THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—18. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1847. NEW SERIES—NO. 8.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE DELEGATES OF THE CINCINNATI WASHINGTON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The following beautiful lines were penned by a daughter of the lamented Gen. William Henry Harrison. We thank the fair author for this tribute from her pen to one of the noblest of causes, and these words of encouragement to those who are most active in promoting it. Let all of her sex feel, and speak, and act like her, and our delegations will soon be at the end of their labors.—*Western Morning Star.*

Go, warn the youth who gazes
On the wine-cup's ruby glow,
That beneath the sparkling nectar
There lurks a treacherous foe.
And bid him fly while reason
Exerts her potent sway;
For, *once dethroned*, to that dread foe
He'll fall an easy prey.

Tell many a widowed mother
Will bless you in his name,
Who always hears the orphan's cry,
And grants the widow's claim.
And many a wife rejoicing
O'er husband "lost and found,"
Will feel, at mention of your name,
Her grateful heart rebound.

On with the glorious banner
Of "Temperance and Reform,"
Break down the haunts of Satan!
His very "stronghold storm."
And nobler triumphs will be yours,
A more enduring fame
Than that which wreathes the conq'ror's brow,
Or circles round his name.

We read, says Willis, the following, years ago, in our much-thumbed copy of old Herbert, and it has been buried long enough in our memory to come up again:

Sundays observe, think, when the bells do chime,
'Tis angels' music, therefore come not late.
God there deals blessings; if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the show.

In time of service, seal up both thine eyes;
And send them to thy heart that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains thy sin did rise;
Those doors being shut, all by the ears come in.

Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part;
Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy heart;
He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

RELIGION.—We believe in religion, but have little respect for those who merely profess it, and prate about it. A long face we always look upon as a mask, and generally fear the character it conceals or disguises. A smiling countenance is a perpetual "hymn of praise"—and we have generally found that men who possess honest hearts never boast of their honesty, and those who really reverence God seldom take his name upon their lips. Those who love their fellow men, spend their time and means in quietly and privately doing them good, and not in making long prayers for the heathen. We have no faith in the piety of landlords, who eject poor tenants that cannot pay on rent-day, and send poor devils to jail for debt. Religion is deep reverence for God, and respect for all his creatures; it never oppresses the poor—it never envies the rich; it can worship the Creator as devoutly in the green fields, as in the temples made with hands. It looks upon the glorious stars of night with a holier devotion than upon the eyes of painted saints; and regards the whole universe as but the transparent veil of God.—The true religious man lives in a state of unconscious prayer—when troubled and sad he prays for rest, and when happy he asks for gratitude and humility.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

ANECDOTE OF HUME.—This distinguished philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly winded through a boggy piece of ground at the back of Edinburg Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stick fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation; but she, casting one hurried glance at his abreviated figure, passed on without regarding his request. He shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed on by his cries to approach.

"Are na ye Hume the Deist?" inquired she in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance.

"Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter, you know, good woman, Christian clarity commands you to do good even to your enemies."

"Christian charity, there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yourself—ye maun first repeat baith the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith, I'll let ye groffle there as I faund ye." The skeptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she gave her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.

TALK AFTER CHURCH.—"Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon.—Whose was the text?"

"Oh, I don't know, I have forgotten—but, would you believe it, Mrs. V. wore that horrid bonnet of her's: I could'nt keep my eyes off of it all meeting time; and Miss T. wore a new shawl that must have cost fifty dollors. I wonder her folks don't see the folly of such extravagance—and there was Miss H. with her pelisse—it's astonishing what a want of taste some people exhibit!"

"Well, if you've forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience; but which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A?"

"Oh, Mr. A; he's so handsome and so graceful; what an eye and what a set of teeth he has."

A young Hoosier recently visited the St. Louis theatre. The play was Douglass, or the Noble Shepherd. The Indianian silently and earnestly noticed the progress of the play, till young Norval commenced his speech with—

"My name is Norval;
On the Grampian Hills
My father feeds his flocks,
A frugal swain: whose constant cares
Were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home."

