THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XXI—43. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, 1851. NEW SERIES—NO. 206

FOR SALE OR RENT,

THAT SMALL Two-story Brick House, near the Railroad street, in the rear of Mansion's Hotel. Terms of sale very accommodating. There is a never-failing well of water, and also a good brick Stable on the premises. Also for sale,

5 ACRES OF WOODLAND,

on the Seminary ridge, immediately North of the railroad cut. Apply to

Dec. 20,—3t D. A. BUEHLER.

FOR RENT.

DWELLING HOUSES, OFFICES, SHOPS & A Public Hall

FOR Exhibitions, Concerts, Associations, &c. ☞Apply, before 15th of January, to D. M'CONAUGHY.

Dec. 20, 1850.—tf

100 AGENTS WANTED,

TO travel in the Southern, Middle or Northern States. Steady employment will be given for a number of years to respectable young men of business habits and possessed of a good common education and gentlemanly address. Such young men would find it greatly to their advantage, as it will afford an opportunity to see a large portion of the country, and at the same time earn, besides all expenses, from $300 to $500 a year. Some agents have earned double that amount. Much depends upon ability to act, perseverance and economy, it being a pleasant business. Those who desire further information can obtain the same by addressing, *post paid*,

JACOB MONK,

Dec. 13, 1850.—3t *Philadelphia.*

GETTYSBURG FEMALE SEMINARY.

THIS Institution, under the direction of Miss WALLACE, will be re-opened on *Monday the 2d of September*, and continue in two sessions of five months each, until the last of June; leaving July and August for vacation instead of May and October.

TERMS.—Ten dollars per session of five months; with extra charges for the Languages, Drawing and Fancy Work. Pupils will be charged from the time of entering till the end of the session; and no deductions from the price will be made, except for time lost by the Teacher, or protracted illness of the pupils.

Reference is respectfully made to the following gentlemen:

J. B. M'Pherson,	Rev. Dr. Schmucker,
J. A. Thompson,	Rev. Dr. Baugher,
R. G. Harper,	Rev. Dr. Krauth,
Dr. D. Horner,	Prof. Jacobs,
Hon. M. M'Clean,	Prof. Stover,
J. B. Danner,	Rev. R. Johnston,

Aug. 30, (March 3.)—1y

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

The Largest Assortment ever opened in Gettysburg.

S. H. BUEHLER has just received from the City a large additional supply of Books, and has now on hand, at his old established Bookstore, in CHAMBERSBURG STREET, the largest and best assortment of

STANDARD BOOKS,

of every variety, Classical, Theological, Literary and Miscellaneous, ever offered in this market, 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.

The subscriber returns his acknowledgment for the long continued and liberal patronage extended to him, and thinks that, in the variety and excellence of his present assortment of Cheap Books and Stationery, will be found evidence of a determination to continue to merit that patronage.

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

HATS & CAPS!

Boots & Shoes!

THE subscriber has just returned form the City, with a new and full supply of

Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,

of all kinds, prices, and styles, which will be sold cheap. ☞Remember his Store for providing for "the two extremes,—the head and feet,—two doors below the Post Office. My stock is the largest and best selected ever opened in this market. Call and see. W. W. PAXTON.

Gettysburg, Oct. 4, 1850.

FAIR NOTICE.

All persons who know themselves to be indebted to me over one year are hereby requested to pay up immediately or their accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. All who owe me wool or other trade will please take notice that I will not receive it unless delivered in one year from the time of the contract. If the above is not complied with the Cash will be required.

T. WARREN.

Gettysburg, Dec. 13.—tf

Jacquard Wave Braid.

A NEW and beautiful article for Trimming Ladies' dresses, for sale at the cheap Store of J. L. SCHICK.

Oct. 4.

TOWN PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE.

ON very favorable terms, consisting of a two-story frame Dwelling, and another of one and a half story, together with the lot, fronting on East York street about 95 feet. The buildings have lately been put in excellent repair. There is an excellent well of water on the lot.

