

Star & Republican Banner.

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

BY ROBERT WHITE MIDDLETON.]

GETTYSBURG, PA., MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1837.

[VOL. 7--NO. 43.]

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 filled and charged accordingly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
CLARK'S OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE,
N. W. Corner of Baltimore and Calvert Streets,
(Under the Museum.)
Where have been sold Prizes! Prizes!
Prizes!!! in Dollars Millions of Millions!
BALTIMORE CITY, MD.

NOTICE.—Any person or persons thro
out the Union who may desire to try
their luck, either in the Maryland State
Lotteries, or in authorized Lotteries of oth
er States, some one of which are drawn daily,
Tickets from ONE to TEN DOLLARS,
shares in proportion, are respectfully re
quested to forward their orders by mail (Post
Paid) or otherwise enclosing cash or PRIZE
TICKETS, which will be thankfully received
and executed by return mail, with the same
prompt attention as if on personal applica
tion, and the result given when requested im
mediately after the drawings.
Please address,
JOHN CLARK,
N. W. Corner of Baltimore and Calvert Streets,
under the Museum.
March 29, 1836. 1v-52

PRIVATE SALE.
THE Subscriber intending to go to farm
ing in the spring, will offer his
House & Lot
for sale, in Middletown, Freder
ick County, Md.
The House is a two story Brick Building,
well finished and there is also a log building
on the same lot, now occupied as a hatter
shop, also a small barn, together with a
Stable, Corn House, &c. There is also an
excellent pump of water in the yard. The
above property would suit any Mechanic, as
it is situated nearly in the center of the
town, but more particularly a Hatter, as
there will be none in the place, after I quit
the business. This will therefore, be an ex
cellent opening for one.
If the above property is not sold by the
middle of February, it will then be for rent.
Any person desiring to purchase, will call
on the subscriber, now living on the above
described property.
BENJ. ROUTZAHN.
January 16, 1837. 41-42

Public Sale.
IN pursuance of an order of the Orphans'
Court of Adams County, will be exposed
to public sale, on Saturday the 28th of Janu
ary instant, on the premises,
A PLANTATION,
OR
TRACT OF LAND,
Situate in Huntingdon township, Adams
county, two miles west of Petersburg, (York
Springs), and convenient to the Turnpike
leading from Baltimore to Carlisle, adjoining
lands of Jacob Funk, Moses Funk, Peter
Snyder and others,
Containing One Hundred Acres,
more or less. The improvements are a
convenient
**TWO-STORY BRICK
HOUSE,**
well finished, with Back Buildings, Brick
Smoke-house, a large Stone Barn with Sheds,
a wagon-shed, corn-cribs, and other out
buildings, together with
A newly built SAW MILL,
with a constant supply of water; a thriving
young orchard of choice grafted fruit, and a
never-failing well of water with a pump near
the house. About 50 acres of the land are
cleared, of first-rate quality, in a good state
of cultivation and under good fence—
part of which is excellent meadow, and the
residue in good timber.
Also—Another Tract of Land,
Situate in the township aforesaid, adjoining
the above tract and lands of Jacob Funk
and others, containing about
Forty-Six Acres, more or less,
all in good Timber except about 13 acres,
which are cleared & principally under fence.
All to be sold as the Estate of DANIEL
FUNK, deceased.
Persons desirous of purchasing, will be
shown the above property by either of the
subscribers previous to the day of sale.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m.
when attendance will be given and terms
made known by
MOSES FUNK, Adm'r de
DAN'L FUNK, & bonis non.
By the Court,
JAMES A. THOMPSON, Clerk.
January 9, 1837. 1s-41

**Carpenter's Compound Fluid Extract of
BUCHU.**
Just received from the ware-house of G.
W. Carpenter, and for sale at the Drug
Store of
Dr. J. GILBERT.

THE GABLAND.

