

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIX.—43.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, 1849.

NEW SERIES—NO. 35.

Domestic Industry is the Wealth of Nations.

Fresh Assortment of HATS.

THE subscriber has a good assortment of FASHIONABLE HATS, which he is prepared to sell at 1 to 1 1/2 lower than heretofore, and even lower than they are regularly resold at in the cities.

A good fur hat, warranted, \$1 00
Fine Silk, do fur body, 2 00
Fine Nutria, do, 3 00
Fine Monterey, do, 1 00
Kamsia, do, 2 00
Molekin, extra quality, \$2 50 to 4 00

Fine Russia Hats, and other kinds low. The public are invited to call and satisfy themselves.

FRANK CARL, and only one price.
S. S. M'CREARY.
Gettysburg, July 14, 1848.—if

HATS—WOOD—CASH.

THE subscriber has on hand a large and fine assortment of
HATS AND CAPS
of every description and fashion, at his old stand, which he wants to sell at low prices for good pay.

He earnestly requests those indebted to him, to come and settle their accounts, as money is much wanted and he must have it. He respectfully notifies those who give him wood, that now is the time to use it, and if not delivered soon, he will certainly require cash in place of it. Come one, come all!

W. W. PAXTON.
Oct. 27, 1848.—31

PAY UP!

IN consequence of the loss sustained by recent fire, in connection with other demands against the subscriber, he is compelled to call upon those indebted to him for assistance. All persons, therefore, knowing themselves to be indebted to him by note or book account, will be expected to call and settle the same without delay; otherwise they will be placed in the hands of a proper officer for collection.

Those who have engaged to furnish WOOD on account, are desired to do so immediately. If not delivered soon, the Cash will be required.

THOMAS WARREN.
Dec. 1, 1848.

WANTED,

5000 FEET OF POPULAR PLANK such as will answer for Chair Seats, for which the highest price will be given by the subscriber. He has also on hand, at his old stand in West Chambersburg street, a very large assortment of
Common and Fancy CHAIRS,
and a full assortment of CABINET WARE, which I am selling at unusual low prices for Cash and Produce. Orders for work will be attended to on the shortest notice. All orders for COFFINS will be strictly attended to as usual.

DAVID HEAGY.
Sept. 1, 1848.—if

BURN'T OUT, BUT AT IT AGAIN.

PAINTING.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he is now located in the Alley between North Washington and Carlisle streets, immediately in the rear of D. Middle's Store, where he will be prepared, as heretofore, to do all kinds of
Coach, Cloth, & Sign Painting,
CARRIAGE REPAIRING done at short notice, and on reasonable terms, for which Country Produce will be taken. The subscriber is thankful for past favors, and hopes, by attention to business, and a desire to please, to merit and receive a continuance of public patronage.

J. G. FREY.
Gettysburg, 1st 8.—if

TAILORING.

E. & R. MARTIN,
AT THE OLD STAND, Northwest corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg, tender their thanks to their customers for past favors, and respectfully inform the public that they continue to
Cut and Make all Garments,
in the best manner and on reasonable terms. The cutting done, as heretofore, by ROBERT MARTIN. Fashions regularly received, and every effort made to secure a good fit and substantial sewing.

The subscribers hope, by their long experience in the business, and renewed efforts to please, to merit and receive a continuance of the public patronage.

THE FALL & WINTER FASHIONS have just been received from the City.
E. & R. MARTIN.
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.
Oct. 20, 1848.

TO BUILDERS.

SEALED proposals will be received by the undersigned, up to the 15th day of January next, for rebuilding the Episcopal Church of Gettysburg. The old Church is to be used in the same place, and specifications can be seen at any time by calling with the Committee.

J. WARREN,
JOHN JENKINS,
L. W. HOFFMAN,
E. HANAWAY,
W. W. PAXTON,
Committee.
Dec. 20, 1848.—1d

SHERIFF'S SALES.

