

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.

VOL. 5--NO. 52.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1835.

[WHOLE NO. 260.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE ENROLLED MEMBERS OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS: I OFFER myself as a Candidate for the office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the election, which is to be held on the first Monday in June next, and most respectfully solicit your votes.

DAVID SCOTT. te-51

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE ENROLLED INHABITANTS OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS:

THROUGH your generous exertions I was elected Brigade Inspector at the last election, for which I return you my most sincere acknowledgments. The short period for which I was elected being about to expire, permit me again to enroll my name amongst the list of Candidates for your consideration at the approaching election. From the disposition which you manifested towards me at the former election, I am induced to believe, and still continue to indulge the hope, that you will again stand by, and not desert me.

SAMUEL E. HALL. te-51

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

GENTLEMEN:

I RETURN you my unfeigned thanks for the very liberal support you gave me at the last Brigade Inspector's Election; and at the same time present myself again to your consideration as a candidate at the ensuing election. I shall not be able to call on all personally—neither do I present any claims by which I should be entitled to your support, with the exception of my own personal merit. I shall leave the matter to your own discretion, and will be thankful for whatever support I may get.

J. B. DANNER. te-51

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

I AM induced by a number of my friends to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of BRIGADE INSPECTOR, at the ensuing election. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and impartiality.

JACOB HERMAN. te-50

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE ENROLLED VOLUNTEERS & MILITIA OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENN. MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

ENCOURAGED by a number of my friends, I therefore take the liberty to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and impartiality.

Your humble servant, JOSEPH E. WILL. te-50

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE ENROLLED MEMBERS OF THE 2D BRIGADE, 5TH DIVISION, PENN. SYLVANIA MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

I AM induced to offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the office of

BRIGADE INSPECTOR,

at the coming election. Your votes will be thankfully received and gratefully remembered.

SAMUEL S. McCREARY. te-49

BRIGADE INSPECTOR.

TO THE VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA OF THE SECOND BRIGADE, FIFTH DIVISION, PENNSYLVANIA MILITIA.

FELLOW-SOLDIERS:

HAVING on a former occasion received a respectable number of votes, for which I tender you my sincere acknowledgments, I feel myself induced to offer again as a candidate for the Office of

BRIGADE INSPECTOR,

at the ensuing Election; and, if elected, will endeavor to discharge the duties of that office with justice and impartiality.

JOSEPH J. KUHN. te-48

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

A FRESH supply of genuine DRUGS and MEDICINES just received and for sale at the Drug store of DR. J. GILBERT, Gettysburg. December 9, 1834. te-3

CONDITIONS OF THIS PAPER:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published every Tuesday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the discretion of the editor.—A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement, and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square, will be inserted THREE times for ONE DOLLAR, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion—longer ones in the same proportion. The number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

IV. Communications, &c. by mail, must be post-paid—otherwise they will not meet with attention.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

FROM THE NEW-YORK KNICKERBOCKER.

DEATH, TIME, & ETERNITY.

There once stood palaces of Kings, whose breath Gave law to millions; scarce a moulting stone. Told of their site. Who dwelt there? Ask of Death, The king of all: He hath usurped the throne; Where myriads dwell, the wild fox dwells alone,— Where banners streamed, the yew and cypress wave; Where trumpets pealed—the hollow breezes moan. The mail-clad warrior and the naked slave. Mingle their ashes in one common grave.

A common grave! The universal doom Falls on the monarch's, as the peasant's head; There dwells no charm within the proudest tomb Which shrines the dust whence consciousness hath fled;

There is no scepter for the throneless dead! And he, who living, kept a world at bay, Shares with the worm his cold and narrow bed. The worm, that makes man's soulless form his prey, Knows not a Caesar's from a peasant's clay.

What then is Death?—the doom of all that lives; What is this Earth?—the tomb of all that dies; And what is Time? A boon that mercy gives, By fools neglected: 'Tis the tie that tries Love, Honor, Friendship, and all human ties. What is Eternity? Who shall assign Form to Infinity? The theme defies All finite wisdom: 'Tis the mighty line That God hath drawn between his state and thine.