"Look here, young feller," said the hoosier, in a loud and enthusiastic tone, "look here, I'm darned if dad did'nt want to serve me 'zackly the same way. And he not only went in for increasing the store, but he spoke of adding another story to it. I warn't agoin' to loose my chance of a fight with the yaller skins though."

RISING IN THE WORLD.

MECHANICS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN.

The Vermont Patriot, under the head of "Rising in the World," has the subjoined remarks which contain some striking truths, which we commend to the attentive perusal of our readers:

"We saw it stated the other day, that a member of Congress, from Tennessee, was formerly a Tailor, and the inference to be drawn from the statement was, that he had *risen* from a Tailor to a member of Congress! It strikes us that all such talk is excessively deleterious to our republican society. The result of it is to teach mechanics that they are inferior to those who get their living by their wits, and that in order to *rise* in the world they must abandon their business and seek their bread in some of the fashionable professions. The truth of it is, however, that although the learned professions are necessary, yet the *producer*, the mechanic, the great *laboring class* must of necessity stand first and foremost in the order of worldly things. Now pray, show us a worthier man than your Tailor, or your Shoemaker, or your Blacksmith, who labors honestly through the day in his vocation, doing like a man, what he finds to do—what, in the matter of making clothes, patching boots or shoeing horses, *it is necessary should be done*. Can this man *rise* from his business to any other that he may follow as a mere means of getting a living? Your law professsion, your medical profession, your divinity profession, *so far as they are used as the means of a living*, to make bread and money out of, what better are they, what higher are they than your profession of Coat-mending, your profession of Horse-shoeing, or your profession of Shoe-making? Talk about a thrifty, honorable mechanic *rising* to a half-starved pettifogger, whom society calls a lawyer, or to a spiritual blind guide of a divine, or to a maker of rotten-wood pills, called a physician—bah! *rising!*

We are no preacher of agrarianism.—The learned professions are all right, proper and useful and necessary; but whatgood is to be, nay, what evil is not, accomplished by inducing the Shoemaker, the Blacksmith, the Printer, and such like, to understand that their business is *lower* than that of the learned professions? Is it not better for them to know that their professions are also necessary, and that it is the *manliness with which they labor in the calling*, and not *the calling*, that shall bring them "consciences void of offence towards God and man," and entitle them to the consideration of worthy and honorable members of society?

You Law teacher, and you teacher of Religion, and you Physician, you are all necessary. The mechanic has no time to devote to anything more than the general principles of your professions; he must trust you in the matters you profess, and he does trust you; but none of your airs, gentlemen! for the old shoemaker and the jacket-builder are just as necessary as you are. They need you, and you need them; let it be so understood then and so agreed. You know a great deal that they do not know; but they are up to you, for they know a great deal that you do not know, and without their knowledge of shoemaking, house-building, nail-making, and such like, you would be poorly off.

It ought to be said, however, to a portion of the laboring people who are continually crying out against those whom small demagogues represent to them to be aristocrats, that you often do very great wrong when you hear such cries. You do, also, still greater wrong when you fancy that every professional man feels above you. It is, nine cases out of ten, mere fancy; for we tell you, and you must hear us, in this matter, for we are defending you now, it is all mere fancy. You will meet now and then, a thing of starch and rattan, who gives himself airs and turns up his nose at you; but who made you a fool that you should mind him? Do you get mad and feel envious toward your cock turkey because he spreads his wings and struts about you and fills your ears with his gobble! gobble! gobble! We tell you that no *true man* ever feels above *any* other man. You fancy, sometimes, as you stand in the door of your workshop, and see a man ride by with a ruffle in his bosom and a gold watch in his pocket, that he is an aristocrat, and feels above you! This follows as a matter of course by no manner or means. The ruffle, the gold watch, &c., may be mere matters of habit, of education, things to which he has been accustomed from childhood, and which he thinks as little of as you do of your apron and plain Dover unbleached.

The true aristocrats of the country are the producers. It would be better, perhaps, if there were not so many who live upon other people's productions. But a class of this kind we must have, and so long as the producers feed them it is well to allow the matter to pass without making much trouble about it. There is a portion of our population who understand their position. They perform their requisite labor, in their business, are contented, happy and envying nobody, looking with green eyes upon no other man's business better than theirs. These men cannot *rise* from their occupation to a seat in Congress. Their position is already the highest in society. These men are the noblest among them.

