

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES—NO. 49.

H. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIX.—7.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, 1848.

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 Chamberburg street, a large and fresh supply of

DRUGS & MEDICINES, PAINTS, VARNISHES, DYE-STUFFS

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, Ink-stands, &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, 1840.

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

The Cheap Book Store, Opposite the BANK, Gettysburg, Penna.

Sign of the BIG BOOK.

EMPORIUM OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

WHERE may be found a large and choice collection of the standard works in the general department of Literature, including—

Agriculture, Domestic Economy, &c. Biblical and Theological History and Literature. Biography. History, Ancient and Modern. College and School Books. Law, Medicine, and Surgery. Education, &c. Mental and Moral Science, Criticism. Natural Science, &c. Voyages and Travels. Encyclopedias and Dictionaries. Medical and Surgical Science, &c. Dictionaries and Encyclopedias. Political, Political Economy, and Statistics. Poetry and the Drama. Juvenile Works. Miscellaneous works.

The above with a general assortment of Maps, Guide Books, Charts, Games, Stationery, &c., are for sale at the Original Cheap Book Store of

KELLER KURTZ,
Opposite the Bank.
March 17, 1848.

Notice to Tax-payers.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Commissioners will make an abatement of FIVE PER CENT. upon all State and County Taxes assessed for the year 1848, and paid to Collectors on or before the 1st of July next, and collectors are hereby required to make said abatement to all persons paying before said day. Collectors will be required to make their payment on or before the 4th day of July next, otherwise they will not be entitled to any abatement. It will be the duty of Collectors to call upon individuals personally between this and the 1st of July next.

JOSEPH FINK,
A. HEINTZELMAN,
JACOB KING,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. AUGUSTIN, Clerk.
April 21, 1848.—31

Garden & Flower Seeds.

OF every variety, from the celebrated SHAKER Garden, New Lebanon, N. York—also RUSSELL'S Garden and Flower Seeds—just received and for sale at the Drug and Book Store of

S. H. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, March 17, 1848.

A CARD.

THE M'CREARY informs the ladies of Gettysburg and vicinity that she has just received from the City a handsome assortment of Spring Millinery of the latest styles, which she invites them to call and examine.

On or two Ladies will be taken at Appointments, if immediate application be made.
Gettysburg, April 14, 1848.

Wistar's Balsam at the South.

One of our agents at Athens, Georgia, has sent us the following letter with permission to publish the same.

Truth is mighty and will prevail.
Athens, August 24, 1848.

Mr. A. Alexander—Dear Sir: Having been afflicted for more than ten months with Chronic Indigestion of the Lungs—at times very severely—and having adopted many medicines without any but temporary relief—I purchased about three bottles of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry from the effects of which I obtained more relief than from all the medicines I had ever taken for this distressing disorder. I have taken the repeated use of this valuable Balsam been more free from pressure for breath and oppression on the lungs than I had anticipated—and, indeed, conceive myself will be cured by continuing its use.

I do your partner—the beating parties, the ramblings through the woods—the summer evenings beneath the arbor in the garden, and a hundred other things, which to my folks, who get married at day-break, and then race over half the States for a month, have no more idea of than a lap-dog has of moonlight.

The following poetry should be treasured as an unparalleled literary curiosity. It was written by a little girl, (Miss Abby Warren, 47 Miscoot street, Boston,) only ten years of age. She was born without hands and wrote it with her mouth, having acquired an extraordinary facility in that mode of recording thought.—The mental, no less than the mechanical, origin of this poem is remarkable enough, and as an exhibition of poetical precocity it surpasses, I think, the first born offerings of Pope and Cowley.—Borrow Post.

TO SPRING.

Now the wintry signs are going
Fast from stream and sod and tree,
Warmer airs are mildly blowing,
Spring is here with face of gloe.

Stowers are low and suns are high,
Where her rosy footsteps fly;
Wide abroad her mantle flings,
As the mild advances,
Flowers are blooming, birds are singing,
To the sunshine of her glances.

Soul of verdure, youth and beauty,
Genius of the road of roses,
Who delays to pay the duty,
Who lags in thy lap repeats!
Earliest born! thy high spiritual
Clad the globe with glories vernal,
Fitted scenes for heavenly souls.

Changeless, though that globe is changing,
To the sunshine of her glances,
As of yore thy feet come ranging,
Bringing beauty to the mould,
Lift to breeze, light to skies,
Life and freedom to the fountains,
To the sunshine of her glances.

