THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOL. XXI—8. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 3, 1850. NEW SERIES—NO. 170.

GREAT ATTRACTION

AND GREATER INDUCEMENTS than ever, at the Dry Goods Emporium of

A. B. KURTZ.

S. E. CORNER CENTRE SQUARE, GETTYSBURG.

THE undersigned has just received, and has in store, a very large and superior stock of

Dry Goods,

both Fancy and Staple, suitable for the coming seasons. Having purchased our stock on advantageous terms, we are prepared and determined to sell them at very great bargains. Our stock, on examination, will be found to contain all that is new and fashionable, comprising a general variety of

Ladies' Dress Silks, Cashmeres, Alpacas, Mous' de Laines, plain and figured, Linen Lustre, do. Merinoes, Bombazines, Ginghams, Mourning, French and Domestic Calicoes, &c. &c. Also a full and complete variety of

Gentlemen's Cloths, Cassimeres & Vestings, &c,

In a word, suffice it to say, that we have on hand a full and complete stock, which we shall take pleasure in exhibiting to all who may call. At the same time we would return sincere thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed.

A. B. KURTZ.

April 5.—3m

☞ Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.

NEW HARDWARE & GROCERY STORE.

John Fahnestock

RESPECTFULLY announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a NEW

Hardware and Grocery Store,

in Gettysburg, at "M'Clellan's Corner," where can be found a general assortment of every thing in his line. Having examined both the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, he is enabled to offer his goods at reduced prices, and can confidently assure them that they can be purchased lower than they have ever been sold before. His stock consists of

Hardware and Cuttery,

such as nails, cross-cut saws, planes and bits, locks, hinges, screws, chisels of every description, rasps and files, saddlery of all varieties, shoemakers' lasts and tools, morroccoleather and linings, shovels, forks, and a general assortment of

TABLE CUTLERY AND POCKET KNIVES;

in short, every article belonging to that branch of business. Also a complete assortment of GLASS,

PAINTS, OILS & DYE STUFFS,

and a large, full and general assortment o

GROCERIES,

FISH, and CEDAR WARE, all of which he has selected with great care and purchased on the very best terms, thus enabling him to sell at such prices as will give entire satisfaction. He solicits and hopes, by strict attention to the wants of the community, to receive the patronage of the public. JOHN FAHNESTOCK.

Gettysburg, Sept. 14, 1849.—if

NO GOLD HUMBUG.

THE Subscriber has just received and opened the largest stock of Goods ever before purchased by him, to enumerate which would tax the patience of the reader too much. I would therefore invite all to call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I have made my my selections with great care, both as it respects quality and style, and price.—They consist in part of

Mous d' Laines, Linen Lustres,

ALPACAS,

GINGHAMS of various qualities,

Lawns, plaid and plain Jaconet & Cambric Muslins,

Irish Linens, Shirtings, Hosiery, Linen Handkerchiefs; Thread, Swiss, Cambric and Cotton LACES and EDGINGS; Kid, Lisle, Thread and Cotton

GLOVES, &c.

Persons wishing bargains would do wel to call, as the motto, "Quick Sales and Small Profits," will be strictly adhered to.

J. L. SCHICK.

Gettysburg, April 5, 1850.

BOOKS and STATIONERY.

S. H. BUEHLER,

GRATEFUL for the long continued and steady patronage so liberally extended to him, returns his acknowledgments to his friends, and invites their attention to his present large assortment of

STANDARD BOOKS,

of every variety, Classical, Theological, Literary and Miscellaneous, all of which will be sold, as usual, at the very lowest rates.

He has also constantly on hand a large and full assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY, Pen-knives, Gold Pens, Pencils, Letter Envelopes, Visiting Cards, Motto Wafers, with a variety of Fancy Articles, to which the attention of purchasers is invited.

☞ Arrangements have been made by which any Books not embraced in his assortment can be promptly ordered from the City.

Gettysburg, April 5, 1850.

DRIED CURRANTS—a prime article, just received by the subscriber; also a lot of fresh Figs, Raisins, &c.

W. W. HAMERSLY.

CRACKERS, of various kinds, such as Boston, Navy, Water, Butter, Sugar, Soda and Dyspepsia Crackers, for sale at HAMERSLY'S Variety Store.

