THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XIX.—12. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 2, 1848. NEW SERIES—NO 54.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased."—*St. Mark, 1st and 32d.*

Judea's summer day went down,—
White lo! from vale and plain,
Around the Heavenly Healer, throng'd
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow,—the hectic cheek;
The cripple bent with care;
And he, whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand—the lame man leaped,
The blind forgot his woe,—
And with a startling rapture gazed
On nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose,
The paralytic pale,—
And the leath'd leper dar'd once more
His fellow-man to hail.

Mark—on the arm of pitying love,
The lunatic reclined—
While unaccustomed words of praise
Relieved his struggling mind.

The mother, to her idiot-boy,
The name of Jesus taught,—
Who thus with sudden touch had fir'd
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He heal'd ere evening fell,—
And speechless joy that night was born
In many a lowly cell.

E're evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend,—
And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond-blossoms blend:

Yet have not o'er an erring life,
With deep repentance grieved,—
But let the safety of the soul
Unstudied,—unachiev'd:

Before the hopeless shades of night
Distil their baleful dew,—
Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

[From the National Intelligencer.

RHYMES FOR THE PEOPLE.

Mother Goose on the Mexican War.

Who took the city?
"I!" said brave Scott,
"With soldiers and shot,
I took the city!"

Where's Santa Anna?
Running and hoasting,
After his roasting.
Since the last route
He wants *to get out*—
There's Santa Anna!

Who let him in?
"I!" said James Polk;
"Most fairly he spoke,
But his bargain he broke—
I let him in!"

Who does the fighting?
"We!" say the b'hoys;
"Guns are our toys,
And battles our joys—
We do the fighting!"

Who gets the glory?
Old "Rough and Ready!"
Quick, daring, and steady!
He gets the glory!

Who does the weeping?
The widow and orphan!
Alas, but too often,
O'er many a coffiin.
They do the weeping!

Who sends despatches?
"I," said bold Gideon;
"By my carrier-pigeon.
I write my own story,
And fill it with glory!
I send despatches!"

Who is the martyr?
"I!" said proud Worth:
"I'm pressed to the earth;
That Scott is too partial—
I'll have a court martial—
I am the martyr!"

Who made the Treaty?
"I, Nicholas Trist!
I brought out the grist;
And *wouldn't* revoke,
For Buchanan or Polk—
I made the Treaty!"

Who pays the money?
"We!" says the Nation;
"Stars and salvation!
We're taxed like creation!
We pay the money!"

CHILDREN AND ANGELS.—A DREAM.—We remember a remarkable dream which occurred at a time when a little being came but to leave us again, whom we had hardly thought could have claimed a place in our heart, but for the void it left; and it always recurs to our mind when we hear of new life and old death meeting thus instantly on the threshold.

We dreamt that we were conveyed by some mysterious guide to the entrance of the earth. It was a kind of gallery, through which angelic beings, winged and beautiful, were rapidly passing, all towards the earth; some with grave, others with hopeful aspects, their expressions as various as they were legible.

"What does this mean?" we said.—"Who are the passing spirits that go all one way, and why are their countenances so various?"

Our companion replied:

"They are guardian angels, each on his way to take charge of a new-born infant. They know not its ultimate doom, but they know of the sphere to which it is born, and the probable sins and temptations it will be exposed. "Look at the angel," he said, with a serious mien, as if a hard duty were before him! His charge is the child of the rich and noble of the land, who will bring him up in pride and luxury; and his heart will grow hard and selfish, and selfishness in high places has few sorrows, and without sorrow the voice of this good angel will hardly be heard.

"And see that spirit who passes with eager, hopeful look! To him is committed the child of a vicious father, who is rioting at the moment that a child is born unto him. But open vices are not so baneful as specious virtues. The child's heart will be wounded and humbled in the sins of his father, and, in paying the penalty of another's guilt, he will himself seek the paths of virtue."

Then another spirit passed, with firm but peaceful aspect.

"His charge will be arduous. The child now born will have willful and tumultuous passions, and his heart will be stubborn and perverse, and he will defy authority, and go far wrong, and the world will say there is no redemption for him, and even his father's face will be turned from him. But, in the silence of a sick chamber, a mother will plead incessantly for him, and the child of many prayers shall yet be brought home to the fold."