IN pursuance of a writ of Vendition exponas, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on Saturday the 13th day of January next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

A certain House and part of a Lot of Ground, situate in the Borough of Gettysburg, fronting on an alley, running south from West High street, and adjoining lots of Henry Williams, Esther Gibson, and others, on which is erected a

ONE-STORY
Log Dwelling House.
Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of GEORGE HARRIS.
WILLIAM FICKES, Sheriff.
Dec. 22, 1848.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

Ready-made Clothing Store.

JOSEPH K. FISHEL

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity that he has opened an Emporium for

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

The Store-room formerly occupied by Wm. Kuhlmann, in Chambersburg street, a few doors east of Thompson's Hall, and here, at all times, will be found a full and complete assortment of Ready-made clothing, including every variety of

Boys and Men's Wear.

My stock shall always be composed of Goods, made in the most fashionable styles, and by regular workmen.

TAILORING BUSINESS.

Will make to order Clothing of all kinds for customers, at the shortest notice and upon reasonable terms. The Fashions are regularly received from Philadelphia, so that customers may depend upon having the latest styles.

Give us a call, and examine for yourselves.

JOSEPH K. FISHEL.
Gettysburg, Oct. 13, 1848.

Columbian Series of Arithmetics.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND AND TEACHER'S COMFORT.

THE COLUMBIAN CALCULATOR

—This work is already introduced into some of the best Academies and a large number of Schools, where its use has long been decided and universal satisfaction, both to teacher and pupil. It is purely American in its character, based upon our own beautiful decimal system of currency. It contains more, the arrangements are better, and it is the easiest and cheapest work of the kind now in use; and it is so considered by hundreds of the most competent teachers and men of science in the Union.

It is the book, and the only book, particularly and expressly prepared for our American Schools.—By Almon Ticknor.

THE YOUTH'S COLUMBIAN CALCULATOR

—This volume contains 91 pages, with about 900 examples for solution on the slate. It embraces the Fundamentals, Compound Rules, Simple and Compound Reduction, Single Rule of Three, Proportion, &c.

TICKNOR'S ARITHMETICAL TABLES.

is destined for the use of younger classes in the Schools of the U. S. A beautiful little book and pleasing to children, and the only one of the kind of any value.

There are keys to both Arithmetics, bound single or double, for the convenience of teachers, in which the solutions of the questions are given and much extra matter for the black board. These Keys are the most complete works of the kind ever published, and contain, in addition, about two hundred examples in Mensuration, &c. for the use of the Teacher. All that is wanted is to have the above books examined, and no teacher who is acquainted with the science of Arithmetic, will hesitate to pronounce them the best works that have ever been published in this or any other country.

Although issued but a few months, they have already been introduced into the Night Public Schools of New York City—in all the Schools, public and private, except two, in the City of Reading. Also, in about twenty Academies in the State of Pennsylvania—in a large portion of the Schools in the City of Wilmington in the City of Lancaster, and in the Boroughs of Harrisburg, York, Lebanon, Doylstown, Pottsville, Orwigsburg, &c., &c.

For Sale by S. H. BUEHLER, Agent for Adams County.

NOTICE.

TAKE Notice that I have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of this Commonwealth—and that they have appointed Monday, the 15th day of January next, at the Court House in Gettysburg, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the hearing of me and my creditors—and when and where you may attend if you see fit.

JACOB COMFORT.
Dec. 8, 1848.—31.

Just Received and for Sale by the subscriber,

A LARGE QUANTITY OF
Plain, Striped, and Plaid ALPACAS,
M. de Laines, Cashmeres, plain and fancy Silks, English & French Merinos, Ginghams, Bonnet Satins and Plushes, Trimmings, &c. &c.—a handsome collection, and will be sold VERY CHEAP. Please call and see.
GEO. ARNOLD.
Sept. 22, 1848.—41

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE
"STAR AND BANNER."

