

THE STAR AND BANNER.

A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

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NEW SERIES—NO. 18.

ROBESPIERRE.

The career of Robespierre, and the events by which he fell, has always appeared to us to be two of the most striking things in the French Revolution. His overthrow was the work only of a few hours. When he rose to defend himself in the Convention, the yells and hisses were so great, that he was obliged to raise the tribune. He was arrested, dragged to the guillotine, and executed. All this, in less than twenty-four hours! Mr. E. H. Bresselt, of New York, has just published a volume of poems, in which are the following noble strains, commemorating that triumph of freedom over tyranny:

PLACE DE LA REVOLUTION.

(10 JANUARY, 1794.)

Here let us stand—the windows and the leads,
And roofs are crowded—not a space between
And in the middle, where the sun of heads,
Shines the black Guillotine.

A mighty, restless multitude is there,
Madness with joy, from the unoccupied town—
And the walls tremble at their shout, whence'er
That heavy steel comes down!

The nearly over—twenty heads have rolled,
One after one, upon the black—white chert,
And eyes, and noses, howled by hate untold,
Rang in their dying ears!

One more is left—and now, amid a storm
Of cannon, and yells that seem the air to rent,
They raise upright a ghastly human form,
Mangled, yet still alive!

Likewise swarming from a deadly prison,
His eyes, and nose, and mouth, and living plain—
These lips, and eyes, and he shuts them soon,
Never to see again!

As that fallen, late, wandering gaze he took,
Perhaps those cruel eyes, in hopeless mood,
Sought, in their vision, some pitying look,
Mid that vast multitude.

Sought, but in vain; 't was close wedged, and crushed,
And mixed—
Squash, street, and house too-crowded—his
surveys

A hundred thousand human eyes, all fixed
In one fierce pillar, down murderer,
Down to the plank! 't was the brutal headless man,
That bloody ray—'t was spare him needless pain!
One cry! O God that we may never hear
A cry like that again!

And the axe falls on Robespierre!
That trumpet blast bids done its office well—
Hark to the night, hark to the murderer!
Down to thy native hell!

Again that terrible shout! All men a-rear,
And they in dungeons marvel what it mean!
Hurray! and louder, louder yet, hurrah
For the good guillotine!

Well, say you draw a fiercer, longer breath—
A hundred thousand, feel their chert more
light—
Your foe is lodged in the strong prison of death!
Paris shall sleep to-night!

Action.—Who ever became a man of influence by sitting under the narrow of despondency! Who slow-poker ever befooled the world, his friends or himself! There is nothing like action, coupled with cheerfulness. We see it everywhere.—Who is he, sitting on that empty barrel on a prey to grief. He doesn't know what to do and how to start. Who is that man with folded arms, standing in the market place! A lazy do-little sort of a vagabond, who hardly earns his bread and butter.—Do you not wish to become such a character! Then arise, my friend! away from the arm chair—step from the gutter—out of the downy bed. Move your arms, kick your feet, and stir about: give the blood a chance to circulate through your veins, and the air of heaven to enter your lungs. Seize the first job presented and despatch it at once—up for the pay and get another forthwith. You'll soon earn enough to purchase a wheel-barrow or a hand-cart, and then you'll begin to live. Who knows what you may become! Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings end in large gains; a penny well turned brings a fortune. Resolve then to do something, and your word for it, you will bless us to your dying day for preaching thus faithfully to you. [New York Organ.]

THE FELON'S MOTHER; OR AN HOUR IN THE PENITENTIARY.

