of Lido, and looking through the fast-gathering darkness, I discovered an elegant female pacing the smooth walk near, apparently lost in contemplation.
My curiosity was rather excited by the presence of an old woman in such an unfrequented place; but the haze of the evening prevented my observing her with any degree of accuracy, and as I feared to disturb her by advancing too near, I could only guess at her features. At last the dwarf trees on the island began to glitter with the climbing moon, and I saw that she was weeping bitterly. Her thick, gray tresses were braided over a face that had evidently once been beautiful, and there was a dignity and propriety in her demeanor, and a native nobleness of expression in her countenance, which told me that I looked on no common person. She continued her solitary walk for some time, occasionally pausing to look up to the stars that now gemmed the clear glowing firmament, or to pluck a few dead leaves from a little rose bush that grew in an obscure corner of the garden, until a thought seemed suddenly

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to strike her, and hastening to the shore, she stepped into a small gondola that was in waiting, and rapidly disappeared.

On my return to Venice, I mentioned the circumstance to my valet, or guide, a remarkably intelligent fellow, and, much to my astonishment, he solved the mystery of the lonely lady to me immediately. As her history is one of great devotion and misfortune, it may, perhaps, merit repetition.

It appeared, then, from the statement of the valet, that the elderly lady was an English woman, who had once been the beauty of the gay circles of Venice. She had there met a student in astronomy, and whether it was his conversation, or the charms of his conversation, or his scientific attainments, that won her, I know not, but he gained the affection, and it is still remembered by those acquainted with her at the time, that her attachment to him was so intensely passive in its devotion as to seem almost uncharitably, and that very Lido, now the scene of her affliction, was once the favorite spot for their early love greetings.

He was a strange, wild creature, that student, his family were natives of a distant land, and he had travelled to Italy to devote himself to the study of his favorite pursuit. From the after testimony of one of his friends, it appeared that, in childhood, he had been attacked with temporary derangement, and his extraordinary application to the mysterious, exciting study of astronomy had increased this infirmity in a most extraordinary and terrible manner. At times, he was haunted by a vision of a woman of disgusting ugliness, who seemed to pursue and torment him wherever he went. In a few hours delirium, and sometimes raging madness, would ensue from this hallucination; and though he regularly recovered free from the terrible creation of his mind, it was with a constitution more and more decayed by each successive ravage of his disorder. As he had advanced, however, to manhood, these violent and destructive attacks became less and less frequent; and at the time that he met with the beautiful English lady, though his conscience seemed to tell him he was no companion for a delicate woman, he tried to persuade himself that his constitution had at last mastered his imagination, and that he was as fit for society as his less excitable fellow men. And he thought there was much excuse for him, for who could withstand the quiet, yet intense affection of an

English woman? Who could resist the temptation of listening to her sweet, musical voice, of watching her sad, soft blue eyes, or of hearing her fascinating conversation? She was so devoted, so gentle, so enthusiastic, on his favorite subject, so patient in his peevishness and melancholy, so considerate of his enjoyments, so comforting in his afflictions, he must surely have been without heart or feeling to have been coldly calculating on possibilities at such a time. He schooled himself to think that it was his solitary life that had so affected his faculties, and that a companion—and such a companion as his betrothed—would drive out all the remains of his disorder, even supposing it to be still existing. In short, the eloquent pleading of the heart triumphed over the still, small whisper of conscience, the wedding day was fixed, and it was remarked, with surprise, that the nearer it approached the more melancholy did Volpurno become. However, the ceremony was performed with great splendor, and the bridal party set out to spend the day on the mainland, where the friends of the bride were to say farewell before she proceeded with her husband on the wedding tour. They were chatting merrily in the little hotel at Mestri, on the mainland, when they were horrified by suddenly hearing sounds of frantic laughter followed by wild shrieks of agony, and the student rushed into the room, his frame convulsed with horror, and his drawn sword in his hand, as if pursuing something a few yards before him, with an expression of mingled fury and despair. Before the horrified guests could interfere, he had jumped from the window, and, with the same shrieks of laughter, sped across the country in pursuit of his phantom enemy.

