

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1852.

NUMBER 25.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

This beautiful and popular song or ballad, is said to have its origin under the following circumstances, which give it additional interest:

"Some years ago when Woodworth, the printer, and several other 'Old New Yorkers,' were brother typos in a printing office, which was situated at the corner of Chestnut street and Chambers, there were very few places in the city of New York where one could enjoy the luxury of a really 'good drink.' Among the few places most worthy of patronage, was an establishment kept by Mallory, on Franklin street, or on about the same spot where St. John's Hall recently stood. Woodworth, in company with several particular friends, had 'dropped in' at this place one afternoon, for the purpose of taking some 'brandy and water,' which Mallory was famous for keeping.

"The liquor was super-excellent, and Woodworth seemed inspired by it; for, after taking a draught, he laid his glass upon the table, (remember, reader, if you please, that in those 'rare old times,' a man rarely met a friend without inviting him to imbibe,) and smacking his lips, declared that Mallory's *eau de vie* was superior to any that he had ever tasted. 'No,' said M., 'you are quite mistaken; there was one thing which, in both of our estimations, far surpassed this, in the way of drinking.' 'What was that?' asked Woodworth, dubiously. 'The draught of pure, fresh spring water that we used to drink from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after our return from the labors of the field on a sultry day in summer.'

"A tear-drop glistened for a moment in Woodworth's eye. 'True! true!' he replied, and soon after quitted the place. He returned to the office, grasped the pen, and in half an hour 'The Old Oaken Bucket,' one of the most delightful compositions in our language, was ready, in manuscript, to be embalmed in the memories of succeeding generations."

The Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to my view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The well-remembered pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the catfish fell;
The oak of my father, the dairy-house near it,
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered vessel that hung in the well.

The moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.
The pure and sweetest that nature can yield.
How sweet I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poured on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar the fabled god sips.

And now far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy revisits my father's plantation,
And sigh for the bucket which hangs in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.

PROGRESS IN DEMOCRACY.—A great deal has been lately said, especially by Young America, of the Progressive character of Democracy. Our opponents are fairly entitled to their claim of Progress. But then, they should not insist in the same breath that they belong to the old school of American Democracy. Nothing can be more different than the Democracy of the earlier days of the Republic and that of the present hour. Bank, Tariff, &c., were once warmly supported by the Democratic party. Now they are denounced as the distinguishing badges of Federalism. The progress of the Democratic party from their ancient creed, and their claims still to be the genuine old American Democracy find a fair illustration in the following anecdote:

"I say, Squire," said an individual who was indulging in the luxury of whittling a pine stick in front of a tavern, "this here's my granddaddy's jack-knife."

"No, not your granddaddy's, is it?"

"Yes, it's granddaddy's knife, sartin'."

"What an old knife it must be! how have you kept it so long?"

"Why, there's been four new blades and six new handles put to it since granddaddy's time, but it's the same old jack-knife for all that."

THE BULLETIN has the following, which it considers "not bad." It is not, but it is Joe Millerish, page 61, and much applauded: "We accused an 'old sally,' yesterday, with—
"Do you think it will rain to-day?"
"He took a delirious survey of the heavens, hitched on his trousers, and looking weather-wise, replied:
"Well yes, I see by the wind, there is east enough to raise a storm."

BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

I have worshiped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens their beauty, while it does not dim them.

If you will go with me now to a glen in the Highlands and a willow shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where, years ago, there stood a rude bench on which many times I have seen the fair one I write of sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that know not whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was beautiful as a dream. Never was a holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D., you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to lie at her feet on the grass and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful humanity may be.

She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved, for such as she lives on affection, and die for lack of it! Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her; and she was an heiress to a large estate. As might be expected she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety. I cannot now remember all of them, although I kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank B. was the gayest, best hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D., you would have said that he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in front of the large white house, on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead, the pale face, and the bearing of Joseph S., as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy, then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was travelled o'er, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressing on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky, with a longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is of the clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections. Go reason with trees or images of wood, or with your own motions, lifeless, icy souls, who who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because, we may not use the gentle words "my wife," we may not clasp their sanctified forms into our own holy arms! I tell you, man, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if, with our clay, died all our first affections. I tell you, that heaven would be annihilation, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its confided pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp will never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell,—or at best it is a simple story.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her, won her whole soul.—He did not say much in her company, nor of her; but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with his eloquence. I have seen them seated on a bench by the side of a stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul, step by step, with him from earth to stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of angels.

