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IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND



THADDEUS STEVENS.
He stands a mighty rock,
With blossom'd laurel crest;
And the strong eagle builds
Her eyrie in his breast;
And the first balmy morning beam,
Pours on his brow its radiant stream.

A shield to the bright oar,
A bulwark to the main;
The two edg'd lightning strike
His august brow in vain;
Yet the small birds, and violet flows,
Find in his bosom pleasant bowers.

The waves that should be proud,
Around his base to sweep,
While in their trembling depths
His glorious shadows sleep;
Grew envious at the Giant Rock,
And sought its ponderous base to shock.

League'd with the fleck'd winds
The stormy waters rose,
And marsh'd the waves on wave;
With foam on crest on their bows;
And threaten'd in their ire to beat
That routed fortress from its seat.

Oh impotence of rage!
The clouds must melt away,
The winds expend their strength,
The billows dash to spray;
Yet that eternal rock will be
Unmov'd, to dread eternity.

Ah brighter for the storm
That round his summit raves;
And made more pure, and fair,
By the strong winds and waves,
With glorious light his crest shall glow
While at his feet the waters flow.

LYDIA JANE.

THE REPOSITORY.

Isabella and her Sister Kate and their Cousin.
Mistaken and misunderstandings are not such bad things after all, at least not every so; circumstances alter cases.
I remember a case in point. Every body in the country admired Isabella Edmunds, and in truth she was an admirable creature, just made for admiration and sonnetting, and falling in love with, and accordingly all in the county of — was in love with her. The columns of every Argus, and Herald, and Sentinel, and Gazette, and Spectator, and all manner of newspapers, abounded with the effusions supplicatory and declaratory, of her worshippers; in short, Miss Isabella was the object of all the spare "ideality" in all the region round about. Now, I shall not inform my respected readers how she looked, who you may just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Madonna, a fairy, an angel, and so forth, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run on with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome, and too much like other heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabella had a sister, and I think I shall take her. "Little Kate," for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some years younger than her sister, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all—yet there was a something, a certain—in short, she was very much like Mrs. A. or Miss G. whom you admire so much, though you always declare she is not hand some.
It requires a very peculiar talent to be overlooked with a good grace, and in this talent, Miss Kate excelled. She was as placid and as happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little contented star, that for ages has twinkled on, unnoticed and almost eclipsed by the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the only art or science, in which Kate ever made any great proficiency, and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable themselves.
She had a world of sprightfulness, a deal of simplicity and affection, with a dash of good natured shrewdness, that after all,

kept you more in awe than you ever supposed you could be kept, by such a merry, good natured little nobody. No one of Isabella's admirers ever looked at her with such devout admiration as did the laughter loving Kate. No one was so ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and every where in ten minutes, when Isabella was dressing for conquest; in short, she was, as the dedications of books set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.
But if I am going to tell you my story I must not keep you all night looking at pictures; so now to my tale, which I shall commence in the manner and form following:
It came to pass that a certain college val-etuditorian and a far off cousin of the two sisters, came down to spend a few months of his free agency at their father's; and, as aforesaid, he had carried off the first collegiate honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery at the last convocation.
So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes, and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentler sex. But alas, poor Edward, what did this all advantage him? so long as he was afflicted with that unutterable, indescribable malady, commonly rendered bashfulness—a worse affliction than any ever heard of in Carolina. Should you see him in company you would really suppose so his abashed of his remarkably handsome person and cultivated mind. When he began to speak, you felt tempted to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it; and to speak to a lady! the thing was to be thought of.
When Kate heard that this "rare unc" was coming to her father's she was unaccountably interested to see him, of course—because he was her cousin, and because—a dozen other things too numerous to mention.
He came, and was, for one or two days an object of commiseration, as well as admiration, of the whole family circle. After a while, however, he grew quite a domestic; entered the room straight forward, instead of stealing in sideways—talking of whole sentences without stopping—looking Miss Isabella full in the face without blushing—even tried his skill at sketching pattern, and winding silk—read poetry, played the flute with the ladies—romped and frolicked with the children, and in short, as old John observed, was a palin book from morning till night.
Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabella's admirers. It was stated with great precision, how many times they had ridden—walked—talked, together; and even till they had said, "In short, the whole neighborhood was full of."
That strange knowledge that deth come we know not how—we know not where."
As for Kate, she always gave all admirers to her sister, ex officio; so she thought that of all the men she had ever seen, she could like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope Isabella would like him as much as she did and for some reason or other her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet for some reason or other, she felt as if she could not ask any questions about it.
At last, events appeared to draw towards a crisis. Edward became more and more "brown studios" every day, and he and Isabella had divers solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. More over, the quick sighted little Kate no need that when Edward was with herself, he seemed to talk as though he talked not when with Isabella he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and, in short; had every appearance of a person who would be good to say something, if he only knew how.
"So," said Kate to herself, "they neither of them speak to me about it—I should think they might. Belle I should think would, and Edward knows I am a good friend of his, I know he is thinking of it all the time, he might as well tell me, and he shall."
The next morning Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlour. Isabella was gone out stopping, and Edward was—she did not know where. Oh no, here he is—coming back in hand, into the self same little room; now for it," said the merry girl mentally, "I'll make a charge at him." She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unbecoming manner, he looked out of the window, and—then walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water, then he drew up a chair to the work table and took up first one ball of cotton, looked it over, and laid it down again, then another then he picked up the scissors and minced up two or three little bits of paper; and then began to pull needles out of the needle book, and put them back again.
"Do you wish for some sewing, sir?" said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.
"How—ma'am, what?" said he, starting and upsetting box, stand and all, upon the floor.
"Now, cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton," said Kate, as the confused val-etuditorian stood staring at the cotton balls rolling in divers directions. It takes some time to pick up all the things in a lady's work-box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