Assistance was at hand; he was instantly followed; but with supernatural strength he held on his wild course. He was occasionally seen, as he passed for an instant to strike furiously in the air, and his cries of anguish were sometimes borne by the wind to the ears of his pursuers; but they never gain on him, unless he needs a village, and was stopped by the inhabitants; his capture seemed impracticable. At last, as night grew on, he sunk exhausted at a lone hovel on the wayside, and the bride and her party came up with the maniac bridegroom. But the stern fit was past and gone, and he was lifted insensible upon a coarse pallet in the hut. The English woman sat by his side, and bathed his temples, and watched his deep, long slumber, from the rise of the moon to the bright advent of day. And thus passed the bridal night of the heiress and the beauty.

Towards the going down of the sun Volpurno became conscious, and though the delirium had left him, the agony of his situation allowed no repose to his jaded, fevered nerves. His remorse was terrible to behold; over and over again did he heap curses on his selfishness in drawing an innocent, trusting woman into such a labyrinth of suffering. All her repeated assurances of her forgiveness, of her happiness at his recovery, of her hopes for the

future, failed to quiet him; and so, between soothing his anguish and administering his remedies, three days passed, and on the third a mortal change took place. The dim eye of the student brightened, and his weak cheek flushed with the hue of health. He commanded all to leave the room but his bride, and to her he made a full confession of his terrible infirmity, of his seizing him with tenfold violence at the town of Mestri, and of the fearful forebodings he had felt as their wedding day approached. And then he grew calmer, and the smile again came forth upon his lip, and the melody returned to his voice, and at his favorite hour of midnight—in a peaceful quietude that had been unknown to him in this life—Volpurno died.

The corpse was carried to Venice, and interred by the English woman by her former trying place on the Lido. People wondered at her calmness under such an affliction, for she lived on, but little changed—save that she was paler and thinner—from the quiet creature that had won the fatal affection of Volpurno.

By degrees her more immediate friends died or were called into other countries, and she was left alone in Venice; and then her solitary pilgrimages to the Lido became more and more frequent. As years grew on, and the finger of time imprinted the first furrows on the fair, delicate cheek, and planted the gray among the rich beauties of the hair, these visits increased. While, from day to day, the powers of her heart became older, the faculties of her body grew greener and younger. Years fell not the pristine delicacy of her features, and age seemed in her to nourish instead of impairing the silent growth of memory.

A few months afterwards, I again visited the Lido at the same hour, but the English woman did not appear. I walked toward the rose bush which I conjectured grew over the grave of Volpurno; its withered leaves were untrimmed, and the earth around it newly heaped up. I asked no more questions; and the freshness of the moon and the neglect of the rose tree were eloquent informers.

MISCELLANY.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

A few days since I stopped at the public house in Colrairie, and while my horse was feeding, I sat in the bar-room, and heard a sensible old man relate the substance of the enclosed account.

"During the revolutionary war, there was a point of land on Jersey side of the Hudson, and not far distant from New York, which was the scene of bloody conflict. There was about a hundred acres next to the river, from which the wood and timber had been cleared off, and at the back of it was a forest. On the cleared part a large number of fat cattle, destined to feed the American army, were placed. Four or five miles distant, in New Jersey, there were three thousand light infantry, under command of Lafayette. I was one of that detachment. Our business was to see that the cattle were not taken by the enemy. One morning intelligence was brought into camp, that several vessels approached and that a large body of British soldiers were landing. My regiment was ordered immediately for the point. Rufus Putnam, a nephew of the old General, was Colonel, and he was well stocked with the Putnam mettle. He was a brave officer indeed, and could never desert that he was not just as cool and self-possessed when going into battle, as when sitting in his tent. We made a hurried march, and upon approaching the edge of the woods, the Colonel ordered the adjutant to go forward and see where the troops were and what their number. The adjutant soon returned, and reported they were forming on shore in three columns, containing about one thousand each. "Then," said the Colonel, "ride back to the camp quickly as possible, and tell Lafayette to come on." When the adjutant had gone, Col. Putnam rode up to my captain, who was Daniel Shay, of insurrection memory, and said, "Well captain Shay, shall we be playing with them until the General comes?" "Yes," replied captain Shay.

