

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & O. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

VOLUME XXII

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1851.

NUMBER 22.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Classical, Theological, Literary & Miscellaneous.

S. H. BUEHLER

HAS just received a new supply of Goods from the City, and invites the attention of the public to his present stock of Books and Stationery, of every variety, constituting the largest and best assortment ever offered in the market—which will be sold, as usual at the LOWEST RATES.

He has 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 acknowledgments for the long continued and liberal patronage extended to him, and thinks that, in the variety and excellence of his present stock, he has no equal in the city. He trusts that he will continue to merit the patronage of his friends, and that he will be able to supply them with any article which may be wanted.

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

May 23—1f

BOOKS! BOOKS!

A RARE CHANCE!

THE following Books will be sold low, if soon applied for, viz:—

1st. DOBSON'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, consisting of eighteen large quarto volumes, averaging 800 pages, with a supplement of three volumes, each somewhat larger than the original work. This work is in half binding and lettered in alphabetical order. This work having been kept in a good case as good as new.

2d. NILES' REGISTER, consisting of 22 large octavo volumes, commencing on the 7th of September, 1811, and continued to the 31st of August, 1832. Fourteen volumes are in full binding, and the balance in good substantial half-binding.

The above works recommend themselves, and consequently it is deemed useless to say anything to their praise.

ALSO: BECKE'S WELTGESCHICHTE, the seventh edition, in fourteen volumes, neatly bound, lettered and numbered. This history is in the German Language, and commences with the remotest antiquities, and is continued through the year 1830 of the present century. This work is highly valuable.

Application can be made to the editor of the "Star" or to the undersigned residing in Hanover, York county, Pa. S. GUTELIUS.

June 27, 1851.—1f

The Cars Arrived.

A New Supply just Received at

HAMERSLY'S GROCERY & VARIETY STORE.

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a fresh assortment of every variety of

GROCERIES,

including prime Rio Coffee, N. Orleans, crushed, and loaf sugar, N. O. sugar-house and syrup molasses, tins, dairy salt, extra pure starch, salaratus, pepper, alspice, ginger, cloves, nutmeg, rice, fresh macaroni, tobacco, snuff, cigars, Pickles, crackers of different kinds, including water, butter, soda, Medford, &c.; also

Fruits and Confections,

candies, raisins, eggs, prunes, nuts, coco-nuts, oranges, lemons, citrons, almonds, &c. Also the best assortment of

QUEENSWARE

ever opened in Gettysburg, embracing every thing in the Queensware line, from common to best china, britania ware, glass ware, together with a large variety of

Miscellaneous Goods,

such as, hard ware, tubs, baskets, buckets, door mats, brooms, bed covers, grain and manure forks, shovels, nails of all sizes, knives and forks, chains, spoons, brushes, androons, lead, powder and shot—with a little of every thing in the variety line.

Thankful for past favors, the subscriber invites a call at his establishment on the north-west corner of the Diamond, as he feels assured he can furnish goods at prices that cannot be beat.

WM. W. HAMERSLY.

Gettysburg, April 25.

REMOVAL.

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, DENTIST,

HAS removed his office to the building opposite the Lutheran Church, in Chambersburg street, 2 doors east of Mr. Middlebroff's store where he may all times be found ready and willing to attend to any case within the province of the Dentist. Persons in want of full sets of teeth are respectfully invited to call.

REFERENCES

Dr. C. N. BARRETT, Prof. G. P. KEATS, D.D.
Dr. H. H. BROWN, Prof. M. JACOBSON,
H. S. RYAN, R. L. BARNES,
D. GILBERT, W. M. REYNOLDS,
Rev. J. C. WATSON, D.D., M. L. STUBBS,
July 7, 1848.

GENTLEMEN who may need a Superior SUIT, or even a WEDDING SUIT, can be accommodated to their advantage, by calling at

SAMSON'S.

