

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 MY HONOR FROM CORRUPTION."—SHAKS.

VOL. 6—NO. 51.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1836.

[WHOLE NO. 311.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of
the Court-House.

CONDITIONS:

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published weekly, at Two DOLLARS per annum, (or Volume of 52 Numbers,) payable half yearly in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages 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.

SHERIFFALTY.

George W. McClellan,
RETURNS his sincere thanks to his FRIENDS and the PUBLIC generally, for placing him on the return with the present SHERIFF, at a former election; and respectfully solicits their votes and interest, for the

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
at the ensuing ELECTION. Should he be honored with their confidence by being elected to that Office, no exertion shall be wanting on his part, faithfully to discharge the duties of that important trust.
Gettysburg, Jan. 25, 1836. te-43

SHERIFFALTY.

To the voters of Adams county.
FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I announce myself to your consideration as a CANDIDATE for the
NEXT SHERIFFALTY,
and most respectfully solicit your support. Should I be honored with your successful approbation and favor, it shall be my first wish and aim to discharge the duties of that office with fidelity and humanity.
JOHN JENKINS,
Gettysburg, Feb. 1, 1836. te-44

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.:
FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
at the ensuing Election. Should I be elected, I pledge myself that I will perform the duties of that Office with fidelity and impartiality.
JAMES McILHENY,
[Mountjoy tp.] Feb. 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of Adams County:
Once more, Fellow-Citizens, I offer myself to your consideration as a Candidate for the
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
and respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me, I, as is customary, most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
MICHAEL C. CLARKSON.
February 22, 1836. te-47

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.:
FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration for the office of
SHERIFF,
at the next GENERAL ELECTION. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected I will discharge the duties of the office faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
WM. TAUGHNBAUGH,
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Feb. 29, 1836. te-48

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent Citizens of Adams County:
FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself for the SHERIFF'S OFFICE, at the next election—and should I be so fortunate as to succeed, I pledge my word and honor to serve with honesty, without respect to persons.
Your obedient Servant,
ABRAHAM MUMMA,
Franklin tp., March 7, 1836. te-49

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Independent Voters of Adams Co.:
FELLOW-CITIZENS:
I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
And respectfully solicit your support. If you elect me I most cheerfully pledge myself to discharge the duties faithfully.
Your obedient Servant,
GEORGE MYERS,
New-cheater, March 7, 1836. te-49

SHERIFFALTY.

To the free and Independent Voters of Adams County:
FELLOW-CITIZENS:
Through kind persuasion from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the office of
SHERIFF,
at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes; and should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I would pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with care and fidelity.
WM. ALBRIGHT,
Conowago tp., March 7, 1836. te-49

THE GARLAND.

"With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cul'd with care."

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

Can I forget thee? ask the heart
That never ceased to love thee,
If thy remembrance will depart,
While heaven is bright above me,
Tho' the blue waves between us flow,
What ever be my lot,
Tho' this dark world, in weal or woe,
Thou' I never be forgot.

How oft we've watched you brilliant star
Since childhood's sunny day—
Its light, tho' I may roam afar,
Shall guide my darksome way;
The world may frown, in sorrow's hour,
My heart to thee shall stray;
And friendship's prize, and sacred power,
Shall ne'er on earth decay.

Then tho' I close my eyes in death,
Far from my home and thee,
Thy image till my latest breath,
My star of hope shall be—
Thy smile, shall gild my hour of gloom,
While here on earth I stay,
And light my passage to the tomb,
To realms of endless day.

SEEING'S NOT BELIEVING.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY.

