THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XIX.—5. } GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1848. { NEW SEIES—NO. 47.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS the Hon. WM. N. IRVINE, Esq. President of the several Courts of Common Pleas, in the counties composing the 19th District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said district—and GEORGE SMYSER and JAMES M'DIVITT, Esqs., Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, and General Jail Deliveryf for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the county of Adams—have issued their precept, bearing date the 19th day of January, in the year of our LORD one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Court of Oyer and Terminer, at Getysburg, on *Monday the 17th day of April next*—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN To all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Adams, that they be then and there in their proper persons, with their Rolls, Records, Inquisitions, Examinations and other Remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or then shall be in the Jail of the said County of Adams, and to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

BENJAMIN SCHRIVER, SHERIFF.

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, } td
March 17, 1848. }

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

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 17th day of April next, viz*:

The account of John Bobnitz and George Mummert, Executors of the last will and testament of Samuel Mummert, deceased.

The account of George Little, Administrator of the estate of Charles T. Welsh, deceased.

The account of Jacob Hersh, Guardian of Henry Showalter, Isaac Showalter, and David Sho[illegible]ter, minor children of David Showalter [illegible]ased.

The ac[illegible]tysburg [illegible] John L. Noel, Guardian of Rachel [illegible] Clain, minor child of James M'Clain, deceased.

The first and final account of David Hollinger, Executor of the last will and testament of Christian Nagle, deceased.

The final account of Philip Fleshman, and Michael Beavenour, Executors of the last will and testament of Peter Beavenour, deceased.

The first account of John L. Taughinbaugh, Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Jacob Shank, deceased.

The first and final account of John L. Taughinbaugh, Executor ot the last will and testament of Elizabeth Shank, deceased.

The account of William C. Seabrooks, Administrator of the estate of Elijah Seabrooks, deceased,

The first and final account of John Hoover, Administrator of the estate of Alexander Walter, deceased.

The first account of Nicholas Bushey, Administrator of the estate of Philip Snyder, deceased.

The first and final account of Jacob Cover, Administrator of the estate of James Rhea, deceased.

The first Guardianship Account of Henry Overholser, Guardian of Samuel Geiselman, minor son of Michael Geiselman, sen., deceased.

The first and final account of Benjamin Schriver, Administrator of the estate William Shroeder, deceased.

ROBERT COBEAN, *Register*.

Register's Office, Gettysburg. } tc
March 20, 1848. }

Grand Jury—April Term.

Berwick—John C. Ellis, Jacob Diehl, Jacob Martin.
Mountjoy—John Horner, Joseph Zuck.
Mountplessant—Anthony Smith, Peter Smith.
Liberty—Henry Gordon.
Tyrone—Henry Eckenrode, Wm. Yeatts, Ozias Ferree.
Union—Samuel Shorb, Amos Keports, Enoch Lefever.
Huntington—Joseph King, Joseph Taylor.
Hamiltonban—Robert Slemmons, Wm. Douglass.
Freedom—James Bigham.
Franklin—J. King Wilson.
Menallen—Samuel Meals, Andrew Bittinger, John Burkholder, Philip Beamer.

General Jury.

Union—Jacob Sterner, Samuel Diller, William Reider.
Hamiltonban—Jacob Brinkerhoff.
Hamilton—Bernhardt Hildebrand, John Mummert, (of G.) Samuel Hollinger.
Latimore—Aaron Cox, Geo. W. Miller, David Cadwallader.
Borough—James F. Fahnestock, John Chritzman, D. Kendlehart.
Liberty—Barnabas Relly, John Eiker.
Berwick—Bartholomew Sullivan.
Huntington—Alfred Miller, Jacob B. Trostle, J. B. M'Creary.
Cumberland—Solomon Welty, Joseph Black, James Black, Jacob Weikert.
Tyrone—Daniel Fidler.
Freedom—John M'Cleary, Abraham Waybright.
Menallen—Wm. Harlan, John Latshaw, Adam Gardner.
Conowago—John G. Morningstar.
Franklin—Philip Hann, Wm. Paxton.
Mountpleasant—Andrew Little, John Blair.
Straban—Daniel Heiner, John Cress.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of WILLIAM MUMMERT, late of Reading township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township—Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims upon the estate to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

SAMUEL OVERHOLTZER,
March 17, 1848.—6t *Adm'r.*

FANCY ARTICLES, Cologne, Soaps Hair Oils, Tooth Brushes, Toilet Brushes, Tooth Powders, &c., &c., for sale by S. H. BUEHLER.

