

# STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The Liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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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 cul'd with care."

## STANZAS.

BY J. H. B. BAYLEY.

O ye who never yet have built  
One stable hope beyond the sod,  
Nor ever, in the midst of guilt,  
Once thought, or even dreamt of God!  
Consider how the seasons roll—  
In one exact untrifling round—  
Gaze on the variegated whole—  
Where beauty, life and health abound.

Minutely mark the opening flower,  
That gives its perfume to the gale—  
Go, pass away the vesper hour,  
In listening to the night wind's tale;  
Be found where hills and valleys sing,  
From Nature's choristers in gloam,  
And seek the blooming meads that fling  
Their fragrance o'er herb and tree.

Hills, mountains, rivers, oceans, seas—  
With every particle of dust,  
Pertaining to or not to these,  
Point out to man in whom to trust.  
Where'er a blade of grass doth nod,  
Or wave of water ripples o'er,  
There—even where is none save God—  
Go, kneel and disbelieve no more!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### EMILY, Or the Stranger.

AN INTERESTING TALE OF REAL LIFE.

On the road between Shrewsbury and Market Drayton in Shropshire, lies the beautiful and picturesque village of Hoduct. It consists of but one street on the declivity of a sunny side of a hill; the principal or rather the only Inn in the place is the Blue Boar; it is situated nearly opposite the public market, hall or place in which nearly all the public meetings are held, being alternately converted into a dancing school, theatre, Methodist chapel, ball room, &c., as occasion may require. The church is a little further off, and the parsonage is as usual, a white house surrounded with trees at one end of the village. The stage coach passes through the village three times a week, and one evening in the month of February it stopped as usual at the door of the Inn, and a strange gentleman wrapped in a blue travelling cloak, alighted, the driver handed him a portmanteau and the coach drove on. The stranger entered the Blue Boar, was shown into the parlor and desired the landlord to bring him a pint of wine. The order was quickly obeyed, and the wine set upon the table and the host proceeded to rouse the sleeping embers of the fire, remarking at the same time that it was a cool, raw night. His guest assented by a nod. Then he said enquiringly, "You call this the village Hoduct, do you not?" "Yes sir," said the host, "and a prettier place is not to be found in all England." "So I have heard," said the stranger, "and as you are not upon one of the great roads, I believe you have the reputation of being a primitive and unenlightened set of people." "Why, as to that sir," said the host, "I cannot exactly speak; but, if there's no harm in it, I dare say we are. But you see, I'm only winter, and don't trouble my head about these matters." "So much the better," said the stranger smiling. "You and I shall become better friends; I may stay with you for weeks perhaps for months. In the mean time let me have something comfortable for supper, and desire your wife to prepare me a clean good bed." "I will, sir," said the host, and making one of his most profound bows, retired to give the requisite orders, inspired with the deepest respect for his unexpected guest.

The next day was Sunday. The bells of the village church had just ceased ringing when the stranger walked up the aisle, and entered at random a pew which happened to be vacant. Instantly every eye was turned towards him, for a new face was too important an object in Hoduct to be left unnoticed.

"Who is he?—When did he come?—

With whom does he stay?—how long will he be here?—Do you think he is handsome?" These and a thousand other questions flew about in whispers from one to another, whilst the conscious object of all this interest cast his eye calmly yet penetratingly around upon the whole congregation. Nor was it all to be wondered at that his appearance had caused a sensation in Hoduct, for he was not that kind of person whom one meets every day. There was something both in his face and figure that distinguished him from the crowd.

You could not look upon him once and then turn away with indifference. When the service was over, the stranger walked out of church alone, and remained seated in his parlor at the Blue Boar the remainder of the day. As may be supposed, speculation was busy at work at more than one tea-table in Hoduct that evening, and conjectures were poured forth with the tea, and swallowed with the toast.

