THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XIX.—1[illegible] GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE [illegible] 1848. {NEW SERIES—NO. 5[illegible]

BOOKS & STATIONERY

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS just received, in addition to his former large stock, a largely increased assortment of

Classical, Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery

of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Inkstands, &c. &c., all of which will, as usual, be sold ☞ *AT THE LOWEST PRICES.*

☞ Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Cities.

Gettysburg, June 2, 1848.

DRUGS.

THE subscriber tenders his acknowledgments to the public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh

SUPPLY OF

DRUGS & MEDICINES,

PAINT-BRUSHES,

Paints, Varnish, Dyestuffs

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

S. H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, June 2, 1848.

NOTICE.

JOHN SHEELEY, of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, having executed a Deed of voluntary Assignment for the benefit of creditors, to the undersigned, residing in Mountjoy township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Sheeley to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present them properly authenticated, for settlement.

SAMUEL DURBORAW.

May 5, 1848.—6t

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of EVE EYSTER, late of Conowago 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. JESSE WALTMAN.

May 26, 1848.—6t *Adm'r.*

ANOTHER ARRIVAL.

SCHICK has just returned from the city of Philadelphia, with an

EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

New and Fashionable Goods,

Which he will sell

CHEAPER THAN EVER,

to a certainty. This he will prove to the satisfaction of any who may call.

Gettysburg, April 7, 1848.—

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of ADAM HAHN, late of Germany township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said Estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

ANDREW HAHN,
WM. HESSON,
Executors.

May 5.—6t*

The first named Executor resides in Germany township—the latter in Frederick county, Md.

NOTICE.

THE Account of MOSES M. NEELY, Committee of ABRAHAM KITCHEN, a habitual drunkard, having been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Adams co. by leave of said Court, and duly confirmed, and the said Committee having filed his Petition asking to be discharged from said trust—Notice is hereby given to all persons interested to be and appear at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Gettysburg, on *Monday the 21st day of August next*, and show cause, if any they have, why said Committee should not be discharged. By the Court,

A. B. KURTZ, Proth'y.

Prothonotary's Office, Gettysburg, June 2, 1848.—3t

Decidedly the Cheapest Goods In Town!

THE subscriber respectfully invites the public to call and examine his

ASSORTMENT OF

NEW FANCY GOODS,

consisting of Handkerchiefs, Ribbons, Paper, Muslins, Worsted Binding, Scarfs, Needle-worked Collars, Cravats, (a beautiful variety,) Spool Cotton, (all colors,) Purses and Pocket-books, Suspenders, Gloves, (the greatest kind of an assortment) Mitts, Hose, Tapes, Whips, Ivory Studs, Pearl and Agate Buttons, Boot Lacers, Fancy Mat, Bishop Lawns, Bobinet Lace, Edging and Laces, Pins and Needles, Knitting Cotton, Mixed Cotton Yarn, Wadding, Black Gimps and Fringes, Green Gauze Veils, Fancy Silk Ties, Wooden Moles, Cotton Laps, Steel Pens, (six for a cent!) &c., &c.

Let it be borne in mind, that all the above articles will be disposed of *twenty-five per cent. cheaper than ever, positively.* Call and examine for yourselves, and be convinced.

April 7. J. L. SCHICK.

EXAMINATION OF THE *PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

AN Examination of the Schools of the Borough of Gettysburg will take place during the present month, commencing as follows:

At the School-house of Miss Matilda Scantlan, on Monday Morning the 26th of June inst.

At the school-house of Mr. Robert S. Paxton, on Monday afternoon following.

At the School-house of Mr. Wm. Witherow, on Tuesday morning.

At the School-house of Mr. Thomas Martin, on Tuesday Afternoon.

At the School-house of Mr. William Bogle, on Friday morning and noon.

At the School-house of Miss Ann M'Curdy, on Thursday afternoon and evening.

At the School-house of Miss Sarah G. Lord, on Wednesday afternoon.

The parents of pupils and the citizens of the Borough are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the Board,

H. J. SCHREINER, *Secretary.*

June 9, 1848.—td

NOTICE.

