THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXII. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 28, 1851. NUMBER 4.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

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 hold themselves in 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, 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 be given and terms made known on day of sale by

SAMUEL WEAVER.

By the Court—H. DENWIDDIE, Clerk.

Feb. 28.—ts One of the Ex'rs.

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.

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 the month of 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. Kurtz, D.D.	Rev. Dr. Schmucker,
J. A. Thompson,	Rev. Dr. Baugher,
R. G. Blaine,	Rev. Dr. Kreuth,
Dr. D. Horner,	Prof. Jacobs,
Hon. M. McLean,	Prof. Stover,
J. B. Danner,	Rev. R. Johnston,

Aug. 30, (March 3.)—1y.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned, having been appointed Assignee, by GEORGE JACOBS, sr. 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.

J. J. KUHN, Assignee.

March 14—3t

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, of all kinds, and best quality, just received and for sale by

S. H. BUEHLER.

☞ The New England Diadem gives its readers the following beautiful stanzas, which were suggested by hearing read an extract of a letter from Capt. Chase, giving an account of the sickness and death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Brown Owen, who died on his passage to California. We have but seldom met any thing so painfully interesting in every line, and it will be read with "teary eyes" by many who have lost brothers, fathers, husbands, or sons on their way to, or after having reached, the land of Gold and of Graves.

Lay up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth drearer,
When thy arms around me fold;
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me in your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Hearken to me, brother, hearken,
I have something I would say,
Ere the veil my vision darken,
And I go from hence away;
I am going, surely going,
But my hope in God is strong,
I am willing, brother, knowing
That he doeth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you greet him,
That in death I prayed for him,
Prayed that I may one day meet him,
In a world that's free from sin;
Tell my mother, (God assist her
Now that she is growing old,)
Say her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Listen, brother, catch each whisper,
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now,
Tell, oh tell her, how I missed her,
When the fever burned my brow;
Tell her, brother, closely listen,
Don't forget a single word,
That in death my eyes did glisten
With the tears her memory stirred.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed,
Hold them as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their maker,
Putting all her trust in God,
And he never will forsake her,
For He's said so in His Word.

Oh, my children! Heaven bless them!
They were all my life to me,
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea;
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean,
What my hopes were I'll not tell,
But I have gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doeth all things well.

Tell my sisters I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender,
By the thoughts their mem'ry stirred;
Tell them I never reached the haven
Where I sought the "precious dust,"
But I have gained a port called Heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their brother there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance
Will secure for each a share—
Hark! I hear my Saviour Speaking,
'Tis I know his voice so well;
When I am gone, oh don't be weeping,
Brother, here's my last farewell.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

The editor of the Albany Atlas translates the following from the French:—

"A girl, young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of candour, lately presented herself before a Parisian lawyer, (we translate the incident from the French journals for the benefit of our home-made attorneys,) and thus addressed him: "Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a grave affair. I want to oblige a man I love to marry me in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?" The gentleman of the bar had of course, a sufficiently elastic conscience. He reflected a moment; then, being sure that no third person overheard him, replied unhesitatingly—"Mademoiselle, according to our law, you already possess the means of forcing a man to marry you. You must remain on three occasions alone with him; then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover." "And will that suffice, Monsieur?" "Yes, Mademoiselle, with one further condition." "Well!—" "That you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you remain a good quarter of an hour with the individual said to have trifled with your affections." "Very well, Monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day." A few days afterwards, the young girl returned. She is mysteriously received by the lawyer, who scarcely giving her time to seat herself, questions her with the most lively curiosity. "Well, Mademoiselle, how do matters prosper?" "Oh! all goes on swimmingly. I have passed a half hour with my intended. I have been seen to go up stairs and come down again. I have four witnesses who will affirm this under oath." "Capital! capital! Persevere in your design, Mademoiselle; but mind, the next time you consult me you must tell me the name of the young man we are going to render happy in spite of himself." "You shall have it without fail." A fortnight afterwards, the young person, more *naive* and candid than ever, knocked discreetly at the door of her counsel's room. No sooner was she within, than she flung herself hastily into a chair, saying that she had mounted the stairs too rapidly, and that emotion made her breathless. Her counsel endeavored to reassure her; and made her inhale salts, and even proposed to unlace her garments. "It is useless, Monsieur," said she, "I am much better." "Well, now do tell me the name of the fortunate mortal you are going to espouse." "Are you very impatient to know it?" "Exceedingly so." "Well, then, the fortunate mortal, be it known to you, is—yourself!" said the young beauty, bursting into a laugh. "I love you; I have been three times *tete-a-tete* with you, and my four witnesses are below, ready and willing to accompany us to the magistrate," gravely continued the narrator. The lawyer, thus fairly caught, had the good sense not to get angry. The most singular fact of all is, that he adores his young wife, who, by the way, makes an excellent housekeeper.

