THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—6. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 188.

TO CONTRACTORS.

NEW JAIL.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Commissioners of Adams County, in Gettysburg, Pa., until *Monday the 29th day of April next*, at 12 o'clock, M., for the erection of a new

COUNTY JAIL AND PRISON HOUSE,

for said county. Plans and specifications may be seen and examined at the office of said Commissioners, where they will at all times be ready for inspection, by calling on the Clerk of the Board.

JACOB KING,
J. G. MORNINGSTAR,
JOHN MUSSELMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest—J Aughinbaugh, Clk.
March 22, 1850.—td

LOOK AND SAVE YOUR MONEY!

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

SPRING GOODS.

D. MIDDLECOFF

HAS just opened, and is now prepared to offer for sale, one of the best selected and richest assortment of DRY GOODS ever brought to this Town, comprising a general variety of

Fashionable Dress Goods, for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear,

of the newest style and pattern, *too numerous to mention*—to which he begs to invite the attention of his friends and the public—feeling confident that his goods will compare favorably, both in quality and price, with any brought to the county this season. Also, a fresh supply of GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE, VERY CHEAP.

Chambersburg st. April 5.

Fresh Arrival!

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c.

WM. W. HAMERSLY

HAS returned from the City with an increased and well selected assortment of GROCERIES of all kinds, such as Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Fish, Rice, Spices, Salt, &c., &c., which he will sell at prices that can't be beat any where.—Also, the fullest and best assortment of QUEENSWARE ever opened in this market, to which he invites the attention of purchasers, as also to the large assortment of Goods of almost infinite variety, with the assurance that they cannot be beat, either in quality, variety, or cheapness. ☞Remember, the place to secure Bargains is at HAMERSLY'S, Northwest corner of the diamond.

Gettysburg, April 5, 1850.

NEW GOODS,

AT THE

STORE

OF THE TWO EXTREMES.

PLEASE call and examine the largest stock of HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, that has ever been kept in the place—embracing every variety of New Fashion, Style, &c., and sold at reduced prices.

Straw and Leghorn Hats,

also on hand. The Store providing for the two extremes is at the old stand, two doors below the Post Office. Preparations have been made for a large Spring and Summer business.

WM. W. PAXTON.

April 5.—tf

NEW GOODS,

AT THE OLD STAND.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received, and is now opening, as LARGE A STOCK OF

Spring Goods,

as has been offered to the public at any time, comprising every variety of Staple and Fancy Articles. He deems it unnecessary to name articles, as the assortment is complete, and will be sold as LOW as any other establishment in the place can sell the same articles.

☞The Ladies' attention is invited to a large variety of FANCY DRESS GOODS. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves.

April 5.

NEW GOODS.

ALL who want GOOD and CHEAP GOODS, call at STEVENSON'S, who, having just returned from the city, with a full supply, is prepared and willing to sell

Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, and Queensware,

at a smaller advance on costs than ever heretofore sold in this county. The attention of purchasers is particularly invited to the quality and astonishly low prices of his Groceries and Dry Goods.—Call and see the goods—hear the prices, and be convinced that competition would be useless, as goods cannot be sold lower without loss. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

JOHN M. STEVENSON.

March 29, 1850.

Gentlemen

WHO wish a good article of *SATIN VESTING*, silk cravats, handkerchiefs, suspenders, gloves, stockings, Cassimers, &c., can be supplied at the one-price store of

April 5. J. L. SCHICK!

☞ In order to appreciate properly the subjoined verses, it will be necessary for the reader to know that LOUIS A. GODEY, the editor of "Godey's Lady's Book," to whom allusion is made, some months since, finding that his magazine was losing caste with the editors of some of the Southern prints because of the appearance in it of occasional articles from the pen of GRACE GREENWOOD, (one of the most accomplished female writers of the day,) against which the only ground of complaint was, that said writer had contributed occasionally to the columns of the anti-slavery paper at Washington, articles which exhibited a strong anti-slavery feeling, addressed a letter to the editor of one of the Charleston papers, in which, in language of most contemptible and sickening servility, he apologizes for the publication of her articles, and announces his intention to erase her name from his list of contributors. And as a further evidence of the base and trifling spirit of the man, he directs the attention of the editor to the fact that this Grace Greenwood has always been a prominent contributor to the columns of SARTAIN'S Magazine! What supreme contempt does such a spirit merit!

[From the National Era.