During our sojourn in Philadelphia, last summer, we one day accepted an invitation to visit the Penitentiary there. We had letters to the kind-hearted Warden, Mr. Scattergood, (a most appropriate name; by the way) who extended to us all the courtesy we could have desired. We were conducted through the Prison, and in company with Mr. S. we entered several of the cells. The Superintendent learning we were from Boston, informed us that a prisoner was confined here, for passing counterfeit money, who hailed from Massachusetts. He had been there some two or three years, and we found him a very intelligent man. His cell was exceedingly cleanly, and upon a table in the corner, we discovered several standard books, a Bible, &c., which gave evidence of having been thoroughly read by the prisoner. He was said to be very industrious, and certainly appeared comfortable under the circumstances. His name was George —. He remarked that he was glad to see any one from Boston, and seriously regretted that he should have been one of the few Bostonians, comparatively, who had discharged the Old Bay State. He was happy, apparently, and as we parted, we shook his hand, and remarked that we should be glad to call on him again in a few weeks. You will be sure, sir, to find me at home," said he, with a smile, as we left the door of his cell.

As we entered the reception room once more, a bulky despatch was handed to the Warden by one of his deputies, and upon opening it, he informed us that it was a pardon for one of the convicts. We enquired if it would encroach upon the prison rules under such circumstances, to accompany the Warden to the cell, while he should read it to the prisoner, and were kindly informed we could join him. We soon reached the cell, where we found a fresh faced young man, of perhaps twenty-four, who was busily engaged at a little loom, weaving.

"Good morning, John," said the Warden, blandly, as we entered.
"Good morning, Sir."
"These keeps busy, John."
"O, yes, sir; but it's very dull."
"Does the tire of your work, John?"
"No, sir—but I think of home."
"And that would like to visit home once more."
"Oh, sir—if I could but do so."
"And there would not return again, if I would try to deserve better, Sir."
"Well, John, what would they say, if I should tell them I had a pardon for thee?"
"Oh, sir, such news would be too good."
"But these would like to hear it!"
"I care not for myself so much," said the poor prisoner, and tears filled his eyes—"but for my wife and child, I would be so happy!"

"And these would shun bad company, John?"
"Oh, yes, and I would labor for my wife and little one."
"Well, John, here is thy pardon," continued the good old man—and he read the document which freed this unfortunate being, who had been the dupe of other knaves. We had the pleasure of seeing him released, after a three years' confinement, and of learning that he had joined his young family to which he has since been a faithful guardian.

We passed out to the anti-room again, where we encountered a new comer, who had just reached the prison as we entered. He had been sent up for five years, on a charge of embezzlement.

He was elegantly attired in the latest style of fashion, and possessed all the nonchalance and devil-may-care appearance of a genteel rascal. He twirled his watch chain, looked particularly knowing at a couple of ladies who chanced to be present, and seemed utterly indifferent about himself or the predicament he was placed in. "The Warden read his commitment, and addressed him with—
"Charles, I am sorry to see thee here."
"It can't be helped, old fellow!"
"What is thy age, Charles?"
"Twenty-three."
"A Philadelphia?"
"Well—kinder, and kinder not."
"Thou has disgraced thyself sadly."
"Well, I ain't troubled, old cock."
"Thee looks not like a rogue."
"Master of opinion."
"Thee was well situated."
"Yes, well enough!"
"A good employment?"
"Well—so, as the response."
"And thee has parents?"
"Yes."
"Perhaps thee has a mother, Charles.—The convict had been standing during this brief dialogue perfectly unconcerned and reckless, until this last interrogatory was put. Had a thunderbolt struck him he could not have fallen more sudden than his ear! He sank into a chair—a torrent of tears gushed from his eyes—the very fountain of his heart seemed to have burst on the instant! He recovered, partially, and said imploringly to the Warden—
"Don't you, sir—for God's sake don't call her name in this dreadful place! Do what you may with me, but don't mention that name to me!"

There were tears in other eyes besides the prisoner's, and an aching silence pervaded the group who surrounded the unfortunate convict. He was removed to an adjoining apartment and stripped, and shortly afterwards he reappeared upon the corridor. He passed silently on, in charge of a deputy keeper, to a lonely cell in a distant part of the prison, the door creaked on its hinges, he disappeared, the chain dropped from the outside bolts, and Charles — was a close prisoner for five long years to come!—Boston Times.