Gettysburg, Pa., January 1, 1849.

Kind Patron:

I hope I find you bright this morn,
And happy as the year just born—
Like it, expecting wealth and fame
To glad your heart and wait your name.
The burden of my song for years,
Has been a nation's wrongs and tears—
Wrongs that breathe a hurried tale
Of orphan's woe and widow's wail—
Of gallant hearts, whose pluck, forever
Still, to throbs in Glory's cause shall never
Awake, though Glory should be over—
Of blood whose loss hath shed a gloom
O'er every heart, as though the tomb
Had shut its jaws upon that pow'r
Which nations need in dang'rous hour,
Proudly by 'em Administrators,
Whose niche in never-dying story,
Will breathe of infamy, not glory.
But now the clash of arms, the roar
Of war's loud thunders, float no more
On Southern breezes; o'er the land
Peace stretches out her high command—
A. T. A. K. K. are long must have the throne—
A. T. A. K. K. claims it as his own,
Which, I'm sorry to say, is from the nation
Called—'emend'it Administration.
Who cries: change our appellation—
Just in the midst of vict'ry great,
And at their head the Keystone State!
CHAMPAGNE, MONTANA, and others like 'em,
Shame, disgrace, confusion, strike 'em!
We've had it long, we'll have it longer,
While every day we're growing stronger.
You've read, I guess, what great confusion
The Locos at the present session
Are here to make, by opposition
To W. L. G. A. T. A. K. K. Resolution.
By every breeze is wafted o'er,
Products from some foreign shore,
Where man must be his fellow slave,
And toil or step into his grave.
The product of this toil comes o'er,
Commeaded by a value lower
Than that which Freedom here demands
For products coming from her hands.
This foreign avenue was closed
By a Tariff Bill proposed
And passed in eighteen forty-two—
And now again is re-opened to
By-the-by, the Postage Bill
Is drawing some attention still.
It's hard to tell what now we'll do,
As every time comes something new.
Put let me tell you what common
Envelopes men beyond the ocean—
How Freedom there is spitting wings—
And galling convicts 'neath her wings—
Suppressing chains and despotic rule,
As men should do who worship God!
Titled ancestry is falling—
Aristocracy is calling
Powers of earth and air to give
It aid that it may long survive.
France, aroused, has long since sent
Her sovereign into banishment—
And thus, freed from Louis PHILIPPE,
She stands another America.

Long may she live and round her shed
Lift on the nations' round her head!
Not France alone, but men entire
Feels within his breast this fire—
The Italian, Austrian, Swiss, Prussian,
Spanish, English, German, Russian—
England's stars still clank their chains—
Cold down the blood within their veins.
The Lion's strong, but stronger still
Is Freedom when she serves her will.
Did he not hear her did he not weep
When from old Ireland o'er the deep
Came her suffering, woe, and grief,
And applications for relief!
I've still her tears, and those tears true,
O'er France, Mexico and Desovras
Claim those spirits—leave from you,
Are they less great because they fell,
And exiled, honor British chains!
Can unjust fate like this be equal?
Alas! her hope lies where she's equal!
Oh! would that fallen Poland now
Could show her mettle in the row!
Would that her JONAS COOPER
Was on earth, or Count PALMER!
Alas! her hope lies where she's equal!
Cheerless is her naked breast!
Now, let us see what features grand
Shall mark this age for our land.
The Locos raged—Peace before us
Streaming flowers—Religion o'er us
Shedding life-light—Aye, victory—
What then this could be more glorious?
Why, give attention! Latest breezes,
Hailing southward, say, the trees
Hang with gold upon their boughs,
Which Freedom's hand shall hold
Set out at once, with strength and spade—
A fortune there is easy made.
Throw down your hammer, yard-stick, book,
Go down at least and take a look.
Which Freedom's hand shall hold
And now depart without your self.
How'd ye think this golden field,
Just come to light, by POLK is used!
For this he bolks makes a shield,
And this spirit's 'emend'it accused,
For authorizing war of late,
To bring affliction on the State.
The greatest feature yet, I ween,
Is what one might think W. L. G. A. T. A. K. K. dream—
That never-ending reform—
One foot in China, 'emend'it to be
standing in Liberty.
Through Harrisburg, the prophets say,
Will run the mammoth railroad way,
That will know what man has done
Upon that side where shines the sun,
When night descends this side upon.
This tedious story let me end,
By praying Destiny to send
Her most radiant angel now
To bid success to COOPER'S brow!
For who so well can give us light
As he who shines supremely bright!
I'm at the jumping-off place, now, sir;
I trow, you're waiting for my bow, sir;
You'll wait sometime, unless a P. E. C. sir,
Is transferred from your purse to me, sir.