More to gaze on to the mountains,
Order uncultured lands,
Music to returning birds,
Labor to the farmer's hand,
With its sweet simplicity;
Glorious genius, gentle spirit,
Could we enter to the clung,
Never more a sigh for summer
Should a human bosom heave;
In thy walk and wander,
Not a look of love receive;
For thy ways are ways of grace,
Fruitfulness, peace and purity;
Paradise adorns thy face,
With its sweet simplicity;
And though Summer's robes imposing
Amplify seem and bolder dyed,
Thine are evermore disclosing
More of peace and less of pride.
Only in thy walk and wander,
Not a reason sacrifice,
And when dust and spirit sunder,
Leave thee only for the skies.

HYMN'S QUESTION.

BY CHARLES J. PIERSON.

We had a dear little cousin—half rosy-bud, half lily—who teases us whenever we meet to tell her how the question is popped. She is but fourteen, and in these days, between boarding-school and ball, girls are as knowing as their grandmothers were at twenty. We suppose she wishes to learn to tell us to be ready for the first chance that offers. Dear girl! she little imagines that the question usually popped itself. Young folks require no aid in such pleasant emergencies—only give two lovers fair play, and send your match-making aunts and the children to Coventry—and our word for it, some evening, when least expected, the question will pop out like the cork from a champagne bottle. We would give our fair cousin some instructions, if we could; but she would probably shut being bridesmaid and groomsmen in her forget them all, and find her heart in her throat besides, when the question came to be popped to herself.

So we will content ourselves with a story, which she may think true or not, as she likes.

Kate Spencer was one of your delicious little wixens, that steal away the heart with a merry laugh, a pair of bright eyes, or an hour of playful rillery. She was a bit of a flirt, as, indeed, what girl named Kate is not!—There's a fatality about that cognomen. Every Kate I have known has taken to coquetting, as naturally as a cat to caudary birds.

Kate Spencer was a bewitching creature. If you could have seen her bounding across the lawn, or galloping with wild flowers to adorn her hair, or hearing her warbling some merry lay, or hearing her as you would have thought, but here as you would have thought, a Rosalind, or an Ariel, for she seemed a compound of both. A love she seemed: "it was a trap for fools," she said.—But people who make traps, sometimes are the first to fall into them.

Kate was in her eighteenth summer when her bosom friend, Lucy Wharton, was married; and Kate was bridesmaid. Her partner, Harry Neville, was a fine, dashing fellow, with a pretty estate, and a commission in the army. He and Kate were well matched. He cared no more for her rillery than for a Mexican botany; and, in fact, her wit was to him like trumpet to the war horse. It did no good to see a passage of arms between them!—but being bridesmaid and groomsmen is a dangerous recreation. Marrying, like the yellow fever, is an infectious disease, and once caught it as quickly as at another's wedding. If I was a young bachelor, and wished to remain one, I would run to the world's end rather than wait on a pretty girl. You may picnic with a seagrass or sleigh with a horse, but not a groomsmen with a sensible girl like Kate Spencer was. Harry Neville, however, was bomb-proof to such things—at least he considered himself so, and that was his motto. Besides, he had been told Kate was a flirt, and he was on his guard.

And how was it a flirtation begun in fun, and ended in earnest? Kate was flattered by having a partner like Harry Neville, and put forth all her powers of pleasing, resolve to bring the flirtation to a close, before there was danger; but flirtations, like through bread, sometimes run away with you; and so at a week's end, what between the customary attentions of a groomsmen, and something peculiar to Harry, Kate began to be interested in her companion more than she chose to confess.

The wedding was held in the country, in the midst of a rich district, and for several weeks the young couple were involved in a round of entertainments. There was a country wedding after moonlight—the spending dull hours in flirtations with your partner—the beating parties, the ramblings through the woods—the summer evenings beneath the arbor in the garden, and a hundred other things, which to my folks, who get married at day-break, and then race over half the States for a month, have no more idea of than a lap-dog has of moonlight.

And so, insensibly, love stole upon Kate! Neville was not mere a wit, any more than herself, and often, laying aside his rillery, he would indulge the natural enthusiasm of his character, until he paused finally at his own impassioned word. At such times Kate would sit, long after going to her chamber, unconsciously gazing up at the calm, still sky, but her thoughts would be on Neville; and these reveries usually ended with a sigh.

