

Star & Republican Banner.

TO FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PATTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.—NO. 21

GETTYSBURG, WEDNESDAY MORNING 29, 1839.

[WHOLE NO. 489.]

Office of the Star & Banner:
Chambersburg Street, a few doors West
of 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 \$4, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion 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.

THE GARLAND



"With sweetest flowers enriched,
From various gardens culled with care."

From the Temperance Recorder.

Johnathan's Independence.

Text—Yankee Doodle.

Says Jonathan, says he, "To day
I will be independent,
And so my frog I'll throw away,
And that shall be the end on't,
Clear the house, the tar-nal stuff
Shant be here so handy;
Who has given the winds her snuff,
No now hear goes my brandy I
Caorus—Clear the house, &c.

"Our fathers, though a sturdy folk,
Were sometimes rather skittish;
And so they would wear the yoke
Brought over by the British.
Yonder, on old Bunker's head,
From their necks they shook it;
They freed off their lead,
And then they had to hook it.
Caorus—Yonder, on, &c.

"But though they fit and ran away
They warn't a bit of cowards;
They lived to fight another day,
When lookin' Gen'l Howe-wards.
What could them the Gen'l do
For his own salvation?
Why, he 'cused and quit' the a-
niversal Yankee nation.
Caorus—What could them, &c.

"The tyrant that our fathers smoked,
Lay skulking in a tea-pot;
There's now a 'wonder' to be choked,
In bottle, jug or wee pot;
Often in a glass he shows
What he calls his 'body';
And often wades up to his nose,
In a bowl of toddy.
Caorus—Often in a glass, &c.

"Sometimes he creeps up, through the slim
Stem of a very fine pipe;
And sometimes plunges for a swim,
All over in a wine-pipe;
But, he's tickled, most of all,
When he hears the sumpin's
Down his favorite pipes to crawl—
The wine-pipe of the rum-uns.
Caorus—But he's tickled, &c.

"And he get's the upper hand—
This tyrant, base and scurvy—
He stripes a man of house and land,
And turns him top-sy-turvy.
Neck and heels he binds him fast,
And says that he is his'n;
But lets him have, rent free, at last,
A poor-house or a prison.
Caorus—Neck and heels, &c.

"And now" says Jonathan, "towards Rom
I'm des'rate unforgivin';
The tyrant, never more, shall come
Into the house I live in.
Kindred spirits, too shall in-
to outer darkness go forth;
Whiskey, Toddy, Julep, Gin,
Brandy, Beer, and so forth,
Caorus—Kindred spirits, &c.

"While this cold water fills my cup,
Duns dare not assail me,
Sherrifs shall not lock me up,
Nor my neighbors bail me;
Lawyers will I never let
Chose me as defendant;
Till to death I pay my debt,
I WILL BE INDEPENDENT."
Caorus—Lawyers will I never let, &c.

suitable provisions, his blanket, his axe slung behind, & his gun on his shoulder, he trudged gaily along until he arrived at Shin Creek, which is unbridged, and was at that time much swollen with late rains. A woodman seldom hesitates at such obstacles: he proceeded up to the bank of the stream, and set about felling a tree across it, to serve as a temporary bridge; it swung aside in falling, and launching into deep water, it floated away majestically down the stream.—Our traveller looked and looked, and wist not what to do." He was not inclined to resume the axe; and therefore resolved to proceed up stream in hopes of finding a favorable place for crossing. At length he arrived at one of those placid-looking pools which form deep stretches in our rivers, and are generally termed still water places.—Here he made a kind of raft sufficient to bear up his clothes and gun, and keep them dry, while he swam over and drew them after him. He was soon busily engaged in rehabilitating his limbs, and refreshing himself with a bit of biscuit, seated on the flowery margin of a natural meadow, which extended along the banks of the stream, when he was startled by a whining noise, resembling the sounds frequently uttered by young bears. He instantly seized his gun, examined the printing, and re-pinned—then clapping a bull into the barrel