There is another class who feel differently. They perform their part with grumbling; full of envy and jealousy; continually longing for some *higher* employment, and wishing they stood on a more elevated platform in society. Wrong as all this is, yet the blame is not always to be charged upon them. It is chargeable, in the greatest measure upon another, and the most pernicious and contempible class in society. That class who are stuffed with false notions of dignity, manliness, and worth, and who seek always to impress upon their children that no man can *be* a man who gets his living by any other than what they are pleased to term the *higher* employments. They are horrified at the idea of their son falling in love with shoemakers' girls, and to allow tailors to "set up" with one of their daughters, would be a greater sin than commitance at her death. If a son desire from taste to become a mechanic, their eyes protrude with horror, and this vicious inclination must be broken or the boy is ruined. He must be *educated*, sent to college, made something of! He is consequently put to that for which he has no inclination, and the boy who might have made a magnificent mechanic, is manufactured into a fool in the higher walks of life.'

We go for the utter extinction, root and branch, of this most miserable class. They are not fit to live. There is no such thing as rising, except in honor and worth. A man may commence life filing saws.—He files his saws faithfully. He is a temperate, honest and worthy man, so much so as it is possible for him to be. By-and-by, he finds he has a capacity to file other things than saws; and farther on, by mending with files he learns to make with files, still farther he becomes a machinist, and making, learns to improve and invent. He takes out patents—becomes in his business the most noted, practical man of his time, and his friends, to show their respect for him, send him to the Legislature, to Congress, and forthwith certain fools talk of his rising from a saw-filer to a member of Congress! Simply, *his sphere of usefulness was extended*, and by just as much as he is less proud, more humble, more honest and faithful, is he exalted, has he risen, and no more. If people knew more of what they call rising, they would give it another name. How many a man who has risen to what the world calls the highest stations, looks back from the topmost round, and sees, that, so far as all the essentials of manhood are concerned, every step up has has been two steps down, and who would not give all his high honors, if it were possible for him to rise to his old station of saw filer.

It were better for us all to understand this matter of profession and stations; to know and believe that the man dignifies the station, and not the station the man; that to him who honestly and faithfully performs his part, whatever it may be, consideration, respect and honor are due, and to teach the rising generation to trust to these last, and not to mere station, for credit and esteem."

THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

The subjoined vivid description of the horrors of the siege of Genoa, during the time of the Italian campaign, in the year of 1800, is a thrilling sketch:

Massena was fairly shut in. His army of 18,000 men was reduced to 12 000.—These, and over 7000 prisoners, were to be fed from the scanty provisions, which the city contained. After various desperate and sanguinary but successful sorties, it became apparent that the whole struggle was to be with famine.

Bonaparte knew the distress of his brave general, and he wrote to Moreau to accelerate his movements, so that Massena could be assisted.

"That general," said he, in his letter to Moreau, "wants provisions. For fifteen days he has been enduring with his debilitated soldiers, the struggle of despair."

And, indeed, it was the struggle of despair. Napoleon doing, but too late, what could be done. His magnificent army was hanging along the Alpine cliffs of San Bernard, while Lannes was pouring victorious columns into the plains of Italy. But famine was advancing as fast as they.—The women ran furiously through the streets, ringing bells and calling for food.—Loaded cannon were ranged in the streets to restrain the maddened populace. The corn was all gone—even the beans and oats failed them. The meat was consumed and starving soldiers fell from their horses. These, too, were at length consumed, and the most loathsome animals were brought and slain for food.

Massena still unyielded and undaunted, collected all the starch, linseed and cocoa, in the city, and had them made into bread, which even many of the most hardy soldiers could not digest. But they submited to their sufferings without a murmur. On it being suggested that their general would now surrender—

"He surrender," they exclaimed, "he would sooner make us eat our boots."

They knew the character of the chieftain who had so often led them into battle, and held over them the sway of a great and lofty mind. But the distress increased every day. Wan and wretched beings strolled about the streets, and wasted with famine, fell dead beside the walls of the palaces.