THE COMMON LOT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown,
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall.
We know that those were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled,
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Has lost in its unconscious womb;
O, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, light and life,
To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN.

TRUE FREEDOM.

A Tyrant needeth not a throne,
To win the hated name;
Who ruleth not his household well,
Must own the Tyrant's shame.
Who tramples down of slaves but one,
Is o'ven a worthless thing;
No matter be his title great,
Or be he one of small estate,
Or master, lord, or king.

The husband loving not his wife—
Parent to child unkind—
Who shuns his home for brutal joys,
To suit a brutish mind,
Whoever harms a brutal thing,
Whate'er may be its name—
The ass that bears its daily toil,
Or meanest worm that crawls the soil,
Must own the Tyrant's shame.

When peace prevails—in every home,
When kindred love is found—
And each to all shall feel the tie,
Brother to brothers bound;
When none shall dare a deed to do
Which others's wrong may be;
But each shall govern well his heart,
And shun *himself* the Tyrant's part,
Then—then mankind is *free*.

"SLEEPING IN JESUS."—This is one of the most tender expressions that the English language affords. It was never thought of till proclaimed by the Gospel. It is a Gospel discovery. Sleep, as an endless state of inactivity, coldness, and silence, may have been known, and been terrible to men. But the idea of a short repose, to be succeeded by a pleasant morn, when the body shall rise, as it were, rested and invigorated, and be changed so that it will never tire or sicken more, belongs wholly to revelation. To the Christian, death is only a brief repose of the body—a short resting place from its labors, while the soul is with God, in Heaven. For them that are asleep in Jesus, we do not sorrow as those that have no hope; for, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so also those that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."

LONG PRAYERS.—Speaking of long prayers, Elder Knapp says—

"When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water!"

THE MILLENIUM HAS COME!—The Boston Christian Register informs us, that "the Orthodox, the Baptist, and Unitarian Societies" held a meeting on Fast Day, at which the ministers of each denomination addressed their hearers. This is the greatest reform of the Nineteenth Century, and we hope that so good an example may find general imitation.

REGRET.—An habitual drunkard having in a dream found a cup of excellent wine, set about warming it to enjoy it with more *gusto*. But just as he was about to quaff the delicious draught he awoke! "What a fool am I!" said he, "why was I not contented to drink it cold."

A LITTLE GIRL, meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a courtesy. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility.

"What," said he, "do you courtesy to dead hogs?"

"No, sir," replied the little miss, "I courtesied to the *live one*."

"Good-morning, Uncle Jim!" "Good-morning." "Well, you've got your daughter married off, have you?" "Yes." "Really, Providence smiled upon you." "Smiled!—no, bless you, *she snickered right out*!"

THE SEA SERPINT, "as long as a flat-boat, with an appearance like a row of barrels," has been seen as far up the Ohio as Jeffersonville, Ky. He was supposed to be on his way to the Nashville convention, determined to make it a "monster meeting."

Our powers frequently increase in proproportion to the obstacles they encounter; thus it is that we sometimes succeed in the most perilous undertakings, after having failed in the most simple.—*Rapin.*

The multitude which does not reduce itself to *unity*, is *confusion*; the unity which does not depend upon the multitude, is tyranny.—*Pascal.*

☞ *Gem.*—

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it.

[From the New York Spirit of the Times.]

CHASING A DOCTOR.

In a little village in Western Illinois, there resided a very worthy, very knock-kneed, very timid son of Esculapius, (who shall be nameless, lest he might chance to see himself figuring as the hero of this little sketch,) whose "pretty considerable practice," as he said himself, kept him everlastingly trundling about in an old wreck of a buggy, drawn by a gaunt, unhappy looking horse, with that peculiar cast of countenance which a hardly used animal of his species always possesses.

The little doctor's practice was so extended, and the farmers so thinly scatered over a large tract of land, that "fair and foul" he was always on the go, and even then would not attend to every call made on him.