THE BOAT OF LIFE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,
With skies now rude and now serene,
Together thou and I must float;
Beholding oft, on either shore,
Bright spots where we should love to stay;
But Time plies swift his flying oar,
And on we sweep—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower—
Sit closer till the storm is gone,
And smiling wait a sunnier hour;
And if that sunnier hour should shine,
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,
And, happy, while 'tis mine and thine,
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall
Down which life's currents all must go—
The dark, the brilliant, destined all
To sink into the void below:
Not e'en that hour shall want its charms,
If side by side still fond we keep,
And calmly in each other's arms
Together linked go down to sleep.

For the "Star and Banner."

Meed of Great Men.

MR. EDITOR:—The recent illness of THADDEUS STEVENS, Esq., coupled with the sudden death of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, has induced me to give voice to thoughts which have long dwelt in my bosom; and if you deem them worthy a place in your columns, they are at your service.

I have for many years mourned over the unscrupulous recklessness of party spirit, in pouring abuse and every species of calumny upon the best and greatest spirits in our land. No sooner is a man named as a candidate for any high station, however well qualified he may be to discharge its duties, than this Party Spirit—this base hound of Power and Place—sets off, yelping upon his track; and, not content with following along the highway of his public career, and shouting over every little deviation that his foot has made, it dives into the bye-ways and shady lanes of private life, noses out every stain and spot of dirt, which the necessities of humanity have forced him to leave behind him. Nor does it stop at this; but clamorously attributes to its object every vile and filthy thing which it can find, or imagine, in all the ways in which he has left his foot-print. This should not be.

Let us for a moment contemplate Mr. ADAMS—in his public life. Since the early days of this Republic, he has been its faithful servant. He learned his politics in the days of Washington, under the guidance of his excellent father, and no less excellent and capable mother; and, amid all the babels of political commotion, changes, and amalgamations of party and of party names—which have been so many that no modern politician can know to which of the ancent parties his opinions assimilate—Mr. ADAMS maintained the severe republican principles of his youth. He was that noblest work of God—AN HONEST MAN. In every station which he filled as a public servant, from his first appointment by the unerring Washington, to his death in the council chamber of his country, he sought that country's good: Honestly, faithfully, unflinchingly, he walked in the way of his duty. He sought not the aggrandizement of party—not to give more power to the hand of oppression, but to equalize the interests of community, to raise up the oppressed, to help the poor and powerless to their right: to enforce justice, according to the true teaching of that Constitution, which, in all its bearings, was familiar as the "A B C," even to his boyhood. And this great, good, and wise man—wise, by the endowment of his Creator; wise, by the example and teaching of the wisest of men; wise, by the acquired knowledge of a long life, spent amid the very best opportunities of acquiring wisdom—this man was followed even to the verge of life by party malice, by the base curs of party hate. Mr. ADAMS was brow-beaten and stigmatized as a leader of a *tory* faction, by the sons of foreigners—by men who were born since he was a patriot and statesman—men who are as ignorant of the true meaning of the terms Independence—Constitution—Federal Republic—as they are of the toils by which the one was achieved, the wisdom by which the others were framed and sustained—men who, compared with him, look like a mole-hill, at the foot of the Andes. I remember how they assailed him when he sat as the chief-magistrate of a purblind and ungrateful people. I remember much, which the billows of time will never wash from the tablet of immortal Remembrance.