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

The following beautiful Poem, by JOHN QUINCY
ADAMS, we extract from the New York Mirror:

To fill thy page, beloved maid,
Before me Fancy's visions flit,
Three damsels offer me their aid,
Affection—Vanity—and Wit.
Perplex'd like Paris, lo—I stand;
Which to prefer, and which refuse—
Now dread the task from mortal hand,
Between three goddesses to choose!
First Wit—a daisied perf'and sly,
On both her rivals cast a leer,
And beckoning with coquetish eye,
Proffers her pen for gibe or jeer.
Seduced by her enchanting smile
I took her pen in sportive play—
The gipsy laughs at me the while,
And tittering, snatches it away.
Next, Vanity assails my ears—
With sipping whisper soft and slow—
"Take but my pen—the verse shall flow,"
She seems to say—so sweet, so clear,
"That all who read will straight exclaim,
"How great a bard is lost to hope,
And buried beneath vulgar fame,
At least an Ovid or a Pope!"
Deceivers! Vanity and Wit!
No more your faces show!
Fame, Folly, Falsehood you may fit;
The verse on this page must be true.
If words, dear Ellen, could express
The wishes in this heart that glow,
How they would burn your life to bliss,
Affection's pen alone can show!

THE REPOSITORY.

The Farmer and the Soldier.

Boys are apt to form very ridiculous notions
regarding the splendor and delights of a soldier's
life, which, instead of being one of happiness, as
they imagine, is perhaps the most miserable in the
world. While the youth of genius and industry
is rising up in the pursuit of his peaceful and hon
orable occupations, who often is his thoughtful,
early companion, who has embraced the career
of a soldier's life, spending his best years in the
fistfulness of an unidea'd range of duty, becoming
old in doing nothing, and only preparing for him
self—most likely—a painful conclusion to a
valueless existence!—Boys, who are not aware
of the sufferings which often accompany the sol
dier's career, may possibly profit by the perusal
of the following little story, written by Mrs. STOR
MANS, an American authoress:—

It was a cold evening in winter. A lamp cast
its cheerful ray from the window of a small farm
house, in one of the villages of New England.—
A fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and
two brothers sat near it. Several school books
lay by them, on the table, from which they had
been studying their lessons for the next day.—
Their parents had retired to rest, and the boys
were conversing earnestly. The youngest who
was about thirteen, said, "John, I mean to be a
soldier." "Why so James? I have been reading
the life of Alexander of Macedon, and also a good
deal about Napoleon Bonaparte. I think they
were the greatest men that ever lived. There
is nothing in this world like the glory of the war
rior."

"It does not seem to me glorious to do so much
harm. To destroy multitudes of innocent men,
and to make such mourning in families, and so
much poverty and misery in the world is more
cruel than glorious."
"Oh, but then, John, to be so honored, and to
have so many soldiers under your command, and
to have so many mighty victories—what glory is
there to be compared to this!"

"James, our good minister told us in his sermon
last Sunday, that the end of life was the test of its
goodness. Now, Alexander, that you call the great,
got intoxicated, and died like a madman; and Na
poleon was imprisoned on a desolate island, like a
chained wild beast for all the world to gaze and
wonder at. It was as necessary that he should be
confined, as that a ferocious monster should be put
in a cage."

"John, your reasons are very limited. You are
not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit
to be a farmer. I dear say that to break a pair of
steers, is your highest ambition, and to spend your
days in ploughing and reaping, would be glory
enough for you."

"The voice of their father was now heard, calling,
"Boys, go to bed." So ended their conversation
for that night.
Fifteen years past away and the same season
again returned. From the same window, a bright
lamp gleamed, and on the same hearth was a cheer
ful fire. The building seemed unaltered, but a
mong its inmates there were changes. The pa
rents who had then retired to rest, had now laid
down in the deeper sleep of the grave. They were
young—among the little circle of their native vil
lage, their memory was held in sweet remem
brance.

In the same chairs which they used to occupy,
were seated their eldest son and his wife. A babe
lay in the cradle, and two other little ones breath
ed sweetly from their trundle-bed, in the quiet
sleep of childhood.

A blast with snow came against the casement.
"I always think," said John, "a great deal about my
poor brother at this season of the year, and espe
cially in stormy nights. But it is now so many
years since we have heard from him, and his way
of life exposed him to so much danger, that I fear
we have strong reason to believe him dead."
"What a pity," replied the wife, "that he would be
a soldier!"

