

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.]

GETTYSBURGH, PA. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1838.

[VOL. 9—NO. 9.]

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the Court-House.

I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance or TWO DOLLARS & 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 option 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 \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Kettelwell, Wilson & Hillard
GROCERS & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Corner of Commerce and Pratt Streets,
BALTIMORE.

OFFER to the Country trade for Cash or prompt payment, the following

GOODS:

TO WIT:
50 bbls. S. H. Molasses
20 bbls. West India & N. Orleans ditto
200 bags Rio Coffee, (part strong scented)
100 " Laguira do.
100 " Havana do.
50 hds. N. Orleans & Porto Rico Sugar
10 pipes and half pipes Champagne and
Rochelle Brandy
5 " Gin
50 tierces Honey
200 boxes Raisins
100 quart do.
150 eighth do. } Fresh importation.
50 kgs do. }

TOGETHER WITH
Cinnamon, Cloves, Pepper, Teas in chests,
half chests and boxes, &c. &c.
Baltimore, Nov. 17, 1837. (1-33)

NEW STORE.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa., as well as the Public in general, that he has taken the Store House lately occupied by Maj. George Myers, and has opened

A NEW AND SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF

GOODS:

CONSISTING OF—
Cloths, Cassimeres, Cassimerettes, Silks, Calicoes, Ginghams, a fine assortment of Shawls and Dress Handkerchiefs; bleached and unbleached Muslins; Flannels, of all colors; Laces, &c. &c.
WITH A FIRST-RATE ASSORTMENT OF
Groceries, Queens-Ware
and Hard-Ware.

A more splendid or extensive assortment of Goods was never before opened in this place—all of which will be disposed of on the most reasonable terms. Call and examine. Country Produce, of all kinds, taken at a fair price in exchange for Goods.
ADAM EPPLEY.
March 6, 1838. (1-41)

GLAD TIDINGS! PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS!

WHEN a medicine comes before the public, endorsed with the names of the medical profession and distinguished men, and warranted by the seal of uniform success, the proprietor makes no unreasonable demand upon the public when he claims for it a superior consideration.
PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS.

Are undoubtedly entitled to distinction, inasmuch as many medical practitioners, who have witnessed their efficacy, freely admit their curative powers and prominent virtues; and that they should do so in opposition to their personal interest must be attributed to their candor or their unwillingness to condemn them in the face of all observation and the testimony of thousands. The proprietor does not pretend that his Pills will cure all diseases, but he does say, and has satisfied the incredulous that in all diseases where a cathartic or an aperient Medicine is needed, if used according to the directions for a fair period of time, they will effect a speedy and certain cure, and this much is placed beyond doubt by the testimony and references of individuals already given to the public.

PETER'S VEGETABLE PILLS

Are now regarded by those who have had an opportunity to decide upon their merits, as an inimitable PUBLIC BLESSING.
More than two millions of boxes of these celebrated Pills have been sold in the United States since January, 1835.

Dr. Peters has received upwards of FIFTEEN HUNDRED CERTIFICATES, all given in consequence of the good done by his medicines; and it will at once be seen by this evidence that no remedy for the prevailing diseases of the Southern and Western States has ever been presented to the notice of the afflicted with stronger claims for their attention. Founded upon the surest and soundest of all principles, viz. actual experiment, these Pills have been wonderfully successful in restoring the sick to health, and in spite of doubts and prejudices, the use of them in those parts of the country, which the proprietor has been able to supply, has been rapidly extending. It is highly encouraging to him that, among the list of those who have either personally benefited by them, or have witnessed their effects on others, are the names of many of the most respectable and intelligent men in the South; who have cheerfully given their written testimony to that effect.

Without an exception in any age or country, no Medicine has been so rapidly and extensively given such universal satisfaction.
Prepared by Jos. Priestly Peters, M. D. No. 129 Liberty street, New York. Each box contain 40 Pills—Price 50 cents.