A man's life is a staircase of many steps that, as he toils up, crumble successively behind him; no going back, the past is an abyss; no stopping, for the present perishes.

EARLY RISING.—"Hallo, Jim, get up; thou hast been sleeping two hours."
"Well, if I had to travel as far as he has to-day, I'd have been up three hours ago."

DROWNING OF SIX HUNDRED SLAVES.

In the year 1830, there was hovering on the African coast a dapper brig, called the Brillante, commanded by a desperado named Homans. Homans was an Englishman by birth, and was known along the whole coast and in Cuba, as the most successful slaver of the day. The brig was owned by two men residing in Havana, one an Englishman, the other a Spaniard. She was built to carry six hundred negroes, and in her Homans had made ten successful voyages, actually landing in Cuba five thousand negroes! The brig carried ten guns, had thirty sweeps and a crew of 60 Spaniards, most of them old pirates, as desperate as their commander. "An English brig-of-war," which attacked her, was so cut up in hull and rigging, that she was abandoned and soon after sunk; an English sloop-of-war attempted to carry the Brillante with boats, which were beaten off with great slaughter. Now it was known that Homans was again on the coast, and it was resolved to make another attempt to take him, with the evidence of his guilt on board. The arrangements for this purpose were well made. He was allowed to take in his cargo of negroes and set sail.

The Brillante did not lose sight of the coast, when the quick eye of the commander discovered that he was entrapped.—Four cruizers, three of them English, and one American, had been lying in wait for him, and escape was hopeless. In running away from one he would come within another. Night was coming on, and Homans was silently regarding his pursuers, when suddenly the huge sails of the brig flapped idly—the wind died away, and the slaver was motionless on the waters. "This will not do," Homans muttered, knocking away the ashes from his cigar—"thy boats will be down upon me before I am ready for the visit," and as he said this his stern face lit up with a smile, the expression of which was diabolical. It was evident enough that he meditated some desperate plan.

A dozen sweeps were got out, and the brig moved slowly through the water. "Meanwhile, the darkness having deepened, Homans proceeded to carry out his design. The cable attached to the heaviest anchor was taken outside of the hawse hole, and carried round the stern, and then forward on the other side. The hatches were then taken off, and the negroes passed up, each securely ironed by the wrists. As the miserable wretches came up from the hot hold, into the fresh air, they expressed by their looks a gratitude which would have softened the heart of any but the fiend in whose power they were. Without a word they were led to the side and made to bend over the rail, outside of which the chain ran. The irons which clasped their wrists were then fastened by smaller chains to the links of the cable.—It was slow work, but at the end of four hours 600 Africans, male and female, were bending over the rail of the brig, in a painful position, holding by their chained hands the huge cable, which was attached to a heavy anchor, suspended by a single sling from the bow.

Homans himself examined the fastenings, to see that every negro was strongly bound to the chain. "This done, he ordered the pen work of the hold to be broken up, brought on deck, bound up in matting, and well filled with shot, and thrown overboard. The work was completed an hour before daybreak, and now the only witnesses of Homans's guilt were attached to that fatal chain. Homans turned to the mate, and, with a smile full of meaning, said in Spanish—
"Harro, take an axe and go forward.—The wind will come off to us soon. Listen to the word, and when you hear it cut the sling."

The man went forward, and Homans turned and in vain endeavored to penetrate the darkness. "I don't want to lose the niggers," he said, speaking aloud, "and I dare not wait until daylight. I wish I knew where the bounds were."
At that instant the report of a gun reached his ear, then another, and another, and another in different directions. The cruizers were firing signals.
"That's enough," exclaimed Homans, "I know where you are." Then raising his voice he cried, "Harro, are you ready?" The wind will rush us down."
"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.
In a few minutes the sails began to fill, and the vessel moved slowly through the water.