A faint knocking was heard at the door. It
was opened, and a man entered wearily, and
leaning upon crutches. His clothes were thin
and tattered, and his countenance haggard. Then
reached him a chair; and he sank into it. He
gazed earnestly on each of their faces, and then on
the sleeping children, and then on every article
of furniture, as on some recollect'd friend. Stretch
ing out his withered arms, he said, in a tone
scarcely audible—"Brother—brother!"—The sound
of that voice opened the tender remembrances
of many years. They hastened to welcome
the wanderer, and mingle their tears with his.

"Brother, sister, I have come home to you to
die." He was too much exhausted to converse,
and they exerted themselves to prepare him fitting

nourishment, and to make him comfortable for the
night. The next morning he was unable to rise.
They sat by his bed, and soothed his worn heart
with kindness, and told him the simple nar
rative of all that had befallen them in their quiet
abode.

"Among all my troubles," said he, "and I have
had many, none has so bowed me down as my sin
in leaving home, without the knowledge of my
parents, to become a soldier, when I knew it was
against their will. I have felt the pain of wounds,
but there is nothing like the sting of conscience.—
When I have lain perishing with hunger, and
parching with thirst, a prisoner in the enemy's
hands, the image of my home, and of my ingrati
tude, would be with me, when I lay down, and
when I rose up. I would think I saw my mother
bending tenderly over me, as she used to do when
I had only a headache; and my father with the
Bible in his hand, out of which he read to us in the
evening, before his prayer; but when I have stretch
ed out my hands to say, "Father, I am no more
worthy to be called thy son," I would awake, and
it was all a dream." But there would be the mem
ory of my disobedience; and how bitterly have I
wept to think that the child of so many peaceful
precepts had become a man of blood!"

His brother hastened to assure him of the per
fect forgiveness of his parents, and that daily and
nightly he was mentioned in their supplications, as
their loved, and absent, and erring one.
As his strength permitted, he told them the story
of his wanderings and his sufferings. He had
been in battles by sea and by land. He had heard
the deep ocean echo with the thunders of war, and
seen the ocean drink in the strange, red shower
from mangled and palpitating bosoms. He had
stood in the lists of Europe, and jeopard'd his life
for a foreign power; and he had pursued in his own
land the hunted Indian, flying at midnight from
his flaming hut. He had gone with the bravest,
where dangers thickened, and had sought in every
place for the glory of war, but had found only mis
ery.

"That glory which dazzled me in my days of
boyhood, and which I supposed was always the
reward of the brave, continually eluded me. It is
reserved for the successful leaders of armies. They
alone are the heroes, while the poor soldiers, by
whose toil the victories are won, endure the hard
ships, that others may reap the fame. Yet how
light is all the boasted glory which was ever obtain
ed by the greatest commander, compared with the
good that he forgoes, and the sorrow that he in
flicts, in order to obtain it!"

"Sometimes, when we were ready for a battle,
and just before we rushed into it, I have felt a fear
ful shuddering, an inexplicable horror at the
thought of butchering my fellow creatures. But
in the heat of contest, such feeling vanished, and
the madness and desperation of a demon possessed
me. I cared neither for heaven nor hell.

"You, who dwell in the midst of the influences
of mercy, and shrink to give pain even to an ani
mal, can hardly imagine what hardness of heart
comes with the life of a soldier. Deeds of cruelty
are always before him, and he heeds neither the
sufferings of the starving infant, or the groans of
its dying mother.

"Of my own varieties of pain, I will not speak.
Yet when I have lain on the field of battle, and
unable to move from among the feet of trampling
horses, when my wounds stiffened in the chilly
night air, and no one cared for my soul, I have
thought it no more than just, since my own hand
had dealt the same violence to others, perhaps even
inflicted keener anguish than that which was ap
plied to me.