Be careful and inquire for Peters' Vegetable Pills. They are for sale in Gettysburg, by Dr. J. GIBBERT—and in Hanover by G. W. HICKLEY; and an inquiry, can be had in almost every town in the State.
January 5, 1838. 9m-10

THE GARLAND.



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

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

THE EVENING.

As close of day, when glitt'ring setting sun
Has sunk beneath the western horizon;
When joys and cares of weary mortals cease,
And nature's self seems perfectly at peace;
'Tis then the soul is often wont to choose
In silent pensive solitude to muse.
'Tis then the great Jehovah speaks aloud,
And calls us from the busy bustling crowd,
To meditate upon the vanished day,
Not unlike which, life gently glides away.
The brilliant orb of light his course has made,
And fields and groves are overspread with shade;
Now yellow twilight veils all nature's sight,
To some producing fear—to some delight.
The fields of verdant green are wrapt in gloom,
But fading flowers in verdure their bloom.
The sportive flocks that through the day are seen
Frisking all o'er the meadows robed in green,
Have ceased to graze, and quit their joyous play,
And seem to moult at the departing day.
The music tribe have lodged in loneliness,
And, as the silent solemn moments pass,
Refuse to cheer the solitary plain,
But mute in some retirement remain.
One voice alone is heard, the plaintive dove,
Mournfully cooing through the silent grove,
And in its funeral song appears to say
That it alone is left on earth to stay!

Yet these secluded hours come welcome on
To mortal man, who, at the setting sun,
Requires the peaceful rest of twilight eve,
Which to the wearied mind 'tis wont to give.
When man in such deep solitude surveys
His parted actions, words, and by-gone days,
How many pleasing recollections start,
Or panic thoughts perhaps corrode his heart;
With pleasure oft he looks upon the past,
But often too laments his moments lost.
As frequent, then, as evening shade appears,
Should man remember thus to fly his years.
These hours demand that he his voice should raise
To God his Judge, with reverential praise.
Religion's faithful votaries may oft
In solemn meditation soar aloft,
To contemplate that Heavenly land of rest,
Where God's own people are forever blest.

Of fleeting, transient life soon will thy eye
Pass mortal man, and twilight shadows leave
Their clinging light, which thou wilt fly away
Swift as the passing clouds of summer's day.
But Death, dread terror's king, his visit pay,
And grasp where'er his icy hand he lays,
And hurls his victims to eternity.
To an eternal night, or endless day!
GETTYSBURG, PA. S. W. N.

THE REPOSITORY.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

ALTHEA VERNON;

OR
THE EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

CHAPTER XIV.

The Miss Conroys were so totally eclipsed by numerous other young ladies, their superiors in beauty and attraction, that (after Lansing had gone through the ceremony with each of them) they seemed to have little chance of dancing, except with young men that were not eligible. At length the patron of Schoppenburgh strolled up; not, however, to say that his mother had sent him in quest of them, but merely to utter the commonplace remarks that are usually parroted by the "ingenious youth" that frequent ball-rooms. "A very brilliant assemblage here to-night—a great deal of beauty and fashion—some very interesting young ladies, &c. &c. "Yes, very," replied Phebe Maria, "and an unusual number of distinguished young men."

"I believe," said Mrs. Conroy, glancing significantly at her daughter, "you have sent off a dozen of them in despair at having begged in vain the honour of your hand."

"Why, doesn't she want to dance?"—exclaimed Billy.
"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Conroy, determined on a desperate effort, "but you know she could not break her engagement with you."

Amazed and perplexed, Billy Vandunder looked rather more foolish than usual. He had not the slightest recollection of this engagement, (it would have been strange if he had,) but he could not be so ungallant as to disclaim it; and he twisted his finger in his watch-guard, steadfastly gazed on his breast-pin, and passed his hand over his face as if to convince himself of his own identity by ascertaining if his whiskers, &c. were still there. The Miss Conroys were too much accustomed to receiving their cues from their mother, not to catch them in a moment, and Phebe Maria rose directly and gave her hand to the patron, suggesting to him the expediency of securing places as soon as possible, before all those in the most select cotillions should be taken.

