THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XIX.—1. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 17, 1848. NEW SERIES—NO. 43.

NEW AND FASHIONABLE

FURNITURE,

AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

I INTEND to sell my entire stock of New Furniture on hand at my Furniture Room, in West Chambersburg street, Gettysburg, Pa., at 10 o'clock, A. M. on

Saturday, the 18th of March next,

My stock is large, made of the best materials, and of the very latest fashions. Persons commencing Housekeeping, and others desiring to procure good and handsome NEW Furniture, will find it to their interest to attend, as there will be a very large variety of the different articles of furniture to be sold. I will specify some of the principal articles, viz: TWENTY

MAHOGANY FRONT

BUREAUS,

Two Mahogany Dressing Do.,

ONE SECRETARY,

Cherry and Walnut Bureaus, 13 Corner Cupboards, 18 breakfast and dining Tables, 1 Mahogany Centre Table, Mahogany Washstands, poplar do., 25 full French Bedsteads, 15 half French do., Ladies' Workstands, Candlestands, together with Doughtrays, Chests, &c.

ALSO, AT THE SAME TIME AND PLACE WILL BE SOLD, TWELVE DOZEN

COMMON CHAIRS,

3 dozen Fancy do., 8 large Arm Rocking Chairs, 1 dozen Common Rocking do., 3 Settees, with a variety of small chairs for Children's use.

☞ TERMS.—All sums of $7 and under, cash; on all sums above $7 a credit of 9 months will be given.

DAVID HEAGY.

Gettysburg, Feb. 18, 1848.—ts

FURNITURE SALE.

THE subscribers will sell at Public Sale, at their Cabinet Ware Room, in South Baltimore street, Gettysburg, on *Friday the 17th of March inst.*, their entire stock of

CABINET FURNITURE,

EMBRACING

Pier Tables, Secretary, Mahogany Dressing Bureaus,

Curled-Maple, Cherry and Walnut BUREAUS, Dining and Breakfast TABLES, full French, half French and common BEDSTEADS, Work, Wash and Candle STANDS, Rocking Cradles, &c. Also an extensive assortment of

CHAIRS,

The subscribers do not intend making a great parade before the public with their Furniture, and will not deceive them by such flaming words as 'Highly important from Mexico!' &c., but confine themselves to what they *mean*, and what the public will understand. They know their Furniture to be as good as any manufactured in the county, and ask those in want of any thing in their line, to attend the sale and judge for themselves. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOHN BRINGMAN & SON.

March 3, 1848.—ts

IN THE MATTER of the intended application of JESSE D. NEWMAN for License to keep a tavern in Mountjoy township—being an old stand.

WE, the subscribers, citizens of the township of Mountjoy, Adams co., do hereby certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with JESSE D. NEWMAN, the above named petitioner, that he is and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences, for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and Travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the House for which License is prayed, and from its situation and neigborhood, believe it to be suitable for a Tavern, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

John Wilson,	*Fred. Colehouse,*
Burnet Skeely,	*Jacob Baker,*
Jonathan Gilbert,	*Joseph Skeely,*
Melker Wolf,	*Lewis Norbeck,*
Jacob Diehl,	*Samuel Little,*
Henry Snyder,	*Peter Conover,*
Michael Schwartz,	*Jacob Schwartz,*
George Groff,	*James Fisher,*
Hafes Hartman,	*George Foahl,*

March 3, 1848.—3t

IN THE MATTER of the intended application of SOLOMON ALBERT, for license to keep a tavern in Reading township, it being an old stand.

WE, the subscribers, citizens of the township of Reading, Adams co., do hereby certify that we are personally and well acquainted with SOLOMON ALBERT, the above named petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we know the House for which the License is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

George Jacoby,	*John Trimmer,*
Jacob Smith,	*Jacob Myers,*
Cornelius Myers,	*Jacob Hollinger,*
Henry Albert,	*Jacob Sheaffer,*
George Wolf,	*Peter Myers,*
Andrew Brugh,	*Peter Aulabaugh,*
C. Allish,	

March 3, 1848.—3t

GOLD PENS AND SILVER PENCILS, (best quality) Card Cases, Visiting and Printing Cards, Fancy Note Paper, Envelopes, Motto Wafers, Fancy Sealing Wax, Letter Stamps, &c., for sale by S. H. BUEHLER.

