THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XVIII.—34. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 5, 1847. NEW SERIES—NO. 34.

DRUG & BOOK STORE,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE Subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to the Public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh SUPPLY OF

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
PAINT-BRUSHES,
Paints, Varnish, Dyestuffs

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of *Classical, Theological, School, and Miscellaneous*

BOOKS,

embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery

of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Inkstands, &c. &c., all of which will, as usual, be sold ☞*AT THE LOWEST PRICES.*

☞Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Cities.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1840.

☞I have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

CHEAP BOOKS!

THE undersigned has constantly on hand a large assortment of Family and

Pocket Bibles,

Prayer and Hymn Books, in every style of binding, BLANK BOOKS, Journals, Ledgers, Receipts, Memorandums;

LITHOGRAPH PRINTS, of every quality at the lowest Cash prices, with frames to match.

PENS, INK, AND PAPER, Quills, Lead Pencils, Slates, Inkstands, Wafers, Rulers, Copy Books, Cyphering Books, Alphabet Cards, Arithmetical Tables, Letter and Cap Paper, Note Paper, plain, gilt, embossed, laced; Envellopes, French and American, of all sizes.

ANNUALS of all kinds, Christmas and New Year Presents, suitable for the coming Hollidays. Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their interest to call upon the subscriber.

VALENTINES, in season, sentimental and comic.

SCHOOL BOOKS,

such as are at present used in the College, Public and Private Schools, will always be kept on hand, and supplied to all who may favor me with their custom, at very low prices; to test this I invite a call from purchasers and others.

TOY BOOKS.—A large assortment of Toy and Juvenile Books, kept constantly on hand—also a large stock of Perfumery, Fancy articles, &c., &c.

Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, always happy to show goods and answer questions, at the Cheap Book, Stationery and Notion Store, opposite the Bank.

KELLER KURTZ.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22.

A Valuable Stock Farm
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, the FARM he resides on, situate in Washington township, Franklin county, half a mile south of Mr. Samuel Buhrman's Tavern, on the South Mountain, containing

200 ACRES,

more or less, 160 or 70 of which is cleared and in a good state of cultivation, a good quantity of first-rate Meadow, and more can be made on the place.

The improvements are a convenient

TWO STORY LOG HOUSE.

with a spring of never-failing water under it, and another close to the door, a large double log Barn, with sheds, a hog stable, and carriage-house, and other buildings necessary on the farm, and a great variety of fruit. If not sold by Tuesday Nov. 23, it will then be offered at public sale at 10 o'clock.

Terms made known by

WILLIAM DOWNEY.

Zerb, October 22, 1847.—3t*

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY
At Private Sale.

I WILL sell at Private Sale, the HOUSE and LOT in which I reside, situate in the borough of Gettysburg, and fronting on East York street. The House is a large and convenient TWO-STORY BRICK

DWELLING

with a good Brick BACK BUILDING, and is in the very best of order. There are on the premises a Frame STABLE, Wash-house, Wood-house, and Smoke-house; a well of excellent water, with a new pump in it, convenient to the door.—All the improvements are in the best order, —the garden being regarded one of the most productive in the borough. The Property is pleasantly located, and possesses every convenience for a first-rate family residence. ☞I have also a NEW

ROCKAWAY BUGGY,

which I will dispose of very low.

WM. KING.

Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1847.—6t

VALUABLE PROPERTY
At Public Sale.

On Saturday the 4th of December,
AT 12 O'CLOCK, M., AT THE COURT-HOUSE, IN GETTYSBURG,

I WILL sell all my land lying within the Borough of Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa., consisting of a

FARM,

CONTAINING MORE THAN

TWO HUNDRED ACRES

of excellent land, on which are erected a large Brick BARN, and good

FARM HOUSE,

Wagon Shed, and Granaries. There is a large quantity of excellent MEADOW, and 50 Acres (more or less) of

WOOD LAND.

Much of the land might be sold as Town lots, as it fronts on several principal streets.

Several Town Lots

and other property will be offered for sale at the same time. ☞As I reside at a distance from the property, I am determined to sell it without reserve. The Farm will be sold in two tracts if purchasers desire it.

TERMS.—One-third part of the purchase money on the 1st day of April next, when a good title will be given, and the balance in two equal annual payments with interest.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 22, 1847.