"Toujours pret!"—said Billy, trying to recover himself and submit with a good grace. "I'm always proud to be at the beck of the ladies," and he led her off, stopping daintily by her side, and strenuously endeavouring to look pleased with his partner; who, he consoled himself with the reflection, "was certainly very genteel."

To Althea Vernon the ball, so far, was delightful. Selfridge danced with her every alternate set; and her intervening partners were always such as could be classed among the pleasantest men in the room. She was at this time engaged to a young gentleman from the south; and Selfridge was hovering near, unwilling to quit her till the cotillon began. Feeling kindly disposed towards even the Conroys, she said to him, "Do go and dance with Miss Abby Louisa. She cannot find it pleasant to sit still; and however fastidious she may be with regard to partners, I am sure you will have no difficulty in persuading her to join the set that is now forming."

Selfridge, indifferent with whom he danced when Althea was not his partner, and happy to comply with any request of hers, almost kissed his hand to her when saying, "A revoir," and repaired to the place where Miss Conroy was sitting

with her mother; Mrs. Vandunder however quitted them to take a seat in the vicinity of Sir Tiddering and Wilhelmina. When Selfridge made his request, the countenance of the young lady denoted immediate compliance; but before she had time to speak, her mother said—"Now do, Abby Louisa, allow Mr. Selfridge to prevail on you to break your resolution of dancing no more this evening. The gentlemen are all astonished and mortified at your obduracy, though by no means unaccustomed to it. One would not, of course, dance every set, like a child at a practising; but still it is well, when we are at these places, to sanction them by a slight participation. My daughters, Mr. Selfridge, are extremely delicate, and very liable to be overcome by the fatigue of dancing; beside which, balls are so little of novelties to them that (in mixed companies especially) they can rarely be persuaded to take any other part than that of mere spectators. In our own select circle, where we have only the mazurka, the Spanish dances, and other elegant things, it is quite different. Abby Louisa, I believe I must exert my parental influence in desiring you to waive your determination of remaining quiet this evening. Consider—it is Mr. Selfridge that solicits your hand."

Abby Louisa deigned to comply, and Selfridge, duly sensible of the exception in his favour, was going to lead her to a cotillon then forming near them; but another couple suddenly stepped up and took the only unoccupied places. He then left her, to ascertain whether there were no vacancies to be found at the other end of the room.

"Abby Louisa," said Mrs. Conroy, "have you noticed Althea Vernon's new handkerchief?"
"Yes," replied Abby, "who could help noticing it? Hitherto she has carried none but a plain cambric, and to-night she is sporting the most elegant one in the room. That handkerchief could not have cost less than seventy or eighty dollars. I wish, mamma, you had gone a little farther, and bought such for Phebe and I, instead of the fifty dollar ones you brought us this evening. I hate to be outdone by Althea Vernon."

"Such handkerchiefs as that are entirely too costly," said Mrs. Conroy, "they are even beyond our mark. I cannot imagine how her mother happened to get it for her."
"Or how they could afford it," said Abby.
"They could not afford it," resumed Mrs. Conroy, "but here comes Selfridge, who seems to be decidedly in love with her. Mark me now, and have all your wits about you, and we may turn this handkerchief to account."

"I do not believe," said Abby, "she has found any space unoccupied."
"So much the better," observed her mother.
"Better," exclaimed Abby—"I know not what can be worse. It is no trifling disappointment in dancing with a man so handsome, and so perfectly genteel, and so every way *comme il faut*—There now—the music has commenced."

Certainly," replied Mrs. Conroy, "it is very desirable that you should dance with Mr. Selfridge, and that he should be seen with you as much as possible. But don't you perceive that your chance is now double. He, of course, after the disappointment of obtaining places for the set, considers himself engaged to you for the next; and now as Althea and Miss De Vine, and all the other ladies that he is acquainted with, are dancing, we can engage him in conversation, and detain him with us all the time. But here comes your father. We must introduce them."