"How much water do you suppose we have here?" asked Homans, turning to the man at the wheel.
"Fifty fathoms, at least," was the reply.
"That'll do," the slaver muttered, and he walked forward, and examined carefully the "chain gang," as he brutally called his diabolical invention.
The negroes sent up piteous groans.—For many hours they had been bent over in this unnatural position, by which they were suffering the keenest torture. The breeze strengthened, and the Brillante was dashing like a racer over the deep. Homans hailed from the quarter-deck, while his men, collected in groups, saw unmoved the consumption of his plan.
"Are you ready, Harro?"
"Ay, ay, sir."
Homans looked round, and into the darkness, which was fast giving way to the morn. Then he thundered out—
"Strike!"

There was the sound of a single blow, a heavy plunge, and, as the cable fell off the side, a crash, above which rose one terrible shriek.—It was the last cry of the murdered African! One moment more, and all was still. Six hundred human beings had gone down with that anchor and chain into the depth of the ocean!
Two hours after daybreak the Brillante was overhauled. There was no evidence that she was a slaver, and her captors were obliged to let her pass. The instructions to cruizers at the time did not allow a vessel to be captured unless negroes were found on board.

Somebody says that in order to get on well in the world, it is requisite for a man to have gold in his pocket, iron in his hands, silver in his tongue and brass in his face.

From Campbell's Rough Recollections. IN BED WITH A SERPENT.

I might have slept some four or five hours, and a dreamless and satisfying sleep it was; but certain it is—scarcely by what they will, and skeptics will doubt by handful on the assertion of metaphysics—that before I awoke, and in my dreamless slumber, I had a visible perception of peril, a consciousness of the hovering presence of death! How to describe my feelings I know not; but as we have all read and heard that if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed on the countenance of a sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will be sure to start up, awakened by the mysterious magnetism of a recondite principle of clairvoyance, so it was that, with shut eyes and drowsy-up senses, an inward vision was pressed upon me to detect the living presence of danger near me—to see, though sleep-blind, a formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if the peril that was my night-mate was of a nature to be quickened into fatal activity by any motion on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying quite still, so that when I at last awoke and felt that as I lay with my face towards the roof, there was a thick, heavy, creeping thing on my chest, I started up, not uttered a word of panic.

Danger ad fear may occasionally dull the senses and paralyze the faculties; but they more frequently sharpen both; and ere I could twist, with my eyes, I was broad awake and aware that, coiled and coiling itself up into a circle of white, an enormous serpent was on my breast.—When I tell you that the whole of my chest, and even the pit of my stomach, were covered with the cold, scaly proportions of the reptile, you will own that it must have been one of considerable size. What my thoughts were, so made up of abhorrence, dread, and the expectation, nay, assurance of speedy death that must follow any movement on my part, I can never hope to tell in language sufficiently distinct and vivid to convey their full force. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length scented itself to sleep; and I felt the fearful that attracted by my breath, it had not approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still and its weighty pressure—its first clammy chilliness becoming gradually (so it seemed to me), of a burning heat—and the odious, indescribable odor which exhaled from its body pervaded the whole air, so overpowered me that it was only by a severe struggle I preserved myself from shrieking.

As it was, a cold sweat burst from every pore; I could hear the beating of my heart, and I felt, to my increased dismay, that the palsy of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. It will work, thought I, and then all is over! At that juncture, something—it might have been a well-lizard or a large beetle—fell from the ceiling upon my left arm, which lay outstretched at my side. The snake, recoiling its head, raised itself with a low hiss; and then, for the first time, I saw it—saw the hood, the terrible crest glittering in the moonshine. It was a Gobra di Capello! Shading my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glance encountered mine, all would have been over; but, apparently, it was once more asleep; and presently I heard the Lascari moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent, and striking a light. A thought suddenly struck me, and with an impulse I could ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effects were so providential, I uttered, in a loud but sepulchral tone, "Kulassi! Lascari!" "Sahib!" was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt.