A few days had elapsed, and the stranger was forgotten; for there was to be a subscription ball in Hoduct; which entirely engrossed the minds of villagers; so important an event not having taken place in a half century before. Great preparations were made, and at length the important night arrived; at one o'clock, which was considered a fashionable hour, the hall was nearly full, and the first country dance (for quadrilles were not known to the people of Hoduct,) was led off by the oldest son of the old squire of the village, who conducted the chosen divinity of his heart, the only daughter of one of the Justices of the county of Shropshire, gracefully through its mazes. Enjoyment was at its height, when merriment was suddenly checked and more than usual bustle pervaded the room. The stranger had entered it; and there was something so different in his looks and manners from any of the other male creatures present, that every body surveyed him with renewed curiosity, which was at first tinged with awe. "Who can that be?" was the question that instantly started up like a crocus in many maiden's throbbing bosom. "He knows nobody, and nobody knows him; surely he never will think of asking any body to dance."

For a long time the stranger stood aloof from the dancers in a corner of the room by himself, and they were almost beginning to forget he was present. But he was not idle, he was attentively observing every group and every individual in the room, and judging from the various expressions of his countenance, one would have thought he could have read a character at a glance. He did not seem to regard the generality of the company with a very favorable eye. At length, however, something like a change appeared to come over his dream. His eyes fell on Emily Somers, and appeared to rest where they fell with no small degree of pleasure. No wonder—Emily is not what is generally called beautiful; but there was a sweetness, a modesty, a gentleness about her, that charmed the more the longer it was observed. Her winning smiles, her unclouded temper drew a hallowed influence around her, wherever she went. She was the only child of a widowed mother. Her father was an officer in the army, and fell in battle, and the pension of an officer's widow was all they had to support them. It was to Emily Somers that the stranger first addressed himself, and asked her to dance with him. Emily had never seen him before of course; but concluded he had come with some of her friends, and being but little acquainted with the arbitrary rules of etiquette, she immediately with a frank readiness smiled an acceptance of his request, and they joined the merry dancers on the light fantastic toe. At the close of the evening's amusements, the stranger requested permission to accompany Mrs. and Miss Somers to their residence which was granted; and upon taking leave for the night, he asked if he might be permitted to visit them the next day, which was assented to by Miss Somers. On the following morning he called to pay his respects to them and so upon their favor by his pleasing and gentlemanly behavior, that he was soon allowed to be their daily visitor at Joy Cottage, but notwithstanding his apparent intimacy, which was observed with no small degree of jealousy by some of the female villagers of Hoduct, he remained almost as great a stranger at the Cottage as when they first became acquainted with him; except he had told them that his name was Frederick Burleigh, that he was a single young man and of a respectable family.

The village gossips were not sparing in their remarks of wonder and astonishment, that Mrs. Somers would allow a person whom she never saw before the night of the ball, to become a daily visitor at her house; it was very imprudent wasn't it; for aught she knew, he might be a married man, a swindler, or what not? Such was the scandal of the village. Mrs. Somers, however, regarded not the idle talk of the neighbors, which she looked upon as the offspring of envy and jealousy; for to a well cultivated mind she added considerable experience of the world, therefore it did not take her long to discover that their new friend was in every sense of the word, a man whose habits and manners entitled him to the name and rank of a gentleman; and she thought, too, that she saw in him, after a short intercourse, many of those noble qualities which raises an individual to a high and merited rank among his fellow men. As for Emily, she loved his society, she scarcely knew why; yet when she endeavored to discover the cause, she found it no difficult matter to convince herself that there was

something about him infinitely superior to all the men she had ever seen before, that she was only obeying the dictates of reason, in proportion as she became acquainted with him, and this sentiment indeed, seemed mutual, for he spent his time almost continually in her society. The stranger was fond of music, and Emily, besides being proficient on the piano, possessed a very fine natural voice, which she had cultivated with great care, and consequently played and sung with great taste and judgment. Nor did she sing and play unawarded; for Burleigh taught her the language of Petrarch and Tasso—the most enchanting of all modern languages, and being well versed in the use of the pencil, he taught her how to give a landscape a richer and bolder effect. They read together, and as they looked with a smile into each other's countenances, the fascinating pages of fiction seemed to acquire a tenfold interest. These were evenings not only of calm, and dear delight, but of deep felt happiness—long to be remembered.