"With looks intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,"
he stole cautiously towards the spot, whence the sound issued. They were no longer uttered, but he now and then heard a crackling noise among the underbrush, and perceived a twitching motion of the twig and spray, but could not discover what caused them. Convinced, however, that he had some animal to encounter, his gun was at his shoulder, and his finger at the trigger. He then silently reasoned with himself, whether or not he should fire at random, but experience cautioned him against so rash an action, for no animal is more furious than a wounded bear. As thus he mused, his eyes became suddenly dilated, his heart throbb'd violently, he raised himself erect and led the butt of his gun drop quickly to the ground! What did he see? What did he gaze at? Behold! among the raspberry bushes—many twinkling leaves of dewy green—behold! he sees a beautiful infant arm fitfully stretched out, and little taper fingers plucking the rich, ripe, crimson fruit.

After he had experienced the first flush of the mingled emotions of surprise at the extraordinary sight, horror at the bareness of his gun and his intended act, and of pleasure in the expectation of meeting society in these deep and solemn solitudes, our traveller advanced, and beheld a little girl about seven years old, sedulously engaged in pulling and eating of the abundant wild berries which were spread in great variety over that naturally rich and verdant spot.—She appeared to be an interesting child; her clothes had a respectable look, albeit they were most woefully rent and worn; her hair played in disorderly ringlets over her cheeks, which were begrimed and pale, and her soft blue eyes were red with weeping. She burst out into wild and hysterical wailings, which sunk suddenly into convulsive sobs. The traveller was lost in utter amazement, and HESITATED ALDOD to attract the child's attention. Alarmed in her turn, at his appearance, half habituated as he was, she screamed, fled a few steps, fell, and covered her face with her hands. He was quickly by her side, and used the kindest and most soothing expressions to gain her confidence and calm her fears. She had fallen more from bodily weakness, than from fear, although she was being greatly alarmed at the unexpected appearance of the stranger. At length she ventured to look up, and, with a sweet but languid smile, said, "O now, I am sure you won't hurt me; O I am very sure you will not kill me!" "Kill you, God forbid," was the full hearted reply. "O I am very tired; I've been very, very hungry, but I got plenty of raspberries here; I only eat the goodly ones; I never take them as have the spider on 'em; mother bid me not to." "Where is your mother, my dear child?" eagerly inquired the traveller; and he was answered, with the greatest simplicity, "she's at home, sir, I guess; but mam don't know where I be; I can't find out the way home ever so long."

"What! my child have you strayed, and are you lost? Come to that flowery knoll with me. God has sent me to preserve your life. Come, and I will give you some nice biscuit, and a bit of meat. You are weak and worn, but I will take care of you." The poor innocent's soul burst forth in a flood of grateful tears, not attended with that hysterical affection which she had lately suffered. She derived great relief from weeping, and prepared to follow her new benefactor, but the excitement which she had just experienced, acting on her sensitive, delicate, and exhausted frame, had shaken every nerve, and completely prostrated her strength. She was unable to walk, but the kind and generous Bearghian carried her to the bank of the river where he had left his little store, and judiciously regaled her with spare and graduated portions of food.

"As soon as she was moderately refreshed, her artless answers to his inquiries informed him that her name was Lydia Harper; her parents lived near Hart's Mill; she had been sent with dinner to her father, who was making shingles a little way in the woods, but missed the right track—got bewildered and wandered astray. "When I knew I was lost," she said, "O, I was very frightened; I screamed and ran about, and threw away father's dinner. It appears that she walked the first night until she sunk down nearly stupefied with fatigue.—

The traveller asked her if she was not afraid when it grew dark, as she was all alone and lost in the woods; to which she replied, "I was a kind of frightened all the time, but when I laid down I said my prayers, that man learnt me, and then I wasn't frightened." "Do you remember the prayer?" "O I do, sir, it is: I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thus, Lord, only that maketh me to dwell in safety; and into thy hands I commend my spirit, my soul, and my body; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth! Amen."