A VALUABLE FARM
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale the valuable FARM adjoining that on which he resides, in Cumberland township, Adams county, containing

176 ACRES,

more or less. The improvements are in good condition, and include a new two-stery Log Dwelling

HOUSE,

with a Cellar under it, a Frame Barn, a Garden enclosed with a paling fence; also, a well of water and a young bearing ORCHARD of Grafted Fruit.—There is a good Meadow, and more can be made, if desired. About 70 Acres are

WOOD-LAND,

well set with good thriving timber—35 Acres of which can readily be cleared, leaving still a sufficiency of timber for the use of the farm

This property lies about 6 miles south of Gettysburg, nearly joins the road that leads from Emmitsburg and Millerstown to the Two Taverns, on the Baltimore turnpike, and within 1-2 mile of the road that leads from Sell's Mill on Marsh Creek to Taneytown and Baltimore. About 6 miles from the farm there are two Lime Kilns, and plenty of limestone, near the Millerstown road.

The neighborhood in which it is located is not surpassed by any in the county for intelligence, sobriety and good morals, there being stated religious worship by different denominations within a convenient distance—all making it a very pleasant and desirable residence.

☞The Farm will be sold entire, or divided to suit purchasers. The terms will be made easy, and the payments to suit purchasers. Persons wishing to view the premises, can do so by calling in the subscriber.

☞If the above property be not sold before *Friday the 12th day of November next*, it will on that day be offered at Public Sale.

ROBERT THOMPSON.

Oct. 15, 1847.—ts

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the *ADMINISTRATION ACCOUNTS* of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Monday, the 15th day of November next*, viz:

The second Account of Joseph Cline, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of John Cline, deceased.

The second account of Jesse Cline, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of John Cline, deceased.

The third account of Samuel Isaacs, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of Daniel Eyster, deceased.

The final account of John Dickson, jr. one of the Executors of the last will and testament of James Lockart, deceased.

The final account of Moses M. Neely, one of the Administrators of the estate of Peter Deardorff, deceased.

The account of John Deardorff, Administrator de bonis non, cum testamento annexo, of David M'Creary, deceased.

The final account of Moses Lockart, one of the Executors of the last will and testament of James Lockart, deceased.

The first account of William Cobean and Alexander Cobean, Executors of the last will and testament of William Cobean, deceased.

The account of Jonas Spangler, Administrator of the estate of Jonas Spangler, deceased.

The account of George Loy, Administrator of the estate of George Loy, deceased

The account of George Spangler, Executor of the last will and testament of Jacob Spangler, deceased.

ROBERT COBEAN, *Register.*

Register's Office, Gettysburg. Oct. 22 1847. } to

WATCHES, of all kinds, will be cleaned and repaired, at the shortest notice, at FRAZER'S Clock & Watch Establishment, in Gettysburg.

July 16, 1847. tf

We have received the following touching and beautiful lines from a friend at the North. We understand they are from the pen of the distinguished Professor of the South Carolina College, whose name is connected with several celebrated works of science and literature, one of which, alone, the Encyclopedia Americana, would be sufficient to place him in rank with the great literary characters of the age. Being much struck with the simple beauty of the lines, and thinking we commit no indiscretion in doing so, we are induced to give them to the public.—*N. O. Com. Bulletin.*

MY SON'S DEPARTURE FROM N. YORK FOR EUROPE.

The pilot said, "'Tis time to go;"
The captain took the word:
I blessed my son—I pressed my boy,
And then she sailed—the lad on board.

I saw the waving, weeping boy—
We had the barque in tow;
And as she pointed, he would shift
From starboard to the larboard bow,

That he might see his father yet,
As long as it might be:
For I stood sternmost in the Tug,
And gazed as steadily as he.

And thus it lasted full an hour;
We saw—we could not speak;
At times we waved one greeting more—
At times our hearts would almost break.

The busy steam worked fast and strong,
The lovely shores grew wide;
The ocean's swell set rolling in,
And threw the ship from side to side.

At last they let the hawser slip—
The chafing bark was free;
I felt as if some cruel man,
Had torn's living piece from me.

She bore so handsomely away,
She bent with graceful dip:
But 'neath the trim and spreading sail,
Was tear and grief, within the ship.

As flaunting banners smartly float,
When soldiers bravely start,
They wave o'er many gallant brows—
They wave o'er many a bleeding heart.

I saw the ship a distant tower,
It grew a mere white spot:
Thrice lost—regained with straining eye,
Until I lost and found it not.

