

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 21, 1851.

NUMBER 21.

DAQUERREOTYPES.

C. B. PIERCE & W. R. FREE,
RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity that they are prepared to execute likenesses on plates, from the smallest to the largest sizes, *Single or in Groups*, and neatly set in Frames, Cases, Lockets, Pins, Rings, Bracelets, &c., in every variety of style. **PAINTINGS, MINIATURES, and ENGRAVINGS accurately copied.** Miniatures of deceased persons and invalids taken at residences.

They have taken the readiness to execute every thing pertaining to our profession in a style fully equal if not superior to any thing that has heretofore been produced. Having availed ourselves of all the later improvements in the Art, possessing an apparatus of superior quality, we are enabled to take likenesses in all kinds of weather, and in that softness, strength and beauty of tone, with their entire durability, which give such value to the Daguerreotype.

They have taken the Hall recently occupied by the Sons of Temperance, in Carlisle street, which will be open at all hours of the day.

Persons desirous of obtaining Miniatures, will please call early as their stay is limited. Dark apparel will secure the best pictures.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to visit our rooms and examine specimens, whether they wish a likeness or not.

Instructions given in the Art, and Apparatus furnished on reasonable terms.

Feb. 7, 1851.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, Executor of the Estate of **JAMES H. TAYLOR**, late of Mendenhall township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on *Friday, the 28th day of March next*, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, in Butler township, Adams county, a

TRACT OF LAND.

situate in said township, adjoining lands of John Steiner, John Warner and others, containing **FIVE ACRES**, more or less, on which are erected a one-and-a-half story

DWELLING.

Log and Weatherboard, a frame Shop, and a small Stable. There is a well of water on the premises, and a Nursery, containing a variety of fruit trees, with other appurtenances. Also, will be sold, at the same time and place, the interest of said deceased in a Tract of Mountain Land, situate in Franklin township, containing 188 ACRES, more or less. Also, at the same time and place, will be sold, a **NURSEERY**, containing a variety of Fruit Trees, together with some Personal Property, including a Cooking Stove, &c.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by **GEORGE E. STARKY, Exr.** By the Court—**H. DEWINDT, Clerk.** Feb. 28, 1851—18

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, one of the Executors of the Estate of **CONRAD WEAVER**, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Pa., deceased, will sell, at Public Sale, on *Saturday the 29th day of March next*, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a half

Lot of Ground.

situate in the Borough of Gettysburg aforesaid, fronting on West York street, adjoining the Eagle Hotel, on which are erected a two-story brick

Dwelling House.

with a one-story Back Building, a frame Stable and Ice-house, with other out-buildings; also a well of water at the kitchen door, a Hydrant, with a variety of choice Fruit Trees.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by **SAMUEL WEAVER.** By the Court—**H. DEWINDT, Clerk.** Feb. 28, 1851—18

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned having been appointed Assignee, by **GEORGE JACOBS**, ex- of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, under a deed of voluntary assignment for the benefit of creditors, notice is hereby given to all persons having any claims against said George Jacobs, to present the same properly authenticated for settlement, and those indebted will please make payment without delay to the subscriber residing near East Berlin, Pa.

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of **GEORGE MILLER**, late of Cumberland township, Adams county, deceased, have been granted to the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said Estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same properly authenticated to the subscribers, for settlement.

W. S. HAMILTON, MARGARET MILLER, Executors. The first named Executor resides in Franklin township, the last named in Cumberland township.

STRAY HOG.

CAME to the premises of the Subscriber, in Hamilton township, Adams county, on the 1st of November last, a **STRAY HOG**, weighing about 100 pounds, white color and no marks. The owner is desired to prove property, pay charges and take it away.

NICHOLAS STULTZ.

March 14—18

DEATH OF SWARD, THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Earl lay on his purple bed, Faint and weary was his head, Where the snow of age was shed— Heavy on his eyes were laid. Never more his eyes were dark, Will East Sward guide his bark Through the dashing billow. Never from that bed of pain Will the warrior rise again. Yes, he will arise—on now Bed he flings as he would: Like the light before him now Is the dark eye's gleaming. No, it never shall be said Sward died within his bed, With his curtain streaming. Whose sole curtain with to Banners red with victory. "Lift me up!" the seeling said; At the word his sons obeyed, And the old man was conveyed Where the sea was sounding. At his ancient castle gate, Death's dark coming to await, With his knights surrounding; Morn was reddening in the sky As the Earl came forth to die.