But "He Died." ADAMS DIED! The persecutors started back appalled—set up a howl of apparent grief—and, whining pitifully, followed the poor remains to their quiet resting place. Yes—now, that the blessed spirit has gone to meet the gracious commendation—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"—and the venerable age-worn form has ceased to feel the quick pulse of joy, or sorrow; now, that the lacerated heart is covered by the shrowd, and hidden in the bosom of the pitying earth; party spirit ceases to cry out against him, and joins in the general commendation of the *pure patriot*, who is now beyond the reach of malice—Vile, dastardly spirit!! Who that has a soul, does not feel prompted to spurn it from the face of the desecrated earth? While the man lived, and labored for the good of his country, the voice of her approval had been sweet to his ear; it has soothed and cheered him in the arduous paths of duty. His was a high and noble heart; but it was human. It shrank, pierced and bleeding, from the shafts of calumny; it was transfixed with venomed arrows; it was covered with wounds; it went bleeding to the grave. Can the late justice that now admits the excellence of his heart and life, atone for the suffering that all his life-long he endured? Can the late repentance of those who maligned him, and embittered his life, avail any thing, now that he is dead; or lay the healing balsam on the noble heart, that feels and heeds no more? Is it not the climax of baseness and hypocrisy in these, his ruthless defamers, to put on now the badge of mourning, and lament the fall of the patriot sage!—*The Great, the Good* JOHN QUINCY ADAMS! Oh! shame upon them!—Let them not think thus to atone for the disgraceful past. There is no atonement now—it is too late. Let them blush, and be forever silent.

So of Mr. STEVENS. He has been hunted by the base and servile dogs of faction, defamed, belied, robbed of his sacred right; even the assassin's steel and the ready fire-arm has been raised against his precious life—and for what? Because his soul—truly great; able to grasp, and analize mind and motive; clear in its perceptions of truth and falsehood; capable of reading at once past, present and future; of perceiving the effect from the cause; the end from the beginning; of seeing the spring and moving power of every political engine; of detecting the bearing of every measure on the interests of the community;—because this soul refused to bow to the powers that were; to follow, blind-fold, in the wake of the car of political Juggernaut—because he persisted in standing on the eminence which he had gained, and speaking the Truth, as it was revealed to his eagle eyes. But his enemies, while they clamored against him, were ready to die of fear. They knew that he read their minds, with all their aims and purposes, like an open book; they shrunk, and crouched away, from his searching scrutiny; and, having obscured the vision of the time-serving, because ignorant, multitudes, with the black and noxious vapors of their own base spirits, they hissed them on, to overcome with brute force, the greatness which no power on earth could intimidate, or force to falsify its own just convictions. He did not yield to them. But when he saw those for whom he had labored, for whom he was suffering, for whom he was willing to dare all things; whose rights he was ready to sustain in his giant arms, and carry safely above the turmoil of wrong and robbery; when he saw them turning from him, in distrust, and cowardly servility, he smiled through the tears that pity for them wrung from his noble heart—descended from the heights from which none could thrust him—and, while his most virulent opposers stood wrapped in awe, and wondered at the greatness which was beyond their comprehension, retired with proud composure to the shades of private life. Here was a victory, greater than ever was achieved by Alexander, or the meteor Bonaparte—a victory over the malice of his enemies; a victory over the wishes of his friends; a victory over the aspirations of his own mighty spirit. "I have done with politics,"—he said. He had learned that it is a game, in which villainy shuffles the cards; a contest, in which animal force generally prevails; a race in which the truly great and sensitive soul ought never to engage.

And Mr. STEVENS lives quietly, in the retirement which he chose. And yet there is no man living in Pennsylvania who has deserved so well at her hands; who so well understands her wants, and her resources; who is half so capable of guiding her to opulence and honor. But his soul is too noble, too expansive, too much above the common level. He could not be the tool of a party—the effigy of a power behind which they could intrigue, and carry out their schemes for place, and emolument; he would not sacrifice the interests of the many for the aggrandizement of the few; he would not keep the people in ignorance, that their rulers might sway them at their will, fatten on their labors, and ride on their shoulders to despotism—that worst of all dapotisms, which makes its slaves believe that they rule themselves, and thus takes from them the common right of complaint, when they feel the iron wheel of ruin crushing them into the earth.