"Well, cousin," said Kate, in about ten minutes, "if you can't speak I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have."
"Well, I know I have," said the scholar in a tone of hearty vexation.
"There's no need of being so fierce about it," said the mischievous maiden; "nor tangle my silk, and picking out all my needles; and upsetting my work box, as preparatory ceremonies."
"There is never any need of being a fool, Kate, and I am vex'd, that I cannot say!" (a pause).
"Well, sir you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far, don't you feel as if you could finish? Don't be alarmed; I should like of all things to be your confidant."
But Edward did not finish; his tongue clung close to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.
"Well, I must finish for you I suppose," said the young lady; "the short of the matter is Master Edward, you are in love, and have exhibited the phenomena thereof this fortnight. Now you know I am a friendly little body, so do be tractable, and tell me the rest. Have you said any thing to her about it?"
"To her I to who?" said Edward, starting.
"Why Isabella, to be sure; it's she isn't it replied Kate.
"No, Miss Catherine, it's you!" said the scholar, who like most bashful persons could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all.
"Poor little Kate! it was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and —but that's no concern of mine."
A Western Love Letter.
The Cincinnati Humanist, a new paper recently started, and which richly deserves the name, contains the following epistle from a girl in Illinois to her "lover" in Pennsylvania.
Susquehanna, Away in the Ill you noise, April the 2th,
1,000—eight hundred & 30 mine.
My Dear Dere Henry—I embrace this present opportunity to let you know as how I am had a spell of the nigr, and I hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same god's Blessing! Why don't you only rite I sweate line to tell your sufferer Kathrin all about her pretty sweet Henry, we had a meeten in the blacksmith shop in town last night Lickers is 12; I wonder why my sweet Henry dont come out clear, and let me grip my arms around his blessed body, so that I can feel my hart beaten again hizzens. It beets like a little till hammer now, Henry if you dont come out pray for me. Sass is skace out clear, except spirils and cutskin and korn meet, and sich weger tables: Oh my sweet Henry—my turkle dove—my piging—my deer deare Henry—how my poor sole is longing for your sweet voice—think I hear him sign vauky doodle as he koms from his plow now. Mary melden has got a baba!—Oh my deer Henry do come out and lets git marrud, so no more at present, but remain your loving
KATHRIN AN TILDEN.
To my sweet Henry.
P. S.—Part Sekund.—Jacoms Basht! has razed a noo house, and Sally does live so snug; but she fights him sometimes when he's a little Anthony over. My sweet Henry let us keep house, and if you love me, I wont whip you in deed, nor I wont look at nobody else, so I wont. Daddy says as how I must git married, because I've let it run on too long already. K. A. T.
P. S.—Part Third.
My pen is bad, my ink is pail, my lov to you shall never fade, for Henry is my own true lov, my Lare, my Dack, my Turkle Duv, so no more at present,
K. A. TILDEN.
P. S.—Noty Benz.—Mother's ded, and Robert has the fever. so no more at present from your loving
CATHRIN AN.
To my Dere Henry over the Nallyganses in the Pencyveeny State.
YANKEE DOODLE—This ludo was composed in 1775 by a Dr. Shackbury, to ridicule the ungainly appearance of the Yankee recruits—General Cornwallis, no doubt, thought it a serious joke, when twenty six years afterwards, at the surrender of York town, himself and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of the same Yankee Doodle.
In ancient Egypt, the married ladies possessed real power, for when they were espoused, a vow of obedience was made to them by the husbands. Not only was it stipulated in the marriage contract that the lady should be lord over the husband, but a solemn pledge was made by the latter to the effect that he would in all things be obedient to his wife! Those must have been glorious times for the sex, superior even to the age of chivalry.
PEEPING TOM.—A fellow named Benjamin F. Hill was arrested under the Chatham street chapel in New York, on Sunday during service. Several ladies had left the house, before it was discovered that a profane eye that had no business there, was gazing through perforations made in the floor. The intruder had taken the pains to gain access to the basement by picking the lock of the cellar door; he then barred several holes through the ceiling with an nuger and thus contrived to indulge his culpable curiosity. He was a young man, about 20 years of age.