"But the greatest evil of a soldier's life is not the
hardship to which he is exposed, or the wounds he
may sustain, but those with which he is surround
ed, and made familiar. Oaths, imprecations, and
contempt of every thing sacred, are the elements
of his trade. In this hardened career, though I ex
erted myself to appear bold and courageous, my
heart constantly misgave me. God grant that it
may be purified by repentance, before I am sum
moned to the dread bar of judgment."

His friends flattered themselves that by medical
skill and nursing, he might eventually be restored
to health. But he said, "It can never be. My vital
energies are wasted."

"Brother," he would say, "you have been a man
of peace. In the quiet occupations of husbandry,
you have served God and loved your neighbor.—
You have been merciful to the animal creation.
You have taken the fleece, and saved the sheep
alive. But I have wantonly defaced the image of
God, and stopped that breath which I can never re
store. You have taken the honey, and preserved
the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man and
his habitation, burned the hive, and spilled the
honey on the ground. You cannot imagine how bit
ter is now my sorrow for the performance of such
abominations."

He declined rapidly. Death came on with hasty
strides. Laying his cold hand upon the head of
the eldest little boy, who had been much around his
bed in his sickness, he said, "Dear John, never be
a soldier. Sister, brother, you have been as angels
of mercy to me. The blessing of the God of peace
abide with you, and upon your house."

So saying, he expired. Such was the concluding
scene in the life of a being who had fondly an
ticipated in the soldier's career nothing but splen
dour and unending glory!

THE DEAD LIVE.—I have seen one die: she
was beautiful; and beautiful were the ministries
of life that were given her to fulfill. Angelic love,
liness embodied her, and a grace as if it were caught
from heaven, breathed in every tone, hallowed
every affection, shone in every action,—invested
as a halo, her whole existence, and made it a
light, a blessing, a charm and a vision of gladness
to all around her; but she died! Friendship, and
love, and parental fondness, and infant weakness,
stretched out their hands to save her; but they
could not save her and she died! What did all
that loveliness die! Is there no land of the bless
ed and lovely ones, for such to live in! Forbid
it reason, religion,—bereaved affection, and undy
ing love! forbid the thought! It cannot be that
such die, in God's counsel, who live, even in frail
human memory forever.

I have seen one die—in the maturity of every
power, in the earthly perfection of every faculty;
when many temptations had been overcome, and
many hard lessons had been learned; when many
experiments had made virtue easy, and had given
a facility to action, and a success to endeavor,
when wisdom had been learnt from many mis

takes, and a skill had been laboriously acquired in
the use of many powers, and the being, I looked
upon and just compassed the most useful, most
practical of all knowledge, how to live, and to act
well and wisely yet I have seen such an one die!
Was all this treasure gained, only to be lost!—
Were all these faculties trained, only to be thrown
into utter disuse! Was this instrument,—the
intelligent soul, the noblest in the universe,—was
it so laboriously fashioned, and by the most vari
ed and expensive apparatus, that, on the very mo
ment of being finished, it should be cast away for
ever! No, the dead as we call them do not so
die. They carry our thoughts to another and a
nobler existence. They teach us, and especially
by all the strange and seemingly outward circum
stances of their departure from this life, that they
and we shall live forever.

Women often lose the man they love, and who
loves them, by mere wantonness or coquetry—
they reject, and they repent—they should be care
ful not to take this step hastily, for a proud, high
minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

A French writer says that "the modest deport
ment of those who are truly wise, when contrast
ed with the amusing air of the ignorant may be
compared to the different appearances of wheat,
which while its ear is empty holds up its head
proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends
modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

If you err to oblige, the person you so oblige
will secretly despise you.
He who knows the world will not be too hash
ful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.
Don't be frightened if misfortune stalks into
your humble habitation. She sometimes takes the
liberty of walking into the presence-chamber of
Kings.

If you would add a lustre to all your accomplish
ment, study a honest behaviour. To excel in any
thing valuable is great; but to be above con
ceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater.
Consider, if you have rich natural gifts, you
owe them to the Divine bounty. If you have im
proved your understanding and studied virtue,
you have only done your duty; and thus there
seems little reason left for vanity.