Mr. Bearghian next began to consider how the child was to be brought along.—He was sixteen miles past her father's, and his business would not allow him to return; he was about twelve miles from Trew's and no house between. The child was unable to walk; he rigged out a contrivance by means of his blanket, and carried her forward on his back. The delightful consciousness of performing a good action buoyed up his spirits, and nerved his frame, and he beguiled the rigour of his laborious task by the prattle of his little foundling, who had now become more sprightly and free.

As he journeyed along, he inquired if she had seen any wild beasts in the woods; and she answered, "No, I did not—only once—two black dogs were coming to me; they were not Mr. Burp's dogs; they stopt, and one stood upon his hind feet; they didn't bark, but rumped away again." Our traveller smiled at the child's simplicity, while she continued to say: "O, sir, last night, when I awoke in the middle of the night, O how glad I was! I thought I was close to home, for I heard the cattle tramping about me. I could not see nothing, now of them had holes, and when I called Star and Brit, they lay still; O I was glad, and my heart was beating and beating; I lay very still too, to listen and so I just drop away a sleep again. Waw! it a pity, they were all gone in the morning." "Providence seems to have defended you in an especial manner, my child, against hidden dangers and death," said the traveller.

Having carried his helpless charge until daylight was gone, his fatigue was increased by the difficulty of walking on an almost trackless road in the dark, and the noon did not rise until near 10 o'clock. At length he arrived at a deserted log hut, within two miles of Trew's; and almost exhausted, he determined to make a short stoppage to recruit. Here he thought to leave the child, wrapped in his blanket, whilst he should return, and send back immediate relief. He struck a light, partook of some refreshment, but found great difficulty in getting her to consent to remain behind. After he had prepared a pretty comfortable bed for her, and placed her snugly in it, he sat down to watch until she should fall asleep. The moon had just risen, and before he started he gently approached the child, to find if she were perfectly composed; he held the light towards her; she opened her blue eyes full upon him, avoiced her head and sobbed. "No!" exclaimed the traveller, "by all that's sacred, I swear I will not leave you behind!" He forthwith slung his axe and his gun, resumed his former equipment, raised little Lydia from her lonely couch, and carried her solely to the long looked-for house of entertainment.—Although it was quite late, Capt. Josiah Trew was easily tempted to admit the toil worn traveller and his little companion, who now stood beside him at the threshold; for something told him that it was more seemly that she should walk than to be carried into the house. He had also tied a handkerchief under her chin, in the fashion of a gipsy head dress.

They were soon placed by a comfortable fire in a good house well stored, and blessed with a hearty and hospitable landlord. The females, as it is the custom of the country, were speedily afoot, and busy preparing the required repast. We fancy we can see the mirth-lit countenance of facetious Josiah beaming with downright exultation, as he issued his miraculous orders for every viand the house could afford to comfort the wearied travellers. We can also fancy that we see his features overclouded and his eye glistening with genuine feeling as he related that the whole country sides had been up and in search of a child lost in the woods; that parties had gone in all directions, but unhappily without success, and that one of the people deeply distressed on the occasion, was now in the house. Our traveller immediately exclaimed that Providence had made him the happy instrument of recovering that lost child, who now sat before them. Every one flew round the little girl, examined and fondled her, and vented exclamations of amazement and satisfaction. During this sudden bustle, a person from the adjoining chamber rushed wildly in among the company, snatched the hand of little Lydia, gazed on her for a moment, then clasped her to his bosom. It was her father!

What a scene was here! what an overflowing of the finest feelings which adorn humanity! what a gratifying interchange of those pure affections which spring from sincerity and truth! but what tongue can tell what pen portrayer the varied emotions which flitted in rapid succession through the minds of that painfully happy group. The half-frantic joy and gratitude of the parent, the wandering fits of delight of the enraptured little sufferer, the conscious self-satisfaction of the deliverer, the officious but sincere congratulations of the excited inmates, must all be estimated by the susceptibility of the reader.