I lay still again; for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, sid'd its head, as I suppose, fell upon my naked arm.—Oh, God! the agony of that moment, when I supposed I debated with myself whether I should endeavor to attack the loathsome thing, or whether it would not be better, than either to start up at once, and shake the disgusting burden from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned, because of the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal; impeded by the heavy coils of the creature, weak and nervous from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again, therefore, I spoke with the hollow but distinct accents which arise from the throat, when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle: "Kulassi chirah!" "Lascari, a lantern!" "Lath own, sahib," I am bringing it, sir. There was then a sound of the clanking metal; light, advancing, flashed across the roof of the veranda, and at the noise of coming footsteps, lo! one after one its terrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body, and the last sounds which struck my sense of hearing were the "Ya ilahi, samp!" (Oh God, a snake!) of the Lascari; for I fainted away for the first time in my life.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—The red men of the forest sometimes criticize the conduct, sentiments and belief of the whites in a bold and searching manner. The ingenious and cutting reply of Red Jacket to the request to adopt the religion of the whites, must be generally remembered. Not less bold and striking was a remark of John Milton, one of the Seneca Indians, at a recent council of that nation. The subject of removing these Indians beyond the Mississippi being under consideration, he said that he wished to remain near the graves of his red fathers till the Great Spirit called him home; that he had no confidence in his white fathers. Why should he have? His white fathers murdered their Saviour, and what kind of treatment could a poor Indian expect from men who had killed the Son of God.

"I CAN'T," has ruined many a man—has been the tomb of bright expectation and ardent hope. Let "I will try," be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try, keep trying, if you would prosper in the world.

POLITICAL.

From the Pennsylvania Telegraph.

Locofoco Calumny.—Mr. Patton's Bankruptcy.

A CLEAR STATEMENT OF FACTS.

After our paper had gone to press, we received the following communications of JACOB M. HALDEMAN, Esq., of Harrisburg, and others to whom JOSEPH W. PATTON, the Whig candidate for Canal Commissioner, was indebted at the time he became a bankrupt, who seeing him unjustly assailed, had voluntarily come forward and tendered their testimony in his behalf, that those who are not personally acquainted with his merits and high standing may not be imposed upon by the unprincipled slanders of the Locofoco Press.

We have received a statement of the return of the liabilities of Mr. Patton, together with the amount paid by him since, and the amount now due, which we annex:

Liabilities returned,	\$21,543
Deduct Mr. Haldeinan's claim,	15,000
Balance still unpaid,	6,543
Indorsed—for which he finds himself liable,	900
Errors in his return, since allowed covered,	1,400
	16,600
Leaving his own liabilities,	4,943
Paid since, (of which certificates show, appears of \$5,000)	4,900
Balance still unpaid,	43

Now we ask if there is any man who has been bankrupt at any time of his life, who can show a cleaner sheet than this! With these facts staring him in the face is there any man who dare charge Joseph W. Patton with owing twenty thousand dollars, or with being a dishonest man? We invite all to read the following certificates, and say whether Mr. Patton is not a greatly persecuted man.

We should have mentioned in the statement above, that when Mr. Patton went into bankruptcy he showed losses to the amount of \$6,900—which he had earned by dint of severe application to business, and commendable enterprise. Besides this he had the misfortune to be, in bad health from 1840 to 1844, which prevented him from making money and paying off much of his indebtedness.

Mr. Patton has thus been compelled to bring his private affairs before the public. It has been done reluctantly; but we are mistaken if the voters of Pennsylvania do not administer a severe rebuke to the authors and abettors of such persecution.

TESTIMONY OF JACOB M. HALDEMAN AND OTHERS.

HARRISBURG, SEPT. 3, 1847.

To the Editor of the Pennsylvania Telegraph.

Sir—I have learned that Joseph W. Patton is charged by some of his political opponents with defrauding his creditors by means of the Bankrupt Law. Being charged to be unfounded and unjust, and having an intimate knowledge of the cause of his pecuniary difficulties, I thought proper, as an act of justice to Mr. Patton, to make the following statement.