LINES

On the Portrait of a celebrated Magazine Publisher, who has lately saved the Union and lost a Contributor.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A moony breadth of virgin face,
By thought unviolated;
A patient mouth to take from scorn
The hook with bank notes baited!
Its self-complacent sleekness shows
How thrift goes with the fawner—
An unctuous unconcern of all
Which nice folks call dishonor!

A pleasant print to peddle out
In lands of rice and cotton:
The model of that face in dough
Would make the artist's fortune.
For fame to thee has come unsought,
While others vainly woo her,
In proof how mean a thing can make
A great man of its door.

To whom shall men thyself compare,
Since common models fail 'em,
Save classic goose of ancient Rome,
Or sacred ass of Baalam!
The gabble of that wakeful goose
Saved Rome from sack of Brennus;
The braying of the prophet's ass
Betrayed the angel's menace!

So, when Guy Fawkes, with silken skirt,
And azure-tinted hose on,
Was twisting from thy love-lorn sheets
The slow-match of explosion—
An earthquake blast that would have tossed
The Union as a feather,
Thy instinct saved a perilled land
And perilled purse together.

Just think of Carolina's sage
Sent whistling like a dervish,
Of Quattlebum in middle air
Performing strange drill service!
Doomed, like Assyria's lord of old,
Who fell before the Jewess,
Or sad Abimilech, to sigh:
"Alas! a woman slew us!"

Thou saw'st beneath a fair disguise
The danger darkly working,
In flowing locks and laughing eyes
The cunning mischief lurking.
How keen to scent the hidden plot!
How prompt wert thou to balk it,
With patriot zeal and pedler thrift,
For country and for pocket!

Thy likeness here is doubtless well,
But higher honor's due it;
On auction block and negro jail
Admiring eyes should view it.
Or, hung aloft, it well migh grace
The nation's Senate Chamber—
A greedy Northern bottle-fly,
Preserved in Slavery's amber!

"Little do we know what is for our permanent good," remarks Lord Campbell. "Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy liberty, he no doubt would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done little for the religious improvement of makind. The prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being cut of from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and inspired by him who touched Isaih's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been publis hed by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."

ELOQUENCE.—Though a great man said that "words are things," the agents who have created the greatest things, were men of fewest words. Washington could not have made an oration to save his life, and Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence, had but small power of thinking on his feet. We do not underrate the force of grand and impassioned speech; we hold that utterance is a sublime faculty, that it can set the brain on fire, and the heart in flame; but to guide a nation, when that nation has reached its climax of excitement, the finest utterance will be feeble. It was Moses who led the hosts of Israel out from Egypt, and to the borders of the promised land, yet Moses was poor of speech. Aaron, who was eloquent, was but the mouth of Moses, and Aaron was only secondary.—*Giles.*

MIND YOUR DOTS.—A Kentucky member of Congress wrote to his wife on his arrival at Washington city that he had "formed a connection with a very agreeable *Mess*, and expected to spend the winter very pleasantly." Unfortunately, to the surprise and mortification of the good old lady to whom he was writing, he inadvertently dotted the *e* in the word *Mess.*

A DOCTOR'S JOKE.—A well-known physician, in a certain city, was very much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments.—Once she met him when he was in a very great hurry.

"Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed, and the doctor moved off, leaving her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

Fugitive Slaves.

'*The Independent*,' (we presume the writer is HENRY WARD BEECHER) in a trumpet toned editorial on the late Speeches in the Senate, thus touches the question of Slave Reclamation:

"Does Mr. Webster believe he is the Exponent of Massachusetts, or of New England, in this monstrous inhumanity? Pass enactments enough to fill all the archives of the Senate, and your slave-catcher shall not budge an inch faster or further than he now does in the North. Every village will spurn him. Every yeoman along the valleys will run the slave and trip the shameless hunter. Bread and shelter, protection and direction will be the slave's portion, north of Mason and Dixon's line, with more certainty and effect every year that elapses, until the day of Emancipation. It will be so, not from any special liking for the blacks, for they are not favorites; not from any hostility to the South, for on every other question than Slavery the South will find no truer friends than in the North. It will be so, because since the world began the sympathies of common men have been with the weak and oppressed. In that sympathy they have conformed to a fundamental law of humanity which lies deeper in the consciousness of honest men, than any national compact can ever go. Man cannot plant parchments as deep as God plants principles. The Senate of the United States is august; and such men as lead her counsels are men of might. But no man and no senate of men, when once the eyes of a community are open to a question of humanity, can reason and enact them back again to a state of indifference, and still less can enlist them along with the remorseless hunters of human flesh. And of all the very men who will justify Mr. Webster's adhesion to the South, if a trembling woman, far spent with travel and want, holding her babe to her dry bosom, true in her utmost misery to motherhood, should timidly beg a morsel of bread, a place to sleep, or a night's hiding place from a swift pursuer,—is there one of them all who would hesitate what to do? Is there a New England village that would not vomit out the wretch that should dare to harm the slave-mother? There are thousands of merchants that will say Mr. Webster is right, who the next moment will give a fugitive slave a dollar to speed on with! There are thousands will say we ought to stick to the Constitution, who, when the case comes, would sooner cut their right hand off than be a party to a slave's recovery.