I am unable to tell how it happened.—Joseph S. left his profession (which had been the law) and entered the ministry; nor am I able to state, though I might guess at the cause operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D. was not a religious man, and I am sorry to say was one of the small class of men who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was therefore with great pain that his daughter observed his golden age and rudeness to Joseph S.

And was not surprised however much she was grieved, when an open rupture rendered the suspension of his visits at the house absolutely necessary.

They had never spoken of love. Each knew the secret of the other's affection, and what need of words to tell it? It would have been but a repetition of hack-nied phrases. And yet there is no music in the world so sweet as those words, "I love you," from the lips we love to kiss. But the father of our gentle friend had feared the existence of some bond between them, and peremptorily required his daughter to break it, if it did exist.

She replied to him, relating the simple truth, and he desired her to refuse to forward to see or speak to Joseph.

A month of deeper pain than can well be imagined, succeeded this command, during which they did not meet.

It was a moonlight in August that she walked out with me, (then a boy, three years her junior,) and sat on the bench by the side of the stream. The air was clear, the sky serene, and no sound disturbed; but the soft voice of the wind among the treetops made a pleasant music, and we listened and were silent. The stillness was broken by the voice of Joseph S.

You will pardon me if I pass over that scene. I dare not attempt a description of it. It was my first lesson in human suffering, and though I have learned it avert and ever since then, though the iron has colored my soul, and scared and scarred it, yet I have never seen, and I do not believe I have ever felt, more agony than those two felt, as they parted that night to meet no more on earth.

He bowed his lips to her forehead, and murmured the solemn word "forever."—She awoke at this word and exclaimed with startling vehemence—

"No, no, there is no such word, Joe."

"We shall not meet again on earth, my gentle one."

"And what is earth?" Her tall form grew more quietly, and her dark eye flashed divinely, as she arose and exclaimed, in clear silver tones "And what is earth?"

These things must end. I will name a trust, dear Joe, and you shall keep it. If you pass first into the other land wait for me on the bank, and if I go hence before you, I will linger on the other shore until you come. Will you remember?"

"I will live and die in this memory." She lifted her face to his, and her arms to his neck, and they clung together in a long and passionate embrace. Their lips did not separate, but were pressed close together, until he felt her form cold, and her clasp relaxed, and he laid her down on the old seat, bowed over her a moment in prayer and was gone. I heard him say, "take care of her, W.," so I strove to recall the life that had left her lips, and cheeks, and eyes. It came slowly, and she awoke as we awake in the morning after death has entered our charmed circle, with an oppression of the brain, and a swimming, swollen senselessness of soul.

At length she remembered all, and raised herself with a half articulated exclamation of agony, broken by a sob; and then fell on her knees by the bench and buried her face in her hands, and remained thus for nearly an hour.

When she arose, her face was like that of an angel. It wore that same exalted look until she died.

I think she took cold that night; she never was well afterwards, and the next winter she passed at the south, returning in the spring very fragile, but very beautiful.

Joseph S. was sent abroad by one of the boards of missions of the church, but his health failed, and he resigned his commission, while he travelled through the Eastern world.

Three years fled with their usual swiftness. To Sarah D. they were very slow and painful years, yet she was happy in her quiet way, and no one dreamed of the strange trust she was longing to keep on the other side of the dark river which most shrink from. She grew feeble daily as the summer advanced, and in December she was evidently dying.

One day her mother had been out of the house, perhaps making calls; she returned at evening, and among other incidents of news which she had learned, she mentioned to Sarah the death of her old friend, Joseph S.