WHEN I WAS A WEE LITTLE SLIP OF A GIRL.
When I was a wee little slip of a girl,
Too artless and young for a prude;
The men, as I press'd, would exclaim, "Pretty Which, I must say, I thought rather rude;
Father ruds, so I did;
Which, I must say, I thought rather rude."
However, said I, when I'm once in my teens,
They'll sure, cease to worry me then;
But as I grew the older, they grew the bolder—
Such impudent things are the men;
Are the men, are the men;
Such impudent things are the men.
But of all the bold things I could ever suppose,
(Yet how could I take it amiss!)
Was that of my impudent cousin last night,
When he actually gave me a kiss;
Ay, a kiss, so he did;
When he actually gave me a kiss!
I quickly reproved him, but ah! in such tones,
That ere we were half through the gloom,
My anger's another, he gave me another—
Such strange coaxing things are the men;
Are the men, are the men;
Such strange, coaxing things, are the men.

Domestication of a Wolf.
A. F. Cuvier has recorded an instance of a wolf that was brought up and treated like a young dog; he became familiar with every body whom he saw frequently, but he distinguished his master, was restless in his absence, acting almost precisely as a favorite dog would act. But his master was under the necessity of being absent for a time, and the unfortunate wolf was presented to the Menagerie du Roi—where he was incarcerated in a den—ho who had "affections, passions." Most disconsolate of wolves was he, poor fellow! he pined—he refused his food—but the persevering kindness of his keepers had its effect upon his broken spirit, he became fond of them, and every body thought that his ancient attachment was obliterated. Eighteen long months had elapsed since his imprisonment, when his old master came to see him. The first word uttered by the man, who was singled in the crowd, had a magical effect. The poor wolf instantly recognized him with the most joyful demonstrations, and being set at liberty fawned upon his old friend and caressed him in the most affecting manner. We wish we could end the story here; but our wolf was again shut up, and another separation brought with it sadness and sorrow. A dog was given to him as a companion; three years had elapsed since he last lost sight of the object of his early adoration, time had done much to soothe him, and his claim and he lived happily together—when the old master came again.
"Once familiar word" was uttered—the impatient cries of the faithful creature, and his eagerness to get to his master, went to the hearts of all, and when he was let out of his cage, and rushed to him, and with his feet on his shoulders, licked his face, redoubling his cries of joy, because he who had been lost was found, the eyes of bearded men, who stood by, were moistened. His keepers, to whom a moment before he had been all fondness, now endeavored to remove him, but all the wolf was then aroused within him, and he turned upon them with furious menaces. Again the time came when the feelings of this unhappy animal were to be sharply tried. A thug separation was effected. The gloom and silliness of the wolf were of a more deep complexion, and his refusal of food more stubborn, so that his life appeared to be in danger. His health, indeed, if health it could be called, slowly returned, but he was more morose and misanthropic, and though the fond wretch endured the caresses of his keepers, he became savage and dangerous to all others.
Nor are these the only instances of the disposition which is latent in these animals. The she-wolf mentioned by Mr. Bell, in his delightful "History of British Quadrupeds," would come to the front bars of her prison in the garden of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park, to be noticed; and when she had pups, she would bring them forward in her mouth to be fondled; indeed, she was so pertunacious in her endeavors to introduce them into society, that she killed all her little ones, one after the other, by rubbing them against the bars, that they might be within reach of the caressing hand of man. It is as if the poor creature had said, "Do take me and mine little ones out of this place and make pets of us."