Spring flew rapidly on, March, with her winds and clouds, passed away; April, with her showers and sunshine, no longer lingered, and May came up, the blue—blue sky scattered her roses o'er the green surface of creation. The stranger entered the little garden of Joy Cottage one evening before sunset. Emily saw him from the window and came out to meet him. She held in her hand an open letter. "This is from my cousin Henry," said she, "his regiment has returned from the continent, and he will be with us to-morrow the next day. We shall be so glad to see him. You have often heard us talk of Henry! He and I were playmates when we were children; and tho' it is a long time since we parted, I am sure I should know him again among a hundred men." "Indeed!" said the stranger "you then must have loved him very much and very constantly too." "O yes! I loved him as a brother," Burleigh breathed more easily. "I am sure you will love him too," Emily added. "Every body whom you love, and who loves you, I almost love, Miss Somers. But I shall not see your cousin, at present. I must leave Hoduct to-morrow! Emily grew very pale, and leaned for support on a sundial near which they were standing. "Good heavens! that emotion—can it be possible! Miss Somers—Emily—is it to part with no you are thus grieved?" "Your departure, sir, is so sudden," said Emily, "so unexpected—are you never to return again—are we never to see you more?" "Do you wish me to return? do you indeed wish to see me again?" "Oh, how can you ask it?" "Emily, hitherto I have been known to you under a cloud of mystery—as a solitary being without friends or acquaintances in the world—an outcast apparently from society—either sinned against or sinned—without fortune or expectancy of fortune—and with all these disadvantages to contend with, how can I suppose that I am indebted to any thing but your pity for the kindness you have shown me? Pity! what pity you! Oh, Frederick! do not wrong yourself thus. No! though you were a thousand times less worthy than I know you are, I should see your mother—tell her of my departure, and that ere Autumn has faded into winter, I shall be here again. Farewell dearest, farewell!" He left a hot hurried kiss upon her cheek; and when she ventured to look around her, he was gone.

Henry arrived the next day, but there was a gloom upon the spirits of both mother and daughter, which it took some time to dispel. Mrs. Somers felt more for Emily than for herself. She now perceived that her child's future happiness depended more upon the honor of the stranger than she had been aware of, and she trembled to think of the probability that in the busy world, he might forget the very existence of Hoduct, or any of its inhabitants. Emily entertained better hopes, but they were the result probably of the sanguine unsuspecting temperament of youth. Her cousin, meanwhile, exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable. He was a young, frank, handsome soldier, who had leaped into the middle of many a lady's heart—but he was not destined to leap into Emily's. She had enclosed it in too strong a hue of circumlocution. After three months' seige it was found to be impregnable. So Henry, who really loved Emily next to his king and country, thinking it folly to endanger his peace or waste his time any longer, one morning shook Mrs. Somers and Emily by the hand, and took his departure to join his regiment again.

Autumn came; the leaves grew red, brown, yellow and purple, then dropped from the branches of the trees, and lay in rustling heaps upon the path below. The last lingering wain conveyed from the fields their golden treasure. The days were bright, clear, calm and chill; the nights were full of stars, and the ground wet with dews, which ere the morning dawned, was changed into a silver hoar frost. The robin hopped across the garden walks, but the stranger came not. Darker days and longer nights succeeded. The trees were stripped of their foliage, and the fields had lost their verdure. Winter burst upon the earth; and storms went careering through the firmament. But still the stranger came

not. The lustre of Emily's eyes grew dim; yet she smiled and looked as if she would have made herself believe that there was hope. And so there was; for the coach once more stopped at the Blue Boar; and the stranger wrapped in his blue travelling cloak, once more alighted from it. Language cannot convey to the reader the delight experienced by Mrs. Somers and her daughter at the return of the stranger, who had so faithfully and honorably redeemed his pledge. Emily's eyes soon regained their wonted lustre. But still there was another trial to be made. Would she marry him? In putting the question, he said, "my family is respectable, and it is not wealth I seek, I have an independence, equal, I should hope, to our wishes; but any thing else which you may think mysterious about me, I cannot unravel until you are indisposedly mine." It was a point of no slight difficulty—Emily entrusted its decision entirely to her mother. Her mother found that the stranger was inflexible in his purpose, and she also saw that her child's future happiness was inextricably linked with him. What could she do? It had been better, perhaps, if they had never known him, and thinking so highly of him as they did, there was no alternative, the risk must be run.