In 1831, I owned one-third of an Iron establishment in Cumberland County, at which Mr. Patton had managed the year preceding. Mr. Patton, although entirely without capital, was induced by the solicitations, and liberal offers of assistance from the owner of the other two-thirds of the property, (who was anxious to have his services in the management of the concern,) to purchase my interest for \$23,750, besides agreeing to pay my share of the debt then owing by the concern. Some time after making the purchase, he discovered that the owner was very much involved in pecuniary difficulties, and that it would most likely involve himself, and prevent him from paying for the property. He expressed a wish to sell out, but did not succeed in getting a purchaser. I advised him to go on and do the best he could. The next year his partner failed, and from that time Mr. Patton carried on the works himself under many difficulties and embarrassments until the fall of 1835, when he failed. I then stated to him that if he would pay me a balance of about \$450 of unpaid interest, I would take back the real property and release him entirely which he was then not able to do.

He paid while he held the property, the yearly interest on the purchase money; (excepting the \$150) and a portion of the debt due by the concern when he purchased. His personal property was sold for the benefit of other creditors, and the real estate was bought by me at Sheriff sale for about twelve thousand dollars less than he was to pay me for it. In 1839 he paid me the balance of interest due at the time he failed, and I then told him I would give him a release at any time he wished. It appears that as the judgments were still unsatisfied, he thought it necessary to return the amount of twelve thousand dollars, in his statement of liabilities, although I never intended asking him to pay it.—Mr. Patton was young and energetic, and easily led to embrace an opportunity, as he and as I thought it, of rising to the world. Unfortunately it turned out very differently from his expectations, when he entered into the concern. Mr. Patton came to five with me upwards of twenty years ago, a young man, and assisted me in carrying on my Iron works, milling and farming for several years. I can state with pleasure that I never had in my employment a man with whom I was better pleased, and I cheerfully give my testimony as to his industry, sobriety, integrity, and qualifications for business.

J. M. HALDEMAN.

CHARLESTON, SEPT. 7, 1847.

This is to certify that when Joseph W. Patton failed, I was liable for him to the amount of about two thousand dollars, from which I was relieved by the sale of his

personal property, with the exception of about sixty dollars, which he paid me some years after; and although differing in my political opinions, with Mr. Patton, I consider it due to him to say that his conduct towards me was highly honorable.

W. M. MOORE.

MILLERSBURG, SEPT. 6, 1847.

When Jos. W. Patton failed in business, he was indebted to the firm of J. D. PATTON, & Co., about eleven hundred dollars. He made several payments on account, amounting to about SIX HUNDRED DOLLARS, and leaving the balance unpaid of two hundred dollars. Knowing that the means of paying his debts was to be acquired by his personal exertions, I think he merits praise for what he has done rather than censure because he has not been able to pay all.

J. D. PATTON.

ADAMS COUNTY, SEPT. 7, 1847.

This is to certify that when Jos. W. Patton failed in business, he was in my debt for hauling wood. That he made payments at different times, on account both before and since he took the benefit of the Bankrupt Law, UNTIL THE WHOLE AMOUNT WAS PAID.

EDWARD WARREN.

SHIPPENSBURG, SEPT. 4, 1847.

This is to certify that when Jos. W. Patton failed in business, he was largely in my debt. That since he has made me frequent payments, amounting altogether to about FIFTY HUNDRED DOLLARS. One or two payments was made shortly after he received the benefit of the Bankrupt Law. He is still considerably in my debt. I have always had confidence in Mr. Patton's disposition to pay his debts whenever he would be able to do so, and that confidence has been strengthened by the fact of his making PAYMENTS WHEN NOTHING COMPELLED HIM TO DO SO, BUT HIS OWN HONOR AND HOPEFULTY.

PAUL MARTIN.

SHIPPENSBURG, SEPT. 4, 1847.

This is to certify that Jos. W. Patton was about sixty dollars in my debt when he failed in business. That about two or three years after, when I was prevented by bad health from attending to my business, I sent my account against him to a friend, to whom he paid the full amount. Although differing from Mr. Patton in my political opinions, I deem it due to him to thus certify to his honorable conduct towards me.