Then came one with anxious mien, and he was guardian to a genius who would win the applause and idolatry of thousands; and a second, with heavenly compassion, beautiful, and moving to behold, and he was hurrying to the obscure offspring of sin and shame; and a third, calm and peaceful, summoned to preside over the even tenor of a poor orphan, who inherited the blessings of sainted parents, and a fourth, full of solemn anxiety, who hastened to receive his charge from a royal cradle; and a fifth, whose countenance of of heavenly woe we dared not ask the cause of; and many more, all going to their varied posts—to the children of the good and bad, the high and the low, the careless and the unbelieving,—till we were tired of asking; when, suddenly, came one, distinguished from all by the radiance of joy upon him.

"What is his charge?" we said: "surely it must be that of some future saint upon earth?"

"No," said our conductor, "he is the angel of a child who has died at its birth, and is going to carry it straight to heaven."

And then we woke and found it was only a dream: but ever since then we have never heard of the death of an infant without thinking of the joy on that angel's countenance.—*Fraser, March*, 1848.

EVIL COMPANY.—The following beautiful allegory was translated from the German:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eufalia to him, one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinna, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you my child—take it."

Eufalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eufalia, in vexation.

"Yes truly," said the father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

HAVE INSECTS A LANGUAGE.—There seem to be reasonable grounds to infer that insects communicate their ideas and wishes to each other.

Dr. Franklin relates the following, from his own observation: He found some ants feasting on some molasses in his closet.—He shook them out, and suspended the pot by a string from the ceiling. One ant remained, and after eating its fill, found its way up the string, on to the ceiling, and thence along the wall to its nest. In less than half an hour, a great company of ants sallied out of their hole to the ceiling, and crept down the string into the pot. This was done by others, till the molasses was all consumed; one body passing up the string from the sweet, while another passed down to it. The Dr. inferred that the first ant had communicated to its comrades the new position of their delicacy, and directed them to the only accessible road to it.—*Kahm's Travels.*

GOING TO LAW.

Going to law is another word for going to ruin, as few get into court without getting into debt. In rare cases persons go to law from necessity, but usually anger or pride, or some other passion has a hand in it. Men quarrel about a claim, or get vexed at not promptly receiving a debt, and without waiting till their exasperation cools, plunge into a law-suit. We do not know where we have seen a better illustration of this than in the following little story, which is so true to human nature that most persons can see themselves as in a mirror in it:

There was a certain lawyer to whom, one day, a client came in a violent rage.

"Look-a-here, squire," said he, "that ere shoemaker down in Pigeon Cove has gone and sued me for the money for a pair of boots I owed him."

"Did the boots suit you?"

"O yes—I've got 'em on—fust rate boots."

"Fair price!"

"Oh yes."

"Then you owe him the money honestly?"

"Of course."

"Well, why don't you pay him?"

"Why, *'cause the blasted snob went and sued me, and I want to keep him out of the money as long as I kin.*"

"It will cost you something."

"I don't keer for that. How much money do you want to begin with?"

"Oh, ten dollars will do."

"Is that all? Well, here's an X, so go ahead, and the client went off very well pleased with the beginning.

Our lawyer next called on the shoemaker and asked him what he meant by commencing legal proceedings against Mr. M——, mentioning his client's name.

"Why," said he, "I kept on sendin' and sendin' to him for the money till I got tired; I know'd he was able to pay—*I was 'terminied to make him*—that's the long and short of it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "he's always been a good customer to you, and I think you acted too hastily. There's a trifle to pay on account of your proceedings—but I think you had better take these five dollars and call it square."

"Certainly, 'squire, if you say so, and glad to get it," was the answer.

So the lawyer paid over the V, and kept the other. In a few days his client came along and asked how he got on with his case.

"Rapidly," cried the lawyer—"We've *nonsuited* him! he'll never trouble you."

"Jerusalem! that's great," cried the client: *I'd rather a-gin fifty dollars than had him got the money for them boots.*"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE DAILY GOVERNESS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The lark went up to heaven seeming to beat his breast against the ancient sky; yet tiny speck as he was—scarcely discernable to the keenest vision, his song was audible to Lucy Hinchliff in her mother's little garden. Lucy was a daily governess, and was in the act of plucking a rose to adorn her bosom, before she set out to enter upon the day's routine. She cast her eyes around the modest garden—it was a modest, very little garden—looked up at the lark once more, received the last note of its song into her soul, smiled at the grey-headed mother in the pinched widow's cap, who was standing at the window, waved her adieus, and closed the small gate after her.

