

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BUHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLAR PER ANNUM. NEW SERIES—NO. 97.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 26, 1847.

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,
Sarsaparilla, Blood-purifiers,
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. 23, 1847.
Gettysburg at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

A CHANCE FOR FARMERS!
IN pursuance of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Administrators of the Estate of SAMUEL HOLLINGER, late of Lattimore township, deceased, will expose to public sale, on Saturday the 11th of December next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. on the premises, the valuable Farm of said deceased, containing

105 ACRES,
more or less, of Patented Land, adjoining lands of George Dardorff, Wm. Wright, Isaac Griest and George Harman. The improvements are a one and a half story
Log Dwelling-house,
a double Log Barn, with two Thrashing Floors attached, together with the usual necessary Outbuildings; there are also two Wells of good water, one convenient to the House, the other to the Barn. A large proportion of the land is covered with good

PRAIRIE.
There is also a sufficiency of good Meadow. A part of the land is well limed, and all in under good cultivation. There are on the premises a number of never failing Springs.
The above Property will be sold entire, or in two separate tracts, as may be deemed most advantageous. Terms made known on the day of sale by
JACOB S. HOLLINGER,
DAVID E. HOLLINGER,
Administrators.
By the Court—Wm. S. Hamilton, Clerk.
Nov. 19, 1847.—18

PUBLIC SALE

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Executors of the Estate of HENRY DOLL, late of Berwick township, deceased, will expose to Public Sale on
Saturday the 11th of December,
on the premises, the FARM of said deceased, situate in Berwick township, about one mile from Abbotstown, on the road leading to Hanover, and adjoining lands of John Flickinger and Michael Greist, and containing

16 Acres,
more or less, on which are erected a One-story WEATHER-BARDED
HOUSE,
Log Barn, and other out-buildings. There is a good spring of water convenient to the House. The Farm is in good order, and under good fencing. The terms will be made known by
JACOB NAGLE,
JONAS DOLL,
Ex'rs.
Nov. 19, 1847.—18

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY FOR RENT.

THE Subscriber, Executor of HENRY MYERS, deceased, and testamentary Guardian of his minor children, offers for RENT, from the 1st day of April next, the valuable property known as the
"Virginia Mills."
They are situate in Hamilton township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Wm. M. Scott, Wm. Wilson and others, about 50 Acres of which are in thriving Timber. The improvements are a one and one-half story
Log Dwelling-house,
and a double
LOG BARN.
There are three never-failing springs which water the fields. On both the above Tracts there are thriving young
Orchards, of Grafted Fruit.
Persons wishing to view the premises, will call on Wm. Cobean, residing on the Mill property, or on Samuel Cobean, on the other tract. The Sale will take place on the Mill Tract. Attendance given, and terms made known by
WILLIAM COBEAN,
ALEXANDER COBEAN,
Executors
Nov. 19, 1847.

NEW ARRIVEMENT.

**A Daily Line between
GETTYSBURG & BALTIMORE.**

THE Subscribers have the pleasure of announcing that they have completed their arrangements for running a
NEW DAILY LINE
between Gettysburg and Baltimore, via Littlestown, Westminster and Reisterstown. An entirely new line of superior
COACHES
and elegantly built
TROY COACHES
have been put on the route, which, together with trusty and accommodating drivers, they feel assured must give entire satisfaction to the Travelling Public.
The line will run through daily (Sundays excepted) leaving regularly at 7 o'clock, A. M.
JOHN L. TATE & CO.
September 17, 1847.

TAX COLLECTORS, TAKE NOTICE.

ALL TAXES on Duplicates in hands of Collectors at the present time will be required to be paid on or before the 1st day of January, 1848. On all Taxes unpaid after that date, 6 per cent. interest will be charged, according to law.
JOSEPH FINK,
A. HEINZELMAN,
JACOB KING,
Attest—J. Aughinbaugh, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Gettysburg, Oct. 29, 1847.