Emaciated females no longer able to nourish their infants, roamed about with the most piteous cries, reaching out their starving offsprings for help. The brave soldiers who had struggled for the past month so heroically against the foe, now went staggering in the streets for want of food. The sentinels could no longer stand at their posts, and were allowed to mount guard seated. The most desolate cries and lamentations loaded the midnight air, while at intervals came the thunder of cannon and the light of the blazing bomb as it hung like a messenger of death over the city.

Added to all, rumors were abroad that the inhabitants were about to revolt and fall on the army. Still Massena remained unshaken. Amid the dying and the dead he moved with the same calm and resolute mien he was wont to do amid the storm of battle. He could stand unmoved amid the shock of armies, and could also meet, without fear, the slow terrors of famine. His moral power was more controlling than the command he held. He disdained to reserve any food for himself, sharing cheerfully with them his dangers and his sufferings.—He, too, felt the power of famine on his own nature. Day by day he felt the blood course sluggishly through his veins, and night by night he lay down gnawed by hunger. His iron frame grew thin and his bronze cheek emaciated, yet his brave heart beat calm and resolute as ever. The eye that never blanched even at the cannon's mouth, now surveyed the distress and woe about him with the composure of one who is above the power of fate. But a new cause of alarm arose. The 7,000 or 8,000 prisoners grown desperate with famine, threatened every day to break out in open revolt. Massena had furnished them the same supplies as he did his own soldiers, and sent first to the Austrian commander, and then to Lord Keith, to supply them with provisions, giving his word and honor that none of them should go to the garrison They refusing to obey his request, he was compelled, in self-defence, to shut up the miserable prisoners in some old hulks of vessels which he anchored out in the port, and then directed a whole park of artillery to be turned on them the moment the sufferers should break loose.

The cries and howls of these wretched thousands struck terrors to the boldest heart—and the muffled sound rising night and day over the city, drew tears of pity even from those who themselves were perishing with famine. Still Massena would not yield. A courier sent from Bonaparte had passed by night through the English fleet in an open boat, and though discovered in the morning, and pursued, had boldly leaped into the sea with his sword in his mouth, and amid the bullets that hailed around him, he swam safely to the shore. Massena thus knew that Bonaparte was on the Alps, and determined to hold out to the last.—But several days had now passed, and no farther tidings were heard of him. Many of the soldiers in despair broke their arms, and others plotted a revolt. In this desperate strait Massena issued a proclamation to them appealing to their honor and bravery, and pointing to the example of their officers enduring the same privations with themselves. He told them Bonaparte was marching towards the city and would soon deliver them. But the weary days seemed ages, and when nearly a fortnight had passed without the tidings, the last gleam of hope seemed about to expire. But suddenly one morning a heavy rumbling sound was rolling over the Appenines, like the dull report of a distant cannon. The joy of the populace and soldiers knew no bounds.

"Bonaparte is come," ran like wild fire through the city. "We hear his cannon towards Bocheta," they exclaimed in transport, and rushed into each other's arms, and ran in crowds towards the ramparts to catch more distinctly the joyful sound.

Massena himself hurried to the heighth of Tanailes. Hope quickened his steps as the heavy sound broke on the city, and a gleam of joy shot over his countenance as he thought he should be saved the mortification of a surrender. But as he stood on the rampart and gazed off in the direction of the sound that had awakened such extravagant joy in the hearts of the besieged, he saw only the edge of a thunder cloud on the distant horizon; and what had been taken for the thunder of Bonaparte's cannon, was only the hoarse "mutterings of the storm in the gorges of the Appenines!"

The reaction on the soldiers and the people was dreadful. Blank melancholy and utter despair settled upon every face, and Massena felt that he must at last yield; for even of the loathsome bread on which they kept alive, there remained only two ounces to each man, and if they subsisted any longer it must be on each other. But the indomitable veteran did not yield until even these two ounces were gone, and even then delayed.

"Give me," said he to the Genoese in the anguish of his heart, "give me only two days' provision, or even one, and I will save you from the Austrian yoke, and my army the pain of a surrender."