In a carved oak chair, Gazed with eaving count and rare, The Earl sat in his study fair, In the chieftain's seat; As when a young knight, In his high ancestral hall, Bards his deeds repeated, And there was no other song Than what bore his name along. Round him swept his mantle red, Like a chief apparelled, With his helmet on his head— With his white plumes flying: At his side a sword and lance, And the spear in his right hand, Mid the dead and dying. Where the battle raged the worst, Ever was that night found first He, the banner of the wild— Who "invincible" was styled— Now is feebly as a child. By his mother sleeping; But his mind is unassailed, Fearless is the warrior's mood, While his eyes are keeping The best of watch and ward long, That his spirit may be known. As a ship cuts through the froth, Shining comes the morning forth From his own ancestral North; While each ray vapor Kindles beautiful and bright, With transcendent light, But the human taper Hath an even brighter ray. Strange, oh life, thy decay! Haughtily his castle stands, On a rock, amidst the sands, Where the waves, in gathered bands, Day by day are dashing. Nearer is the sounding shore Still with their eternal roar, And their strife is dashing. There the future longest light, And the stars that watch at night. Sward's look is on the foam, Where his childhood wont to roam; For the sea has been his home From his earliest hours, Gathering the coloring shells, While the future longest dwells. As some gather flowers, Trembling when a rosy boy, With a fierce and eager joy, Many things long since forgot, In a herd and hurried lot, Now the stars are shining, Not the stars, the stars are shining; But he saw a blue-eyed maid, Long since 'mid the long grass laid, And the true friends departed. There the sea's dark eye, Only may the sea-herd cry. Longer do the shadows fall Of his castle's ancient wall, Yet the old man sits—while all Stand behind him weeping; But behind them stand, for he Would not break many a tear to see. One fair child is sleeping; To his grandchild's bed he crept, Weeping, silent, but he slept. Heavily beneath his mail Seem'd Earl Sward's breath to fail, And his hand lay cold, And his hand lay cold. Crimson rose the sky and surge, Stars are on the horizon's verge. Night and death are ready: There in ocean goes the sun, And Earl Sward's life is done.

ELOQUENT.—The following beautiful extracts are taken from the peroration of a speech delivered by **GEN. CASS**, at a celebration of the completion of the **Washington and Erie Canal**:

"I have stood upon the plain of Marathon, the battle-field of Liberty. It is silent and desolate. Neither Greek nor Persian is there to give life and animation to the scene. It is bounded by sterile hills on one side, and lashed by the eternal waves of the Aegean sea on the other. But Greek and Persian were once there, and they there with hostile armies, who fought the great light which illumined Greece from the yoke of Persia. I have stood upon the hill of Zion, the city of Jerusalem, the scene of our Redeemer's sufferings, and crucifixion and ascension. But the sceptre has departed from Judah, and its glory from the capital of Sodom. The Assyrian, the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Arab, the Turk, and the Crusader, have passed over this chief place of Israel, and have left it in its power and beauty. Well has the denunciation of the prophet of misfortunes been fulfilled, when he related that 'the Lord had set his face against this city for evil, and not for good,' when he pronounced the words of the Most High, 'I will cause to cease from the city of Judah, and from the streets of Jerusalem, the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate.'"

FARMS.—To have mud scows named after you.

GOLD and silver are too heavy to carry to heaven, but in good hands they pave the way thither.

A **COCK** paper says that the terrible death that Mr. Mallory met with on the rail-road, terminated fatally.

Give your children education, and no tyrant will tempt on your liberties— Give your children education, and the ally of the despots will never transpire the fabric of your freedom.

GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT.

Fortune associates the names of some men with objects which are enduring—Scott's military history opens with his night victory on the heights of Niagara, where the thunder of his cannon mingled with the overlying roar of the cataract. His latest and most glorious achievements were performed at the other extremity of the continent, within sight of the blue cone of Popocatepetl. His early victories on the northern frontier won for him at the age of twenty-eight, the rank of Major General; and they remind us of the youth of Washington, without the glory of Braddock's defeat. But in his march to the capital of Mexico, there is a splendor of military achievement and romantic adventure, which darkens the hitherto undimmed lustre of Cortez on the same victorious path.

