

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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D. & C. H. BUEHLER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
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THE BLUE BIRD.

The Blue Bird's song I now do hear,
Sweet harpings of Spring!
It is welcome to my ear,
I love to hear it sing.

It comes, the sweetest of its race,
And sings with gentle wing;
It seeks the frequent place,
And there it loves to sing.

Come, gentle bird, and let us hear
The early notes of Spring!
And may thy mate, as wont, be near,
To share the joy you bring.

Come, build the nest, the hollow rail
Is where it used to be—
The food you want, it shall not fail,
And we will welcome thee.

The Blue Bird's song I now do hear,
Sweet harpings of Spring!
It is welcome to my ear,
I love to hear it sing!

We clip the following from the "proceedings of a public dinner," in an old number of the Ohio Statesman. The poem is one of the finest things we have ever read. It is said to have been written by an accomplished lady of the Buckeye State, when the report of Maria Keza's death reached the States.—City Item.

By a Lady.—Lionel Mayer Keza, of the New York University, of Irish birth, distinguished alike for poetic talents and patriotic valor—received his death wound in bearing the flag of his country up a scaling ladder at the head of a storming party. His death was one of glory.

God, gone, gone!
Gone to his dreamless sleep!
And spirit of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep, weep, weep.

Mourn, mourn, mourn!
Mother to sorrow long weep;
Far o'er the mighty deep,
Where the brave coldly sleep,
Thy woe-worn soul lies dead.

Long, lone, lone!
In thine own "far island home,"
Ere thy life task is done,
With the slow sinking sun,
O'er the sea thy thoughts will roam.

Sound, sound, sound!
The trumpet wails and drums die,
Molly's forlorn way,
Through the blood-lashed spray,
Heathen our banner on high!

Woe, woe, woe!
Like a thought he has sunk to rest;
Slowly they bear him away,
In stern martial array.

The sword and the flag on his breast,
Long, long, long!
As time to the earth shall belong,
The red wind over the surge,
Shall chaunt a mournful dirge,
O'er the perilous child of song!

High, high, high!
High in the temple of fame
The poet's feeblest wreath,
And the soldier's sheath,
Are engraven above his name.

Gone, gone, gone!
Gone to the dreamless sleep;
And spirit of the brave,
Watching o'er his lone grave,
Weep, weep, weep!

PARTING INTERVIEW BETWEEN EMMET AND HIS BETROTHED.

Emmet was unfortunately betrayed by his enemies in an attempt to emancipate his countrymen from tyranny and oppression. He was therefore convicted of the crime of treason, and sentenced to be executed.

The evening before his death, and while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into the dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him an eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window frame of his prison and the heavy clanking of his chains smote dimly on her heart. The interview was bitterly touching, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmet, he wept, and spoke little; but he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by sobs, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit his tomb where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church; Emmet started at the sound, and he felt that this would be the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he turned his beloved will closer to his heart, and then, with a sinking form with eyes streaming with tears of affection,—
"The party entered the prison, and as though ashamed of a temporal betrayal of sympathy, dashed the rising drop from his eyes, and a frown again lowered his countenance. The man meanwhile approached to kiss the lady from his embraces, she was opposed by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily gazed at her, from his hold, gave her a miniature of himself, and with this parting token of attachment, imparted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On glancing the door, she turned round as if to gaze on the object of her widow love.—
"He caught her eyes as she retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed him sadly, that they had met for the last time upon earth.

HE WILL FORGIVE YOU, FATHER.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His father had been in his land, and the coal breeze lifted the mist which covered his once noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unworldly look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the low, melancholy voice of his patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance he was gazing upon the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window, she pined her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children, a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself, she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was already crushed by poverty, wickedness and neglect. As the mother thus stood, his eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken, and the doors knagled; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In fancy he saw again the old arm-chair, where sat his father, with the Bible upon his knee; and he seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his mother, as she laid her hands upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil.—
"Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.
"Poor mother," he murmured—"it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave; it will break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."
He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest, was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated.—
"Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. The drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green sward, the recollections of past scenes came crowding over his mind.—
"He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the pious man burst from his lips.—
"O God, receive a wandering wanderer! Suddenly a soft sun was shown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—
"He will forgive you, father."
Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his eldest daughter, a child of six years.
"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.
"I came to gather the berries which grow upon the banks," she replied; "see, I have got my basket full, and now I am going to sell them."
"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where, among the broad green leaves, the sweet blue of the valley were peeping forth.
"The child hesitated, she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.
"You are afraid to tell me, Anne," said her father, kindly. "Well, I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."
The gentleness of his tone touched the heart of the affectionate child. She drew her arms around his neck, exclaiming—
"Yes, father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicines for poor Luke W. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get, to buy bread."
A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. "I have robbed them of the comfort of life," he exclaimed; "from this moment the liquid face passes my lips no more."
Anne stood gazing at him in astonishment. She could scarcely comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place. She drew back her golden ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look, to his face.
"Well you never drink any more now?" she whispered timidly.
"Never! Anne," her father replied, solemnly.
Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy," she cried, "and mother won't weep any more. O, father, what a happy home we will be."
Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter, had proved true. The home of the reformed man, his father, was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and health and joy beamed from the faces of his wife and children—where once equal misery alone could be traced. The pledge had raised him from degradation, and rescued him once more to peace and happiness.

