Star & Republican Banner.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

ROBERT S. PAXTON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. X.--NO. 22.] GETTYSBURG, TUESDAY AUGUST 27, 1839. [WHOLE NO: 490.

ADVRTISEEMENTS.

SHERIFF CANDIDATES.

SHERIFFALTY.

GEORGE W. M'CLELLAN

Returns his sincere thanks to his friends and the public in general, for placing him on the returns with the present and former Sheriff, and again offers himself once more as a candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election. Should he be honored with their confidence in placing him in that office, no exertion on his part shall be wanting to a faithful discharge of the duties of that important trust.

March 19, 1839. te-51

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Free and Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

Through kind persuasions from many of my friends, I have been induced to offer myself as a candidate for the

Office of Sheriff,

at the ensuing Election, and respectfully solicit your votes. And should I be so fortunate as to receive your confidence, by being elected to that office, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and impartiality.

FREDERICK DIEHL.

Franklin township, March 19, 1839. te-51

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

To the Freemen of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration for the office of PROTHONOTARY, at the ensuing election—should I be so fortunate as to receive a majority of your votes, I pledge myself to discharge the duties to the best of my ability.

JOEL B. DANNER.

Gettysburg, June 24, 1839. tf-13

A CARD.

FRIENDS having announced my name to the Voters of Adams county for the Office of Register and Recorder, I would take the liberty respectfully to offer myself a candidate for the Office of *Prothonotary;* and solicit the suffrages of the public.

AMOS MAGINLY.

Fairfield, April 2, 1839. te-1

FOR REGISTER & RECORDER.

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration, at the ensuing General Election, as a candidate for the offices of *Register & Recorder:* And pledge myself, if elected, to discharge the duties of those offices with fidelity and promptitude.

JACOB LEFEVER.

March 19, 1839. te-51

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I Offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the offices of *Register and Recorder*, at the ensuing election.

Having, from practical experience acquired a perfect knowledge of the duties of those offices, I hope if elected, to be able to do the business promptly, correctly and in person.

The Public's Humble Servant,

WILLIAM KING.

Gettysburg, Feb. 26, 1839. te-48

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS.

To the Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for *Clerk of the Courts*, at the ensuing election, being well acquainted with the business of said offices, I shall endeavor to discharge the duties thereof with fidelity.

S. R. RUSSELL.

Gettysburg, July 23, 1839. tf-17

To the Independent Voters of Adams County.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I offer myself to your consideration as a candidate for the Office of Clerks of the several Courts at the next General Election. Should I be so fortunate as to be elected, I pledge myself to discharge the duties of the Office faithfully.

THOMAS M'CREARY.

Straban Township, July 30. 18-te

LAW NOTICE.

C. BAKER,

WILL practice Law in the several Courts of Adams County—office in Chambersburg Street, one door west of Mr. Buehler's Store.

Gettysburg, April 30, 1839. 1y-5

Office of the Star & Banner:

Chambersburg Street, a few doors West o 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 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 enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care."

I'll be a Child no more.

I saw one in the morn of life,
A glad and gleesome thing,
Who little knew of worldly strife,
And thus I heard him sing:—
"I'll throw this useless toy aside,
I'll turn a fresh leaf o'er;
I'll gaily storm life's lucid tide,
And be a child no more."

I saw one in the morn of life,
Joy lit his large, dark eye,
With lofty hopes his soul was rife,
And thus I heard him cry:
"I've won a high and noble name,
And glittering, golden store,
I've early trod the path of fame,
And am a child no more."

I saw one in life's cheerless eve,
With furrows on his brow,
And thus I heard that old man grieve
(Methinks I hear him now:)—
"My childhood's hours were bright and fair,
My manhood sorrow wore:
Could I blot out my age of care,
I'd be a child no more."

published in Emmittsburg, Md., by Elias S. Riley; it is a Literary paper and neutral in politics. We wish it success.

Military Encampment.