Winfield Scott is descended from a Scotch ancestry. His grandfather—whose brother was slain upon the field of Culloden—being involved in the rebellion of 1745, emigrated to Virginia, bringing with him little but an English education. A respectable marriage, and emigration at the bar, however, restored his fortunes. He died at an early age, but the germ he planted flourished in that generous soil. His son William married Ann Mason, a gifted and noble woman; and their youngest child is the subject of this sketch. The death of his father, during the infancy of Winfield, devolved the education of the family on Mrs. Scott, who discharged her trust with Christian fidelity. She died in 1803, leaving Scott in his sixteenth year. After various and successful studies under the best masters, and at the College of William and Mary, he was admitted to the bar in 1806 and began the practice of the law. He resided with Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and enjoyed at the time, and long afterwards, the eminent advantages of that great man's counsel, direction and friendship. It is singular that our two greatest Generals were brought into the army by the same event—the attack on the Chesapeake—and at the same time.

In May, 1808, Scott received his commission of Captain of Light Artillery, and in 1809, was transferred to the camp at New Orleans. A free expression of opinion on the conduct of his late General, cost him a suspension from the army for a year, which he spent in the house of his friend Mr. Leigh, engaged in the study of international law, and the science of war. He came forth from this transient eclipse—which had been regarded with no dishonor—fully prepared for the approaching conflict.

The second War of Independence was declared against England, June 18, 1812. The following month Scott received a Lieutenant Colonel's commission, and was ordered to the conduct of his late General's face of the coming tempest would expand itself. The disastrous surrender of General Hull had covered the army with shame, and the nation with gloom. The appearance of Scott on the frontier at this dark period, was like the appearance of Godfrey at the head of the disheartened Crusaders. The battle of Queenstown Heights, although a defeat, gave to America the prestige of a victory.

In 1813, an exchange of prisoners restored Scott to his country. He again hastened to the frontier, and on May 27, captured Fort George. The brilliant victory of Chippewa, wrested by superior skill and science on a fair field, from the best troops of England, excited the admiration of the veteran Generals of the old world. Scarcely twenty days after, was gained the decisive victory of Niagara, which paralyzed the strength of the British Army. The victorious General was borne from the scene of his glory to the care of surgeons. After several weeks he could bear the motion of a litter, and on the shoulder of the gentlemen of the country, he was carried to the Atlantic coast, amid the acclamations of his grateful countrymen. Restored, at last, from his wounds, he was offered, on the restoration of peace, the office of Secretary of War, which he modestly declined. He was then sent to Europe, for the restoration of his health, and to perfect himself in the science of war. In Paris he found letters of introduction from Kosciuszko to Carnot, and the principal marshals of the French Empire. The battle of Waterloo had been fought, and Napoleon was on his way to his island prison. But the man who had created heroes grasp the hand of his young brother from the West. He saw the chiefs of Europe; he visited their great battle-fields, surveyed their fortifications, studied their systems, and came home to teach it to the American Army. Scott has been our scientific teacher. He has done for us what Hannibal did for Carthage, what Napoleon did for France. From the closet he has sent forth Europe, which are standard authority in Europe, and in the field he has educated our Generals. In 1823, he took the direction of the Black Hawk war, and soon brought it to a close. His unshaken firmness, his humane magnanimity, and his personal sacrifices during the appalling ravages of the cholera in his camp, were above all praise. He visited the sick, buried the dead, and sustained the flagging spirit of his brave men.

His next scene of duty and glory opens in the gallant State of North Carolina, where he was sent to guard and if necessary, to vindicate the integrity of the Union. Firmness, discretion, and patriotism, averted the calamity, and restored tranquility to the republic. In '26 he suppressed a rebellion of the Seminoles, and in '28 subdued the Creeks. To him was confided the delicate and difficult mission of preserving the public faith and honor during the troubles of Canada. That frontier witnessed one of his great civic triumphs; and in coming ages his fame will rest more on the wars he has averted than on the battles he has won; although he has been the hero of the Republic. He was despatched to the Southern border of the Republic to remove the Cherokee beyond the Mississippi. The torch of savage war was lighted. Other Generals would have extinguished it in blood—he did it by persuasive negotiations, and that entire nation voluntarily abandoned the lands and the graves of their fathers. Again he was hurried away to the North-Eastern frontier, where his efficient military arrangements, diplomatic tact, and great discretion, saved the two Anglo-Saxon nations from a sanguinary conflict. In '41 he became commander of the army, and remained at his post in Washington till his instructions carried him beyond the limits of the Republic to end the war with Mexico. He was compelled to organize and discipline the army. March 26, 1847, he took the castle and city of Vera Cruz. He fought the battle of Cerro Gordo on the 18th of the following month, and, in September, entered the Capital of Mexico.