Seek not to know what ne'er shall be revealed, Till thou shalt see thy maker in his might; Wait, till that hour when all that now is sealed, Or half concealed, in mercy, from thy sight, Shall burst upon thee with unveiled light! Then shall the universal grave be given; The past shall seem but as an arrow's flight; Then to the soul shall faculties be given To comprehend the mysteries of Heaven.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Gettysburg Star and Republican Banner.

Varieties of the Human Race.

It is with no small degree of reluctance, that I feel compelled to throw myself upon the indulgence of the public, upon a subject which I feel perfectly conscious is not calculated to interest the general reader.—Nothing could induce me to pursue the present course, but an anxious desire to defend the positions advanced on a former occasion, against the attacks of a certain writer in one of our papers over the signature of "Melanophilus."

However anxious we feel for the maintenance of our principles, we feel still more anxious to preserve a strict adherence to TRUTH, which we feel assured, under present circumstances, can not be better maintained, than by supporting those principles which are so exceptionable in the opinion of the writer referred to. We are ready to sacrifice any favorite theory, in the cause of truth, upon conviction, however repugnant to our feelings, or wounding to our pride. Our reasoning is very unequivocally censured, as having a tendency to add still more to the numerous ills of the unfortunate children of Africa. If the writer believes that any thing we have advanced, was for the purpose of aggravating those ills of which he speaks, he is laboring under a delusion. Would to heaven that every individual entertained the abhorrence to slavery that we do, this foul stain would not long be permitted to blur the page of our country's history. If he thinks that we have ignorantly advanced those positions, which he so much abhors, without a knowledge, as he presumes, of their pernicious consequences, we shall at least make an effort to convince him to the contrary. At present, we shall confine ourselves to some additional observations on the varieties of color, &c.

We remarked on a former occasion, that no satisfactory causes had yet been assigned for the diversity of color, form and features, which characterize the human race. We denied that the influence of climate, food and manner of living, was adequate to the establishment of a permanent variety; whilst we admitted its ability to effect temporary changes in color, being invariably confined to the individual subjected to the cause, without being in a single instance transmitted to the offspring. We stated, that children born of European parents, after a protracted residence in the tropical regions, upon their return to a temperate climate, could not be distinguished from those whose parents had never left their native country. In support of those facts, we advanced what we conceived to be satisfactory testimony. The writer, above referred to, it appears, is not so easily satisfied. He asks whether "we are not aware that those who have spent twelve, fifteen, or twenty years in the East or West Indies, are so completely embrown'd as to be readily recognized

on that account during the remainder of their lives, even when that is passed in their native northern clime?" He does not inform us that they are altered in form and features, neither whether their offspring is of a darker color than if the parent had never been absent from his "native northern clime."—He merely tells us what we never doubted, much less denied: that the rays of a tropical sun, had the effect of changing the color of the skin of the European. He likewise asks the question, "whether the majority of the Creoles, in those countries, even when most delicately reared, so that (quoting the beautiful passage in Hamlet) "the winds of heaven are not permitted to visit them too roughly," of a darker hue, than the corresponding rank in their mother country?" All this merely goes on to verify, what we do not pretend to controvert, that climate does exert its influence, as long as the individual is a resident of a warm climate; we will even admit that the effects may be perceptible during the remainder of life, but we will venture to predict, that if the Creoles go to their native clime, their offspring will not vary in color from those who never left their native country.

Let us now reverse the case, and take the offspring of an African, (which at birth is nearly colorless,) in our own temperate Pennsylvania, or in Adams County, if Melanophilus had rather, and rear it so delicately "that even the winds of heaven be not permitted to visit it too roughly;" and I venture to assert, that upon attaining maturity, it would be as perfect an African, in color, form and features, as any ever reared in, and imported from, the burning regions of Africa.

The instance referred to, of the young man, is precisely similar to many others. We are perfectly aware of the effects produced upon the color of those who labor in the sun, (having ourselves experienced a share,) the effects produced are confined to those parts only, which are exposed to the immediate action of the sun's rays; but do not witness as fair skins among their offspring, as are to be met with amongst the offspring of those who have spent their whole lives in the closet.