Mr. STEVENS would none of these things. He would have a world of *educated* freemen; a community of men capable of judging for themselves, of whom every one should be competent to rule himself, and to educate his children. Witness his herculean efforts in the cause of Education—Witness the Free School system of Pennsylvania, (mutilated though it be, by unskilful builders upon his broad and noble foundation.) Is it not a living, speaking honor to his name? Are not thousands of children now drinking the sweet waters of immortality from the way-side fountains, which his wisdom opened for them, in toil, in strife, in unequal combat, when he bared his broad bosom against a host of foes, and came off a glorious conqueror. Aye, glorious, with a glory far outshining all the lustre of military greatness;—inasmuch as Mr. STEVENS has conferred the highest benefits—even knowledge, which is the light of life—on millions of his fellow creatures, while the hero leads passion-blinded men to butchering, rapine, and death; earning, amid toil, and smoke, and blood, at best a horrid glory.

Look at Pennsylvania College! The wisdom of Mr. STEVENS laid its corder stone; his labors, in the Legislature of the State, built up its noble walls, and endowed its institutions. It will stand, a monument to the wisdom and intellectual powers of THADDEUS STEVENS, when he shall have gone to his reward, and the tongues that maligned him shall have been gnawed away by the busy coffin worm.

Mr. STEVENS is a truly great man. His mind grasps the moral universe, and reads its powers, its weakness, its policy, its aims, its capabilities and its incapacities, at a glance—sees where the aims of national policy will succeed, and where they will fail of success. He knows mankind—their virtues, their faults, their wants, their sorrows—his heart has room for all humanity. He feels for all who suffer, and he relieves, as far as he is able. In his goodness, in his mercy towards the erring, in his boundless benevolence towards all—he seems to me a glorious exemplification of the noble man.

All these things Mr. STEVENS has done—not once, or twice—but habitually. Let those whom he has fed, and clothed, and provided with comfortable homes, answer. Let the prisoners, whom he has released; the slaves, whom he has set at liberty, bear witness. Let those whom he has educated at his own expense, call to the multitudes who are now reaping the inestimable benefits of his efforts in the cause of Free School education, and let them reply; and the shout will fill the earth, and go up like the smoke of frankincense into the glorious presence of God, and bring down blessing and honor on his worthy head.

Yet, while he lives—while his feeling heart and sensitive spirit are able to appreciate love, or enmity; to enjoy the consolations of the one, or writhe under the inflictions of the other; (for the greatest souls are most keenly alive to these things,) the serpents of envy and malevolence will continue to infest his path, and hiss at his best and noblest deeds. This is cruel. This is base. This is beneath the malice of demons. To hunt human excellence to the grave, and then acknowledge its worth and purity.

But party spirit will do these deeds of malice. It has done so by Mr. ADAMS: it is doing so to Mr. STEVENS. It is doing so to Mr. WEBSTER and to HENRY CLAY—than whom not a greater lives on the face of the earth—it will do so to all the great and good. This is their meed on earth. But the memory of their noble deeds shall live, and be commended forever; while their persecutors shall be remembered only as the dogs, and adders, that infested the paths by which they walked to Immortality. Q. D.

ALLEGORICAL.—A traveller setting out upon a long journey, was assailled on the road by curs, mastiffs, and half grown puppies, which came out from their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse to drive them back, with stones and sticks, into their hiding places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day. The consequence was, that more than half the traveller's time was consumed in chasing those dogs and puppies. At last he was overtaken by a neighbor, who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveller was very much surprised to find the other no farther on his journey; and, on hearing the reason, "Alas!" said he, "is it possible that you have lost your time and wasted your strength in this idle occupation? These same animals have beset me all along the road, but I have saved my time and my labor in taking no notice of their barkings, while you have lost yours in resenting insults which did you no harm, and in chastising dogs and puppies, whose manners you can never mend."