Mr. Conroy, who had been confabulating with some mercantile friends from the city, now joined his wife and daughter; and Mrs. Conroy having informed him in a low voice who and what Selfridge was, the introduction took place as soon as that young gentleman came back to them. He had been unsuccessfully in his search for unoccupied places; and though disappointed at being cut off from all hope of dancing the succeeding set with Althea, he, of course, took care to show no indication of annoyance at the necessity of attaching himself in the interim to the Conroy family.

"This is quite a gay scene," observed Mr. Conroy, "a large assortment of handsome females."
"The proportion of lovely faces and symmetrical forms to be found in every assemblage of our countrywomen is always great," observed Selfridge, "and to me who have recently returned from China where ladies are not to be seen, the *coup d'oeil* of this room is peculiarly striking. When I look on the beauty and elegance that surrounds me, I am more ready than ever to exclaim—

"Who would not fight for such a land!"
"If you mean elegance of dress," said Mr. Conroy, "I think there is rather too much, considering that the husbands and fathers have all to work hard to procure it; and even when doing a great business are often at their wit's end for money to meet their engagements. Our women have become quite too extravagant. Even their pocket handkerchiefs cost forty or fifty dollars."
"Well," said Mrs. Conroy, "when families live in a certain style, and are able to afford it, that much may be given for a very handsome one—but farther than fifty no lady should allow herself to go. Certainly, seventy or eighty dollars is entirely too great a sum for a pocket handkerchief."

"I did not suppose there were any at that price," remarked Selfridge.
"Truly," observed Mr. Conroy—"it is enough to make the young men look about them before they think of getting married. A man should have already made his fortune (and a large one too) before he ventures on a lady that carries an eighty dollar pocket handkerchief."

"I think so too," said Selfridge, "for in such a woman there must be something wrong. In Europe, where there is a real aristocracy, with immense wealth to support it, and with hereditary habits of lavish expenditure, these extravagant fashions may be tolerated, but I should judge very unfavourably of any American young lady who showed an extraordinary eagerness to adopt them."
The mother and daughter exchanged looks.
"But how would you know?" said Mr. Conroy—"Gentlemen, unless they happen to deal in the article, are seldom very close observers of ladies' pocket handkerchiefs."

"I should not know at all," replied Selfridge.
"Well then—I will enlighten you on the subject," said Mrs. Conroy—"Whenever you see a cambric handkerchief so fine and thin as to be nearly transparent, embroidered all over with the most delicate needle-work, and trimmed all round with rich lace quilled on as full as possible, you may conclude it does not cost less than eighty dollars."

"For instance," said Abby Louisa, boldly, "like that of Miss Althea Vernon? You can see it now, she is dancing in the cotillon with Sir Tiddering and his super-elegant partner. What a pity that all its beauties are not visible at a distance. Now Wilhelmina's handkerchief, with its gold springs, glitters finely. But Miss Vernon's must be scanned closely to be fully understood."

Selfridge changed colour.
"What the daughter of Mrs. Vernon, Frank Vernon's widow!"—exclaimed Mr. Conroy. "I happen to know pretty accurately what their income is. How in the name of absurdity they can afford eighty dollars for a pocket handkerchief!"
"Oh! I don't know," replied his wife, "one ought not to say all that one thinks; but the affording of people keeps me in a constant state of wonder. Formerly there was some distinction. But now rich or not rich, fashion or no fashion, every one dresses at equal cost."
"So much the worse," said Mr. Conroy, with whom the extravagance of women was a favourite subject, and one on which he could speak feelingly.
"In nine cases out of ten, the poor husband finds the comforts he has a right to expect in his own home sacrificed to his wife's passion for finery. I should not like to be domesticated in a house where the women had eighty dollar handkerchiefs, unless there was wealth enough to supply every thing in equal proportion; a thing not to be expected in our country."
"Perhaps," said Abby Louisa, trying to speak amiably—"this poor girl is so unfortunate as to have a weak mother, who has brought her up in habits of extravagance beyond their means."
"Nothing more likely," observed Mr. Conroy, "and weak mothers are apt to have weak daughters."
"I do not think Miss Vernon weak," said Selfridge. "She is very young, and of course inexperienced; but to me she appears replete with intelligence and sensibility; and I believe, when circumstances require it, she will not be found deficient in a due proportion of energy."
"Oh!" cried Mr. Conroy, "I see how the land lies. Well, well—if this young lady has stolen your heart, I will not be another word to say."
"My acquaintance with her," said Selfridge, colouring highly, "is of very recent date. It is but a few days since I first had the pleasure of meeting Miss Vernon."