The day I write of was a drizzling, dirty, foggy day in the latter end of March, when one could hardly distinguish a red house with a green door a long rifle shot off. The little doctor was ploughing his weary way through good eight inches of mud, to some far distant patient, along a bleak, deserted road, leading through a thick, heavy wood, or grove, as we call them here. The day was fast verging to a close, and the little man was sadly ruminating upon his dreary drive, when he was startled by a hoarse call from a by path running around the base of a rocky knoll.—The poor doctor trembling unconsciously, drew up his horse, and glanced fearfully around. The place had a bad name, a pedlar had been robbed and nearly murdered not twenty yards from that very spot. Unable to move, the wretceed little doctor sat gazing at the place until the sudden appearance of an ominous looking horseman on a fiery bay mare, coming round the knoll, gave him desperate energy, and cutting his poor tired animal with the whip, he started off at a slashing pace.

"Hello! hold on there!" shouted the stranger, increasing his speed.

"Go long, Ned! go long, old fellow!" cried the doctor, frantically, belaboring his poor frightened horse, who stretched manfully through the mud, throwing the old rattle trap of a buggy from side to side, as it groaned and creaked most mournfully.

"Hillo!" vociferated his pursuer, more fiercely than before.

"Go long, Ned!" gasped the doctor, redoubling his blows, and turning his pale face, streaming with perspiration, to see if the wretch behind was gaining on him; he was nearer, if anything; and, to the doctor's fear distorted vision, was aiming a revolver at his head. "Good Lord, preserve me," groaned the miserable little man, sinking to the bottom of the buggy to avoid the shot. "Go long there, Ned; go long, old fellow."

"Hillo! hold on!" roared the stranger; but gallant old Ned kept up his swinging pace, and although the had entered the wood, he dashed on regardless of the roots and grubs which threatened, every moment, to knock the old buggy to atoms.

A little farther on in the wood was a log cabin, which the doctor earnestly desired to behold, and hoped to reach in safety. Its hospitable door at length appeared in view; the old horse needed no check, and stopping short before it, the little doctor, who was standing ready for a leap, was thrown head fist into a nice soft mud hole, whence he scrambled, and bursting open the door, sprang into the room, and sank nearly fainting into the first chair he saw.

"What in the name of all that's sirthly is the matter!" exclaimed the strapping mistress of the house. "Why if Doc ain't got a fit, or somethin worser, I'm blessed." At that moment the murderous looking horseman dashed up to the door.

"The desperate villian," muttered the poor doctor, springing from his seat, and diving, for the better concealment of his person, into a large box in the corner of the room, from whence issued a tremendous cackling and fluttering.

The stranger entered. "Good evening, Mrs. Powers; is the doctor here?"

"Yes, bless you, Mr. G.; but in sich a fix! Oh Lord! he's got in atop of my settin' hen, and smashed all her eggs—the only hen, too, that's a settin, early. I do think he's crazy."

"I think so, too," said Mr. G., "for I've been following him for the last half hour through the mud for a prescription, and couldn't get him to stop on any terms."

The poor little, miserable, crest-fallen doctor crept from his hiding place, and gave the desired prescription without one word; but to this day cannot bear the sight of Mr. G., and always eyes him askance when he meets him, with a kind of "keep at a distance" air; while Mr. G. never can see the little doctor at home or abroad, without a *smile* to the memory of the *dirty* fright he gave him.

HELPS TO MEMORY.—Gillez de Retz, Marshal of France, (said to be the veritable Blue Beard,) was sentenced to be led in chains to the place of execution, and to be burned alive at the stake. The day appointed was the 23 of October, 1440, "a date," says the historian, "about which there can be no doubt, for all the people of Anjou and Maine, by common consent, whipped their children that morning, so as to impress the precise date on their memdry." This strange mnemonic process is still a favorite with the peasants of Anjou and Brittany.

ANOTHER CALIFORNIA MILLIONAIRE.—The Montreal papers state that a man has just returned to Lapairie, Canada, who left that place for the West 14 years ago. He was in California during the first year of the gold discovery, and amassed about $800,000, which he has brought home with him. In addition, some land belonging to him in Sacramento City he has leased to the government for $10,000 per annum.

BRAVO! JENNY LIND!—Jenny Lind was offered some thirty thousand pounds to sing at the Imperial Concerts at the Court of Russia. Jenny's significant negative to the offer was, "Hungary." Great is the triumph of genius, when the nightingale is too much for the eagle.

THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.—During the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and to successively experience what spring is in London, what summer is in Paris, what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Vividly indeed can I dwell on the marvellous contrast of the night aspect of each; but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them is that presented by the watchmen of the last named. When I first looked on these guardians of the night, I involuntarily thought of Skakespeare's Dogberry and Verges. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they carry a staff of office, on which they screw when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the Northern Star. They also may sometimes be seen, with a lanthorn at their belt; the candle contained in the said lanthorn they place at the top of their staff, to re-light any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the fire occurs; and they also put from the towers flags and lights, pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening until four o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chaunt a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and gutteral, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone; and, from a distance it floats on the still night air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of old antiquity, and were written, I am told, by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved in the old style, and in the centre is a large engraving exactly representing one of the ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete costume, with his staff and Northern Star in hand, a lanthorn at his belt, and his dog at his feet.

THE SAILOR AND THE ACTRESS.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character, I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies 'then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have *one* friend at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you to any amount.—And as for *you*, (turning to the frightened actor,) if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house roar; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his mawney messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, the poor distressed young woman, and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager attempting to arrive and rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes."

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

Mr. Philips, the inventor of this new apparatus, recently gave an exhibition of its powers to a large company assembled at the London Gas works. The Philadelphia American says:

After some preliminary remarks on the vast losses from fire, amounting annually, in the three kingdoms, to £21,000,000, and the inefficacy of water in quenching a furious conflagration, he set fire to a compartment of a large open building, filled with partitions and temporary joisting of light wood, daubed with pitch and turpentine, and hung with rags soaked with the same combustibles. The flames ascended, roaring with such vehemence as to repel the spectators to a distance of forty feet, reaching, apparently, beyond all remedy by water; when Mr. P., with one of his hand machines, somewhat larger than a good sized coffee pot, from which a volume of gas and vapor was discharged, extinguished the flames "in half a minute;" and then, to prove that there was no noxious quality in the resulting air, immediately walked through the building with a lighted candle in his hand. A company has been formed to manufacture these new styled fire engines; which, if they answer as well in practice as they seem to do in experiment, will soon make their way to this country, and find their field of operation in subduing flames and, perhaps, fire riots.

SONG.—Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Croesus, or as poor as job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf girls, 'twill bring your soul into thrall, but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse is ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether he's little or tall; he'll make a fool of himself and you, he knows nothing but to drawl. But marry a sober man, girls, there are a few left on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

An indignant husband sued a fellow out West recently for kissing his wife. The osculatory chap compromised by paying $10.

YANKEE SIMILE.—"Did you ever drink any of the Thames water, squire?" said the clock maker, "because it is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world. When I returned from Poland in the hair speckulation, I sailed from London, and we had the Thames water on board.—Says I to the Captain, says I, I guess you want to pyson us, don't you, with that nasty, dirty, horrid stuff? how can you think o' takin such water as that? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, it does make the best water in the world—that's a fact; yes, and the best porter, too; it ferments, works off the chum, clarifies itself, and beats all nature; and yet look at them ere sewers, and dye-stuffs, and factory wash, and onmentionables that's poured into it—it beats the bugs, don't it."

"Well, squire, our great country is like that ere Thames water; it does receive the outpourings of the world—homicides and regicides—jail birds and galley birds—poor-house chaps and work-house chaps—rebels, infidels and forgers—rogues of all kinds, sarts, sizes, and degrees; but it ferments, you see, and works clear; and what a most beautiful, clear stream a democracy it does make—don't it?" "Not hot enough for fog, nor cold enough for ice, nor lime enough to fur up the biler, nor too harsh to wash clean, nor raw enough to chop the skin—but just the thing; that's a fact."—*Sam Slick.*

EXTRAORDINARY CRIME IN FRANCE.—A frightful crime, which never could have happened out of France, and which bespeaks reckless selfishness, morbid feelings, and an utter absence of religion, courage, and morals, has just horrified St Leu. A rich proprietor, and a *maire* for several years, passionately loved a young girl. The families were, like the parents in "Romeo and Juliet," at war; and they could not agree. But after several years of pressing solicitations, he obtained the hand of his mistress. They were married. A grand party celebrated the wedding and the reconciliation. The happy couple retired. At six o'clock in the morning a pistol shot was heard. The husband was found dead in an ante-chamber; the young wife asleep. A letter explained the suicide. It was written evidently before the marriage. He said in it that he had reached the highest point of human felicity, and could not descend.—He could not bear to be less loved, or to love less. "I die of happiness."