The following anecdote is taken from an eloquent speech of Mr. Tillingslast, delivered at Providence, on the 4th of July, at a dinner table with a band of the surviving soldiers of the revolution!
"The first blood drawn from the veins of a Britis' soldier in that great quarrel, was drawn by a shot from a Rhode Island musket—upon our own waves, within sight of the tower of that temple where we have this morning heard the scenes and principles of the revolution so eloquently reviewed by the orator of the day.
"The owner of that musket still lives in honor amongst us, still characterized by that native resolution which the lapse of 67 years from that time has not been able to extinguish or abate. The first sword that waved to triumph upon the surmounted rampart of Yorktown, was a Rhode Island sword. The owner of that sword, as he climbed up the works, received upon his hands and arms the stabs of the bayonets that were aimed at his life, and having gained the summit and planted himself firmly there, he lifted his sword aloft in his bleeding hand and called aloud to friends and foes, 'Capt. Stephen Olney's company forms here!'"

EARTHEN HOUSES AND EARTHEN FENCES.
We learn from the Prairie (Illinois) Beacon, that the experiment of earthen houses has been introduced into St. Clair county, in that State, by a Mr. Potter, who has erected several buildings, (one of them a large two story dwelling house) the walls of which are composed almost entirely of earth, and they are said to be as handsome, and apparently as durable, as those made of brick, while the cost is much less. Mr. P. recommends the construction of fences of this kind in Illinois, the soil of the prairies being very similar to that of the soil of South America and Mexico, where such fences (called in those countries *pise fences*) and houses are, and have been for ages; very common. It requires but little skill to construct a fence or a house of this material. The earth is made into a kind of mortar, and planks being placed so as to form a sort of box, as far apart as the walls are intended to be in thickness, it is thrown in and pounded hard. This method of making fences and building houses must be very advantageous where, as on the great Western Prairies, timber is scarce & earth is plenty.

CHEERFULNESS IN WIVES.
Baz well remarks that a cheerful woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual snowl upon her brow. A pleasant cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a disappointed and fretful wife in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits.

CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN.
Never wear a pair of fine cloth black pants (tightly strapped down) to a Pic Nic frolic—especially if you are naturally gay, and given to antics. It is exceedingly dangerous to do so, as one unlucky night in this vicinity—if no more—knows by *point reading experience*—*Boston Transcript*.
"Tell your contemptible General," said an old woman in a village through which passed the army of Napoleon, to one of his corporals—tell him I have a very despicable opinion of him."
"I will," said the corporal, "if you insist upon it, Madam, but you can't think how I will distress him!"
As a match for one of the stories that is now in the full tide of circulation in the local press papers, we give the following fact: Just previous to the October election, a loco in one of the adjoining counties was railing out against the Whigs, calling them all sorts of names, and swearing they were all villains, when a stranger stepped up and asked him what the Whigs had done to him. "They hant done nothing to me; as I knows on," said the loco; but curse 'em, I don't like 'em; they hung my gran father in the Revolution."—*Xenia Torch Light*.
A country girl attending a Quaker meeting was asked by a friend how she liked it. Like it! why I see no sense in sitting for hours without saying a word, it is enough to kill the d——! "Yea my dear," replied he, "that is just what we want."

"O dear!" blubbered out an urchin who had just been suffering from the application of the birch. O my! they tell me about 40 rods make a furlong, but I can tell a bigger story than that. Let us get such aplagny lick-ins as I've had, and they find out that *one rod makes an acher*."

"PUTTING IN MIND."—This common phrase was used by a Hibornian, a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connection. Pat was driving pigs in Lowell street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of "How d'ye do" and "sure it's myself that's glad to see you," Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with—"It's a fine pig that *saw*, Patrick." "It is that same Barney, which puts me in mind of asking for your wife, the crathur, is she well?"—*Lowell Jour.*

SUPREME COURT vs. THE PEOPLE'S ENGLISH.
—There is a rank in language as well as in every thing else. Pope has referred the standard to the subject.
"For different styles with different subjects sort, As different galls for country, town or court."
But the real rank of language is determined by the speaker or writer. It will do for a plain citizen to speak intelligible English, but a genius must talk in unintelligible tropes and figures. It will do for a tradesman to be so shallow as to be understood, but a philosopher must be as profound and dark as Erebus. By the same rule, a layman may talk plain sense; a lawyer must speak so that there is but a streak of meaning glimmering through the cloud of words. The Judge, if it be an inferior court, must rise into a sublime twilight of the mind; but if it be in the Supreme Court, it is dignified and proper to be deeply, darkly, decorously unintelligible. The mysteries of law in our Supreme Court, the Holy of Holies of the law, is not to be profaned by vulgar curiosity, and it is therefore proper to veil its refinements in this thick woven web of Cimmerian obscurity. The following is a successful specimen of this style. It is to be found in the opinion of Chief Justice Gibson in the great Presbyterian Case. It is shrewdly suspected by the knowing ones

