

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

VOL. XII.—NO. 44.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1849.

WHOLE NO. 614.

Office of the Star & Banner
COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF
THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

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 forbidden 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."*

THE GREEN HILLS OF MY FATHER LAND.

The green hills of my father land
In dreams still greet my view;
I see once more thy wave girl strand—
Thy ocean depth of blue—
The sky—the glorious sky, outspread
Above their calm repose—
The river, o'er its rocky bed
Still singing as it flows—
The stillness of the Sabbath hours,
When men go up to pray—
The sunlight resting on the flowers—
The birds that sing among the bowers,
Thro' all the summer day.

Land of my birth!—mine early love!
Once more thine air I breathe!
I see thy proud hills tow'ring above—
Thy green vales sleep beneath—
Thy groves, thy rocks, thy murmuring rills,
All rise before mine eyes,
Thy green hills of my father land,
Thy gorgeous sunset skies,
Thy forests, from whose deep recess
A thousand streams have birth,
Gladning the lonely wilderness,
And filling the green silentness
With melody and mirth.

I wonder if my home would seem
As lovely as of yore!
I wonder if the mountain stream
Goes singing by the door!
And if the flowers still bloom as fair,
And if the woodbines climb,
And when I used to train them there,
In the dear olden time!
I wonder if the birds still sing
Upon the garden tree,
As sweetly as in that sweet spring
Whose golden memories gently bring
So many dreams to me!

I know that there hath been a change,
A change o'er hill and hearth!
Faces and footsteps new and strange,
About my place of birth!
The heavens above are still as bright
As in the days gone by,
But vanished is the beacon light
That cheered my morning sky!
And hill, and vale, and wooded glen,
And rock, and murmuring stream,
That wore such glorious beauties then,
Would seem should it return again,
The record of a dream!

I mourn not for my childhood's hours,
Since, in the far-off West,
'Neath summer skies, in greener bowers
My heart hath found its rest.
I mourn not for the hills and streams
That chained my steps so long,
Yet still I see them in my dreams,
And hail them in my song;
And often by the hearth-fire's blaze,
When winter eves shall come,
We'll sit and talk of other days,
And sing the well remembered lays
Of my green mountain home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMAN'S REVENGE.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

PART I.

None excelled, and few equalled, on the coast of Spain the beauty of Lady Enna; nor overdid truer knight couch lance in defence of the walls of old Castile, and in honor of its peerless dames, than her manly husband, Ludovick. They seemed to command that homage which honor, love and virtue ever do; on her fair face one might perceive the kind, beneficent heart that throbb'd within her breast; and in his bold and towering front might be distinguished the manly, upright virtue that characterized his actions. He was a warrior of noble frame and distinguished prowess; invincible alike in the gayer journey or more deadly battle, a scourge alike to the wicked and to the enemies of his country; the low born quailed beneath his eye, while the nobler fell beneath his arm;—the minstrels loved to

sing his praise; and many fair ladies sighed in envy of the lovely Enna, when they heard in their bowers the goodly praises the minstrels bestowed on that puissant knight. But vain might be her sighs, for his heart was devoted to his wedded wife, and naught could change his love.

Their bridal feast had now gone by a twelve month, and the pompous and formal rejoicings of the first months had subsided into the more touching joys and more endearing companionship of the bower—where they loved to hold that sweet converse, which minds, elevated by the soft emotion of deep-rooted love, alone can feel. On a summer's eve, when the deepening shades told Enna she might expect the return of her husband from the gay and busy court, he with a heavy step and heavier heart, for the first time since their alliance, entered the love-fraught bower.

"In the name of all that is dear," cried Enna, casting her arms around his steel-cased neck, "tell me, my Ludovick, what hath caused this change in thee? what hath crossed thee, love?"

"All news have I for thee, dear Enna," answered he, "no longer shall I share thy peaceful bower; no longer shall I listen to thy pretty tales of love; no longer shall thy love-inviting lips. No, I must to arms; my country calls me to battle for its rights!"

"Oh, short-lived joy," cried Enna; "are we to part?"

"Again to meet; when on my head fresh honors shall be poured! I go to scourge the Turk, with thousands of brave warriors of Spain, my partners in the strife! Thy husband shall return with the bright trophies of captured banners, and the loud shout of thousands in his train—his name upheld to honor—spoken with reverence by all Spanish men! And thou shalt esteem me, dear, more worthy of thy love."