THE CARRIER.

How to Give.—At a missionary meeting among the slaves in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed to:—
1. We will give something.
2. We will give as God has enabled us.
3. We will give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading slave took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and put down, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old slave, almost as rich as all the rest put together, who threw down on the table a small silver coin.—
"Take that back again," said the slave who received the money; "what may be according to de first resolution, but not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat in great rage. One after another came forward, all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying—"Dar, take dat." It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly that the slave answered again—"No dat wot do yer—It may be 'cordin' to de first and second resolutions; but not 'cordin' to de last; and he was obliged to take up de coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a smile on his face very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Borry wot," said the slave, "dat am 'cordin' to all de resolutions."

SOUND VIEWS IN THE RIGHT QUARTER.—The following extract is from an Address delivered by the Hon. Wm. Tyrrell, before the State Agricultural Society of Georgia:

"Unless we reform our present system of tillage, we soon shall be absolutely ruined. By excessive cotton culture we are fast bringing about a state of things in which our negroes and our land will be alike worthless. The abandonment of our old and worn out plantations in Georgia for the cultivation of the fresh virgin soils at the Southwest, which has served the turn of so many when cotton was at a fair price, will not be available under an entirely different condition of things in the markets of the world. As the latter change in the progress of nations, unless we alter our system of Agriculture, and wisely adapt it to the wants of civilized man, what has hitherto been to us a prolific source of wealth, will hereafter bring poverty and degradation. Abolitionists need not trouble themselves about the manumission of our slaves; nor politicians about establishing new competitors in planting in California. The competition will soon reach a point where the ownership of this species of property will cease to be profitable or desirable unless we produce breadstuffs, wool and provisions, as well as cotton; and thereby improve instead of exhausting our land."

A CONFIRMED JABBY.—A gentleman of excellent habits & very amiable disposition, was so unfortunate as to have a wife of a different character—in short, one that would get badly drunk. Being in company of a few intimates, one evening, one of them remarked to him, that if she was his wife—see all other things had failed—he would frighten her in some way so that she should quit; and proposed the following method: that some time when dead drunk she should be laid in a box shaped like coffin, and left in that situation until drunken fit should be over, and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the lady being in a proper state, a plan was put into execution, and after a box lid was properly secured, the party went to bed, each in their own way. The next morning, about daylight, the wretched hearing a movement, laid himself down beside the box, with her ladyship, after bumping her head five times, was heard to say:—
"Bless me! w! where am I!"
"Madame, your dead and in the other world."
A pause ensued the lady again inquired—
"Where are you?"
"Oh! my dear," said he.
"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?"
"About three ecks."
"How long has your been dead?"
"Four months."
"Well, you've been here so much longer than I have, e' you tell me where I can get a little?"—Gaz. of the Union.

The Pass Wo.—Mr. Lover tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the pass-wo at the office of the Post-office, at which the great Saxe Wehrhahn.

"The pass-wo is Saxe—now don't forget it," said the Post-office to Pat. Saxe I Fa, and I will not—
"Was at my father's miller!"
"Who goes the?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at post.
Pat looked as slyly as possible, and in a sort of wretched howl, replied:—
"Bags! yer hoc."