Some Europeans, it is true, become whiter upon exposure to the sun, which is principally dependent upon the profuse perspiration excited by the heat of the sun; the African, on the contrary, when bathed in perspiration, exhibits an elevation of color. The colony of Jews in Cochín, no doubt, have so intermingled with the natives, that it would be extremely difficult to find a single Jew of unadulterated origin amongst them. We are also informed of some Portuguese settlers in Asia and Africa, who are as black as the natives. But we are told somewhere else, that those Portuguese are actually blacker than the natives! If that be the fact, we are obliged to seek some other cause than climate; for it is not rational to infer that climate alone could produce a deeper color in the skin of the Portuguese, than in that of the natives. We are compelled to refer the solution to some other cause, of which we have already expressed our ignorance.

We will now merely advance a few additional facts, of those in our possession, to demonstrate that climate, food, &c. are not sufficient to the production of the diversity of color observable amongst the human family.

Mr. Jefferson, in his notes on Virginia, mentions seven instances of Albinos, or white negroes. A late distinguished writer observes, "That deviations are perhaps more common in Africa than elsewhere." Dr. Winterbottom mentions eleven cases among the native tribes of Sierra Leone. Mr. Bowditch tells us that the king of Ashantee has collected nearly one hundred white negroes. Wafer says they are numerous in the Isthmus of Darien. It has indeed been said, that whole tribes of Albinos exist in Africa, Java and Ceylon.

Does Melanophilus believe, that climate will make some men white, and others black in the same place? or is he not rather inclined to ascribe this variety of color in the same place, to some individual peculiarity with which we are unacquainted? We are told that the skin of the Albino is destitute of the coloring principle found in the skin of the negro generally; but, according to Melanophilus, climate should still be able to turn him black in those tropical regions! A temperate climate will not whiten the skin of the African, neither will the burning rays of an Equatorial sun blacken the surface of the Albino. We admit that deserts, cooling streams, &c. may effect a change in the shade of color; but we feel no inclination to admit that the causes, either individually or collectively, mentioned by the writer, are able to effect the original peculiarity.

It was not our intention to give an explanation of the causes of the varieties of the human race—such an attempt, from the finite and very limited character of our faculties, we were well aware would necessarily prove ineffectual. We did not mean that we were ignorant why climate, &c. effected such changes; but we really meant, as the writer seems to infer, that climate has little or no influence upon the production of color, so far as relates to a permanency thereof from parent to offspring.

We know that numerous natural phenomena are justly attributed to gravitation, but why one body tends to another we know not. We are aware that chemical affinity operates upon elementary particles, when in apparent contact and at insensible distances, but of the prime cause we confess our ignorance. Were we even acquainted with those imperceptible changes and their

causes, they could not possibly subserve any useful purposes in the ordinary vocations of life; those only being useful that fall within the cognizance of our senses. I should not have said so much, had it not been deemed necessary to convince Melanophilus, that I was not ignorant of the causes to which he refers. It is an axiom in philosophy, that there is necessarily a cause for every effect, and that the cause must be adequate to the effect. Similar causes produce similar effects, and vice versa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SONG IN THE MASK OF TASSO.

Ah—"Drink to me only,"
Breathe, breathe, my harp that swelling strain,
That Love delights to hear!
Still, still, my heart those sounds retain,
To early feelings dear!
Transported by their magic power,
To distant years I fly,
And live again each blissful hour,
For Sorrow waked the sigh.
Farewell! farewell! forever fled
The heart that held me dear!
Weathe, wreath with garlands, pale and dead,
That darkly passing year!
My sun is set, my hope is past—
I mourn the Night of Min!
Come Death, come Sorrow's friend, at last
Thy victim bows resign'd.