I saw her as I fancied fair,
Yes, fairest of earth's creatures;
I saw the purest red and white
O'er her lovely features;
Her maidly relieving,
Her malady relieving;

I wash'd both rose and lily off—
Oh! seeing's not believing!
I looked again, again I long'd
To breathe the love's fond confession;
I saw her eye-brows form'd to give
Her face its arch expression;

But gum is very apt to crack,
And whilst my breath was heaving,
It so fell out that one fell off!
Oh! seeing's not believing!
I saw the tresses on her brow,
So beautifully braided;

I never saw in all my life,
Locks look so well as they did.
She walked with me one windy day—
Ye zephyrs, why so thieving?
The lady lost her flaxen wig!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

I saw her form by Nature's hand
So prodigally finish'd
She wore, less perfect if enlarged,
Less perfect if diminished;
Her toilet I surprised—the worst
Of wonders then achieving;

None knew the bustle I perceived!
Oh! seeing's not believing!
I saw when costly gems I gave,
The smile with which she took them;
And it she said no tender things,
I've often seen her look them;

I saw her my affianced bride—
And then my mansion leaving,
She ran away with Colonel Jones!
Oh! seeing's not believing!

THE REPOSITORY.

SUNDAY EVENING READING

THE HUMAN FRAME.
It is made for health and happiness, and when we look upon a countenance blooming with beauty, and observe its expression of great enjoyment, we feel that the being who formed it is a God of love. But we must not forget, that within that very blooming cheek, there is contrived an apparatus capable of producing something very different from enjoyment. A fibrous net-work spreads over it, coming out of the trunk from the brain, extending everywhere its slender ramifications, and sending a little thread to every point upon the surface. What is this mechanism for? Its uses are many; but among its other properties, there is in it a slumbering power, which may indeed never be called into action, but which always exists, and is always ready, whenever God shall call it forth, to be the instrument of irreparable and unalterable suffering. We admit that in almost every case it remains harmless and inoperative; still it is there, always there, and always ready; and it is called into action whenever God thinks best. And it is not merely in the cheek, but throughout every part of the frame that the apparatus of suffering lies concealed; and it is an apparatus which is seldom out of order. Sickness deranges and weakens the other powers, but it seldom interferes with this; it remains always at its post, in the eye, the ear, the brain, the hand—in every organ and every limb, and always ready to do God's bidding.

YE HAVE NOT CHOSEN ME.
Christ taught his disciples that divine influence upon the hearts of men was essential to their repentance and salvation. "Ye have not chosen me," said he, "I have chosen you." What a declaration! How solitary it makes the Saviour in the world he had come to redeem. More than thirty years he had spent here, doing good continually, and proclaiming offers of reconciliation and pardon, and now, on the last night of his life, surrounded by inveterate foes, already actually sold to them, and with but a few hours of liberty remaining, he gathers privately his twelve friends, that he may have one last sad interview with them; and here he had to reflect that even these his twelve friends, among ten thousand enemies, had not chosen him; he had chosen them. He stood alone, after all; the only example of independent, original holiness. The universal reign of ungodliness and sin, had been broken only where he had chosen individuals to be saved, and trained them, by his own power, to moral fruitfulness and beauty.

THE SAVIOUR'S NIGHTS OF PRAYER.
He sought solitude, he shrank from observation; in fact almost the only enjoyment which he seemed really to love, was his lonely ramble at midnight, for rest and prayer. He spent whole nights thus, we are told. And it is not surprising, that after the heated crowds and exhausting labors of the day, he should retire to solitude and seclusion, to enjoy the cool and balmy air, the refreshing stillness, and all the beauties and glories of midnight, among the solitudes of the Galilean hills; to find there happy com-

munion with his Father, and to gather fresh strength for the labors and trials, that yet remained.

IDEA OF THE DIVINITY.

Banish all material ideas of a Deity, and do not let your imagination struggle to find its way upward to some material heaven, with indefinite and idle conceptions of a monarch seated on a throne. The striking and beautiful metaphors of the Bible never were intended to give us this idea. God is a Spirit, it says in its most emphatic one. Where he acts, there only can we see him. He is the wide-spread omnipresent power, which is everywhere employed—but which we can never see, and never know, except so far as he shall manifest himself by his doings.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

As distant as they may be thought by the world, heaven and earth are so near together, so shot into each other, that good men are truly "foreigners on earth have their conversation in heaven, and are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God." To speak allusively to the patriarchal vision, good men are angels—only, as yet at the bottom of the ladder; and some angels are only men made perfect, at the top of it.