There was not in all the suburb in which we lived a better, a prettier girl, a more loving, more dutiful daughter, than Lucy Hinchliff. She first attracted our attention when we went, with satchel on our back, willingly enough, to school. She was younger by two years than ourselves—a little, timid thing, as we remember her. She had a father at that time, but we could see that the old gentleman was poor; and once we were prompted to offer her some of our victuals which we bore in our bag (for we dined at school), fearing that she had not enough to eat at home. It was only a boy's thought, and now we are more happy that we did not commit ourselves by insult, than if we had realized our early dreams, those bubbles bred in a child's active brain.

Her father died, and they became poorer. A rich relation took Lucy away, to bestow upon her a superior education. It was all he could do for her, he said: though he kept his carriage, and servants, and cast bread to dogs. She returned to her mother after three years, to aid their mutual support by teaching.

Who knows, besides themselves, the lives that daily governesses lead? Who has tasted, besides themselves, the bitterness of the bread they eat? The fine mistress may not frown too severely upon her cook or footman. They would resent it, and would seek another place. But the poor governess! That *she* will resign her engagement is not to be apprehended. And are there not dozens—scores, who would be glad to succeed her, if she gave herself airs? There are tragedies in real life more sad to witness than any of the histrionic art, and the life of the daily governess, in meager circumstances, is one whole tragedy.

Lucy Hinchliff closed the garden gate, and passed from her mother's sight. It was a fine morning, and she was early. She had, therefore, no occasion to hurry, as she was sometimes obliged to do. She felt very glad that the morning was fine, for to tell a homely truth, her shoes—well nigh worn out—were far from being water-proof. She had sat all day with wet feet once before from the same cause, and much need she had to be careful of her health for her mother's sake. She had few acquaintances on the road she traversed—though she was familiar as their own children's faces to all the small tradesmen—they saw her pass so regularly morning and evening. The green-grocer would frequently tell his wife that it was time to get breakfast, for the young lady with the music-paper was abroad. The toll-gate keeper was Lucy's only speaking acquaintance of the male sex. He had always a kind word for her. Nor did Lucy fail to ask him after the child that was scalded—a frightful accident that—or whether his eldest girl was at home yet, and other little queries. "There she goes," the man would say, when she had turned from him. "Her's is a hard life, poor thing!"

"Not hard at all, Mister Marton," retorted Dame Wringlinen on one occasion. "Hard, indeed. I think she's got a very easy berth o't. Put her over a washing tub, and give her three or four counterpanes for a morning's work, and see what she'd make o't."

"Ah, you don't know all!" said the toll-keeper, significantly. And he was right.

The lady at whose house Lucy commenced the instructions of the day, was a very nervous lady indeed; and like your nervous people, she was extremely irascible. Lucy's knock offended her. She hated single knocks. Why had they a bell, if it was not to exempt the house from the vulgarity of single knocks!—Once in a fit of forgetfulness, the governess gave a palpitating double knock, and then Mrs. Robert Smith was astonished at her presumption. "Miss—Miss—, I forget your name—" Mrs. Robert Smith often contrived to forget a name which was the property of an humble dependent and was so much better than her own.

"Hinchliff, ma'am," prompted Lucy on the occasion referred to.

"Ah, Hinchliff. Well, Miss Hinchliff, if, for the future, you would remember not to give a double knock, you would oblige me. I really thought it was visitors, and, as I am in my dishabille, it set me all in a flutter—you should consider my nerves, Miss Hinchliff."

Poor Lucy! If she could have afforded to be so much in the fashion as to own the possession of nerves, the lady's nervousness would have infected her.

"Now, Miss Hinchliff," said Mrs. Robert Smith, when the governess had taken of her bonnet and shawl on the morning we make her acquaintance, "*are* you up in those new quadrilles yet."

"I am very sorry ma'am, but I have been so much engaged—I only took them home the day before yesterday, and so little of my time is my own."