L. K. DONAVAN.

SHIPPENSBURG, SEPT. 4, 1847.

This is to certify that when Joseph W. Patton received the benefit of the Bankrupt Law he owed me fifty dollars. That since he made several payments until the whole, (with the exception of one dollar,) has been paid; the last payment being made on the 21st February, 1846.—I may add that I had been offered forty dollars for my claim but refused it, believing in the honor and honesty of Mr. Patton, who would pay whenever it was in his power. I have not been disappointed. I have generally voted with the Democratic party.

JOHN BUTTS.

MARY ANN FERNES, SEPT. 4, 1847.

I do certify that when Joseph W. Patton received the benefit of the Bankrupt Law he was considerably in my debt for hauling wood. That since then he has made me three payments on account, and I have confidence that Mr. Patton will pay me the balance whenever he may be able to do so.

DAVID BAXTER.

FRANKLIN COUNTY, SEPT. 4, 1847.

This is to certify that since Joseph W. Patton received the benefit of the Bankrupt Law he has paid part of what he owed me, and I rely on Mr. Patton's promise to pay me more whenever he can do so.

JOHN HORNISHL.

PATERSON, SEPT. 7, 1847.

This is to certify that when Joseph W. Patton received the benefit of the Bankrupt Law he was indebted to me. That since then, about two years ago he paid me fifty dollars on account, and that he has made me another payment since; about one half of the debt being paid.

MATTHEW MOORE.

THE HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY.—The Muncy Luminary gives rather an amusing description of the Lycoming County Locofoco Convention which met at Williamsport last week, which furnishes another evidence of the "union and harmony" existing in the Locofoco ranks, and the enthusiasm that prevails in favor of "Old Shunk." The Convention, it seems, commenced a regular "knock down and drag out fight," with "ground and lofty tombling by the whole company," and afforded considerable amusement to a large number of good-natured Whigs, who had been attracted to the house to witness the sport. The first speaker who addressed the meeting was a little "balmy," as the saying is, and his remarks were as scorching to the Shunkites as they were amusing to the Whigs. He pitched into "Old Huckerism" like a thousand bricks, declaring that "Shunk was a d—d rascal, and I'm told he would beat him!" This alarmed the Shunkites, and they called for another orator, who made his appearance; but the first speaker was determined not to yield the floor. The scene that now ensued beggars all description. Both orators took off their coats and went on, as the Luminary says, like two mad bulls—first one speaking and then the other—all the while the house in a perfect storm of shouts, laughter, noise, and confusion worse confounded—until finally one of them struck some one in the crowd, and a GENERAL MELÉE ENSUED. This is a faint picture of scenes which Locofoco meetings constantly exhibit. If those speeches could only be reported verbatim, it would furnish a rich specimen of Locofocoism as seen behind the curtain.

Gov. SHUNK, remember, has been in office thirty years, and has received in that time over \$70,000, or more than \$2,234 a year! Yet the people are called upon to give him \$9,000 more. What has become of the boasted "Democratic" doctrines of "One Term," and "Rotation in Office?"

Voters of Adams County.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk recommended the REPEAL OF THE TARIFF OF 1816, by which American Industry must be brought into ruinous competition with foreign pauper Labor.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, by usurping powers delegated by the Constitution to Congress alone, has involved the country in an UN-NECESSARY WAR, waged for the dismemberment of a sister Republic, and the propagation of American Slavery.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk gave orders to the commander of our squadron in the Gulf not to obstruct the PASSAGE OF SANTA ANNA INTO MEXICO, by which act the broken and despoiled soldiers of the enemy were furnished with a favorite and popular leader.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk asserted himself to the utmost TO DEGRADE ORNS. SCOTT & TAYLOR, by repeatedly urging upon Congress the appointment of a Lieutenant-General to supersede them both.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, by withholding the requisite supplies of men, has, throughout the entire campaign, embarrassed the operations of these officers, and forced them to engage the enemy under desperate odds.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk's official organ, the Washington Union, recommended that the war be converted into A CRUSADE AGAINST THE ESTABLISHED RELIGION OF MEXICO, and that the temples of Religion be destroyed and pillaged, to procure means for earning on the war.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk, in the true spirit of black-cocked Federalism, CHARGED TREASON upon all who dare to speak of his sins, or call in question the merits of his administration.

