

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. 314.

THE GARLAND.

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

A MIDNIGHT RAPTURE.

AMEN:
The will of God be done!
He calls the beautiful away,
To worship at the Throne,
The beautiful in soul,
The saintly and the good,
The sinners freed from sin's control,
Washed in redeeming blood,
God calls the holy one away,
With crown of light,
And vestments bright,
To walk amidst the bloom of everlasting day.

AMEN:
The dream of life is past
O, what a maze of mingling hues,
Far backward, melts at last!
And what a roar of sounds—
Gay laugh and chiding wail!
Like thunder on the clouds—
Now, like a dying gasp,
The voices and the rainbow hues—
They faint, they fade,
The flight is made—
To thee, O mocking earth! no more the spirit sues!

AMEN:
An onward verge of light!
Landscapes uncurled and cloudless skies!
Fair groups in robes of white!
And coming voices bland,
Of melody and bliss,
The pressure of an angel's hand,
The warmth of saintly kisses;
A deathless world with nightless skies!
Beauty and Youth,
And Love and Truth—
O, blest exchange, for all that lives, of all that dies!

AMEN:
The Vision of the Blest!
The sweetness of the Saviour's voice!
The happiness of rest!
The Majesty Divine,
And Love and Truth—
From whose rays all things that shine
Their golden glories gleam!
O, Lord of Heaven! lift up thy voice!
With kindred tongues,
Unite the songs,
Or, rapt in silent praise, in God alone rejoice!

VARIETY.

FROM THE NANTUCKET INQUIRER.

Johnny Beedle's Thanksgiving.

"Say," says I, "Hannah, sponen we keep thanksgiving to home this year," says I, "and in- into all our hull g'rat' cousins and aunts and things—go the hull figure and do the thing gon' teo!"

"Well, agreed," says she, "his jist what I was a thinkin'," only I consate, we'd better not cack- leate too far ahead, for I didn't never know it to mis of somethin' happenin' so sure as I laid out for the leastest thing. Though it's a good a time now, for 'si know, as any—for I've jist weaned Moses, and 'tend to take comfort a spell, 'cause a troublesomer and cryner critter never come into life."

"Exactly so," says I, "and if I'd a known every thing afore I was married that I do now"—says I—

"Hold your tongue for a goney, Johnny Beedle," says she "and mind your thanksgiving!"

"Poh," says I, "Hannah don't be miffy; I was only jestin'—and you jist got put on a kittle o' water, and I'll go out and stick a pig for you; two if you like"—so away I went, and 'turdored the pigs out o' love and good will to Hannah! I rath- er guess the critters wished I wanst so good nat- ured.

Well—things went on swimmin'ly, and what was best of all, we had the luck to invite the min- ister and deacon before any body else got a chance; for the very day the proclamation was read, I watched for 'em comin' out o' meetin, and nailed 'em both. But as I was a tellin', Hannah she went at it—she got some of her gals to help her, and they made all smoke. In the first place, she went to work reglar, and turned the house inside out, and then toiler side in again, all the same as darmin' a stockin'. Hannah is a smart willin' gal—and a real worker—and a prime cook into the bargain; let her alone in the doughnut line, and for pumpkin pies—lick!

So the day afore the thanksgiving she called me into the tother room that marm Peabody christen- ed the parlour, to see what a lot o' pies and cakes and sausage-meat and dough-nuts, she'd got made up, and charged me not to lay the weight of my finger upon one 'em. I tell'd her I would; she cakelated to call in the whole parish, paupers and all, to eat up such a sight of vittles; so I grab- bed a handful of doughnuts and went out to feed the dogs and see to things in the yard. I was gone all the fore part o' the day, and when I went home, I found Hannah all hooty toity in a livin' pucker cryin' and akin' on to kill, and poor little Moses totlin' arter her and cryin' too. I declare, it I didn't feel stroaked.

"What in the name o' nature," says I, "is the matter, who's dead, and what's to pay now?"

With that she fetched a new screetch, and down she went into cheer—"Johnny Beedle, Johnny," says she—"and with that she boohoo'd agin."