☞If the property is not sold before the 1st of January, it will be for RENT. For any desired information enquire of

DAVID HEAGY,
Agent for Mary Heagy.

Gettysburg, Dec. 5, 1850—tf

A VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscribers offer at Private Sale a FARM, adjoining lands of D. Zieg ler, Emanuel Pitzer, and others, half a mile South of Gettysburg, and containing

104 ACRES,

more or less. The improvements are

TWO HOUSES,

one Log and the other Frame, and a large brick Bank Barn. There are two wells of water, one at each house, (with pump in) a young Orchard of choice

Fruit Trees,

now bearing—a large portion of the farm is in Meadow, from which 40 to 60 tons of Hay has been made yearly.—The land can all be farmed, and is all well adapted to raising grass. It might be used as a Dairy farm to a very great advantage.

☞For the terms apply to the undersigned.

ALEXANDER COBEAN.
WILLIAM KING.

Oct. 18.—tf

EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

A NEW ARTICLE.

THIS Extract is composed of the best and healthiest herbs, and affords the following advantages: 1st, its great saving, one pound being equal to ten pounds of store coffee; 2d, the excellent aromatic taste afforded, when mixed with store coffee; 3d, it gives a very fine color, and makes the coffee, without any ingredient, perfectly clear; 4th, coffee, mixed with this ingredient, is more wholesome than without it.

The above article can be had at the Store of WM. W. HAMERSLY, North West Corner of the Diamond, Gettysburg. Price 12½ cents.

Dec. 20, 1850.

EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

THE genuine, original *EXTRACT OF COFFEE*, which has been recently so extensively brought into use as a substitute for Coffee, and which recommends itself by reason of its cheapness as well as its excellence, can be had, at all times, at the Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

Dec. 27, 1850.—4

MORE NEW GOODS.

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received from Philadelphia a fresh supply of cheap

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

Cassinets, Flannels, Alpaccas, Lusters, Merinoes, Long & Squre Shawls, Domestics and

GROCERIES,

with many other articles—all of which will be sold cheap. Please call.

P. S. Those persons having notes or book accounts of long standing will please bear in mind that the money is wanted.

Dec. 20, 1850. G. A.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS!

A new and Splendid Assortment just received by

J. L. SCHICK,

WHICH he will be pleased to exhibit to all who may call at his Store in Baltimore Street, nearly opposite Fahnestock's. The goods have been selected with care, and will be sold at remarkably low prices. Among them will be found the most fashionable

CHANGEABLE SILKS, TURK SATINS
FRENCH MERINOES, GAME
LION DE LAINES, FIGURED DE LAINES.

Brocade Camellions, Coburg Cloth, Alpacas, Bonnet Velvets and Satins, together with a large assortment of Ribbons and Flowers, Stockings and Gloves, Bleached and unbleached Muslins, woolen and cotton Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings Cassinets, French worked and mourning Collars, Cuffs, Hair Braids, Buttons of various kinds; in short, almost any thing in the Dry Goods line.

☞The attention of the LADIES is particularly invited to my stock of Goods, which will be found to comprise not only the *most fashionable*, but the *best styles*. Call and examine them.

J. L. SCHICK.

Gettysburg, Sept. 20, 1850.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Adams County, to distribute the assets remaining in the hands of ROBERT BELL, Executor of the Estate of JAMES BELL, jr., deceased, to and amonga the creditors of said deceased, will attend at his residence in the borough of Gettysburg, on *Monday 13th of January next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., to attend to said duty, when and where all persons interested can attend.

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK,
Dec. 20, 1850.—3t *Auditor.*

Cactier's Address

TO THE PATRONS OF THE STAR AND BANNER.