April 18—1f

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL PROPERTY.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Executor of the Estate of JOSEPH CLAPSADLE, late of Mounjoy township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will expose to Public Sale, on

Saturday the 18th day of September next, AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., on the premises, the

VALUABLE PROPERTY

of said deceased, situate in the township aforesaid, and lying on the turnpike road leading from Gettysburg to Baltimore about three and a half miles from the former place. It contains

16 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, well improved, and in the best order. The improvements are a frame WEATHER BOARDED

COTTAGE,

finished in the best style, with a Bark Building; a frame weather-boarded BARN, with stable and threshing floor; also, a Wash-House, Smoke-House, and other out-buildings. The buildings are all new and in good order. There is a well of water at the house with a new pump in it. Also, an ORCHARD of selected and grafted fruit, of great variety.

The grounds around this property are neatly planted and improved. It is beautifully located on rising ground, and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. It is a desirable home, and one such is rarely put into the market.

The premises will be shown to any person wishing to view them, by the subscriber, residing in the same township, and not far from them, or by the widow, who occupies the house.

Possession given on the 1st of April next. Terms will be made known on the day of sale by

SAM'L DUBORA W. Ex'r.
By the Court—H. DENWIDIZ, Clerk.
July 25, 1851.—1f

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of THOMAS M'CLEARY, deceased will sell at Public Sale, on the premises,

On Saturday the 20th of September next, THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED

VALUABLE FARM,

belonging to the estate of said deceased, lying in Tyrone township, within a mile of Heidersburg, on the York and Chambersburg road, and adjoining lands of Wm. Sadler, Jr., Wm. Yeats, Leonard Dunlap, John Sadler, (of Wm.) and others, CONTAINING

93 ACRES & 100 PERCHES,

of good state land, with about 20 acres in timber and a good proportion of meadow land. The improvements are a TWO-STORY Dwelling House, bathed and plastered inside and out, with a Kitchen attached; a log Barn, and a good out-building, occupied by the deceased and his wife. There is an excellent well of water, with a pump in it, at the door. There is an excellent ORCHARD of choice fruit on the premises.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day, when the terms (which will be easy) will be made known.

WM. R. SADLER, Adm'r.
By the Court—H. DENWIDIZ, Clerk.
Aug. 1, 1851.—1f

PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of JACOB STARRY, late of Franklin township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on

Saturday, the 6th of September next, AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., ON THE PREMISES,

A LOT OF GROUND,

the property of said deceased, situate in the town of Mummaburg, and containing

Four and a half Acres,

near measure, without improvements. It adjoins lots of Jacob Martin, Abraham Hart, and others.

Terms.—One half the purchase money to be paid on the 1st day of October next, and the residue on the 1st day of April, 1852, without interest.

GEO. E. STARRY, Administrator of Jacob Starry, dec'd.
By the Court—H. DENWIDIZ, Clerk.
Aug. 1, 1851.—1f

DOCTOR J. K. M'CURDY

RESPECTFULLY informs the inhabitants of Haverhill and its vicinity that he has permanently located in that place, for the practice of Medicine.—He may be found at the residence of Mr. ABRAHAM KING, or at his office, adjoining Mrs. Frame's.

Haverhill, July 11.—3f

FANS! FANS!

THE Ladies are invited to call at KURTZ'S Cheap Corner, and see his variety of Feather, Down, Paper and Palm Leaf Fans, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest.

April 18—1f

CARPETING, and Floor Oil Cloth

can be had very low of

A. B. KURTZ.

April 18

THE OUTCAST BOY RESCUED.

(From the Prisoner's Friend.)

Business of importance called me at one time to the great city of New York—the London of America. I had spent the morning in viewing the great buildings, the City Hall, the new Custom House, Trinity Church, with its tall spire, then nearly completed—and many other places so interesting to the stranger. And being much wearied with my morning's excursion, I sought my friend's house as a place of rest. While sitting at the dinner-table, a servant handed me a note that moment left at the door by some unknown person, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Having seen your name announced as one of the speakers at the Sunday School meeting, it would give me great pleasure to see you at No. 1 Pearl Street, this afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Do not disappoint me."

Your friend, GEORGE S.—

I hastened to comply with the invitation at the appointed hour. Crowding my way along, through the multitude of people that thronged the business street, I arrived at the number mentioned in the note. I inquired of the clerk for the name, and to my surprise, he introduced me to the proprietor of a large dry goods store, one of the first establishments in the city.