"What ails the woman," says I, "aro you pos- selt, or what?"

"The child is ruined," says she "Moses Beedle is ruined."

I kitch'd up the child, and turned him eend for eend every which way, but I could'nt see nothin' extraordinary. I begun to think the woman was bewitched—and by this time was a good mind to feel mad. I dont know of nothin' that'd raise a feller's dander quicker than to skeer him out of his seven senses. So I gin Hannah a reglar breezin' for actin' so like a raven distracted bed- bug; and what with jorin' a spell and coazin' a spell, at last I got the whole on't out of her.

It appears that about an hour or thereabouts arter I'd gone out, there was a man rid up to the door shoreback, got down, and come in and asked for a drink o' water or beer, I aint certain which—but any how, he was a real dandified lookin' chap, and dreadful civil spoken withal. So my wife and he soon got into a chat about the weath- er and sicha. Well, while he sat, the young one squallin' in the room; he'd been asleep you know with his mornin's nap; my wife went and fetched him into the room, and she observed that the man looked considerable hard at him as if he see some- thin' queer; though she didn't think nothin' at

the time, but recollected afterwards. She was quite tickled to see the man take him and set him on his knee; but while he was playin' with him—for Moses is a real peeler, he aint afraid of the biggest stranger that ever was, but directly he fell to pawin' about his head in such a comical style, and talkin' to himself—and withal acted so curious, that Hannah got skeery, and went to take him away, but he wouldn't let her take him jist then he said "he wanted to examine his head."

"His head," says Hannah, "nothin' ails his head."

"Nothin' ails it?" says he, "why its the most remarkable head that I ever seen"—and then he went on with such a string o' long words, there was no rememberin' or understandin' hall—then he clapt his hand on one side of the little feller's sconebox, "there," says he, "do you see that devilmepent," or some sich word that sounded awful. "That what?" says Hannah. "Vulgarily called bump," continued he.

"It aint a bump too, nyther" says his mother, "its his natral shape."

"No doubt o' that," said the villin.

"Well now if ever I heard the beat o' that," says she, "that bumps come nat'ral."

So then he told her they was only called bumps, 'cause they looked like 'em—and the bigger they were, and the more there was of 'em, the more different sorte o' capacities and ideas folks had—and so on. A first she thought the man was stark mad—but he seemed entirely harmless, and so she let him go on with his stut, and somehow, he seemer so perswaded her it was all gospel. But he said that little Moses had got the bunch of dev- ilment on an all freed degree, though it was in the mother's power to help it considerably. But when Hannah asked him it she must swathe up his head, he snorted right out—and then went on to say, that Moses had got jist sitch a shaped head as that man had, that was hung down to Boston last September. He finally talked her into a livin' fidget—polite as a stage driver all the time, too—and so lart besides, that Hannah couldn't nothin' but hear him paraphrase. So arter he'd drunk a quart o' beer, and Hannah cut a mincepie for him, he cleared—leaving Hannah in such a stew, that kept workin' up, and workin' up, till she heard me comin' into the house, and then it all burst out at once. A tempestical time there was, I tell you.

Now by the time Hannah had concluded her lockrum, you may depend I was in an almighty passion—and its amazin' lucky for the feller that he was out of arm's length jist that minit. But then I understood it all better than she, for I'd seen in the prints pieces about Franology or Cranology, or some such truck that seemed to explain to my mind what the feller meant. But poor Hannah don't get much time to read newspapers, so that she had'nt heard a word. No wonder she took the man for a crazy critter.

Yet some how, when I looked at Moses, I could'nt kinder help consatin' that his head did look sort queeg, though I would'nt say nothin' nyther; but, says I, "Hannah look here, that feller that's been treatin' you to sitch a rignarole of nonsense is a rotten fool, and you're another. If ever I should light upon him, I guess I'd give his head a bump that would save him from the gal- lows. All is, if you think any thing is the matter with the young one, why I'll go arter the Doctor and that'll settle it." "Do John," says she. So off I starts for Doctor Ehrlich—but by the time I'd got to the house, I begun to think what a dar- nation goose I was to go sitch a tom-fool's errand. By good luck however, the Doctor was out; so I jist left word for him to come to our house in the course of the day if he'd nothin' else to do.