By N. P. WILLS, one of the Editors of the New York Mirror, writes from Paris as follows:—

I WAS at LAFAYETTE'S funeral. They buried the old patriot like a criminal. Fixed bayonets before and behind his hearse, his own National Guard disarmed, and troops ordered to beleague a city where the honors paid by the "citizen king" to the man who had made him! The indignation, the scorn, the bitterness expressed on every side among the people, and the ill smothered cries of disgust as the two empty royal carriages went by, in the funeral train, seemed to me strong enough to indicate a settled and universal hostility to the government.

I met Dr. Bowring on the Boulevard after the funeral was over. I had not seen him for two years, but he could talk of nothing but the great event of the day. "You have come in time," he said, "to see how they carried the old general to his grave! What would they say to this in America? Well—let them go on! We shall see what will come of it! They have buried Liberty and Lafayette together—our last hope in Europe is quite dead with him!"

LOVE UP A CHIMNEY.

The London Monthly Magazine for January, contains a humorous article, entitled "Passage in the Life of Mr. Watkins Tottle." We quote the following, relating to Gabriel Parsons' courtship and marriage, with the account of which Parsons is entertaining his old friend Tottle, a crusty old bachelor:—

"Well, we made love the usual way you know—Fanny expressed herself very miserably; hinted at the possibility of an early grave; said that nothing should induce her to swerve from the duty she owed her parents; and implored me to forget her, and find out somebody more deserving; and all that sort of thing. She said, she could on no account think of meeting me unknown to pa and ma; and entreated me, as she should be in a part of Kensington Gardens at eleven o'clock next morning, not to attempt to meet her there."

"You didn't go, of course?" said Watkins Tottle.

"Didn't I? Of course I did. There she was, with the identical housemaid in perspective, in order that there might be no interruption. We walked about for a couple of hours; made ourselves delightfully miserable, and were regularly engaged. Then we began to "correspond"—that is to say, we used to exchange about four letters a day; what we used to say in 'em, I can't imagine. And I used to have an interview in the kitchen, or in the cellar, or some such place, every evening. Well, things went on this way for some time; and we got fonder of each other every day. At last, as our love was raised to such a pitch, and as my salary had been raised too shortly before, we determined on a secret marriage. Fanny arranged to sleep at a friend's the night before; we were to be married early in the morning, and then we were to return to her home and pathetic. She was to fall at the old gentleman's feet, and bathe his boots with tears; and I was to hug the old lady and call her "mother," and use my pocket handkerchief as much as possible. Married we were next morning; two girls—friends of Fanny—acted as bride's maids, and a man, who was hired for five shillings and a pint of porter, officiated as father.—Now, the old lady unfortunately put off her return from Ramsgate, where she had been paying a visit, until the next morning; and as we placed great reliance upon her, we agreed to postpone the confession for four and twenty hours. My newly made wife returned home, and I spent my wedding day in strolling about Hampstead Heath, and—my father-in-law. Of course I went to comfort my dear little wife at night, as much as I could, with the assurance that our troubles would soon be over. I opened the garden-gate, of which I had a key, and was shown by the servant to our old place of meeting—a back kitchen, with a stone floor, and a dresser, upon which, in the absence of chairs, we used to sit and make love."

"Make love upon a kitchen dresser?" interrupted Mr. Watkins Tottle, whose ideas of decorum were greatly outraged.

"Ah!—on a kitchen dresser," replied Parsons. "And let me tell you, old fellow, that if you were really over head and ears in love, and had no other place to make love in, you'd be devilish glad to avail yourself of such an opportunity. However, let me see—where was I?"

"On the dresser," suggested Timson.

"Oh—ah! Well, here I found poor Fanny—quite disconsolate and uncomfortable. The old boy had been very cross all day, which made her feel still more lonely; and she was quite out of spirits. So I put a good face upon the matter, and laughed it off, and said we should enjoy the pleasures of a matrimonial life more by contrast, and at length poor Fanny brightened up a little. I stopped there till about eleven o'clock; and just as I was taking my leave for the fourteenth time, the girl came running down stairs, without her shoes, in a great fright, to tell us that the old villain—God forgive me for calling him so! for he is dead and gone now—prompted I suppose by the prince of darkness, was coming down to draw his own beer for supper—a thing he had not done before for six months, to my certain knowledge; for the cask stood in that very back kitchen. If he had discovered me there, explanation would have been out of the question; for he was so outrageously violent, when at all excited, that he never would have listened to me.