ESTATE OF GEORGE WORTZ, DEC'D.

To Accept or Refuse, &c.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, ADAMS COUNTY. } AT an Orphans Court held at Gettysburg, in and for the County of Adams on the 23d day of May, A. D. 1848. Before William N. Irvine, Esq. President, and his Associates, Judges, &c. assigned, &c.

ON MOTION the Court grant a Rule on all the heirs and legal Representatives of GEORGE WORTZ, late of Conowago township, Adams county, deceased, to wit: Sarah, intermarried with Michael Ryder, and now the widow of said Michael, residing in the County of Lancaster, Pa.; Mary, intermarried with Jacob Ryder, who is deceased, leaving issue as follows, to wit: Molly, intermarried with Isaac Stoner, residing in Lancaster county, Pa.; Mary, intermarried with Jacob Peters; Catharine, intermarried with Henry Fierman; Jacob Ryder, jr.; Sarah, intermarried with William Ehrhart, and now the widow of said William; Elizabeth, intermarried with John Ehrisman; David Ryder; John Ryder; Susanna, intermarried with Joseph Black, all residing in the counties of Preble and Montgomery, and State of Ohio; Jacob Wortz; Marcus Wortz; Peter Wortz, whose share has been assigned to Jacob Wortz; Catharine, intermarried with Christian Stouffer, residing in Columbiana county, and State of Ohio; and Henry Wortz,—to be and appear at an Orphans Court to be held at Gettysburg, in and for the county of Adams, on the third Monday of August next, to accept or refuse to accept the Real Estate of the said deceased, at the valuation made thereof, agreeably to the Intestate Laws of this Commonwealth.

By the Court,
WM. S. HAMILTON, Clerk.

May 9, 1848.—3t

GREAT BUSTIFICATION OF STEAM WORKS! and Engineer seriously Wounded!

BE it known to the world, that the undersigned has obtained Letters Patent for an

Improved Machine for Hulling and Cleaning Clover-seed,

which, for thoroughly performing its work, in a speedy manner, surpasses any thing that has ever been presented to the public. In order to produce a machine that will meet the wants of the community in every respect, the Patentee has for several years applied himself diligently to the task, and is now enabled to offer a machine worthy of their consideration.

This machine has only been in operation during the last season, in Cumberland, York and Adams counties, and has given entire satisfaction. It is a neat, portable machine, only weighing about 400 lbs. and of light draught, and can hull and clean with ease four loads of cloverseed per day, or *one load in two hours.* It can be converted into a common windmill in a moment's time. Persons desiring to purchase rights can see the machine by calling at my residence in Latimore township, Adams county. Owners of Clover-mills would find it to their advantage to give me a call.

Hundreds of certificates can be given of its utility, and the satisfactory manner that it hulls and cleans cloverseed, and also timothy seed, but I deem it only necessary to refer to a few individuals at whose barns the machine has been exhibited and fully tested.

HUNTINGTON TP.	LATIMORE TP.
Jas. M'Elwee, Esq.	George Deardorff, Esq.
Benjamin Shelly,	William Wright,
J. E. Wierman, Esq.,	Abraham Livingston,
John Raffensperger,	Daniel Gardner,
Sebastian Stitzell.	Cyrus Albert.
Tyrone tp.	*Franklin tp.*
John Bolin,	David M'Murdie,
John Neely,	George Smith,
John Lahman,	A. Heintzleman, Esq.
Amos Myers.	*Straban tp.*
Freedom.	John M'Ilhaney,
Abraham Krise,	Wm. M'Ilhenny.
Abraham Bigham,	*Reading tp.*
James Cunningham,	John Tudor,
Wm. M'Cleary,	Eli Deter,
Abraham Waybright.	William Fickes.

GEORGE GARDNER,

May 26, 1848.

ICE CREAM,

OF the very best quality, and different flavors, can be had, at all times, at WEAVER'S Confectionary in Chambersburg street. *Families* and *Parties* will be supplied with any desired quantity, at the shortest notice. CAKES and CONFECTIONS of all kinds always on hand, and will be furnished to order on reasonable terms.