They say that mothers feel it most,
When children part or die:
But fathers, too, can bleed and know
Love's warmest pulse and deepest sigh.

I launched him sole upon the sea,
Where many meet their fate;
I launched him on the sea of life,
Where greater, graver perils wait.

But will not God protect the lad,
So fair, so true and pure?
If he were not on sea and land,
Who could such parting days endure?

*The author is Dr. Francis Lieber, of Columbia College, South Carolina.

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

III.—JERUSALEM—THE TEMPLE.

My room opened upon a little terrace—the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn at Jerusalem; and from this little terrace I was never tired of gazing. A considerable portion of the city was spread out below me; not with its streets laid open to view, as it would be in one of our cities, but presenting a collection of flat roofs with small white cupolas rising from them, and the minarets of the mosques springing, tall and light, as the poplar from the long grass of the meadow. The narrow, winding lanes, which are the streets of eastern cities, are scarcely traceable from a height; but there was one visible from our terrace, with its rough pavement of large stones, the high house walls on each side, and the arch thrown over it, which is so familiar to all who have seen pictures of Jerusalem.—This street is called the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way, from its being supposed to be the way which Jesus went from the Judgement Hall to Calvary, bearing his cross. Many times in a day my eye followed the winding of this street, in which I rarely saw any one walking; and when it was lost among the buildings near the walls, I looked over to the hill which bounded our prospect, and that hill was the Mount of Olives. It was then the time of full moon, and evening after evening I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace, watching for the coming up of the large yellow moon from behind the ridge of Olivet. By day, the slopes of the Mount were green with the springing wheat, and dappled with the shade of the Olive clumps. By night, those clumps and lines of trees were dark amidst the lights and shadows cast by the moon; and they guided the eye, in the absence of daylight, to the most interesting points—the descent to the brook Kedron, the road to Bethany, and the place where Jesus is said to have looked over upon the noble city, when he pronounced its doom. Such was the view from our terrace.

One of our first walks was along the Via Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque character of the walls and archways. The old walls of yellow stone are so beautifully tufted with weeds, that one longs to paint every angle and projection, with their mellow coloring and their dangling and trailing weeds. And the shadowy archways, where the vaulted roofs intersect each other till they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye. The pavement is the worst I ever walked on—large, slippery stones, slanting all manner of ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark archways as I have mentioned, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far as the Governor's House, which stands where Fort Antonia stood when Pilate tried Him in whom he found, as he declared, no guilt. Here we obtained permission to mount the roof.

Why did we wish it? For reasons of such force as I despair of making understood by any but those to whom the name of Temple has been sacred from their earlies years. None but Mohammedans may enter the enclosure now; no Jew nor Christian. The Jew and Christian, who repel each other in Christian lands, are under the same ban here. They are alike excluded from the place where Soloman and Christ sanctified the temple of Jehovah; and they are alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near the gates. Of course, we were not satisfied without seeing all that we could see of this place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar—the most sacred spot to the Mohammedans; after Mecca. We could sit under the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we could measure with the eye, from the bed of the brook Kedron, the height of the walls which crowned Moriah, and from amidst which once arose the temple courts. We could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of Olivet, and look over to the height whence the glorious Temple once commanded the Valley of Jehosephat, which lay between us and it; but this was not enough, if we could see more. We had gone to the threshold of one of the gates, as far as the Faithful permit the infidel to go; and even there we had insulting warnings not to venture further, and were mocked by little boys.—From this threshold we had looked in; and from the top of the city wall we had looked down upon the enclosure, and seen the external beauty of the buildings, and the pride and prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers. But we could see yet more from the roof of the Governor's house; and there we went accordingly.