Thinks I, as I trudged back, here's an eend to thankgivin'. Well, to rights, Doctor Hosannah Eldrich come, (they call him Hosannah, because he's deacon of our church, and sings through his nose a few.) I declare when I see him ridin' up the lane, I could'nt help feelin', like a thunderin' calf—so I jist made excuse to split up some kind- hn' and left Hannah to give him the chapter and verse. Our wood-house is short of a mile from the house, but I could hear the Doctor haw-haw clear out there. So I dropt axe, and in I went—'Sniver the Doctor see no he give me a hunch. "Aint you a pretty considerable queer chap" says he, "so send for me on such a beautiful business as this." With that he haw-haw'd again, and my wife she laughed till she cried, jist to see the figure the Doctor cut, for he's as long as the moral law, and could'nt stan' up for laughin'. Then I laugh- ed too, till the house rung—luckily our highest neighbor lives half a mile off, and is stone deaf into the bargain. So I tip the wink of Hannah and I told Hosannah that 'twas all a joke of ourn to send for him; (for I thought I should want to look corner ways and skywonkly if he should tell the company about us next day. Besides I know'd the deacon liked a joke pretty well, even if he got rubbed himself sometimes.) So, says I "How did Hannah carry it out?" Consarn it, if he didn't jump right into the trap.

"Capital, capital," said he. "Botheration! if I did'nt think she was in real earnest."

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.

The affection that links together man and wife, is a far holier and more enduring passion than young love. It may want its gorgeousness, it may want its imaginative character—but it is far richer in holy and trusting attributes. Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedded life! What! because a man has ceased to "sing like a furnace," were to believe that the fire is extinct? No; it burns with a steady and brilliant flame—shedding a benign influence upon existence a million times more precious and delightful than the cold dreams of philosophy.

A young lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him, the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the follow- ing ingenious and delicate complimentary reply:—"Blessed is the man that hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

FROM THE ATHENEUM & VISITER.

TO HOPE.

Hail, sweet enchantress! bright and gay,
As lunar beams on ocean's spray;
Thou wast 'at thy wand of light,
And lo! with forms the future teems,
That throng into our waking dreams,
And put our woes to flight.
What though thy constant, ann-bright smile,
May cheer the heart, but not beguile,
Who would that smile forego?
If thou shouldst leave this grief-worn carth,
Despair would dash all joy and mirth,
From out each cup of woe.

Oh, promise still, each child of grief,
That rolling years will bring relief;
Nor let the spirit faint—
All that the promises deceive,
Yet love to listen and believe
As firmly as a saint.
Thou only hast the power to throw
O'er storms of life a cheering bow
Of never-fading hues,
And when the bending tempest roll
In stormy anguish o'er the soul,
Thou canst't like summer dews.

FROM THE BALTIMORE TRANSCRIPT.

A PRIZE.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Yesterday an aged and respectable citizen of Baltimore, met with an incident of good luck of a rare and singular nature. Passing along Balti- more street at his usual slow pace, his eyes fell on a small package that lay immediately in his path. He turned it over and over with his cane—moved it this way and that, and at length, after casting a look around to see whether any one observed him, picked it up, and examined it. It was directed to the Bank of Baltimore, closed with red sealing wax, and stamped with a peculiar kind of seal. His heart beat at a rapid rate—he had been happy in his poverty—but now that wealth was within his grasp, he felt that his days of joy were com- pleted, and that he must be miserable. As he passed along with his treasure, he began to ques- tion himself as to the propriety of keeping the money—it was directed to the Bank of Baltimore, and should be returned to its rightful owners— Yet aware, like a wily serpent, twined around his heart, and want breathed eloquently in his ear- tles of impoverished old age—beds of sickness, cold and dreary winters, and above all a scolding wife, "Besides," said he, "nobody will be a bit the wiser, and one family at least will be made com- fortable."