To defeat calumny, 'Tis, Despise it. To seem
disturbed about it is the way to make it be be
lieved; and stabbing your defamer will not prove
you innocent. 2. Live an exemplary life and
then your general good character will overpower
it. 3. Speak tenderly of every body, even of your
defamers, and you will make the whole world cry
shame on them who can find it in their hearts to
injure one so inoffensive.

TEMPERANCE.

From the Madison (Indiana) Republican Banner.

The Wanderer.

Cowper, whose melancholy experience
taught him too well the truth he uttered, in
speaking of mental derangement, says,
"This, of all maladies that man infests,
Claims most compassion, and receives the least."
This sentiment, and with it a lengthened
train of gloomy associations are always sug
gested to my mind when I see that unhappy
man who is daily traversing our highways,
but for whom I know no other name than
the one by which he is generally called—
"Old Henderson." Twelve years has he
been a wanderer. Two years has the
homeless lunatic been exposed to the pinch
ings of hunger, the scorching heat of sum
mer, and the bleak winds of winter. Twelve
years has he been to this community equally
an object of terror, disgust, and pity.

"Poor, poor, poor man! fallen below the brute!
His reason strives in vain to find his way,
Lost in the stormy desert of his brain;
And being active still, he works all strange,
Fantastic, execrable, monstrous things."

Do you know his history? Do you know
what brought upon him the heaviest curse
that offended heaven can inflict on man?—
Do you know what made him an outcast up
on society? The cause of all this calamity
to his family, himself, and the community,
is summed up in one word—*intemperance.*
Yes, it was intemperance that deranged his
intellect—it was intemperance that destroyed
his domestic happiness—it was intempe
rance that made him an object of terror to
those whom it was his duty to protect—it
was intemperance that cast him forth a wan
derer upon the world. And still must he be
a wandering and a fearful beacon to those
who are treading the same path in which he
once walked.

My heart is filled with bitterness, when I
look upon this wreck of mind, and I shed
tears of sympathy for his afflicted children
when I think of what anguish of feeling they
must suffer on his account. But are the
unfortunate "Old Henderson" and his rela
tives the only sufferers amongst us from the
evils of intemperance? Has this simoom
swept over no other family? Need I recall
to the remembrance of this community, the
melancholy circumstances attending the
death of Mrs. ——— in this place last sum
mer? What cut her off in the bloom and
loveliness of youth? *The dissipation of her
husband. She died of a broken heart.*—
Strangers watched around her bedside,
while her husband was at the coffee-house
pawning the very clothes of his dying wife,
and when she whom he had dragged from
competence to beggary, breathed her last,
he was lying in the room, *bestialy drunk.*

I need not multiply instances. Were
it necessary, I might produce a list of suffer
ers from intemperance in this place, that
would startle the most unfeeling. Alas! who
of us are not sufferers? What family is so
fortunate as not to mourn over some one in
its connexion whose prospects have been
blasted, or whose days have been termina
ted, by intemperance? How indescribably
more happy would be the situation of many
families here to day, if there had never been
any ardent spirits sold in the place! How
miserable will some families, now happy,
hereafter be, if this sale is continued!

THE "NAPOLEON CHILD."—On the iris
of the eyes of a child, who was lately exhib
ited in Oxford street, London, the following
inscriptions are seen.
Left eye. NAPOLEON. EMPEREUR.
Right eye. EMPEREUR. NAPOLEON.
The eyes of the child are of pale blue,
and appear like rays. This effect is ac
counted for by the child's mother having
gazed intently upon a five franc piece of
Napoleon's, given to her brother previous to
his departure on a long absence, when she
was in a particular situation.

BOLTING.—Our friends had better take the
advice we gave the other day about bolting, for
we find that a blacksmith of New York who was pay
ing his addresses to a beefsteak, got a *lunk* in
his throat, which in spite of medical aid caused
his death in a short time. Thus we see a man
led in spite of his teeth to self destruction,—and it
should serve as a caution to feeders, and make
them bear in mind the old poet, *Chau-see,*

The following will illustrate the character of
the puritans. At the formation of the Government
of one of the yankee States, among other things it
was
"Voted, That we believe in the existence of a
God, who rules his creatures by laws, and that,
therefore, we will be governed by the same till we
have time to make better."
In regulating the meat market they
"Voted, That all *mutton* that will not weigh
eight pounds to the quarter, shall be *lamb.*"
A butcher about to kill a cow, employed an
Irishman to hold her. The butcher squinted, and

VARIETY.