We read the following anecdote, for the truth of which we will not vouch:

"A country schoolmaster, one day, announced to his pupils that an examination would soon take place. 'If you are examined in geography,' said he, 'you will surely be asked of what shape is the earth; and if you should not remember, just look at me, and I will show you my snuff-box, to remind you that it is round.'

Unfortunately, the schoolmaster had two snuff-boxes; a round one, which he only used on Sunday, and a square one, which he carried during the week.

The fatal day having arrived, the class was duly called out and the question asked, "what is the shape of the earth?"

The first boy, appalled at the imposing appearance of the examining committee, felt embarrassed and glanced at the *magister*, who at once pointed to his snuff-box.

"Sir," boldly answered the boy, "*it's round on Sunday, and square on other days in the week.*'"

THE OPIUM TRADE.—The traffic in this demoralizing drug in China has steadily increased, notwithstanding the efforts of the native authorities to surpress it. The possession of the island of Hong Kong has given the english new and enlarged facilities; and the quantity of the drug shipped to China last year was 50,000 chests. According to the most recent intelligence it will reach 60,000 chests this year. As the opium from British India, the kind consumed in China, is in chests, averaging each about 120 lbs., the above estimates indicate the prodigious quantities of 6,000,000 and 7,200,000 lbs. of the noxious drug introduced into that empire.

IRISH ANECDOTE.—An Irishman, who was abroad, came in the day and said that he had seen that morning what he had never seen before—a fine crop of anchovies growing in the garden. "Anchovies?" said an Englishman, with a half laugh and a tone of wonder. And from this the other, according to the legitimate rules of Irish logic, deduced a quarrel, a challenge, and a duel, in which the poor Englishman, who did not believe that anchovies grew in the garden, was killed on the spot. The moment he fell, the right word came into the challenger's head. "Och, what a pity," he cried, "and I meant capers all the while!"

TALL CHIMNEY.—The *Cambridge Chronicle* states that the New England Glass Company have commenced laying the foundation for a tall chimney, which they are about to build for the glass works in East Cambridge. It is to be about thirty feet square at the base, and carried up to the height of two hundred and forty feet—twenty feet higher than the Bunker Hill monument. Flues under ground are to connect their various furnaces with this chimney, thus making it do all the smoking of their immense establishment.

PRAYER.—It is sometimes said, that God does not need our prayers. But neither does he need our works. He requires them both of us, not for His sake but for ours. We must labor if we would reap, because labor is good for us; we must pray if we would receive the gift, because praying is essential to our well being.—The immediate object of prayer and labor entices us to a more concealed, but richer blessing.

A remarkably ugly man, conceited and silly, said to a chap, who had wit enough for anything but making money:—"Why, S., how thin you are. You'll never pay the debt of nature, I'm afraid, but will dry up and blow away." "Well," retorted S., "you will pay that debt, at all events, for you owe Nature so little that you cannot repudiate."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I've no idea." "Have you," said the Captain, "then send your last to the wash-woman, for it must be dirty enough by this time."

A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign. "He compell me!" said the lady, "no, nor twenty like him."

"A new broom sweeps clean," as the widow said, when her new husband ran off with all her money.

"I can be no follower of thine," as the cripple said, when the loafer ran off with his crutches.

"I hope I have given satisfaction," as the pistol ball said to the wounded duellist.

"I'm getting up in the world," as the shad said, when drawn out of the water.

"Don't speak all at once," as the instructor said to his deaf and dumb pupils.

"Hail! wedded joy," as the man said to his wife, when she asked him what was breaking the window.

"That motion is out of order," as the chairman of a political meeting said, when a rowdy raised his arm to throw an egg.

"I'm very much pushed there times," as the wheelbarrow said, when going up hill with a load of "notions."

"JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE."—The following simple and touching additional lines to the old Scotch song, "John Anderson," were written by Judge Christopher B. Strong of Ga. They deserve to be permanently attached to the original ballad:

John Anderson my Joe John, when we again shall walk,
Our Brimes we will collect, John, and then our Journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends where e'er they go,
And scruples bright shall guide us right, John Anderson my Joe.