"Sir," said the merchant, "I believe I am not mistaken. This is Mr. M.—the poor student of Mr. W., once my teacher in the Sabbath School at W.—"

"I was a poor student and a teacher in the school you mentioned, but this cannot be little George S.—the white haired boy I once owned as my scholar."

"The same," answered the merchant, grasping my hand with the greatest joy while a tear trickled down his cheek.

"The same, only grown to manhood. You will pardon my hasty note, and this abrupt meeting, but, sir, I thought we never should be likely to meet again, and learning you were in the city, I was anxious to offer you the hospitality of my home during your stay. If it is agreeable, and consistent with your engagements, please order your trunk to be taken to my house. My home is yours while you remain in the city. I cannot be denied."

Indeed, I could not deny him. With joy I complied with his generous offer. And at his house I found a home indeed. Here it will be proper that I should give my readers a history of our first acquaintance.

While preparing for the ministry, it was the custom to search for poor children, and bring them into the Sabbath School. In one of my rambles, I found a boy in the street, poorly clad, with his bare feet on the snow, no hat, and in the most wretched condition. I called him to me, and proposed the following questions:

"What is your name, my little fellow?"
"My name is George S.—"

"Where do you live?"
"In the woods, by the old sawmill."

"What is your father's name?"
"I haven't got any father, (and here he burst into tears.) My father was brought home dead about a year ago. He was found frozen to death in the road by our house."

"And your mother—is she living?"
"Yes, but she is poor and goes out to work."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"
"Yes, one brother and one sister."
"Are they at home?"
"Yes, sir, but they are little ones, and cannot go out no."

"Well, my lad, you want a pair of shoes and some clothes, don't you?"
"Yes, sir, but I want to get something for mother to eat first."

This told the whole story. I asked no more questions, but immediately set about the work to be done. George was soon in my wagon with me, and food enough for his mother's necessities.

On reaching their home, I found a lonely woman with two dear little ones, and nothing to eat! George jumped out of the wagon and ran into the house, saying, "Oh, mother, mother! you will not cry any more; the gentleman has got us a new pair of shoes and a pair of trousers."

I found by inquiry that the father had been a drunkard, and died in a drunken fit, and left the poor woman to struggle all alone. George (then about ten years of age) was the only child large enough to be of any help to his mother, and a good boy he was to that poor mother.

I left the house, and the next day sent some good women to clothe them, and get George to attend school the next Sabbath.

George was at the school, with new shoes and hat, and clothes, a happy, cheerful boy.

For one year he was my scholar; then I left the place, and never saw him again till I met him, as I have told you, the merchant in the great city. God has prospered him, gave him friends and influence, and from an errand boy in the store, had raised him to be the owner. He was then twenty-four years old, with a wife and one little boy, one year old.

Now go back with me to New York, and you may think you see me seated at his side, while he is relating the death of God with him, since I left him a little boy in the Sabbath School at W.—

Soon after I left the place, he was fortunate enough to meet a man from New York, who loved Sabbath Schools. While he was on a visit to some friends in the country, he saw George, and being pleased with him, offered to take him home.—The mother consented, and George left home, with many tears, for a place in the gentleman's store.

By good conduct he gained the affection of all who knew him. At the age of 18 years, he was advanced to the station of clerk, and from clerk to partner with his employer. When he was 21 years of age, his partner died, having no children or relations, not even a wife, and he gave George all the interest in the concern, and at once made him owner of some thousands of dollars. And here I find myself seated with my old scholar, in a fine house and happy family.

He is superintendent of a large school of poor boys, picked up from the streets

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

OR THE Dangers of Sleeping too Soundly.

BY PAUL CRAYTON.

Frank Brittle had the misfortune to be a sound sleeper, I say misfortune—for although nothing is more devoutly to be desired than deep and peaceful sleep, a man may, on some occasions, sleep too soundly, as the following will go to show:

One night last winter, Mr. Stringer, (famously called Ned), Frank's room-mate, having given notice that he would not be at home until the following day, Frank retired to his sleeping apartment, locked the door, and went to bed. When Ned was at home, the door was never locked, for Ned would awake, in case any one should enter the room; but alone, Frank knew that robbers might come and carry him off, and cut his throat, before he was aware of the danger. Besides, Frank was a very modest man, and he shuddered to think that any of the girls in the house, coming home late, might get into the wrong room, and enjoy a beautiful nap at his side, without his ever knowing anything about it. So Frank locked the door and went to sleep.