Good breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and trifling fashions, and it does not wear in where it is the most wanted, against insults as against injuries.

AN OLD CORPORAL'S STORY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

We take the following extract from an article in the March number of the Republic, a Monthly Magazine of American Literature, Politics and Arts, edited by Thomas R. Whitney, Esq., and published at two dollars a year. The office of publication is 100 Nassau street. The Magazine is thoroughly American, and deserves the support of those who believe that there is such a thing as American Literature. It is filled with excellent matter, illustrated and printed in handsome style. The extract which we give below is from the pen of the editor:

I shan't forget it, said the old man with a slow shake of the head; I shan't forget that night the longest day that I live. You have heard, my boy, how General Washington—peace to his memory!—was obliged to quit York by a council vote, and go up to Harlem Heights, when the British General Howe, who commanded the red coats, was just about moving in. I only wish we'd a stayed there. But no matter. Washington, with the main body of his army, went up to the Heights, and General Putnam, with our brigade, was ordered to camp just outside the city—'twaint half as big then as 'tis now, though—and we stopped at Coleara Hook, and 'camped. This was along about the middle of September, in 1776, just after the Declaration of Independence was signed. There we stayed about half a day and one night; and that was long enough too.—What could we do there? a little handful against all Howe's army. Old Put was desperet proud at being left there. He was no coward, my boy, I tell you; and we all used to think he'd a little rather fight than eat, any day. But when the red coats came on us on three sides, and two of them was betwixt us and the Heights, I tell you it looked squally.—There was only one way left, however, and that was to fight our way through.—Our General wasn't afraid of Satan himself; but he knew that we were in a bad condition, and that we looked to him to get us out of it. First of all there was a full brigade of red coats, with cavalry coming towards us from the city; and there was another coming down from Kipp's Bay; and another from the North River, where they'd landed, and our division was frittered away to almost nothing. They numbered three times as many as we did; but we must go at some rate or 'nother; so the drums beat to muster, and in less than five minutes our tents were struck and stowed in the wagons, our line was formed, and our General, Old Put, rode down before us as grand as a king!

"Now, my boys," says he, "there's no time for talk; we must fight our way through these red coats, and join General Washington. Forward!"

We gave the old fellow three cheers, my boy, formed our columns and started off with flags flying and drums beating!—Well, it was not more than five minutes before we met the rascals coming from Kipp's Bay, and we'd a whipped their coats off 'em in short metre, but the other brigades came on to us, and we were obliged to look out for safety, instead of conquest; so we made a strong push, and fought our way through, but, after all, a good many were left behind prisoners, and some poor fellows that never lived to fight again for liberty. And there was a good many, too, that escaped death and capture; some had to lose their arms, and some their hands, or a leg; and their sufferings were dreadful. But there was one mortally wounded in that skirmish, that we all wept over—one that the whole regiment loved, and not a man of us that wouldn't a laid down his life for her, any day—poor Annie. She was so sweet, and so pretty, too, and obliging to every body; and never did she pass one without a kind word and a gentle smile. You wonder who she was, my boy; well, I'll tell you.