A woman in love, whether flirt or not, is often blind; nor could Kate discover if Neville loved her or not. At times there was that in his tone that made her heart thrill; but if the most ordinary acquaintance would approach, Neville always answered Kate indifferently, with some gay remark. Kate chided him, and, weakly, but in vain, she tried to get the only cure for such a passion, and the wedding parties were not half over. She feared Neville was a flirt because she had been one herself; and many an unhappy hour she spent in secret, angry at herself, at him, and at all the world.

In such a mood she was, when called on to dress for a ball at the house of their entertainers. Kate entered the room on Neville's arm, but he immediately left her side to address a beautiful girl who was sitting opposite.

"Ah!" she heard two gentlemen say, who were ignorant of her vicinity, "Neville has found Miss Benton out already; and gives color to the report that they are engaged. She is a splendid match—beautiful, rich, and from a good old Virginia family."

"Oh! I learnt at Washington, this winter, that they were certainly engaged," was the reply.

Kate heard no more. Offended pride, combined with anger at herself, almost took away self command; she felt the blood rushing to her brow; and she was greatly relieved when a gentleman approached, just as the music struck up, and asked her to dance. She took his hand and was led out.

"Excuse me," said Neville, accosting her companion, "but I believe Miss Spencer is engaged to me this set. I appeal to her."

"She shall decide," said her partner blandly.

Kate remembered well the engagement, but she was vexed, and rejoiced at this opportunity for revenge—accordingly she said pointedly:

"I shall dance with Mr. Morton. You know, Mr. Neville, it is not always easy to remember whether one has made promises or not, when one is played out of one's life for the night."

Neville's haughty face flushed, as he bowed coldly, without reply. Kate had no sooner spoken than she felt ashamed of her rudeness—indeed, almost terrified at what she had done; but she gave no outward sign of this; and when, during the cold salutations she exchanged with him, she did this, too, even after she had heard that Miss Benton was not engaged to him, but about to be married to another—such a strange thing is human pride.

"What have you done to Mr. Neville?" said the bride to her. "I hear you were quite rude to him. Ah! Kate, will you never have done jilting better men than you deserve?"

Kate felt cut to the quick at this reproach. She turned crimson. Yet she replied:

"Surely I am not accountable to Mr. Neville for my conduct. I may even break a promise to dance, I hope, without reason; it is considered no great crime to break a betrothal, now-a-days. The gentlemen grow presuming, when they complain to one's friends."

"Mr. Neville has made no complaint to me; he is too proud to do so," said her friend, greatly. But my husband overheard your conversation. Now, Kate, I know you are ashamed of what you have done; be frank, and apologize for your rudeness."

Kate's eyes flashed haughtily.

"Nay!" said her friend. "Refuse or accept a lover, as you will; but never be unduly like."

Her friend had spoken frankly, and the words were not without their power, for Kate had a noble heart. After a moment's pause, she saw Mr. Neville, who was at the other end of the room, step out into the balcony, which overlooked the garden. He was alone. She could never have a better opportunity. She would apologize, she said, and then be colder than ever.—Without a word, but only giving a glance at her friend, Kate crossed the apartment and followed him. She hesitated a moment; then laid her hand on his arm, still holding the curtains half open behind her. He started abruptly, for he had been plunged in moody thought.

"Mr. Neville," she said in a low voice, "I believe I was rude to you just now—Excuse me."

She could proceed no farther, for, with a look of wonder and delight, Neville turned round, clasped her hand, and interrupted her.

"Say nothing of it, dear Miss Spencer," he said; then, embarrassed by the warmth into which he had been surprised, he stammered:

"This surprises me—I did not think you would do it—noble, generous creature!"

Kate was agitated violently. The eagerness of her companion had drawn her away from the window; the curtain had dropped, and her hand remained and trembled in that of Neville. Thus she stood for a second.

"I love you," continued Neville, breathlessly; "but dare scarcely hope. You are above your sex—and will be generous to me. I have long loved you. Tell me I may hope!"

"Do not ask me, at least, now," said Kate, in a low entreating tone, speaking with great difficulty, and in much agitation; and she lifted her eyes pleadingly to those of Neville, as she sought to withdraw her hand from his.