From the New Monthly Repository.

THE TRUTH OF SONG.

Oh! think not that the Muse's child
No heartless anguish knows,
Because his plaudit, though deep and wild,
In measured accents flows.
Think not his warmly-gushing tear
From fabled sources springs;
The living fount of grief is near,
And murmurs while she sings.
'Tis not amidst the turbid roll
Of passion's whelming tide
That words escape the soul;
But, when its waves subside,
Deep wells of bitterness remain
Within the sufferer's breast,
And then it pours its anguish'd strain
That will not be repress.

Oh! never has the trembling Lyre
To passion's lay been strung,
Save when the heart waked its fire
Had felt the woes it sung!
It may not be in our power to excel many peo
ple in riches, honors, or abilities; but you may
excel thousands in goodness of heart. Hither
turn your ambition. Here is an object worthy
of it.

Are not the great happiest when most free from
the incumbrance of greatness? Is there then any
happiness in greatness?
Why do you desire riches and grandeur? Be
cause you think they will bring happiness with
them. The very thing you want is now in your
power—you have only to study contentment.

The consciousness of having acted by principle,
and without the praise or privy of any person
whatever, is a pleasure superior to all that applause
can yield.
It was a pertinent and forcible saying of the
emperor Napoleon, that "a handsome woman
pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the
heart; the one is a jewel, the other a treasure."

Accustom yourself to strict observance of your
duty in all respects, and it will in time be as trou
blesome to omit or violate it, as it is to many peo
ple to practice it.

No disputing about taste.—A late Genessee
Farmer offers the opinion that all varieties of the
apple come from the common crab-apple, original
ly. The editor of the Manhattan Advertiser says:
"What a curious tooth our mother Eve must have
had in the fruit line!"

The correspondent of a neighboring paper, says
"an old maid is not so great a nuisance as a dozen
yelping dogs." That fellow ought to be hung for
his gallantry.
"You ask me to whom the President elect is
to be married. Mustn't call names in print—
When you hear it though, you will doubtless say
if the match fits him, that of course it fits You!
Heem!"

Fallen greatness.—The stone coffin of Juliet,
she of the Capulets, is now used as a tub for
peasants to wash their sallad in.

Cobbett's Treasure.—The bones of Thomas
Paine, carried by William Cobbet from America
to England to make buttons of, now lie at Norm
andy farm, under distress for rent.

*A method of preventing iron and steel from
rusting after being newly ground.*—A black
smith, who was formerly engaged in the manu
facture of sickles, informed us, that the method he
adopted to prevent his sickles from rusting after
grinding, was to immerse them for an hour, in
water strongly impregnated with lime. This had
the desired effect.

A SMALL MATRIMONIAL BREEZE.—Arath,
Pat, why did I marry ye!—just tell me that for
it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since
the blessed day that Father O'Flanagan sent me
home to ye house! "Swate jewel," replied Pat,
not relishing the charge, and it's myself that hopes
I may live to see the day when ye're a widow,
weeping o'er the cold sod that covers me—then,
by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye'll get along with
out me, honey!

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BOLTING.—Our friends had better take the
advice we gave the other day about bolting, for
we find that a blacksmith of New York who was pay
ing his addresses to a beefsteak, got a *lunk* in
his throat, which in spite of medical aid caused
his death in a short time. Thus we see a man
led in spite of his teeth to self destruction,—and it
should serve as a caution to feeders, and make
them bear in mind the old poet, *Chau-see,*

The following will illustrate the character of
the puritans. At the formation of the Government
of one of the yankee States, among other things it
was
"Voted, That we believe in the existence of a
God, who rules his creatures by laws, and that,
therefore, we will be governed by the same till we
have time to make better."
In regulating the meat market they
"Voted, That all *mutton* that will not weigh
eight pounds to the quarter, shall be *lamb.*"
A butcher about to kill a cow, employed an
Irishman to hold her. The butcher squinted, and

when looking at the cow appeared to look at the
Irishman. Pat fearing that he should get the
knock down instead of the cow, said in much of a
hurry, "A gh-man do you strike where you look?"
"To be sure I do—where do you think I'd strike?"
"Then you howld the cow yourself till I get out of
the way just."