It was about two month before we left York, and while we were at Brooklyn Heights, as I heard our Captain tell, that one evening there came to his quarters, hand in hand, a little boy and a girl larger, but not much older than the boy. He was about fourteen years old, and she was not yet sixteen, and both looked sad, and almost heart-broken. It appears that they had known or heard of the Captain before, and so, in their distress they made bold to inquire for him. The brave little fellow had come to get permission to list in our compay, but that couldn't be, and so the Captain told him. But he was curious to know the reason of the application, and being a little kind-hearted, too, and seeing they were in great distress, he thought he might do something for their good. So he told them to sit down and tell why they came to him for such a purpose. The little boy began his story, and his sister began weeping; but when the youngster mentioned his father's name, the Captain remembered him, and interrupting the boy, inquired after him. "He is dead, sir," answered the lad, dropping his head, as the tears flowed from his eyes. "He was killed, sir, at Sullivan's Island." Our Captain confessed that he felt like crying, too, when he heard this; for he knew what excellent men their mother, then knew, no other relative, and must be helpless. So he inquired why they had left their mother. "At this," said he, "they seemed so choke with emotion—they could not answer." So he asked again, if she was one to be dead? They bowed their heads in reply, but neither could utter a word. "Poor orphans!" said the Captain, "I will see what can be done for you."

The little fellow told him that his father had persuaded him to join the army under a promise that his family would be taken care of—but they had received nothing but what came from his pay—the sheets of their own labor, with which they managed to live pretty comfortably, and they hoped their father's death. These tears broke out afresh and in a low voice the child told the story of his sister's sickness. The Captain promised to do what he could for them, and they left his quarters, hand in hand, as they had come, with light hearts, and with a new hope springing in their young bosoms.

To make my story short, our good hearted Captain spoke to the Colonel, and it was agreed between them that they would make a drummer of the lad, for he was too small to carry a gun; and then it puzzled them to know what to do with his sister. But she soon settled that question, by telling them that she would go with him and never part from him. She was not afraid, she said, and she knew she would be useful in the camp, or anywhere her brother went. So, at last, they quartered her with the sutler's wife, and in less than a week we all loved poor Annie, as though she had been our own child; for, except a tear now and then, that would steal from her eyes at a memory of her father and mother, she seemed to be the loveliest little angel alive. I know she put on sometimes, though, to please us, for she knew we did not like to see her look look sad, and yet there was a kind of a sweet melancholy in her manner. Besides, wasn't she a soldier's orphan?—Wasn't she the child of one who had laid down his life in our cause, and wasn't it our duty to love her?

Her brother learned fast at his drum; in a month he could handle the sticks with the best drummer in the regiment, and by the time that "red coat" Howe came with his Hessians to attack us, he was ready and fit for duty, and as clever a lad as ever beat a *reveille* or a *roll* in the armies of Washington. Before that battle, little Annie was sent over to York with the women—for old Put said he wouldn't have any women around when there was fighting to do; and when we went over, after the battle, she joined us again, and continued with us till the night after we fought our way to the Heights. At that time we were surprised so suddenly that we had no time for preparation. Annie had been put in a sutler's wagon with some others, and placed under an escort close in the rear of the column, and soon after the skirmish began, they were thrown into the midst of it. The brave girl forgetting all fear in the excitement, rose from her seat like a hero, to cheer her fighting comrades, when a British bullet struck her in the side, and she fell into the arms of a companion. "It may have been a chance shot—I hope it was, (continued the old man,) for I know that the wretch who could cruelly murder such an innocent child as that, would not sleep easy in his bed after it. The effect that her fall had on those who saw it was more disastrous than would have been the appearance of another brigade of red coats. We all thought her dead, and for an instant our attention was more on her than on the enemy. Many a brave heart fell when she fell, and I do believe that if the General himself had been shot down instead of her, it would not have caused in our regiment, a greater panic. Poor Henry, her brother, being on the right of the column, knew nothing of our injury till we reached the Heights, and every tap of his drum, as we moved forward, went to our hearts like a dead shot.

We soon learned, however, that the sweet flower was alive, and you may believe that if the watering of tears, shed by brave men, could have preserved her life, she would have lived long years after.—But, although yet alive, the surgeon told us that her wound was dangerous, and, as he feared, fatal. So indeed, it proved.—Breath by breath she lingered; suffering agony, hour after hour, till near midnight, when her soul was lifted from earth and flew to mingle in a happy reunion with the spirits of her loved and lost parents.—Yes, on that cold night she died, and there on the rough Heights of Harlem, we buried her. She was not entitled to an escort by the rules of war, my boy, but we gave her one—we did; and under a volley from the sergeant's guard, we placed in the earth the remains of our poor little ANNIE.