Neville could have thrilled her in his arms, for his whole frame shivered with the assurance of love which that look gave; but delicately bowing over it, he released

the fair hand; and Kate, like a frightened deer, darted away, and hurrying to her chamber, looked the door, and burst into tears.

Numerous were the inquiries made for Kate; but Neville had whispered to the bride that Miss Spencer had retired with a violent headache; and no one knew the truth till many months after—if they even knew it then—when Neville stood up at the altar with Kate, and they mutually exchanged those vows that cease only with life.

And in this way—dear soul!—did Harry Neville pop the question.

AN INCIDENT.

"SICK AND WE WENT ME."—About the 10th or 12th of Sept., Bishop Paine, of the M. E. Church—South, came on board a steamer at Memphis on his way to Kentucky. Nearly every boat from New Orleans had on board persons suffering from yellow fever, although no such case was acknowledged to exist on the boat in question, the Bishop kept a sharp look out for indications of that kind. At a late hour that night, he saw a man belonging to the boat, go rather stealthily to a state room, and hastily open and shut the door—passing something in without entering. His suspicions were now awake, but he could get no information that night. Next morning he demanded to know if there was not a sick man on board; the answer was evasive, but he pressed the question categorically, until finally it was confessed that there was a sick man, said to be a Catholic priest from New Orleans, in the state-room in question. The Bishop requested to see him, but was put off with excuses; he urged the matter and finally declared that he would see him. His impetuosity and resolute stand gave him success; the door was opened, and from it issued a sickening stench, which for a moment drove him back; he rallied and made his entrance, and found a man apparently at the point of death, who had been begging in vain for a cup of cold water to be handed to him. But what was the good Bishop's surprise; when, instead of some suffering stranger, he found that his victim was the Rev. John Cross, of the Piedmont street Methodist Church, New Orleans! The Bishop had him well taken care of, became himself his nurse, and proper attention his patient soon recovered. Professor Cross believes that but for the Bishop's interposition in his behalf, he could not have recovered. The Bishop resolved at all risks to succor a stranger, but unexpectedly found himself saving a friend.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

In the North American we find the following extract of a letter written by Captain Merrill of Banarva, (who was in all the battles,) to his brother. It refers to the death of a noble Virginia:

"Among the great and good who have this day fallen, was my friend Burwell, of the 5th Infantry. He fell early in the action from a wound in the leg. On the slight repulse of our troops he was intemperately murdered by the enemy's lancers. His faithful dog, a beautiful pointer, had accompanied him there; he also was wounded. During the action he became separated from his master. After it had subsided, the noble form of Burwell, mangled in life, was discovered, and beside him, and even looking in his face and wounds, was his poor dog, who, regardless of his own pain, had sought his generous master in the hour of danger, and, upon the same field, to die. This affecting scene touched the hearts of many."

WHAT IS IT TO BE POLITE!

Politeness is a trait which every one admires, and which confers upon its possessor a charm that does much to pave the way of life with success. But it is very much misunderstood. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in sincere and honest desires to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to add to the enjoyment of others. The man who lays aside all selfishness in regard to the happiness of others, who is ever ready to confer favors, who speaks in the language of kindness and conciliation, and who studies to manifest those little attentions which gratify the heart, is a polite man, though he may wear a homespun coat, and make a very graceful bow. And many a fashionable man who dresses genteelly, and enters the most crowded apartments with assurance and ease, is a perfect compound of rudeness and incivility. He who has a heart flowing with kindness and good will towards his fellow men, and who is guided in the exercise of these feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man—and he alone.

PAT AND THE STEAM ENGINE.

The following which we find in the Boston Bee, is capital. If the editors have any more of the "same sort" left, we hope they will send them along.

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was intently gazing at an engine that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton out from the hold of the ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his fist at the "tarnal critter," he exclaimed:

"Oh, oh, oh, spet, stame it and be bothered, ye old child of Satan, that ye are! Ye may do the work of twenty-five fellers—ye may take his bread out of his honest Irishman's mouth; but by the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye?"

A DIFFICULT CASE.

The Quakers in Virginia seem to be placed in a peculiar position relative to the laws of Va. The Yearly Meeting of Baltimore, to which they belong, has charged all its members to educate the free colored people. The laws of Virginia forbid it, and the Friends have addressed a memorial to the General Assembly of the State of Virginia, asking liberty to pursue the advice of their Yearly Meeting.