ISABELLA NURSERY, GETTYSBURG, PA.

FRUIT TREES, of all kinds, (grafted in the roots) can be had of the subscriber on reasonable terms. Please call and judge for yourselves.
C. W. HOFFMAN,
Gettysburg, May 20, 1846.

THE WEDDING DAY.

AT THE AUTHOR OF THE PATRICIAN'S DAVENPORT.
The bride is over, the joy-bells have ceased,
The cry of "It will be passed at the feast,
The friends of the bride and the bridegroom retire,
And leave them alone with their mother and sire.
Not a word do they speak, though the time hurries by;
They breathe not a blessing, they have not a sigh;
Ere the sun, just at noon, starts a shadow they pass,
And "tick, tick," goes the clock, like a throb of the heart.
With cloths laid sits the mother; the shade of a smile
Plits over her lips; and intently the while
The eyes of the bride on the woodbine branch
And its waving keeps time to the pulse in her breast.
A sweet pain thrills the breast of the husband; he knows
How much to the maid who has best him he owes;
To and fro walks the father and brims a glad strain,
Which stops short like a wave that seeks ocean again.
Then he strides to the window and prates of the weather;
"Why the day seems quite blithe to have joined ye together!"
But I know on long journeys what harasses one's feelings,
Fill the glass ere you start, hush! the sound of the wheels!
Then bowed by the grief she no longer could smother,
With clasped hands sunk the child at the feet of her mother;
While the buds in her bosom are belied in a shower
More holy than e'er gemm'd the cups of a flower.
Ories the father, "No folly! I fear not to flow
In the joys of the day were a fatal disaster!"
But even as he spoke his accents were trembling,
Kind heart! he was but little skilled in descending.

She flew to his arms, extended they caught her;
She clings to his bosom, "My darling, my daughter!"
My jewel, my bird, my sweet fount undimmed!
Then quivered his lips, and he wept like a child.
He turns to the bridegroom, "My rose which for years
I have fostered with smiles and watered with tears,
I transplant from his soil; in this should it thrive,
'Tis the sunshine of love that must keep it alive."
To console, honor, and sweeten thy life,
I give thee, I give thee, the best of a wife!
Thou shalt cherish and shield her in good and in ill!"
She springs to her husband, "My father, he will!"
An adieu, an embrace! the door opens, they're gone!
To the new world before them their steeds hurry
All the blessings that parents can pray for attend them.
And His love, who is more than a parent, befriended them.

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

From *Reynolds' Memoirs, as published by the Publishers of M'ulloch's Texas Rangers.*
CAPTAIN BEN M'ULLOCH.—Returning, we met Mr. Kendall, of the Picayunes, who introduced us to Capt. Benjamin M'ulloch, the celebrated partisan scout. Captain M'ulloch is a man of rather delicate frame, of about five feet ten inches in height, with light hair and complexion. His features are regular and pleasing, though from long exposure on the frontier, they have a weather-beaten cast. His quick and bright blue eyes, with a cool, calculating, as well as the brave and daring cast, of the man. Being told that we were anxious to join his company, after running his eye over us, he asked, "Have you a good horse, sir?" said he, "I have refused a great many because their horses would not do for our service." Our horse was then inspected, and being pronounced "a good horse," we were immediately made a "Texas Ranger." Capt. M'ulloch had just come in from a scout to wards Linnaeus, and a detachment of his company had been left at Reynolds, under the command of Lieut. M'ulloch, and it was expected that we would move up to Reynolds in a few days.