THE ROMAN BED-TIME.
An immense majority of men in Rome never light a candle, unless sometimes in the early dawn. And this custom of Rome was the custom of all the nations that lived around the great pond of the Mediterranean. In Athens, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, every where the smoking white torch, like good boys, from 7 to 9 o'clock. The Turks and other good people, who have succeeded to the habits and stations of the ancients, do so to this day.

The Roman, therefore, who saw no joke in sitting around the table in the dark, went off to bed as soon as the darkness began. Every body did so. Old Numa Pompilius was obliged to trample himself off in the dusk. Tarquin might be a very supercilious fellow; but we doubt whether he ever saw a farthing's worth of light. And though it may be thought that plots of counsel could flourish in such a city of darkness, it is to be considered that the conspirators had no more enemies than themselves than honest men—both parties were in the dark.

Being up then, and stirring not long after the bark, what mischief did the Roman go about first? Now-a-days, he would have taken a pipe or a cigar. But, alas for the ignorance of the poor heathen creatures! they had neither the one nor the other. In this point we must tax our modern earth with being really too stungy. In case of the candles, we approved of her parsimony. Much mischief brewed by candle light. But it was coming to strong to allow no tobacco. Many a wild fellow in Rome, your Gracchi, Sylla, Cæcilius, would have played their part in the way they did, if they could have soothed their angry stomachs with a cigar— a pipe has intercepted many an evil scheme. But the thing is just helping now. At Rome, you must do as they do—at Rome—*De Quinzey.*

ATTENTION OF GREAT BRITAIN TO SUPPORT LITTLE THINGS.—Sir Philip Francis once wanted upon Burke, by appointment, to read over to him some papers respecting Mr. Hastings's delinquencies. He called on Mr. Burke, in his way to the house of a friend, with whom he was engaged to dine. He found him in his garden, holding a grasshopper: "what a beautiful animal is this!" said Mr. Burke; "observe its structure; its legs, its wings, its eyes." "How can you," said Sir Philip, "allow your time in admiring such an animal, when you have so many others of importance to attend to?" "Yet Socrates," said Mr. Burke, "according to the exhibition of him in Aristophanes, attended to a much less object; he actually measured the proportion which its size bore to the space it passed over in its flight. I think the length of a grasshopper does not exceed its length; let us see." "My dear friend," said Sir Francis, "I am in a great hurry; let us walk in, and let me read my papers to you." Into the house they walked; Sir Philip began to read, and Mr. Burke appeared to listen. At length, Sir Philip having mislaid a paper, pursued, "I think," said Mr. Burke, "that naturalists are now agreed, that *lacerta*, not *caecilia*, is the Latin word for grasshopper. What's your opinion, Sir Philip?" "My opinion," answered Sir Philip, "is that you should attend to the grasshopper in front of your head, it will be able to talk to you of the concerns of India."—*Bulter's Reminiscences.*

A CARD OF ELEPHANTS.—S. B. June, whom we formerly announced as having come to Galie in a vessel from America, for a cargo of elephants, has succeeded in obtaining the object of his search. On his arrival at Colombo he was informed that the government had elephants for sale; but he happened to meet him one day in search of what was here called "government." With his Yankee-head business notions, he supposed that, if a party knew what price to ask for it, Government has elephants for sale, and every person; but nobody, individually or collectively, could be found to fix a price at which they would be sold; so that he declared there was really no government in Ceylon. Failing in this direction, Mr. June, a perfect stranger to the country, and assured by many residents that he could not, in any reasonable time, obtain the number of elephants he required, went into the interior, and notwithstanding the usual weariness of the season, succeeded in picking up between 20 and 30 elephants, which are now on their way to Galie, to be shipped on board the American barque *Rogata*, now lying there in waiting for him. We wish Mr. June and his "boys and girls," as he calls them, a quick and safe passage to Yankee land.—*Colombo Ceylon Observer.*

GIRARD ORPHAN COLLEGE.—We learn from the third annual report of this orphan institution, located at Philadelphia, that the number of pupils now receiving the benefits of the institution is 308 of whom 240 were born in the city of Philadelphia, and 50 in other parts of Pennsylvania. This institution is now in the full tide of successful operation.