THE ISLANDER'S WIDOW.

A gentleman residing in Albany, on the story goes, seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired—Patrick, what are you doing?—"I am opening the cellar window to be sure."—"And what are you doing that for?"—"May it please your honor," said Patrick, "to let out the dark."

THE PETRIFIED FOREST NEAR CAIRO, EGYPT.

[From the Charleston Courier.]
Having visited this remarkable place ourselves, a few years since, we can answer for the correctness of the following sketch of it from the pen of a recent tourist:
"There is scarcely perhaps a spectacle on the surface of the globe more remarkable, either in a geological or picturesque point of view, than that presented by the forest near Cairo. The traveller having passed across the tombs of the caliphs, just beyond the gates of the city, proceeds to the south-west nearly straight to the road across the desert of Suez; and after having travelled some ten miles up a low barren valley, covered with sand, gravel, and sea shells, fresh as if the tide had retired but yesterday, crosses a low range of sand hills which has for some distance run parallel to his path. The scene now presented to him is, beyond conception, singular and desolate. A mass of fragments of trees, all converted into stone, and when struck by his horse's hoof, ringing like cast iron, is seen to extend itself for miles and miles around him, in the form of a decayed and prostrate forest. The wood is of a dark brown hue, and retains its form in perfection, the pieces being from one to fifteen feet in length and from a foot to three feet in thickness, strewn so thickly together, as far as the eye can see, that an Egyptian donkey can scarcely thread its way through amongst them; so that, were it in Scotland or Ireland, it might pass without remark for some enormous-drowned bog on which the exhausted trees lay rotting in the sun. The roots and rudiments of the branches are in many cases rarely perfect, and in some cases the worm holes eaten under the bark are readily recognizable. The most delicate of sap-essels and all the finer portions of the centre wood are perfectly entire, and bear to be examined with the strongest magnifiers. The whole are so thoroughly silicified as to scratch glass and to be capable of receiving the highest polish."
"Wonders of Philosophy.—The polypos receives new life from the knife which is used to destroy it. There are 4,041 species of corals. Hooker discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, 13,000 arteries, vessels, veins, bones, &c., are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses, pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread, all the threads, to the amount of 1,000 to each mass, join together when they come out and make through with which the spider spins its web—so that what we call a spider's web consists of more than 1,000 united. Linnæus, by means of a microscope, observed spiders no larger than a grain of sand, who spun threads so fine it took 4,000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

FACTS IN PHYSIOLOGY.—Elephants live for two, three and even four hundred years.

A healthy, full-grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day. Bats, in India, are called flying-foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip. Sheep, in wild pastures, practise self-defence by an array with eyes and lambs, in the centre of a hollow square. Three Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge, loaded with 300 lbs., fifteen miles a day. One pair of pigs will increase in six years to 119,160, taking the increase at fourteen times per annum. A pair of sheep, in the same time, would be but 64. A single female house-fly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs.—
The flea, grasshopper, and locust jump 200 times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

CRUELTY OF THE AUSTRALIAN BIRD.

A ridiculous owl-like bird, which sits upon the trees at night, and utters a peculiar cry, which cannot be mistaken for anything but "more pork," is quite common in Australia. The bird is in consequence, called by that name; and he is, in fact, an instance of a young man, of rather moderate intellect, who had gone out with a friend at night opposite shooting, and who hearing one of these for the first time, insisted upon leaving the place and returning home, being morally convinced that he had heard the voice of a man calling out for "more pork;" and that the man must be a bush-ranger; and indeed who else could call pork at that time of night?—*Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.*

YOU WILL BE WANTED.

Take courage, young man. What if you be an obscure apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scold and a by-word in rags because of its letters. Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire and an honest heart? Depend upon it one of these days you will be wanted.

YOUR VIRTUE SHALL NOT ALWAYS BE HIDDEN.

Your poverty shall not always wrap you about as with a mantle—obscure shall not always veil you from the multitude.—
Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small may be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every movement, and your influence will have constant increment.
"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the breast of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."
Work on, for surely you will be wanted, and then comes your reward. Lean upon the sacred verity, "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Never despair, for the lives of good men abundantly show that often when clouds are blackest, and the tempest is fiercest, and hope is faintest, "a still small voice" will be heard saying, "Come hither—you are wanted," and all your powers will find employment. Therefore, take heart young man, for ere long "you will be wanted."