ANSWERS OF GEN. TAYLOR.—Calling on the commanding general soon after our recovery, to ascertain the chances of transportation, he remarked, after some pleasant conversation, that he was perfectly deluged with letters, and that much of his time was occupied in making replies. "And, sir," said General Taylor, smiling as he handed us two letters, "to show you the diversity of subjects I am called upon to respond to, you may look at these." One of the letters was from a boy, fourteen years of age, giving a sort of history of himself and family, and who desired to enlist in the service, and had written to the general to ask his advice on the subject. The other was from an Irish woman, who wanted to know if her son Mike was killed, as she had not heard from him since the late battles. We feel sure that such letters would not have received attention at Washington, but both of them were answered by the general, carrying out the maxim that nothing is beneath the attention of a great man; and we left him, impressed with the great goodness of his heart.

MEXICAN GIRLS.—Just before day, the next morning, an alarm was given, which proved to be false, but which had assembled all our men to quarters, and as it was intended that we should have an early start, the men were ordered to get breakfast. Notwithstanding that the night had passed off quietly, yet it was not without an attempt to take us prisoners; for the alcalde had ridden off to Rancho El Toro, and tried all his powers of persuasion to make the rancheros rise against us, but their fears of the "Texanos" could not be overcome, or else we might have enjoyed some sport. As we rode down to the river bank to water our horses, we met the young girls carrying off jars, who were also going after water. One or two were rather pretty, and very smilingly bid us "buenos dias" as we reached the bank; when a young Ranger, celebrated for his gallantry, taking a jar from one of the girls filled it for her and placed it on her head; thanking him for his kindness with a look of modesty, she took his hand and kissed it.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—In the afternoon a heavy rain was seen coming up, and hurried preparations were made to preserve our arms from the wet. A young Ranger was seen taking off his clothes, which he carefully rolled up in his blanket, and placing them at the foot of a tree, covered the whole with his saddle, when the rain commenced falling in torrents. He stood out in his midst, with perfect indifference, while the rest of his comrades were wrapped in their blankets, and had sought the shelter of the trees from the storm.

"What are you doing out there, Harry?" said one of his messmates.
"Taking a shower-bath," said Harry.
"Why your clothes will all get wet, you fool."
"No they won't, either," said Harry, "for they are wrapped up in my blanket."
"And where is your blanket?"
"Why under my saddle, snug enough!" said Harry, with a knowing look.
"Well, that beats me," said his messmate, bursting into a loud laugh, in which all heartily joined; "whoever would have thought of that way to keep dry."
It's NOTHING WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT.—The guard was posted, and as we spread our blankets down that night, after the severe day's travel, we congratulated each other on the pleasant night we would pass after all our fatigue. "In truth it is a peerless night; there was not a single cloud to mar the deep blue of the boundless sky, and the moon's bright orb, like some vast silver shield hung upon the quiet scene. It chanced that we had spread our blankets down by the side of one of our messmates, who was a veteran of the Texas wars. Major R. was one of the first who emigrated from Kentucky to Texas. He had commanded a company at San Jacinto; fought through the Federal war, was Lieutenant-colonel of the "Parson's Light," and now, with the unshaking modesty and unassuming zeal of a true Texian, he was when his company needed his services, came out at her call as a simple private in a ranging corps. The Major was a fine companion, and a specimen of the gallantry and chivalry of "golden days." He had been through the "bug of war," and as he expressed it, "having seen the elephant," he was now going to see the "ca-ra-van." It happened that we were provided with a water-proof cloth, which, upon this occasion, we proposed to spread over both the Major and myself, to keep off the heavy dews. The Major readily accepted our proposition, and we "spooned" up together as affectionately as possible. About midnight we were awakened by a tremendous thunder peal, and found that a storm had been brewing during our sleep; the sky was as black as ink, and the rain coming down in torrents, we drew our heads under the water-proof, and were piously engaged in praying for those poor fellows who were exposed to the fury of the storm, without any shelter whatever when we suddenly felt a rivulet commence its meanderings under the very spot where our blankets were spread. The "windows of heaven were opened," and the flood continued to rise higher and higher.