The girl was reclining in a large arm chair, looking through the closed window at the snow on the ground, and the pure moonlight which silvered it. There was no startling emotion visible, as her mother mentioned the fact, which to her was the most solemn yet most joyful news the world could give; for now how much nearer was their meeting! I saw the smile flash across her face, as the joyful news reached her ear. I saw her forehead raised to receive the caress which I know she felt. She was silent for many minutes, and then spoke in feeble, yet very musical accents, and I joyfully repeated: "Then she smiled and looked at me with her fingers upraised, and said—

"Wait a little longer, dear W."
And then after a moment she said:—"Mother is the snow very deep?"
"Not very deep, why do you ask it?"
"Because if it were deep, I thought it would be difficult for Mr. Smith to find our

lot in the graveyard. Are all the headstones covered mother?"
"What is the matter, Sarah? What if they are covered?"
Mother, dear, it is useless to conceal it from ourselves, or from one another. You know, and I quite as well, that I am dying. I have not wished to live; only for one thing I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death alone! But now I shall not. Will you tell what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother; I shall not be here much longer. This chair will stand here, and father and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so on, day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys, dear mother."

And as she uttered the last two words she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet, watching her matchless features. A smile was fitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious cheek! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress, escaping from its bond laid close to her open lips.—It hung there motionless. No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of God.

Peripatety Of the Bible.

The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a still more singular phenomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the annals of history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible causes than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any other book of religious literature to attract so many national prejudices, and lodge itself in the heart of great communities—varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolution of thought and feeling which shake to its pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilization. Even conquests—the disorganization of old nations—the formation of new—do not effect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmuting itself by the spirit of humanity it attracts to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of efforts for its propagation, illustration, and defence.

Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting; the gods of the nations are local deities; and reluctantly quit their native soils; at all events they patronize only their favorite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of worshippers become extinct—often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel anything but the utmost indifference (except as an object philosophical curiosity) about the religion of others; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more religious and unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythology of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly to the ground. The Koran Mohammedanism, says that "happiness is born a twin" cause it is true, has been propagated by the sword; but it has not been propagated by anything else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic.

If the Bible be false, the facilities with which it overleaps the impassable boundaries of race and time, and domesticates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness, and stupidity than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstition; or if it really has merits, which, through a false, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in composition—so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profound reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit of a thought of scoff or ridicule.—*Edinburgh Review.*

WHO WILL MAKE A GOOD WIFE.—When you see a young woman who rises early, sets the table, and perhaps her father's breakfast cheerfully—depend upon it she will make a good wife. You rely upon it that she possesses a good disposition and a kind heart.

When you see a young woman just out of bed at nine o'clock, leaning with her elbow upon the table, gasping, and sighing, "Oh, dear, how dreadfully I feel—rely upon it she will not make a good wife. She must be lazy and morose."

When you see a girl with a broom in her fist, sweeping the floor with a rubbing board or a clothes line in her hand, you may put it down that she is industrious and will make a good wife for somebody.

When you see a girl with a novel in her left hand, and a fan in her right, shedding tears, you may be sure she is not fit for a wife.

Happiness and misery are before you, which will you choose?

He who does not prevent a wrong when it is in his power, is equally criminal with him who commits it, and will be esteemed accordingly.

The best vegetable Bill is an apple dumpling. For destroying a knavery at the stomach, it is the only Bill to be relied on.

Ethiopia.

Bayard Taylor, writing to the N. York Tribune from Khartoum, the capital of Egyptian Soudan, describes his ride down the Nile. He says:

"Here, where I expected to sail through a wilderness, I find a garden. Ethiopia might become in other hands, the richest and most productive part of Africa. The people are industrious and peaceable, and deserve better masters. Their dread of Turks is extreme, and so is their hatred. I stopped one evening at a little village on the western bank. The sailors were sent to the house to procure fowls and eggs, and after a long time two men appeared, bringing, as they said, the only chicken in the place. They came up slowly, stooped and touched the ground, and laid their hands on their heads, signifying that they were in the dust before our feet. Achmet said then the thirty paras they demanded, and when they saw the supposed Turks had no disposition to cheat them, they went back and brought more fowls. Travellers who go by the land route give the people an excellent character for hospitality. I have seen that it is almost impossible to buy anything, even when double the value of the article is tendered, but asking for it as a favor they will cheerfully give whatever they have.