Kind Patron, to your friendly door
I come with buoyant step once more,
To greet you on this happy morn,
That speaks another year just borne;
And since your kindness has a claim
Upon my muse's hard-earned fame,
I'll seek again her magic powers,
To deck my theme in fancy's flowers.
So, if you find I've sought in vain,
You'll know at least I've "tried again."
As from some mountain's summit high,
The trav'ler views with anxious eye
The varied scenes that throng the road
In which his wandering feet has trod,
So, from this height on life's rough way,
Let us the by-gone year survey;
And, glancing o'er our country, see
The scenes that mark her history.

On distant summits far away,
The sunlight of last new-year day
Is faintly seen to gild the spot,
So dear, and yet so soon forgot.
That sunlight beamed upon our land
When dire commotion's ruthless hand
Had seized the helm and strove to guide
The ship of State o'er discord's tide;
When billows broke with sullen roar,
Upon dissension's gloomy shore,
And black'ning storms rose wild and high,
Enshrouding Freedom's brilliant sky.
Time passed, and each succeeding day
New dangers thickened o'er the way,
While noble spirits firmly stood,
And battled for their country's good.
The varied conflict deeper grew,
And blacker storms severer blew;
When lo! from heaven a summons broke,
And nation's trembled as it spoke!
The illustrious chieftain, who had stood
Beside the helm and calmly viewed
The compass with discretion's eye,
And warning gave as harm drew nigh,
Was called by Providence to yield
His post and quit his earthly field.
The nation shuddered at the blow
That laid their honored TAYLOR low,
And gathering round his mournful bier,
Let fall affection's sacred tear;
And from their sorrow-burdened breast
Besought high Heaven to lull to rest
The angry storm of human wrath,
And guide them into wisdom's path.
Heaven heard, and brighter prospects rise,
The clouds retreat from Freedom's skies,
The billows sink to calm repose,
And hope's bright star serenely glows,
Thus did the ship of State out-ride
The dangers of commotion's tide,
And now, on more propitious seas,
She smoothly sends before the breeze.
And though the breakers' distant roar
Is heard along New England's shore,
And echoes through Palmetto's groves,
Yet calmly still she onward moves;
And fears no ill while FILLMORE steers,
And WEBSTER at his side appears.
But let us ne'er forget the brave
And noble ones who dared the wave
Of frenzied madness, lashed to foam
By fiendish breath from Pluto's home,
Whose deeds of manly valor claim
A place upon the scroll of fame,
And in a nation's grateful lays
Demand each patriot's heart-felt praise,
But softer scenes invite the eye,
Along the past year's history.
A Nightingale from foreign clime
Has, with enchanting notes sublime,
Charmed the rough passions of the heart,
And caused emotions soft to start
In souls where rapture was unknown,
And av'rice long had reigned alone.
But more the songstress than the song,
Has thrilled the heart with feelings strong.
Fot to the notes of ravishment
The charms of beauty, too, are lent—
Of beauty such as angels boast;
Not that obtained at labor's cost,
But that which dwells in Christian hearts
Unskilled in fashion's crafty arts,
And in a life of charity
Displays the charms we cannot see.
Thus Jenny Lind has charmed the year
With music sweet and beauty rare.
But 'tis enough; the year has flown,
And all its fears and joys are gone.
Let us take warning from the past
As forward now our glance is cast;
The future, big with unknown cares,
In dark perspective there appears.
Hope beckons on, while reason chides,
With mem'ry's sting our rapid strides,
And bids us look not here for joy
Unmixed with sorrow's base alloy.

Then let us wisely seek to find
Contentment—solid peace of mind,
Which curbs our fire, yet warms our zeal,
And moves our friend in woe and weal.
Dear Patron, may this peace be yours,
And may kind heaven with plenteous showers
Of blessings crown your ev'ning year,
And shed her radiant beams of cheer,
So that you safer may ride the flow
Which now your humble servant goes to meet.

THE CARRIER BOY.