Among the curiosities added to the Schenckenday Museum, is a squaw's bladder, containing the souls of 12 misers, and the fortunes of 12 printers—nearly half full.

MASTER AND PUPIL.

Col. James Tappan, a venerable citizen of Gloucester, Massachusetts, now 84 years of age, recently addressed a letter to the Hon. Daniel Webster, reminding him that more than sixty years ago he (Mr. W.) was one of his pupils, when he taught school at "New Salisbury." The Gloucester News publishes Mr. Webster's prompt answer to his old friend and early teacher, and remarks: "We doubt if any letter that Mr. Webster has written to public bodies, or any of the thousand great and noble acts of his life, reflect more credit upon him than this kind letter and generous gift to his aged and unfortunate old school-master." It is indeed a beautiful letter, alike honorable to the head and heart of the writer; and, as the editor of the News remarks, at a time when envy and malice are dealing blows from all quarters at America's greatest statesman, when his public course is derided and execrated by political opponents, and the best charges are brought against his moral character," it sheds upon his name and character a fresh glory, that, long after his petty traducers shall be dead and forgotten, will remain undimmed in the hearts of his countrymen.

Here is the letter of Mr. Webster, and its value and interest are enhanced by the fact that no allusion is made in it to an enclosed fifty dollar bank note:

MASTER TAPPAN.—I thank you for your letter, and am rejoiced to hear that you are yet among the living. I remember you perfectly well as a teacher in my infant years. I suppose my mother must have never been able to recollect the time when I could not read the Bible. I think Master Chubb was my earliest schoolmaster, probably when I was three or four years old. Then came Master Tappan. You boarded at our house, and sometimes I think in the family of Mr. Benjamin Sabin, our neighbor, the lane now—Most of those whom you knew in New Salisbury, have gone to their graves. Mr. John Sabin, the son of Benjamin, is yet living, but is about your age. Mr. John Gully, who married my eldest sister, is also living. On the "North Road" is Mr. Benjamin Hunt, and on the "South Road" is Mr. Benjamin Pettungall. I think of none else among the living whom you would probably remember.

You have indeed lived a chequered life. I hope you have been able to bear prosperity with meekness, and adversity with patience. These things are all ordered for ourselves. We may pray for the forgiveness of our sins; we may pray to be kept from temptation; and that the kingdom of God may come in us, and in all men, and his will every where be done. But beyond this we hardly know for what good to supplicate the Divine mercy. Our Heavenly Father knoweth what we have need of better than we know ourselves, and we are sure that his eye and his loving kindness are upon us and around us every moment.

I thank you again, my good old master, for your kind letter, which has awakened many sleeping recollections; and with all good wishes I remain your friend and pupil.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

A FACT IN DEEP PLOUGHING.
Having been for a long time, an attentive reader of the *Newspaper*, especially the farmers' department, and having seen many articles on cultivation of corn, I have concluded to give you my experience for the last two years. Previous to that I had followed the old plan of shallow ploughing and high hilling. Now for the other way. In the spring of 1849, I took five acres of ground that had wheat on it the year before, and had for a number of years been rather hard run by sowing in wheat one year and planted to corn the next, until the surface soil was worn so low that twelve bushels of wheat and forty bushels of corn were an average crop. On the five acres, I put eight-inch furrows of barn-yard manure, the greater part of it straw, only partially rotted, and ploughed it as follows:—Taking two teams and two ploughs, I began by a furrow seven inches deep, with the first plough, then followed in the same furrow with the plough, turning another furrow six inches deep, making thirteen inches of soil turned; I then harrowed and marked it making the rows four feet apart both ways, and planted on the 22d of May. As soon as the corn was large enough to follow the rows, I cultivated it both ways, and had a hill to follow with a hoe to set up the hills that were partially covered up. I went through it twice afterwards with a cultivator, but made no hills, leaving the surface as level as possible. I cut it up the 17th of September, and from the five acres, harvested seven hundred and six bushels of corn. Now I don't call this a brag crop, for I am well aware that it can be beat—but it shows the difference between half doing and doing it well. The corn was hauled off and the ground sowed to wheat, being ploughed as deep as the same could be, and one hundred and ninety bushels, thirty-eight bushels to the acre. I have managed my corn ground in the same manner this season, and from the present appearance shall have as good a crop as I had last.