Gettysburg, July 23.—tf

CAP & LETTER PAPER, of beautiful quality, for sale at

April 7.—tf J. L. SCHICK'S.

From the Louisville Journal.

SONG.

BY P. CORRY.

All around and all above thee,
In the hush'd and charmed air,
All things woo thee, all things love thee,
Maiden fair!

Gentle zephyrs, perfume breathing,
Waft to thee their tribute sweet,
And for thee the Spring is weaving
Garlands meet.

In their cavern'd, cool recesses,
Songs for thee the fountains frame;
Whatsoe'er the wave caresses
Lisps thy name.

Greener verdure, brighter blossoms,
Wheresoe'er thy footsteps stray,
O'er the earth's enamored bosom
Live alway.

Wheresoe'er thy presence lingers,
Wheresoe'er its brightness beams,
Fancy weaves, with cunning fingers,
Sweetest dreams.

And the heart forgets thee never,
Thy young beauty's one delight,
There it dwells, and dwells forever,
Ever bright.

NIGHT.

BY LONGFELLOW.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall sooth this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor,
And to night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eye-lids start:

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The London Standard thus remarks on the speeches in Congress, on the occasion of the death of this venerable patriot:

"If the speakers whom we have quoted are representatives of the prevailing spirit of the United States, there is little cause to wonder at their prosperity; at all events, the gentlemen from whose speeches we have made extracts, have faithfully discharged their duty in sustaining the religious feeling of their fellow-citizens; and with such a glorious subject as the religious life of John Quincy Adams before them, they have had a great opportunity. Such as he, "being dead yet speak," and they who commemorate his worth, do little more than give a voice to piety and every other virtue.

We own that we are humbled when we reflect that, except it were Sir Robert Inglis or Lord Ashley—men otherwise distinguished above the reach of sneers by talents, character and services—scarce any member of our House of Commons would dare to speak with the courage with which the American gentlemen have illustrated that freedom from "that consummation of all folly, the fear of man," by confessing "the fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom." It is thus that a man like John Quincy Adams, even from his grave, pours blessings upon his country."

ANECDOTE OF JACK HAYS, THE TEXAN RANGER.—Among the many incidents in the narration of which the usually taciturn young Ranger was accustomed to beguile the long and laborious night rides of Gen. Lane in pursuit of the guerrilleros, I recollect the following, which may not be uninteresting to your readers.

"Did I ever tell you," said he one night as we were riding towards Matamoros, in a drizzling rain, "about my being appointed commander of the forces for our frontier, by the Texas Congress?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, when I was about fourteen years old, I got in the habit of going with our spies and following trails to find the camps and villages of the Camanches. In a short time I used to go alone, when the spies would go no farther, and sometimes succeeded in finding the enemy and leading our rangers to their camp. Very soon the officers employed me as a regular trailor, and from that time I was always in the woods in pursuit of the Camanches; and for a whole year I have not slept in a bed, and but twice in a house. Things went on in this way till I got to be eighteen or nineteen years old. One day, after an absence of several months, I came into the settlement. Had'nt had on a pair of pantaloons for six months——"

"No pantaloons—what did you wear?"

O, moccasins," said he. "A handkerchief was tied around my head—I'd lost my hat three months before——"

"Lost your hat—how'd you loose it?"

Why, six Camanches happened to see me one day and chased me so close that my hat came off in the race—when they stopped pursuit I went back, but they had found it. Well, when I got into the settlements they gathered around and began to tell me I had been appointed to command all the forces to be raised for the protection of the frontiers. Of course, I supposed they were poking fun at my looks and dress, and was getting mad fast, when some one handed me a letter containing official notice of my appointment. I shouldn't have been more surprised," he modestly added, "if I'd been chosen President of Texas."

SELLING DRY GOODS.

People generally think that it is a very easy matter to stand behind a counter and retail dry goods; but a week's experience in the business would convince the cleverest man that it is much more difficult and laborious than the task of turning a grindstone twelve hours per day.