The enclosure was spread out like a map before us; and very beautiful was the mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its vast dome, and its noble marble platform, with its flights of steps and light arcades, and the green lawn which sloped away all round, and a row of cyprus trees under which a company of worshippers were at their prayers. But how could we, coming from a Christian land, attend much to present things, when the sacred past seemed spread before our eyes? I was looking, almost all the while to see where the Sheepgate was, through which the lambs for sacrifice were brought; and the Watergate, through which the priest went down to the spring of Siloam, for water for the ritual purification. I saw where the Temple itself must have stood, and planned how far the outer court extended—the court of the Gentile, the court of the women, the treasury, where the the chest stood on the right of entrance, and the right hand might give without the left knowing; and the place where the scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so taught in their jealous presence as to make converts of those who were sent to apprehend him. I saw whereabouts the alter must have stood, and where arose, night and morning, for centuries, the smoke of the sacrifices. I saw where the golden vine must have hung its clusters on the front of the Holy Place, and where, again, the innermost chamber must have been, the Holy of Holies, the dwelling-place of Jehovah, where none but the priest might enter, and he only once a year.—These places have been familiar to my mind's eye from my youth up, almost as familiar as my own house; and now I looked at the very ground they had occupied, and the very scenery they had commanded, with an emotion that the ignorant or careless reader of the New Testament could hardly conceive of. And the review of time was hardly less interesting than that of place. Here my thoughts were led back to the early days when David and Solomon chose the ground, and levelled the summit of Mount Moriah, and began the Temple of Jehovah. I could see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under invaders who worshipped the sun; and the rebulding in the days of Nehemiah, when the citizens worked at the walls with arms in their girdles; and in the full glory and security (as most of the Jews thought) of their Temple while they paid tribute to the Romans. Oh! the proud Mohammedans before my eyes were very like the proud Jews, who mocked at the idea that their Temple should be thrown down. I saw now the area where they stood in their pride and where, before a generation had passed away, no stone was left upon another, and the plough was brought to tear up the last remains of the foundations.—Having witnessed this heart-breaking sight, the Jews were banished from the city, and were not even permitted to see their Zion from afar off. In the age of Constantine they were allowed to approach so as to see the city from the surrounding hills—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting an exile to see his native shores from the sea, but never to land. At length the Jews were allowed to purchase of the Roman soldier leave to enter Jerusalem once a year—on the day when the city fell before Titus.

And what to do? How did they spend that one day of the year? I will tell; for I saw it. Th mournful custom abides to this day.

I have said how proud and prosperous looked the mosque of Omar, with its marble buildings, its green lawns, and gaily dressed people—some at prayer under the cypresses, some conversing under the arcades; female devotees in white, sitting on the grass, and merry children running on the slopes—all these ready andeager to stone to death, on the instant, any Christian or Jew who should dare to set his foot within the walls. This is what we saw within. Next we went round the outside, till we came, by a barrow crooked passage, to a desolate spot, occupied by desolate people. Under a high, massive, and very ancient wall, was a dusty narrow space, enclosed on the other side by the backs of modern dwellings, if I remember right. This ananicent wall, where the weeds are springing from the crevices of the stones, is the only part remaining of the old Temple wall; and here the Jews came every Friday to their Place of Wailing, as it is called, to mourn over the fall of their Temple, and to pray for its restoration. What a contrast did these humble people present to the proud Mohammedans within! The women were seated in the dust, some wailing aloud, some repeating prayers with moving lips, and others reading from books on their knees. A few children were at play on the ground; and some aged men sat silent, their heads drooped on their breasts. Several younger men were leaning against the wall, pressing their fore heads against the stones, and resting their books on their clasped hands in the crevices. With some, this wailing is no form; for I saw tears on their cheeks. I longed to know if any had hope in their hearts, that they, or their children of any generation, should pass that wall, and should help to swell the cry, "Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in!" If they have any such hope, it may give some sweetness to this rite of humiliation. We had no such hope for them; and it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for one, turned from the thought of the pride and tyranny within those walls, and the desolation without, carrying with me a deep felt lesson on the strength of human faith, and the weakness of the tie of brotherhood.

Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at the three great places of prayer in the Holy City! Here are the Mohammedans, eager to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter the mosque of Omar. There are the Christians, ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew who may enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. And here are the Jews, pleading against their enemies, "Remember, O, Lord, the children of Edom in the day of Jerusalem, who said, raze it, raze it, even to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of Babylon, that art to be destroyed, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us. Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones!" Such are the things done and said in the name of Religion!

THE WAR.

Boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg all read of war,
The best amusement for a morning meal!
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the fibres of this god-like frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to heaven, translated, and not kill'd—
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him!

A NEW MODE OF BOOK-KEEPING.—"Who was it bought the handsome saddle, John," inquired a saddle and harness maker, in Philadelphia, some time ago, of his foreman, upon coming into his shop and finding a very handsome saddle had disappeared.

"Indeed, I cannot tell who it was, and the worst of it is, it has not been paid for. I was very busy this morning, when a gentleman came in, priced it, told me to charge it to his account, threw it into his vehicle, and drove off before I could ascertain his name. I am sure, however, it is one of our customers, for he has frequently bought articles here before."