"Well, Miss Hinchliff, of course, if you have too many engagements, and my dear children are to be neglected on that account, it will be Mr. Robert Smith's duty to seek another responsible person, whose engagements are not so numerous; you cannot object to that, I am sure."

"Oh, ma'am," was Lucy's faltering reply; "I am too happy to be employed by you. I will be sure to get the quadrilles ready by to-morrow."

God pity her. She spoke the truth.—She was too happy to be employed by Mrs. Robert Smith.

"I will excuse you this time, Miss Hinchliff," said the lady, conciliated by Lucy's answer, "but I shall certainly expect the quadrilles to-morrow. I think you said when we first engaged you, that you taught Italian! Priscilla is to learn it."

"I shall be most happy, ma'm," replied Lucy, brightening up.

"Mr. Robert Smith says that he has read—he is a great reader, as you know—that there are some very pretty poems in Italian, though he called one by a shocking name—a kind of play-house thing."

"Which was that, ma'm!" inquired Lucy, mentally reverting to Goldoni and Metastatio.

"You ought to tell *me*," replied the lady. "You know of course—the pretty Italian poem with the play-house name."

"Do you mean Dante's *Divine Comedy*, ma'm?"

"Yes, that is it—a very pretty poem—is it not?"

"It is considered a very fine poem, ma'm."

"Yes, pretty or fine—that's what Mr. Robert Smith called it; though I think, if 'tis a comedy, it shouldn't be called *Divine*."

Lucy assured the lady that the *Divina Comedia* was not a play in five acts with stage directions, but rather a religious poem.

"I understand your meaning," said her employer, "something like Milton, I suppose. I have heard Mr. Robert Smith remark—his remarks are so to the purpose—that Milton was a tragedy, quite. You will understand that you are to teach Priscilla Italian. And about the terms, Mr. Robert Smith says that you are not to increase them, as he really can't afford it."

"Ma'am," said Lucy, astonished.

"If you object, of course we must find another responsible person, who will include Italian for the amount of your present salary."

Lucy's mother was in failing health.—Need we say that she was "too happy" to teach Italian without remuneration, under the circumstances. On the same morning Mrs. Robert Smith dismissed her cook, who blundered at a *pate de foie gras*, and hired another at greatly enlarged wages.

The widow Hinchliff was not only failing in health, but she was nearer death than Lucy had any idea of. When the poor girl returned home that evening—she went to six houses, and walked a distance of seventeen miles—she found that her parent had been obliged to retire to bed.—The servant, alarmed by her mistress's condition, had called in a neighbor, who only waited for Lucy's return to urge the propriety of sending for a doctor. Lucy not only assented, but ran herself to fetch one. "I can give you no hope," he said; and she felt that a blight had indeed passed over her young life. When one that we dearly love is stricken down to die, we look out upon the world, as if we had no longer hope, or part, or any lot, therein.

She had to practice the quadrilles that night, on her hired piano, in fulfillment of the promise made to Mrs. Robert Smith. Her mother had fallen into one of those dozing restless slumbers, peculiar to a state of sickness, and the thought of waking the notes of gay quadrille music in the house on whose threshold, even at that moment, Death, the destroyer, stood, shocked Lucy's feelings. No, she could not do *that*, let Mrs. Robert Smith say what she pleased.

She sat through the longest night she had ever known—for the heart measured the hours—not the clock—a watcherby her mother's bed. When the glad sunlight came gushing in at the casement, and lark after lark poured forth his jubilant thanksgiving for his sleep in the dewy grass, she undressed herself, and went to her chamber, leaving the servant to supply her place. There was no visible alteration in her parent when, with many fears and with one of the saddest hearts that ever beat in human bosom, she left the cottage upon her constant diurnal mission. She was late, and had to walk hurriedly. It rained too, and the water soaked through the leaky shoes. She had no smile for the toll-gate keeper. He saw that she was sad, and contented himself with a touch of his hat by way of recognition. He was sad too, for the scalded child had died during the night.—"Best not tell her now," he thought; "she has her own trouble this morning." God help her. She had indeed.

"You are full ten minutes behind your time, Miss Hinchliff. I never find you staying ten minutes over your time," was Mrs. Robert Smith's salutation.

"I am very sorry, ma'am—but I left my mother at home very ill—dying, ma'am, the doctor says," replied Lucy, bursting into tears.

