

Star & Republican Banner.

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

"I WISH NO OTHER HERALD, NO OTHER SPEAKER OF MY LIVING ACTIONS, TO KEEP MINE HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

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[WHOLE NO. 246.]

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers carol'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

WHY DO I LOVE HER?

Why do I love her? I cannot well answer,
Except in a negative way.
It is not because she is famed as a dancer,
And trips over the floor like a fay;
Nor is it because she warbles so sweetly,
While touching the tuneful guitar,
'Tis not that she dresses with taste and so neatly,
'Tis something more exquisite far.
Why do I love her?—'Tis not that her beauty
Is equalled alone by her worth;
'Tis not that in filial affection and duty,
She has not an equal on earth;
Nor is it because she has genius and talents,
With all that the schools can instill,
A rich cultured intellect, fancy to balance,
'Tis something more exquisite still.
Why do I love her?—Because I have reason
To know that her heart is an urn,
Where purest affection, a stranger to treason,
Will warmly and brilliantly burn.
Because she will love with as fervent devotion,
As gloves in a scarp above:
Because she's alive to each tender emotion,
I love her because she can love.

ORIGINAL.

For the Gettysburg Star and Republican Banner.

IDLE HOURS.—NO. IV. WORKING-MEN.

A POLITICAL FACTION was some time since organized in several of our cities and large towns, styled "The working men's party." This, however, was evidently a misnomer; it should have been "Agrarian," or some other term expressive of hostility to all of different habits of thinking and acting, and a determination to destroy the present distribution and security of property. It was a flagrant act of usurpation to appropriate a word descriptive of the most valuable members of society to a few disorderly and revolutionizing spirits, who, by deserting their ordinary occupations to wrangle in defence of theories, have almost forfeited their claims to be classed among those for whose rights they appear so zealous. To whom then would we concede this title? To all productive laborers—to all who by their personal efforts produce the necessities of life, or really promote the well-being of a community.

But before we discuss the character of those who are engaged in it, let us examine the nature of the thing itself—LABOR, we mean. This not only provides for the bodily wants of men, but likewise greatly enhances, and even creates the value of commodities, and is thus the real foundation of wealth. Accompany me to the swamps surrounding the bay of Honduras. Look at you leafless tree in which the work of decay has evidently already commenced, it now serves no purpose but to "cumber the ground," and will ere long by its decomposition add to the noxious vapors which are even now floating in the atmosphere. No, its fall is accelerated; the laborer approaches, considers well its nature, size, and situation, and then applies stroke after stroke of the loudsounding axe, until the forest patriarch is stretched along the ground. The saw is next employed to convert it into planks, which placed in the merchant's vessel, are speedily conveyed by favorable winds and waves to some mart of commerce. Again the hand of industry is applied; a hundred individuals, perhaps, are engaged in giving it a thousand different shapes, the plane and the hammer rattle over and smooth it until it ornaments our chairs, composes our tables, sparkles in our sideboards, so that in fine the once worthless log of mahogany, by this most potent alchemy, is well nigh equivalent to its original weight in gold.

Such are the every-day results of labor, without which Providence has decreed that mortals shall receive nothing that is good—good whether we consider this in relation to their bodies, minds, or morals. Health cannot be retained without due exercise of the muscular system; knowledge and wisdom come not by intuition, but are the fruits of diligent, unremitting inquiries after truth, and the practice of virtue requires an endless warfare of principle with passion, temptation, and seeming pleasure. Experience, therefore, fully coincides with revelation in enforcing at least the latter part of the injunction "six days thou shalt labor"—obey this law, and contentment, health, wealth (for it is "the hand of the diligent maketh rich"), may be thine,—despite it, and all the horrors of omens, shattered nerves, and a dilapidated estate must be the result. "This furnishes a solution of the secret why the peasant, toiling all day beneath the burning sun, and resting at night upon his bed of straw, is more uniformly happy than his nabob-lord, reclining under his pavilion, fanned by fawning slaves, and on his couch of down in vain assaying to close his eyes in slumber. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," "what each man sows, that he shall reap."