"That's rather a puzzling case, really," said the boss, scratching his head, "and some mode must be devised to find out the purchaser and get the pay for the saddle. Aye, I have it; John, charge every one of our customers who have accounts open, with the saddle; those who didn't get it, will of course refuse to pay, and in that way we shall reach the right one.

John did as he was ordered. Two or three weeks after the July bills had been sent out, the foreman was interrogated as to whether he had succeeded in finding out the purchaser.

"It is impossible to say, sir," he answered; *"for about thirty have paid for it already without saying a word!"*

A GOOD SLAP AT BARE ARMS.—A certain minister lately paid a visit to a lady of his acquaintance, who was newly married, and who was attired in the modern indecent fashion. After the usual compliments, he familiarly said, "I hope you have got a good husband, Madam." "Yes, sir," replied she, "and a good man, too." "I don't know what to say about his goodness," added the minister, rather bluntly, "for my bible teaches me that a good man should clothe his wife, but he lets you go half naked."

"Breeches of faith," screemed Mrs. Partington, as she heard that term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice. "Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard of 'cloaks of hypocrisy' and 'robes of purity,' but I never before heard of 'breeches of faith.' I hope they're made of something that won't change and wear out, as old Deacon Gudgin's faith did, for his was always changing. He went from believing that nobody would be saved, to believing that every body would be, and at last turned out a phrenologer, and did'nt believe in nothing! I wonder if it's as strong as cassimere?" and she bit off her thread and prepared a new needleful.

MOST HORRIBLE!—The Cumberland (Md.) Civilian, of the present week, relates the following dreadful story:

"On Sunday morning last, one of the neighbors was attracted by the crying of a child in the house occupied by Mrs. Timothy B. Thomas, at Mount Savage.—On approaching the house, it was found to be closed; assistance was immediately summoned and the door broken open.—On entering, a horrible spectacle presented itself. Mrs. Thomas was dead in her bed, the body in a partial state of decomposition, and a poor little infant of five weeks lying at the breast, endeavoring to extract nourishment from the dried-up fountains of its mother's corps; while another child, aged about eighteen months, was sitting on the floor, weeping from hunger and exhaustion.

"An inquest was held over the body by Charles W. Fenton, a Justice of the Peace. From the evidence of the witnesses, and the opinion of Dr. Mosher, the physician at Mount Savage, we learn that Mrs. Thomas had probably been dead from Friday night, about the time she retired to rest. Her death was occasioned either by apoplexy or suffusion of water on the brain. Her husband, Timothy B. Thomas, was for some time a miner in the service of the Mount Savage Company, and upon the breaking up of the works, went to the west, probably to Ohio, to seek for employment. He left his wife after a short visit sometime during the past week. We are happy to hear that the poor little children have fallen into good hands, and are doing well. There were no signs of destitution about the house occupied by Mrs. Thomas."

Correspondence of the "Star and Banner."

CROCKETSVILLE, United States, October 26, 1847.

MISTER EDITOR:—I have long been thinkin of writin to you upon the great matters of the nation, and of lettin you know all about what is goin on down here, but I have bin so busy carryin dispatches from President Polk down to Santa Anna, and from Santa Anna back to the President that I had scarcely time to sleep ever since this Mexican war was begun. Well, I've just returned from a voyage down to Mexico, and I think that if the President dusn't git somethin new into his head, that I'll have a little time to rest now; and while I am resting I jist thought I would tell you all about my trip down south.—Well, sir, as soon as this Mexican war was begun, President Polk sent for me to come to see him right off. Well, I went immediately, and when I come in to him I never seed a more distressed lookin man in my life. He was sittin there wringin his hands, and then clappin them to his forehead, and apparently in deep thought. At length he raised up and seed me; when he jumped up and took me by the hand, and said, "Oh! how glad I am to see you, Major Crocket. I have got into so much trouble with this Mexican War, that the Whigs said we would have if we took in Texas; and now, Major, I want you to help me to git out of it as soon as I can git Santa Anna back into the Presidential Chair of Mexico. We must be smart about it too, or it will ruin me and all our Party; for the Whigs keep such an everlastin fuss about my beginnin the war, and say that it will run the whole country in debt over head and heels, and that I ought to have avoided the war, and that it was all the fault of our party, that we had no business to take in Texas; that we should'nt have sent the army down to the Rio Grande to take possession of the disputed territory, and pint our big cannons right into Matamoras, one of their capitals, before the boundary line was fixed on, while we were trying to have it amicably settled. Oh! Major, I'me affraid these blunders will ruin our Party, but to return to what I want you to do. I want you, Major, to be bearer of dispatches down to Santa Anna, and I want you to start right off in the morning for Havanna, and git there as soon as you can; tell Santa Anna that the war is now begun with Mexico, and he had better get there as soon as he can; that his people are in trouble at this time, and he would be poplar there now; that he could soon raise an army, and as he was a *great General*, he could soon distinguish himself and be made President right off. I have ordered the officers of our blocksding squadron in Mexico to *permit* him and his men to *pass* into Mexico, as he will find in these dispatches,"—handing them to me.