SINGULAR HUMANE CONDUCT OF A BEAR.

The bear is capable of general attachment. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity of which we have the following remarkable instance:—
During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard in the evening returned to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy, to observe that the bear regularly reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the boy's knowing any thing of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came, one day, to bring the bear his supper, rather late than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of waking the child, whom he had clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread all over the country, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied with the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, and much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his lewdness, begged pardon. The bear, however, cared him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, and afterwards condescended him to the prince.—
Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard.

PLOUGHING WITH ELEPHANTS IN INDIA.

Hundreds of active young elephants can be procured at the straits of Malacca at from \$50 to \$100 each; admirably suited for work of various kinds, but more especially for ploughing. One of these animals will closely plough a full acre of land in a day with the greatest ease to himself; and only requires to be attended by his keeper, in addition to the ploughman. Any one visiting Singapore may see a small elephant, named "Hajah," working daily on the estate of J. Blestier, Esq., American Consul; and, although the animal is only 6½ years old, he will plough his acre of land a day with ease. One man holds the plough, and another—the keeper—walks beside the animal and directs him in his duty. The docile little creature obeys every word that is said to him, and will plough all day between the case rows without plucking a single cane.

A HAPPY MAN.

The Editor of the Pittsburg Chronicle says:—"Talk about enjoyment of wealth—it never can be enjoyed! An abundance is a heap of misery. A man who owns a small wife, a big dog, a cow, two or three fat pigs, and a dozen of children ought to be satisfied.—
If he is not, he never can be."
A man with eleven daughters was lately complaining that he found it hard to live.
"You must husband your time," said the other, "and then you will do well enough."
"I could do much better if I could husband my daughters," said he.

A BEAUTIFUL DUETT.

Among the new songs announced in London we find a beautiful duett, founded on the incident in "Dombey & Son," where little Paul talks to his sister Florence of the emotions produced by the sound of the sea.

PAUL.
What are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That even amid their playing
I hear but their low, long song?
Not by the sea side only—
There it sounds wild and free—
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still by me!

To which Florence replies:
Sister, I hear no singing!
'Tis but the rolling waves,
Ever in loose course winging,
O'er some open cove.
'Tis but the noise of water,
Darting, against the shore,
And the wind from some black gull's
Mingling with its roar.

Florence and Paul:
No! it is something greater,
That speaks to the heart alone—
The voice of the great Creator
Speaks in that mighty tone.

HINTS ON GASTRONOMY.—NO. 7.

BY "SACHSLOER."

How to MAKE COFFEE IN AN ECONOMICAL MANNER.—After constant applications to our managers, we have obtained at last a valuable receipt of the method of making our coffee at home, which we must say she may well be proud of, having been continually complimented by our guests, on account of its excellence. It was only by touching her vanity, and assuring her that it was not to oblige us, but the public at large, that she permitted us to give it publicity, on the condition, however, that her name be appended.

Buy your coffee not over-burnt; grind it as fine as possible. Have a milk-sized filter like ours, which holds a quart; pour about a pint of boiling water into the filter to heat it through; then empty it, and put a quarter of a pound of ground coffee on the filter; then pour about half a pint of quite boiling water over it, put the cover on, and let it drain through.

After three or four minutes, pour by degrees a pint and a half more boiling water, and when well passed through, pour it on the corner of the fire, and when a little white steam arises to the surface, (not letting it boil,) pour it a second time over the filter, and when passed through, pour it into the silver *cafetiere* or the cups. Serve boiling milk or cream in two small jugs, and white or brown, or sometimes candied sugar.

After promising her a fine gown for her kindness, we gave her a pen to sign her name.
"But stop," said she, "I forget that for your breakfast the next day I use a system of economy which, I think, will answer; as soon as I have poured the coffee from the coffee-pot, I put another quart of boiling water over it. This, I find, saves me an ounce of coffee by boiling it instead of water, and pouring it off as before."
(Signed) ROSAMONDE DE ST. CLAIR.

NO. VI.—ROAST GOOSE.—Ploek, draw, and truss a goose, fill the inside with sage and onions—by cutting four large onions into small dice, and put them into a stew-pan with a few leaves of sage, (chopped fine,) and a couple of well boiled mealy potatoes, crumbled very small, add two ounces of butter, and a little pepper and salt; when the onions become tender, stuff the goose the day previous, if time permit, which roasts an hour and a quarter before a moderate fire—serve plain with a little gravy on the dish, and apple sauce separate.