"Dying—dear me. Of course you feel very much put out; but punctuality, Mr. Robert Smith says, is the soul of an engagement—and you have a character to keep up—but as you are come, you can set Priscilla's mind at ease; she is dying to play the quadrilles, and to begin her Italian."

"I—I was unable to run them through last night, ma'am," stammered Lucy, "my mother was so ill."

"Then you are *not* ready with those quadrilles again, Miss Hinchliff," exclaimed Mrs. Robert Smith; "really, at your age, a young woman should know the value of her promise."

"I could not disturb my mother," said Lucy appealingly.

"Of course, I take all that into consideration," replied her employer. "But you, as a responsible person, should know the value of a promise. However, I will excuse you since your mother is dying—only don't let it happen again. You will commence Priscilla's Italian this morning of course?"

"I have been so unfortunate as to forget my own grammar, but if Priscilla is provided with one ——"

"Her father says that he cannot afford any Italian books—her French ones came so expensive. He thought you could have no objection to lend her yours."

What could Lucy say, but that her books were at Priscilla's service?

Her mother was worse that evening, and had been, as the neighbor said, delirious during her absence. Lucy asked herself whether she should practice the quadrilles. She was not long in deciding. Though they should go without bread, she would not forget her duty as a daughter. Her place was at her mother's bedside.

That day Mr. Robert Smith paid a visit to a friend, whose governess not only taught Italian for the same salary that was paid to Lucy Hinchliff, but also professed to include Spanish. When Lucy was admitted the next morning, the lady placed a small sum of money in her hand, and informed her that "domestic arrangements" would render her attendance in future unnecessary. The poor girl was not at all cast down by this circumstance. Was not her mother ill—dying, at home? She would not be obliged to leave her so early in the morning.

Her mother died three days afterwards. A letter sent by Lucy to the rich relation brought a cool answer back, in which the writer recommended her to be industrious, and to "keep her character."

And now Lucy was alone in the world, in which are so many faces, and so many hearts beating with warm life. Even the toll-gate keeper had disappeared. His place was supplied by a stranger, a man of coarse, repulsive aspect. Lucy felt the loss, even of that acquaintance.

Within a month after her mother's death, she was compelled to resign another of her engagements; her employer, a widower, having made dishonorable proposals to her. She advertised in the papers, but could not meet with an appointment.—She had removed into lodgings now.

One night—it was a cold rainy November night—Lucy Hinchliff sat in her little room by her fire, pondering over many things, but chiefest what was fitting for a young girl like her to do, who, being so unprotected, was exposed to so many insults. She gazed at her mother's portrait which hung over the mantel-shelf, and seemed to ask advice of the dead. But the dead replied not. Only the bleak wind whistled. Only the rain beat against the window panes.

There was a stir below, as of feet coming up stairs. Lucy heard it without heed. The feet came higher and higher, however, and halted at her door; upon the panels of which a rap sounded as from determined, sturdy knuckles. The governess started, and cried, "Come in," and a man came in.

It was her old acquaintance, the toll-keeper.

But not dressed as he was formerly.—No. He wore a bran new suit of superfine Saxony cloth, and a gold watch-guard communicated with his vest pocket. As far as equipment went, he was in all respects the gentleman. And in the heart besides—in the heart besides.

"I beg your pardon, miss, for intruding upon you," he said, bashfully. "I am come to speak to you about educating my children."

Lucy bowed. She thought she had misunderstood him.

"I am come into a large fortune lately, miss,—a very large fortune—a matter of a thousand a-year. I knew no more of it, three months ago, bless you, than the man in the moon; and I think, and my wife thinks, that our girls ought to be educated."

"Certainly," said Lucy, vacantly. She thought she was dreaming.

"And so we agreed that if you would come and live with us—we live in a fine house now—and be one of ourselves, and teach the children, we thought that we would take it very kind of you."

"Yes," assented Lucy, mechanically, for she was not a whit the nearer waking.

"And if you would think two hundred pounds a-year, and a room of your own, enough, it is yours to-morrow; and that's all about it."

The speaker, in the excitement of having accomplished his errand, clapped his hat on his head, and breathed freely. But he recollected himself, and took his hat off again.