December 10.

From the National Era.

CONSERVATISM.

The owl, he fareth well
In the shadows of the night;
And it puzzles him to tell
Why the Eagle loves the Light.

Away he floats—away,
From the forest, dim and old,
Where he pass'd the garish day:
The Night doth make him bold!

The wave of his downy wing,
As his courses round about,
Disturbs no sleeping thing
That he findeth in his route.

The moon looks o'er the hill,
And the vale grows softly light;
And the cock, with greeting shrill,
Wakes the echoes of the night.

But the moon—he knoweth well
Its old familiar face:
And the cock—it doth but tell,
Poor fool! its resting place.

And as still as the spirit of Death
On the air his pinions play;—
There's not the noise of a breath,
As he grapples with his prey.

Oh, the shadowy Night for him!
It bringeth him fare and glee;
And what cares he how dim
For the Eagle it may be!

It clothes him from the cold,
It keeps his larders full;
And he loves the darkness old,
To the Eagle all so dull.

But the dawn is in the east—
And the shadows disappear;
And at once his timid breast
Feels the presence of a fear.

He resists;—but all in vain!
The clear Light is not for him;
So he hastens back again
To the forest old and dim.

Through his head strange fancies run;—
For he cannot comprehend
Why the moon, and then the sun,
Up the heavens should ascend,—

When the old and quiet Night,
With its shadows dark and deep,
And the half-revealing light
Of its stars, he'd ever keep.

And he hooteth loud and long:—
But the Eagle greets the Day,
And on pinions cold and strong
Like a Roused Thought sweeps away!

Cincinnati, 1848. W. D. G.

GOD HELP US TO THE LAST.

Lag not the oar when skies are clear,
Nor leave the trusty helm.
We cannot tell how fierce and near
Are blasts to overwhelm.

Though dark the night, to watchful eyes
The stars will never fail,
And clouds, when morning lights the skies,
Bring tidings of the gale.

The calm should ne'er be idly spent,
While sleep the threat'ning seas,
Trim up the sails the storm has rent,
And fling them to the breeze.

The tide is not an even tide,
Though smooth the track behind—
O'er which our venturous shallops glide
Before the sweeping wind.

With trusty hearts, through night and day,
Till rock and shoal are past,
Keep "wait and watch," and ever pray,
God help us to the last!

From the People's Journal.

HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

VIII.—NAZARETH AND MOUNT CARMEL.

We passed the night on the 14th of April in our tents, just outside the town of Jenin. Our dragoman had warned us of the thievish character of the people of this neighborhood, so that we had an eye to such of our property as was lying about while the tents were preparing. The Governor called, had coffee, and appointed four guards; so that we supposed ourselves safe from robbery. But in the morning the best mule was gone; and the four guards declared themselves wholly unable to say when, how, and by whom, the animal was let loose from its fastenings, and carried off. Our departure was delayed; the Governor was sent for, and a pretended inquiry was made—and this gave me opportunity to walk about for an hour after breakfast through the little town, through an orange grove, where every tree was white with blossoms, and up a neighboring hill, whence I saw, to my surprise, a snowy mountain peak to the northeast.—This was the summit of Gebel Sheikh—the mountain which closes the north end of the valley of the Jordan, and then joins on to the ranges of Antilibanus. From my point of view I could see, too, the beautiful plain of Esdraelon, which we were to traverse this day; and the hills to the north, which enclosed Nazareth, where we hoped to sleep this night; and to the west some tokens of the rise of a line of hills which we should soon see swelling into Mount Carmel, where we were to go tomorrow. What a prospect lay before both eye and mind!

Our dragoman told us we might make ourselves easy about our mule. He had no doubt it was in some stable in the town. We should be asked to leave a muleteer behind, and in a day or two the animal would be delivered to him, with a demand of a few piastres for the trouble of finding the mule on the mountains. It is probable that matters stood exactly so, for the muleteer followed in two days with the beast, having paid fourteen piastres for the trouble of finding it.