IMMORALITY OF OLD DRINKERS.—The Washington Globe says another interesting letter from Fenico, concerning the moody, desperate, & careless character of those who collect for the California gold region. One pass in the letter we have read with much regret, which is:—
"Every man's eye is hanging gold, and every one that visits the region, goes armed to the teeth. Scarcely of loose order; there is no security for life or property."
This is deplorable! But the introduction of law and order will not remove the cause of the evil, it is the government Congress establishers, the writer recommends that a strong military force of cavalry be sent out against it.

Newspaper Patronage.

In the language of a contemporary, we have said, that this thing called newspaper patronage is a curious thing. It is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as the chameleon.

One man subscribes for a newspaper, and pays for it in advance; goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that it is his own. He hands in an advertisement—asks the price, and pays for it. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man says, "Please put my name on your list of subscribers," and goes off, without as much as having said payance. He asks you to advertise, but he says nothing about paying for it. This is your patronage; it is exhausted—and you don't know it. He flies into a passion and perhaps pays up, perhaps not. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man has been a subscriber for a long time. He becomes tired of you, and wants a change. "Think he would like a city 'Dollar Weekly'." Tells the Post-master to discontinue, and one of his papers is returned to you marked "refused." Paying for it is among the least of his thoughts. Besides he wants his dollar to send to the city paper. After a time you look over his account and send him a bill for balance due. But does he pay it cheerfully and freely? We leave him to answer. Yet this, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you; never took your paper; it is too small, (compared with some of the over-grown and sickly sentimental "dollar weeklies," it is small) don't like its politics; too Whiggish, too Locofocussing, or too something else. Yet goes regularly to his neighbor's and reads his by a good stove fire; finds fault with its type, ink, or colors. Occasionally sends an article that he likes; takes half a dime and buys a number. This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another sports a fine horse, or perhaps a pair of them; is always seen with whip in hand and spur on foot, single man no use for him to take a newspaper; knows enough to get a newspaper; knows enough to do so; sends in a notice of the horse; "Please publish and send me half a dozen." "Tis done; does he ever pay for either notice or papers? No. "But surely you don't charge for such things!" This, too, is newspaper patronage.

Another man (bless you I do not see good to see such men, and we do see them sometimes) comes and says, "The year for which I have paid is about to expire. I want to pay for another," he does so and retires.

Reader, is not newspaper patronage a curious thing? And in the great dry when honest men are to get the reward due to honesty, which say you, of those enumerated above, will obtain that reward?

MAJOR JACK DOWLING.

A Very Private Letter from Major Jack Dowling to President Polk,
HEAD OF SALT RIVER,
Dec. 18, 1848.

DEAR COL.—It all comes out just exactly as I told you I would in my last dispatch a few days before the election. The earthquake and hurricane was awful. Some of our friends was thrown up sky high, and has been seen for hours since; some was swallowed up in the ground and buried alive; and 'em' of us was shipwrecked and splashed overboard, and left to the mercy of the wild and the tide. I was lucky enough to get a scurvy of a plank, and made out to keep my head above water. I drifted about a while, kind of confused like, and couldn't hardly tell whether I was on the ocean 'or on a lake, or where I was.

At last I floated along into a river, and then I concluded to swim I was bound down Niagara, and should have plunged head and ears over the big falls. I started to float along down the middle of the river, and away off before me and a way behind me I could see a good many others going the same way; and away in the distance, on both sides of the river, there seemed to be a good many going the other way—that is, as I thought, going up stream. I was kept afloat in this way till I came to a narrow place in the river, which I learnt afterwards was called the half-way narrows. Here the current grew more rapid, and I floated a long very fast; but I was so near the shore I could see folks on both sides and hear 'em speak.