Pondering over the doctrines of Jerry Bentham, and accommodating circumstances admirably to his conscience, he arrived home with the treasure in his pocket—but as he entered the door, conviction again came upon him—he thought he had a nest of vipers in his pocket—the package ap- peared to have troubled spirits within its envelope—each spirit seemed to speak out in terrible tones to his conscience, and he trembled all over as if he had committed an act which would forever blot his reputation and his happiness. Poor man! all his dreams of bliss had now flown—he entered his good old lady's apartment with eyes glaring and limbs trembling from joint to joint. His wife, alarmed at his unusual appearance, placed him upon a chair, and began chafing his beating tem- ples with vinegar, repeatedly asking him what had occurred to agitate him so?

"O wido!—wido!" at length muttered he, "I am a miserable old man. The devil has been tempt- ing me, and I have sinned largely."

"How, my dear?" tenderly asked the old lady, beginning to suspect that her husband had sat too long by the tavern fire—she was sure she smelt brandy.

"Put your hand in my pocket, and take from thence ten thousand scorpions that have been sting- ing me for this half hour past. Take them out wido."

"Indeed, I will," said she, drawing the package from his pocket, "bless my soul! what's this?"

"Bank notes—I found them in the street—but they belong to the Bank of Baltimore."

"Why, now—how lucky; but what a pity that we should have to return them—they would make us comfortable for the rest of our lives."

"Ah! wido!" said the old gentleman sorrowfully, "don't tempt me again—Adam sinned through Eve, and Eve through the accursed one. I wonder how much money is in that package?"

"Ten thousand dollars I'll be bound. It would be no harm to open it, would it? You know we can give the money back when a reward is of- fered."

The husband said nothing—and the old lady taking silence for consent, proceeded to break the seals, one by one—when lo! instead of ten thou- sand dollars and as many scorpions, out fell a brace of tracts and a piece of paper, on which was written in large characters "April Fool!"

EXCUSE FOR SADNESS.

Chile not, beloved, if off with thee
I feel not rapture wholly free
For say, the heart that's filled with love,
Rues o'er in melancholy.

To streams that glide in noon, the shade
From summer skies is given;
So, if my breast reflects the cloud,
'Tis but the cloud of Heaven!

This image glass'd within my soul
So well the mirror keepeth,
That, chide me not, if with the light
The shadow also sleepeth.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

APPLAUSE.—To all players something unsubst- antial as the smell of a dinor, or the sound of a shilling.
BAGPIPE.—The forerunner of some modern jour- nals—being filled with puff; a barbarous instrument men are positively rewarded by some far still playing upon.
BALCONY.—A place for flower-pots to stand upon—romantic damsels lean over—and lovers to climb up to.
BALL.—A thing that can turn round—men and women's heads; by making them kick their heels.
BAMBOOLE.—To address compliments to a jury, a plain woman or a rich fool.
BEARD.—A trophy boys long for every hour from 12 to 16, and men curse every morning from 20 to 50.
BENDING.—The "first position" in the march of promotion.
CAT.—An animal old maids love, because it gives out sparks when it is rubbed.

DESERTS.—What fortune does to merit; seldom what she gives.

DUS.—A more accurate time-keeper than ever Hal- ley made.

ENVY.—The oxidation of the soul; but it is only the meaner mines and metals that rust.

FACT.—Not only the title page of a man—but often, too, the table of contents.

A FAIR HIT.

A young aspirant for literary and fashionable dis- tinction, who had in vain laid the foundation for what he had hoped would luxuriate into a large pair of whiskers, lately asked one of our village belles what she thought of them. To which she replied, with much nairrette, that they were like unto the Western country—extensively laid out, but thinly settled.

ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITION OF FIRST LOVE BEING LASTING.

First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckond;
For when one awakes from his trance,
There's a great stroke of bliss in a second.
And 'en should the second subside,
A lover can never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women—uncommonly fair.
Then poets their raptures may tell,
Who never were put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But believe me, the last love's the best.