CONVERSION.

When a man stands with his back to the sun, his own shadow and the shadows of surrounding objects are before him. It is the same in spiritual things—God is the sun of the universe. Creatures are but shadows. While men look away from God, all their shadows occupy their thoughts and their affections.—When they turn to God, He then becomes their all in all.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

He has his little clouds at the brightest; the course of his happiness is retarded by a straw; and any considerable, scarce considerable, accident puts it quite to death. Not only the necessities or conveniences, but the decorations and superfluities of life, are vital to his sickly felicity. In any of them he may receive a deep or deadly wound.

CHRISTIAN DECISION.

They that have been long tossed by folly, when once landed on a good life, should burn their ships, as Caesar burnt those of his legions on the British coast. The soldier of the cross should destroy every desire of embarking in ill, and render his return impracticable.

FAITH IN CHRIST.

He whose soul reposes on his firm trust in his Redeemer, like the halcyon that builds on the waves, if storms arise, may be tossed, but not endangered.—Or, granting even the worst, those tumultuous billows that devour others, rock him to everlasting rest.

DIVINE MERCY.

In the midst of our rebellion against him, God, like the sun when smiling through a cloud, shows us a merciful face; not that he approves of our impiety, but because by these beams he would warm our hearts.

THE INVENTION OF THE SHAVE.

"The invention of the shave," is the name of a new invention recently announced in England, which, to the great dismay of the barbers, is to enable persons to shave themselves without the aid of razor, soap or water.

NUMBER OF PHYSICIANS IN PARIS.—The number of Doctors of Medicine or Surgery for the present year is 1222, being an increase of about 250 since 1833.

A DANGEROUS QUESTION.—A simple ostler being one day at Confession to his Priest, was asked by the Father, if he had never greased the tooth of the guests' horses to prevent their eating their allowance of hay and oats? "Never," replied the ostler. At a subsequent confession the ostler acknowledged the frequent commission of that fraud. "How," said the Priest, "remember at your last confession you said you had never done so?" "For till you told me, I never knew that greasing a horse's teeth would prevent his eating."

FROM THE VERMONT FREE PRESS.

YANKEE NECROMANCY.
Or the way a Vermonter Fights a Duel.

JACOB MORRIS gave so many proofs of his valor during the war, that just previous to the battle of Plattsburgh, he was promoted to the honorable post of second corporal; and his feats of nobility during that memorable action would no doubt have earned him a commission, as soon as a proper vacancy occurred, had not his hopes of promotion been cut off by the close of the war, and the disbandment of his company; when he returned to his former residence in the capital of Vermont. But by two years residence in the camp, he had become unfitted to "settle down" to his old trade of shoe-making—so, without much ceremony, he left his wife, and started with a pack on his back, to try for a "speck" in Canada.—He first directed his steps towards Montreal, where he intended to tarry a few days on the look-out for a job—for he was ready to turn his hand to any business, if so be he could obtain what a Yankee generally likes better than anything else—save the fair—money. In his manners, he sometimes exhibited a polish becoming a feeder on soups and ragouts, and at others that uncouth appearance which the land of "blue-law" memory supposes to be the characteristic of her untamed sister, Vermont. From his first arrival at Montreal, a disposition was shown by his fellow-boarders to make him and his country the general butt of ridicule. But most of them soon found that their jokes turned back upon themselves, like the balls of his Majesty's ship from "Rook Dander" in Lake Champlain, which the British Commodore attacked in the night, and came near sinking his own ship with his own balls, as they bounded back from the supposed American. There was, however, one Proctor, a lieutenant in the British Army, who could not sit easy under a well turned joke; and he got mad in true English style. But Jacob had made friends of the rest, and when the lieutenant was made to write under his sarcasms, he found but little sympathy in his fellows. While Jacob's jokes fell upon him like the blows of Wallace upon the soldiers who undertook to rob him of his fish, personal and abuse were his only weapons. Take the following as a specimen. The company were seated at the dinner-table, when the Lieutenant, in a swaggering manner, stuck his fork into a surloin of beef, saying—

"I am as ready to attack this, as I should be to face a regiment of yankee 'hood wood.'"