Presently I met a man on one side of the river floating in along the shore; and owing a little boat after him, as I thought, up stream. At first, by his stooping walk and bald head, I thought he was too old a man to be doing such hard kind of work; but when he came nearer, I see he had heavy hair and a young and almost boyish looking face. He went straight ahead, with a line over his shoulder, drawing the boat after him, and singing a merry kind of a song, which I couldn't make out, only one verse of it, which seemed to be this:

Life is real, life is earnest;
Things are just what they seem;
Down Salt River thus returns,
O my Tribune, 'tis no dream.

When I seen who it was I was amazingly puzzled. I'd heard of a good many songs that had more truth than poetry in 'em; but this one seemed to have more poetry than truth. Any how, it was really Salt River, that we had heard so much tell of, I couldn't seem to make out how I should be sailing down stream so fast, and the Tribune man be tugging up stream so hard. This didn't agree with the election returns at all. Something has got twisted round; things is not just what they seem. While I was bothering my head about it, I looked over on 'other side of the river, there was another man with a line over his shoulder; towing a larger and heavier boat up stream, as I thought. He was a tall officer-looking man, with large whiskers, and stood up straight, and walked strong, as though he didn't care for nobody. He too seemed to be singing a very merry song. All I could hear of it was just this varian:

Old Uncle Sam was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he;
He called his pipe and he called for his bow,
And he called for Taylor and me.

As he passed by me I see the name on the stern of the boat was New York Courier and Enquirer. I was in a great perplexity; these Whig chaps was all so merry, and yet, if this was really Salt River, it seemed to me they was going the wrong way, according to the election, and I couldn't tell what to make of it. As I was near enough to hail the Courier man, I thought I would call to him and see if I could get any light on the subject. So I says—
"Hullo, Colonel!" He stopped and turned round, and answered, "Hullo, says I. I ask your pardon, Colonel, but I'm a stranger in these parts, and a stranger to you, but I know you by your boat. Will you be so kind as to tell me where I'm bound to?" For I'm kind of lost.

"Oh, certainly," says he, "with the greatest pleasure, my dear sir. You are bound straight up to the head of Salt River; you can't miss your way, for there isn't a single path that turns out between here and there."
"Well now," says I, "Colonel, you or I must be under some strange mistake. Don't you see I'm floating down the river? But the river runs down the country, and carrying the along with it."
At that, he laughed outright, and says, "I see you're nothing but a fresh water sailor, and don't know any thing about the navigation of Salt River."
"Well, how should I?" says I, "for I never was in these waters before."
"Well," says he, "Salt River runs up stream; I jest bark that in mind, and you'll find it all plain sailing."
"But that can't be possible," says I; "you, nor I, nor nobody else, ever knew a river to run up stream."
"You may depend upon it," says he, "Salt River runs up stream; and I suppose that is the only river in America that does run up stream."

By this time I had floated so far by that I couldn't hear anything more he said. But it wasn't long before I was satisfied the Colonel was right; for as the current carried me along back into the country, the land kept growing higher and higher, and at last I found myself quite up among the mountains; and when I came to the head of the river, the current run my plank right plumb ashore.

I found a good many of our friends already here before me, and I understand a great many more are on the way. Our annex' friend, General Cass, hasn't got here yet, but he's expected any very day. This is a pretty good sort of a country up here, after all, and has a good many advantages. But I haven't time to give you much account of it today; I'll try to describe it more another time. I've spent a considerable time examining

and exploring this curious river, and I think I've learnt more about it than any body that's been up here afore. It's different from all the other rivers that I ever see. It has no springs or streams running into it to feed it, but it feeds itself from its own waters. All the centre of the river is a strong current running up stream till it gets to the head of the river, and then it drifts down in eddies and currents by each bank of the river till it gets to the mouth, and then it turns round again to the centre current, and runs up stream again. This shows the reason why any body that happens to get into the current of Salt River has to go clear to the head of it before he can stop. It shows the reason, too, why any body that sets out to go down with a boat or a raft, or any thing, has to lead it along the shore by a line for if it happens to get out a little too far from shore, and gets ketch'd in the centre current, it's gone goose with it; it has to go clear back to the head of the river and the anchor there. This, of course, makes the navigation of Salt River, on the passage out, very hard and difficult.