On the third day, I saw the hippopotamus. The man saw him about a quarter of a mile off, as he came up to breathe, and called my attention to him, and the sailors shouted to draw his attention, "How is your wife, my boy? Is your son married?" and like exclamations. They insisted upon it that his curiosity would be excited by these means, and he would allow us to approach him. I saw him at least within a hundred yards, but only his enormous head, which was three feet across his ears. He raised it with a tremendous snort, opened his high mouth at the same time, and a more frightful monster I never saw. He came up in our wake, after we had passed he followed us some time—Directly afterwards we espied five crocodiles on a sand-bank. One of them was a grayish color and upwards of twenty feet in length. We approached quietly until within a few yards of them when they snarled their poles and shouted. "The boats started from their sleep and dashed quickly into the water, the big yellow one striking the boat's stern violently against the hull of our vessel; that I am sure he went off with the head ache.

Tom Foy's Soliloquy.

"Most my friend, lodge up a wain.
Occasional thought in him who lodges there."
Don't they, though? Not a deuced thing have I been able to do since that little gipsy took the room over head, about a week ago! Pat—pat—go those little feet over the floor, till I am as nervous as a cat in a china closet, confounded pretty feet they are too! (For I caught sight of 'em going up stairs.) Then I saw hear her little rocking chair creak, as she sits there sewing, and she keeps singing "Love not me, but just a little fellow could help it. Wish she wasn't quite so pretty; it makes me decidedly uncomfortable. Wonder if she's got any great big footer of a brother, or cousin with a washwoman's fist? Wish I was her washerwoman, or the little nigger who brings her breakfast; wish she'd faint away on the stairs; wish the house would catch fire to-night! Here I am in this great barn of a room all alone; chairs and things set square 'up against the wall; no little feminine fixins round; I shall have to buy a second hand bonnet; or a little pair of gaiter boots, to cheat myself into the delusion that there's two of us! Wish that little gipsy wasn't as sly as a rabbit! I don't meet her on the stairs if I die for it; I've upset my inkstand a dozen of times, hopping up when I thought I heard her coming. Wonder if she knows (when she sits vegetating there,) that Shakespeare, or Sam Slick, or somebody, says that 'happiness is born a twin' 'cause it is true, has been propagated by the sword; but it has not been propagated by anything else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic.

If the Bible be false, the facilities with which it overleaps the impassable boundaries of race and time, and domesticates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance, perverseness, and stupidity than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstition; or if it really has merits, which, through a false, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in composition—so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profound reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit of a thought of scoff or ridicule.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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The Tall American.

THRILLING INCIDENT AT QUEENSTOWN.

After the surrender the prisoners were escorted to the village now called Niagara, at the mouth of the river, where the officers were lodged in an inn, and placed under guard. The sentinel had received orders to suffer no prisoner to pass out, but not otherwise to restrain their motions. In a little while, a message came that some one wished to speak with the "tall American." Scott passed through several doors into the entry. He was surprised to find in his visitors the same two Indians, hiding upon him while he was bearing the flag of truce. The elder, tall and strong, was the distinguished chief known as Capt. Jacobs. The other was a young man of fine figure, and only inferior in muscular development.