"You wish me to be governess to your children. Do I understand you aright?" said Lucy, only half conscious that the scene was real.

"Yes, miss, if you please; and if two hundred a-year would satisfy you, why—why it's done, and that's just where it is."

"I thank God," cried Lucy, bursting into tears. She was wide awake, and understood all now.

It was all true—that was the best of it. The man had really inherited a large fortune, left him by some relative, hitherto unheard of. And was not his early thought about the poor governess, who gave him a good word every morning, and inquired after Billy, who was scalded? Yes, for he had heard of her mother's death, and the proud consciousness of being able to confer a benefit on an orphan girl, elated his heart as much as the possession of a thousand pounds per annum. Lucy, of course, would not consent to receive the salary he had named. How it was finally settled, this chronicler knows not; but Lucy dwells with the *quondam* toll-keeper, and looks happy—very happy.

A small white stone has been erected at her mother's grave. You may see it, if you will walk for the purpose, to Abney Park Cemetry, Stoke-Newington.

MILITIA TRAINING.—If there is a humbug that is more decidedly a humbug than all others, it is militia trainings. A more complete and more ridiculous farce could not be conjured up if our legislators were to put their heads together for the next half century. If the art of war must be studied, let it not be libelled by such supreme folly as driving a man, through some corn-field two days in a year, with a broom-stick or mullen-stalk on his shoulder. Our last Legislature wanted but little of having sense enough to abolish the system; but the great misfortune is that that small portion was wanting, which just prevented one of the most rational acts that could have been committed. It affords some consolation, however, to know that in this progressive age, every year strengthens the hope that the time is not far distant when the State will cease to be disgraced by positive orders from its statutes.—*Mifflin Sentinel.*

A KENTUCKY JOKE.—A correspondent of the Kentucky *Whig* gives an amusing account of the progress of a recruiting officer, Capt. *Metcalfe*, in the county of *Carter*, which is three or four to one Democratic, and one would suppose would be very full of valor, if their *professions* are to be taken as evidence. Capt. M. being at home on the recruiting service, looked to Carter, which has often *tendered* but never *given* aid in the prosecution of the war, as the place, above all others, for a recruiting station. He accordingly went there, posted up his bills, and offered all sorts of inducements to those disposed to "battle for their country;" and, after several days spent in hard work, recruited *one man*, and left in despair. A day or two after he left, a notice was posted up calling a meeting of the patriotic war Democracy, at the court-house, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for the legislature. This announcement, as usual, produced a great excitement, and the citizens from all parts were preparing to attend. Meanwhile, however, some waggish fellow added a postscript to the call for a meeting, announcing the fact that Captain Metcalfe would attend the meeting for the purpose of recruiting such able-bodied men as were disposed to go forth to the wars to fight, bleed, and die for their country. The news spread like wildfire, and, *though it was promptly contradicted, the able-bodied men did not come to the meeting*; there was not a quorum present, and, for the first time in the history of Carter, the announcement of a Democratic meeting found no response in the hearts of the indomitable locofocos of the "ever true and glorious Old Ninth," and it is further stated, as the opinion of those who ought to know, that there never will be a meeting of the unterrified while a recruiting officer remains in that region.

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.—Children should be early taught to look around and find their standard of life far above the common throng. They should not be taught to rest contented in inactivity, or that Providence would have them satisfied with any small attainments so long as higher attainments are within the reach of their utmost efforts. Providence calls no child to sit down in the dust and amuse itself with such playthings as glow-worms and snail-shells. They are called to higher spheres—to soar among the stars, to roam o'er mountain tops, to penetrate the depths, and to commune with angels. They are called upon to rise higher and still higher, never resting satisfied until they have placed their feet above all former foot-prints, and carved their names above all other names. "Excelsior" should ever be the motto. He who looks upon the children in our streets, fast growing, many of them, to be vagabonds and pests in society, and is satisfied, either is deaf to the voice of duty and of God, or he is guilty of basely disregarding that voice. He, only, who is willing to labor for the elevation of the rising race—to guide them into spheres of improvement and usefulness, and to foster within them a disposition to run the race for honorable and meritorious distinction, is a true patriot. He, only, is true to his nature, true to posterity, true to his country, true to his God.