At about midnight, however, from an unaccountable cause, he awoke. It was well he did. In another minute he might have been a dead man, not worth a waking. There was a robber getting in at the window! It was a starlight night, and Frank, trembling with terror, saw a dark figure rising upon the sill. He felt his flesh creep, his hair bristle, and his limbs to shake.

But, terrified as he was, Frank was too brave to abandon the field, without one bold stroke at the robber. There was a poker on the stove, a hammer, on the mantelpiece, and even a loaded pistol under the looking glass. Some men would have made use of one of these weapons; but Frank thought he would try what virtue there was in cold water. In his trepidation he seized the pitcher, dashed its contents upon the head and bosom of the robber, and—died from the room!

Closing the door behind himself and the midnight visitor, he paused to listen, wishing all the time that he had thought to take the key, so that he might effectually prevent the robber from following him, and taking vengeance on him for spilling his own blood.

Frank, to his horror and dismay, heard the robber uttering deep curses, climb the window sill, and enter the room.

"Thief! murderer! robber!" he shouted at the top of his voice.

"Hush your confounded nonsense!" thundered a man in the room.

Frank started. He knew that voice; he was sure.

"Ned," he cried "is it you?"

"To be sure it is! What did you throw that water in my face for? Hang your jaws! I'll pay you!"

At this moment Frank heard movements on the stairs. As he was in the hall in his shirt, he was filled with horror at the thought of being seen in that predicament. He hastened to retreat into his room—but Ned had locked him out!

"For God's sake!" cried Frank, in agony, "open the door. The women are coming!"

"The women will have to come then!" replied Ned, coolly. "You locked me out."

"But I thought you were not coming home to-night?"

"Well, I did come? And I knocked on at the door for an hour, but you wouldn't let me in."

"I didn't hear you—I was asleep."

"Asleep! you were too lazy to get up and unlock the door. Asleep! when I finally went around to get in the window, you could wake up and throw water at me!"

"I thought it was a robber. For Heaven's sake," pleaded Frank, "let me in! The women are coming down stairs!"

"The light is almost here! Do let me in! I'll never sleep so sound again. They're right here! O, Ned! Ned! I've nothing but my shirt on!"

"Do as I did, if you want to get in," he muttered.

"How was that?"

"Go around the house, and get in at the window."

"O, I can't!"

"Then let the girls find you there!"

Frank saw that there was but one alternative. He paused but a moment to consider, and then dashed through the hall like a speck.

The terrified boarders—men, women and boys—were already on the stairs.—Frank perceived that he could not reach the hall door, without running the gauntlet, in the full glare of the lamps. Thus he thought that even if he should get into the street, the watchman might nab him before he could scale his bed room window. Ned might remember his cold bath, and treat him to a shower, perhaps, not quite so agreeable, before he could get safely in. In his perplexity Frank conceived a lucky thought. He dodged into the parlor and shut the door.

At that moment the watchman rushed out of the room with a light crying "murder! robbers!" in a most excited manner.

"Where?"

"Who?"

"Do tell?"

"Is that you, Mr. Stringer?"

In reply to the terrified voices that came from the stairs and landing above, Ned boldly shouted—

"Here—in the parlor!"

"I saw him run in there!" cried the nervous Miss Miller, almost fainting with terror.

"I'll call a watchman," said Mr. Flimm, looking very white and cold.

"A watchman! fudge!" exclaimed Ned. "There is only one—and it is a shame to call a watch until we have secured him."

How the women admired Mr. Stringer's courage at that moment.

He marched boldly to the parlor door. Mr. Flimm, ashamed to appear cowardly, followed him, trembling in every joint. Mr. Moon followed Mr. Flimm. The

women, whose curiosity overcame their fear, followed Mr. Moon. Unfortunately for Frank, the key was not on the inside. Ned threw the door open, and walked courageously in, at the head of his forces. By the light of the lamps, Ned looked around, expecting to see Frank squatting in a corner, or trying to cover himself up with the window curtains.