"Yes, but," ses I, "President, 'spose he wont accept of your offer; 'spose he thinks you only want to fool him into a trap, what am to do, then?" "Oh, Major, you need not be affeared of that; he knows me too well to think that I would fool him.—I'me sure he will get the *Pass* in them dispatches in my own hand writing, and he knows *that* well enough, for it is not the first writin he's got from me." "Well," ses I, "I'll do it, but I think it is rather a dangerous undertakin, for if the Whigs git holt of that it will be all over with us then. They will blow us and our administration up sky high!" "Oh," says he, "never mind that; I'll fix that part of the business; If they do get holt of it, I'll jist tell Father Ritchie I *smell Federalists*, and that'll set him to snarlin and barkin, and then I'll say its treason to say anything against the President or the War, and then he'll rare, and tare, and rip at them till they will be glad to give it up." "Yes, President, but you know he sometimes gits his dander up too high, and says too much, like he did when the Senators chased him out of the United States Sennte." "Yes, Major, but you know if he does say too much, he is good at denyin, and can get out of it some way, and always says I am not responsible for it." "Oh, you're right, President, I did'nt think of that plan; it's a most excellent one, and I'll be off to Havanna in the mornin bright and early."

So I bid the President good-bye, and went home, and fixed my bundle for travlin, and in the mornin I got up, started, and had a very pleasant trip of it. When I landed at the hotel in Havanna, I inquired where Santa Anna lived, and they told me that he lived down that street, in that big house, pintin it out to me, but said he was not at home now; he had gone out of town that mornin to have a chicken fight, but the landlord said if I wanted to see him right off he would go with me out. Well, I told him I did, on very important business. So we started right off, and I tell you the way the feller tried to git out of me, on the way, what I wanted with Santa Anna, was enough to make old Father Ritchie sneeze; but I guess he mist it.—So when we got away out of town we come to a great big crowd of queer looking people placed all around in a circle, and a few were inside of it, with two chickens fightin for life, just like uncle Josh's old hen used to fight aunt Sally when she went to ketch her chickens. The landlord said, "Do you see that fellow with the wooden leg and big whiskers, and stands so straight?" Ses I, "Yes." "That's Santa Anna," he said, "he is fightin chickens with that other big feller you see with him there."