It was run; they were married in Hoduct, and immediately after the ceremony they stepped into a carriage and drove away nobody knew where. We will not infringe upon the sacred happiness of such a journey upon such an occasion, by allowing our profane thoughts to dwell upon it. It is enough to know that in the afternoon of the following day, they entered an extensive and noble park, and came in sight of a magnificent Gothic mansion. Emily expressed her admiration of its appearance; and her young husband, gazing upon her with impassioned delight, exclaimed, "My Emily it is thine! my mind was impressed with erroneous impressions of women. I believed that their affections were to be won only by flattering their vanity or dazzling their ambition. I was resolved that unless I was loved only for myself, I would never be loved at all. With this view I travelled through the country incognito; I came to Hoduct and I saw you. I have tried you in every way and found you true. It was I and not my fortune that you married, but both are thine. We are now arrived at Burleigh House; it is the seat of my ancestors; your husband is Frederick Augustus Burleigh Cecil, Earl of Exeter, and you, my dearest Emily are his countess!"—*Foreign Magazine.*

## DEFERRED NEWS.

THE ROMANTIC AFFAIR.—Jumping into the Schuylkill—A Man and Girl fished up tied together.—The unromantic finale.  
A boy, fishing on the Schuylkill, last week, had his hook fastened, on drawing up, it was found that the dead body of a man and a young woman had been caught. They had been tied together, arm-in-arm, with a handkerchief. The girl had a pistol in her bosom, and the man had one in his pocket. The town, for several days, was very considerably excited with the general impression that this had been one of those romantic love affairs, which come about, at the dictum of the poet, who sung of old, that "True love never did run smooth."

But all the romance was subsequently put to flight by a discovery. This went to declare that neither of the parties was any better than other people, and, it is generally reported, not quite so good. The man had been familiarly known as Chester County George, and the girl was named Eliza Farrell, (or "little Liz"), of nobody knows exactly where. They had both lived for years, on rum, vagabonding, and, especially the girl, by the "wages of sin,"—and, it is generally believed, that in a fit of disquietude, resulting from their miserable lives, they tied themselves and jumped into the Schuylkill. Oh, what a lesson should this read to all who turn aside from the paths of virtue, in which only can happiness be found!—*Phila. Sat. Cour.*

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO!—The editor of the Kennebec Journal says that "the quantity of grain manufactured into whiskey will be some millions of bushels less than last year, if the Temperance Reform goes ahead; there will be less work for lawyers, doctors, grog-sellers, sheriffs, constables, police courts, jailors and hangmen."

HAPPY EFFECTS OF TEMPERANCE REFORM IN IRELAND.—The following unusual information is taken from a letter written by a gentleman of Dublin, to the "Leeds Mercury":

"Our public hospitals bear abundant evidence also of the improved health of the people. I was informed lately by a young surgeon, that the want of broken limbs &c. is severely felt, as subjects for young practitioners; also, that there is a greatly increased difficulty in getting bodies for dissection. In our largest hospitals there has been but one case of delirium tremens (whiskey fever) for several months past, and even that a doubtful one, although formerly it was not uncommon to have twenty or thirty at one time. Deaths from fever have much decreased."

A TRIP DETECTOR has been invented by a Mr. W. P. Banher, of Boston, which is a piece of machinery introduced into locks, and attached to an air chamber. When the machinery is set in motion, it opens a whistle like that attached to locomotives, which continues to blow and sound an alarm until the machine is run down.