Thus far we have travelled only among hills and valleys; and to-day we heartily enjoyed our ride over the rich plain of Esdraelon. It was fertile and flowery from end to end; and the young partridges ran under the very feet of my horse. Small birds flitted in multitudes on every side, and tall cranes stood among the high grass.—The Carmel range grew upon the sight, as we had expected; and the blue hills of Galilee closed in the view northward.—Little Mount Hermon rose on our sight; and on its north acclivity lay the village of Nain. A round hill, dropped over with old oaks, was Mount Tabor. Villages were well placed on such rising grounds as there were amid the plains; and our track lay broad, and level, and green, among rows of tall artichokes and patches of rich cultivation.

When about two-thirds of the way over we crossed the great caravan track from Egypt to Damascus. We had been to Egypt, and we were going to Damascus; but we did not follow this track. We held on northward to the Galilean hills.

We entered among these hills about an hour before we reached Nazareth, winding up and down, and around the base of one, and the shoulder of another, sometimes among scattered wood, sometimes over stony tracts, and always in sight of many goats. After mounting to a very steep pass, and coming to a well, and winding round a hill once more, we came suddenly in sight of pretty Nazareth. Its basin of fertility is charming; its little plain, full of gardens and groves and fields, surrounded, as it seemed, completely by hills. The town is, in fact, a poor one; but built of stone, and covering a good deal of ground, and extending a little way up the western slopes, it looks well from above.

Here, then, we had before our eyes the scenery amid which Jesus grew up. Its character cannot have changed very much since his day. A fertile basin among the everlasting hills, and the primitive little town which they protect, must bear much the same aspect from age to age. The great addition is the convent and church of the Latin monks; but these buildings do not stand out offensively to the eye, but mingle well with the flat-roofed stone houses of the town. In this convent we had to take up our abode. We longed to pitch our tents on the green below the town; but there was apprehension of rain, and it was thought better to go under the convent roof, which is truly a hospitable one.

I do not know what it is about the services of this church which is so affecting to strangers; but I observe that all travellers speak of the strong emotions excited here. Few believe that the places under the church are what they are said to be.—Few believe that the little caves shown by the monks are the kitchen and sitting-room of the parent of Jesus; and that the spots marked out by two granite pillows, are those where Mary and the angel stood at the time of the Annunciation. I do not at all believe that these places were thus consecrated; yet I have seldom been so moved as I was this afternoon in the Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. We were at least in the place of residence of Jesus, and saw what he saw every day; the hollows of the valleys, the outlines of the hills, the streams in their courses, and the wild flowers, which every where on the slopes spread under foot. We were in the place which he called home. Entering the church with these impressions on our minds, we were saluted with a chant from a full choir—a chant sonorous, swelling, and exact; the best music, incomparably, that I heard abroad. It told upon our very hearts.

Of course, we visited the rocky recesses below the church, which are called the abode of Joseph and Mary; and saw no reason to suppose that, while citizens of Nazareth, they lived in a grotto, rather than a house. We were shown, too, a portrait of Jesus, which the monks believe to have been copied from an original, taken in his life time! As if there had been portrait painting of that kind in those days! And as if the Jews would have considered it lawful, if there had! Such ignorance on the part of the monks prevents our relying on any traditions given by them; and I will therefore say nothing of the other places pointed out as sacred by them. Nazareth itself is sacred enough; and it is merely offensive to one's feelings to speak of some of the strange stories the monks tell, and really believe, about Jesus and his family, in exhibiting what they declare to be the scenes of his life and daily actions.

The next day, the uppermost feeling throughout was of delight at the thought of the natural beauty amid which Jesus was reared. From the heights above the town we looked down into dells full of verdure, and abroad over the rich plain we had crossed the day before, and over toward Carmel, where we were going to-day.—We rode among the hills for two hours, observing that clumps of forest trees became more frequent, and that the scenery was changing its character. And then we entered upon a tract which was so like the outskirts of an English nobleman's park, that I could hardly believe we were in the Holy Land. Rich grasses covered the slopes and levels, and clumps of ilex wooded every recess. We wound along under these clumps, and along the glades of the scattered forest, and, upon broken banks, and then again through reaches of chequered shade. And how could we help thinking, at every step, who had once been here before us!