So I bolted right up to Santa Anna and told him I wanted to see him on important business. He said as soon as this chicken fight was ever he would attend to me. I then whispered to him I had dispatches from President Polk for him. He then right off gets into a hurry and calls a feller to attend to his chickens for him, and tuk me by the arm and said I must go right home with him in his own carriage, (I suppose it's the same one that Gen. Scott took from him at Cerro Gordo.) So I told the landlord that I would go with Santa Anna, and way we started, talkin all the way about how the President was, and how the people liked Santa Anna. I told him I thought there was'nt many here that liked him but the President. He wanted to know why. I told him I did'nt want to offend him; I hoped he would not be, and if he would promise not to be, I'd tell him. He promised on his honor, and then I told him that the people here considered him a little too barbarous and treacherous. When I told him this, the way he turned up his eyes and gritted his teeth, was equal to Sam Johnson the time he swallowed the live bumblebee. He said he did'nt mind the swallowing of it, but it scratched the all-firedest, as it went down. Well, then by that time we had got in his house, and I handed him the President's dispatches. When he read them he looked pleased all to pieces. I then told him all that the President told me tell, and I raily thought he would go right off the handle at once. He laughed and rejoiced, and said he'd show some of the Mexican boys that had him sent out of the country what they were about; but in lookin over the documents again he all at once stamped his foot and got fairly black with rage, and said, "Does Polk think that I am a fool to think that I am to give away so much of my country, and get nothin for it. No, I'll not give him one inch of it, if he don't pay me for it." I then told him that he had better give the President what he wanted, that he only wanted all of New Mexico and the Californias, and then he could be President of the balance of Mexico, and that was better than to be away off in Havanna. If he did'nt do that, he would have to stay there. At that he placed his finger below his eye and said, "Do you see anything *green* there?" He then took his *Pass* from among the dispatches and read it to me, and then pushed it right under my nose, and said, "There, do you see that? I now defy you and all the men in the U. States to keep me out of Mexico now." I then told him if he got any ways stubborn the President would send word down to the officers in the squadron not to let him *pass*; but he only laughed at me and said, "Can't I be in Mexico as soon as you are in the United States," and he then gave such a horrid grin and sneer at me that it makes the cold chills run over me yet, when I think of it. Well, I then set to work thinkin the matter all over in my mind. At last I clapped my hand to my head and ses to myself, "I've got it now." "General," ses I, "I see you've come it over the President and myself, and I think we'd better make the best of a bad bargain. Now jist say how much will you take for that part of Mexico that we want? It's no use for you two, who have always been good friends, to get at loggerheads now, when you know that the President has bin so good to you as to send you that *Pass*. So, let's strike a bargain of some kind. Now, jist say what are your terms, and I think the President will agree to them, and if he does, it's all right; for he has a large majority of good simon-pure Dimocrats in Congress, and they will jist do as he wants 'em, and old Father Ritchie will back them and say its all right." "Well," ses he, "I'll tell you what I'll do, if the President will send me about three millions of dollars down, so that I can raise and equip a good army, and then promise not to send too many soldiers into Mexico, and be sure not to let that old Taylor have too many, for I don't like the way he cuts up, then I'll do what you proposed. I'll make the offer to the President in my dispatches to him, and if he'll do it it will all be right." "Well," ses I, "General, your terms are purty hard, but I rather 'spose Polk will agree to them, bein as he dont want to get at loggerheads with you."

I then bid him good bye, and he said I should give his best respects to President Polk, and tell him to write soon. He then gave a wink, as much as to say, "I'll be his when he *kitches* me." I took passage for home as soon as I could, and called on the President immediately on my return, and I can tell you there never was a feller gladder to see another than the President was to see me.

"Well," ses he, "how is Santa Anna, and how did you get along with him?—Does he agree to give me the territory I want?" I shook my head and told him that he would'nt give up one inch without bein paid for it. I then gave the President Santa Anna's dispatches, and told him all that had occurred; and I tell you, gentlemen, that I never seed a feller look worse than Polk did when he read over the dispatches. Why, even Bill Grimes did not look worse when uncle Simon and I ketched him in our hen koop. After readin the dispatches over and over again and again, he gave a big sigh and said, "Well Major, I spose I'll have to give it to him. I don't see what else I am to do. Oh, Major, Major, I'me affeared this confounded Mexican War will ruin me, and our whole party; all the Whigs and a great many dimocrats are censurin me for bringin on the war, and now say since it is begun it must be prosecuted with vigor, and are now censurin me for not sendin on more soldiers and money. I've told old father Ritchie that its *treason* to say any thing against the President or the War, and he is puffin and blowin himself almost to-death in his paper, but it wont do; he gets himself used up on all sides. He then told me that I would have to go down to Mexico before long with more dispatches, and told me to call over and see him soon again, for I was such a comfort to him in these troublesome times. I then bid him good-by and left.

Well, Mr. Editor, bein as we are old friends, I thought I'd have to let you know somethin about my trip to Havanna, and when I write to you again I'll give you a history of my trip to Mexico. I remain your's, &c. JOHN CROCKET.

"I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled
From his lips, 'twas a *loafer* I happened to meet,
And I said, "if a nuisance there be in this world,
"Tis smoking cigars in the frequented street."
'Twas night, and the ladies were gliding around,
And in many an eye shone the glittering tear,
But the loafer puffed on, and I heard not a sound,
Save the short hacking cough of each smoke-smitten dear."

Marriages in Mexico are celebrated with considerable pomp, and the fee for the priest even from the lowest class is not less than $22.

"You look as if you were hoeing potatoes," as the wag said to the fellow who stood by an ass.