IRASCIBILITY OF TEMPER.—The greatest plague in life is a bad temper. It is a great waste of time to complain of other people's; the best thing is to amend our own; and the next best quality is to learn to bear with what we meet in others. A bad temper will always tire itself out, if it find no one to resent it: and this very knowledge is worth a trifle. Irascibility is very injurious to health; and so, in fact, is every morbid indulgence of our inferior nature—low spirits, melancholy, diffidence, disinclination for ordinary duties, discontent, fretfulness, even down to mental lassitude, indolence, or despair—are all very inimical to the enjoyment of life; and every possible effort should be made to cast them all to the winds, and look unblushingly into the truth of the fact. It is astonishing what a little reflection will do—the fears are mostly imaginary, and with one dash of resolution may all be overcome.

☞An individual, named John Hoffman, has been arrested in Philadelphia, charged with the robbery of the Chester county Bank.

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

We extract the following interesting article from the Montreal Herald. It will be read with a melancholy pleasure, by many of our subscribers; few poets have a deeper hold on the heart of New Englanders than Robert Burns, whose errors are forgotten in the contemplation of his genius and his works.—*Essex Register.*

"We had in our possession on Saturday the identical pair of Bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson. The circumstance of the bible being in two volumes seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment—Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters—but on the approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the sacred volumes to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the hand-writing of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord." Levit. 19th chap. 12 verse; and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but perform unto the Lord thine oath, Matth. 5th chap. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossigiel," in his hand-writing, beneath which is drawn a Masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side of the grave.—The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all so romantic as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warm hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earliest lyrics, as well as the productions of his later years, which shows that it was very deep-rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins:

Will ye go the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?

But neither Burns nor his Mary were doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imagination. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty's dreary disappointment and despair—while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and a happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writings. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks an' braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.

There summer first unfolds her robes,
An' there they longest tarry,
For there I took my last farewell
O' my sweet Highland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song Burns says, "This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life.—At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Grennock, when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr, that the bibles before us were presented to Mary, and he must have a heart of stone indeed, to gaze on them without his imagination calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they had exchanged bibles and plighted their faith to meet each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over the purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had given the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's Life of Burns, we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the aniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared, as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow) "very sad about something," and though the evening was a cold keen one in September, he wandered into his barn-yard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not for some time recall him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but these promises were but the lip-kindness of affection, no sooner made than forgotten; for his eyes were fixed on heaven, and his increasing strides also indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barn-yard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet, which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another moon," and having prevailed on him to return to the house he instantly wrote, as they stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen:

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
Who lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! Dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest!
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast!

That sacred hour can I forget!
Can I forget that hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
The image of our last embrace,
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebble shore,
O'erhung with wildwood's thick'ning green,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
'Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of the winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover loyly laid!
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

RAISING THE WIND.—The Spirit of the Times relates the following capital affair:

What a potent charm has money!—What a great number of ways there are of raising it! Its magic influence will rend asunder the tenderest of human ties, and scatter broadcast the fairest gems of affection. Strange and singular are the ways pursued for its accumulation. Some will sacrifice conscience, dignity, self-respect, and others will pander to the worst of passions. But the latest and most modern way of "raising the wind," we noticed a few evenings since. Our attention was attracted, in passing the Girard Bank, by a crowd of persons, who were surrounding a man on the Bank steps who appeared to be in great agony, without a person present willing to console him. We were about to undertake the kind office, when a plain looking man stepped up, and recognized the sufferer as a resident of Kensington.—He turned to the crowd, and made a pathetic appeal for sympathy for the prostrate man—said he knew him well—that he was an upright citizen and honest man—that unfortunately he (the speaker) had expended his "last cent," or he would procure a carriage to remove him to his home, but if the persons present would "throw in" only a dime apiece, it would be sufficient for that purpose; and although it would be a gross neglect of his business, he would appropriate the money to that benevolent object. This appeal was not to be resisted, for all were pleased with the humane remarks. A Yankee friend standing near the speaker, (whose heart and purse are always open,) was the first step forward with "here's tew shillen," and next a venerable looking old quaker handed in his mite. All present gave something, amounting probably to three or four dollars, and a carriage was procured. The sick man was soon transferred to it, with his humane friend, and away they went. The crowd quietly dispersed, each thinking he had done a very charitable act.—But alas! how soon do the bright pictures of life fade from our view, and present its rough realities! About an hour after the occurrence above related, we went into a restaurant at Chestnut and Eighth street and were astonished to see the sick man and his sympathetic friend cosily swallowing "a dozen fried," and laughing heartily over the adroit artifice by which they had "raised the wind," on the occasion referred to.