LITTLE THOMAS.—The sweetest, the most clinging affection is often shaken by the slightest breath of unkindness, as the delicate fringe and tendrils of the vine are agitated by the faintest air that blows in summer. An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred, or, the keenest edge of vindictive satire. Nay, the shade, the gloom of the face, familiar and dear, awakens grief and pain. There are the little thorns which, though men of rougher form may make their way through them without feeling much, extremely incommode persons of a more refind turn in their journey through life, and make their travelling irksome and unpleasant.

An ardent sensibility to the impressions of great virtues and abilities, accompanied with a generous oblivion of the little imperfections with which they are joined, is one of the surest indications of a superior character.

A FABLE.

THERE was a soft flower. It bloomed in the midst of a wood. Nothing could exceed its delicacy, its brightness, its grace and loveliness. The surrounding air was laden with its breath. In its half-closed leaves was a spell of such potency, that every other flower in its presence appeared dim. Its name was Pleasure.

Whoever passed by the beautiful acclivity where it grew, wanted to pluck it.—Unfortunately, however, it was only to be found on a place of difficult access, and was surrounded with various kinds of briers and thorns. Still, however, it was the delight of every eye, and the wish of every heart.

On the road side, which wound along by the bank where Pleasure bloomed so brightly, there grew in some profusion a plant of an inferior kind; at least, so it appeared when any one looked on it, which happened very seldom, for it was so plain in its colors, so humble in its attitude, so lowly and unpresuming, that it was generally quite disregarded; or, if seen accidentally by those in pursuit of Pleasure, was trampled down as something worthless. Here and there might be found one passenger, who, after gazing awhile on Pleasure, and on the violent exertions made by the crowd to procure it, shook his head, picked up the little flower at his feet, kissed it, and put it in his bosom.—The name of this plant was Content.

But however inferior it might be to Pleasure in beauty, it certainly had one advantage over its brilliant rival. The former was rarely to be found in any quantity. The road to it was most frequently troublesome and dangerous, and its buds, too, were often also almost beyond the reach, and so singularly small and fragile that the very airs of summer blew off the downy blossoms, and wilted the delicate leaves. The latter on the contrary, was a hardy plant, and burst up everywhere in lavish abundance. The road was lined with it. Sometimes it shot forth with vigor even in the very path, peeping up from the hard-trodden ground between the stones scattered around. About the bases of rocks and the twisted roots of old trees it lay in masses, and away in under the shade of still summer places, where the traveller in his haste would scarcely ever dream of looking, it might be seen unfolding its cheerful buds, and pushing out fearlessly with a right fresh and merry aspect.

When storms arose, Pleasure always suffered. It shrunk up like a sensitive plant; and when the wind and rain passed away, the green bank was sure to be scattered all over with fragments of blossoms and broken leaves. Poor Pleasure! If summer breezes disturbed and ruined it, how could it be expected to stand the fierce tempest, the scorching heat, the bitter cold, and all the changes of season which come so suddenly and certainly over this world? Even in its calmest moments, Pleasure drooped secretly with the thought that its beauty was brief, and its very life precarious. Every whisper among the leaves of the trees of the trees alarmed it—every rolling cloud in heaven struck a damp and a shadow upon its radiance.

But all this while Content was perfectly free and satisfied, and cared almost as little for the changes of the season as if it were immortal. There was about it an enduring hardihood, which defied the storm. The long hot droughts of summer, which burnt up the the tender charms of Pleasure, had no material effect upon the leaves of Content, and when the frightful thunder-shower arose, and dashing down, drenched nature in one universal flood, Content peeped out as the deluge subsided, with a refreshed and gay beauty, which almost equalled that of Pleasure in its best moments.