THE PRINTER—AN EXTRACT.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remember the *Printer* in his discourse. He is in a very disagreeable situation. He trusts every body—he knows not whom; his money is scattered every where, he hardly knows where to look for it. His paper, his ink, his press, his type, his journeyman's labor, his living, &c., must be punctually paid for. You Mr.—and Mr.—and Mr.—and a thousand others that I could name, have taken his paper, and your wives and your chil- dren, and your neighbors have been amused and in- formed, and I hope improved by it; if you miss one paper, you think very hard of the printer or post for it—you had rather go without your best meal than to be deprived of your newspaper. Have you ever com- plicated with the terms of your subscription? Have you taken as much pains to furnish the printer with his money, as he has to furnish you with his paper? Have you contributed your mite to repay him for his ink, his types, his press, his hand work and head work? If you have not, go pay him off and send no more!

Madame Marie Letitia Bonaparte, (mother of Na- poleon,) died at Rome on the 23d February last. She was born on the 24th of August, 1750, at Ajaccio, of the Ramolino family, and has lived at Rome ever since 1814. She died immensely rich.

OLD DEED.—We were much pleased a few days since through the politeness of Mr. Philip Reybold, with an examination of the first deed given by two Indians, for the trans- fer of the celebrated Barney Farm, lately owned by Mr. John Barney, well known for the fine cattle raised on said farm—which is now in the possession of the former enter- prising farmer, celebrated for his corn crops. The farm was purchased of Mr. Barney at the expiration of the last war, for \$45,000—Mr. Reybold bought it last fall at auction for \$17,500. The Indians sold it for two half-ankers of strong liquor, (being ten gal- lons) one waiceston, two double handfuls of powder, and two bars of lead.—*New C. Gaz.*

ANECDOTE.—As the good Deacon A—, on a cold morning in January, was riding by the house of his neighbor F. the latter was chopping wood at his door. The usual salu- tation was exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him by saying, "Don't be in a hurry, Deacon, would'nt you like a glass of good old Jamaica, this cold morn- ing?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman, at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a Deacon, "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, Deacon," said the wag, "I merely asked for information—we havn't a drop of rum in the house."

SUCCESSFUL MEASURE.—"Well, Squire," said a constituent to a Representative, why didn't you get our petition through the Legislature this winter? "I did get it through, my dear sir, without any difficulty." "Ah—indeed! I didn't see any account of it in the newspapers." "To be sure, not—I car- ried it through both Houses in my coat pocket—and made no noise about it!"—*New Bed- ford Gazette.*

TWO DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—By the packet ship Francois I. Custoff, from Havre via Plymouth, England, whence she sailed Feb. 15th, London dates are received to the 16th. There is nothing impor- tant. Mr. Somonoff, first Secretary of the Russian embassy at London, has been ap- pointed Minister to Washington. He will proceed to the United States from England. Lord Brougham is still in feeble health, at his seat, Brougham Hall. He does not, it is said, immediately contemplate the res- umption of his parliamentary duties. In case of a division of the Chancellorship, the present Chancellor will be Chancellor in Equity, Lord Denman Speaker of the Lords, and Sir John Campbell Chief Justice.

The future king of Portugal, accompan- ied by Prince Augusta, of Saxe Cobourg, and Count Lavradio, arrived at Brussels on the 9th.

Nearly all the English and French jour- nals are excluded from the Russian reading rooms.

A new treaty of commerce is spoken of between England and France.

The Emperor of Russia has confiscated more of the Polish estates.

There has been another battle between Marshal Calusel and Abdel Kader.

It is said that schemes for rail roads are before the British Parliament, involving an expenditure of upwards of two hundred mil- lions of dollars.

MR. MIDDLECOFF'S ADDRESS.

FROM THE REPUBLICAN COMPILER.

To the Citizens of the Four-teenth Senatorial District, Composed of the Counties of York and Adams.

FELLOW-CITIZENS.—The many misrep- resentations of the "Act to repeal the State Tax on real and personal property and con- tinue and extend the Improvements of the State by rail-roads and canals and to charter a State Bank, to be called the United States Bank"—together with the sentiments ex- pressed in the following Preamble and Reso- lutions, adopted at a large meeting of the Democratic citizens recently held at Berlin, induces me to present you with some of the reasons which influenced my vote on that important measure.