"I must not mourn, then," cried Enna; "but while thou art away days will seem years; and my only joy will be, some kind messenger to tell me of thy glory, and dreams of thy return!"

Ere a month had passed; the sun gleamed on the bright armor of Count Ludovick, as he issued from Castile with his band of warriors to join the body of his country's troops, who were already fighting with the Turk, where we will leave him, hewing his way among the enemy, creating pools of blood and heaps of tawny slain, and follow the fortune of our fair heroine.

For nearly twelve months did she keep herself aloof from the world, cloistered in retirement; whole days would she love to sit and to contemplate with fervent look and fervent hope some gift of her absent husband; or pore with eagerness over the book he loved to read when together in the bower. But constant tidings of his health and safety, his prowess, his success in arms, gave her a confidence which gradually wore off a portion of her anxiety; and repeated invitations to court to visit those friends who had been companions of her husband, at last summoned her from seclusion. And how delighted was she to find that her change enabled her to converse of her husband, and gave her more frequent opportunities of hearing of him. But alas! how soon may the cup of nectar be dashed from our lips; how quickly will happiness turn to bitterness and despair, especially in the innocent and unprotected—
—as quickly as the dark, lowering, stormy cloud, watted by the winds of heaven, doth obscure the mighty sun.

It may easily be imagined that the beauty of Enna had raised up no few admirers, who, when her husband was near, dared not so much as breathe to themselves their very thoughts; but him they had no longer to fear; and tender looks were giving way to tender speeches; and those who sought merely to gain a sight of her form as she passed by, were now struggling to render her some service to draw her attention. For a time she was unconscious how far she had attracted the attention of so many; for her mind was superior to evil thought; and want of knowledge of the world led her to esteem all as virtuous as herself in idea and deed. Alas! how much she erred!

The truth, however, was too glaring, and could no longer be concealed; and much anxiety and annoyance did it give her. But they were too puny and insignificant to withdraw and seclude her from society; she merely contented herself with casting them to a distance with disgust and wounded pride.

PART II.

While matters stood thus, there came from the army Lord Xavier, bearing important despatches to Philip, the then King of Spain, praying him to raise fresh troops, and transport them with all speed to the south. It was at a time when the king was surrounded by his nobles and a galaxy of beautiful dames, that Lord Xavier had the honor of presenting his despatches, and had full time to view with admiration the amazing beauty that surrounded him. He was a man of no pretensions, save a large and muscular frame, a dark, piercing eye, and a pair of lips, on which ever sat a peculiar sinister smile, that bespoke villainy of purpose. A strange forbidding seized on the heart of Enna as she caught his gaze full on her face, and that with no concealed expression of intense admiration; her heart seemed frozen within her, as she saw in him an old neglected lover, whom she had ever feared and ever despised; she knew not why, but she dreaded the man more at that moment than she ever had done. The court

is at an end, and as the nobles pass under the platform where the ladies are seated, Lord Xavier, as he passed Lady Enna, bestowed on her a rude, vulgar, but admiring stare, and whispered audibly, "would she were mine!"

She could not mistake his thought, his purpose; she knew well he would resume his old suit.

Alas! her trial was at hand. A few hours afterwards, he gained admission to her presence, to give letters that count Ludovick had entrusted to him, little suspecting he placed himself so much in the power of a viper. From that moment she knew no peace; each day she was tormented by his vile presence, and his vile persuasions, that brought the blush of shame into her cheeks, surmounted only by the glow that conscious pride induced. Strong were his persuasions and forcible, but mildness was succeeded by anger and stern determination, on finding himself rejected, and spurned as a base creature; threats were alike useless; each day brought fresh fortitude and renewed firmness to her, and further removed his chance of success.

But the preparations for the departure of Lord Xavier were drawing to a conclusion, and he resolved to make his last attempt, and accordingly threw in the full force of soft persuasion and harsh threat; but he was met with scorn, and repelled with disgust. High was his passion—bitter his imprecations; his ardent love, or rather lust, seemed turned to most implacable hatred, and longing for revenge, he rushed from her presence resolved on her destruction.

On the same evening Lord Xavier repaired to his Cafe, burning with revenge, and anxious to catch something wherever it gratified the will. In this mood he took his seat at a little distance from a party of young nobles, who were full of mirth and conversation, so much so, indeed, that they did not notice the entrance of Xavier, to most of whom he was personally known. Their jokes, however, were laid aside, on the name of Lady Enna being mentioned by one of the cavaliers.