The under blanket was now completely saturated, and the water still continued to rise. We discovered that we were lying in a little gully which was rapidly filling, but we were not awakened as quietly as possible, and without murmuring, being saluted to grumble while the Major slept so soundly. But it was past endurance, for the water had now risen half way up our side, filling our powder-horn, which was unfortunately unstoppered, and becoming desperate, we awoke the Major, and asked him if it would not be advisable to shift our quarters? Slipping one of his long gloves, with a loud snore, the Major showed his head from under the cover, and enquired what we wanted.
"Bless me," cried he, in the genuine breath, "why it is raining! The ground is getting damp too."
"We think it is, Major, and if we don't leave here we are awakened, shall be washed off. Let's move to some dryer place."
"Lie down, Jim, lie down and go to sleep. Don't you see that we have got this puddle of water warm now, by the heat of our bodies, and if we move, we shall only get into another, and take cold? So lie down, Jim, and go to sleep; it's nothing when you get used to it!"

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—We are informed, that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living at the age of 90 in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, Minister to France, and of Dr. James W. William Rush, the first of whom is author of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Bradford, widow of the first and greatest Attorney General of the United States, is in Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of the brave and accomplished General Schuyler, sans peur et sans reproche, and with of the immortal statesman, who, with Washington and Marshall, constituted the most glorious triad of human beings that ever acted in concert, we saw a few days since in Broad-way. Here are five of the belles who graced the levees of the first President! What an interesting party, could they be re-assembled!—*Lit. World.*

A NAPOLEONIC ANECDOTE.

NAPOLEON sometimes told interesting tales of his early career. One of those, in fact, shows how near the world was to the loss of an Emperor. After the siege of Toulon, which his panegyric regards as the first step to his good fortune, he returned to Paris, apparently in the worst possible mood for adventure. He was at this period suffering from illness. His mother, too, had just communicated to him the discomforts of her position. She had been just obliged to fly from Corsica, where the people were in a state of insurrection, and she was then at Marseilles without any means of subsistence. Napoleon had nothing remaining but an assignat of one hundred sous, his pay being in rear. "In this state of dejection I went out," said he, "as if urged to suicide by an animal instinct, and walked along the quays, feeling my weakness, but unable to conquer it. In a few more moments I should have thrown myself in the water, when I ran against an individual dressed like a simple mechanic, and who, recognizing me, threw himself on my neck, and cried, 'Is it you Napoleon! What joy to see you again!' It was Damasis, a former comrade of mine in the artillery regiment. He had emigrated, and had returned to France in disguise to see his mother. He was about to go, when, stopping, he said, 'What is the matter? You do not seem glad to see me. What misfortune threatens you? You look to me like a madman about to kill himself!'"

This direct appeal awoke Napoleon's feelings, and he told him everything. "Is that all?" said he, unbuttoning his coarse waistcoat, and detaching a belt, he added, "here are thirty thousand francs in gold; take them, and save your mother." "I cannot," said Napoleon, "explain to myself my motives for so doing, but I seized the gold as if by a convulsive movement, and ran like a madman to send it to my mother. It was not until it was out of my hands that I thought of what I had done. I hastened back to the spot where I had left Damasis, but he was no longer there. For several days I went out in the morning, returning not until evening, searching every place where I hoped to find him."

The end of the romance is as eccentric as the beginning. For fifteen years Napoleon saw no more of his creditor. At the end of that time he discovered him, and asked him, "why he had not applied to the Emperor?" The answer was that he had no necessity for the money, but was afraid of being compelled to quit his retirement, where he lived happily practicing horticulture.

Napoleon now paid his debt, as it may be presumed, magnificently; made him a reimbursement for the thirty thousand francs to the subaltern of artillery; and, besides, the "old-fashioned" general of the garden of the town, with a salary of thirty thousand francs. He also gave a government place to his brother.—*Blackwood.*

GOOD.—A dash of a man—a poor, miserable show of humanity, from New York—passed through our State, and received the hospitalities of some of its wealthy citizens. He thought it would please his entertainers to denounce the opponents of slavery, and exalt the patriarchal institution.