Anxious to enjoy a season of recreation we laid aside our duties for a day or two, shouldered our musket and after taking our place in the "Guards" took up our march for Petersburg (Y. Springs) on the morning of Thursday last; on our arriving near town, our company was met by the Petersburg Invincibles, commanded by Capt. Bonner and escorted to the seat of encampment. The "Guards" being the first company on the ground from a distance we had the pleasure of tendering a welcome to our neighbors, the Berlin Rifle, Capt. Macfarlane, & Oxford Guards under the command of Capt. Camp, both of which arrived the following day as an escort to the "Independent Grays" of Baltimore, commanded by Capt. Law. The Grays are said to be one of the best disciplined companies that city can produce—and with our limited knowledge of military tactics we cordially add our testimony in their favor, for we have seldom if ever met with a company of men whose conduct and action so nearly comported with our views of actual military service. The gentlemanly manners and disposition of Captain Law, his officers and men, could not fail to win the esteem of all with whom they mingled during their brief sojourn together; long may they remember with pleasure their social visit to the Petersburg encampment.

There was in all five companies of Volunteers in attendance, several more were expected, but unforeseen circumstances prevented their presence. On Saturday morning the tents were struck down and each of the companies dispersed with the usual good feeling which prevailed throughout their meeting.

To the citizens of Petersburg generally, and the committee of arrangement particularly, much praise is due for their exertions [illegible]

Uncle Peter and the Bear.

SEBA SMITH, the author of the original "Jack Downing Letters," it appears has taken up his residence in New York, and follows the profession of writing for the literary periodicals. The Southern Literary Messenger has an article from his pen, with the above caption. After an introductory description of the beauty of the scenery in the interior of Maine, he says:

You observe a few acres of cultivated land on the interval between the Wilson stream and base of the granite mountain on which we are standing; and there, close by the margin of the river, you see a small, low house. In that house there lives, and has lived for some ten years past, an old man by the name of Peter Brown. He is often designated, in that vicinity, by the familiar appellation of Uncle Pete. Nothing, however, could be more appropriate than his true name, so accurately and forcibly does the sign represent the thing signified; for a more vigorous, athletic, and brawny old man, you will not find one in a thousand. He must be over seventy years of age, for his long thin locks are silvery white, and though he has one or two children in their minority still with him, he has numerous sons and daughters who have reached the middle age of life, and gone abroad into the world with families of their own. The old man is full six feet in height, and stands as straight as an arrow. He is neither decidedly fleshy, nor lean; but stout, bony and muscular. From his natural constitution and habits of life he evidently possesses great strength, and is capable of enduring great hardships. He has for many years been a sort of pioneer to the frontier settlers in the interior of Maine, always keeping a little in advance of them, preferring to live alone in the woods, where, unshackled by the restraints of society or the statute, he can feel that he is

"Monarch of all that he surveys,
And—lord of the fowl and the brute."

I am told, that before taking up his residence in the wild spot, he had several times pitched his tent in the wilderness, and tarried for a few years, till civilization and the settlements overtook him, and thickened around him, to such a degree as to become inconvenient and troublesome, when he would "put up stakes" and push farther into the woods. The place where he now resides is an unincorporated township of wild land, and being somewhat difficult of access, except by coming up the pond from Sebee, a distance of about a dozen miles, uncle Pete has lived for something like ten years in a condition of tolerably satisfactory independence. He raises some provisions on his cultivated acres, and procures some game from the woods; and when these sources fail, he takes his hook and line, and goes out to some of the ponds or streams in the neighborhood, and returns with a load of trout & other varieties of finny the tribe. For calico, tea, and tobacco, and other 'boughten' articles of use or luxury, he goes now and then to Sebee with a canoe load of shingles and clap-boards, which are his regular articles of export. But civilized life is again treading upon the heels of uncle Pete. The towns around him are becoming thickly settled, and though there is but one other family in the township with him, yet the visits of proprietors and proprietors' agents are becoming so frequent, and they cast such scrutinizing glances upon sundry pine stumps which they occasionally find on the premises, that uncle Pete grows restless and uneasy. He feels that he is rather crowded upon, and sometimes talks of selling out.

It was in the autumn of 1836, that I first visited this wild spot, and first saw and heard any thing of uncle Pete. Stopping at the house of an old man, another pioneer of the frontier settlers, some six or eight miles from this port, I heard the old man remark, while conversing with another—"Well, uncle Pete's had a squabble with a bear lately, haint he? I at once felt a curiosity to learn the history of this 'squabble,' and accordingly made some inquiries, in answer to which I learnt the general outline of the story, and subsequently obtained the details and the filling up from uncle Pete himself.