In broken English, and by gestures, the prisoner was questioned as to his shot marks; the Indians severally holding up their fingers to indicate the number of times their rifles had been leveled at him. Jacobs grew warm, and seized Scott by the arm to turn him around to look at his back. Indignant at this manual liberty, the American threw the savage from him, exclaiming, "Off, villain! You fired like a squaw!" "We kill you now!" was the angry reply, losing from their girdles at the same time, knives and tomahawks. There was no call for help; none could have arrived in time; and fight would have been, in the opinion of such soldiers as Scott, dastardly. In a corner of the entry, under the staircase, stood the swords of the American, which, according to the customs of war, they had been desired to lay aside on their arrival. A long sabre in a heavy steel scabbard, which was readily drawn and grasped, lay on the outside of the stack. A spring swiftly to the rear, and another back upon the lung, brought the American, with blade hung in the air, to the attitude of defiance. A second lost—a quiver—or an error of the eye, would have ended this story, and left no further room to the biographer of the "tall American." Of one of his assailants Scott was absolutely sure; but that he would fall by the hands of the other he was equally certain. He had the advantage of position—standing on the defensive, in a narrow entry, just within the door of the staircase—it was a narrow one, and the savages were held without in the wider space, near the front door, but maneuvering like sizers to close upon their prey. The parties were thus terribly grouped, when a British officer entering from the street, cried, "The guard!" and at the same moment seized Jacobs by the arm, and put a pistol to the head of his companion. Scott held his blade ready to descend in aid of his gallant deliverer, now turned upon by his foe.

The sentinel obeyed the call they had heard, and came in with bayonets fixed to the Indians were marched off, muttering imprecations upon all white men, and all the laws of the war. The younger of these Indian chiefs was the son of a celebrated Brant, of the revolutionary war.—The officer who so opportunely entered on a visit of courtesy, was Captain Coffin, then in the staff of General Sheaffe, and now in high rank in the British army.—This adventure he frequently narrated, both in New York and on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Tomato.

To many persons there is something unpleasant, not to say disgusting, in the flavor of this excellent fruit. It has, however, long been used for culinary purposes, in various countries of Europe, and has of late years been extensively cultivated and become a general favorite in this country. Dr. Bennett, a professor of some celebrity, considers it an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important medicinal properties. He declares:

1. That the tomato is one of the most powerful deobstruents of the *Materia Medica*, and that in all those affections of the liver and other organs where calumel is indicated, it is probably the most effective and least harmful remedial agent known in the profession.

2. That a chemical extract will be obtained from it, which will altogether supersede the use of calomel in the cure of diseases.

3. That he has successfully treated diarrhoeas with this article alone.

4. That when used as an article of diet, it is almost a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion.

5. That persons arriving from east or north, to the south and west, should by all means make use of it as an aliment, as it would, in that event, save them the danger attendant upon those violent bilious attacks to which almost all unacclimated persons are liable.

6. That the citizen in ordinary should make use of it, either raw, cooked, or in the form of a catsup, with their daily food, as it is the most healthy article in the *Materia Alimentaria*.

Professor Rafinesque, of France, says: "It is everywhere deemed a very healthy, vegetable, and invaluable article of food."
Dungleson says:—"It may be looked upon as one of the most wholesome and valuable esculents that belong to the vegetable kingdom."
A writer in the *Farmer's Register* says: "It has been tried by several persons, with decided success. They were afflicted with a chronic cough, the primary cause of which, in one case, was supposed to be diseased liver—in another, diseased lungs. It mitigates, and sometimes effectually checks a fit of coughing."
The method most commonly adopted in preparing this fruit for daily use, is to cut them in slices, and serve with salt, pepper, and vinegar, as you do cucumbers.
To stew them, remove them ripe from the vines, slice up, and put them in a pot over the stove or fire, without water. Stew them slowly, and when done, put in a small piece of good butter, and eat them as you do apple sauce. Some add a little flour, bread, finely crumbled, or a couple of crackers pulverized.

General Jackson and Scott.

The Democratic papers seem to attach great importance to the correspondence which passed between these distinguished men during the year 1817. Why is that correspondence brought into the present campaign? It is to prove that Winfield Scott is a coward! What Locoocoeditor in the land will dare to say so before an American audience? On one occasion, some four years ago, that epithet was publicly applied to the character of General Scott; but the orator, the moment the word was uttered, was himself obliged to run from the stand to escape the effects of the patriotic indignation of his hearers! The experiment has never since been tried.

For what purpose, then, is the correspondence now published? Is it to show that General Scott refused to fight a duel?—If so, then that fact should recommend him to the approbation of our Democratic friends who deluged the country, during the campaign of 1844, with pamphlets, denouncing Henry Clay as a monster because he did not refuse to fight a duel!