"Well, then," resumed Mr. Conroy, "I suppose you have not as yet propounded the grand question, let an experienced man advise you to put it off a while. You are too young to have made your fortune already, and you will not be likely to do so if you encumber yourself just now with a wife that sports eighty dollar handkerchiefs."

"I do not believe Miss Vernon could have got such a one for eighty," observed Mrs. Conroy parenthetically. "It was more likely ninety dollars or a hundred."
"It is a hard thing," pursued Mr. Conroy, "for a young man to get along with an extravagant wife. When clear of the world, the case is not so bad. And even then the husband must keep a tight hand sometimes."

"Miss Vernon may not have been brought up in any extravagance but that of finery," said Mrs. Conroy. "We know not how close may have been the economy which she and her mother may have practised in their house keeping."

"How should we?" remarked Abby Louisa, "they were not at all in our circle."
Selfridge, extremely disconcerted, felt much inclined to walk away, and Mrs. Conroy and her daughter perceiving that the venom had taken effect, exchanged looks of congratulation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Genuine and True.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where were several coy damsels, was on one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies. He replied they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so, that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."
"That may be," said the boarder quickly, "yet I will stake a million that I can kiss them all three without any trouble."
"That you cannot do," cried his friend. "It is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were all at home sitting beside their mother, and they all looked as prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect, even to dejection—and having looked wistfully at the clock breathed a sigh as deep as algebra, and as long as a female dialogue at the street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes upward to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion and said in a doleful voice—"It wants three minutes of the time."

"Do you speak of dinner?" said the old lady putting down her sewing work.
"Dinner?" said he with a bewildered aspect, and pointing, as if unconsciously, with curled forefinger at the clock.
A silence ensued, during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

"You will see me decently interred," said he, turning again to his friend.
His friend was as much puzzled as any body present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect. But the old lady being no longer able to contain herself, cried—
"Mr. C.—pray what do you speak of?"
"Nothing," answered he with a lugubrious tone—"but that last night a spirit appeared to me, here the girls rose to their feet and drew near—and the spirit gave me warning that I should die at exactly twelve o'clock to day, and you see it wants but half a minute of the time!"

The girls turned pale, and their hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed and departing one. They stood chained to the spot, looking alternately at the clock and the unfortunate youth; he then

walked up to the eldest of the girls, and taking her by the hand, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not attempt to resist.

He bade the second and third farewell in the same tender and affectionate manner. His object was achieved and at that moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon he looked around surprised, and ejaculated, "who would have believed that an apparition could tell such a lie. It was probably the ghost of Ananias or Sapphira."

It was sometime before the sober maidens understood the joke, and when they did they evinced no resentment. The first kiss broke the ice, and thanks to the ghost, they discovered that there was some pleasure in the pressure of a bearded cheek.

VARIETY.

FOR THE GETTYSBURGH STAR AND BANNER.

ACROSTIC.

JOSEPH RITNER, self-taught, but great,
Our friend, and pillar of the State;
Strong-minded, generous-hearted, kind,
Each one in him a friend will find.
Pennsylvanians, don't forget
His services—he loves you yet.
Rich and poor, all repeat his praise,
In him confide—he ne'er betrays:
True to his trust, though he should fall,
Not like some men, he acts for all.
E'en hills and dales resound his fame—
Rise, Freeman, rise, and do the same!
MAY 17, 1838. S. W.