"A much safer enemy to deal with, aint it?" said Jacob; "and likely to come off!"

"Hark! the Vermont bear speaks!" haughtily retorted the Lieutenant, interrupting him. Jacob knew how to distinguish between a jest and an intended insult. He rose from his seat, and casting a bitter look of defiance at the lieutenant, coolly, but sternly answered him thus:—"The sons of the 'Evergreen Hills' often encounter bears in their excursions among the mountains; and when wounded, they have over found them a most dangerous animal!"

"And the 'sons' partake of their savageness, without a particle of their courage," replied the Lieutenant.

Jacob felt the lion struggling in his soul, but he answered not. His pride of country was wounded, but he checked himself, ere he hurled defiance at the braggadocio who insulted him. "I wish," continued the Lieutenant, "that I could find the horse which Jim Madison rode out of Washington, at the time we (he had never been further south than Plattsburgh) burnt the Capitol; for it would be a great acquisition to the British turf."

"Do you, indeed?" said Jacob. "Then, as good luck will have it, you can be accommodated. I own that horse myself, and have it now at Montpelier. And now, if you will procure in exchange the ass on which Provost hurried out of Plattsburgh—there's a bargain!"

The Lieutenant thus finding himself headed on that tack, tried another.

"I'll bet that I can throw any yankee that ever lived," said he.

"Done!" said Jacob. "What the company can drink."

They repaired to the bar room, and taking a "side hold," at the first effort, Jacob laid the coxcomb sprawling on his back. The Lieutenant declared that it was not fairly done, and insisted upon another trial. Jacob consented, and again floored him with as little ceremony as before.

"Equally unfair," said the Lieutenant. "We will try again, and you shall not make an attempt till I have declared myself ready."

"Just as you say, Mr. Ross," said Jacob. "And now are you ready?"

The Lieutenant placed his feet in various bracing positions, till he believed he had got a substantial foundation, when he declared himself ready.

"But get perfectly ready," said Jacob, "for I shall give you an 'Irish hoist' this time!"

"Well, I am ready," said he.

The Lieutenant was dressed in fashionable thin pantaloons, and Jacob remembered the outrage of "three times and out," thought he would give him full satisfaction by throwing instead of him, his breeches; and accordingly, the first strain he gave, they were rent "as though the heavens and earth were coming together!"

The Lieutenant was satisfied; but the throats of the company had to go dry, till he could enounce his neither limbs in another pair, and stop the roar his misfortune had occasioned, by calling for the Champagne.

Jacob retired to rest early, and had been asleep but a short time, when he was awakened by a pressure on the outside of the bed, which he found to be a saddle. Listening, he heard the voice of the Lieutenant below, exultingly boasting that he had "saddled a yankee,"—as proud of the exploit, as he was of the many battles he had—never won.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Jacob, "let them laugh that lose; if you can make any thing in this bargain, 'go it, you pippin!' He threw the saddle on the window, which was stolen during the night—making a draft upon the Lieutenant's purse of eight pounds to the owner. Jacob slept as soundly as though nothing had occurred.