"A few weeks ago, a lad of fifteen years of age, escaped in a schooner from Norfolk. Arrived in New York, in the dead of Winter, with only a slave's clothing, he laid hid in the hold of the craft for a week, actually freezing, and starving, but enduring both rather than moan or show himself. He would die by inches rather than go back. He was discovered, and is safe enough now. Is there a consignee, is there an overseer, is there a merchant to be found, that would have discovered this wretched, heroic fugitive to his owners?

"Mr. Calhoun, who was seldom at fault in his facts and judgments, though in his principles he was crazy enough, declared the truth, that no enactments would be of any use *if the people* of the North were indisposed to arrest fugitive slaves. *The people* ARE *opposed to slave-catching on free-soil!* No enactments *will* be of any use? Ten thousand pulpits are every week pouring light upon the public mind. Every religious paper (save a few whose subscribers are in the valley of vision, a great army of dry bones,) is standing for the right. Some few there are equally too cowardly to speak against the public sentiment of humanity which lives in the North. And Daniel Webster might as well pour oil on Niagara to calm it, as honeyed words on the true conscience and outbursting humanity of Northern freemen and Christians, to quiet them. It is because Mr. Seward has done what Daniel Webster ought to have done, and did not do—represented the sentiments of the yeoman, the merchants, the religious men of the North; it is because he has tried the great question in dispute by tests of justice; it is because he has spoken manfully and right, that we commend his speech to our readers. If Mr. Seward has adopted for his policy evermore the simple policy of Right; if disowning self-seeking he will seek the public good, he will have ere long *brought* to him those honors which other have stripped themselves bare to race after; and who, having lost their moral principles, for the sake of the prize, lost the prize also."

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—A youth seeking employment, came to the city, and on inquiring at a certain counting room, if they wished a clerk, was told they did not. On mentioning the recommendations, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.—"What book is that?" said the merchant.—It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face and replied, "I promised my mother that I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION was given at Philadelphia on Saturday, establishing what, in the eye of the law, is the real relation between the keeper of a hotel and guests and visitors. In the case of the Commonwealth vs. Mitchel, where the defendant was indicted for assault and battery in ejecting an objectionable person from the United States Hotel, of which he is proprietor, the Court of Quarter Sessions decided that a landlord has a right to compel any visitor to leave his house, who is obnoxious, and that he is justified in the use of moderate force to put him out if he refuses to go.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.

We copy the following description of the manner of using the "cat," upon the backs of American sailors, from a new work by Herman Melville. How long will the law which sanctions the barbarous practice of scourging men, be permitted to remain in force in a country which boasts of its humanity and freedom?

"If you begin the day with a laugh, you may, nevertheless, end it with a sob and a sigh.

Among the many who were exceedingly diverted with the scene between the Down Easter and the Lieutenant, none laughed more heartily than John, Peter, Mark, and Antone—four sailors of the starboard watch. The same evening these four found themselves prisioners in the "brig," with a sentry standing over them. They were charged with violating a well known law of the ship—having been engaged in one of those tangled, general fights, sometimes occurring among sailors. They had nothing to anticipate but a flogging at the Captain's pleasure.

Towards evening of the next day, they were startled by the dread summons of the boatswain and his mates at the principal hatchway—a summons that ever sends a shudder through every manly heart in the frigate:

"*All hands witness punishment, ahoy!*"

The horseness of the cry, its unrelenting prolongation, its being caught up at different points, and sent through the lowermost depths of the ship; all this produces a most dismal effect upon every heart not calloused by long habitation to it.