BETTING.

The following announcement is made in a Washington paper:

"\$2-\$1,000 BET.—There is a gentleman in this city who will bet ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS that David R. Porter will be elected Governor of Pennsylvania."

It is well understood that the last hope of the present Loco Foco Administration of the General Government, rests upon Pennsylvania. With the Keystone State still harnessed to the Van Buren car, there is yet some hope of putting off the evil day of utter and irremediable discomfiture. But Pennsylvania against the measures and men of the present administration, its day of doom is certain. Hence the people may easily understand the deep interest which this administration and its army of agents and office holders, now fattening on the public "spoils," take in the coming election for a Governor of Pennsylvania. Hence the evident anxiety which they feel for the defeat of the sturdy and honest-hearted Whig who now occupies the executive chair of that State. Hence the unceasing efforts which this office holding crew will make to bring themselves and their money "into conflict with the freedom of elections," in the desperate hope of turning the scale against Governor Ritner, and of compassing the election of his opponent.

One of the rumored means of accomplishing these ends is the raising of an immense sum of money, some of which to be appropriated as the "anti-Ritner betting fund." The Whigs of Pennsylvania will probably understand the bet offered above, as one of the first fruits of this politico-financial movement of Van Burenism, which now has its "last hay in the rack."—*Baltimore Patriot.*

Our Public Works. The Lettings and the Canal Commissioners.

We learn from Harrisburg, that the Canal Commissioners were in session the greater part of last week. Between the present period and the eighth of June, they will visit the Columbia and Philadelphia Railroad and the Delaware Division of the Canal, for the purpose of inspecting the works and satisfying claims for damages. About the eleventh of June they will leave Harrisburg to inspect the works westwardly, and on their route will settle all claims for damages on the West and North Branches, on their return from those branches. The entire improvements of the state are now in excellent condition, and no efforts will be spared with the laudable object of keeping them so. During the week ending the 12th of May, the unprecedented sum of \$13,700 was received at the collector's office in Columbia, while during the subsequent week the sum received at the same office, reached nearly fifteen thousand dollars! The canal commissioners have agreed upon the following order of business: Lettings of portions of the Erie Division will take place at Meadville, on the 29th of June.

At Erie of other portions thereof on the 10th of July.
Of the West Branch, on the 17th of July, (place not yet decided.)
Of the North Branch, at Tunkhannock, on the 23d of July.
Of the Wisconsin Feeder, at Halifax, on the 1st of August.
Of the Gettysburg Extension, at Gettysburg on the 24th of August.
Of the Allegheny Feeder, at Kittanning, on the 11th of August.

JOHN MARSHALL STODDARD.—The Cumberland (Md.) Civilian, of Saturday, contains the subjoined letter from JAMES STODDARD, the father of John Marshall Stoddard, addressed to the editor of the Boston Atlas. The patriotic writer is well known to a large share of the travelling public, as a resident of Allegheny county, near Little Crossings. From the names given of his other sons, it will be seen that there was a philosophical necessity for the recent change of the name of Andrew Jackson to that of John Marshall. It was altogether out of keeping with the names of the rest of the family:

DEAR SIR.—An extract from the Boston Atlas of which you are Editor, has just struck my notice, in which you compliment me for having changed the name of my son, Andrew

Jackson, to that of John Marshall, by an act of Assembly; and as you are, in like manner, a man after my own heart, I with pleasure accept of your kind offer of sending me the Boston Atlas. I reside in Allegheny County, State of Maryland, the Post office nearest my residence is the Little Crossings. I wish you may both live to see either HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, or WM. H. HARRISON, President of the United States. I have seven sons, Sir: James Monroe, John Marshall, (formerly Andrew Jackson,) George Washington, Lafayette, Henry Clay, Thomas Jefferson and John Sergeant.—Whenever you pass along the National Road west, to see our illustrious friend HENRY CLAY, call at my house, and we will crack together a bottle of Madeira.