An old "revolutionary" says, that of all the sublime hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the widow Bean's, after being sold by her daughter Sally, that he never came again, was the most so.

Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so long, that nothing but death (or the Legislature) can annul it?

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Not long since, at a convivial party, at which Mr. Webster and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happening to turn on the legal profession, Mr. Webster related the following story:

"When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man in the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared to enter the lists with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little, crabbid, cunning lawyer, called Bruce. Bruce's case was looked on as good as lost, when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and it could be impeached, the case of the defendant was lost.

"The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In examining up for the defence, Old Barnaby continued a furious attack on this witness, putting his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was under any circumstances to be believed.

"And who is this red coated witness?" exclaimed Barnaby, "but a descendant of our common ancestor, who has sneaked to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his hand by making any sort of a red-coated statement.

"During this speech, Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the prejudice of the jury against anything British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was gesticulating, and appealing to the jury in his eloquent and plain, his shirt bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red undershirt.

"Bruce's countenance brightened up, putting both hands in his coat pockets, he walked the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all the lookers-on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in the ear of his client: 'I've got him—your case is safe; and appealing to the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary.

"Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country and his character for truth and veracity.

"But what gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when gentlemen of the jury—when, when, gentlemen of the jury!" (Here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red fannel.) "When Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red fannel coat concealed under a blue coat!"

"The effect was electrical? Barnaby was beaten at his own game, and Bruce gained the cause."

TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.
The friends of Temperance in Philadelphia are circulating a Memorial to the Legislature which contains some startling statements. It is signed by a quantity of ardent spirits, and was imported into the port of Philadelphia during the year 1849 and the first six months of 1850, was 1,418,380 gallons, valued at \$751,128, while the importation of the same articles, during the years 1840, 1847, and 1848, was 1,203,426 gallons, at a value of \$752,508. Thus it appears that in a period of eighteen months more of these liquors have been imported, than there was in double the time before; and they urge as a fair inference that the present license system has greatly promoted the consumption and increased the importation as above. They state further, that prior to the 10th of April, 1849, the licensed houses for the sale of spirituous and malt liquors did not exceed seven hundred and fifty, and they now number two thousand four hundred and thirty-two. These are employed in selling domestic as well as foreign liquors, and it is reasonable to suppose that the use of both has increased in a like proportion.

GEN. SCOTT AND GOV. MARCY.—One of the pleasing incidents in Washington, just before the adjournment of Congress, was the meeting of Gen. Scott and Gov. Marcy. At a party embracing upwards of one hundred distinguished gentlemen, foreign ministers, &c., Gen. Scott, in the enjoyment of the advantage which his tall form affords him, of overlooking an assembly of guests, espied Gov. Marcy in another part of the room. "These gentlemen had not exchanged a friendly word since Mr. Secretary Matcy's fire upon the gallant General as he was about setting out for Mexico." Upon seeing Gov. Marcy, Gen. Scott immediately observed, "There's Marcy, I must go and speak with him for the first time since our part and ink contest." A movement which the General's friends standing near him warmly approved. Crossing over to where Gov. Marcy was standing, Gen. Scott tendered his hand with a graceful offer of a renewal of friendship and forgetfulness of the past. Gov. Marcy, grasping it, thanked him warmly, and the event shed a rare light and beauty upon the festivities of the evening. Subsequently, Gov. Marcy took occasion, in replying to an complimentary sentiment, to refer to his acquaintance with the gallant and brilliant deeds of Gen. Scott during the war.

Graves say that the principal production of Great Britain are east winds, fog, rheumatism, pulmonary complaints and taxes. He says her imports are log-wood, fether Port wine, dinkers, and cider for the lovers of "old Mocha."

Recruits Wanted.

We find the following in one of our exchanges. The advertiser would do well to call on us, as our town can furnish a "recruit" of the best recruits:

YOUNG MEN WANTED.—Wanted, one hundred and Seventy-five young men, of all sorts and sizes, from the tall and graceful dandy with hair enough on his lip to stuff a barber's cushion, down to the hump-backed, freckle-faced, bow-legged, castro-headed peasant.