We can't, of course, look for you up here till after the 4th of March, but I shall be getting every thing ready for you as fast as I can. The got a notion, my head, however, that you might hold on there at Washington some year longer yet, and be in a situation to do our friends more good may be, than you could up here.

I see they are looking round all over the country for men to make up a cabinet for General Taylor; and they seem to be going upon the rule that they should have the most towards electing him, must have the first chance in the cabinet. Now, going upon this rule, the first chance belongs to you; of course; for there isn't no other man in the country that did a quarant' so much towards electing him as you did. In fact, if it had not been for you, he never would have been elected at all. If he didn't give you the first place in his cabinet, if you will take it, he'll be the ungratefullest fellow that ever lived. I think it would be best, all things considered, for you to take a place at the head of the Cabinet.

As for dear old Mr. Ritchie, I suppose you can see well aware him now as my time; and as the weather is pleasant yet, and comfortable for making the voyage, why not start him right along; I hope you'll be careful to see him well wrapped up in there should be a change of weather, before he gets here. Tell him he ought to be a bit better; he'd find good comfortable quarters here; and nothing to trouble him, for I've been all around here, and there isn't no bears, nor wolves, nor Federalists, nor anything of that sort. I don't think I ever see a country clearer of Federalists in my life; and every man I've talked with here is in favor of the resolution of ninety-eight.

I remain your friend and plier,
MAJOR JACK DOWLING.

MAGNETIC FIRE-ALARM.—The City Council of this city have voted to accept the proposition of F. O. J. Smith, president of the magnetic Telegraph Company, to apply the telegraphing principle to giving alarm of fire. Mr. Smith proposes that the city shall be divided into fire districts, as in the city of New York in each to be known by its number—that in each district a machine should be placed, attached to a bell, and of which machines are to be connected by a wire running over the buildings out of harm's way, so that a bell in every fire district may be rung at the same moment, striking the number of the district where the fire may be. During the exhibition of Mr. Smith's machine to the members of the Common Council, on Thursday night, one of the New York wires was attached to the machine in this city, and the operator then directed by Telegraph to strike the bell a certain number of times, which was instantly done by—thus—Boston told New York to ring in alarm for fire in District No. 12, and quick as thought the bell in the Boston fire rang out its twelve strokes, the whole operation not occupying an entire minute.—Boston Times.

EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.—The following is a verbatim et literal copy of a notice recently received by the Postmaster at Onotowagon, in this State:

I Robert Brown of, Taylor county and State of Virginia do forasmuch any person as though the bell in the Boston fire rang out its twelve strokes, the whole operation not occupying an entire minute.—Boston Times.

YOUNG ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers, are always observed to sigh and sighing ways, most suitable dispositions, always select good husbands, invariably take good wives, and are seldom or never taken in by itinerant charlatans or impostors.

THE MINISTER OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—M. Guillardet, in his last letter, dated Paris, Nov. 30, says:

"The accusing chamber of the Court of Appeal of Paris has decided, like that of the Correctional Police, that there is no cause of proceeding against the late Ministers of the ex-King. So, Mr. Guillardet, and his colleagues may return to France if they chose, and become ministers, perhaps even Presidents of the Republic."

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.—The Boston Post contains a long and silly account of the marriage, at Louisville, Ky., of Bigelow Lawrence, of Boston, and Sally Ward of Louisville. The bride was the belle of all the West, and there were great halls at her wedding. Some 600 or 700 persons, including hosts of distinguished men, were present. The dowry of the bride cost \$5,000.

Never Court the favor of the rich by flattery either the vanity or their vices.