However much you may desire to absent yourself from the scene that ensues, yet behold it you must; for the regulations enjoin the attendance of the entire ship's company, from the corpulent Captain himself to the smallest boy, who strikes the bell."

"*All hands witness punishment, ahoy!*"

To the sensitive seaman that summons sounds like a doom. He knows that the same law which impels it—the same law by which the culprits of the day must suffer; that by that very law he also is liable at any time to be judged and and condemned. And the inevitableness of his own presence at the scene; the strong arm that drags him in view of the scourge, and holds him there till all is over; forcing upon his loathing eye and soul the sufferings and groans of men who have familiarly consorted with him, eaten with him, batled out watches with him—men of his own type and blade—all this conveys a terrible hint of the omnipotent authority under which he lives. Indeed, to such a man the naval summons to witness punishment carries a thrill, somewhat akin to what we may impute to the quick and the dead, when they shall hear the Last Trump, that is to bid them all arise in their ranks, and behold the final penalties inflicted upon the sinners of our race.

But it must not be imagined that to all men-of-war's-men this summons conveys such poignant emotions; but it is hard to decide whether one should be glad or sad that this is not the case; whether it is grateful to know that so much pain is avoided, or whether it is far sadder to think that, either from constitutional hard heartedness or the multiplied searings of habit, hundreds of men-of-war's-men have been made proof against the sense of degradation, pity, and shame.

As if in sympathy with the scene to be enacted, the sun, which the day previous had merilly flashed upon the tin pan of the disconsolate Down Easters, was now setting over the dreary waters, veiling itself in dreary vapors. The wind blew hoarsely in the cordage; the seas broke heavily against the bows; and the frigate, staggering under whole top-sails, strained as in agony on her way.

"*All hands witness punishment, ahoy!*"

At the summons the crew crowded round the main-mast; multitudes eager to obtain a good place on the booms, to overlook the scene; many laughing and chatting, others canvassing the case of the culprits; some maintaining sad, anxious countenances, or carrying a suppressed indignation in their eyes; a few purposely keeping behind to avoid looking on; in short, among five hundred men, there was every possible shade of character.

All the officers—midshipman included—stood together in a groupe on the starboard side of the main-mast; the first Lieutenant in advance, and the surgeon, whose special duty is to be present at such times, standing close by his side.

Presently the Captain came forward from his cabin, and stood in the centre of this solemn group, with a small paper in his hand. That paper was the daily report of offenses, regularly laid upon his table every morning or evening; like the day's journal placed by a bachelors' napkin at breakfast.

"Master-at-arms, bring up the prisoners," he said.

A few moments elapsed, during which the Captain, now clothed in his most dreadful attributes, fixed his eyes severely upon the crew, when suddenly a lane formed through the crowd of seamen, and the prisoner advanced—the master-at-arms, rattan in hand, on one side, and an armed marine on the other,—and took up their stations at the mast.

"You, John, you Peter, you Mark, you Antone," said the Captain, "were yesterday found fighting on the gun deck. Have you any thing to say?"

Mark and Antone, two steady middle-aged men, whom I have often admired for their sobriety, replied that they did not strike the first blow; that they had submitted to much before they had yielded to their passions; but as they acknowledged that they had at last defended themselves, their excuse was overruled.

John—a brutal bully, who, it seems, was the real author of the disturbance—was about entering into a long extenuation when he was cut short by being made to confess, irrespective of circumstances, that he had been in the fray.

Peter, a handsome lad about nineteen years old, belonging to the mizzen-top, looked pale and tremulous. He was a great favorite in his part of the ship, and especially in his own mess, principally composed of lads of his own age. That morning two of his younger mess-mates had gone to his bag, taken out his best clothes, and, obtaining the permission of the marine sentry at the "brig," had handed them to him, to be put on against being summoned to the mast. This was done to propitiate the Captain, as most Captains love to see a tidy sailor. But it would not do. To all his supplications the Captain turned a deaf ear. Peter declared that he had been struck twice before he returned a blow. "No matter," said the Captain, "you struck at last, instead of reporting the case to an officer. I allow no man to fight on board here but myself.—I do the fighting."

"Now, men," he added, "you all admit the charge; you know the penalty.—Strip! Quarter-masters, are the gratings rigged?"

The gratings are square frames of barred wood-work, sometimes placed over the hatchways. One of these squares was now laid on the deck, close to the ship's bulwarks, and, while the remaining preparations were being made, the master-at-arms assisted the prisoners in removing their jackets and shirts. This done, their shirts were losely thrown over their shoulders.