"I am satisfied," said he, "that the slave is happy; and believe the institution, as administered here, neither harsh nor unjust. If those secondaries!"
"Pardon me, sir," replied a slaveholder, as he interrupted him, we want no such defence. It is enough for us that the law gives and secures us our rights, without asking *WHY* to defend a bitter a curse as ever afflicted society or troubled man. I would give, for my children's sakealone, all I have, (and he spoke not without reason, if Kentucky had been, as New York now he is—free.)

The subject was dropped. The miserable candidate started new topics, and tried hard, we learn, to recover lost ground. He failed, of course. Every planter felt contempt for him, and one went so far as to show it. John Randolph expressed the Southern feeling, when describing this class of Northern men, as "Spawn, sir, spawn." They are time-servers at home, and lick-spittles abroad.—*Kentucky Exam.*

COOL, VARY.—The Boston Bee is responsible for the following story, as rich an instance of veridicality as we have met lately. A gentleman from the country, says that paper, now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of our boarders, asking questions about the Fair at Quincy Hall, &c.; after some minutes' conversation, the boarder drew out his cigar case and asked the countryman—
"Will you take a cigar, sir?"
"W-a-a! I don't mind if I do," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him, and, also, one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of "giving him a light." He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket, took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking—
"It ain't often that a man from the country runs afoul of so clever a feller, in the city as you are."
LOGAN'S LAST.—The wit about town are amused by the following impromptu, perpetrated by "old Logan," the other night in Louisville. On going on the stage in a dress which precluded the possibility of his carrying his watch, he requested a well known beauty in the green room to wear the chronometer for the evening. When she returned to him, it was found to have stopped from the moment she took charge of it. The last line displays a most delicate fancy:
ERIDIAN.
My watch, my lovely friend, you say,
"Stop on your breast,"—you're ver'd, I see;
The trinket on your bosom lay,
And held its breath in ecstasy!

He who is always to be waited for, is indolent, neglectful, proud, or all together. He, who can rail at benevolence, has set his heel on the neck of religion.

MANIFEST DESTINY MAN.

When Lt. Emory stopped near Panama, on his return to the United States last spring, he encountered an American at that place half-dead over, with whom he got into an interesting conversation.
"Why don't you return to your country?" said Lieut. Emory.
"Return to my country? Never!"
"Why?"
"Because I am a Manifest Destiny Man, and my country will be along here, long before I die!"

Who always prefaces his tale with laughing, is poised between impertinence and folly.
A COLLEGE JOKE.—An old lady, meeting a Cambridge man, asked him "how her nephew behaved himself?" "Folly, madam," says he, "he's a brave fellow, and sticks close to Catherine Hall," (name of a college). "I vow," said she, "I feared as much, he was always hankering after the girls front a boy."

SONNET.
Light dwells with shadows! mountains frown or vale!
Rocks have their bases hidden from our view;
The lightest air precedes the heaviest gale!
The hottest suns provoke the coldest dew!
Stipps which shake out their white-winged apparel,
Feel most the blasts that in their wake pursue!
The lot of many is the gain of few!
Our fairest hopes to fell fruition grow,
In forms substantial less ideal grace,
And, as we seek to clasp in our embrace
The full-blown image, it hath turned to mist,
Thus fade our joys; and, as long years roll on,
Their shadows measure our declining sun!
Shirley's Magazine.

THE MOCKING BIRD.
[FROM LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELIST.]
"Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking
Swinging aloft on the willow spray that hung o'er
The water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delicious
Music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves
Seemed silent to listen,
Plaintive at first were the tones; and then soaring
To raptures
Seemed they to follow or guide the rest of frenzied
And Bacchanalian.
Then single notes were heard, in sorrowful, low
Lamentations;
Till, having gathered them all, he sang them a-
broad in dithers.
As when, after a storm, a gale of wind through
The tree-tops,
Shakes down the rattling rain in a chrysalis shower
On the branches."