The beautiful train of circumstances which Providence employed in this affecting story is worthy of serious consideration. If the traveller had passed Hart's Mills when people were stirring abroad; if Shin Creek had been bridged; if the tree had

fallen across; if he had no gun when he thought a bear was by; if these facts had happened, the child might have perished.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. SNAKES AND SNAKE CHARMERS.

It is only on visiting & residing for a time in India, that one can become thoroughly sensible of the immense benefit conferred by St. Patrick, upon Ireland, when he preached his famous

"sermon,
That gave the frogs and toads a twist,
And banished all the varms."

Among which we may reasonably include snakes of all kinds and degrees. To newcomers in Hindostan, and particularly to those of nervous temperament, these creatures constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe (as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities), wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you must be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting place and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgment. Perhaps your endeavours to give it breath with your mouth makes Mr. Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortable cold, and ere you are aware of this presence he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such instances as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who had been long resident in it, might only smile at the newcomers' nervousness; and tell them that these little intruders are perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cool touch. Besides, it is but too well known that all these creatures are not innocuous. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had been possibly indulging too freely over night; at least, when he arose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volitionally, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water bottle or jar, one of those long necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the east. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly no water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and speckled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturber's nose.—"Oh, murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation he dashed bottle, snake and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety, and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of firearms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotchman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith.—Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honorable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of his use furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being one of those hardy reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seemed to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock and therefore, as he never succeeded to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell; during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, to his horror he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him.—At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with the floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a

minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold and shivery touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not of started and bawled for help! Jock did neither he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had he had clothes been more plentiful he might have endeavored to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade, accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed fellow, crept over his feet legs, and body, and, lastly, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death warrant, could have enabled this poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did this reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there was a pretty large stone.—This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He then raised the end of this sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out when the officer, whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds he perceived a crowd around the cell door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell went in and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply. "Why didn't you call the guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard would hear me, and I was feared I might trample on't, so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit; did you know that you would have died instantly?" I kept that very well," said Jock, but they say that snakes wina muddle with you, if you dinna meddle with them I see I just let it crawl over me as it liked." "Well, my lad, I be lieve you did what was best after all, but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done." When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose him to the chance of passing another night with such a bed fellow.

THE MORALS OF HANGING.

We do not know from what work the following terrible passages is extracted. We find it in the Albany Daily Advertiser. It bears harder against punishment by death than a whole acre of homily:—
"The Hangman and the Judge."—"Did your lordship ever attend a killing time at the Old Bailey? If not, pray favor me with your company; not on the gallows, but staying in the streets amid a crowd that always assemble when I am at work for you and the sheriff. Perhaps it will add to the zest if you, come when I have a young woman to stiffen, supplied by yourself. Will the fluttering of the petticoats, as she swings in the wind, produce a pleasant sound on your ears my learned master? Fail not to watch the people; the men women and children—good bad and indifferent who have gathered to behold the sacred majesty of the law. You shall see such flashing of the eyes and grinding of teeth—you will hear sighs and groans, and words of rage and hatred, with fierce curses on yourself and me; and the laughter, such as is of an unnatural kind that will make you start—jest on the dead that they will make you sick. You will feel—no—why should you feel any more than your faithful journeymen? We shall go to our breakfast with good appetites and a firm conviction that every hanging bout changes many sneaking pilferers into saving robbers, fit for murder."
"A few years ago I was called out of town to hang a little boy who had been convicted of killing with malice aforethought. If guilty, he must have been in the habit of going to executions. Ten thousand came to dabble in the poor young creature's blood. That was the youngest fellow creature I ever handled in the way of business; and a beautiful child he was to, as you seen by the papers, with a straight nose, large blue eyes and golden hair—I have no heart, no feeling; who has in our calling? But those who come to see me strangle that tender youngster, have hearts and feelings as we once had. Hark!—no—bed; for what

they saw was fit to make them as hard as your servant or his master.