"By my sword," cried one, "she is the loveliest in the land."

"My body should pass through fire and water to obtain but one smile from her lovely lips," cried another; and every gallant then gave vent to his feelings in similar tones of enthusiastic admiration, yet somewhat tempered with respect. But while this was passing at their table the heart of Xavier beat high, as he fancied he now saw a favorable mode of revenge within his grasp; twice did he give it up as ungenerous, but the evil spirit was stronger than the good, and conquered; and before his mind could be again changed he was at the table of his friends, and had stripped sweet Enna of her fair name.—Some believed; others, looking up to her as a thing too pure to be contaminated, believed him not—still, doubt oppressed them, as the slender wore a bold front, on which appeared stamped the image of truth—yet all grieved that it should be thus.

Report soon spread—Enna's name was in the mouth of all; those that were jealous of her could now take exception at her actions and multiply their trifling remembrance. Poor Enna! she was doomed to deaf suffering; at the same time that the odious aspersions reached her ears, and had roused her indignation to the highest, her senses were overwhelmed with grief at tidings from the army that her husband was either killed or taken prisoner; silently, but deeply, she sorrowed, that the only being she loved was carried from her, perhaps forever. Still there was some hope; he might yet be a prisoner, and time might restore him to her arms; the afflicted ever catch at hope. Her mind was for a time numbered with the poignancy of grief; but hope afforded some consolation. Who hath she now to protect her in case of need? whom to fly to, to sustain her against malicious wrong? None hath she, save the supporting strength of her own virtue.

"God, aid me now in mine extremity," cried she, "for I am sore beset, forlorn, and unprotected! 'Twere better he should die than suspect my honor. Oh, Ludovick, Ludovick! would thou wert here to avenge thy injured wife!—but deeds, not words, must now be thought of! and with a strength of mind worthy a politician, her course was quickly shaped.

Early on the morning, when King Philip was holding counsel with the elite of his warriors, Enna forced herself into the presence, and on bended knee poured forth her grievances and accusation against Lord Xavier, claiming at once protection of the king, and demanding vengeance. All cried shame on him; but he still persisted in his affirmation.

"Shame on ye, shame!" cried Enna, "to drive a woman to this extremity; but I challenge ye to the lists!—the trial by the sword!"

A dozen doles, on hearing this, sprang to their feet with a cry of admiration, and threw their mailed gauntlets in defiance before Lord Xavier.

"Thanks, thank, my lords!" cried Enna, gathering up the gauntlets, and restoring them each to its owner; "I would not that ye embroil yourselves for me; Heaven lends the innocent, and to Heaven I entrust my cause."

PART III.

The hour for the fight arrives; all is excitement and bustle, for all knew and all revered the Lady Enna—all hoped a fit champion would be provided, and that her

knights might be successful. But time wears, and the king, in the midst of thousands, sits as judge. Mary a heart beat thick, and quailed with doubt and fear as Lord Xavier appeared before the hustings. He was a man of noble bearing—tall and muscular, more fitted to be the champion of honor and truth than of his own villany. But where is Enna? She is nowhere to be found to name her champion. Twice the trumpet of Lord Xavier hath sounded its loud defying blast, and yet no champion appeared; but the third was answered; and a knight clad in bright steel appeared before the crowd, and made his obeisance to the king. He seemed quite a stripling, but wearing his visor down, his face could not be discerned; on his shield were three maiden roses on a pure silver field. Lord Xavier cast an eye of pity on him, and exclaimed—"Forbear, rash stripling; thou art no match for me; get thee gone while thou hast thy life!" His exclamation was only answered by defiance, and both took posture for the fight.

"'Twas a fearful thing to see the young and puny knight of the three roses opposed to the giant frame of Xavier, and all trembled for the lady's cause. But the young knight feared not, and met his antagonist's thundering blows with intrepidity and caution; avoiding them with alacrity whenever he threw his whole strength into the blow, and catching them on his shield when less heavily dealt: occasionally giving a well directed though not very ponderous cut, so much so, indeed, that the looker-on cheered him with shouts of praise. Fiercer and fiercer grew Lord Xavier, and warmth for the fight was succeeded by passion and rage, to be so long foiled by so puny an antagonist; the shouts of the crowd maddened him, and concentrated his whole strength for one tremendous blow, his sword cut through the air with a force that would have severed through helmet and skull of the knight of the three roses, had he not nimbly leaped aside; all held their breath in fear and suspense—Lord Xavier missed his aim, and bit the dust.