MR. EDITOR.—The article which appeared in the "Star" of the 22d ult., has called forth a bombastic reply, from an individual who signs himself "Vindex," and who could more appropriately have signed himself "Bombastes Furiosus." His communication is altogether a compound of erroneous doctrine and fallacious reasoning, such as, I venture to say, no true and honest Whig will endorse.

He seems to be thoroughly impressed with the idea, that our County Conventions have become the hot-beds of corruption, of late—that he is no longer "bound to worship the idols it sets up for us," and "that it is not treason to the principles of the party, to withhold his support from those idols." That this has been the practice of the County Conventions, we are bound to believe from the assertion of Vindex, and he is endeavoring to enlighten us Whigs of the "darkened optics," with his revelations upon this subject. Verily, the Joe Smiths are not all dead yet! Now, we think it is every citizen's every candid mind, that when Vindex permits his personal feelings and prejudices to induce him to withhold his support from the settled candidate of the party, and then deliberately casts his vote for some "idol" not recognized by the County Convention, he indirectly supports the principles as well as the candidate of the opposition—deserts the political creed of his party, and perpetrates treason to its principles.

It is apparent that the aspiring Vindex does not approve of the plan adopted by the Whigs of this County, in the selection of candidates to fill the various offices, but that he prefers the existence of the independent system, so as to avoid the necessity of his being "set up and worshipped as the idol" of the party. Nodoubt Vindex has a great antipathy to such healthful adoration. "If the decisions of the County Convention are not to be recognized, we may as well abandon all party organization, and at once acknowledge that we contend not for principle, but men."

Vindex, without enumerating the reasons why he could not "consistently" support Mr. Sadler, for Senator, makes an effort to jump over and clear himself of the difficulty, by asking us, "how dare we re-surrender to having exercised a constitutional prerogative?" Perhaps he forgot, when pouring out his vials of wrath, that while the Constitution grants him the right or privilege of voting "as seemeth most meet to him," it also extends to us the "constitutional prerogative" of freedom of speech.

Yes, Vindex, it is a privilege that we enjoy, and a glorious one too, of being permitted to investigate the course and policy of persons and parties, and to expose, if needs be, their selfishness, duplicity, and treachery. And it was in the exercise of this constitutional prerogative, that we called the attention of the Whigs of the County, to the reprehensible course pursued by some professed Whigs, (to defeat, if possible, the Whig candidate for Senator, in order, that the purity of their effort, on this occasion, might have a salutary effect upon those having slight personal objections to the Candidates, and to induce them to sacrifice a little, rather than that the interests of the party should be injuriously affected. Professed Whigs, and only such as the communication of Vindex—one of them—fully proves. The tenor of his whole article shows conclusively, that, with him, the principles of the party are subordinate to private prejudice—that it no longer measures that he advocates but men—that it is no longer a question involving the great interests of the county, resulting from a course of policy, which, as Whigs, we believe efficient and beneficial, but of subserviency to that intolerant

spirit, which is but the bantling of a selfish desire, or an ungratified prejudice. Hence it is, that we "probed a wound" as he justly admits, and it makes him *cry* in his agony. Perhaps it was an old wound that had not yet perfectly healed, and which the Whig lance of truth and justice caused to bleed afresh. Yes, much rather would he have his dereliction pass "unnoticed," than to have seen it exposed, and held up to the gaze of the honest portion of the party. Sometimes "old documents are ugly things," and perhaps he had this idea before him, when he wished their "deviation from the ticket to pass unnoticed."

That an ardent attachment to the Whig party and its principles, is calculated to make slaves of freedom, is a new idea that has suddenly emanated from the brains of Vindex, and so powerful is the impression it has made upon him, that, at the very thought of it, he already imagines he hears the clanking of the chains, that are to bind him in perpetual servitude. Can any man, possessing one ounce of good sense, for a moment entertain such a gross absurdity? No, it is but a subterfuge that Vindex has had resort to, in the support of a desperate cause—a "rich civilization" of his own brilliant imagination.