It was a bright and calm summer's morning; the quiet pond was sleeping in the sunshine, harmless and beautiful; and every surrounding object in nature looked lovely and inviting. There is something in the effect of a fine landscape, viewed under favorable circumstances, which may be compared to music—"it has charms to soothe the savage breast" Even uncle Pete felt its influence, as he sat on a little bench by the side of his cottage yawning and looking listlessly across the still waters, and following the outline of forest trees, hill, & top, and mountain, that hung below the watery horizon, as well defined, as clear and distinct, and even with more softness than those which were totering above. While he gazed he was seized with a desire for an aquatic excursion. He called his youngest boy, a lad of about a dozen years old, and told him to get the hooks and lines, and they would go round the point to the mouth at Shippond stream, and try for trout. The apparatus was soon in readiness and they jumped into his little log canoe and paddled off upon the lake.

'We had'nt got but little ways round the point,' said uncle Pete, 'and I was setting in the stern, paddling along at a moderate jog, and little Pete was setting in the bow; and by and by he called out to me, and says he, 'O, father, what great black critter is that swimming off here towards us?" I looked round towards the shore, and there was the tarnelest great overgrown bear that ever I seed in all my life, swimming right towards us. If he had been weighed, I believe he would a weighed every pound of four hundred."

I never examined uncle Pete's head phrenologically, and cannot say whether his organ of marvellousness was of extra size or not. The reader must therefore, be content with such evidence as we have with regard to the weight of the bear; and that rests solely on uncle Pete's word and judgment. He always stood to it, the would weigh four hundred pounds.

"And the tarnal critter," said uncle Pete, "was pulling right towards us as fast as he could swim. I'd been so careless in coming away, that I only took one small paddle with me, and that wasn't a very good one, and the old canoe was rather heavy; so I found, do the best I could, the bear would swim faster than I could paddle. But I thought I could keep him off well enough, if he should set out to meddle with us, so I turned the boat and paddled a little towards him, I thought that would make him turn and go off. But the old savages kept swimming right towards us, and come up close to the side of the canoe, and began to open his mouth, and show a great ugly set of teeth as ever you see. He came up so near that I hit him a lick over the head with the paddle and split it in two. At that he come right at the boat fiercer than ever, and put his paw right up to one side of it. I sprung into the middle of the boat, and bore on 'tother side of it, for I knew if I din't, he would upset it in a minute; & I thought I would'nt like very well to have a grapple with him in the water. So while I was keeping the balance of the boat, the really old varmin pokes up 'tother paw and begins to crawl up. I could'nt go to fight him off, for then we should all go into the water together.—So I had to hold still and see the great black nigger crawl clear up into the boat. He got in pretty near the starn, and I stood about the middle. As soon as he got fairly in, he looked round to me, and then he reared right up on to his hind legs and walked towards me as straight as a man. He was as tall as I was, and looked as big as a clever young ox. I stood facing of him, and while I was thinking how it was best to give battle to him, he marched straight up to me, and put one paw on my right shoulder, and 'tother on my left. Thinks I, this is bein' a little bit too sociable for a stranger; and I was jest agoin to tell him hands off, when his weight pressing against me made me step back a little and my heel ketched against something in the boat, and I fell flat on my back in the bottom of the boat, and the bear on top of me. By this time I thought matters was getting worse & worse, and it was time for me to look about myself. I twisted one way and 'tother, and we begun to have considerable of a squabble; but the old bear had altogether the advantage of me, and I could'nt seem to do much, I tried to get hold of my jack knife, but I could'nt get it out of my pocket, all I could do. The old bear did'nt seem to be willing to wait to give me fair play at all; for in a minute I felt him trying to stick his huge tucks *into my forehead;* jest as a boy digs his teeth into the side of a great apple. Thinks I this'll never do; something must be done pretty quick. I made a terrible twist, and drawed my legs up under him, and got so I could give a push with my feet, and my knees & hands, then all at once, I fetched an everlasting spring, and how I did it I don't know, but somehow or other the old bear went overboard, and plunged headforemost into the water. I was on my feet as quick as a steel trap. The old bear come up to the top of the water and snorted, and looked up at me a minute; but I believe I fairly skeered him out of it. He turned about & swum for the shore and I paddled for home.—When I got to the house, I told my wife we'd have some potatoes for dinner, and let the fish go."