They saw that strapping lifted, fainting, on to the gallows; his cheek of the color of wood ashes—his little limbs and his body and soul were parting with-out my help. This was downright murder; for there was scarcely any life to take out of him.—When I began to pull the cap over his baby face, he pressed his small hands together, (his arms, you know, were corded fast to his body) and he gave me a beseeching look, just as a calf will lick a butcher's hand.—But cattle do not speak; the creature muttered, "Pray, sir, don't hurt me." "My dear," answered I, "you should have spoken to my master; I'm only the journeyman, and must do as I'm bid." "This made him cry, which seemed to relieve him, & I do think I should have cried myself if I had not heard shouts from the crowd—"Poor lamb!—shame—murder!" "Quick," said the Sheriff—"Ready," said I. The Reverend gentleman gave me the wink, the drop fall; one kick; & he swayed to and fro, dead as the feeling of the Christian people of England.

The crowd dispersed; some swearing, some weeping with passionate exclamations; some swearing as if hell had broke loose; and some laughing while they cracked blackguard jokes on you and me and the person and the dangling corpse. They had come for the sight; they would have come to see an angel murdered. They had come to get drunk with strong excitement; they went back, some in a fever of rage, some burning with hate, some hardened in heart like me or you; all sunk in their own respect, ready to make light of pain and blood corrupted by the indecent show, and more fit than ever to make work for us, the judge and the hangman.

O wise law makers! who think to soften the hearts of the people; to make them gentle and good; to give them a feeling of respect for themselves and others, by showing them a sight like this.

A negro servant having one day received a reprimand from her mistress for some trifling offence, was so much irritated that she went directly out, kneeled down and made the following prayer. "Oh good master Lord! I come to me rise out die world die herd munit—if you can no come yourself deno debout or any body else!"

A person came out lately from England, who advertises to give lectures on botany.—He says he was sent out for seven years to Botany Bay, on an exploring expedition, at the expense of the British government, and that he is therefore fully conversant with the subject.

Give us the New Hampshire Argus for esprit decorps—there is no mistake about it—here is a sample.—
"The man who will strap his razor on his Bible and wipe it on his newspaper is neither a christian nor a patriot and deserves to be strung up without benefit of clergy, or the sympathy of the corps editorial—yet we have seen an individual do that same who made pretensions to both godliness and patriotism."

A cabin boy on board a man-of-war was called to be flogged for some misdemeanor, little Jack went trembling and crying confessed his fault and then said "Won't you wait till I say my prayers before you whip me?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, then," replied Jack, looking up and smiling triumphantly.—"I'll never say em!"

It is said a woman in Northampton, has called her child "Morris Multicaulis." She probably is anxious to get into the business and intends raising her own stock.

AN UGLY CUSTOM.
A marine rarity—but by no means a delicacy—was harpooned in Provincetown harbor last week. According to the Boston Transcript, a body thirty feet long—a brace of fins each five and a half feet in length—flesk six feet by four—seven hundred teeth one hundred teeth in a row, in the lower jaw, and six hundred, do. do., in the upper jaw—with a cavern of a mouth of about four feet diameter when agape—from some of the "little peculiarity" of this long low, piratical looking denizen of the seas, which is a large specimen of the Elephant Shark (equalus Elephas), the most formidable in appearance of all the shark tribe.

INFORMATION WANTED.
Adam Wisner formerly of Northumberland in Pennsylvania who was in the Revolutionary War, as a minute man under General Potter, and Col. James Murry and whose papers have all been destroyed by the burning of his house in which his all was consumed, wishes to know if there are now living any witnesses to his having been in that war, as without such witnesses he cannot obtain a pension to which he is fully entitled and which is very anxious to obtain, in consequence of poverty brought upon him by unpropitious providence.—Should this meet the eyes of any individual who can testify to these points respecting his revolutionary services which the law requires in order to give him a pension they would confer a favor upon an afflicted old revolutionary soldier, by communicating the fact, stating the name and residence of such witness, to the Rev. Orono Brown, or Deacon Abraham Harrison, of East Groveland, Livingston county state of New York. Publishers of weekly Journals in the United States are requested for the sake of humanity to give the above a few insertions in their papers.

ORON BROWN.