But it could not be done, and he who deserved to conquer was compelled to treat with the enemy he had so often vanquished.

The Austrian general knowing his desperate condition, demanded that he should surrender at discretion. Massena, in reply, told him that his army must be allowed to march out with colors flying, with all their arms and baggage, and not as prisoners of war, but with liberty to fight when and where they pleased, the moment they were outside the Austrian lines.

"If you do not grant me this," said the iron willed Massena, "I will sally forth from Genoa sword in hand. With eight thousand men I will attack your camp, and will cut my way through it;" and he would have done it too.

Gen. Ott, fearing the action of such a leader the moment he should join Suchet, agreed to the terms if Massena would surrender himself a prisoner of war. This the old soldier indignantly refused.

It was then proposed the troops should depart by sea, so as to join Suchet's corps in time to render any assistance in the campaign of Bonaparte. To all these proposals Massena had but one reply—

"Take my terms or I'll cut my way through your army."

Gen. Ott knew the character of the man he had to deal with too well to allow things to come to such an issue, and so granted him his own terms. When leaving, Massena said to the Austrian General—

"I give you notice that ere fifteen days are passed I shall be once more in Genoa"—and he was.

Thus fell Genoa, defended by one of the bravest men that ever trod battle-field.—Nine days after, the battle of Marengo was fought, and Italy was once more in the hands of France.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

A correspondent (says the Boston Traveller) has sent us the following good dog story:

A gentleman, while discussing the merits of his dog, not long since, remarked that he was valuable to go on errands. As an illustration of this point, he privately secreted his handkerchief behind the cushion of the sofa, and left the inn in company with his dog. After walking for some minutes, he suddenly stopped, and said to his dog, "I have left my handkerchief at the inn, and want it"—giving no particular directions in reference to it. The dog immediately returned in full speed, and entered the room which his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon tables, counters, &c., but it was not to be seen. It proved that a friend had discovered it, and, supposing that it had been left by mistake, had retained it for the owner. But Tiger was not to befoiled of his master's property; he *must* have it. He flew about the room, apparently much excited, in quest of the "lost or stolen." Soon, however, he was "upon the track"—he scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking verbally for it, and was not accustomed to picking pockets; and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him. But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense; he seized the skirt containing the prize, and furiously tore it from the coat, and hastily made off with it, much to the surprise of its owner. Tiger overtook his master, and restored the lost property, receiving his approbation, notwithstanding he did it at the expense of the gentleman's coat.

At a subsequent interview, the gentlemen refused any remuneration for his torn garment, declaring that the joke was worth the price of his coat.

The owner of this dog is now in business in this city and can vouch for the correctness of this story.

[*From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.*

HENRY CLAY.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

There is an old man in our land—
A man of mighty mind;
And he has served his country well,
And toiled for human kind:—
And one who better loves our land,
In sooth, we may not find.

He hath upraised his voice of yore,
And spoken words of might,
And roused the struggling hearts of men
To battle for the right;
And at his word, o'er Grecian hills,
Beamed forth fair Freedom's light.

His words within the hearts of men,
Like fire were wont to glow,
And, trembling at their thundor tones,
The giant Wrong bent low,
As 'neath Judeah's tramp, fell down
The walls of Jericho.

And he has given his first-born son,
The glorious and the brave,
An offering at his country's shrine,
To fill a patriot's grave—
As Abraham, at the word of God,
His best beloved one gave.

And through this wide-spread, glorious land,
Where Freedom's shrine is reared,
A life of noblest deeds hath made
This man to all endeared:
And he is loved by friends, as well
As he by foes is feared.

Yet stands that noble-souled old man,
Before his country's eye—
As stood, amid the Forum's crowds,
Him of Corioli,—
With wounds which he disdains to show,
With bearing proud and high.

And will ye, who have marked his life,
Ye who have grasped his hand—
Ye who have felt his thrilling words
Arouse the startled land—
Will ye behold him in your midst,
Unmarked—neglected stand!

Shame on you—ye for whom he toiled,
If ye forget his deeds!
Shame on you—if ye hath that heart
Which now with sorow bleeds—
Shame on you—if ye now refuse
The sympathy he needs!