We were almost sorry to leave these park-like hills, though we were descending into the plain of Zebulon, and Carmel was before us, and we were about to cross the old river Kishon, which Elijah knew so well when he lived in this region, and the blue sea was in sight,—that sea from which Elijah's servant saw the cloud arise which was no bigger than a man's hand.

We rode at the foot of Carmel, keeping the river Kishon for the most part on the right hand. There could not be a finer place of assemblage than this plain for the children of Israel and the worshippers of the sun, (Baal,) when Elijah summoned them to meet. From the foot of Mount Carmel, which stands out boldly into the sea, the beach stretches, northward in a fine sweep of fifteen miles to Acre and the old Tyre. The Galilean hills, Carmel, and the sea, held the assembled multitude on that great day. The worship of the sun was very imposing in all the countries where it subsisted. We have all heard of it as the worship of Apollo in Greece. I saw mighty temples to the same god, under the name of Ra, in Egypt and Nubia; and under the name of Baal at Baalbec, a few days' journey from this place, at the foot of Carmel, where his host of priests was defied by Elijah. (1 Kings, xviii.)—Here stood his four hundred and fifty prophets in all their pomp.

Next we ascended the mountain itself; and we spent two nights in the convent on its heights; so that the whole scene is well impressed on my memory. We went down the mountain side that afternoon, to see the caves where the schools of the prophets used to be, where the young men were gathered together to learn what was known of religion, and to prepare themselves for its administration. Whether the principal cave was really thus occupied or not, some use was certainly made of it in ancient times. We found it a large square grotto, a spacious apartment in the mountain side, cool, shadowy, and solemn. All about its entrance, and over all that side of the mountain, from the beach below to the convent on the height, was a perfect jungle of hollyhocks, ilex, odoriferous shrubs, herbs of many savors, and wild flowers as gay as the rainbow. Dry and drooping was all this vegetation when Elijah came hither at the end of the long drought, and cast himself down upon the earth, while his servant watched on the ridge above! But oh! what an expanse of sky and of blue sea was there for the man's eye to range over, while looking for a token of approaching rain! To-day there was not in all the sky a cloud so big as a man's hand; but, instead of a cloud, there was, at evening, the everlasting sign of the silver bow. When the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and left a golden glow on both sea and sky, the young moon hung in the west yet a little while, before the mild spring night veiled from my watching eyes "the excellency of Carmel."

GOING TO CONGRESS.—Going into a western member's room the other day, and seeing him with his coat off in the middle of the apartment, up to his middle in documents, speeches, and letters, laboring lustily with his franking pen, I alluded to his press of private business. "Stranger," said he, "I never came to Congress before, and I never want to come again. I tell you, that this office of member of Congress is not what it is cracked up to be.—I calculated to have a good time here this winter, after racing all over my district, and making more than five hundred stump speeches in order to get elected. But the fact is, you can see the way I enjoy myself. It is what I call having the enjoyments horribly. Why, sir, I never began to work in this way before in my life."—"Well, sir," I replied, "the honors of the station undoubtedly compensate you for all your labors." "The honors be bursted; all I wish is, that I was out of the scrape." I asked, "How comes on the loan bill in your branch?" "O, they are spouting away, spouting away, sir, and here I am franking the speeches. The Lord only knows what is in them!" "And the Ten Regiments Bill?" "I know nothing of it, and don't want to. Look at them are letters," pointing to a two bushel basket of private correspondence—"not one half of them answered; look at these speeches, not a quarter of them franked. What attention can I give to loan bills and regiment bills? Sir, I must attend to my constituents." And we left him to his labors.—Our impression is, that it takes all day Saturday, and Sunday too, to bring up the franking and letter-writing business of the week, for the members seldom get out to church.—*Boston Courier.*

OLD, BUT GOOD.—Dan Marble tells the following story about a Yankee who lost his yellow dog. Approaching a wood-chopper by the way side, the Yankee accosted him:

"Mister, have you seen a yallow dog a goin' along here about a year, a year and a half, or two year old?"