An affair between a whaling Captain and a military Officer.

Perhaps some of my readers may have heard of the duel between old Captain Lovett, of New Bedford, and the English officer in Demerara: it has been variously related—but the only true version is as follows:—Captain Zacariah Lovett, after having performed several whaling voyages to the Pacific, found himself in command of a small brig belonging to New York on a voyage to Demerara He was a worthy man—and a good specmen of a Yankee sailor—his heart was full of the milk of human kindness but he possessed a noble spirit—and would neither give nor take an insult.

While this little brig Cinderella lay at anchor in Demerara river, Capt. Lovett one afternoon entered a Coffee house where he met a friend—and they amused themselves by knocking the balls about in a billiard room. Soon after, and before the game was half finished—some English military officers entered, one of whom, Capt. Bigbee, stepped up to Captain Lovett, who was arrayed in a very, not to say ordinary costume, & with a bullying air demanded the table, as himself and brother officers wished to play a match.

Capt. Lovett gave the red coated gentleman a stern look, but replied with courtecy that he and his friend had engaged the table and would play out their game, after which if the gentlemen wished to play, it was at their service.

"But we can't wait," said Capt. Bigbee in an insolent tone.

"You must wait," coolly replied Captain Lovett.

"But we shall do no such thing" exclaimed the surly Briton—"we came here to play billiards—and have no idea of being disappointed by a couple of fellows who hardly know a mace from a cue, or a ball from a pocket. It will take you all the afternoon to finish the game—so clear out!

Capt. Lovett and his friend played on.

"Come," continued the officer, enough of this—marker place the balls." Saying which, with a most impudent air, he seized one of the balls which Capt. Lovett's opponents had just driven into the pocket, and caught up another one which was near him.

The matter was growing serious. Capt. Lovett's eye flashed fire—for although he had mingled a good deal among quakers, and respected that moral sect for their humility and quiet demeanor, he was no non-resistant man himself. He dropped his cue, and doubled up a fist of portentious size. "Put those balls upon the table, you scoundrel," exclaimed he imperatively, "and leave the room."

"Who do you call a scoundrel, you Yankee blackguard? Do you know you are talking to one of his majesty's officers? Take *that* for your impertinence," at the same time suiting the action to the word, & giving Captain Lovett a smart rap across the shoulder with his cue. But in an instant he received a blow on his forehead exactly where the Phrenologists locate the organ Eventuality—which would have felled an ox and submissively acknowledged the favor by measuring his length upon the floor!

His brother officers, who were with him, had the good sense to see that Bigbee was to blame—and although they looked rather black at the Yankees, they wisely forebore to molest them further—but assisted the stunned bully to another room, where, by the help of some restoratives, he soon recovered his senses. His rage and mortification at the result of the rencontre, knew no bounds, and with many a bitter oath he declared he would have satisfaction.

Before Capt. Lovett left the coffee-house, a billet was handed him by Lieut. James, which proved to be a challenge—a peremptory challenge from Capt. Bigbee, in which it was insisted that arrangements should be made for an early meeting, that he might have an opportunity to wash off the affront he had received, in Capt. Lovett's heart's blood.

Capt. Lovett smiled when he saw such manifestations of Christian spirit. "Tell Capt. Bigbee," said he, "that I will not baulk him. He shall have the opportunity he so earnestly seeks. Although not a fighting man, I am familiar with the duel laws—and if he will be to-morrow morning on the bank of the Green canal, near the South Quay, rather a secluded spot, he shall have satisfaction to his heart's content."

Lieut. James bowed politely, and withdrew. Capt. Lovett went on board the Cinderella soon after—and ordered his mate, Mr. Starbuck, also a veteran whale-hunter, to select the two best harpoons, have them nicely ground and fitted—as an opportunity might offer on the morrow, of striking a porpoise. Mr. Starbuck obeyed his superior officer with alacrity, although he wondered not a little why Capt. Lovett expected to find porpoises in Demarara river.