ADVENTURE IN HUNGARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On the third day after his departure from Vienna, a horse-dealer alighted at an inn situated at the entrance of a little town, which, to all appearance, was respectable and quiet. He recommended his horse to the care of the landlord, dried his clothes at the fire, and, as soon as supper was ready, sat down to the table with the host and his family, who appeared to be decent people.

During supper the traveller was asked where he came from, and on his answering from Vienna, they were all anxious to hear some news from the capital. The horse dealer told them all he knew. The landlord asked him what business had taken him to Vienna, to which he replied that he had been there to sell some of the very finest horses that had ever appeared in the market there.

At these words the landlord looked very significantly at the young man who sat opposite him, and who appeared to be his son. His expressive glance did not escape the observation of the traveller, who, however, took no notice of it; yet he very soon afterward had cause to regret his want of caution. Being in want of repose, he begged the landlord as soon as the supper was finished, to show him to his room. The landlord took a lamp and conducted the traveller across a yard, into a detached building, which contained two tolerably neat rooms. A bed was prepared at the farther end of the second.

As soon as the landlord had retired, the traveller undressed himself, unbuckled a a money-belt containing a considerable sum of gold, and took out his pocket-book, which was full of Austrian bank notes.

Having convinced himself that his money was right, he placed both under his pillow extinguished the light, and soon fell asleep, thanking God, and all the saints, for the success of his journey. He had slept but an hour or two when he was suddenly awakened by the opening of the window and immediately felt the night air blow upon him.

Startled at this unforseen circumstance, the traveller raised himself up in bed, and perceived the head and shoulders of a man, who was struggling to get into the room; at the same time he heard the voices of several persons who were standing under the window.

A dreadful terror seized our travellor, who gave himself up for lost; and scarcely knowing what he did, crept under the bed as quickly as possible. A moment afterwards a man sprang heavily into the room, and staggered up to the bed, supporting himself against the wall.

Confounded as the horse-dealer was, he nevertheless perceived that the intruder was inebriated, this circumstance however gave him little hope, for he had probably got intoxicated in order to summon up courage for the contemplated crime; besides this the traveller had heard the voices of persons outside, so that the murderer, in case of resistance, could count upon the assistance of his comrades.

But how great was his astonishment when he saw the unknown person throw his coat upon the floor, and stretch himself upon the bed which he had just quitted!—A few moments afterwards he heard the intruder snore and his terror began gradually to give way to reflection although the whole affair was quite incomprehensible to him.

He was just preparing to quit his hiding place, in order to awake the inmates of the house, and ask another bed in place of that from which he had been so unceremoniously expelled, when a new incident occurred.

He heard the outer door carefully opened, and on listening, the sound of cautious footsteps reached his ear. In a few moments, the door of his room opened, and two figures, those of the landlord and his son, stood on the threshold.

"Keep the lamp back!" muttered the father in a suppressed voice.

"What have we to fear!" said the young man: "we are two against one: besides he has only a small knife with him, and is sleeping soundly: hear how he snores."

"Do what I tell you," said the father angrily: "do you wish to awake him? would you have his cries alarm the neighborhood!"

The horse-dealer was horrified with the spectacle. He remained motionless under the bed, scarcely daring to breathe. The son shut the door after him, and the two wretches approached the bed on tiptoe.

An instant afterwards the bed was shook by a convulsive motion, and a stifled cry of pain confirmed the foreboding, that the unhappy man in the bed, had had his throat cut. After a short pause, of awful silence, the landlord said:

"It is over now; look for the money."

"I have found it under the pillow," said the son; "it is a leathern belt and a pocket-book."

The murderers disappeared.

Everything being now quiet, the traveller crept from under the bed, jumped out of the window, and hastened to the adjoining town to inform the authorities of what had happened.

The mayor immediately assembled the military, and in less than three-quarters of an hour, the inn was surrounded by soldiers who had been summoned to arrest the murderers. The whole house seemed buried in profound silence, but on approaching the stable they heard a noise. The door was immediately broken in, and the landlord and his son were seen busily digging a pit. As soon as the murderers saw the horse-dealer, they uttered a cry of horror, covered their faces with their hands, and fell to the ground.