"Orders were soon given to advance to the open land on the point. We now stood face to face with our foes. Firing very soon commenced. The cannon from the shipping in the river poured forth their volleys; and the small arms did fatal execution. Col. Putnam rode back and forth in front of their regiment, as calm as a man at home, though the balls were whistling about him in every direction. We worked very hard and for one regiment made considerable noise. The colonel at my right hand received two balls thro' the body and fell dying. I was young, and a dying man at my feet, bleeding and gasping, might perhaps cause my color to fade a little. Capt. Shay stepped forward, "George," said he never mind it; I will take his place, and he was as good as his word; he took the corporal's gun and used it. Shay was the best captain I ever served under. He was bold and kind, I will give him his due, though he has been unworthy since, for he stood shoulder to shoulder in that day of peril. I was loading my gun the 22d time, when Lafayette, with the main body of the light infantry, issued from the woods. Never shall I forget the feeling of that moment. Well-

ton was hardly more pleased to see Blucher in the Battle of Waterloo than we to see our brother in arms. The main body formed at once upon our left. Lafayette rode forward. He was an elegant officer—and never did he fill my eye so entirely as at that moment—though a stripling in appearance, in action he was a man—and had Cornwallis seen him as we then saw him, he would not have called him "the boy." As he approached, "Capt. Putnam," said he "show me your fire before I arrived?" "O," said the Col. "I thought I would be with you a little."

"Lafayette at that moment seemed full of energy and fire—turning toward the line, and with a loud and distinct voice, marked by his French accent—he said "We fire! not the whole line charge bayonets, rush on and drive them where the devil drove the dogs!"

The effect of his presence and his words were astonishing. Every heart beat quick and full. We did rush on, and such a scene of carnage my eyes never saw. At first the British force charged to meet us, but they could not stand against us, and fled from the shore; we followed them and drove them into the water; of the three thousand, about five hundred got aboard of the vessels—the rest were slain—the most of them at the point of the bayonet. I have described to you the most painful, interesting and horrid scene which I had ever witnessed. I never enjoyed killing men. I fought because I thought it my duty.

A couple of stray leaves.

LEAF THE FIRST.—SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear, will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."
"Why, my love, just as you please, you know I always wish to consult your pleasure."
"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go—that is if you are perfectly willing; now don't say yes, because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."
"Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there, I am sure, and whenever you are happy I shall be, of course. What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin with blonde, or my ashes of roses, or my lavender, or my white lace, you always know better than I about such things."
"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very well in the white satin."

"There, William dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night, and you must promise not to leave me for a moment for I shall be so sad if you do."
"Leave thee dearest, leave thee? No; by yonder star I swear!"
"Oh William, dearest William, how beautiful that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."
"And Harriet, my own prized Harriet, would I not do anything in the world to give you one moment's happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."
"Oh do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every year; and now dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is—Oh! how miserable I should be without her—she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding me to virtue and happiness, and can I ever love her less than now?—can I ever desert her? can I ever speak of her less than terms of praise? Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure; happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND.—SIX YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

"My dear, I will thank you to pass the sugar, I didn't give me but one lump."
"Well, Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hoghead of vinegar. James, keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan keeps still bawling; I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there, take that, you little wretch."
"Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."
"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business; you're always meddling with what don't concern you."
"Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know who has a better right than I have—you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."
"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up."
"Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my paper—I'll teach you to tear it again—there Sir, how does that feel—now go to bed!"
"Mr. Snooks, you horrid wretch—how can you strike a child of mine in that way—come here Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar; there, that's a good boy."
"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child—is it strange that a woman can never do any thing right?"
"Never do any thing right? faith, Mr. Snooks, if no body did any thing right in

this house but yourself, wonder what would become of me?"

"Let me tell you, ma'am, it is improper language for you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer. You're as snappish and early as—a she dog—and if there's a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it—you would wear out the patience of a Job."

"O dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night my dear—pleasant dreams."
"There, she's gone! Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am to be chained down to such a creature—she is the very essence of all ugliness—cross, and peevish; O, that I could once more be a bachelor; curse the day and hour that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce; I can't live with her any longer; it is utterly impossible."