It is time, however, that we designate the individuals to whom we would accord the title placed at the head of our essay. No one will doubt but that it is well merited by the hard handed sons of industry, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow—by the pioneer of civilization, who clears our western wilds—by those who turn the furrow, throw in the precious seed, and gather the golden harvest—by all engaged in trades, the products of which are indispensable for carrying on the ordinary business of life—articles of food and clothing, convenience and comfort. Let it ever be borne in mind, however, that it is not merely the amount of time and toil expended upon any object, but adaptation to an end, demand for its use, and real utility that determine the question of productive labor. A certain German prince devoted himself chiefly to the manufacture of seal-tacks, and, it is contended, to be believed, produced a first rate article. Yet what was gained, if the royal wax was never to be degraded by the contact of plebeian hands? The de-throned Spaniard (Charles IV.) was a most industrious tailor, and sent most splendidly em-

brodered robes to "our lady of Loretto." Did he on that account deserve the gratitude of an oppressed, impoverished, paralysed nation? Our own aborigines were indefatigable in forming and finishing their bow and arrows—who would for that reason bring these weapons into competition with the roughest rifle ever shouldered by a backwoodsman?

Neither can this term, with any propriety, be confined to manual labor. Such might be the fact if man were merely a material being, with no other than corporeal faculties and animal wants, or if mind were not able to influence his happiness, or produce any important result. Far different is the fact. Who is more engaged in speculation than the astronomer? Yet is he to be ranked amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race, as every sailor who, by the aid of chart, quadrant, and compass, fearlessly plows the main, must gratefully acknowledge. Does the physician prevent disease or expel it from the system, restore soundness to our limbs or top them when useless from the body—will any one dare to say that his years of preparation were misapplied, that his efforts are now mis-applied? Nor can he be regarded as a supererogatory member of society who, studying his wants and mutual relations, suggests laws suitable to regulate its intercourse, frees innocence from suspicion and injustice, detects villany and eventually brings upon it condign punishment. Is "an honest man the noblest work of God?" virtue man's highest dignity? then must we equally prize those who aim it to promote moral purity, encourage the good to persevere, and urge the vicious to reform. Is knowledge preferable to ignorance, civilization to barbarism, and mental enjoyment not the least of our pleasures—how can we dispense with those whose object it is to increase, perpetuate, and refine all these? All professional and literary men, therefore, who faithfully discharge their duties are in truth "working-men."

Many are disposed to look upon those of studious habits as useless idlers, who scorn to put their hands to the plow, live, as the common expression is, by their wits. Such persons do not take into consideration the days and nights consumed in anxious toil, the unwearied research which must be made in every department of nature, and the thorough investigation of their own minds, of men, and books, of the past, the present, and the future which must be entered into by those who would keep pace with the age, and satisfy the intellectual wants of the world. The broken constitutions of many of the brightest ornaments of society, and the long list of those who have early fallen victims to intense application, bear mournful testimony to the zeal with which not one, but hundreds have exerted themselves in these various pursuits. At the same time, it cannot be denied, that there are not a few against whom this charge can be justly laid, who serve to perpetuate the prejudice which similarly worthless drones originated. Who can avoid feeling the most sovereign contempt for those who, without a single qualification for it, pretend to discharge the functions of a responsible station, make it a pretext for indulging in idleness, and arrogantly claim respect as due to a certain rank which they do all they can to degrade? Yet would it be as unjust to condemn all upon such grounds as to rail at mechanics, indiscriminately, because a bungling workman had made a pair of pinching shoes, or disappointed you by not sending them at the appointed time. How groundless, then, and how unjust too, in a land like ours, where peculiar privileges are granted to none, are those prejudices by which the feelings of one part of society are too often embittered against the other! To the clear eye of common sense, their interests are identical—each is indispensable to the other.—And what, though some have more of "this world's gear" than others? If originally acquired by honesty and industry, what reasonable man can object to the fullest fruition which his neighbor can derive?