"Yes," replied the chopper, supposing the Yankee was quizzing him, "yes I saw a yaller dog going along here, about a year, a year and a half, or two years old, about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and you'll find him about a mile, a mile and a half, or two miles ahead, with a tail about an inch, an inch and a half, or two inches long!"

"Hold on! that'll do, stranger! I calkilate you are into me about a feet, a feet and a half, or two feet!"

A YANKEE BARGAIN.—Old Squire Hopkins was the perfect picture of meekness and simplicity, and his muttering seemed the effect of bashfulness, rather than the inherent physical defect. One day a neighbor came to buy a yoke of oxen of him. The price was named, and the animals made a satisfactory appearance.

"Are they *breachy*?" asked the buyer.

"N-n-n-never tr-tr-troubled me," was the reply.

The other paid the price and took the the yoke.

In day or two, he came back in a towering passion.

"Confound these ere critters, Squar—there aint no fence will keep 'em. They'd break thro' a stun wall, or jump over the moon. What the dickens made you tell me they wasn't breachy!"

"I-I-didn't say n-n-no s-such a thing."

"Yes you did—you said they never troubled you."

"Oh, w-well, neighbor," said the Squire—"I d-d-dont let s-s-such th-things as-as that 'ere trouble me."

The buyer sloped. Squire Hopkins was a nice man.—*Yankee Blade.*

An Irish laborer plunged into the river and hauled out a gentleman who was in the act of drowning; the gentleman remarked his gratitude by offering Pat a sixpence. "Well," said the dripping miser, seeing Pat's doubtful pause, "aint you satisfied? Do you think you ought to have more?" "Och!" answered the poor fellow, looking hard at the miserable being he had rescued, "I think I'm over-paid!"

Somewhere in the West, a knight of the lather and brush was performing the operation of shaving a hoosier with a very dull razor. "Stop," said the hoosier, "that won't do." "What de matta, hoss?" "That razor pulls." "Well, no matta for dat, sah. If de handle ob de razor don't brake, de baird's bound to cum off!"

"I am a straight-forward man," as the toper said when he pitched into the gutter, "and nothing else."

"I'm boarding out," as the loafer said, when he curled up for the night on a piece of lumber.

A true friend will speak of your faults to your face, and your virtues behind your back. A bad man will flatter or appear fair to your face, and disparage and injure you in your absence.

FOURTH DESPATCH OF MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

[PRIVATE]

To James K. Polk, President of the United States, and nearly half of Mexico certain, with a pretty tolerable chance yet for the whole.

CITY OF MEXICO, DOUBTFUL TERRITORY, February 15, 1848.

DEAR COLONEL:—If any body asks you that impudent question again, "what are we fighting for?" jest tell him he's a goose, and don't know what he's talking about, for we aint fightin at all; we've got peace now; got an armistice, they call it; so there's no sense at all in their putting that question to you any more. We've got the opposition fairly on the hip upon that question, if no other; fairly gagged 'em; they can't say to you any longer now, "What are we fightin for?" This is some consolation for the shabby trick Trist has served us. That fellow has made a bargain with the Mexicans to stop the war, in spite of the orders you sent to him to come right home and let things alone. I felt uneasy about it when I seed him hanging about here so long after he got his orders to come home, and I said to Jum, once or twice, "Mr. Trist, What's the reason you don't go off home and mind the President? This unlawful boldness of your'n is shameful."

"Why, Major," says he, "he that does his master's will, does *right*, whether he goes according to orders or not. The President sent me out here to make peace, and it's a wonder to me if I don't fix it yet, somehow or other, before I've done with it." And then he put his finger to the side of his nose and give me a sassy look, as much as to say, Major Downing, you better not try to be looking into diplomatic things that's too deep for you.