that the old Chief meant something, though what it is no one pretends to conjecture. Under what inspiration was this passage written?
"It is a segregated association, which, though it is the reproductive organ of corporate succession is not itself a member of the body and in that respect it is anomalous. Having no corporate quality in itself, it is not a subject of our corrective jurisdiction or of our scrutiny, further than to ascertain how far its organic structure may bear on the question of its personal identity or individuality."
From the Telegraph and Intelligencer.
OLD TIPPECANOE.
BY SQUIRE.
There's a Star in the west that will never grow dim, Whilst earth in her majesty rolls, But high on the billows of fame it will swim, 'Till thunders shall sliver the poles!
It will ring through the air, and soar thro' the sky, And passing each planet will greet, 'Till aloft on the breezes of fame it will fly, And perch at a Washington's feat!
From his high bed of honor he then will look down On the crowd of a Grants below! And earth will re-echo the sky-searching sound;— Huzza for old TIPPECANOE!!!
"Stick no bills here," as the loator said to the musquitoes.
TIME TO GO HOME.—Paulding, in his life of Washington, gives the following little anecdote of the mother of this great man:
"She was once present and occupied the seat of honor, at a ball given to Washington, at Fredericksburg, while in the full measure of his well earned glory, and when nine o'clock came, said to him, with perfect simplicity, 'Come, George, it is time to go home.'
It would, perhaps, be well if many others would remember when it is 'time to go home.'
The Weather.
"Don't you call this all-fired hot weather?" said a fish caught Yankee yesterday to an old resident.
"Hot? oh, no, this is nothing. We use the short thermometer now. Wait till June when we get the long one up, if you want to see hot weather."
"Thank you, I rather guess you'll see me takin' rather long strides for the northward and eastward afore the season gets so hot that them common thermometers can't give the idea. Mine's 126 degress low; when the mercury biles over in that, I'm o-p-h."—*Picayune*.
HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE
Speaking of Schools on the Massachusetts line of rail road for the children of the Irish laborers, the Buffalo Journal says:
"To Governor Seward we believe is due the credit of first suggesting this plan for educating a class of children who would else probably, in a great measure, be reared in ignorance."
The Journal is in error. THADDEUS STEVENS, Esq. of this State, when Canal Commissioner, first projected and carried this plan into execution. "Honor to whom honor is due."—*Herald*.
For doing which he has been basely reviled by the locooco party, who profess to be friends of the poor.—*Telegraph & Intel.*
From the Telegraph and Intelligencer.
The Christian's Reward.
BY THE DAUPHIN BARD.
Here in this land of sorrow the Christian cannot be rewarded for his toils and battles; time is too short, this vale of grief's too full of woes. He professes peace with God, and the world calls it a delusion; he sends the gospel to the heathen, and is branded an enthusiast; he reproves sin, and the sinner scoffs; he prays for his neighbor, and by him is he persecuted; he is chained to congenial minds, and death severs the cord. All is disappointment and gloom; save the approaching smile of Heaven and a good conscience, and a bright hope of the future! Thus the humble christian lives, and oft he dies, by pain
"Unwept unhonor'd and unsung."
But when the curtain which obscures eternity from mortal gaze shall be drawn aside, to become the winding sheet of expiring worlds, the glorious result of his exertions shall be fully developed and his efforts eternally crowned with heaven's lofty approbation! Then shall be seen indelibly inscribed on the flashing spires of the New Jerusalem, the deeds of his glory! There will they stand unshaken by the eternal storms which shall beat against earthborn fame; will stand a *fastness* monument of the christian's devotion to God; an everlasting theme for Angelic Choirs, and all the hosts above!
Harrisburg, Pa.
OHIO.—The State Central Committee of our friends in Ohio, has published a notice requesting the opponents of Van Buren to meet in their respective townships and city wards, on the first Saturday in September next, and appoint from one to three delegates, according to the population of the township or ward, to meet in each congressional district, at the place where the last district convention was held for the nomination of candidates for representatives in Congress, on Friday, the 20th day of September, for the purpose of appointing a delegate from each district to the National Convention, which is to be held at Harrisburg in December next.—*Telegraph & Intel.*