There is another point upon which we had intended to touch—the ridiculous ideas entertained in regard to the relative respectability of different occupations, with which is closely connected the opinion that there is something degrading in being under the necessity of toiling personally. But having spread these remarks over a greater space than usual, we, for the present, forbear reserving to ourselves the privilege of taking it up in some future "idle hour."

R.

TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT.

[SELECTED FOR THE STAR AND BANNER.]

MENTAL DIGESTION.

[From "Annals of Education and Instruction."]

Mr. Editor—I have been struck recently with the analogy between the operation of physical and intellectual digestion; and perhaps the following remarks, may present some points which are already familiar to your readers in a new light.

Several ingenious physiologists, in making experiments on the stomach of man and other animals, have confined food in hollow balls, and caused the individual to swallow them. After remaining in the stomach for a long time, they were thrown up by means of an emetic, when it was found that the food, though ever so easy of digestion, has never been known to be at all altered.—When, however, the balls are pierced with holes, and then submitted to the action of the stomach, the food they contain is slowly and partially digested. We are authorized, therefore, in concluding, that although a person were daily to swallow an amount sufficient to sustain him of the most nutritious food in the world, yet if he were perfectly inclosed in hollow metallic balls, he must soon starve.

Now we are endeavoring, in many of our schools, to support and nourish the mind by a process quite as unreasonable. Knowledge is indeed presented to the child, but it is so thoroughly encased as to be as inaccessible to the mind, as food, in the instance supposed, is to the action of the stomach. Will any one ask what this impenetrable covering is? The answer is short: It is language which the pupil does not understand. This is a worse than metallic barrier to the child's improvement. He reads, spells, and commits to memory that which he neither knows the use nor the meaning; to him it is completely encased. Here and there a teacher is learning to perforate this hard covering, so as to enable the mind to act upon the nutriment presented to it. This is done every time

a word is explained in such a manner as to render it clearly understood.

But suppose the covering with which knowledge is now wrapped up were not only perforated in many places, but entirely removed, would the mind then expand, as a matter of course? The food which is digested does not, as a matter of course, nourish the body. There is something else to be done, besides what is done by the stomach, before the body can be benefited. If we could seize the perfectly formed chyle, and apply it to the worn parts of the system, either externally or internally, as the moon would apply plaster to a wall, would it therefore adhere, and answer the purpose? So, although knowledge were stripped of the unintelligible language in which it is usually encased, something more remains to be done before the child is any wiser for it. The teacher can no more apply facts so as to make them become a part of the pupil's mind, without his own co-operation and effort, than the well formed chyle of the human stomach can be applied to increase the size of the body, or supply its waste, in the same arbitrary manner. As the living power that animates the human frame must by a process of its own, appropriate to itself the nutritious substance, before the body receives any support, so before the mind can be nourished, it must, by a process of its own, appropriate to itself the knowledge which is presented to it. Again, let food be taken into the stomach, which the person dislikes; which he does not and cannot relish. Now, although in itself tolerably wholesome, yet if loathsome and disgusting to the taste, the digestive process is not so complete, nor assimilation so perfect as if the food were gratifying to the appetite. The whole digestive apparatus—says the whole system, is a measure, feels the violence done to it, and resists, to a certain extent, the encroachment. Neither is knowledge, though presented in ever so pure and unobjectionable a form, if not adapted to the mental power, and taste of the child, so useful to him as it otherwise would be. All the mental faculties resist the arbitrary attack upon their right of selection, and oppose the violence done to them.

Lastly, let it not be supposed—as it often is at the present day, that the mind is nourished, and expanded, and enlarged, in proportion to the number of ideas which are presented or even received. There are limits which the physical functions, in the appropriation of nutriment to their support, cannot pass. All that is eaten, or digested, or even that passes into the circulation, is by no means added to the mass of solids and fluids which go to make up the animal body. Precisely so is it in the application of knowledge to the mind.