Says I, "Mr. Trist, I'm astonished at you; I thought you was a man of more judgment, and looked deeper into things. Don't you see what advantage it gives the President to let things now stand jest as they be? He offered peace to the Mexicans, and they have refused it. Therefore, the opposition at home can't cry out against him any more if he goes ahead with the war. He shet their mouths up on that score. He's made the war popular, and can go into the Presidential campaign now with a good chance of being elected another term. And now if you go to dabblin in the business any more, I'm sure you'll do mischief. As things now stand, peace is the last thing in the world that the President wants. You've done your errand here and got your answer, and it's turned out jest *right*; we can go on with our annexin all Mexico now, without such an everlasting growling among the opposition at home, for we've offered the Mexicans peace, and they would'nt take it. So you've nothin to do now but to be off home, for the war is jest in the right shape as it is."

"Well, now, after all this plain advice—for I felt it my duty to be plain with him—he still kept hanging about here, day after day and week after week, and the first I knew we was took all aback by being told that Mr. Trist had make a treaty and Gineral Scott was to order an armistice. I could'nt hardly believe my ears at first. I posted right off to Gineral Scott to know what it all meant.

"Gineral," says I, "are you going to order an armistice?"

"Yes, Major Downing," says he: "Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners have signed the preliminaries of a treaty, so of course we shall have an armistice."

"Well now, General," says I, "I don't think the President will thank you for that."

"Cant help that," says he, "I must obey the orders of the Government, thanks or no thanks. And when Mr. Trist was sent out here to make a treaty, I was directed, whenever the plan of a treaty should be signed on both sides, to order an armistice, and wait for the two Governments to ratify the treaty." Well, Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners have at last fixed up some kind of a bargain and signed it; and of course according to my orders we have nothing to do but to stand still and wait for the two Governments to clinch the nail.

"But," says, I, "Gineral, you know Mr. Trist has no right to make a treaty any more than I have, for the President has ordered him to come home, and if he has made a treaty, it's no better than a piece of blank paper, and you should'n't mind it."

"Don't know any thing about them matters," says he, "I cant go behind the curtain to inquire what little manœuvres are going on between the President and his Commissioner. Mr. Trist came out here with his regular commission to make a treaty. He has brought me a treaty, signed by himself and the Mexican Commissioners; and my orders are to cease hostilities. Of course we can do nothing else but halt and stack our arms."

"Well," says I, "Gineral it aint right; it's a bad business; it'll break up this grand annexin plan that was jest going on so nice that we might a got through with it in a year or two more; and then it will bother the President most to death about his election for the second term. That treaty must be stopped; it mustn't be sent home; and I'll go right and see Mr. Trist about it."

So off I went and hunted up Mr. Trist, and had a talk with him. Says I, "Trist, how's this? They tell me you've been making a treaty with these Mexicans."

"Shouldn't wonder if I had," says he: "that's what I come out here for."

"Well, I must say, sir," says I, "I think this is a pretty piece of business. How do you dare to do such a thing; You know the President has ordered you home."

"Yes," says he, "and I mean to go home as soon as I get through the job he sent me to do."

"Well now," says I, "Trist, I claim to know what the President is about, and what he wants, and I'm his confidential friend and private embassador out here, and I shall take the liberty to interfere in this business. This high-handed doings of yourn must be nipt off in the bud.—What sort of a bargain have you been making? Just let me look at the treaty."

"Can't do it," says he, "it's half way to Vera Cruz by this time; I sent it off yesterday."

"Blood and thunder!" says I, "then you have knocked the whole business in the head, sure enough. You've committed an outrageous crime, sir, and a great shame; and don't you know, sir, that great crimes deserve great punishments? I don't know what Gel. Polk will do; but I know what my friend *old* Hickory would do if he was alive; he would hang you right up to the first tree he could come at."

"What, hang me for doing jest what I was sent here to do?" says he. "For I've made jest such a bargain as the President told me to make; only a leetle better one."

"That's nothing here nor there," says I, "you know circumstances alters cases.—And you know well enough, or you ought to have sense enough to know, that, as things now stand, the President don't want a treaty. Now, says I, Mr. Trist, answer me one plain question: Do you think you have any right at all to make a treaty after the President has ordered you home."

"Well," says he, "I think circumstances alters cases too: and when the President ordered me home, I suppose he thought I couldn't get through the job he sent me to do. But I thought I could, and so I kept trying, and I've got through with it at last, and done the business all up according to my first orders; and I dont see why the President shouldn't be well satisfied."