The "Kinderhook Sentinel" has started for the round of newspaper publication the following pleasant letter of Washington Irving to his friend Jesse Merwin, the original of "Ichabod Crane" of the "Sleepy Hollow" legend:

"Sunny Side, February 2, 1851.

"You must excuse me, my good friend Morwin, for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered. You can have no idea how many letters I have to answer, besides jogging with my pen at my own literary tasks, so that it is impossible for me to be behand hand in my correspondence. Your letter was indeed most welcome—calling up as it did the recollection of pleasing scenes and pleasant days passed together in times long since at Judge Van Ness's in Kilderhook. Your mention of the death of good old Dominie Van Ness recalls the apostolic zeal with which he took our little sinful community in hand, when he put up for a day or two at the Judge's, and the wholesale castigation he gave us all one Sunday, beginning with the two country belles who came fluttering into the school house during the sermon, decked out in their city finery, and ending with the Judge himself, in the strong hold of his own mansion. How soundly he gave it to us! How he peeled off every rag of self-righteousness with which we tried to cover ourselves, and laid the rod on the bare backs of our consciences! The good, plain-spoken, honest old man! How I honored him for his simple, straightforward earnestness; his homely sincerity. He certainly handled us without mittens! but I think we are the better for it. How different he was from the brisk dapper, self-sufficient little apostle who cantered up to the Judge's door a day or two after! who was so full of himself that he had no thought to bestow on our religious delinquencies; who did nothing but boast of his public trials of skill in argument with rival preachers in other denominations, and how he had driven them off the field and crowed over them. You must remember the bustling, self-confident little man, with a top knot in the hand of his chaise whip, with which I presume he flew the human insects in his path.

"Do you remember that jolting expedition in company with Cobus Seman Van Allen to the Shaghaghe? Do you recollect from Kinderhook and Nutten Hook, and how we used to stop at every house on the road, and how the good dames would come out with their pitchers of cider, and how we would sit in the door and talk with the family, and how the old dame would ply us with questions concerning the neighborhood, and how Van Allen would be hail fellow with every one we met, and how he would be addressed by every one we met, by his christian name, Cobus? Do you remember how we used to meet the old Commodore, bond admiral of the lake, who sat crouched in a heap in the middle of his canoe in the centre of the lake, with fishing rods stretching out in every direction like the long legs of a spider? And do you remember our piratical prank, when we made up for our bad luck in fishing by plundering his canoe of its fish when we found it adrift? And do you remember how John Moore came splashing along the marsh on the opposite border of the lake, roaring at us, and how we finished our frolic by driving off and leaving the Congressman to John Moore's mercy, tickling ourselves with the idea of his being scalped at least.

"Ah, well-a-day, friend Morwin, these were the days of our youth and folly. I trust we have grown wiser and better since then; we certainly have grown older.—I don't think we could rob John Moore's fishing canoe now. By the way, that same John Moore, and the anecdotes you told of him, gave me the idea of a vagabond character, Dick Schuyler, in my Knickerbocker history of New York, which I was then writing.

"You tell me the old school house is torn down and a new one built in its place. I am sorrow for it. I should have liked to see the old school-house once more, where, after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you occasionally until school was dismissed, and you used to keep back the punishment of some little, tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boy until I should come, for my amusement—but, never kept your promise. I don't think I could look with a friendly eye, on the new school-house, however nice it might be.

"Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of bilious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me, to your daughter who penned your letter, and to your son whom out of old kindness and companionship you have named after me,

"I remain ever, my old friend,

"Yours very truly and cordially,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

The following anecdotes are told in Governor Ford's History of Illinois:

"In those days (from 1818 to 1830) justice was administered in the courts without much show, parade or ceremony. The Judges were gentlemen of sense and much learning, who had their courts mostly in log houses, or in the bar-rooms of taverns fitted up for that purpose, with a temporary bench for Judges, and chairs and benches for the lawyers and jurors. At the first Circuit Court in Washington county, by Judge John Reynolds, on opening the court the Sheriff went out into the court-yard and said to the people, "Boys come in, our John is going to hold court." This was the proclamation for opening the court. In general the Judges were averse to deciding questions of law. They did not like the responsibility of offending either of the parties. They preferred to submit everything they could to be decided by the jury. I knew one who, when asked for instructions to the jury on points of law, would rub his head and the sides of his face with his hands and say to the lawyers, "Why gentlemen, the jury understand it; they need no instruction; no doubt they will do justice." This same Judge presided at a court in which a man named Green was convicted for murder, and it became his unpleasant duty to pronounce sentence upon the culprit. He called the prisoner before him and said to him, "Mr. Green, the jury say you are guilty of murder, and the law says you are to be hung. I want you and all your friends down on Indian creek to know that it is not I who condemns you; it is the jury and the law. Mr. G., what time would you like to be hung?" The law allows you time for preparation." Mr. Green said, "May it please your honor, I am ready at any time; those who kill the body have no power to kill the soul." "My preparation is made, and I am ready at any time the court pleases."—The Judge replied, "Mr. Green, it is a very serious matter to be hung; it can't happen to a man but once in his life, and you had better take all the time you can get.—Mr. Clerk, look at the Almanac and see whether this day four weeks comes on Sunday." The clerk looked as directed, and reported that that day four weeks came on Thursday. "Then," said the Judge, "Mr. Green, the court will give you only to this day four weeks." The case was prosecuted by James Turney, the Attorney General, who interposed and said, "May it please the court, on all occasions of this sort it is usual for courts to pronounce a formal sentence; to remind the prisoner of his perilous condition; to reprove him for his guilt, and to warn him against the judgment in the world come." To which the Judge replied "Oh, Mr. Turney, Mr. Green understands the whole matter; he knows he has got to be hung; you understand it, Mr. Green, don't you?" "Yes," said the prisoner. "Then, Mr. Sheriff, let the prisoners be remanded and adjourn court."

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW IN THE WEST INDIES.—A meeting had been held by the people of Barbadoes for the purpose of sympathizing with their brethren in Canada on the passage of the fugitive slave bill. Resolutions were passed denouncing the act, and "that their utmost endeavors would be used to collect a fund to aid fugitives in escaping from such injustice, tyranny and oppression." Four hundred and fifty-two recaptured Africans had arrived at Demerara from Sierra Leone.

HOPEFULNESS.—True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, long ears upon itself, it is not confined to partial views to one particular object. And so, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself in its own integrity and worth.—Fox, Ashe.

THE RESCUED CRIMINAL.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A great number of persons, who know the celebrated Dr. B——, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:—

One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomony, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room, at the moment the two subjects were dried, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment contiguous to his bed room.

During the evening, Dr. B—— wrote and read as usual previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering the sack which contained the bodies was torn asunder, and, on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies was missing.

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the body could have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when, to his horror and amazement, he perceived the missing body sitting upright in a corner.

Poor Dr. B——, at this unexpected apparition, became transfixed with terror which was increased by observing the dead and sunken eyes of the corpse fixed upon him, whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him.

The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he retreated step by step, one hand holding the candle, and the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the specire has risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and the stillness of the night, seem to conspire to deprive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete darkness.

The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment, and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful specire has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly exclaimed, "Whoever you are, leave me!"

At this the specire let go its hold, and moaned feebly these words: "Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!"

The good doctor now discovered the mystery, and regained, by little and little, his composure. He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call on some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?"—exclaimed the criminal. "If I am discovered my adventure will become public, and I shall be brought to the scaffold a second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!"

The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he mutilled his unexpected visitor in an old dressing-gown, and, having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a thieve.

The good doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house, and to turn him out would be to expose him to certain death. The only way, then, was to get him into the country; so, having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his *protegee*, whom he presented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they got into the open country the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B—— had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Having gone to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man—one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants in the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he were Dr. B——, of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house, which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcomed him, in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant, having taken him into his counting-house, seized his hand, and, having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to him:—

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No, said the doctor.

"Well then, I remember *you* well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory. For to you I owe my life.—Do you not remember the poor deserter, on leaving you, went to Holland. Writing a good hand and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and zeal soon gained for me the confidence of my employer, and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expression of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.

THE GREENLANDERS.