Art of Physical Mis-Education.—How to Make Children Deformed.

[From an English paper.]

At a public meeting on this subject, held at Leeds on the 9th ultimo, [Feb. we believe] Mr. Samuel Smith, of that town, said: "As one of the surgeons of the infirmity of this town, I have had extensive opportunities of witnessing the baneful effects produced upon the health and limbs of children by too long work, and too short intervals of rest and relaxation. I have seen limbs which have been beautifully formed, in a short time, from the operation of the machinery, reduced to the lowest state of deformity; and individuals who, but for these causes, would have been made of beauty and manhood, doomed to remain through life, deformed dwarfs. It is now about twelve years ago since my attention was first directed to this subject, in consequence of seeing an unusual number of cases of deformity of the lower extremities sent from a neighboring manufacturing town; the surprise, however, at this circumstance ceased, when it was ascertained that at that period the children were worked much longer hours in the factories of that town than in this. The expenditure of the infirmity for steel machines to prop up and support bent bones from these causes, soon after this period, became an item of such importance in the yearly expenses of the manufacturing towns, that weekly Board were properly thought it their duty to pass a resolution taking from the surgeons the power of ordering machines costing beyond a certain sum, without first obtaining the consent of the Board; and we have now frequently to compound the matter, by getting the parish from which the poor patient comes, to pay one half of the expense, and the infirmity the other. The number and the serious nature of the machinery accidents admitted into the infirmity is quite frightful to contemplate. I feel confident that the proportion of these accidents will be materially diminished by the ten-hour Bill, not in the proportion of one, two, or three hours which may be deducted from the amount of labor, but in a much larger proportion; for I have long entertained a suspicion that many of these poor children get their fingers and hands involved in the machinery, while in that state of listlessness and apathy produced by fatigue. I have it in confession, from an overlooker, that it is often necessary, towards the latter part of the day, to shake poor factory children by the shoulders, to keep them awake while standing at their work. Is it proper, is it right, that poor children who, even when not engaged upon their looms, cannot keep their eyes open, should be placed almost in immediate contact with all kinds of dreadful machinery?"

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT,
From Mr. Sprague's Address before the Massachusetts Society for Suppressing Intemperance:

The common calamities of life may be endured. Poverty, sickness, and even death may be met; but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and the father forgets his duties he once delighted to fulfil, and by slow degrees becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his home the sorrow that rends her spirit, that will not be alleviated, that will not be comforted.

It is here, above all, where she who has ventured every thing is lost. Woman, suffering woman! here bends her direst affliction.—The measure of her woe, in truth, is full whose husband is a drunkard. Who shall protect her when he is her insulter, her oppressor? What shall delight her when she shrinks from the sight of his face, and trembles at the sound of his voice? The hearth is indeed dark that he has made desolate. There in the dull hour of midnight her griefs are known only to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only ring from her, by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those shed over his transgressions. They fling a deeper gloom across the present; memory turns back and broods upon the past. Like the recollection of the sun-stricken pilgrim, other

days come over her, as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit.

She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy, the enraptured father who bent with such delight over her new-born children; asks if this really can be him! this sated being who has nothing for her but a sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for these ashamed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example! Can we wonder that amidst these agonizing moments the tender cords of violated affection should burst asunder? That the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart!" That though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dear husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debased in life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb; though she would have wept bitterly indeed; the tears of the station he once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy; at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and his holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy; self-branded, an outlaw; this is the woe the wife feels, and is more painful than death; this she mourns over as worse than widowhood."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"STERN WINTER IS COMING."