On the following night, the Lieutenant returned from his usual debauch about midnight, and blowing out his light—in as direct a manner as his reeling senses would permit, threw himself into the bed; when the house was instantly alarmed by cries of "Get out! Get out! Murder! Help! Murder! Oh!" Jacob was the first who entered the chamber whence the cries issued; where he found the Lieutenant groaning & writhing like a wounded snake. The room was soon filled with sleepy, half-dressed characters, some rubbing their eyes to convince themselves they were not dreaming—some trembling under the opposing influence of sleep and fear—and others rushing in, eagerly inquiring the cause of all this uproar! Amidst the incoherent exclamations of the Lieutenant, "the D—!" was occasionally heard; and some of the company who were Catholics began to think the evil one had indeed anticipated his prey, and that poor Proctor had already begun the pangs of purgatory. Jacob, however, assumed to himself the office of exorcist, and approached the bed; while the trembling superstitiousists shrank into a corner of the room.

"Now, then, by the remembrance of old Ethan!" said he. "Hold on, and see if I prove as successful in laying the Devil, as Lorenzo was when he touched the candle to the barrel of cotton." He pulled down the clothes, under which the Lieutenant had been trying to hide himself, and "Oh, bloody bones!" an enormous double-spring steel-trap, strong enough to hold a buffalo, had fastened its iron gripe upon the arm of the victim.

"Ho, ho!" cried Jacob in surprise, "this was no doubt intended for the 'Vermont bear' how came the British wolf in it?"

He assisted to take off the 'iron dog,' and send for a doctor; when the sleepers returned to their beds, fully realizing the truth of Sancho Panza's maxim: "Blessed is the man who first invented sleep; for it covers one all over like a cloak."

It was nearly three weeks before the Lieutenant was able to take his usual place at the table, he had lost none of his insolence, by his late humiliation, and he began again to boast of his exploits in the battle of Plattsburgh.

"And I guess you got a wound or two there; didn't you?" said Jacob.

"Yes," said he, "two; and severe ones too!"

"On your back! I'll bet a 'shin o' mutton agin a shad's gamble joint!" replied Jacob, with a most meaning look.

"That was the only battle I ever lost," said he; "and that was only the result of unfavorable circumstances."

"Did you see me there?" said Jacob.

"No."

"I reckon you might, if you had looked round. But what other battle was you ever in?"

The Lieutenant paused—hear'd—"the—but—" The company began to titter.

"Of the 'kegs'!" roared Jacob.

The eyes of the Lieutenant flashed fire; and, when the cheering had subsided so that he could be heard, he began:

"The valor of the yankees is not to be compared to that of Englishmen. Their bravery is more bullying; and they would be as likely to run for ten men as for a hundred. There is no discipline in their army, and their leaders are wholly ignorant of the great trade of war."

"What a pity 't is," said Jacob, "that British troops can't stay with them long enough to learn them something about it!"

"Give me the same weapons—the same number of men—and equal advantage of ground," said the Lieutenant, "and I'll engage to beat them in nineteen battles out of twenty."

"Always excepting the bear trap, I 'spose!" said Jacob.

The Lieutenant could command himself no longer. "How I ache to have a shot at that fellow!" said he to the person who sat next him.—Jacob overheard the remark, and he replied most gravely—

"If you ache, you had better be 'pulled' at once."

The face of the Lieutenant glowed with a more crimson hue, and the rays of his wrath seemed also to have come to a focus in his heart.

"I have not, till now," said he, seen fit to take any notice of the cowardly and assassinous design upon my life, a reference to which that Republican blackguard has seen fit to throw in my face. But I am now nearly recovered from the dangerous contusion in my arm, and can revenge the contumelious insult."

"What words of larned length, and thunderin' sound!" said Jacob. "It reminds me of Burgoyne's attempt to march through the United States with ten thousand men."

"I'm now prepared," continued the Lieutenant—not noticing, or more probably not understanding the remark—"to offer a reward of twenty-five guineas to the person who will inform me what assassin placed the trap in my bed."

"Double the sum!" said Jacob, you can well afford it; for now, when you return to England, you can show his worshipful Majesty a wound received in your contest with the yankees in some other place than the back."

"Do you avow yourself the wretch?" said the Lieutenant.

"I helped you out of it; didn't I?"