"There was only one thing to be done. The chimney was a very wide one; it had been originally built for an oven; went up perpendicularly for a few feet and then shot backward, and formed a sort of small cavern. My hopes and fortunes—the means of our joint existence almost—were at stake. I scrambled like a squirrel; coiled myself up in this recess place; and, as Fanny and the girl replaced the deal chimney-board, I could see the light of the candle which my unconscious father-in-law carried in his hand. I heard him draw the beer—and I never heard beer run so slowly. He was just leaving the kitchen, and I was preparing to descend, when down came the infernal chimney-board with a tremendous crash. He stopped, and put down the candle and the jug of beer on the dresser; he was a nervous old fellow, and any unexpected noise annoyed him. He coolly observed that the fire-place was never used, and sending the frightened servant into the next kitchen for a hammer and nails, actually nailed up the board, and locked the door on the outside. So there was, on my wedding night, in the fight between my trousers, fancy waistcoat, and blue coat that I had been married in, in the morning, in a back kitchen chimney, the bottom of which was nailed up, and the top of which had been formerly raised some fifteen feet, to prevent the smoke from annoying the neighbors. And there, added Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he passed the bottle— "there I remained till half past seven o'clock next morning, when the housemaid's sweet heart, who was a carpenter, unshelled me. The old dog had nailed me up so securely, that to this very hour, I firmly believe no one but a carpenter could ever have got me out."

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By M. CARRY.

From the New York Knickerbocker for February.

On the 31st of August, 1773, says Baron Grim, from whom I translate this story, at 9 in the evening, a ship for Rochelle, carrying a crew of eight men, with two passengers, approached the head of the pier of Dieppe. The wind was so tempestuous that a coasting pilot endeavored in vain, four times, to go out, and direct its entrance into the port. Bousard, another pilot, perceiving that the pilot of the ship made a false manœuvre,—which placed it in great danger, endeavored to guide it, by means of the speaking trumpet, and by signals; but the darkness of the night, the roaring of the winds, the noise of the waves, and the great agitation of the sea, prevented the Captain's hearing or seeing any thing, and the vessel, running upon a rock, was wrecked about thirty fathoms above the pier—Bousard, hearing the cries of the unfortunate crew, who were in the utmost danger of perishing, in spite of all the representations made to him of the impossibility of giving them assistance, resolved to make an effort to save them and ordered his wife and children, who endeavored to prevent him, to be carried away. He tied one end of a rope fast to the pier, and girding the other round his waist, threw himself into the midst of the furious waves, to carry the rope to the vessel, by means of which the people might be towed on shore. He approached the ship, but was thrown back again to the shore, by the mighty force of the waters.—Many times he was thus repulsed—and rolled with violence along the shore—while he was surrounded by broken relics of the ship, which was going to pieces very fast. His ardor was not diminished; a wave carried him under the wreck, and he was concluded to be lost, when he soon reappeared, bearing in his arms a sailor who had been thrown from the ship; he brought him on shore motionless, and almost lifeless. At length, after a great number of vain attempts, he succeeded in carrying the rope to the vessel, and those of the crew who had strength enough remaining, tying it round them, they were dragged on shore. Bousard then thought he had saved every soul on board. Exhausted with fatigue, bruised and battered with the blows and shocks he had received, he reached his home with difficulty, and then fell down in a swoon. He was just roused to himself, having discharged a vast quantity of sea water, and was recovering his spirits, when he was told that a groaning was still heard on board the wreck.—The moment he heard this he seemed inspired with new strength, and breaking away from those who were about him, ran to the shore, got on board, and was fortunate enough to save one of the passengers, who, from weakness, had not been able to

avail himself of the assistance given to his companions. Often men who had been in the ship, only two perished, and their bodies were found on the next day. On this occasion, the following letter was written by M. Necker to Bousard, agreeably to the order of Louis XVI.