A youth came by one day, and as was the case with all who passed the spot, was struck with the sight of Pleasure, and resolved to obtain it. On so doing he troll upon Content, but the voice of the crushed flower was unheard in his eagerness to advance. When men are hastening with wild hope, in the pursuit of their desires, they are deaf to a thousand low, sweet tones of nature, which, on their retreat, after disappointment and danger, and anguish, and, perhaps, despair, sound in their ears with an irresistible power.—In a short time the youth came back wearied, faint, and bleeding, with wounds received from the briers. He was one of those wild, reckless children of passion, with whom the world abounds, and who waste energies and courages in idle and pernicious enterprise, which, if applied to more noble purposes, would make them virtuous and happy.

He had plucked the flower but it was broken and soiled; already its vivid tinges were fading away, and its luscious perfume grew fainter every moment. He soon discovered, also, to his amazement and horror, that though it was so fair and lovely, his wounds smarted at its touch, and the scent which he had at first inhaled with a violent delight, took the strength from his limbs and the courage from his heart—made his eyes languid, his resolution weak, and his intellect dim and heavy. As he reclined on a rude bank, far below the spot ornamented by the deceitful plant which had caused him so much trouble, the fine flower, which had till then escaped his observation, uncurled its scented leaves, and glowing with a beauty which grew more palpable the more closely it was examined, thus addressed the tired and despondent boy:—

"I called to you, fair youth, as you were mounting yonder steep so hastily, and told you to beware, but you, like all your race, paid no attention to my warning. Indeed, I doubt whether you even heard it. I am, however, not very sorry, for your sake, that you have had a little experience, since it will induce you to rest a moment and listen while I confide to you a secret which you do not appear to understand. You must know, then, that the plant up yonder, specious as it is, has ruined more people here is my very sight, than there are leaves in that forest. It not only attacks them with pain, but it inflames them with guilty hopes and reckless passions. It is a poison. I am a medicine. If I cannot cure, I can impart strength, which will enable you to sustain all sorrow. I am to be found everywhere. Nature has given me to her children, with a liberal hand. If they choose not to seize me, instead of trampling me beneath their feet, in search of more gaudy, but more worthless objects. I am full of the spirit of goodness; though I am seldom cultivated in the great, I spring up, unbidden, at about the feet of the tired traveller, and by the threshold of the poor man's cottage, and it is their own fault if they do not discover my value."

The Distinguished Dead of 1850.

Such is mortal's fleeting breath;
Such is life, and such is death.

They have fallen! Nay, not fallen in the estimation of their countrymen—for their memories will ever flourish in grateful remembrance—but their names have been stricken from the roll of living greatness, and the tomb, that alloted tenement of mortality, has claimed its own.

Death, clad in his gloomy robes, has wandered in the midst of eloquence, of valor, of erudition and of worth, spreading dismay around. Wherever he has roamed he has caused havoc. On the brow of talent he stamped his signet, and powerless became the lips of eloquence; he grasped the hand of the warrior, and closed his ears to the sound of the drum and the tumult of battle.—

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Really that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

They have fallen!—but not until Fame had enrolled their names high, very high, in her Temple, so grand and so towering—the names of Taylor, Calhoun, Elmore, Prentiss, King, Mason, Osgood, Fuller and Jones.

Twelve short months ago, and Zachary Taylor stood before the world as the illustrious chief of a mighty nation blessed with the love and reverence of millions of freemen, and in the tranquil enjoyment of every earthly bliss—a few more weeks glide away and become lost in the revolution of time and all that is left of the President and Hero, his dust, moves on to the last resting place of mortality, in regal magnificence, ay! in more than kingly splendor, for *his* mound is honored by the poor and the humble, and moistened by the tear of affection.

O! after all the toils of war,
How blest the brave man lays him down!
His bier is a triumphal war—
His grave is glory and renown!

He has fallen! South Carolina weeps o'er the tomb of her most able champion, for the elegant tongue of Calhoun will no longer lisp the accents of beauty and sublimity; to-day he reposeth placidly amid the hallowed precincts of the earth; and no voice but that of God can rouse him.

Death! thou "lovest a shining mark," for Elmore, the talented and distinguished, hath fallen at thy mandate.