WHAT A HORRID PICTURE!—In New York, on Friday last, four men who were so drunk that they could scarcely stand, were seen bearing a coffin, containing the corpse of a full grown person, followed by two women as mourners, and a boy carrying a shovel. These seven persons composed the entire funeral train.

BANK REFORM ADVANCING.—The Locofocos of Ohio have placed at the head of their electoral ticket a man who declared, whilst a member of the Legislature, "*That he asked no better light to lead him on to duty, than the burning edifice of every bank in the State.*"

Jealousy may be compared to a poisoned arrow, so envenomed, that if it even prick the skin it is very dangerous, but if it draw blood it is irrevocably lost.

WHIG COUNTY CONVENTION.

GETTYSBURG, PA., May 29, 1848.

AT 10 o'clock, A. M., in pursuance of a call of the County Committee, the Delegates from the several townships, appointed to select a Ticket to be supported by the Whigs of Adams county, assembled in the Court-house and organized by appointing WM. R. SADLER, Esq., President, and D. A. BUEHLER and JEREMIAH A. AULABAUGH, Secretaries.

The following delegates appeared and presented their credentials:

Gettysburg—J. B. M'Pherson, D. A. Buehler.
Cumberland—Joseph Bailey, James Black.
Germany—Henry Spaulding, Dr. Jos. Shorb.
Oxford—G. E. Hersh, Jacob Martin.
Huntington—Wm. R. Sadler, J. D. Worley.
Latimore—George Deardorff, Jacob Grist.
Hamiltonban—Joseph Kittinger, Samuel Knox.
Liberty—E. R. A. Moore, Christian Frey.
Berlin—Robt. M. Hutchinson, Dr. D. Mellinger.
Menallen—Jacob Comfort, jr., Jacob Y. Bushey.
Straban—Wm. Van Orsdle, John Brinkerhoff.
Franklin—Andrew Heintzelman, Moses Smith.
Conowago—J. A. Aulabaugh, J. L. Gubernator.
Tyrone—Ozias Ferree, Solomon Routzong.
Mountjoy—Joseph Fink, Samuel Durboraw.
Mountpleasant—Peter Smith, Sebastian Weaver.
Reading—John Trimmer, Samuel Overholtzer.
Abbottstown—Asaph Abbey, F. B. Raber.
Freedom—Jacob Myers, Phineas Rodgers.
Union—Enoch Lefever, George Baschoar.
Berwick—John Elder, Levi Kegner.

On motion it was agreed that the Convention proceed to nominate and ballot for

CLERK OF THE COURTS.

Mr. M'Pherson nominated	HUGH DENWIDDIE.
Mr. Brinkerhoff	EDEN NORRIS.
Mr. Hersh	S. R. RUSSELL.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th
Hugh Denwiddie,	14	13	15	17	21	23
Eden Norris,	16	14	16	15	21	19
Samuel R. Russell,	10	15	11	10		

A resolution having been adopted previous to entering upon the 4th ballot, to drop the lowest candidate after the 4th ballot, Mr. RUSSELL'S name was withdrawn. Mr. DENWIDDIE was declared the nominee on the 6th ballot. For

REGISTER AND RECORDER.

Mr Sadler nominated	WM. W. HAMERSLY.
Mr. Durboraw	JAMES M'ILHENNY.
Mr. M'Pherson	R. W. M'SHERRY.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d
Wm. W. Hamersly	20	20	22
James M'Ilhenny,	15	16	13
Robert W. M'Sherry,	7	6	7

Maj. HAMERSLY, having received a majority of the whole vote on the 3d ballot, was declared the nominee of the Convention.

On motion, adjourned to meet at 1½ o'clock, P. M.

1½ O'CLOCK, P. M.

The Convention re-assembled, and proceeded to nominate and ballot for

PROTHONOTARY.

Mr. M'Pherson nominated	WM. W. PAXTON.
Mr. Hutchinson "	JOHN PICKING.
Mr. Comfort "	GEO. W. M'CLELLAN.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th
John Picking,	16	20	21	24
William W. Paxton,	17	17	16	18
Geo. W. M'Clellan,	9	5	3	

JOHN PICKING, Esq., having received a majority of all the votes on the 4th ballot, was declared the nominee.

FOR SHERIFF.