"But do you seek the irrecoverable doom that awaits the victim of my ire, by acknowledging yourself the criminal?"

"No," said Jacob, "but I will, if you'll double the sum!"

"I understand you," said the Lieutenant rising, and brandishing his knife aloft. "And the company will bear me witness, that I proclaim you, first a yankee—second a coward—thirdly a knave—fourthly, a Vermont bear—and lastly, an uncivilized heathen; and challenge you to meet me on this day week, with such arms as you may select, for mortal combat!"

He leaned back in his chair, and awaited from Jacob an acceptance or rejection of the challenge. The company began to think the affair was assuming a serious aspect; and all eyes were fixed upon Jacob, to see how he would sustain his part in the play. He rose in such a manner as to force a smile upon every cheek, and placing a huge carving-knife in the position of a half drawn sword, proceeded:

"Most honored gentlemen, and contemporary pork devourers: According to all the ancient and established usages of knighthood, I prognosticate that you anticipate a rejoinder to the elegant declamation and rhetorical flourish of the—the—excuse the want of words; language is not competent to describe the thing that has just taken its seat. Not having witnessed but few such scenes of blood and carnage as was exhibited to his eyes at the 'battle of the kegs'—the wreath of fame having never encircled my pericranium—and in all my peregrinations amongst the rattlesnakes and hedgehogs of my native hills, or my silent munderings on the shores of the temerarious Winosquois, never having shed a single drop of life's purple liquid, your perspicacious judgment will at once decree, that I should most superlatively regret the mysterious concatenation of events, which brings my irrefragable identity into such horrid collision with my lord! Never, till this auspicious moment, has the dream that my name should be made immortal by an encounter with a man so great, that only he and another like him 'came over in three ships,' burst upon the vision of my mind's astonished eye. But, if the hero of Plattsburgh has not yet won sufficient memorials of daring in his contest with the yankees, his prerogative shall be sustained in demanding his most mortal services. And, most valiantly obstreperous and august Sir: While I disclaim all personal retaliation, and speak like an unpolished disciple of nature's noisy school, your prominent self, and this respectable assemblage of disinterested attestators, will bear me witness, that, in deferential imitation of your learned lingo of incentive sounds, I pronounce you first, a Briton—secondly, a bravo—thirdly, as 'honest as a Cobler's cow'—fourthly, a little politer than all natur and part of Camel's Rump—and lastly, a consummate fool! So, there's at yet and I ask only the privilege of killing one Briton before I return to Vermont."

About a mile below the city, a hill rises abruptly from the shore of the St. Lawrence, which at the appointed time, was covered with spectators of all classes to behold the duel.

"I hope," said a gay young lady, who leaned on the arm of a tinselled officer, "that Proctor will make quick work of it; for it is very unpleasant to stand and see men fight each other time and again." The regular may doubt the truth of this, and ask, if such was her objection, why she was there. I can only answer, by referring you to the principal instigators of our riots, and ask them how long they have been 'opposed to mobs.' "Yes," said the officer, "but I should rather deal with Tecumseh himself; for these yankees, insignificant as they appear, will fight like the—"

"St. Patrick curses the yankees!" exclaimed a drunken Hibernian, whose ear had caught the remark: "I like well to see one of 'em in auld Hibernia; and I think as how we'd be after givin' 'em sodarby to 'im any way! An' sure, but I'd give this same blatherin' spalpeen a bit of my shielah, baring this botheration of a sore heel, what-ever else may do!"

"True," replied the officer, "you are not required to perform physical impossibilities; but no one will doubt your valor."

"No," said the lady, especially when we consider his 'sore heel.' It shows that his better part of valor was discretion. Indeed, William, there is nobody so much despised, as a man that will run from an enemy!"

A hectic blush overspread the face of the officer, which, had the lady noticed it, would have revealed to her the discrepancy between her theory and practice; but fortunately for both, her attention was attracted by a bustle at the foot of the hill, which showed that the combatants had arrived.