Sergeant S. Prentice has fallen! A brilliant light has been quenched, and the pleader has carried his cause up to that Tribunal from which there can be no appeal.

And could'st not thou spare for a little longer, one whose age is as nothing before the great Jehovah? Why blunt the point of *her* eloquent pen, and, why hush the kindly throbbings of *her* noble heart? In thy roamings couldst thou not find some humbler victim of thy wrath, than Margaret Fuller? And thou must fulfill thy mission ordained by Providence, until the stars shall grow dim with age, and yon glorious luminary of day sets in eternal darkness!

Go then and pluck the bloom from the rose in its sweetness and its beauty, and scatter to the air its richest perfume; strike down manhood as he launches his frail bark on the eventful waters of life; and when the great warrior returns from the ground of his exploits, covered with glory, conquer him, oh spoiler, and hold him thy prisoner!

"The hero, the statesman, his journey is done,
All his cares are now over, his last battle won;
Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears."

They have fallen! Great intellect or renown, or elevated station could not save them from the worm, for it is written, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Man, no matter how brilliant his career, or how dazzlingly splendid his talents, *must* in process of time, be encircled within the limits of a little spot of earth—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Sleep on, noble leader! (1850.) Sleep on in your lonely seat, and mingle your dust with the free soil of Columbia, in the hallowed graves where Americans have laid your Sleep on while in the inmost recesses of our hearts, your memories are cherished.

THE POTATO TALES.—They tell a laughable story of the late Indian sub-agent at Fort Snelling, and an excellent officer, to this effect—than when the Major first met the Indians at Fort Snelling, he introduced himself to their acquaintance as follows: "Tell them, Mr. Prescott, (interpreter,) that I am their father—that I am Major Murphy, the Big Potatoe." Mr. Prescot accordingly said to the Indians, "This is your father, *Mendo Tonka*," (big potato.) The Indians grunted out an admiring *ugh!* and shook the Major very cordially by the hand. When Major McLean, Murphy's successor, was introduced to the Indians, Mr. Prescott was not instructed to inform the Indians what McLean's name was, but they, taking it for granted that he too must be one of the Potatoe family, sent to supply their necessities, called him, probably with reference to his personal contrast to Major Murphy, their "father, *Menda Christina*," (small potato)—and the Sioux, in Dakota, now uniformly call him "the Small Potatoe."

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them; so it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

BY LAURIE TODD.

In my tenth year the hammer was put into my hand, and I commenced learning the art of wrought-nail maker. In 1790, the first French Revolution having fairly commenced, the Press and the Pulpit all over Europe were teeming with liberty, Reform and Revolution. Societies were organized in every corner of Britain—in England by the name of Parlimentary Reformers; in Scotland by the name of the Friends of the people; in Ireland by United Irishmen. Their ostensible object was Reform; but Revolution was their *aim*. Dr. Wetherspoon, a native of Scotland, President of Princeton College, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, kept up a correspondence with my father during the years 1774–'5. They agreed on every point in the matters then in dispute between the Colonies and England.

Being four years old at the commencement of the American Revolution, and getting older as it progressed, I well remember that at every morning and evening service, my father sent up a petition to the throne of the Eternal, "that God would direct, preserve and protect George Washington." Having thus breathed republican air from my cradle, I hailed the beginning of the French Revolution, in 1792, as if the millennium, so long fortold, was about to commence. I enrolled my name among the Friends of the People, resolving never to sheathe my pen or my tongue until every tyrant was shorn of his crown. In solemn conclave we met nightly in our club-room, from whence we issued most powerful paper proclamations, like Gov. Hill in 1688, and Thomas Jefferson in 1810. Our proclamations were issued the next day in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, but they had no more effect with the tyrants in London than water spilt upon the ground. We continued to meet, however, speaking high-sounding words, and making long patriotic speeches, like the friends of the people in Congress at the present day; and I, though only in my eighteenth year, could talk as long and as loud as any of them.