At a sign from the Captain, John, with a shameless leer, advanced, and stood passively upon the grating, while the bare-headed old quarter-master, with grey hair streaming in the wind, bound his feet to the cross-bars, and, stretching out his arms over his head, secured them to the hammock-netting, above. He then retreated a little space, standing silent.

Meanwhile, the boatswain stood solemnly on the other side, with a green bag in his hand, from which taking four instruments of punishment, he gave one to each of his mates; for a fresh "cat," applied by a fresh hand, is the ceremonious privilege accorded to every man-of-war culprit.

At another sign from the Captain, the master-at-arms, stepping up, removed the shirt from the prisoner. At this juncture a wave broke against the ship's side, and dashed the spray over his exposed back. But though the air was piercing cold, and the water drenched him, John stood still, without a shudder.

The Captain's finger was now lifted, and the first boatswain's-mate advanced, combing out the nine tails of his CAT with his hand, and then sweeping them round his neck, brought them with the whole force of his body upon the mark. Again, and again, and again; and every blow, higher and highet rose the long purple bars on the prisoner's back. But he only bowed over his head, and stood still.—Meantime, some of the crew whispered among themselves in applause of the ship-mate's nerve; but the greater part were breathlessly silent as the keen scourge hissed through the wintery air, and fell with a cutting wiry sound upon the mark. One dozen lashes he applied, the man was taken down, and went among the crew with a smile, saying, "D—n me! it's nothing when you're used to it! Who wants to fight?"

The next was Antone, the Portuguese.—At every blow he surged from side to side, pouring out a torrent of involuntary blasphemies. Never before had he been heard to curse. When cut down he went among the men, swearing to have the life of the Captain. Of course this was unheard by the Captain.

Mark, the third prisoner, only cringed and coughed under his punishment. He had some pulmonary complaint. He was off duty for several days after the flogging; but this was partly to be imputed to his extreme mental misery. It was his first scourging, and he felt the insult more than he injury. He became silent and sullen for the rest of the cruise.

The fourth and last was Peter, the mizzen-top lad. He had often boasted that he had never been degraded at the gang-way. The day before his cheek had worn its usual red, but now no ghost was whiter. As he was being secured to the gratings, and the shudderings and creepings of his dazzlingly white back were revealed, he turned round his head imploringly; but his weeping entreaties and vows of contrition were of no avail. "I would not forgive God Almighty!" cried the Captain. The fourth boatswain's-mate advanced, and at the first blow, the boy, shouting "*My God! Oh, My God!*" writhed and leaped so as to displace the gratings, and scatter the nine-tails of the scourge all over his person. At the next blow he howled, leaped, and raged in an unendurable torture.

"What are you stopping for, boatswain's-mate?" cried the Captain. "Lay on!" and the whole dozen was applied.

"I don't care what happens to me now!" wept Peter, going among the crew, with blood-shot eyes, as he put on his shirt.—"I have been flogged once, and they may do it again, if they will. Let them look out for me now!"

"Pipe down!" cried the Captain, and the crew slowly dispersed.

Let us have the charity to believe them—as we do—when some Captains in the Navy say, that the thing of all others, most repulsive to them, in the routine of what they consider their duty, is the administration of corporal punishment upon the crew; for, surely, not to feel scarified to the quick at these scenes would argue a man but a beast.

You see a human being, stripped like a slave; scourged worse than a hound. And for what? For things not essentially criminal, but only made so by arbitrary laws.

SPAIN AND CUBA.—*An Ambassador Coming to the U. States.*—By the Europa we are advised that the Spanish Government had borrowed 30,000,000 of reals for the purpose of placing the island of Cuba in a proper state of defence, and count Mirasol was about to embark at Cadiz for Havana, there to see the orders of the Spanish Cabinet carried into effect, after which he was charged to proceed on a special mission to the President of the U. S.

Deliverance in the Hour of Danger.

"Call upon me in trouble, and I will deliver thee."