"Brave Man! I did not know, till yesterday, by means of the intendant, the courageous action you performed on the 31st of August. I gave an account of it to the King, who has ordered me to express his high satisfaction, and to announce to you, on his part, that he makes you a present of a thousand livres, and gives you an annuity besides of three hundred livres. I write with orders to this effect to the intendant. Continue to succour others, when you can, and put up prayers for your good King, who loves brave men, and delights to reward them."

Signed: NECKER, Director General of the Finances.

The courageous pilot received this letter, and the reward which accompanied it, with the utmost gratitude, only expressing surprise, that his action of the 31st of August should have made so much noise, since he had shown the same zeal on many other occasions, without ever thinking of any reward, or receiving any. After paying his debts, and buying new clothes for his wife and children—a thing which he had rarely been able to do before, he asked permission of the intendant to go to Paris and thank Mr. Necker, and see, if possible, the young King who "loved brave men and delighted to reward them." He went to Paris in the sailor's dress which he had formerly bought for his wedding. Some one having asked him what could have inspired him with an intrepidity so rare, he answered in these remarkable words: "Humanity, and the death of my father. He was drowned; I was not in the way to save him, and I swore from that moment to devote myself to the rescue of all whom I might behold in danger at sea." Was ever a more pure, a more sublime homage, offered to filial piety.

DEATH OF A SEXTON IN THE MIDST OF HIS VOCATION.

The Stamford, Conn. Sentinel, has the following paragraph:

"We are informed that on the 10th inst. Jonathan Finch, at North Castle, Westchester co. N. Y. was called upon to open a grave for one of his neighbors. While engaged in the labor, he made a casual remark to the person who went to point out the spot for the grave, that he did not feel very well. He was advised to give up the undertaking, but thought he should be able to accomplish it, and his guide went away, leaving him at work. Soon after, another person went to the grave yard, found the grave about half open, and Mr. Finch lying in it, struggling with the last agonies of death, and before he succeeded in removing him to the house he was a corpse."

The Harrisburg Intelligencer says that

our worthy Governor invited his eighty-three friends in the Convention, to take a glass of wine with him after his nomination. We think the Speaker deserved a bottle.—Pittsburg Ad.

SHOCKING.—The dwelling house of Mr. James C. Curtis, of Cocheton, Tallman county, N. Y. was destroyed by fire a few days since, and three children perished in the flames!

IMPORTANT DECISION.—By letters from Washington, we learn that the Supreme Court of the United States, has finally determined the long pending suit of Colin Mitchell and others vs. the United States, respecting lands in Florida, by confirming the claim of the appellants to the lands.

We understand that this decision will enrich several individuals, who will now come into possession of some twelve to fourteen hundred thousand acres of land in Florida, including the townships of Apalachicola, Magnolia, and other very valuable districts. Their claims have been contested for about 14 years.—N. Y. Mer. Adv.

MURDERER ARRESTED.—Few things are more certain, than that atrocious crimes will ultimately be exposed and the perpetrator punished; however the offender may think to elude justice, by interposing time and space between himself and the scene of his villainy. Another instance of this has just been afforded by the apprehension, in Orange county, in this State, of the individual who murdered poor PORTERUS on Cox's mountain, in Tennessee, in the month of October last. We have rarely if ever heard of a more cold-blooded and unprovoked murder than this was. The victim was a clerk in the store of Messrs. E. Phillips & Co. of Huntsville, Alabama, and was travelling on business, when he was met by the murderer in the road, and inhumanly butchered, for the sake of his money. Ever since, he has been wandering about, leading a vagabond life, his troubled spirit not permitting him to rest long in one place. It will be recollected that he was in this City, or its immediate vicinity in December last, and disposed of a part of his plunder to a negro boy, and, amongst other things, a shirt collar, marked with the name of Mr. PORTERUS.—The prompt steps taken by Mr. Mordocai (in whose service, the negro was) to spread the alarm, has been, we have no doubt, the proximate cause of his detection. His name is supposed to be John Callan, but he may, we understand, that his name is CAMPBELL. He is a Tailor by trade.—Raleigh Reg.