A Yankee and a Southerner were playing poker on a steamboat. After a while the Southerner remarked that he had not seen an ace for sometime, "I guess you haven't," replied the Yankee, "but I can tell you where they all are. One of them is up your shirt sleeve there, and the other three are in the top of one of my *boots*.

REPLY TO WEBSTER.—The humorous Washington correspondent of the *Commonwealth*, published at Washington, in this state, and who glories in the name of Teddy O'Neile, says in a late letter:—

"Mr. Slinthur Sturgeon has jist sint me word, that he intinds answiring Mr. Webster's great spache, on the *fifth Friday of April*.

GUESSING AT HARD WORDS.—A missionary, in 1849, stepped ashore from a flat boat on the Kenebec, with some tracts, to speak to an old woman who was knitting under a low tree by a shanty. It was the height of the cholera panic. "My good woman," said the evangelist, as he offered her a tract, "have you the gospel here?" "No, sir, we have't," replied she, "but they have got it awfully down to Bangor."

A FRENCH YOUTH requested the notorious robber, Cartouche, to engage him in his band. "Where has thou served?" asked he. "Two years with an attorney, and six months with an inspector of the police." "Well," said Cartouche, "that whole time shall be reckoned as if thou had'st served in my troop."

ANTIQUITY OF STEAM AS A MOTIVE POWER.—It has been discovered that a book printed at Verona as far back as 1472, describes a method of propelling vessels by wheel paddles. It is also now conceded by our scientific men that the idea of employing steam as a motive power first occurred to Hiero, of Alexandria, about 40 years B. C.

Nobody is ever satisfied in this world. If a legacy is left a man, he regrets that it was not larger. If he finds a sum of money he searches for more. If he is elected to a high office, he wishes for a better one. If he is rich and wants nothing, he strives for more. If he is a single man, he is looking out for a wife; if married for children. Man is never satisfied.

"DIMITY."—Nothing can so fortify the heart against vice as the love of a virtuous woman. If you would avoid State Prisons, therefore, tie yourself to calico as soon as possible. For the morals, there is nothing like "dimity" after all. It is even ahead of rattan.

"Patrick," said an employer the other morning, to one of the workmen, "you come late this morning, the other men were at work an hour before you." "Sure, and I'll be even with 'em to night, then." "How Patrick?" "Why, faith, I'll quit an hour before 'em all, sure."

BOSTON MEDICAL COLLEGE.—During the two weeks that the Boston Medical College has been open for inspection, it is estimated that more than 50,000 persons have passed through Dr. Webster's rooms.

A GOLD LUMP OF SIXTY POUNDS.—A letter from a United States officer speaks of 1250, of which about 60 are gold and the residue quartz, in which the metal is imbedded, having been found at Stokton. This is the largest yet reported.

MEXICAN RAILROAD.—A project for building a railroad from Vera Cruz through the city of Mexico to San Juan, on the Pacific, had been adopted by the Mexican Congress, and Mexican capitalists, the papers there say, are already to take the stock.

A MOB in Cincinnati reads as follows:

KAIKS and KRAKERS, WOLESALE and Retale and Konfekshunery.

Every demagogue can excite passions; it takes a great man to allay them.—Small crafts rise and sink with billows, the ship-of-the-line divides the waves on her passage.

A California adventurer deposited on Friday last, at Philadelphia, $40,000 in gold, in the bank, the whole being the fruit of one year's enterprise and industry in the gold regions.

POISONED.—It is said that nineteen persons narrowly escaped being poisoned at Lanesboro' Pa., by drinking tea made from water in which a lizard was found.

REMARKS OF MR. SMYSER,

In the House of Representatives, Friday, April, 19th, 1850.