We are no apologist for those Whigs who did not support our excellent candidate for County Treasurer. But in justice to the Whigs of the York Springs district, which has been misrepresented in this matter, we are prepared to assert, that Mr. Harper received in that district the full party vote, and in *that* district, *to wit*, that he received more votes than the party ticket. That his vote did not reach that of General Irwin, is easily explained by the fact, that Gen. Irwin received many democratic votes. The Whigs of that district felt the same interest in Mr. Harper's success, that they felt for the rest of the ticket, and this is the reason why there were no votes cast for Messrs. Falmestock, Warren, and Little. Wonder if Mr. Harper was an "idol" of the County Convention in the estimation of Vindex?

That Vindex has ever been a true Whig, we are led to doubt from the sentiments he entertains. That the glorious principles of the Whig party are made the subject of his ridicule, is evident from the character of his communication, and it furnishes abundant proof that he has not that regard for them, that he would have, if he were a Whig of the true stamp. He has already unmasked himself on the subject of the County Conventions, and properly his next step will be to reject Whig principles altogether.

That we have "laughed ourselves into insignificance" at the expense of the Whig cause, is only a presumption of Vindex, while enduring the pains of the "wound we probed," aggravated by a result at which he felt the deepest pain; but that he has been "laughed" *in a passion*, is evident from the petulant and indignant character of his article.

It is not our intention to enter into a detailed history of the "provocation which it led to the secession from Mr. Sadler," and it will be sufficient for our purpose to state, that the defect, at our township election, of delegates pledged to support their favorite, (Mr. Snyser), and then their unsuccessful effort, to have their favorite "set up as the idol of the county convention," no doubt led to the "deviation from the ticket," by Vindex and his colleagues.

We do not apprehend that the exposition we have made will "sap the foundation," or tend to hasten the "downfall" of the superstructure of Whig principle; but we do apprehend some danger to the "fabric we so religiously admire," (as he is pleased to designate our attachment to the Whig party), if the course pursued by Vindex and his coadjutors becomes general throughout the county. In this course, if persisted in, will prove the very reverse of that which will prove the life-blood of the party.

If Vindex does not recognize the title of Whig, and the claims of the party upon him, then our article did not apply to him; and he might have avoided getting into such an angry mood about it; but if he does acknowledge them, then every good Whig cannot but admit, that he cherishes sentiments antagonistic to the best interests of our party.

Whigs of Adams! in the language of Mr. Webster, in his recent speech at Springfield, "let us stand by our principles." Preserve yourselves free from the contaminating influence of such doctrines as Vindex inculcates; for, believe me, they are but the sentiments of the *disorganizer and the unprincipled office-seeker*.

The principles that we advocate, are not merely imaginary and speculative in their character. They are not the visionary schemes of men, who, to gratify their own prejudices, would adopt any and every measure which they suppose would advance their own private interests; but they are principles that have received the sanction and support of men, distinguished for their learning, wisdom and patriotism—men who have zealously and indefatigably labored for the good of their country, stimulated by the desire to see that country happy and prosperous.—These are the principles that the Whigs of the York Springs district have so successfully contended for at the polls, and whose example is so well worthy of imitation. Their activity and zeal have won for them the approbation of the majority of the Whigs of the county, and they feel proud that they have been so nobly sustained in their devotion to the Whig cause.—*"Think not that they will be deterred"*—from doing their duty as on former occasions, by any reflections that Vindex may cast upon them, but rest assured, that they will continue fearlessly and cheerfully to exercise the "constitutional prerogative" of defending and supporting the principles of the Whig party at the ballot-box!

In conclusion, we feel convinced, that Vindex, in vindicating the course he has pursued, he only brought upon himself the contempt and scorn of every Whig who has the good of his party at heart.

A Whig.
Nov. 26th, 1847.