DISREGARD OF THE LAWS.—There seems to be prevalent to a great extent throughout the country, a feeling which, if it continues to grow and spread with the rapidity with which it has done of late, augurs the worst consequences to the good order of society, and the just administration of the laws. We allude to that feeling which leads hot-headed and inconsiderate persons to resist the operation of proper and salutary legal enactments, and incites them to assemble together, and with all the fury which governs a law-less mob, to commit acts disgraceful to themselves, and oftentimes highly injurious, and even destructive to innocent persons. It is most important that this state of things should be corrected, and a greater regard and reverence for the laws be encouraged. These reflections have arisen in our mind, upon the perusal of an account of a transaction related in the Cincinnati Republican, which forcibly illustrates what we here complain of.

Two individuals named Mayth and Couch had been confined in the jail in Grant County, Ky. for several weeks, charged with (and no doubt guilty of) an attempt to murder Mr. Utterback, a drover; who, it is said, has been lingering in a miserable state, with his throat horribly mangled. He is a citizen of Bourbon county, adjoining Grant, where the excitement has been very great since the atrocious deed was committed. As Mr. Utterback still survives, and as there is some likelihood he will recover, though in a very maimed condition, and the felons thus escape punishment, the people of Bourbon determined that they should be executed at any rate. They accordingly deputed ten individuals to visit Williamstown, where the prisoners were confined, and give information that their execution was to take place in thirty-six hours from that time. When the time arrived, about 500 citizens of Bourbon entered Williamstown in solemn procession, and proceeded with their own Sheriffs to the jail and demanded the prisoners. Their demand being refused, they proceeded to break open the doors, and having seized the prisoners, placed them with irons on in an open wagon, and took up their line of march to the spot where the crime was committed. Upon arriving there they hung them up with their irons on, to a tree, beneath which the attempt to murder had been made. When life was extinct, they were taken down and buried under the gallows in very rude coffins.—*Balt. Pat.*

ADVANTAGE OF SCIENCE.—Mr. Holbrook, of Medway, the celebrated bell-founder, who has put up a clock upon the Baptist church in this town the present week, gave us a little incident of his life, which is worth relating, if for nothing more than to show the importance of a knowledge of chemistry. An immense pile of cinders, and dross had accumulated near his foundry, which was supposed to be entirely worthless, and was used to fill up stone walls, &c. A foreigner who happened to be in town examined the pile one day, and offered \$100 for it. So large a price excited Mr. H's suspicions that the cinders might contain valuable metal, and he declined selling it.—The man then offered \$200, which of course confirmed his opinion, and after a little parley, the stranger acknowledged that he was acquainted with a process of which valuable metal might be extracted from the cinders, which he offered to divulge for a small compensation. A furnace and apparatus were constructed according to his direction, and when the whole pile was run through, the mass of neglected rubbish yielded a net profit of thirteen thousand dollars.—So much for knowing "how to do it!"—*Lynn Freeman.*

A MATRIMONIAL VILLAIN.—The Springfield (Ill) Journal cautions the public against a man calling himself A. D. Young, 25 or 30 years old, a cabinet maker, who says he learned his trade in Buffalo, N. Y. who has just married three or more wives off hand; one in Ohio; the second in Indiana; where he ran away six months afterward, and the third near Springfield, Illinois, after having been engaged to and nearly marrying a girl at Danville in that State, before his character followed him there. He was married to his Illinois wife on the 13th of April, ran away from her on the 2nd of May, and has probably another pretty well courted in Iowa by this time. We hate to say an ill-natured thing—still more an ungalant one—but if young women will marry the first good-looking stranger who asks them, they will not expect that villains will make a business of deceiving and marrying them!

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.—The jury in the case of the Pennsylvania Hall, which, it will be recollected, was set on fire, had more than thirty meetings, before coming to a verdict of damages. On Tuesday, five of them reported damages at \$3,000 dollars, and the sixth made a counter report, awarding nothing. It will be recollected that the damages originally claimed, were set down at 120,000 dollars. The report will now come up before the Judges of the Court of General Sessions.—*Phila. Cour.*