A woman not far from Bangor, being
cursed and tormented by a drunken hus
band, told him, at last, that if he ever came
home again drunk, she would throw herself
into the river. The next Saturday eve
ning he came staggering home, when after
abusing his wife for some time, he retired
to bed. When he awoke in the morning,
his wife was among the missing—had as he
and the neighbours thought, drowned her
self. About five years after this sad affair
had taken place, the gentleman (who had
in the mean time reformed) was appointed
to a land agency in the State of Illinois.—
One afternoon having been struck by a
storm, he sought shelter in a house by the
way side. On knocking at the door, judge
of his surprise to find the summons answer
ed by his own wife!

RIGHT OR WRONG.—Just before the bat
tle of New Orleans, the following dialogue
is said to have taken place between two
aged negroes, who were each wont to
place the event in the hands of a higher
power.
"I say, Sambo—dat gowin for to be a
berry bloody fight—and all I got to say
is—may God O'rmighty 'land by de right!"
"Go way, Cuffie,—you fool!—you got no
gumpston, I say God 'land by General Jack
son, right or wrong."

DEFERRED ARTICLES.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 11.
THE LOST MONEY RESTORED.—We learn
that the reward for the \$25,000, some
time since lost in this city, having been in
creased to \$5000, notes to the amount of
\$20,000 were yesterday addressed through
the Post Office, to Messrs. J. & C. Ger
lin.

Since writing the above, we have been
informed that only \$17,000 have been re
turned; the finder having kept the \$500 re
ward originally offered by Mr. Nevins, of
this city—the \$2500 offered by the New
York house—and the \$5000 offered by the
Messrs. Berlin—in all \$9000. A pretty
considerable sum for picking up a small
package.—*Inquirer.*

OHIO LEGISLATURE.—The case of the
Rev. SAMUEL STRONG, accused of a con
tempt of the House, was brought to a close
on the 2d inst. JOHN C. WRIGHT and G. W.
ANDREWS appeared as counsel for Mr.
STRONG. After the discussion of the ques
tion, the following resolution was submitted
and unanimously adopted:
"Resolved, That this House possesses
the constitutional power of punishing indi
viduals for a breach of its privileges, or the
privileges of any of its members; or for
contempts, whether the same be commit
ted in its presence or beyond its walls."

The question of jurisdiction having been
thus settled, Mr. McNUTT offered a resolu
tion, which was adopted by a vote of 44 to
21, declaring SAMUEL STRONG guilty of a
contempt and a violation of privilege, and
adjudging that he be brought to the bar of
the House on the next day, the 3d inst. and
be there reprimanded by the SPEAKER, and
then be discharged from the custody of the
Sergeant of Arms.

ELECTORS OF PRESIDENT.—It appears
that several states have elected electors who
are disqualified for that office in consequence
of holding offices under the United States.
Several are specified among the electors of
New York, one among those of Massachu
setts, and of those of New Hampshire, two
or three, out of her seven electors, are said
to be illegally chosen. The present is a
most propitious period rigidly to enforce the
constitutional provision, and we hope both
parties will unite in doing so. Such a
"purging of the polls" will not vary the re
sult; and even if it would, it is due to our
selves and those who come after us to show
our respect for the express declarations of
the constitution, or we may establish a pre
cedent of a most dangerous character.

The following is the provision of the con
stitution on the subject:
Article 2, sec. 1, ¶ 2. Each state shall
appoint, in such manner as the legislature
thereof may direct, a number of electors,
equal to the whole number of senators and
representatives, to which the state may be
entitled in the congress. *But no senator
or representative, or person holding any
office of trust or profit under the U. States,<*