The Lieutenant appeared, dressed in white pantaloons, trimmed with red lace, without any coat, and his ruffled shirt-sleeves fastened above his elbows: A star on his left breast, partly concealed by a blue handkerchief tied around over his left shoulder, and under his right arm—a light cloth cap, bound with a purple ribbon, and a scarf of the same color, fringed with gold, bound around his waist, completed his equipment. Jacob stood before him in a gray hunting frock, with large cowhide boots drawn over his low pantaloons, and an old quaker hat, on which the word "Vermont" was printed in conspicuous characters. He had thrown off the character of the pedantic gentleman which he assumed when he accepted the challenge and taken up that of the country clown, for the present occasion. They stood at about thirty paces distance for some moments without speaking, a spectacle to thousands who waited in silent anxiety for the mortal strife. Jacob first broke the silence with—

"Wal, sager; what news? Not much, I 'spose." A suppressed bustle was heard among the vast multitude for a moment, and again all was still as the hush of midnight; and nothing to be heard save the waves of the St. Lawrence, as they broke gently against the shore. Jacob looked at the immense company who had met to see him kill or be killed, and turning again to the Lieutenant, he exclaimed—

"Gosh, you! there's a tarnation lot o' folks this year, aint they? They look like bees on a may-flower. D'ye ever think what a lot o' holes they is in a skimmer? But they aint a gal that's fit to 'rake arter' some we've got in Mountpelier. I've ever got some there, that it would make your eyes water to look at. I tell ye! If you could see one o' 'em a minute, I guess you would'nt want to—"

"Where are your arms?" sternly demanded the Lieutenant, not caring at the present time to hear more of the excellencies of the Vermont dandies, of whom Jacob spoke thus.

"Oh, arms!" exclaimed Jacob. "Wal, fact! I didn't think o' that. But, if you're in a hurry, we'll have some arms so quick it'll make your head swim, I guess. Have you got any blunder-bushes?" said he, turning to his seconds. One of them handed him a brace of pistols. He looked at them with curiosity, and examined them as though he had never seen any thing of the kind before. "What do you 'spose we are going to do with such short orritors as these?" said he. "A Vermonteer never'd think o' shooting a wood-chuck with such a thing. We should'nt hit in three weeks. Now you see, I've agreed 'fore all these folks, to meet that British wildcat in mortal combat; and they wouldn't see no sport at all if we didn't do nothing but squizzle away with these ore slam bang things. No, they wouldn't never do the job no how." So saying, he gave the pistols a throw, and in less time than I am saying it, they were in the bottom of the St. Lawrence. "Now," said he, turning to the seconds, "that thing there, with a purple wampum—you see him, don't you? Wal, he's been standing there a laughing-stock for fools long enough; and he's in a terrible hurry to have me go at him. Now I want you to—"

"Stop your nonsense, clown!" said the Lieutenant, advancing three or four paces. "If you intend to fight, produce your arms, and you shall soon bite the dust. I come not here to see a bear dance!"

"Wal, wal!" said Jacob; "don't be in such a mortal hurry. The world want made in a minute. I'm all kinder trepidary. My knees knock together like old Bohelzar's. But don't be a afraid but what I'll git you low enough yet."

"Now you see what a stew the critter's in," continued he to the seconds, "and I want you to leg it up to the city like sat.; and git me, in a little less than no-time, (raising his voice to a most savage yell) two good, new, smart, double-sprunged Bear Traps!"

The duel was over. Jacob had won the field to a "dod certainty." The Lieutenant spoke not, but, amidst the shouts which rose in deafening chorus from the multitude, disappeared and was never after heard of. Jacob returned to his lodgings, borne by the huzzing mob, most of whom heartily rejoiced in the mortification and defeat of the conceited Lieutenant Proctor. He soon returned to his home, thinking he had won glory enough for one campaign, and is to this day a respectable citizen of the Metropolis of Vermont, and often does he set the tables in a row by