REMEMBER, That James K. Polk warmly urged upon the last Congress to lay a revenue tax of 20 per cent. on TEA AND COFFEE, and that the Union freely denounced those members of "the party" who refused obedience to his Executive's orders.

AND AS FOR REMEMBER THESE THINGS, RESEMBER ALSO, that the late Locofoco County Convention, which called upon our cast your suffrages for Mr. SUEVA, APPROVED of all these acts of Mr. Polk by adopting the following resolution:

Resolved, That the course pursued by JAMES K. POLK, during his truly trying administration, MEETS OUR MOST HEARTY APPROBATION; and that the honesty, ability and firmness he manifested in the prosecution of the present war, notwithstanding the opposition he meets with in the Federal party, eminently entitle him to the esteem and admiration of the American people.

FAILURE IN NEW YORK.—New York was thrown into a complete gloom last week, and the business men were shocked, by the announcement of the stoppage of the extensive firm of Prime, Ward & Co. It is supposed that their liabilities amount to \$2,000,000; and it is said that \$500,000 were offered them if they would go on, but they declined it. It is said that the failure of Giles, Son & Co., of England, and others who were heavily indebted to the New York firm, occasioned the stoppage.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.—A lady (says the Syracuse (N. Y.) Journal,) visiting at one of our first families, who was assisting in making arrangements for a wedding party, a few days since narrowly escaped death by tasting the oil of almonds. Having inhaled the vital and merely touched the cork with the tip of the tongue, she was suddenly seized with violent spasms and severe pain, which continued for nearly twenty-four hours, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of the physicians.

Running away with another man's wife is now called "stealing female clothing," as decided at Pittsburg. A man named Taylor was arrested by the husband of a woman (Mrs. Davis) with whom he had eloped from Detroit. The husband, failing in reaching him by any other process, brought him before the Mayor charged with larceny in the taking away of his wife's clothes. He was brought before Judge Lowrie on a writ of habeas corpus. His honor, after hearing the evidence, postponed his decision for two days, when he remanded the prisoner to jail to await the requisition of the authorities of Michigan on a charge of larceny. This is bringing the stealing of hearts down to the unromantic reality of stealing clothes.

VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.—The editor of the Advertiser, Rochester, New York, says: "We were yesterday shown a limb of an apple tree which had upon it, within the space of seventeen inches, no less than sixty-five apples. They were placed upon the stick like kernels upon a corn-cob. Yesterday we saw a cucumber which bears all a fraction. Also, a branch of a peach tree about two feet long, which bore sixty-three peaches!"

FAIL RESULT.—John W. Miller, one of a party of Calithumpians who set out to insult a young married couple, in Hampshire county, Va., was drowned by falling into the North river, on the night of the 1st inst. The party were fired upon, and in their hasty retreat this accident occurred.

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—A dreadful affair took place at Patterson, New Jersey, on Wednesday week. Two men, father and son, named Campbell, had a severe quarrel, during which the former attempted to take the life of the latter. The son, to escape from his father, took to the river, but the father pursued him, and both getting beyond their depth, and not being able to swim, sunk together in a watery grave.

A NEW ARTICLE OF FOON has just been discovered in Algeria, which, it is said, promises advantageous results to mankind. It is a species of moss, suitable, according to an article in the Boston advertiser, for the food of beasts and men.

Hon. Geo. H. PROFFIT, formerly an Indiana member of Congress, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 5th inst. He was elected to Congress as a Whig, and proved a ready debater. After the defection of Mr. Tyler, he abandoned the Whig party and figured among the "Corporal's Guard."