But without inquiring further as to the motion for publishing the correspondence, we think it proper to add a little to what has already been published on that subject.—The Locoocoeditor has announced that two distinguished patriots were at one time enemies; why not publish also the fact of their reconciliation, and the manner of it, which was so highly creditable to both?

As the Democratic papers have failed to do so, we will now furnish the sequel of the story.

It will be remembered that the diffidently originated from an anonymous letter sent to General Jackson by some malicious person, in which letter General Scott was charged with having volunteered expressions condemning as mutinous a certain official order published by General Jackson. On the 6th of September, 1817, General Jackson enclosed this anonymous article to Gen. Scott in a letter, in which he says that "I have not permitted myself for a moment to believe, that the conduct ascribed to you is correct. Consider, however, induces me to lay them before you, that you may have it in your power to say how far they are incorrectly stated."

To this letter Gen. Scott promptly and frankly replied, that he had, in a private conversation with some friends, expressed his opinion that "the paper was a mischievous and tendentious." He proceeded to argue that he was correct in that opinion, and then added, "I must pray you to believe that I have expressed my opinion on this great question, without the least hostility to yourself personally, and without any view of making my court in another quarter, as intimated by your anonymous correspondent." "I have nothing to fear for you from either party."

It was in reference to this letter that Gen. Jackson complains that Gen. Scott had written him an "involent" letter, and had acted towards him the part of a "bully." But it contains no challenge from Gen. Scott. By the terms of his letter, Gen. Jackson avails the idea of challenging Gen. Jackson. It would seem a nice question to be decided by those versed in the code of honor, which of the parties under the circumstances, was required by that code to become the challenger. Gen. Jackson complained that Gen. Scott had charged him with "mutinous" conduct, had been "involent" to him, and had treated him as a "bully." If it was necessary for either the hero of New Orleans or of Landy's Land to fight a duel to prove his courage, was there not as strong a reason for Gen. Scott sending the challenge, as for the latter? By the terms of his letter, Gen. Jackson admits that he had been the party first insulted.

But to the sequel which we promised. About five years after the correspondence alluded to, Gen. Scott and Gen. Jackson happened both to be in Washington, when a reconciliation took place between them alike honorable to both. We make the following extracts from "Mansfield's Life of Scott," [page 175.]

"There had been a rumor no doubt groundless, that Gen. Jackson would on meeting Gen. Scott, offer him some sort of outrage or indignity. When, as it happened, they had been six days together at Washington, and often in the Capitol, in the year 1822, the following letter was written:

SCOTT TO JACKSON.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 11th, 1822.
"Sir—One portion of the American community has long attributed to you the most distinguished masculinity, and the other portion the greatest depression in your treatments—am I to conclude that both are equally in error? I allude to circumstances which have transpired between us, and which need not here be recapitulated, but that I have now been six days in your immediate vicinity without having attracted your notice. As this is the first time in my life that I have been within a hundred miles of you, and as it is barely possible that you may be ignorant of my presence, I beg leave to state that I shall not leave the District, before the morning of the 4th inst.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
"WINFIELD SCOTT."
"The Hon. Gen. A. Jackson Senator, &c."
"To this letter Gen. Jackson returned the following answer:

"JACKSON TO SCOTT.
"December 11th, 1822.
"Sir—Your letter of to-day has been received. Whether the world are correct or in error, as regards my masculinity, is for the world to decide. I am satisfied of one fact; that when you shall know me better you shall not be disposed to harbor the opinion that anything like 'depression in treatment,' attaches to me.
Your letter is ambiguous; but concluding from occurrences hereof, that it was written with friendly views, I take the liberty of saying to you, that whenever you shall feel disposed to meet me on friendly terms, that disposition will not be met by any other than a corresponding feeling on my part.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
ANDREW JACKSON.
"The olive branch was on both sides accepted. From this time to the death of Gen. Scott from the Indian war in 1836, Gen. Scott and Jackson were on terms of high courtesy with each other."
On the 8th day of June, 1846, Gen. Jackson died at the Hermitage, near Nashville.