Stern Winter is coming—his meaneer bear,
They breathe in the gate, and broken his bear—
He comes from his den, from the dark dreary north,
When he brings all his stormy artillery forth:
He will pour on the hill, on the plain, and the vale,
The snow and the sleet, the rain and the hail;
The stream at his bidding stands silent and still,
And he hushes the voice of the murmuring rill.
Ere long will the broad fleecy mantle of white
Envelope the scenes of the summer's delight;
The tree will grow hoary beneath its thick shower,
And over the hamlet and over the tower
It will spread the pale glory which tells that the reign
Of that tyrant, old Winter, approaches again!
With the bush where the roses that blossomed in June
Blushed deep in the glee of the sun-beam at noon,
The frost with its magical fingers will play,
And an icicle hang on each glittering spray.
Yet though sullen and cheerless the surface of earth,
Still the heart has its sources of innocent mirth—
The music that peals from the merry sleigh-bell
Of frolic and gleeful enjoyment may tell—
Each the fireside gathers its circle around,
Where the fondest endearments of life may be found,
And the festival board with its plentiful cheer,
Enlivens the gloom on the face of the year.

Ah, let us remember, while round it we press,
How many are pining in want and distress,
Scarcely sheltered from winter's rude storms by the hut,
Which knoweth chill poverty's merciless lot;
And while we give thanks to the God we adore
For His blessings, still let us REMEMBER THE POOR.

WINTER.

WINTER (says the Newark Daily) with all its chilling influences, is gradually advancing, and the dying and variegated foliage of Autumn, and all that before conveyed delight to the senses, is giving way to barren trunks and leafless branches, among which the wind makes wintry music, sighing as it goes, like the voice of Age lamenting over departed glory. Its hollow murmurs—a wordless melody—seem to give us admonition of the storms we are shortly to undergo: they call upon us, too, to be thankful that we are altered from the boreal blast, whilst thousands are shivering, exposed amid surrounding snows. But Winter, with all its terrors, has its charms: In this season of outward gloom, how frequent, and how delightful, are the opportunities for domestic enjoyment! When there is nothing to invite abroad, how pleasant the hours we may improve at home! where, beside the social fire, with the heart warmed and enlivened by friendship, we hear the ruffian blast whistling without, unharmed and unchilled.

Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head.
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

Why then should we indulge the forebodings of complaint? Drive away dreary melancholy with her black train of gorgons, hydes, and chimeras dire." Never devote those fields of imagination and sentiment, which ought to glow with every beauty, to the possession of baneful demons, blasting the whole scenery of genius and virtue.—Happiness depends upon the management of the mind, and should be subject to no more skiey influences. Let us then banish every painful reflection, and even in Winter, fancy that we see, with the muse of Bloomfield, "delight on tip-toe bearing the lucid train of Spring;" and, although doomed for a season to the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain," let us look forward, cheerfully, to the time when the woods and plains will be adorned again and the fawns of Nature be converted into smiles, and the alchemy of Spring.

"With his ice, and snow, and rime,
Let bleak Winter come!
There's not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit home."

WINTER EVENINGS.

Long cheerful winter evenings. These constitute one redeeming trait in our cold varying climate. Our winter evenings are sufficient to reconcile us to our locality on terra firma, so valuable are they as the season for fire-side amusements and intellectual improvement. What a pity it is that they are so generally wasted! We have known many an indolent mechanic who would tumble into bed by eight o'clock, while his painstaking spouse worked till eleven or twelve; and many a farmer's wife will work till mid-

night, while he dozes in the chimney corner. This dozing is a bad habit. If you need sleep, go to bed and have it, and then be wide awake when you get up. Don't allow yourself to snore in the corner—it is ill bred and indolent. A man who will sleep like an animal while his wife is hard at work, don't deserve to have a wife. Take a book or newspaper, and read to her these long winter evenings. It will be a mutual benefit. It will dissipate much of the gloom and inquietude too often engendered by care and hard labor; it will make you more happy, more useful, and more respected.