"Whereas, the Legislature of Pennsylvania has chartered a State Bank, under the name of the U. States Bank, and as several highly respectable and influential members of the Democratic party, have supported that measure; and whereas, the conduct and motives of those individuals have been ques- tioned, and perhaps unjustly—

Therefore,
Resolved, That it is in the highest degree in- expedient and unjust for this meeting to condemn and denounce those individuals who voted for the State Bank, denominated the United States Bank, without being fully satisfied that they acted with full faith towards their party and the true interests of the Commonwealth.

Resolved, That this meeting express its oppo- sition to the late Bank of the U. States, and to any and all institutions with similar powers; but that it will refrain from all censure of the conduct and motives of those Democratic members of the Senate and House of Representatives who supported the bill for the re charter of the present State in- stitution, known by the name of the United States Bank, without first giving them an opportunity of being heard in their own defence.

The situation of a Representative of the People is always one of great responsibility, and frequently an exceedingly unpleasant one: for it rarely happens that a decided ex- pression of opinion is, or can be obtained from those he represents, in reference to im- portant measures that come within the range of his official duties. And moreover, it fre- quently occurs that the people themselves are so much divided in opinion that he is necessarily left to the government of his own judgment and discretion.

No measure, since I have had the honor of a seat in the Senate, presented to my mind so much doubt and difficulty, and involved me in so much uncertainty as to the course proper to be pursued. On the one hand, I saw you weighed down by oppressive taxa- tion to support a system from which you have not, nor are you likely ever to derive much advantage. This has been, and cor- rectly too, the subject of much complaint with every voter in my district, without dis- tinction of party. And your taxes, heavy as they now are, must necessarily have been increased at this session of the Legislature, if some extraordinary measure of relief had not been devised. Of the truth of this, no one can doubt if he will take up and exam- ine the Reports of the Treasurer, Canal Commissioners, &c.

And on the other hand, I knew that many of my democratic friends who had condemn- ed and opposed the U. S. Bank as a Na- tional institution, might not view it with a more favorable eye if chartered as a State Bank: That men who looked not beyond the simple naked question of a Bank of the U. States, which had been made a rallying word for party, would, for a time, disapprove of my course in voting for it as a State In- stitution.

When the subject of chartering the Bank was first agitated, I was decidedly opposed to it, and had determined to vote against it. But when the Bill reached the Senate and was referred to a committee, of which I was a member, many amendments were made, and additional restrictions imposed. It re- mained in the hands of the committee several days before it was reported to Senate, during which time the whole merits and de- merits of the bill were amply discussed.— And after having reflected much and anx- iously upon the subject, I came to the con- clusion to give it my support.

Among the reasons which influenced my determination, I submit the following:

Our State debt is now near twenty-five millions of dollars. This immense sum of money has been expended in the construc- tion of Canals and Rail Roads. Some of the lines are yet unfinished, which must be com- pleted, and other links formed to make them productive; without this further expendi- ture, one half of the usefulness and revenue derivable from these channels of communica- tion, would be lost to the State, and conse- quently to her citizens. To accomplish this will require a further expenditure of some five or six millions of dollars; most, if not all of which, must be borrowed and ex- pended before the revenue of these works will be adequate to meet the interest of the cost of their construction.

The people are now taxed almost beyond their ability to pay. They are taxed di- rectly on their real and personal property, and indirectly in many different ways. And notwithstanding this immense amount of money, which is wrung from the hard earn- ings of the people, and made to flow into the Treasury, yet there is a deficit of some three or four hundred thousand dollars, to meet the present demands against the Com- monwealth. This sum, and the interest on appropriations which were indispensable, could only have been met by taxing the peo- ple, if we had refused the bonus which the Bank was willing to pay for a charter.

Under these circumstances then, what would have been our condition, if we had permitted the immense capital of the Bank

to have been withdrawn from our State?— That other States were willing and anxious, to grant her a charter, on much more favor- able terms than we did, is an indisputable fact. The winding up of the Bank, and the withdrawal of its funds from our state, would have produced a state of embarrassment, and distress never before witnessed. Such was the dreary prospect when the project of the charter of the Bank by the Legislature, was presented to us.