While engaged in writing a letter for a poor neighbor, a dark cloud overspread the sky, and so dimmed the light in the cottage, that I could with difficulty see to guide my pen.—"Had you not better light a candle for the lady?" said an elderly woman, who was knitting by the fire-side. "What a comfort it is," I said, "that when one light falls another can be procured; but that is the most precious light which lighteth every man that cometh in the world—a light that neither knows measure nor end." As the ready lucifer performed its part, the knitter said, "I rarely light a candle without a feeling of gratitude." "And yet," I said "that is a common occurrence." "Yes, but it reminds me of an occurrence I shall never forget." "What was that?" I asked,—"if it is agreeable to you to communicate it." "Most willingly," she replied: "My brother held a farm in —. One day he had a large drove of cattle to dispose of, and told me, if he did not return by 9 o'clock in the evening I was not to expect him till the morrow, as he should stay at a friend's house. In the course of the evening my servant girl told me her mother was ill and she wished to see her. "You may go, Sally," I said; "and as your master is from home you need not return to-night." As the laboring men had retired to rest over the stables, and the clock in the kitchen had given warning for ten, I locked up the house and went into the parlor to take the basket of plate into my bed-room, when, to my utter terror and amazement, I saw the legs of a man partly concealed under the dining table. Fortunately he was not aware that I saw him, and with fear and trembling I proceeded to my chamber. I dared not raise an alarm, it would have been imprudent to have attempted it. I was beyond the reach of man's help, but not beyond the reach of God's ear.—I locked the door of my room and falling upon my knees, besought with strong supplication that a way of escape might be made for me. I prayed to my Heavenly Father, that He would, in His infinite mercy direct me what to do. Casting my eyes round the chamber they fell on a box of store candles, which the grocer had brought at noon, and which, fortunately, had not been stowed in their usual place. To kindle some of these quickly and fix them as close together as possible in the large bow window of my room, which happily faced the high road, was the work of my rapid fingers, hoping that the flames might be mistaken for a fire. Nor was I wrong in my conjecture. A few passengers gave the alarm to the neighbors, who flocked to my assistance, and the thief was glad to make his escape. Thus the God of all mercy brought me deliverance in the time of need." "We have reason, indeed," I said, "to exclaim with David,—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not his benefits; for the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth to shew Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect towards him."

Mr. ROSS' SPEECH.—The lady editor of the *Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor*, Mrs. Swisshelm, is on a visit to Washington, and in a characteristic letter to the *New York Tribune*, giving her impressions of things at the capital, makes the following allusion to the late speech of Mr. Ross, of Bucks county. The whole letter is a kind of off-hand and rather spicy production.—She says:

"But I have ran away from my subject! What I was going to tell was about the speech to-day of Ross, from our State.—Oh how my cheek is burning! I tremble with indignation to think my native State—my noble old Pennsylvania has given birth to such a caricature of manhood—such a poor, miserable apology for the likeness of the Eternal. I cannot tell you about it. I cannot bring myself to repeat his words of sickening servility. Your regular correspondent will do that soon enough, and too soon. Then, when he had carried his reward—a pat on the back and a stroke on the head—to see the entire Southern delegation come up with their congratulations—their well done, good and faithful servant! How long, Oh Lord, how long shall they, under the Statues of the goddess of Liberty—American Liberty—exchange triumphant greetings on these mutual efforts to extend and perpetuate the vilest system of slavery that ever saw the sun! The mail is about leaving. If I am not too fanatical to be admitted into your columns, I shall soon write again.

Yours, respectfully,

JANE J. SWISSHELM.

First class in philosophy—step out—close your books—John Jones—how many kingdoms in nature? "Four." "Name them?" "England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales." "Pass to next—Smith." "Four, the animal, vegetable, mineral and musquito kingdom." "Good, go up head."—"Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?" "Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroces, hippopotamuses, aligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack-drivers and schoolmasters." "Very well—but you'll take a liking for your last remarks."—"Giles, what is the mineral kingdom?" "The hull of Californey." "Walk straight up head." "Johnson, what is the vegetable kingdom?" "Garden sarse, potatoes, carrots, inyons, and all kinds of greens that's good for cooking." "And what are pines and hemlocks, and elms—ain't they vegetables?" "No sir-ree—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs, and framin' timber." "Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission, excepts Hobbs."—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

THE TOTAL RECEIPTS OF CALIFORNIA GOLD, at the U. S. Mint at Philadelphia and Branch at New Orleans, to March 1850, including receipts per Cherokee, are 13,875,452. The total coinage at the Philadelpia Mint from the first of January to the 31st of March, both inclusive, was $3,783,282. Of this amount, over eight hundred thousand dollars of double eagles were coined during March.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

GENTLEMEN:—The necessity for the present message is most sincerely regretted. The exercise of the negative power, vested in me by the Constitution, has been hitherto carefully avoided, under the impression that its frequent and constant use was well calculated to impair the republican simplicity of a Representative Government. To unite with cordiality in measures sanctioned by the Legislature, affecting the welfare of the people, would at all times afford me more pleasure than the adoption of a different policy.