At this time George the Third was King by the grace of God; but, in his case, I rather think it was by the grace of the devil, for he it was who sent over the Hessian mercenaries to butcher his own children and nephews in America. He now issued his proclamation, forbidding the assembling together of the Friends of the People, the London Reformers, and the White Boys of Dublin. Setting the King at defiance, however, we continued to meet, and our laudable example was soon followed by the wise men of Boston.

One morning, shortly after the proclamation, a posse of constables from Edinburgh arrived in our village, having warrants against eighteen, my name being on the list. We were marched into Edinburgh; and on entering the city, we were mustered by the constable, two and two, the tallest marching first; I, being the shortest, of course brought up the rear.—Whilst travelling the streets, thousands were assembled to see us led in captivity. At a corner stood a tall, masculine woman, with a child in her arms. Mounted on a stone or block, she appeared, like Saul, head and shoulders above all the people. As I passed her in review, raising her hands and arms, she exclaimed, "May the Lord preserve us; if the King is afraid of such a fellow as that, I know not what will become of him." She closed her speech with a loud laugh, in which I thought she was more than half right.

After an examination, my brother, who was twenty months my senior, took my self gave nominal bail, and were set free. A ship, the Providence, of New York, then lay at Leith, enrolling passengers for America. We went on board, and sailed for New York on the 14th of April, 1794.

To note all the curious scenes in which I was an actor or spectator, during a passage of nine weeks, in a small vessel, four feet six inches between decks, two hundred tons burthen, with twenty cabin and one hundred steerage passengers, would occupy a volume. Before this, I had never been twenty miles from the cottage on the Muire in which I was born. Here I was, without having seen or experienced aught of the world, close jammed in a crowd from whence there was no retreating. I felt like the man who was dropped from the moon, and wondered what pranks the terrestrials would play next.

With my brother and myself slept a large six-footer, a Highland porter. He was subject to nightmare and talking in his sleep. One night he dreamed the ship was sinking. With all the strength of his tremendous voice, he roared out, "Help! Help! we're going to the devil head-foremost!" His cry for help awoke me, and I shouted murder at the top of my lungs, when a large Newfoundland dog on deck joined in chorus. The whole mass of humanity came rolling from their berths—women screaming, children crying, and men praying. The mate sprang in amongst us with a light, when a scene was unfolded which baffles the powers of description. Here, in bold relief, and prominent, stood forth all the mysteries and beauties of Art displayed and Nature revealed—some dressed, and some half dressed; some in state of nature, and some in a state of nudity, and some in a state of sin and misery, like Mother Eve an hour after she ate the devil's apple. The head of one man was peering through the top of his wife's nether garments; he looked like a gold-digger in California. A woman who had inserted her left foot in the right wing of her husband's leather buckskins. This, to be sure, was not turning the world upside down, but most assuredly it was bringing the rear rank close to the front. In short, my wandering eyes were confounded; and at this day the impression is so vivid that, had I the powers and pencil of Hogarth, I could sketch a scene, the like of which has not been seen since the confusion of tongues.

The next scrap will commence with the most pleasing and the most painful period in my life, viz: the season of courtship. To boarding school misses, and to bachelors of an older growth, it will be more interesting than to read of nightmare and white squalls at sea.

BLITZ IN AN OMNIBUS.—A night or two since, Blitz, the renowned magician and ventriloquist, took a seat in an omnibus, containing seven or eight passengers.—The coach had scarcely proceeded a couple of squares, when the driver heard some one exclaim—

"Hold up—hold up, I say!"

The horses were stopped and John looked around smilingly for his passenger, but none appeared. With an immodest exclamation, he gathered up his reins and said, "get up." Pretty soon some one cried out—

"Stop, driver, stop!"

The driver again stopped, and looking down into the coach, inquired what was wanting. The passengers eyed each other, as much as to say, "I don't speak."