The office of salesman embodies, in its duties, the necessity for the shrewdness of a politician, the persuasion of a lover, the politeness of a Chesterfield, the patience of a Job, and the impudence of a pickpocket. There are salesmen who make it a point never to lose a customer. One of these gentlemen, who is in a store in Chatham street, not long since, was called to show a very fastidious and very fashionable lady—who "dropped in while going to Stewart's—some rich silk cloaking. Every article of the kind was exposed to her view—the whole store was ransacked—nothing suited. The costly materials were stigmatized as "trash"—everything was "common," and not fit for a lady. She "guessed she would go to Stewart's."—The salesman pretended to be indignant.

"Madam" said he, in a tone of injured innocence, "I have a very beautiful and rare piece of goods—a case which I divided with Mr. Stewart, who is my brother-in-law, but it would be useless to show it to you. It is the only piece in the city."

"Oh! allow me to see it," she asked, in an anxious tone; "and," she continued, "I have no intention of annoying, or of disparaging the merits of your goods."

The salesman, who was now watched in breathless silence by his fellow clerks, proceedrd, as if with much reluctance, and with expressions of fear that it would be injured by getting tumbled, to display an ancient piece of vesting, which had been lying in the store five years, and was considered to be unsaleable. The lady examined and liked it much. That was a piece of goods worthy to be worn. How much was it a yard?

"Twenty-two shillings."

"Oh! that is very high."

"There!" exclaimed he, beginning to fold it up, "I knew you would say that."

"Stay! stay! don't be in so great a hurry!" she cried, "I'll give you twenty shillings."

"Madam, you insult me again."

"Cut me off —— yards, and you can make up the deduction on some velvet which I require for trimming," almost entreated the fair shopper.

The salesman, after much persuasion, sold the lady the vesting, for which they had in vain sought to get five shillings per yard, at the price above indicated. The profits of the sale, on vesting and velvet, amounted to *thirty-three dollars*, out of which the clerks were permitted to pay for a supper of oysters. The best of this brief tale of dry goods is to be told. The lady had her cloak made, and one or two of her friends, delighted with it, bought the rest of the vesting at the same price.

There is a moral to this anecdote, which we leave to be discovered by the ingenuity of all our lady readers, who occasionally go shopping.—*New York Paper.*

A HARD CASE.—A poor but jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who went "off the handle" England, rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, as he sat *clicket-te-clacket* at his loom, he *stopped*, stock-still, and said:

"Well, I suppose I must spend the money *straight.*"

The fortune, some twenty thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent—for, two brief years did the job, and he returned to his loom as poor as a church mouse, but merry as a cricket, and worked away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the "good time he had had," while his fortune lasted. His friends called him *green*, but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder.—In a twelve month's time off popped another rich relative, and the news, post haste, came to the jolly weaver, that he was again the possessor of a handsome fortune. Stopping his loom, and looking sorrowfully at the letter, he despondingly said:

"Good heavens! is it possible *that I must go through all this again.*"—*Boston Rambler.*

TOUGH STORY ABOUT ANIMAL MAGNETISM.—In a smal town down East, there lives a butcher, a Jack-at-all-trades, and more particularly noted for his experiments in animal magnetism. A half-witted fellow, who lived entirely upon the charity of the town, imagining one day that he was quite ill, made application to the butcher for a remedy to relieve him of the pains in his stomich. The thought flashed upon the mind of the butcher that he was a fit subject for experiment, and accordingly he Mesmerized him into a profound sleep. He then made an incision into his stomach, and took out the inwards to wash them; after which, he laid them down, and went into the house to get a needle and thread to sew up the incision. But on returning, to his astonishment, he beheld an old sow just leaving the place, having eaten them. In this dilemma, he seized a sheep and removed its entrails to the body of the man; then closing up the orifice, he awakened the slumbering subject, who was forthwith "discharged cured." Meeting the individual some days after, the butcher, having some curiosity as to the success of the operation, asked the chap how he got along. "Oh, first rate," said he; "only I have got such an *infernal hankering after grass!*"

"GOOD TIME COMING."—A "hopeful" contemporary out West thus speculates upon the coming of that millenial period when justice will be meted out to printers as other folks. Hear him:

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming—
Subscribers shall not wait for duns,
But flood us with their twos and ones.
In the good time coming;
Our advertisers shall increase,
Our patronage grow stronger,
And we, with creditors at peace—
Wait—a LITTLE longer.