When, however, it becomes necessary, in my judgment, to preserve the integrity of the Constitution, and to protect the rights of my fellow citizens, I should feel that the trust reposed in me by the sovereign people, was unfaithfully discharged, were I under any circumstances to shrink from just responsibility, or by any action of the executive department to permit the well established and revered principles of a Representative Republican Government to be endangered, outraged, or destroyed.

In a government founded on the popular will, it is scarcely necessary to remark that the very basis of its superstructure is the right of the citizen to an equal voice and influence at the ballot box. The purity and equality of the elective franchise, and the equitable distribution of the favors and burthens of the State, constitute the life-giving principles—the spirit and strength of such government. The destruction of either may well be deemed an act of hostility to the best interests of society, and to the permanency of our institutions.

In all ages and governments among civilized men, the infringement of the right of representation has caused the sturdiest and most justifiable opposition. Republican government ceases to exist whenever these cherished rights are disregarded.—In recognition of these admitted principles, the Constitution of this Commonwealth has pledged the constituted authorities to their defence and preservation.

Impressed with the correctness of these truths, I have felt it my duty to withhold my approval of the bill No. 330 of the General Assembly, entitled "an act to fix the number of Senators and Representatives, and form the State into districts, in pursuance of the provisions of the Constitution."

It is due to the Legislature and the people, that I should briefly state some of the reasons that have influenced me in this determination.

The bill is, in my judgment, unconstitutional, unjust and defective in its details.

The Constitution requires that in each "term of seven years an enumeration of the taxable inabitants shall be made in such manner as may be directed by law. That the number of Representatives shall, at the several periods of making such enumeration, be fixed by the Legislature, and apportioned among the city of Philadelphia and the several counties, according to the number of taxable inhabitants *in each*—and shall never be less than sixty nor greater than one hundred. Each county shall have at least one representative, but no county herafter erected shall be entitled to a separate representation, until a sufficient number of taxable inhabitants shall be contained within it, to entitle them to one representative, agreeably to the ratio which shall then be established."

It further provides "that the number of Senators shall, at the periods of making the enumeration before mentioned, be fixed by the Legislature, and apportioned among the districts formed as hereinafier directed, according to the number of taxable inhabitants in each, and shall never be less than one-fourth, nor greater than one third of the number of Representatives."

In its further provisions are found limitations of the power of the Legislature in the formation of Senatorial districts.

These provisions of the Constitution plainly indicate the manner in which the apportionment shall be made, and in direct terms declare as the basis of representation, the taxable inhabitants of *each county*:—they require the Legislature to fix the number of the members of the House of Representatives, and to determine the ratio or number of taxable inhabitants for each member, according to Septennial enumeration. Any department from this standard or ratio must be a breach of the organic law which guarantees to *each* county an equal representation, according to the number of taxable inhabitants therein.

The ratio fixed in the bill is 4,865 taxable inhabitants for one member of the House of Representatives, and 14,743 taxable inhabitants for one Senator.

In the bill under consideration are found the following palpable objections, and violations of the ratio fixed upon by its own provisions.

1st. The county of Fayette contains 7,611 taxable inhabitants, and is allowed *two* members, being 2,119 taxables less than the number required by the ratio fixed by the Legislature.

The county of Dauphin, with 7,683 taxable inhabitants, is allowed *one* member, with an unrepresented surplus of 2,818.—Thus Dauphin county, with a larger population, more taxable inhabitants, and whose citizens bear a much larger proportion of the public burthens, than the county of Fayette, has only *one-half* the influence and weight in the House of Representatives.

2d. Allegheny county, the great commercial and manufacturing district of Western Pennsylvania, with 28,547 taxable inhabitants, is allowed five members, being *one* member to every 5,709 inhabitants, while the adjoining county of Westmoreland, with less variety of interest, to protect, is allowed three members on the ratio of 11,618, being one member to every 3,873 taxables. In other words, to 5,709 taxables in Allegheny county is given the right to elect a member of the House of Representatives, while in Westmoreland county 3,872 taxables have the same political influence. The unrepresented excess in Allegheny county, by the provision of this