THE PATH OF LIFE.—Why not strew the path of life with flowers?—It requires no stronger effort than to plant thorns and briers. Is it not strange that we bend all our efforts in cultivating those plants which afford no pleasure, but on the contrary, abridge our happiness; while we suffer to spring up, spontaneously, the few stray flowers that occasionally throw a smile along our way? It need not be thus. The few happy men around us should teach us an important lesson. There is no reason in the world why we should not be as happy as they. If we must look on the path of life as a road, we must cultivate ourselves, and go diligently about it. Less frequently would we have cause to mourn over the bitter past, or the dark and cloudy present. If our years have run thus far to waste, let us, with care, influence the future, and with all care and attention, cultivate those fruits and flowers that will yield a harvest of agreeable pleasure.

YANKEE MANUFACTORY.—In the village of Birmingham, Conn., there is a machine for making brass chains, and works as if endowed with human instinct. By every turn of the driving wheel, the wire for the chain is wound off a reel and pulled forward to its proper place and position, the end running through the last formed link, exactly the length for two links cut off, first one end turned over into a link, then the other, the former dropping down through the machine, leaving the latter projecting above, so that the wire can be instantly pushed through it, when it is cut off, two more links formed, and so on until a large roll of wire is transformed into a perfectly-formed chain by the unaided operation of self-acting machinery, hardly a finger having been lifted during the process.

HONORS TO FEDERALISM.—The recent County meeting, held in Lancaster, to endorse Mr. Buchanan, was presided over by Judge Grosh, one of the old federalists of the County. He is still found supporting his old friends and principles.

A SHREWD OLD GENTLEMAN once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

THE MORMONS.—The number and movements of the Mormons are extraordinary. They have an encampment called winter quarters, on land owned by the Omaha Indians, in the immediate vicinity of Council Bluffs. At this encampment, it is calculated there are now over twelve thousand, one half of whom intend starting for the valley of the great salt lakes, as soon as the grass on the plains willl permit. The balance will remain and put in a crop, and in turn leave for California when a sufficient number have arrived to keep up the encampment at "winter quarters." It is expected that from eight to ten thousand souls from England, will join the emigrating party this season. In addition, large parties are expected from other parts of Europe. The Mormons from Europe will land at New Orleans, and proceed by St. Louis to "winter quarters," and thence across the country to the valley of the great salt lakes, where they intend erecting a magnificent temple. What will be the end of Mormonism, is mystery. Like the descendants of Ishmael, their hands appear to be "against every man's hand, and every man's hand against theirs."—Descended from the Caucassian race, they appear determined to build up a religio-politico government and policy that will effectually separate them from all other men. They will stand alone, a monument of what—time alone can determine.

THE OLD WORLD.—A London correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writes under the latest date: "Latest news from Paris, says the Government is in daily expectation of receiving news from Belgium of the establishment of a republican form of government in that country. In Holland all is quiet. Not so in Germany, however; fresh disturbances had broken out in Munich; the military were under arms, and great dread existed of a conflict between them and the people. The King of Prussia has made some concessions, and promises more. The Duchess of Orleans arrived on the third inst. at Berlin. Saxony has not yielded to the people's requests so far as was expected, but the numerous petitions from all parts of the country, particularly from Leipsic, will, it is hoped, overcome the King's dislike to yield to the march of events. Serious apprehensions were felt at Frankfort, of insurrectionary movements."