Why is a snow bank like a thrifty tree? Because it leaves in the Spring.

THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.

The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manœuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the Lancers was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in a most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn—his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. "Halt!" he exclaimed, and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets, with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer, who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spirited animal bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was commanded to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand-Duke, exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer: observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished with the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand-duke for the fourth time:—"To the left about!—forward!" The command was obeyed, and the fourth time the horse leapt the pyramid, and then, with its rider, dropped down exhausted.—The officer extricated himself from the saddle, and rose unhurt, but the horse had both his forelegs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes started wildly, and his knees shook under him.

A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand-Duke, and laying his sword at his highness's feet, he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.—"I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke gloomily, "and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

This scene took place in St. Petersburg, and the facts are proved by the evidence of creditable eye-witnesses.

INCIDENT.—A fashionable young lady recently met her plain old grandmother at the Springs. The old lady's heart was filled with innocence and simplicity, and her ideas of fashion never went beyond a straight coat and plain cap. When, therefore, she met her dear grandchild, the first time for many years, and saw her a disfigured invalid, she was shocked and almost fainted. When her emotion had a little subsided, she turned with tears in her eyes, and said, "Margaret, honey, thee may get well; but indeed I fear the waters will never cure thee of this dreadful thing, (laying her hand on Margaret's fashionable *bustle.*) O! how awful thee must feel about it."

PURGATORY *versus* MATRIMONY.—By-the-way, the "ghost of the departed" reminds me of Joe Kelly's ghost coming to his wife. "Molly," says he, "I'm in purgatory at this present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she.—"Faix," says he, "it's a sort of half-way house between *you* and heaven," says Joe, "and I stand it mighty aisy after laving you," says he.—*Knickerbocker.*

THIRTEEN YEAR'S WORK FOR A BIBLE.—In the year 1272 the wages of a laboring man were less than four cents a day, while the price of a Bible at the same period was $180. A common laborer in those days must toil on industriously for thirteen long year's if he would possess a copy of the word of God! Now the earnings of half a day will pay the cost of a beautifully printed copy of the sacred oracles! What a contrast! What an illustration of the power of the press!

Temptation is thrown, to a greater or less degree, in the path of every man. He, therefore, that would successfully resist, should be well established in the principles and precepts of the Bible.

There is nothing by which I have through life more profited than by the just observation, the good opinion, and the sincere and gentle encouragement of amible and sensible woman.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Richness of dress contribute nothing to a man of sense, but rather makes his sence inquired into. The more the body is set off, the mind appears the less.

Eloquence is of two kinds: that of the heart which is called divine; the other external, and merely the organ of conceits, thoughts and sophistry.

Unprofitable eloquence is like the cypress, which is great and tall, but bears no fruit.

Reprove thy friend privately; commend him publicly.

A good conscience is the best law.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

GEN. SCOTT'S WELCOME.

He comes, he comes, from the field of his glory,
And millions his triumphs proclaim:
Afresh let his name be written in story—
Afresh on the tablet of fame.

He comes in his triumph, and victory's wreath
Is bright on the brow of its chief,
Undim'd by a tear, for mercy's sweet breath
Did warm into birth every leaf.

Let the flag of the stars be flung to the gale;
From mountain to sea let it wave;
Though envy asperse, and foul malice assail,
The brave will honor the brave.

Let the cannon's deep roar and the trumpet's wild peal,
Re-echo through forest and glen;
Let Bonfires be kindled on height and on hill—
We honor the noblest of men.

All-welcome, great chieftain! thy country is up,
And deep from her heart bids you come!
She spreads wide the banquet, and fills high the cup,
To welcome her warrior home.

When those who so basely have struck at thy name
Shall all in their graves lie forgot,
Full proudly she'll point to the garland of fame,
Still fresh on the brow of her SCOTT!

A SINGULAR STORY.