Much to his disappointment, he could see him no where; and the men, much to their relief, could see no robber. But Ned thought he heard a movement under the piano.

"Here he is!" he exclaimed—"here he is!—catch him! hold!"

He drew aside the cloth, held down his lamp, and discovered to all eyes, the robber who had taken refuge there! Frank rushed out in a fit of desperation. The men fled, the women shrieked, and Ned burst into a roar of laughter.

The boarders recovered from their fright, and Ned told them the whole story, awaking peals of laughter in the usual quiet walls of the old boarding house.

Meanwhile, Frank, in a fit of rage and desperation, had reached his room, and locked Ned out! So Ned had to sleep on the sofa the rest of the night and the two room-mates were not reconciled to each other until three days afterward. When Frank forgave Ned, Ned forgave Frank; and Ned does not get in at the window any more, and Frank does not sleep quite so soundly as was formerly his custom.

PROTECT YOUR BARN.

We observe, by the papers, a number of barns were struck by lightning and burnt to ruins, in Chester, Berks and Lancaster counties, and throughout other agricultural districts. The cause evolved by the decomposition of green vegetable matter, they generally contain at this season, are strongly attracted of electricity, and as they rise in the form of a gaseous column in mid-air above the building, they present a conducting medium of powerful capacity. This is therefore the most dangerous time in the year to barns and granaries, not only because thunder-storms are more frequent, but also because the barns present the strongest affinity to lightning. Every such building should be provided with a lightning-rod, of sufficient height to protect it, and properly secured, with non-conducting substances; otherwise, the building is more liable to be struck than without the rod. Persons should be careful not to take shelter under a tree, in an open field—better stand out and take a shower, than run so great a risk. Standing in the door-way or sitting beside an open window during a thunder-storm is also dangerous—draughts of damp air are good conductors.

A few days since, Mr. Stone, a conductor on the Central Railroad, while collecting fare, came to a man, ruffled up in a cloak and demanded his fare.

"How much to Jackson?" asked the ruffled man.

"Two twenty-five."

"Ah! that's more money than I've got; don't you sometimes carry folks for less, when they are poor, or sick, or unfortunate?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you had better take half price for me; you see I've lost the use of both my hands," holding them up encircled by hand-duffs!

Stone looked round, and observed the thief sitting behind him indulging in a quiet smile at his expense.

POLITICAL.

Hon. John Strohm.

The nomination of John Strohm for Canal Commissioner at once threw the Locooco camp into consternation, nor have they yet, nor are they likely to recover from the trepidation. They fear Mr. Strohm's popularity—his strength with the people. They recollect his past services, and their past praises. They know his almost unequalled qualifications for the office for which he is nominated. Hence it is that they are all in full cry after him—hunting him down. Hence it is that, throwing truth and justice aside, they have resorted to a most unjustifiable course in regard to him—falsifying his official acts and misrepresenting his votes. It is nothing to them that all their state ments concerning him have been disproved time and again. It would, they think, prove their ruin were they to do him justice—so they persist in doing him the grossest injustice. But they shall not be him with impunity. The antidote shall accompany the bane. The truth shall be kept before the people. To this end, let it be remembered that John Strohm voted for all the measures of the Folk administration for carrying on the War with Mexico, except those for the appointment of a Lieutenant General and for a tax on tea and coffee—both which measures were recommended by the President.

And by the way, if John Strohm's course in Congress is to be dragged into the present State contest, he should have the benefit of his votes against the infamous attempt of a Locooco President, Cabinet and Congress to displace and supersede ZACHARY TAYLOR and WINFIELD SCOTT, command of the army in Mexico, and appoint over them a mere civilian. He should have the benefit of his vote against the proposition of the administration to burden the poor by taxing tea and coffee.

Let it be remembered that, after war had been declared by Congress, John Strohm voted for every appropriation for the support of the Army and Navy; for increasing the pay of the soldiers, and for the relief of such of their number as were unable to reach their homes on account of destitution brought on by wounds or disease—both which latter measures were opposed by the Locoocos.