The next morning, as soon as all hands were called, Capt. Lovett ordered the boat to be manned, and requested Mr. Starbuck to take the two harpoons, to each of which some eight or ten fathoms of rattling stuff were attached, and accompany him on shore. In few moments the boat reached the South Quay, where Capt. Lovett was met by several of his countrymen, who had been attracted to the spot by the rumor of the duel, as well as several merchants and other inhabitants of the place. They one and all remonstrated with Capt. Lovett for his folly in consenting to fight the English military bully, who was represented as a practised duellist—an expert swordsman, and an unrivalled marksman with a pistol, being sure of his man at twelve paces. Capt. Lovett, however, did not show the least inclination to back out; but, on the contrary, seemed more eager for the engagement; "I'll give that quarrelsome fellow a lesson," said he, "which will be of service to him; & which he will never forget, as long as his name is Bigbee."

The challenger with his head ornamented with a large patch to cover the impression left by the Yankee knuckles, and his swollen eyes dimly twinkling with anger and mortification through two huge, lived circles, accompanied by his second, soon made his appearance. He was followed by a servant with a pistol case, and an assortment of swords. He bowed stiffly to Capt. Lovett—and Lieut. James approaching the Yankee, asking him if he was willing to fight with swords—'If so,' said he, 'I believe we can suit you. We have brought with us the small sword, a neat, gentlemanly weapon—the cut and thrust, good in a *melee*, & which will answer indifferently well in a duel—and the broad sword or cutlass, which is often preferred by those who are deficient in skill in the use of arms. My friend, Captain Bigbee, is equally expert with either. You have only to choose. As the challenged party, you have an undoubted right to select your arms."

"Of that privilege I am well aware," replied Capt. Lovett, "and mean to avail my self of it. I shall not fight with swords."

"I expected as much," resumed Lieut. James, "and have brought with me a beautiful pair of duelling pistols, with long barrels, rifle bores, and hair triggers. What distance shall I measure off?"

"Eight paces."

"Only eight paces!" cried Lieut. James, a little surprised. "O, very well"—and he measured it off, and placed his man at his post. Then advancing to Capt. Lovett, he presented him with a pistol.

"I do not fight with pistols!"

"Not fight with pistols—after having refused to fight with swords? What brought you here then?"

"To fight!" shouted Lovett in a thundering voice, which made the British officer start. "I am the challenged party, and have a right to choose my weapons, according to the laws of the *duello*, all the world over—and you may rely upon it I shall not select weapons with which my antagonist has been practising all his life. Such a proceeding on my part, is not only not required by the rules of honor, which after all, is a mere chimera, but would be contrary to all the dictates of common sense. No—I shall fight with the weapons of honorable warfare, with which I have ever been accustomed. Swords and pistols indeed!"

"But, my dear sir," cried the astonished Lieutenant, "we must proceed according to rule in this business. What weapons have you fixed upon?" And in fancy's eye he beheld before him a huge blunderbuss, loaded with buck shot.

"Captain Lovett said nothing—but beckoned to Mr. Starbuck, who approached him with great alacrity, bearing the two harpoons. He seized one of the formidable weapons, and thrust it into the hands of Bigbee, who seemed absolutely paralized with astonishment.

"My weapon," said he, "is the *javelin*—such as the Grecian and Roman knights often fought with in olden times—a weapon which no man who challenges another, can refuse to fight with at the present day, unless he possesses a mean and craven spirit."

Thus saying, he took the station which had been assigned him, at eight paces distant from his startled antagonist. He coolly bared his sinewy arm—grasped the harpoon, and placed himself in an attitude. "I'll bet," said he, casting a triumphant look upon his friends, "a smoked herring against a sperm whale, that I'll drive the harpoon through that fellow's midriff the first throw, and will finish him without the aid of the lance. Mr. Starbuck," fiercely continued Captain Lovett, in a loud and rough voice, such as is seldom heard, excepting on board a Nantucket whaling vessel, when a shoal of whales is in sight, "*Stand by to haul that fellow in!*"

The mate grasped the end of the line, his eyes beaming with as much expectation and delight, as if he was steering a boat on to an eighty barrel whale, while Captain Lovett poised his harpoon with both hands, keenly eyed the British Captain—shouted in a tremendous voice, 'NOW FOR IT,' and drew back his arm as in the act of throwing the fatal iron!