LITTLE LYDIA AND HER BROTHER.

It is a beautiful sight when children treat each other with kindness and love, as is related in the following story:—"Last evening," says a missionary gentleman, "I took tea with Lydia's father and mother. Before supper, Lydia, her parents and myself, were sitting in the room together, and her little brother Oliver was out in the yard drawing his cart about. The mother went out and brought some peaches. The father handed me one of the rarities, gave one to the mother, and one of the best to his little daughter who was eight years old. He then took one of the smaller ones and gave it to Lydia, and told her to go and give it to her brother. He was 4 years old. Lydia went out and was gone about ten minutes, and then came in.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father.

Lydia blushed, turned away, and did not answer.

"Did you give your brother the peach I sent him?" asked the father again, a little more sharply.

"No, father," said she, "I did not give him that."

"What did you do with it?" he asked.

"I ate it," said Lydia.

"Why, did you not give your brother any?" asked the father.

"Yes, I did, father," said she; "I gave him mine."

"Why did you not give him the one I told you to give him?" asked the father, rather sternly.

"Because, father," said Lydia, "I thought he would like mine better."

"But you ought not to disobey your father," said he.

"I did not mean to be disobedient, father," said she, and her bosom began to heave, and her chin to quiver.

"I thought you would not be displeased with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give brother the largest peach?" and the tears began to roll down her cheeks.

"But I wanted you to have the largest," said the father; "you are older and larger than he is."

"I want to give the best things to brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear generous sister, "I love him so; I always feel best, when he gets the best things."

"You are right my precious daughter," said the father, as he fondly and proudly embraced her in his arms. "You are right and you may be certain your happy father can never be displeased with you for wishing to give up the best of everything to your affectionate little brother. He is a dear and noble boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do you think he loves you as well as you do him?"

"Yes, father," said the little girl, "I think he does; for when I offered him the largest peach he would not take it; and wanted me to keep it; and it was a good while before I could get him to take it."

HAVE COURAGE.

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever or with regard to whatever subject you really are uninformed.

Have the courage to treat difficulties as you would obnoxious weeds—attack them as soon as seen. Nothing grows so fast.

Have the courage to meet a creditor.—You must be a gainer by the interview, even if you must learn the worst. We are our own deceivers.

Have the courage to own that you are poor, and, if you can, to laugh at your poverty. By so doing you disarm your enemies and deceive nobody. You avoid many difficulties and much bitterness; besides, there are persons who will not believe you, especially those who make the same acknowledgment as a pretext for meanness.

Have the courage to be silent when a fool prates—he will cease the sooner; besides, what can he or you gain by prolonging the conversation?

Have the courage to receive a poor reprimand openly and kindly. His shabby appearance, even his ignorance, will appear to your advantage; for the mind is prone to draw comparisons. We own nothing to be ashamed of but our own errors.

Have the courage to carry a cheap umbrella; you will discover why when you look it.

A BOSTON BOY'S INDEPENDENCE.

An old gentleman of Boston, who was at the head of a large manufacturing establishment, had an apprentice who was addicted to a rather uncleanly practice, termed by anxious mamas, "picking the nose." Often had his employer expostulated with him on the impropriety of such a habit, but to no effect. He was rather a close fist ed customer, and on the 4th of July, he informed the youth in question that he must work that day. The boy of course did not relish this much, but went away grumbling, and on his "boss" calling in at his place of business to see how matters progressed, he found the boy, instead of being at work, busily engaged, as usual, with his usual proterubance.

"There, John! this is the twentieth time this week I have detected you in that filthy act," he exclaimed.

"I don't care!" blubbered the apprentice, "it's my own nose—and it's Independence day—and I'll pick thunder out of it."

CLARENCE, A SON OF HON. DAVID WILMOT.

aged about eleven years, came to his Bradford on Monday evening last, says the Bradford Reporter, by eating of the wild parsnip. He was attending Miss Robb's school at Athens, and in company with another lad, in the fields, ate of the root, which caused his death after much suffering, in about two hours. The other lad was not so badly poisoned, and is expected to survive.

If smoking, says the Scottish Temperance Review, continues to increase, it will ultimately destroy the energy and thoroughly practical character of the nation, and induce the dreamy, speculative, unpractical, and inert character of the German mind.