Again the coach rolled on, only to be stopped at the next corner by the heart-rending squeaking of a poor, run-over pig. Instantly each head was thrust out the windows to behold the death struggles of the grunter, but no grunter was to be seen. In another minute some one exclaimed in a gruff voice—

"Keep off my toes!"

Every one looked around, but in vain, for the man with the damaged toes. The passengers were completely bewildered. At the next crossing the coach stopped to take in a lady. Hardly had she taken her seat, before she exclaimed—

Let me be—keep your hands off me!"

The gentleman seated next to her, said, very innocently,

"I didn't touch you, madam."

And the driver, looking down, shouted,

"Look-a-here, in there; if you're gentlemen, I'd thank you not to take improper liberties with the lady passenger—it won't do!"

The lady made an observation, as the coach rolled on, but she was not understood. They had scarcely gone a square further, when the passengers were startled by the cries of an infant. Instantly all eyes were fixed upon a middle-aged gentleman, who had a carpet bag in his lap.—The man blushed, and stammered out a barely intelligible—

"What the deuce is all this about?"

"Let me out!" screamed a lady.

"Murder!" screamed a boy on the steps, while three or four tugged lustily at the strap.

"What is the matter in there" inquired the driver.

"Matter enough," replied a gentleman, "take my fare out of this quarter."

"Keep your hands out of my pockets!" proceeded from some one.

"Did you address me, sir?" asked another.

"I didn't speak at all," gravely replied the man with the quarter.

"Because, sir, no one shall, with impunity, accuse——

Again the baby was heard to cry.

"Shame!" said some one.

"Who would have believed it!" remarked another, while a third (Blitz, of course) shook the omnibus with a hoarse laugh.—Thinking he had fun enough, the ventriloquist paid his fair and jumped out of the omnibus. Scarcely had he reached the side-walk, however, before the driver heard the words "hold up!" from four quarter in as many seconds, but not a passenger could he discern. Filled with wonder, he hurried on his way, Blitz is a great fellow.—*City Item.*

IMPORTANCE OF PURE WATER FOR CATTLE.—Lawrence, in his Farmers' and Graziers' Complete Guide, has the following:

"Dr. Jenner, who conferred that great benefit on mankind—the cow pock inoculation—considered that giving pure water to cows was of more importance than persons are generally aware. There were farmers in his neighborhood, whose cows, while they drank pond water, were rarely ever free from Red water or swelled udders, and the losses they sustained from these causes, together with the numerous abortions their cows suffered, increased to an alarming extent. One of them at length, supposing that the water they drank had something to do with producing their disorders, sunk three wells on different parts of the farm, and pumped the water into troughs for the cattle. His success was gratifying; the red water soon ceased, the swellings subsided; and the produce of the renovated animals increased both in quantity and quality. Other farmers followed the same practice; and in less than six months not a case of red-water, swollen udder, or abortion was heard of in the neighborhood."

FREE NEGROES AT THE SOUTH.—The Charleston Mercury opposes the proposition to remove the free negroes from that State. It considers such a measure objectionable on the score of expediency. It says they are a peaceable and orderly people, and it has seen no reason to suspect them either of a disposition or conspiracy or to riot. Their sympathies are with the whites rather than with the blacks. Many of them are slaveholders and a good proportion are industrious, sober and useful members of the community.

At Newark, New Jersey, on Wednesday, while the Chief Justice was sentencing some convicted prisoners, one of them, James Welch, raised the window of the room in which they were placed, and sprang to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet, clearing the area beneath, and made his escape. He had been sentenced to six months in the State prison, and is described as one of the most reckless of those convicted.

GROUND TO DEATH.—The New Orleans Picayune says a negro woman, belonging to Messrs. Thibodaux & Baby, of the parish of Terrebonne, was caught in a sugar mill a few days ago, and was ground up to the head—her body cut limbs going through the mill. The death was a horrible one, and yet the thought will obtrude itself: who is to eat the sugar?