The Englishman was a brave man—which is not always the case with bullies—and he had often marched without flinching, up to the mouth of a cannon. And if he had been in single combat with an adversary armed with a sword or a pistol, or even a dagger, or a Queen's arm, he would have borne himself manfully. Indeed, he had already acquired an uneviable notoriety as a duellist, and had killed his man. But the *harpoon* was a weapon with which he was altogether unacquainted—and the loud and exulting tones of the Yankee Captain's voice sounded like a summons to his grave. And when he saw the stal vart Yankee raise the polished iron—and pause for an instant, as if concentrating all his strength to give the fatal blow, a panic terror seized him—his limbs trembled—his features were of a ghastly pallor, and the cold sweat stood in large drops on his forehead. He had not strength to raise his weapon—and when his grim opponent shouted 'NOW FOR IT,' and shook his deadly spear, the British officer forgetting his vows of chivalry—his reputation as an officer, and his honor as a duellist, threw his harpoon on the ground, fairly turned his back to the enemy, and fled like a frightened courser from the field, amid the jeers and jibes, and hurrahs of the multitudes, assembled by that time on the spot.

Capt. Bigbee's duellings days were o'er. No man would fight with him after his adventure with the Yankee. He was overwhelmed with insult and ridicule; and soon found it advisable to change into another regiment. But his story got there before him—and he was soon sent to "Coventry" as a disgraced man. He was compelled, although with great reluctance, to quit the service—and it may with great truth be said, that he never forgot the lesson he had received from the veteran whaler, so long as his name was Bigbee.

Boston Mercantile Journal.

SCENERY OF FLORIDA.

The scenery of Florida is not at all interesting. He who has seen from quiet nook a graceful bend in the river bordered with orange bowers and groves of the holly and magnolia and oak, and (truly tropical and stately) the cabbage palmetto and cocoa nut, will find in his memory recollections wherewith to frame a dream of the lovliness of Mahomet's paradise. There are "sinks," too, in Florida—places where rivers suddenly sink or vanish in the sand, or where they rush with abandoned plunge into dark caverns, mingling there with subterranean torrents, and gliding away through thickest gloom with many murmurings and discordant sounds. At some future time the poet, looking into these dark and misty caverns, may imagine, while he feels the inspiration of horror that these melancholy and subterraneous sounds are the moans of the water genii, lamenting that the river amid whose spray they spread their wings, has left the cypress shades and open sunshine to wander on through the chilliness and mist and sunless glooms of caverns.

Some of these Stygian waters rise and sink with the tide, thereby indicating their connexion with the sea. Lakes, once wide and beautiful, have sunk in a single night, leaving their beds covered with fish. During the present winter, a lake sunk thus, leaving millions of fish dancing upon the land. Cart loads were carried off and cured by the neighboring "crackers," (squatters and herdsmen.) The remainder, putrifying, tainted the whole atmosphere for miles around, reminding the traveller of the plagues of Egypt.

An old lady says, 'Some young people think that matrimony is something uncommonly exfluctificatious, but la! its nothing after you get used to it.

COUNTRY LADIES.

The editor of the Chicago Democrat is perfectly crazy after the country girls.—He says that most respectable ladies in the world are those engaged in making butter and cheese in the country, and the most fashionable ones too.—They are always at home, polite and affable, and if a gentleman is not so homely as to frighten the cow, he is always welcome to half of the milking stool, whereon in twillight's golden hour, he can make love if he wishes.

IMPORTANT.—The Canal Commissioners were up the West Branch Canal this week *shooting black-birds at four dollars per day.*—*Willsamsport Repuplican.*

Baron Mareschal, Austrian Minister, Count de Colobiano, Italian Minister, and M. G. Serraps of Belgium, arrived at Detroit on Sunday last, from Chicago.