Our farmers are apt to mis-spend these long evenings in idle grumblings at hard times, high taxes, and modern degeneracy. Finding fault won't mend the times. They must read, improve themselves and educate their children, that the next generation may be wiser than their fathers. Our farmers are but half acquainted with the rich resources of their soil. Were they familiar with the most improved system of husbandry, and easily they might become so, by devoting these long winter evenings to the reading of books which treat on this subject, they would have less cause to complain of the times. Some of the greatest and best men of our country were sound practical farmers. But they were not ignorant farmers. They were men who great emergencies called from the seclusion of private life to take part in great national affairs; and when the state of their country no longer required the exercise of their talents, they returned again to the healthful and honorable labor of the farm. When our farmers are better informed, and not till then, may they hope to take that rank, and exert that influence in society, to which the respectability and importance of their occupation so justly entitle them. We again say, let our apprentices, our mechanics, our farmers, read—spend their winter evenings in acquiring knowledge, as the best preservative from folly, vice and dissipation of every kind.

Variety.

The speaker of the House of Representatives, has appointed Messrs. M'Elwee, Kerr of Butler, Stevens, Anderson of Delaware, and Irvin, to proceed to Philadelphia to investigate the charges of abuses in the Eastern Penitentiary.

It is surmised by some, that if the Senate should refuse to authorize the reprisals against France, the President will convocate the new Congress, soon after the 4th of March.

The Count de Leon, natural son of the Emperor Napoleon, is at present in London; a marriage is spoken of between him and the daughter of one of the Emperor's brothers.

The expiration of the charter of the Bank of the United States, will probably induce the incorporation of ten times the amount of Banking capital by the States. The project of a new Bank, has been started in Charleston, S. C. It is designed, to have a capital of two millions.

A liberal citizen of New York has bought and presented to the widow of a distinguished gentleman an elegant mansion in Hudson square, for which \$20,000 was paid.

THE PRESIDENT'S LION.—We have had the pleasure (says a letter-writer) of an interview with the lion sent by the Emperor of Morocco to General Jackson. The royal animal is an appropriate present. He is the largest specimen of his kind that ever visited this country, and exhibits that jealousy of his prerogative which distinguishes great personages. He is royally ferocious, and on the slightest approach to his cage, thrusts his huge paw through the bars and "roars you," though not "as gently as a sucking dove." In the present mania for monsters, this pet of the President's will be found second only to the Mammoth in its power to excite the terrors of the timid. It will be exhibited shortly.

LETTER FROM MAJ. DOWNING.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 6, 1834.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight,
of the New York Daily Advertiser.

I suppose you have read the message long afore this, and begun to think the time ain't far off when we shall all on us be called on to give the Frenchmen a stirrin' up for not paying us that just debt they owe us.

I wish I could write French as well as I can American, for then I'd sit down and give Louis Phillip my notions about this business, for I am plaguily afraid he and his folks don't know as much about the nature of this country as they ought to know. If they or any other nation think that because we differ in opinion here among ourselves on home matters, we are going to carry our differences into foreign matters, they are amazingly mistaken.

War ain't kalkulated to bring much profit to any nation, especially to our nation as things now stand, but it will never do to look to profit or loss account in a business of this nature.

The Frenchmen owe us five millions of dollars, and they must pay it, or we must try and get it out on 'em if it costs five times the sum. The mode of doing this is for Congress to say, "wait a minute." If Congress says, "wait a spell," I say, "I'm for one of the people say, agreed." If Congress says, "take French property enuf to pay the debt," I say, "agreed; and then if the Frenchmen do any thing in turn that looks like war, and Congress says, "go

at 'em now boys." I for one say, "I am ragg'y,"—and if any may think he can do more good at the head of a Brigade of Militia than I can, he is welcome to my sword and cocked hat, and I'll take his place in the ranks; I don't want a better place to do my duty in my country than that.