I am, with the highest respect,
JAMES STODDARD.
Little Crossings, May 9th, 1838.

REMOVALS.

Some weeks ago we notified that portion of the collectors of customs for the Port of Philadelphia, who supported Muhlenberg for Governor in preference to George Wolf, that they would be removed from office by his ex-Excellency. We think we told them that "salt could not save them," and we know that many of those gentlemen will at this day own the truth of our remarks. On the first day of May, George Wolf dismissed from office twelve of his Deputies, for the reason above stated, and filled the vacancies thus occasioned, by the same number of his own devoted followers—and we are told that on the first of next month an equal, if not a greater number, will feel the heavy hand of this petty tyrant. As yet he has made but one change among the collectors stationed in this County—James Serrill, who was appointed only one year ago, has been removed to make room for Samuel T. Walker. We have no hesitation in saying that we know of no man in this country, in whose bosom the dark spirit of proscription rankles more deeply than in this same George Wolf's.—*Darby Rep.*

The Report of Dr. JACKSON, Geologist of the State of Maine, affords a most cheering picture of the mineral and agricultural capabilities of the public lands in that quarter. It would seem that not only is the soil suited in an eminent degree for the wheat culture, but extensive formations of coal and iron are found throughout the Madawaska territory, and more especially near the banks of the river of that name. In the course of his surveys the Dr. has discovered ranges of hills from which flow North and South the streams that empty themselves as described in the Treaty of '83, leaving no doubt that should Commissioners be appointed in reference to the North Eastern Boundary question, they will have no difficulty in identifying the high-lands about which so much has been said. These highlands are said to be laid down in Greenleaf's Map of Maine.

The amount of Gold coin imported into the U. States from the 1st of January last up to the 5th May instant, is officially ascertained to be \$7,054,000, and the exports \$484,074—leaving a net balance of about six millions and half. Since the 5th instant, about one million and a half in gold has been imported into New York, making a nett aggregate of about eight millions.

SEVERE SENTENCE.—The Wilmington (Del.) Gazette says—"The trial of John Kennedy, who was arrested a few weeks since in this city on a charge of having robbed Mr. Thomas Vandever, while on his way to market, was closed on Wednesday last, when the jury returned a verdict of guilty. He was yesterday sentenced to pay the State a fine of five hundred dollars, to stand in the pillory for the space of one hour, to be publicly whipped with thirty nine lashes on the bareback, well laid on, imprisoned for the term of two years, and upon the expiration of such imprisonment, to be disposed of as a servant to the highest and best bidder or bidders for the term of ten years."

CONFIDENCE.—The Richmond Enquirer says—"Though the election has gone against us, we have not met with a Van Buren man yet, who despairs of the republic." Certainly not—nothing could be more calculated to restore confidence than the success of the Whigs. We have seen nothing like despair as to the republic among the Van Buren men, but a good deal of despair as to their party—that is done up. The Whigs will take care that there shall be no occasion for despair or fear.—*U. S. Gazette.*

WHIG NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The National Intelligencer contains an authorized announcement from the Opposition Members of Congress, that a National Convention of delegates from the several States, in proportion to their representatives in the two Houses of Congress, will be held in HARRISBURG, on the first Wednesday of December, 1838, for the purpose nominating candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.

William Miller was convicted last week, at the Court of Lycoming county, of the murder of Solomon Hoffman, a pedlar, and sentenced to be hung. Friday, the 6th of July next, is fixed as the day of execution.

CONNECTICUT.—Gen. Kimberley, of New Haven, has been elected to the Senate of the U. States, to succeed Mr. Ex-Postmaster Niles, who "speaks as Dr. Franklin wrote," and whose term of service, fortunately, expires on the 3d of March next.

The following which is the latest pattern is taken from an eastern paper. It is an exception from a private letter from a loco loco in Maine to a distant friend, "About sixty of our party deceived us, and many of the rest were so royally drunk that they did not know whom they voted for, or whether they voted at all."