"Well," says I, "what's the items of the bargain? What have you agreed upon?"

"Why," says he, "we have the whole of Texas clear to the Rio Grande; we have all of New Mexico, and all of Upper California. And we pay the Mexicans fifteen millions of dollars, and pay our own citizens five millions that the Mexicans owed them. And we stop firing, draw our charges from the guns that are loaded, and go home."

"Well, now," says I, "Trist, don't you think you are a pretty feller to make such a bargain as that at this time of day? The President will be mortified to death about it. Here we've been fightin near about two years to make the Mexicans pay over that five millions of dollars they owed our people, and now you've agreed that we shall put our hands in our pockets and pay it ourselves. The whole plan of the war has been carried on by the President upon the highest principles to go ahead and conquer a peace, man-fashion; and now you've agreed to back out of the scrape, and *buy* a peace, and pay the money for it. You know very well the President has declared, time and again, that the war should go on till we got indemnity for the past and security for the future—them's his own words—and now you've agreed to settle up without one jot of either. For the past, we are at least a hundred millions of dollars out of pocket, besides losing ten or fifteen thousand men. As for the men, I spose you may say we can offset them against the Mexicans we have killed, and as we have killed more than they have, may be it puts up a little in our favor, and that's the only advantage we've secured. As for the hundred millions of dollars, we don't get a penny of it back. So all the indemnity you get for the past is a few thousand dead Mexicans—that is, as many as remains after substracting what they've killed of us from what we've killed of them. But the cap-sheaf of our bargain is the security for the future. The cities and towns and castles that we have fit so hard to take, and have got our men into, and all so well secured, you now agree to give 'em all right up again to the enemy, and march our men off home with their fingers in their mouths; and that's our security for the future. As for the fifteen millions of dollars you agree to pay for New Mexico and California, you might jest as well a thrown the money into the sea, for they was ours afore; they was already conquered and annexed, and was as much ours as if we had paid the money for 'em."

Here I turned on my heel and left him, for I was so disgusted at the conduct of the feller that I wouldn't have any more talk with him. And now, my dear Colonel, there is nothing for us to do but to look this business right in the face and make the best we can of it. If there was any way to keep the thing out of sight it would be best for you to throw the treaty into the fire as soon as you get it, and send word on to Gineral Scott to go ahead again. But that is impossible; it will be spread over the country and known to every body. And I'm convinced it will be the best way for you to turn right about, make out to be glad of what can't be helped, and accept the treaty. The nominations for President is close at hand, and you must get ready to go into the election for your second term on what you've got, and make the best show you can with it. If you should reject the treaty, the opposition would get the advantage of you again; they would cry out that the Mexicans had asked for peace and *you had refused it*; and there would be no end to their growling about this oppressive war of invasion. But if you accept the treaty, it puts an end to their grumbling about the war.

To pacify our friends that are very eager for the whole of Mexico, you must tell 'em to look out and see how much we have already got; keep telling of 'em that half a loaf is better than no bread; tell 'em to keep quiet till after your next election is over, and may be you'll contrive some plan to be cutting into 'tother half. Keep Mr. Ritchie blowing the organ, all weathers, to the tune of half of Mexico for a song. Tell the whole country, and brazen it out to every body, that you've made a great bargain, a capital bargain, much better than Jefferson made when he bought Louisiana for fifteen millions of dollars; tell 'em for the same sum of money you have got a great deal more land, and more men on it. I'm satisfied this is the best ground to take; we must go for the treaty, and, bitter pill as it is, we must swallow it as though we loved it. I spose it will have to go before the Senate, as the constitution now stands, (the constitution is very defective on that pint, and ought to be mended, for it's dangerous trusting important matters to the Senate;) but you must drive your friends all up to vote for it; don't let it fail on no account; don't let 'em go to fingerin it over and putting in amendments that will make the Mexicans so mad that they will kick it all over again. For that would put things into such a hurly-burly I'm afraid you would lose your election.