AN HOUR DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

At a very late hour in the room of the Jacobins, surrounded by a dozen other patriots as remorseless as himself, sat a colossal man—his harsh features dilated by the wine he had taken, and his aspect rude as a Breton's peasant's. The glass was filled in his hands, and with a voice of thunder he gave the toast, "May the body of the last King be burnt to ashes on the funeral pyre made with the body of the last priest." It was the terrific Danton. The words were repeated with shouts and clamor by the party around him.—At that very moment a dwarfish man, with a huge head, a mouth marked with the hardness of a vindictive temper, and an eye in which incipient madness already glared—without stockings, and in a waistcoat dabbled with blood, sat in a cellar under the very Place du Carrousel, which afterwards beheld his drunken apothecary, writing a recommendation that France massacre two hundred thousand men to the manes of her strangled freedom, with an exact calculation of the time requisite for such a purpose. Merciful! it was the sanguinary Marat.

At that very moment, two members of the assembly were perfecting a plan for the destruction of the monarchy, and the establishment of a dictatorship. The one was Maximilien leadore Robespierre. He himself was to be dictator. At that moment, in a little chamber of the Palace, at Versailles, sat a kindly looking old man—weeping. The father was weeping over the backsliding of his children, and the King over the treason of his people. It was the unfortunate Louis XVI. At that moment, in a gaily illuminated saloon of the same Palace, two females were playing at cards; the one was lovely and still youthful. She lost, and the three hundred louis were passed to her fair antagonist, who murmured many apologies, but yet took the notes proffered her. The loser was Maria Antoinette. At the same moment a beggar lay starving for lack of bread in the garden of the Tuilleries, while her wasted child pressed to her shrunken nipple, had tried the breast in vain. At that very moment a monk was unrooking himself, never to resume the cowl of the Benedictines. A maiden draped in far too Cyprian a style, was sitting near him; and wine and glasses were on the table—he had discovered a better profession—and this was Talleyrand—the man of the people.

To Boys.—Boys, listen to us a moment. Do you wish to become good men and influential citizens? Do you wish to command the respect of the wise and good? Then abstain from all that is evil. Go not into improper society; use no profane or indecent words; speak no falsehood; never cheat; never lie; be perfectly honest. Remember your conduct now will have an influence over your life. If you are virtuous, and improve your time in useful pursuits, we have no hesitancy in saying that if you live you will become ornaments to society. On the contrary, if you yield to bad examples, and influences, have no regard to virtue or truth, break the Sabbath, wander about with the profane and idle, cluster your leisure evenings, we tell you plainly that it will prove your ruin. Be careful then to do right, to have the fear of God before you and to walk in the paths of integrity. These are early precursors of a glorious manhood and an useful and happy life.—Portland Tribune.

CHARITY.—A Fable.—The original of Jeremy Taylor's fable.—All was well.—When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning upon his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age; he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that he ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At this answer, Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of the tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham and asked him where the stranger was. Abraham replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, have I not suffered him these hundred years, although he has not honored me, and wouldst thou not endure with him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this Abraham brought him back, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wholesome instruction.

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

[FROM LAST WEEK'S OMISSION.]

The students of Dickinson College have marked with becoming honors the return of the Rev. Dr. DURBIN to Carlisle. The Philadelphia Inquirer says—

When it was known that Dr. Durbin would arrive in Carlisle on Thursday, 21st ult., a meeting of the students was called to take measures to receive him. In accordance with the resolutions passed at the meeting, the students proceeded in a body to the depot on the arrival of the cars, and formed in a double line upon the sidewalk. The President was escorted by the Faculty, and on passing through the line of students, was greeted with the three cheers. The procession then moved in order to the College Chapel, where an address of welcome was delivered to the President on behalf of the students, by Mr. A. McCalmont of the Senior Class, to which Durbin replied in the most happy style. He was evidently deeply affected by so cordial a greeting, the public expression of which was unexpected on his part.

At the request of the Students, the usual exercises of college were suspended during the day, until evening prayers, when the President again occupied his post, after nearly two years absence, in the pulpit of the chapel.

On Thursday night, the three college buildings were illuminated, under the direction of a committee of the Students, by permission of the Faculty. The whole affair was admirably conducted.