John Strohm cannot be injured by these unscrupulous attacks of the Locooco.—We know that many intelligent men of that party will give him their votes. All must concede that his election would be a blessing to the tax-payers of Pennsylvania.—Lanc. Union.

INTRODUCTION OF WOMEN INTO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

This idea seems to be making rapid progress throughout the country. In the August number of Godley's Lady's Book, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, the editor, has taken up the subject in earnest. "There are," she writes, "a few self evident propositions, and it would be questioning the common sense of mankind to doubt the general benefit on these points. One is, that women are by nature better qualified than men to take charge of the sick and suffering; a second, that mothers should know the best means of preserving the health of their children; and a third point is, that female physicians are the proper attendants for their own sex in the hour of sorrow."

In speaking of the exclusion of females from the profession, she says, "To this practice, and consequently, to the increase of ignorance and helplessness of women, regard their diseases, and their children's well-being, we believe is in a great measure, to be attributed the increased and increasing constitutional ill-health of the America people." She notices particularly the movement in Boston, quotes from the Legislative Report in favor of the Institution there, and introduces an extract from Mr. Gregory's "Letter to Ladies, in favor of Female Physicians for their own sex." It ought, he says, to be circulated throughout the Union.

SINGULAR DISEASE.

The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore Star gives the following account of a fatal disease which appeared in that vicinity:—"A disease is now raging in the county of Anne Arundel between the South and West rivers, which has proved to be as fatal as the cholera. The early stage of it is marked by an eruption of the skin, a swelling of the muscles of the throat; partaking of the character of scarlet fever in children, and attended, apparently, with a very slight fever. There is nothing alarming in this stage of it, which continues for three or four days, when all of a sudden it fixes itself upon the vitals with a violence and fatality which is attended by nothing that has, as yet, been tried."

SIX YEAR TWINS OUTDOGS.

The Leverage Reporter of the 17th inst., says:—"On the night of the 3d inst., a servant woman belonging to Mr. R. A. T. Ridley gave birth to a child having two perfect and distinct heads and necks on one body. It has two breast bones, and two spines, and it is supposed, from external indications, two sets of digestive organs. In other respects it does not seem to be different from other children. The legs and arms are perfect, and excepting the parts above mentioned as double, there appears no deformity whatever. The most surprising part of the whole affair is, that the mother is alive and doing well, although the child weighed at its birth eleven and a half pounds."

TWO HANDSOME BLOOMERS.

says the Boston Post, were on board the Mayflower, bound to Hingham, a day or two since, and excited much attention, particularly when they went to the bar and called for a drink.

RAILROAD IRON.

—About 1,800 tons of railroad iron have arrived here from Wales for the Alabama and Tennessee River Railroad, and will soon be shipped to Solina.—Mobile Herald July 12.

Gen. Scott.

The most barefaced and shameless feature of the politics of the present day is the effort which is now being made by a portion of the Locooco press to prove Gen. Scott not a "National" Whig. It caps the climax of political impudence and knavery. Why, previous to, or at the very time when most of his traducers were "pulling in their mothers' arms," Gen. Scott was fighting and winning his country's battles; was already a sea-covered veteran. He has perilled his life and saved his country, to her benefit and renown, North, South, East and West. What national sentiment has he ever uttered? What disloyal act has he ever done? Why is he not a "National" man?

God save these United States when the people thereof shall be placed under the necessity of resorting to the Locooco party in order to discover a man more national in his feelings, principles, and deeds, than Winfield Scott—for such search of necessity must prove fruitless.

THE END.—Among the deaths in the Berks co. Poor House, as we observe by the Press, may be found that of Wm. Fichtorn, aged 40 years—died Feb. 10.—This man was once known in this community as one of the most active and promising salesmen to be found in the merchant's store. He subsequently became the owner of a large store in Sedding. The cause of a strong drink fell upon him, and like thousands of others, it cut up his substance, withered his energies, impaired his intellect, dissolved his body, and left him to die in the Poor House.—Pottsville Ledger.