A BIG 'UN.—The skeleton of the Misaurium—the immense animal found in Benton county, Missouri, by Mr. Koch—is now being exhibited at Cincinnati. It measures thirty-two feet in length, and fifteen in height; the head is six feet in length; the tusks are ten feet long. The tail is remarkably short in proportion to the other parts, being only two feet six inches and a half long.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SCHOLAR.—A schoolmaster hearing one of his scholars read, the boy, when he came to the word honor, pronounced it full; the master told him that it should be pronounced without the h, as thus—onor. "Very well, sir," replied the lad, "I will remember for the future." "Ay," said the master, "always drop the h." The next morning, the master's tea, with a hot muffin, had been brought to the desk, but the duties of his avocation made him wait till it was cold; when addressing the same boy, he told him to take it to the fire and heat it. "Yes, sir," replied the scholar, and taking it to the fire, ate it. Presently the master called for his muffin. "I ate it, as you bade me," said the boy. "Ate it you rogue! I bade you take it to the fire and heat it." "But sir," said the lad, "yesterday you told me always to drop the h."

Every married woman should have a female friend whom she can consult about the best way of managing her husband.

A furious wife, like a musket, may do a great deal of execution in her house; but then she makes a great noise in it at the same time. A mild wife will, like an air gun, act with as much power without being heard.

The Massachusetts Spy states that the editor can recollect of no instance in which a child was killed by lightning—or rather we believe, the editor says a friend of his says so. On the contrary, he knows of several instances in which adults were killed and children who were present escaped unhurt.

TEXAS CURIOSITIES.—J. W. Dallam, Esq., Attorney at Law, at Matagorda, Texas, now on a visit to Baltimore, has left with us for the inspection of the curious, a glass jar, containing one horned frog—two centipedes—one joint snake—one garter snake—and one small chicken snake, making altogether as curious a group of reptiles as is seldom ever seen.—*Balt. Pat.*

A paper manufacturer in Ghent has discovered that the refuse ends of asparagus make excellent paper, at half the expense of paper from rags, and that a still greater economy is obtained by mixing the pulp of asparagus with that of the beet root.

A PATRIOT'S SENTIMENT.—General Harrison is said to have given the following toast at Cincinnati in 1830:

"Our Country—First, last and forever!" It is a beautiful sentiment, and illustrates that ardent love of country in his bosom, which manifested itself even in his last words.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A young man employed in a Grocery on Myrtle Avenue, was on Tuesday morning wounded in the stomach by the bursting of a pen-holder, which he was loading and discharging after the fashion of a pistol.—The pen, which remained in the holder inflicted the wound; and caused his death the next morning.—*Brooklyn News.*

METEORIC STONE.—We learn from the North American, that Professor Froot, in a late Geological Report to the Legislature of Tennessee, describes a meteoric stone which fell near Crosby's Creek, the original weight of which was two thousand pounds. It is not known when it fell.—Professor Froot says, that from a brilliant steel polish on some parts of the mass, it was supposed to be silver ore by the inhabitants of the vicinity, and was divided into fragments, which are highly valued. One man asks 1500 dollars for a piece which would not be worth that sum by some hundred dollars if it were pure silver.

LARGE TURTLE.—A sea turtle, weighing five hundred pounds, arrived in this city on Thursday week by the cars, and passed on to Washington, through Baltimore, the next morning. It was a present to President Tyler, from some friends in New York, and was served up for his 4th of July dinner.

GROWTH OF THE WEST.—The Richmond Whig, in publishing a table of the population of the States of the Union remarks:—Whilst the South has receded, and the North been barely able to maintain its own, the Great West has gone ahead with a hundred horse power. In her hands are the future destinies of the Republic. In the next Congress she will have a greater representation than either the North or the South, singly; and by the next Census, in 1850, she will exceed them both combined.

According to a well known Gaelic proverb, "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

POVERTY.—One solitary philosopher may be great, virtuous and happy in the depth of poverty, but not a whole people.

Seven hundred females, committed suicide in France last year, and twenty-three hundred men!

GUNNING EXTRAORDINARY!—Messrs. Robert Sinclair and John P. Moore, of New York, went out gunning on the 4th, and returned with a very head of Woodcock and one man! Mr. M. having accidentally shot his companion, but not, however, wounding him mortally.