The The New York Tribune contains a number of extracts from a new work, giving a history of Greenland and its singular inhabitants, which are highly interesting to the general reader. We extract a few passages:

"The Greenlanders are of a stout build below the medium height; half broad flat faces, expressive eyes, small noses, thick under lips, and coarse black hair, which hangs over their brown faces. Their skin is, nevertheless, rather fair than dark, but appears brown in consequence of its thickness, and gives out a repulsive and fishy smell, which is almost insupportable to Europeans. In the southern part, we see more slender figures, more agreeable faces and more expressive eyes. The Greenlander is lazy, and indifferent to what takes place around him, but in general cheerful and well disposed. He seldom involves himself in a quarrel, or even comes to hot words. He is changeable, troubles himself only about his nearest interests or his absolute necessities, when he has a chance, delights in sleeping night and day. According to their opinion, all other people are inferior to them, and when they wish to praise a stranger, they say, "He is as well instructed as we," or "He begins to be a man." Crimes or acts of violence are seldom heard; whoever injures another, is publicly scoffed and scorned, for the Greenlanders have a strong inclination to satire and a biting tongue. The Norwegian Missionaries, who settled among them in the year 1721, had to bear a great deal in the commencement of his labors. They compared his nose to the Stag-Horn beetle, and when he related to them the life and sufferings of Christ, they remarked: "If we had come among us, we would have loved Him, and been obedient to Him. What madness, to slay him who could give such lifes! They love their near relatives, but are wheeling in relation to their misfortunes, and exhibit no regret at the total ruin of others."

The author thus describes their habitations:

"They neither form a State or possess any government or kind of authority whatever. This is explained by the simple circumstance that they had nothing of the kind. In summer they lived in tents; in winter, in houses—or rather huts—which are from five to six feet high, twelve feet broad, and a hundred feet long, often containing several families under the same roof. The walls are covered on the inside with skin, to keep out the damp and cold air. A board bench runs along the side; a kettle of stone or iron, hangs over a train-oil lamp, which supplies the place of a stove or hearth. The windows are formed of the entrails of the whale and seal instead of glass. The entrance is through a long narrow passage, through which the foul air escapes, and although there is no door, such a heat is kept up in the side that even in winter the Greenlanders go almost without clothes. A European cannot enter it for fifth and stench."

The boats of these people are their only excellency of manufacture.

"Since the natives subsist principally upon the supplies which the sea affords them, they bestow great pains on the construction of their boats, which they guide and propel with great dexterity. The *Rayak*, or man's boat, is from twelve to fourteen feet long, only eighteen inches broad, and twelve inches deep, having a skeleton of wood and fish bones, covered on all sides with skins, made perfectly water tight, and weighing at most, only thirty pounds. In the middle is a well-secured opening, into which the Esquimaux creeps. He then fastens his coat of seal-skin, tying it around the entrance, and is perfectly dry in the middle of the sea. In this light boat he flies as securely as a sea-gull over the waves, and in the times of the severest cold is kept warm by his own animal heat. When the *kayak* is overturned, the slightest of an oar is sufficient to restore the equilibrium, but, whenever loose, it is hopelessly lost."

But what will be said of the state of the *women* among the Greenlanders?

"The *umiaks* are women's boats, fifteen feet long and three or four feet wide, made of the *kayaks*, very elastic, but with flat bottoms, and therefore adapted for a quiet sea. They are propelled by four or five women, for among the Esquimaux several females are employed upon the female sex. They make clothes and boots, make each other *kayaks*, tan leather, build houses, pitch tents, cook, and take care of children, while the man considers it unworthy of him to work; his proper employment is hunting, catching the seal and shooting birds. Since there is no rich Greenlanders, the bride brings her husband no other dowry than strong arms. Is, is, however, courted by several, that after the betrothal—a thing in which the parents never interfere—she should shut herself up for several days, and weep, or run loose among the mountains, whence she is brought back by the bride-groom. Polygamy is allowed, but is only practiced when the first wife remains barren; in which she requests her husband to choose a second. If the man wishes to separate from his wife, he puts on a discontented face for a time, then leaves the house without saying where he is going. The woman understands this hint, packs together her property, takes her children, and returns to her relatives."

The household and kitchen matters are equally curious:

"The country would be uninhabitable even for Esquimaux, were it not for the seals, which are as indispensible to them as the raindeer to the Laplanders. Their flesh is eaten, their skins used for clothing, to cover boats and houses, while the fat furnishes light and fuel. The seals are taken with a harpoon, to the end of which is a bladder is fastened. Sea birds are also food, and sometimes the hardy natives make chase after a whale, but only