NO. VII.—FRICASSEE OF FOWL OR CHICKEN.—Cut a fowl into eight pieces, that is, the two wings and legs, dividing the back and breast into two pieces each; wash well, put them into a stew-pan and cover with salt; season with a tea-spoonful of salt, a little pepper, a good bunch of parsley, four cloves, and a blade of mace; let boil twenty minutes; pass the stock through a sieve into a basin; take out the pieces of fowl, trim well; and then in another stew-pan put two ounces of butter, with which mix a good spoonful of flour; moisten with the stock, and put in the pieces of fowl; stir occasionally, until boiling; skim well; add twenty button onions; let simmer until the onions are tender, when add a gill of cream, with which you have mixed the yolks of two eggs; stir in quickly over the fire, but do not let boil; take out the pieces; dress in pyramid upon your dish; sauce over and serve.

NO. VIII.—FRICASSEE OF FOWL WITH MUSHROOMS.—Proceed as in No. VII., but add twenty mushrooms, (peeled, if very black) not too large, about ten minutes before adding the cream and yolks of eggs.

A FATAL FIGHT occurred at Pawtucket, between two boys seven years of age, on Friday. The head of one struck the curb-stone, as he was thrown to the ground, killing him instantly.

When you see a female rise early, get breakfast, and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down to sew or knit instead of thrumming away the morning on a piano, or poring over the last new novel, depend upon it she will make a good wife.

List of Officers elected in the several Berghs and Townships of Adams County, on Friday, March 16, 1849.

Township	Officers
Adams	John Linn, Daniel Miller, Samuel Mickle, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Altoona	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Barren	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Beaver	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Bethlehem	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Bloomfield	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Brookfield	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Butler	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Cherry	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Clinton	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Conover	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Franklin	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Greene	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Hamilton	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Hancock	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Harrison	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Jefferson	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Johnson	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Keokuk	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Lawrence	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Madison	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Marion	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Meigs	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Monroe	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Morgan	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Muskegon	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Noble	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Onondaga	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Orleans	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Putnam	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Rensselaer	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Saratoga	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Schenectady	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Schoharie	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Schoy	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Seneca	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Sherburne	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
St. Lawrence	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Warren	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Washington	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Wayne	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Westchester	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.
Yates	John M. Gering, Alfred Miller, Daniel Frank, Jacob Sayers, Jacob Sayers, Daniel Boone, John Brame, John Brame, Adam Gardner, Stephen Stouffer, Jacob Sayers, Michael Leas, John Frank, Jacob Sayers, W. M. Keulder, James Walsh, Geo. Abbott, Geo. Handoff, Benj. Galbreath.

Gov. Johnston has got his guillotine in motion.

Mr. Editor, though I know that as a Whig and a patriot you cannot approve of wholesale proscription for opinion's sake. Still, I trust, you will suffer me to say a few words on the subject of the guillotine above mentioned, and the contrary of the party who now feel it their privilege to complain. You no doubt remember the doings of the Democratic State Central Committee, which convened at Harrisburg some two years since, and who assuming to themselves, as representatives of their party, all might, right, and rule, passed, among other resolutions, the following:—
Resolved, That the offices at Washington ought to be abolished, by the removal of all persons holding opinions adverse to those of the Administration, &c., &c. Did ever any man, or party of men, dare to offer such a barefaced, outrageous insult to Freedom, since the world began! Ought not each arrogant to be punished with a just severity? How dare that party complain, if they present "powers that be" should force them to drink the cup which they themselves had filled? They would have the offices at Washington abolished by the removal of all persons holding opinions, &c.; and yet they pretend to be democrats, and talk of Freedom and Equality! And now, though it is customary for every new incumbent to select a new cabinet and officers, yet the substitute be a man of irrefragable character, and undoubted abilities, we shall hear their Press whining about proscription; or growing over the guillotine—and the poor creatures who are superannuated, will be utterly unable to maintain the families of grown sons and daughters, who ought to be learning trades, or holding the plough, or doing household work. But if men who have been paid large salaries for years cannot live without their continuance, how can the thousands and tens of thousands live, who never received from the public purse the value of a copper! I'll tell you what I think. If I were Gov. JOHNSON, or Gen. TAYLOR, I would cleanse all the offices of every man whose public character showed a single speck of dishonesty, or who had not been convicted of party intrigue, or falsifying for party purposes; and with every dismissal from office, I would inclose a printed copy of the aforesaid resolution, with the names of all the signers appended—and then let them complain, if they dared. And I would have that beautiful and patriotic resolution painted, with the names of its signers, over the door of every office in the United States. Though I would not recommend to the Whig party to adopt it, or to follow so outrageous and tyrannical an example. I trust that the present Administration will act nobly and independently, and dispense justice without fear or favor. One thing I am a little curious about. That is, the special act of the fallen dynasty—the Sub Treasury. We know that the U. States Bank became obnoxious, because as it was the depository of the public money, and possessed the power of choosing its own officers, it was not always directed by creatures of the government, and, of course, the party in power had not the entire control of the public money