The 31st section of the General Appropriation Bill, appropriating $300,000 for the completion of the North Branch canal, being under consideration,

Mr. SMYSER said—Mr. Speaker: We have just had a most glowing description from the gentleman from Luzerne, (Mr. Conyngham,) of the wealth and resources of the country through which this improvement passes, coupled with the most sanguine, and I may say, without intending any disrespect, extravagant anguries as to the influence it is to exert on the financial prosperity of the Commonwealth; and a strong and urgent appeal has been made to us to grant the $300,000 asked in this bill, in order to promote the prosperity of that region of the country, and as a revenue measure for the State. Could I persuade myself that one half of the glowing anticipations of the gentleman from Luzerne, to whom I always listen with the respect and attention due to his high character and eminent talents, would be realized, I would almost be persuaded to vote for this appropriation. But, sir, we are admonished by experience to distrust the flattering illusions of Hope, and to receive with allowance, the delusive phantoms which self-interest conjures up before the fancies of its votaries.

Looking at the present financial condition of this Commonwealth, I cannot, consistently with the duty I owe to her taxridden citizens, vote to add still further to the weight of the burthen that is upon them by granting this appropriation.

Sir, my constituents have no direct interest in this improvement. Two-thirds of the counties of the State have none.—We are already groaning under a debt of forty millions of dollars, and the grinding taxation necessary to meet the interest thereon and maintain inviolate the plighted faith of the Commonwealth. To as the canals and railroads of the State, for the construction of which this enormous debt was constructed, are no benefit.—They are a positive injury, for reasons which will readily occur to every one who hears me. Whilst the value of property in the counties through which they pass, has been in many cases quadrupled, with us it has depreciated, whilst our property is taxed in almost every conceivable form to pay for improvements that tend to diminish its value. And now, sir, when there is at last a prospect of this heavy and unjust burthen being in some measure alleviated, by the annual application of a surplus in the Treasury towards the reduction of that debt, we are called upon to divert that surplus from a purpose so desired by the people, and appropriate it to new and further improvements, in a remote quarter of the State. In the name of my suffering constituents, I protest against such injustice to them!

They have hitherto borne cheerfully the burthens imposed upon them, in the cheering hope that a time might come when the taxes, tolls, and other sources of revenue, would leave a surplus to go towards the payment of the debt. They have been willing to make any sacrifice to maintain the honor of the State untarnished and her faith inviolate. What, think you, will be their feelings when they are told that that balance, instead of being applied to such a purpose, is to be recklessly squandered in new improvements, for the benefit of a particular section of the State only! Is this right? Is it politic? Is it just?

But, sir, the specific appropriation asked for in this bill is unnecessary, because the thirty-fifth section of the act of 10th April, 1849, (Pamphlet laws, page 642,) already gives to this improvement all the surplus monies that, after the fifteenth of August in every year, shall remain the Treasury, after meeting the interest on the State debt, and other necessary appropriations. Under this act the North Branch already has had appropriated to it $150,000 for the year ending the 15th of August next: of which about $30,000 only has been drawn out and expended, leaving an undrawn balance of $120,000 still applicable to this work; and they will be entitled to whatever surplus may remain in the Treasury on the 15th of August next, in addition: and so on every year, until the canal is finished to the State line. When we thus gave them all we had, surely we had no right to anticipate a demand for more.—I say nothing now of the policy of passing that law. I had no hand in passing it. Had I been a member of the Legislature when it passed, I should probably have voted against it, and demanded that our surplus means should be all carefully husbanded, and faithfully applied to the payment of our debt and the reduction of our taxes: not, sir, from any unfriendly feeling towards this improvement, or the section of the State through which it passes, for which I entertain the most cordial and friendly feelings; but from a sense of the more pressing duty I owe to my immediate constituents. But, sir, that question is not now before us. The law is on our Statute-book; and we have only to obey its requisitions.

This I stand prepared and willing to do. I say to the friends of the North Branch canal, "carry on your improvements until the 15th of August next with the $120,000 yet at your command. Then, if there is any balance in the Treasury, drain it empty, as under the law, you have a right to do; but when we thus proffer you all, in Heaven's name don't ask us to give it to you in advance, when there may by possibility be no surplus, and we may have to create a new debt by borrowing the money to pay you!"

Let us not be told that this bill authorizes no loan for any such objects. Suppose we now appropriate this money, and it is drawn out of the Treasury on the 1st of June; and suppose that on the 15th of August, it should be found that what was left was not sufficient to meet the interest, and the other appropriations; the result is obvious and inevitable. Either other appropriations must fail, the State be dishonored by a failure to meet her interest, or a loan must be resorted to. And what will this be but the creation of a new debt