This was neither from repentance nor the fear of punishment, but they thought they saw before them the ghost of the murdered man, notwithstanding they heard him speak. There was some trouble in convincing them to the contrary. They were then bound, and led to the out-house, where the horrible deed had been committed, anxious to see how the enigma would be solved.

The prisoners appeared tolerably collected, at least calm and sullen; but, when, on entering the room, they perceived the body which lay on the bed, the son fell senseless to the earth, and the father threw himself upon it with loud lamentations, clasped the bloody corpse, and exclaimed, despairingly:

"My son! oh my son! I, thy father, am thy murderer!"

The murdered man was, in fact, the youngest son of the host. Drunkenness was the only fault the young man had; and, this night, instead of being, as the father and brother supposed, in his own bed, he had gone out secretly, and had been carousing with some of his companions, at the ale-house.

Soon becoming sufficiently inebriated, and fearing his father's anger if he appeared before him in that state, he intended to pass the night in the detached out-house, as he had often done before. His companions had accompanied him thither, and helped him to climb up to the window.—The rest requires no other explanation.

Nor do we need to add, that the murderers expiated their crime with their life; and that the horse-dealer, although saved, and again in possession of his plundered property, still shudders at the recollection of that dreadful night.

AMERICA.

I cannot express the solemnity and emotion with which all I see, in the Italian States, impresses my mind with regard to America. Here, on these great hearths, heaped with the ashes of many civilizations—here, where one national existence after another has been kindled, burned brightly, and been extinguished—here, where the fine Etruscan race was ground beneath the iron heel of Rome—here, where the deluge of Northern barbarism swept the degenerated Roman Empire down; here, where the huge conception of spiritual dominion took body in that great church supremacy, which is vanishing like the ghost of a giant before the breath of Almighty Truth, the immortal, universal conqueror of these latter days of the earth—here, amid these stupendous memories and thoughts, how often do I muse upon that wonderful world beyond the Atlantic, dowered with a natural wealth unparalleled: the latest borne of Time, peopled by the descendents of the freest and wisest nations now on earth; not led through doubtful twilight ages of barbarous savageness and feudal semi-civilization, but borne like Pallas from the head of Jove, inheriting the knowledge of all previous times; endowed with the experience of all former nations; whose heroic age boasts of but one demigod, Washington. Oh! if wisdom and virtue should yet by times govern the councils of that people! if the consciousness of their unexampled position, betokening a ministry of infinite importance in the world, should ever appear to them in all its most majestic significance; if the spirit of that nation should ever fit the gigantic material proportions and incalculable physical resources of their country; then, indeed, a glorious Christian commonwealth may arise, and that kingdom of God, for whose coming all Christ's followers daily pray, begin to manifest itself in the holy national existence of a people who have made Christianity a government. How much these speculations, on the possible glorious future destinies of that wonderful country, are darkened by the mean and miserable manifestation of the present spirit of its people I can hardly say: my perception of one is equal to the other. And when I remember the God-gifted earth and sky, the huge expanse of territory, the variety of climate, and soil, and produce, the free and noble theory of government, the free and wholesome action of the spirits of men, the marvellous rapidity of progress, the portentous mental and physical activity at work among all these mighty elements—admiration, astonishment, disgust, dismay, and fear and hope, alternate in my mind, till all resolves itself into earnest praying that God will save that people from becoming by the light of their own great gifts and great promises, the despair instead of the hope of the world.—*Fanny Kemble Butler.*