If we had not chartered the Bank, some twenty-five or thirty small banks would have been created. Small Banks, owing to the tendency to overtrade, are not as safe as large ones. Many of the small Banks issue paper to double and treble the amount of their capital; this Bank is only allowed to issue notes to the amount of its capital actually paid in, it will also tend to check the over issues of small Banks and introduce and maintain a safe and sound currency.

This Bank is so guarded and restricted that we are secured against all the evils ap- prehended from it as a National Institution. A refusal to submit all its books and papers to a committee of the Legislature—or of any of its officers to be sworn and answer un- der oath—is made a forfeiture of its charter.

You are told that the Bank possesses the power to control the Government and en- slave the people—that it will govern our elections; make and unmake Governors, Members of Congress, &c. Does the Bank indeed possess this magical power? Do not those who ascribe to the Bank this potent influence, question the intelligence, and im- pugn the honesty and integrity of the peo- ple? Because, unless they are to be duped by the art and trickery of knaves, who are in the pay of the Bank, or corrupted by its gold, I am at a loss to see how this influence can be exerted. But it is a slander upon the people to suppose, that they can be thus reached and controlled. But the strongest inducement that the bill held out, and the one which first determined me to give it my support, was the appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars which it contained for the improvement in my district, which might have been stricken out and lost, and the bill carried by five or six majority without my vote, and although I do neither approve or advocate this mode of legislation, but should be pleased to see it banished from our Legis- lative halls—yet whilst it is practised, and all appropriation bills are carried by that species of Legislation familiarly termed roll- calling, the representative who refuses to participate, will accomplish but little in that way towards benefiting his constituents.

The very liberal appropriation of two mil- lions of dollars, secured to the school fund, was another consideration not to be over- looked, which, whilst it will relieve the peo- ple from a large portion of the tax for the support of common schools, will diffuse the great and lasting benefits of Education throughout our great and flourishing Commonwealth.

So far as my direct expression for and against the measure, reached me, the preponderance was twenty to one in favor of the large portion of those in favor were mem- ber friends; and but one, out of fifteen or twenty democrats from Adams county, who visited the Chamber during the pendency of the bill, expressed any dissatisfaction of my course—all besides, upon hearing the dis- cussion, were agreed as to the propriety of its passage.

I supported this measure from a conscientious conviction that it would greatly pro- mote your local interests and general pros- perity; if in this I have been mistaken, it will ever be to me a source of deep regret. But if it should eventuate, as I sincerely be- lieve it will, in conferring upon you a last- ing benefit, I shall deem it a sufficient re- ward for the sacrifice of hazarding the tem- porary loss of confidence, of a portion of my friends, who have been pleased to make the advocacy of the measure, a test of Demo- cracy.

I have the honor to be,
Your friend and fellow-citizen,
D. MIDDLECOFF.

THE CROUP.—Dr. Fisher, in the last number, of the Medical and Surgical Jour- nal, recommends to mothers and nurses, when a child is seized with that dangerous disease, the croup, to apply immediately and persev- eringly, until medical aid can be obtained, to the throat and upper part of the chest, sponges or napkins dipped in water as hot as can be borne, and wrung out so that the water may not ooze from them. The remedy was first suggested by a German physician and has been practised with decided and na- tural success.

UNIVERSALITY OF DISCONTENT.—A gen- tleman had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he said, "are you contented?" the general reply was, "I am." "Then," rejoined the gentleman "what do you want with my field?"

The tiara of diamonds worn by the Duch- ess of Sutherland at the late Fancy Ball giv- en by the Queen of the French, cost eight thousand pounds sterling—nearly forty thou- sand dollars! The naked of the Old World might be clothed out of the trappings of a gny.

The duke of Wellington's Waterloo cham- ber, old Copenhagen, died at Stratfield Mortley on the 12th of February. He was 84 years of age on the day of the battle of Copenhagen, and his name.