A correspondent of the National Era says that he translated the following article from the Magazine Universal, published in Paris. As the scene of the story is placed in Washington, it would not be very difficult to ascertain whether it be fact or fiction:

I am about to recount a story, which, like many others of the same kind, Mr. Thomason, a missionary, has lately told in a public meeting held on the subject of slavery.

A young physician, of much merit and knowledge, made a journey from his native town in one of the Northern States, to a town in Mississippi. This young man whose name was Wallis, took lodgings in a furnished house. The mistress of it, a young woman about twenty years old, inspired in him the most ardent love. Although the color of the young woman was not the purest white, the doctor having no prejudice against the colored race, offered her his hand, which was accepted. The marriage took place almost secretly, and the happy couple went soon afterwards to establish themselves in Washington, in the District of Columbia.

They had not been there long, where they lived peaceably and retired, when one morning an individual, who had all the appearance of a gentleman, presented himself at Dr. Wallis's, under the pretence of business. The conversation proceeded, when the stranger addressed the following indiscreet question to the doctor:—

"Did you bring a woman from the South, sir?"

"No, sir; I do not understand you."

"How!" rejoined the stranger, "did not your wife come with you from Mississippi?"

"I believe she was born in that country," said the doctor.

"Well, your wife, as you call her, is my slave; and unless you pay me immediately, nine hundred dollars for her purchase, I will advertise her to-morrow as a runaway slave. In fact, she is worth a thousand dollars at least; but as you have married her, I will abate something."

"Your slave!" exclaimed the astonished doctor, "that is impossible."

"Whether you believe me or not," cried the other, "you must give her up, or pay the money. If, in twenty-four hours, the money is not sent to my hotel, I promise you, my dear sir, that you will see the name of Mrs. Wallis in the newspapers, as that of a fugitive slave."

As soon as the man was gone, the doctor went to his wife, whose good qualities, virtues, and graces, rendered her dear to him.

"My dear angel," said he, "when we were married were you a slave?"

"Yes, I was," she confessed, at the same time shedding abundant tears.

"Why did you not tell me before the ceremony was performed?"

"I did not dare do it. Could I have expected you would have allied yourself to a slave?"

"Well, now I know it, I will give the nine hundred dollars required, for I love you too much to consent to a separation."

During this short dialogue, Mrs. Wallis was laboring under the most lively agitation. She asked her husband to describe the appearance of the claimant, which he did as exactly as possible; then he asked her whether the description answered to that of her ancient master.

"Yes," said she, casting down her eyes; "he is more than my master—he is my father."

The editor of the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press perpetrates the following at the close of a paragraph, touching the merits of the immortal Gen. Bombastes Pillow.

"We hang our harps upon the willer,
Whene'er we think of Gideon Piller,
The man who digs, for Polk and Marcy,
His ditch and breast-works VICK VARSEY."

NINE POINTS IN THE LAW.—"To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite:—In the first place, a good deal of money—secondly a good deal of patience—thirdly a good cause—fourthly, a good Attorney—fifthly, a good counsel—sixthly, good evidence—seventhly, a good Jury—eighthly, a good Judge—and ninthly good luck."

Let the chain of second causes be ever so long, the first link is always in God's hand.

Kindness in the heart is a gem of the first magnitude. whoever possesses this trait will sail smoothly over the oceean of life, leaving behind a memory that will never cease to be cherished.

Truth overcomes falshood, and suspicion cannot live before perfect frankness.

Why is a young lady, that's receiving the attention of a gentleman, like a lady who sends relief to Ireland?

"Bekase, her heart goes Pity Pat.

A Spanish poet, celebrating the black eyes of his mistress, declares, in the quaint style of his age, that they were in mourning for the murders they had committed.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

At 9 o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President, and the Rev. A. ATWOOD, of the Methodist Church, performed the devotional exercises before entering upon the business of the day.

The first business of Consequence presented was by Mr. T. B. King, of Georgia, from the Committee on Credentials, (to which were referred the credentials of members respecting which disputes might arise,) who submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, that the majority of the delegates from States not fully represented be authorized to vote for the districts from which there are no delegates, and be authorized to fill vacancies.