[COMMUNICATED.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been observing for some time with contempt rather than with anger, some of the productions, which for the past week or two have been issuing from the brains of would-be critics and wisemen, in the shape of printed sheets and manuscripts, no doubt published for the benefit of the good citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity, but in fact only serving as topics of gossip for old women and news-mongers. These productions at first excited pity at the ignorance and stupidity of those engaged in the affairs, to think that they should have the presumption to throw before an enlightened community the results of a severe drubbing of their brains in the shape of stale puns, copied witticisms, and ridiculous wonders. The littleness of this behavior and the ridiculous attending it was thrown, however, entirely into the background, by the baseness of some of the allusions, and the meanness of some of the insinuations thrown out, and it became no longer a source of ridicule but of anger. The first which made its appearance in a printed form, was the "Torch," a name chosen either by some mistake, or purposely as a flare by means of which the defects in their maiden efforts might be covered. This seems to have been conducted by some of the town *gentry*, and no doubt was a hit at the behaviour of some of the students of the College, in which they entirely failed. Now we do not, by any means, wish to palliate or excuse any misdemeanor of students, but that a man cannot speak in public according to his own manner, or that another one cannot wear a torn coat through town, without being assailed by such a vile, insignificent sheet as the "Torch," is almost too bad, and calls for censure from every one possessing one spark of the gentleman within him.—This, however, might have been passed over in silence and contempt, had it not been for the succession of two others of a similar nature, one of which was much worse. To the "Eleutheria" and its literary merits we will refer presently; but of another one, the name of which alone, at once shows the dignity and great taste of its editors, we wish particularly to speak. This sheet, in manuscript form, was pushed under the doors of citizens on the morning of the 5th, and of course obtained the circulation which its editorial corps wished.—The sheet itself is nothing but a tissue of base insinuations, indelicate puns, and, in some places, absolutely vulgar expressions and sayings. No person at whom any arrow of slander could be aimed is left untouched, and even the innocent are accused unjustly, whilst the mole-hill faults and foibles of many are converted by the magic wand of these mighty magicians and argus-eyed editors into mountains of vice, and exposed to the gaze of all as a subject of merriment and ridicule. Even the ladies are not left untouched by this infamous sheet, but unwarranted liberty is taken with their names and made to answer their selfish ends.—Puns are made on them both vulgar and at the same time possessing no merit in themselves, whilst matters of a private nature are brought out and exposed to public view. What object these persons (for we cannot say gentlemen) can have in issuing such a paper we cannot imagine. If they say it is to expose vice, as is generally argued by the conductors of such papers, we answer, they have taken a strange way to accomplish it, by exposing private transactions and slandering ladies. If they did it for the purpose of showing what little wit they possessed, they are justly criminal and deserve to be *lynched* in the most approved manner. Thus it is easily seen that there can be no palliation or defence which can be offered in their behalf, and they must be set down at a very low standard indeed, and treated as moving in a very low circle of society. As to its literary merits we have nothing to say, and will only advise them, affectionately, to study their dictionaries and learn to spell correctly before they attempt to write.—We now come to the "Eleutheria." We have nothing to say as to its personality—it was kept within proper bounds; but as to its merits as a literary production we wish to say a few words, and in order that we may exemplify our point, we will take the "Ode to Freedom" as an instance—in which both learning and poetical genius shine pre-eminent. This master-piece is headed "Original Poetry," an assertion which, by the way, was useless, as it speaks for itself, and proclaims very plainly to an admiring world the originality of the author and the beauty of some of his poetical flights. Listen to what he says:

"To sing the beauties of sweet Freedom's name
All nature bends in one universal strain."

Now, there are two things in this passage which must not be passed over unrectified. He has presented to our minds a new idea, worthy to be treasured up and remembered,—"the beauties of sweet Freedom's name." We must acknowledge that this is the first time we ever knew that "Freedom" had another name than its own, and of course cannot judge of its beauty, but rather think he will have hard work to obtain for this babe its Christian name, especially one so pretty as he imagines it must be. Then look at the measure of these two lines; are they not admirable? See with what effect the "universe" comes in; truly there must have been "a screw loose" somewhere in his poetical machinery, else we cannot see how that line was *ground* out. Then see what method he has thrown into the next lines:

"The sun, moon, and twinkling stars of even
Proclaim the hand by whom they were given."

For our part we are at a loss to conceive the exact meaning of this stanza, unless he had reference to the idea of the ancients as contained in their mythology,—that the moon and stars were *split* off from the sun. But he cannot have meant this because he has the sun increased in the verse. Indeed the idea of the stars being "riven" struck us so forcibly that we paused here, and tried to discover how that operation was performed, but could not succeed and were obliged to give it up, but at all events felt rather alarmed to think of