Mr. Overholtzer nominated	WM. FICKES.
Mr Baschoar "	EPHRAIM SWOPE.
Mr. Heintzleman "	DAVID M'MURDIE.
Mr. Grist "	AARON COX.

MESSRS. LEONARD M'ELWEE and DANIEL MINNICH were also nominated as candidates for Sheriff, but their names were withdrawn, at their own request, to facilitate the ballotings.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
Wm. Fickes,	14	14	16	19	16
Ephraim Swope,	20	20	20	19	25
David M'Murdie,	6	6	6	4	
Aaron Cox,	2	2			

A Resolution to drop the lowest candidate after the 4th ballot, having been adopted, Mr. M'MURDIE'S name was withdrawn, EPHRAIM SWOPE, having received a majority of all the votes, on the 6th ballot, was declared the nominee of the Convention. For

CORONER,

Mr. Heintzelman nominated	Dr. CHAS. HORNER.
Mr. Hutchinson "	G. C. STRICKHOUSER

On the 1st ballot, Mr. HORNER received 23, and Mr. STRICKHOUSER 18 votes; whereupon DR. CHARLES HORNER was declared the nominee of the Convention.

FOR DIRECTOR OF THE POOR.

Mr. Vanderello nominated	HENRY BRINKERHOFF.
Mr. Gubernator "	ENOCH LEFEVER.
Mr. Hutchinson "	JESSE D. NEWMAN.
Mr. Smith "	PHILIP BEAMER

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th
Henry Brinkerhoff,	9	14	21	24
Enoch Lefever,	8	14	14	11
Jesse D. Newman,	18	13	7	5
Philip Beamer,	6	3	1	

MR. BRINKERHOFF, receiving a majority of all the votes, was duly nominated. For

AUDITOR.

Mr. Hutchinson nominated SAMUEL DURBORAW. No other nomination being made, Mr. DURBORAW was declared unanimously nominated.

COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Kittinger nominated	Maxwell Shields.
Mr. Hersh "	John M'Ginly.
Mr. Bushey "	J. G. Morningstar.
Mr. Baker "	Joseph R. Henry.
Mr. Bushey "	John Burkholder.
Mr. Moltzelman "	Charles Will.
Mr. Smith "	Isaac Wolf.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d	3d
Maxwell Shields,	14	15	14
John Maginly,	3		
John G. Morningstar,	11	17	22
Joseph R Henry,	4	3	5
Charles Will,	2		
Isaac Wolf,	4	3	
John Burkholder,	3	5	1

MR. MORNINGSTAR having received the highest number of votes, was declared the nominee of the Convention.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

Mr. Heintzelman nominated	James Cooper.
Mr. Hersh "	Wm. M'Sherry.
Mr. Overholtzer "	John Brough.
Mr. M'Pherson "	H. J. Schreiner.

BALLOTINGS.

	1st	2d
James Cooper,	17	23
Wm. M'Sherry,	11	11
John Brough,	3	2
H. J. Schreiner,	11	8

Mr. COOPER, having received a majority of all the votes, was declared the nominee of the Convention. Upon the nomination being announced, Mr. Schreiner returned his acknowledgments to the Convention for the support given to his name, and pledged his most zealous efforts in behalf of the ticket.

On motion of JOSEPH FINK, Esq., it was

Resolved, That John C. Ellis, A. B. Kurtz and John Brough, Esqs. be appointed Conferees, (in conjunction with similar Conferees from York county,) to nominate a candidate for Congress in this Congressional District; and that said Conferees are hereby requested to urge DANIEL M. SMYSER as the candidate of the district, provided that, in their opinion, the interests of the Whig party be subserved by said nomination.

On motion of D. A. Buehler, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Ticket this day settled receive the unanimous confirmation of this Convention, and that we pledge our best exertions to secure its triumphant election in October next.

On motion of Mr. Hutchinson, it was *Resolved*, That the President be authorized to appoint the usual number of individuals to constitute the County Committee.

On motion, the Convention adjourned *sine die*, with an order to have the proceedings published in all the Whig papers of the county.

☞ The President of the Convention has announced the following County Committee for the ensuing year:

A. R. Stevenson, *Dr. D. Metzger,*
B. F. Gardner, *D. A. Buehler,*
Wm. D. Himes, *Geo. Arnold,*
Dr. D. Horner,