LAFAYETTE.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Courier says:

"The other day I had a very interesting interview with M. Lafayette, the son of the old general. He was a prominent member of the opposition party, and a particular friend of O. Barrot, who although at present under a cloud, will, he thinks, play a prominent part in politics hereafter. M. Lafayette is an old gentleman of about fifty-five, I should think, with an exceedingly benevolent countenance, and he treated my friend, Mr. M, of Ga., and myself with great kindness and courtesy. He conversed with us very freely upon the revolution and the causes which led to it, and spoke at length of the probable result. I do not feel warranted to commit to paper, all that he said upon this latter point, but I may say that he expressed great hopes from the intelligence and good sense of the French people."

WHY DO'NT WE GROW—The Louisville Examiner contains the following answer to the question often asked in the Slave States—"Why don't we grow."

"Slavery costs us millions. Who had now tilled our fertile lands if the State had been free? What now would have been our annual earnings, if slavery had not blackened our soil. All around us, in sight of our first settled homes, progress marks and makes everything in the free States—converting wilderness countries into thick settlements, swelling villages into towns, towns into cities, and cities into mighty marts of a thriving commerce, and we stand still—stand stock still, as if an incubus were upon us, and we bad no power to heave it off—as if we were the slaves of a bondage, as galling as any man can suffer.

Let it be so no more! The world bids us play the part of a man—let us do it. Christianity appeals to us with a trusting, living spirit—let us answer her rightly. Self-interest urges us to set free the slave—let us do it."

DEATH FROM SUFFOCATION.—On Sunday last Samuel M. Barnitz Esq. was called to hold an inquest over the body of Mr. JOHN BARN, of Spring Garden tp. The deceased was found dead about sunrise, on said morning, in the lime-kiln, and is supposed to have come to his death by the inhaling of the gas manufactured by the burning stone-coal. From the facts elicited, the Jury returned a verdict of "Death by Suffocation." The deceased was about 30 years of age, and had been married only two weeks previous to his death.

EXPLOSION AT CUMBERLAND, MD.—A powder magazine, belonging to a number of merchants in that town, blew up on Sunday night last, about 11 o'clock. It contained, at the time, about seventy or seventy-five kegs of powder. There was, we understand, considerable damage done to the town—many windows were broken, and houses otherwise shattered.

☞The proprietors of the "ANGLO SAXON," announce that some villian has stolen their packet books, and left them without means of forwarding their paper to subcribers. They request all subcribers who fail to receive the paper to notify the proprietors immediately.

CRAZY INCENDIARY.—On the night of the 20th ult, the barn of Mr. Samuel Rinchart, two miles from Waynesboro', Pa., was burnt to the ground, with all its contents, including five horses. The fire was communicated by a crazy son of Mr. Rinchart.

DECISIVE VOTE.—In Manchester, (N. H.) at the State election—"Is it expedient that a law be enacted by the General Court, prohibiting the sale of wines and spirituous liquors, except for chemical, medical, or mechanical purposes?" the yeas were 1,000, the nays 50.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY.

It is difficult to read the report of the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry, at Mexico, ordered to try Major General SCOTT, without a deep feeling of sympathy for his position and its effects upon a mind so sensitive. He appears in the condition of a man encircled and oppressed by private envy and the decrees of a government, whose power he acknowledges, and whose mandates he obeys.—But however irksome the momentary humiliation may be, if Gen. Scott is in the right, and the conduct of the administration has been tyrannical, or dictated by individual spleen, the result will be a glorious one for the accused, and the judgement of the people will dignify him beyond the power of oppression to dispute or censure. After the organization of the Court, the following note from Gen. WORTH, the pet of Executive favor, was read:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIRST DIVISION,
Tacubaya, Mexico, March 14, 1848.

To Gen. N. TOWSON, *Pres. Court of Inquiry*:

SIR: In the matter of my appeal from Major Gen. Scott, Commander-in-chief of the Army, the President has done me full and ample justice. In view of the interest and harmony of the service, I desire to withdraw the accusations which I made in that appeal against Major Gen. Scott.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. J. WORTH,
Brevet Maj. Gen.