ORIGIN OF FREE SCHOOLS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It did not at all enter into my present purpose, as a motive, and yet it is a fact not unworthy of remark, that the present year completes the second century since the Free Schools of Massachusetts were first established. In 1847, when a few scattered and feeble settlements, almost buried in the depths of the forest, were all that constituted the Colony of Massachusetts; when the entire population consisted of twenty-one thousand souls; when the external means of the people were small, their dwellings humble, and their raiment and subsistence scanty and homely; when the whole valuation of the colonial estates, both public and private, would hardly equal the inventory of many a private individual at the present day; and when the fierce eye of the savages was nightly seen glaring from the edge of the surrounding wilderness, and no defence or succor was at hand; it was then, amid all these privations and dangers, that the Pilgrim Fathers conceived the magnificent idea of a Free and Universal Education for the People; and, amidst all their poverty, they stinted themselves to a still scantier pittance; and amid all their toils, they imposed upon themselves still more burdensome labors; and amid all their perils, they braved still greater dangers, that they might find the time and means to reduce their grand conception to practice. Two divine ideas filled their great hearts—their duty to God and to posterity. For the one, they built the church; for the other, they opened the school. Religion and Knowledge were the attributes of the same glorious and eternal truth—and that truth, the only one on which immortal or mortal happiness can be securely founded.

As an innovation upon all pre-existing policy and usage, the establishment of Free Schools was the boldest ever promulgated since the commencement of the Christian era. As a theory, it could have been refused and silenced by a more formidable array of argument and experience than was ever marshalled against any other opinion of human origin. But time has ratified its soundness. Two centuries now proclaim it to be as wise as it was courageous; as beneficent as it was distinguished. It was one of those grand and moral experiments whose effects cannot be determined in a single generation. But, now, according to the manner in which human life is computed, we are the sixth generation from its founders, and have we not reason to be grateful both to God and man for its unnumbered blessings? The sincerity of our gratitude must be testified by our efforts to perpetuate and improve what they established.

[Hon. Horace Mann.]

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The vote in New Hampshire, on the question submitted by the Legislature, in respect to the expediency of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors except for medicinal and medical purposes, seems to indicate that a majority of the people approve such a law. The vote in 39 towns, now heard from, stands—for such a law, 4,124; against, 1,410; showing that nearly three-fourths of those voting on the question, are in favor of the proposed law.

LETTER FROM MAJOR CROCKET.

UNITED STATES, (City of Mexico, 2 Doubtful Ground,) April 4, 1848.

MR. EDITOR:—I am still away down here in Mexico; but I hope I shall soon get home again to the United States proper, and have good hearty shake-hands with all of my old friends, for I do assure you I'm tired of this land of butchers down here. Why, the people here think so more of butchering a fellow than we in the north do of killing a good fat calf. I received some despatches from the President lately in which he says I must do some things that I do assure you, Mr. Editor, makes me feel bad all over. They were hard pills to swallow. I had to swallow them several times before they stuck; and the only way I got them to stick at last, was by taking a great, ring-tail, roarin' gin snort of brandy on top of them, which kinder put my senses to sleep, and by the time I roused up again, they were so far gone that they didn't come up any more. But, oh! Jerusalem, crack! but they did make me sick. But then I began to think that it was all for the good of the Democrat party and my friend Col. Polk; (and you know, Mr. Editor, that I have always been his best friend.) I did consent to do what he wanted me to, but when I think of the great injustice I am doing to one of the greatest and noblest men living, my conscience kinder checks me, and the only way I can get over it is to take another gallblaster snort of brandy, which sets all things right again, and I go to work as if nothing was wrong. But to return. I must tell you what the President ordered me to do—it is this: I must attend the Court of Inquiry, and see that no evidence will be admitted that will tend to exonerate General Scott; that when such evidence is brought forward it must be decided by the Court that it is out of order, and therefore cannot be admitted.

The Col., in his despatches, says: "Major Crockett, I want you to examine all the witnesses before they go before the Court, and let the Court know who is likely to testify in favor of General Scott, so that they may be on their guard. You needn't be afraid to express your views to them; they are all first-rate friends of mine, and good democrats into the bargain; and are ready and willing to do any thing for me and the party." Well, I set to work, I examine the witnesses and found them to be in a man in favor of Scott. I told the Court, and what do you think my surprise was when the Court said: "Oh! never mind, Major, we'll reject all that evidence, and the shade for a while, say until after the Presidential election next fall, and then we