The object is to form a gipping corps, to be in attendance at the church doors, before and after divine service, to stare at the females as they ascend and descend the church steps, and to make delicate and gentlemanly remarks on their persons and dresses. All who wish to enlist in the above corps will please to appear opposite St. Paul's Church, next Sabbath morning, where they will be duly inspected by the recruiting officer, and their names registered.

To prevent a general rush, it will be well to state, that none will be employed who have intellectual capacities above those of a well-bred donkey.

ANECDOTE OF BANKING.—"Talk of banking," said a friend of ours, the other day, "I'll tell you a curious fact relating to the craft. When old S—, the banker, felt his health fast declining, he called for the iron box and said—

"William I have sent for you to talk to you very seriously. I have long observed the steadiness of your conduct; I hope you will continue in the same course. By my will you will find that I have divided my property equally among your prudence, at Doctors' Commons, but I am not worth a shilling. Our bank is rotten, and has been for years."

"No money!" said William, "I always thought you were very rich—have you not a large sum in the iron box?"

"Ah, William," said the old man, "that iron box was to blind the clerks. The box is empty and has been for years. Continue, however, my dear boy, to attend to business—come licker your may open—the bank is all I can leave you; make the most of it—keep the secret, and the secret will keep you for years."

A "HAPPY" EXPLANATION.—A party assembled at dinner one day, at a hospitable mansion in the South of France, under the genial presidency of a bachelor, the wine went freely around, and a very long sederunt was terminated by the party, with one exception, retiring from the dining room to enjoy coffee and cigars. This exception was an elderly gentleman, renowned for his social qualities, who had been selected to fill the seat at the other end of the table, and who had freely exerted himself in the performance of his duties. Not relishing the smoking part of the entertainment, he kept his seat for a little while in deep meditation, and then ringing the bell, informed the old butler of his intention to retire for the night. "Thinking he saw something like a snail, on the servant's face he turned grayly, roared, saying, 'Ah, John, I think I go to bed; I'm no fool, John, mind that; I'm not the least fool, but I'm just fatigued with drinking.'"—*Dunfries Courier.*

On the 15th ultimo the Senate of Mississippi unanimously directed the Governor of the State to return the resolutions of the late Nashville Convention to its Secretary or President, "without notice or comment," and resolved that as legislators or individuals they would "abstain" from communications from persons who can so fully take the interests of the people as to "claim" the right in a State to decide on the propriety of secession, and that such resolutions "emanate from deluded fanatics, and from the traitors of our country." While the Convention, and anti-Bentonites all joined in this heavy stone against the applicant of the dead and—sadden humors. Missions, it has no sympathy for traitors or misdoers, North or South.

N. O. Bulletin.
MARRIAGE OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.—President Bonaparte's friends are said to be making a marriage for him with the Infanta Amelia, of Spain. The young lady is seventeen, pretty, accomplished, and rich. The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial is "more inclined to believe in the earnestness of the President in his last few months certain matters that afforded ground for scandal have disappeared."

Messrs. Clineham and Stanley.—The *National Intelligencer* is authorized to state that the difficulty between Messrs. Clineham and Stanley, which occurred in the House of Representatives on Monday night of last week, was, through the intervention of mutual friends, honorably and satisfactorily settled before the adjournment of Congress.

COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.—The *National Intelligencer* says that the statement so positively made in letters from Washington, and extensively repeated in the Northern papers, of the removal from the office of Mr. Fowbank, Commissioner of Patents, has reason to believe to be entirely unfounded.

One reason why the Londoners omitted to use the word in constructing the blueprint of the World's Fair is, that there would be no many Yankees there; they are so afraid they would shillie it down. No one would be there to see it.

Adversity, exasperates fools, dejects towards, draws out the faculty of the wise and industrious, puts the modest to the necessity of trying their skill, awes the pupil, and makes the idle industrious.

From Mexico. "The number of deaths in the city of Mexico, for the year 1849, was 15,330, of which 9,819 were cholera alone. The number of burials during the year was 8,220, showing a decrease in the population of 7,007. The number of marriages was 1,310.

How can a man who has no wings be said to be "winged" in an affair of honor? Because, in going to fight a duel, he makes a goose of himself.