I think it is the duty of every man on this point, to drop all politics. Every man, to be sure, has a right to give his opinion in Congress, or out of Congress, as to the best mode of settling this business; but when once that Congress has ordered what is to be done, then my notion is for all parties to shake hands and stand by the Government, and if it comes at last to the point, and war is the word, then off coat and go at it; 'd have no disputing among ourselves till we have thrash'd 'em.

If Congress should agree with the General that the best course, in case Frenchmen don't pay us, is to take French property on the ocean. I suppose the Frenchmen who lose their property will think it mighty hard in us; well, if they do, they will understand exactly how our merchants felt some 20 years ago when their property was taken from them—it ain't aint a good tasted dish any way.

Howsoever, I have a notion that the best way arter all to bring the Frenchmen to their senses, is to stop all trade with 'em; till they settle all old accounts. This is a peaceable mode, and they'll soon find out we can give up their ribbons and ruffles a little better than they can give up our Cotton and Tobacco—'tis arazin to see how much good solid articles go from this country to France, and paid for in fashions and trash, that ain't worth, when you raly come to look close into 'em, the expense of bringing out.

Some will say that our Cotton and Tobacco will go to France through other countries—well, let 'em go so. The French can't do without 'em, and will have to pay so much the more for 'em. And then again some will say that French silks and ribbons and gew gaws will come to us through other countries, and if needs be will be call'd "English" or "Italian" or "Swiss" or "Spanish"; but there is a rod in pickle for all that—if I and the General ony come out with a proclamation to our women and galls, and ask 'em to drop all use of French goods, the jig will be up with the Frenchmen at once—they may deceive our Consuls and Collectors, but they can't deceive our Galls, for they can tell a French hat as ad French ribbons and French sumery as far as you can throw a club.

If any one thinks our galls aint got patriotism enuf in 'em for this, when they come to understand the nature of the business, they will be as much mistaken as Commodore Hardy was last war off Stonington. Some one went off and told old Hardy the Yankees had but two guns, but had no flannel to make cartridges with, and that was true enuf; so he brought in his ships and began to blaze away; but as soon as our galls come to hear on't, they turned to, and afore 12 o'clock there warn't a flannel petticoat left in all Stonington. Commodore Hardy got the hull on 'em about his ears in cartridges about the quickest I tell you. "And arter that when any one would tell him rich and sich a place had no flannel to make cartridges with, he'd scratch his head and say but I'm afraid they have got galls and flannel petticoats, and that's about the same."

I don't mean to say nothin about home politics now till this French business is settled. My spunk is getting up a little about it, and I don't know but I shall brugh up what little I once knowed of that lingo, and tell the "parley voo" in their Congress "up chamber" a thing or two perhaps they have forgotten about this country.

Your old friend,
J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia 2nd Brigade.

A GOOD BUSINESS.—The Pensacola Floridian mentions that a person in that vicinity, with the assistance of one servant, has made this season, twenty bales of Cotton, which is worth at present prices upwards of one thousand dollars.

As another instance of great yield, it is stated, that one acre of ground on the plantation of Dr. Whitehead, yielded as the produce of the second picking—1950 lbs. of Cotton, in the seed.

A shock of an earthquake was felt in Maysville, Ky. on Thursday 20th ult., which lasted about 25 or 30 seconds.

The Report of the death of Warren R. Davis, Member of Congress from South Carolina, prove to be incorrect. The latest accounts left him basking beneath the smiles of beauty; the Ladies of his District having given him a ball on the eve of his departure for Washington. These little favors serve to dispel the severity and gloom of political life; and the Southern Ladies, who unite to the charms of person, an exceedingly cultivated mind, have the peculiar knack of getting up these things timely and prettily.

COAL TRADE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—It is stated in the Miner's Journal that the aggregate amount of Coal sent to market, from the several coal regions of Pennsylvania, during the past year, was equal to 488,861 tons. The same paper adds, (which is already the great consumption of this article)—that there is already a short supply and scarcity in all the markets except Philadelphia.

Don Miguel is about to marry a daughter of the Duke of Modena.