DEAD BODY FOUND.—We learn from the Carroll county, Md., papers, that on Wednesday morning the body, or rather the frame of a man, entirely stripped of flesh by the buzzards, (as is supposed,) was found in the woods, on a hill side, near the road leading from Westminster to Orendorf's mill, about half a mile from Westminster. An inquest was announced, and held over the remains by J. Gore, Esq., who returned, that the remains were those of Joseph Anthony Pugmeyer, (or Brookmeyer), and that he came to his death by causes unknown to them. The Democrat says, the body was identified by means of his clothing, snuff-box, razor, watch-maker's tools, &c., which were scattered about near where it lay. The deceased was a German by birth, about 40 years of age, a watch maker by trade, a man of excellent disposition, but for some years back greatly addicted to intemperance, on account of some misfortune. He resided for a number of years in Westminster, from whence he removed last winter to Baltimore. The remains appear to have lain there two months. He was seen in the neighborhood about that long ago.

RECREANCY.—The Boston Atlas, a rank whig paper, speaking of the late Mr. Alston, an American painter of great celebrity, says he would have degraded his genius down to a partisan painter of cotton bolls, and ignoble butchery of unprotected soldiers by seditiously encoined riflemen, if he had painted the battle of New Orleans. I've been unacquainted with the extravagance of partisanism in which the whigs frequently indulge, we should be incredulous that such a sentiment as this could flow from an American newspaper. An "impartial historian," to fire upon mercenary soldiers who came to ravage our fields, plunder our property and burn our dwellings! It would have been a noble act, consequently, if General Jackson and his men had run away from their lines and refrained from defending their country! The assertion about cotton bales is utterly unfounded—they were not used for the purpose of protection from the enemy's shot, except on the right, where they formed the material of which the bastion (unfinished at the moment of attack) was chiefly composed—and the man who routed the English army, so far from being safely ensconced, were no more protected by the ditch and rampart, than if they had stood on the open plain. It is well to bear in mind also that Gen. Jackson's force at the lines on the 8th Jan'y amounted to a little upwards of 3700 men, whilst the enemy counted 12,000. It is strange, unaccountable circumstance, a phenomenon almost, which posterity will hardly believe, that there are Americans born and bred, who anxiously seek occasion to undervalue the importance of the immortal victory of New Orleans, to blemish its lustre, and decry the glorious old chief under whose auspices it was gained, merely because he gained it. If these people expect to obtain the good opinion of the English by this unnatural conduct towards their own countrymen, they are woefully mistaken.

Lord Ashburton was in the senate chamber when Mr. Conrad was delivered of his staid and rancorous effusion against the bill to reinstate General Jackson's fine; and though a diplomatist and a lord, he had not sufficient command of face to hide the contempt and disgust which he felt within; and he afterwards, as we learned from good authority, expressed his astonishment, that any member of Congress, and especially one from Louisiana, should oppose so mere an act of justice to a General who had rendered such high services to his country.—Lord Ashburton felt like a man on that occasion, and looked at Mr. Conrad as if he would have said—I am sorry to see so young a man with so cold a heart. If Jackson were an Englishman, and had served England as he served America, the bill you are now discussing would not be for refunding a thousand dollars, unrighteously extorted from him, but it would contain a grant of half a million of pounds and a duke dom.—N. O. Courier.

A capital story is told of Judge Tappan, one of our Senators in Congress, who is unfortunately cross-eyed. A number of years ago he was Judge of a newly organized county court, in the eastern part of this State. In those days of primitive simplicity, or perhaps poverty, the bar-room of a tavern was used as a court room, and the stable as a jail. One day during the session of the court, the Judge had occasion to severely reprimand two of the lawyers, who were wrangling. An odd looking old customer, who sat in one corner listening apparently with great attention to the reproof, and presuming on old acquaintance and the Judge's well known good humor, sang out, "Give it to 'em, old gimble eyes!" "Who was that?" inquired the Judge. "It was this 'ere old boss," answered the chap, raising himself up. "Sheriff," observed the Judge, with great gravity, "take that old boss and put him in the stable!"—Civ. Herald.

Why is a weary man like a cart wheel? Because he is tired.