Ratify the treaty, and then gather up all the glory that's been made out of this war, twist it into a sort of glory wreath round your own head, and march with a bold step and a stiff upper lip right into the Presidential campaign, and I shouldn't wonder if you beat the whole bunch of all your enemies and all your friends. And if you went into your second term on the strength of half of Mexico, it would be a pretty good sign that you *might go into a third term on the strength of the whole of it.*

I remain your faithful friend,

MAJ. JACK DOWNING.

A DOUBLE OPERATION.

A few days since a lady elegantly dressed, entered one of the dry goods establishments in Chesnut street and desired to be suited with a cashmere shawl; something worth looking at; none of your fiddle-de-dee trash or trumpery knick-knacks but an article up to concert pitch, and reaching to at least $400. This was at last accomplished, when the lady giving her name, and saying that she was then staying for a brief season with her relative, the charming wife of a celebrated dentist, ordered it to be brought by one of the clerks to Mr. D.'s forthwith. In the meantime the lady informed that enlightened operator that she had a dear brother who was sadly a martyr to the toothache—that he held the "forceps" in unutterable dread—that he invariably swooned at the bare intimation of ether, and that she had prevailed on the youth by means of a stratagem to come to his abode, at the same time requesting him to divert the youth's attention at first by alluding to business and other topics of the day.

All this was punctually promised on the part of the dentist, and in due time a 'ring' was heard, announcing the arrival of the "martyr." The lady, taking the hint, immediately started off, and meeting the shawl and the bearer in the hall laid hold of the former, at the same time telling the clerk to take the bill into her relative, who would settle it. The lady walked out, and the clerk walked in, when the dentist said: "Glad to see you, my dear sir—pray sit down—of course the steamer's not yet in—how is business—sit down—sit down—I pray you sit down!"

The clerk was delighted to find that aristocracy, like friendship, was but a name, and so he was in no hurry to be off. Here the shrewd dentist adroitly turned the conversation on teeth, and was pleased to find that his patient did not suspect his motives. "By-the-by," laughed the clever operator, "I am not busy this morning, permit me to look at your teeth." Without a moment's hesitation the clerk seated himself in the sufferer's chair.

"You have a toothache now and then, I perceive," mused the doctor, edging over to the martyr, with the forceps concealed in his hand.

"Sometimes—not often," was the answer of the innocent.

"Oh, yes; I see that is the tooth, I think," added the cunning dentist, looking into the open mouth of his visitor.

"Yes, sir, that is the one that used to ache when I was a child."

"Exactly—that one—allow me again—one moment—there!"

It was the work of an instant—crack—crash—the tooth was out—and the agonized victim sprang madly out of the chair at the throat of the dentist.

"Villain—murderer! what do you mean?" sputtered the unfortunate with his mouth ful of blood.

"It's all over now," parleyed the dentist.

"Yes, sir," said the victim, "you may thank your stars that it's not all over with you. And now, sir, (handing him the bill for the shawl) with your permission, we'll come to a settlement."

"Not a cent, sir," expostulated the doctor, "I have arranged it with your sister."

"What, sir?"

A denouement followed, but the lady had got an hour's start, with her shawl; and the agreeable companions parted not half so agreeable as they had met. Truly a double operation, and we reckon rather a severe one for both.—[CITY ITEM.

"NONE LIVETH TO HIMSELF."—God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks it on its stem, upon the rainbow that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun that warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all he has written, "None of us liveth to himself."

A MAN.—The man whom I call deserving the name, whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than himself—whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth afford means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

An honest man need not feel the assaults of his enemies. Talent will be appreciated, industry will be rewarded, and he who pursues, in any calling, an open, manly, honest course, must in the end triumph over his enemies, and build for himself a good name, which will endure long after his traducers are forgotten.

A short but comprehensive prayer was once made by a Scotchman, as follows:—"Keep my purse from the *lawyer*—and my body from the *doctor*—and my soul from the *devil*." He couldn't have asked for more in fewer words.

A HINT.—Folks who don't like the way newspapers are edited, ought to ask leave to put in a specimen of the right sort. Every man that thinks it is easy to edit a paper exactly right, and to universal acceptance ought to try it. May be he would succeed, and if so he would be better entitled to a reward than the discoverer of perpetual motion.—*Richmond Star.*