After the reading of the above, the Court determined to suspend proceedings against Gen. SCOTT, until the will of the Government should be known. Gen. SCOTT, in reply, addressed the Court as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court:

Here, in the Capital of Mexico, conquered by the American arms, under my command, I find myself but a prisoner at large—the chief criminal before this Court.—Deeply wounded, my military pride is cast down into the dust—not by the public enemy—but by the long arm of power from home. All that could be done, in that quarter, to injure, to degrade and humble me here and elsewhere, has been accomplished. But sustained by the Almighty arm; feeling myself strong in conscious rectitude, strong in mind and body—strong in all the means of self defence, I bid defiance to my accusers. I shall not plead the letter withdrawing the appeal against me, in bar of trial. I challenge the writer of that letter to come forward and do his worst. But no doubt he thinks, and with reason, that *he has done his worst*. Here, in view of the enemy, he has caused me to be struck down from the the high and honorable command of a most gallant and triumphant army. He has caused me first to be prejudged and punished at home, and then to be brought forward to be tried again, while he, my junior, has been pre-acquitted and rewarded. The President has, we are exultingly told, done him "full and ample justice"—yes, sir, in double measure: justice to his pride, and justice to his vengeance. Let him, Mr. President, go forth, rejoicing in the plenitude of Executive favor. Without envying him his honors, I shall, at the end of this Court, have done with him forever. Again, Mr. President, I repeat, my attitude is that of *defiance*.

The Court having next determined to proceed with the charges against Generals Pillow and Duncan, Gen. Scott rose, and announced that in view of the extraordinary conduct of the President in acquitting and restoring to command, one of the arrested Generals (Worth) without the form of a trial,—his declining to order a Court Martial, as requested by General Scott, to try the charges against these officers,—and his own degradation, he would decline prosecuting the cases against Generals Pillow and Duncan, unless ordered to do so by the Court or President.

Gen. Pillow, however, insisting upon his case being disposed of at once, the Court ordered the case to proceed.

GEN. SCOTT.—THE FEELING FOR HIM IN MEXICO.—In all the letters from different correspondents at the city of Mexico, to the New Orleans papers, we find great sympathy expressed for Gen. Scott and a universal condemnation of the course of treatment he has been subjected to. We publish the following thrilling letter from the correspondent of the Crisent, on this subject:

CITY OF MEXICO, March 19, 1848.

The Court of Inquiry has been in session here for three days, the proceedings of which accompany this.

Scott feels deeply mortified at the course things have taken, and he does not look like the same man. He stated in the court, on the second day, in a sort of preface to a paper withdrawing the charges, that he had requested a Court Martial to try the offenders; and that the President, instead of ordering one, reluctantly covened a Court of Inquiry, and before such a court he thought it useless to waste time, and consequently, so far as he was concerned, the trial would end.

It is beyond doubt that the President has treated the General badly. A Brigadier General broke open his dispatches to Taylor, at Monterey, and their importance being buzzed about, the bearer, a gallant officer of the army, was overtaken and killed at Villa Grande, the dispatches sent to Santa Anna, and he, advised of the withdrawal of the regular troops, marched at once from San Luis to Encarnacion, and and shortly after fought Taylor at Buena Vista. For this high offence of opening a public document, General Scott preferred charges and sent them to the Secretary of War. But no court was ordered. After the capture of the city, he deemed it necessary for the good of the service, to arrest three officers of the army, and again sent charges to Washington. This time he hoped a Court Martial would be called, but he was mistaken. One of the arrested, who had preferred charges against him, was released *without* a trial, whilst a Court of Inquiry was ordered to inquire into the charges preferred by the one released. Under the circumstances, can you wonder that Scott feels chagrined? Can you wonder that the proud spirit which bore him from victory to victory in this valley has been partially broken, and the firm step which was wont to tread the earth so proudly, has been changed to the slow pace of the disconsolate! I confess that my heart