Resolved, that the following gentlemen are delegates of the Whigs of Louisiana, having been duly appointed by a Whig Convention of that State—Lafayette Saunders, Samuel J. Peters, C. M. Conrad, B. Winchester, C. Bullitt, G. B. Duncan, W. Brashear, J. M. Wray, J. Ritchie, P. Maher.

And whereas the above delegation have selected six of their number to cast the vote of said State for President and V. President of the U. States, to wit: Lafayette Sanders, J. Peters, C. M. Conrad, B. Winchester, C. Bullitt, and G. B. Duncan,

Resolved, that the six delegates be recognized by the Whig Convention as duly empowered to act as the representatives of the Whigs of Louisiana in the Convention.

Resolved, that Col. William H. Russell, of Missouri, give the vote to which his district is entitled on the floor of the Convention.

Resolved, that the delegations from all the States be requested to select the number of delegates to which each State is entitled to represent said State on the floor, and that the alternates, or over delegates, have seats provided for them as members.

Resolved, that, in consequence of the absence of the delegates appointed by the Whigs of Texas, the delegation from Louisiana be empowered to cast the vote of the State of Texas, and that J. Wray, C. Bullitt, James Ritchie, and P. Maher be admitted as delegates from Texas.

The President announced that the resolutions would be taken up separately, and the first question was stated to be on the first resolution, giving to the delegates from States the right to vote for districts from which there are no delegates.

Mr. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, spoke in opposition to that resolution. He hoped they would not have in this Convention a repetition of the scene which was witnessed in the Convention of their opponents at Baltimore. He wished not to see a General Commander here, giving the votes of an entire State by which he had not been sent as a delegate to represent her; but yet this resolution would give power to a single individual to assume such a position, if it should be concurred in. Each State was entitled to as many delegates as she had Representatives and Senators in Congress; and he was in favor of each State casting her votes, and no more, provided her people have had interest enough in the proceedings of the Convention to send the requisite number of delegates.—But if any States were not Whig enough to send delegate here, he thought it was rather too much power to place in the hands of any one man to allow him to speak the voice of a soverign State of this Union. This was not democratic doctrine, and he could not assent to this resolution.

Mr. Bryan, of South Carolina, said amen to every word the gentleman from Pennsylvania had uttered. He did not wish to be a General Commander. He did not desire to see one district appoint delegates for every district of a State. He came from the Charleston district of South Carolinia, and he denied the right of that district to appoint delegates for any other. The Charleston district could act but for herself, and what a district could not do, surely her delegate had no right to do.—It would be unequal and grossly unjust to sanction such a principle. He wished to have but one vote. (Applause.) He claimed one, and should not attempt to give more.

Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, supported the resolution of the committee. He had no objection that, where there were vacancies, they should be filled by the delegations.—The gentleman from Pennsylvania was not opposed to this, he believed; he only objected to one man casting the votes of many. But how was a State to speak here? Some basis should be established. If there were vacancies in districts the other delegates should fill them, and who could say that those gentlemen misrepresentee their State? It was objected to in the case of Gen. Commander that he did not represent the wishes of the State; that was a fact, but if one man represented the views of his State fully, he was in favor of letting that man be heard for his State.

Mr. Langdon, of Alabama, differed from his colleague. The division in his own State admonished him of the evil of allowing delegates to fill vacancies. There were two districts of the State of Alabama that had held no meetings and appointed no delegates to this Convention; but the Alabama delegation here had undertaken to assign some surplus delegates to fill these vacancies. The principle was wrong.—He knew there were great objections at the best to Conventions, and, if they wished them or expected them to exert a beneficial influence on the public mind, they must be guarded against impurity and injustice; they must have no "Commandering" there. He drew a comparison between this Convention and Congress, in which delegations having seats there had no authority to fill vacancies.

Mr. Gamage said he represented the 4th Congressional district of South Carolina—that which Gen. Commander represented in the Baltimore Convention—but he should not assume to represent the entire State. He concurred in the sent iments expressed by his colleague.