Louder than ever did the crowd shout; and the pale cheek of fear was exchanged for the smile of joy, as the young knight placed his foot on the fallen man, and placed his sword against his throat—"Confess the villain, or die!" cried he.

"Heaven hath conquered," groined Lord Xavier; "I do confess that I have slandered, falsely slandered, the Lady Enna. She is as pure as thy own silver shield, and may God forgive me as I do repeat it; yet spare my life."

"Take it, poor wretch," cried he, "and see to whom thou owest thy life." The knight remained in his helmet, and discovered the lovely face of the fair Enna.

A few months afterwards, Count Ludovick clasped his beloved wife again to his bosom. He had been a prisoner, and was now exchanged; love and honor held them united in peace and happiness, but Lord Xavier was an outcast from mankind; the finger of scorn was pointed at him as a base and vile slanderer. He fell in the wars of his country, fighting to retrieve his lost honor.

From the New England Review.
A STORY OF THE GOLDEN TIME.
WHEN TURKISH SMOKE AND GRASS CURVED TOBACCO.

By a State Law of the State of New York, from December to April all persons were prohibited from killing Deer, under a penalty of ten dollars, half the fine going to the complainant, and in default of payment ten lashes on the naked back.

A Yankee passing through the State of N. Y. near Albany, in the month of January, observed a young Dutchman, from his barn door, equipping over his should at a deer about thirty paces from him, and soliloquizing thus—

"Mine Cot!—I had mine gun here, and it was not for the law, I would have some deer for mine tinner."

The Yankee had a rifle with him, and immediately shot the Deer, and threw his rifle into the snow unobserved by the Dutchman, and running up to him, said—

"Ah! my good fellow, you have been killing a deer—for I saw you—your shot hit with your shovel."

The Dutchman replied—

"Mine Cot!—I did not think mine shovel was loaded. I did not think it would go off, I never knew it to go off before."

"Well," said the Yankee, "you have killed the Deer, and I will go to the justice and complain of you, and make you pay your fine, unless you give me the skin and two dollars."

"Vel," said the Dutchman, "tho' I did not think my tamed old shovel would go off, dat is better den pay ten dollars."

So the bargain was concluded; the Yankee receiving the skin and two dollars, left the Dutchman to take care of his venison.

While the Dutchman was taking care of his venison, and before he had put it out of the way, another Dutchman came up and threatened to complain, upon which Hans, the Shovel Shooter, related all that had passed between himself and the Yankee.

Vanderhousen told Hans he had been imposed upon, that the Yankee killed the Deer himself. The two Dutchmen then agree to pursue the Yankee, and to bring him before the Justice, and have him fined. They soon overtook him and carried him before the Justice; and Hans entered his complaint *pro bono publico*. Whereupon, the Justice, after bearing all the testimony *pros and cons*, and taking the

subject matter into cool, serious and deliberate consideration, come to the conclusion that the Yankee killed the Deer with a certain instrument called the rifle, and that he pay a fine of \$10, or he be whipped ten lashes. The Yankee chose the latter.—The Justice then ordered the Yankee to be stripped, tied to a tree and the whip applied. There being no officer present, the Justice concluded to do the whipping himself, and got it he went. After he had given the Yankee five lashes, and was proceeding to give him the other five, the Yankee bawled out—

"Stop!"

"'Tis not my business," said the Justice, "there is five more to come."

The Yankee informed the Justice that half the pay went to the complainant.

Justice—"Dat is the law, untie the Yankee; tie up the Tuchman; give him half the fine."

Good Advice.—In a mixed company never start a discussion of a religious or political nature.

In walking with a lady in public, her opinion of you will not be the least enhanced, if your countenance wears a perpetual and unmeaning smirk or grin, or if you keep dancing around her like a monkey. A consequential strut, or a mincing gait, might be avoided with advantage.

If you are but a newly married pair—just caught—the dining room, parlor or stage coach, is not a proper place for your billing and cooing. It is werry aggravating to old bachelors. Avoid debt and dirt, rum and rheumatism. Each and all can be successfully shunned.

Do not enter the room suddenly where you now know there is a young gentleman and lady sitting, busily engaged in fanning a flame.

Never ask a guest to take wine and cake, if you have got plenty in the house, without proving your sincerity by bringing forth the articles.

If your sister, while tenderly engaged in a tender conversation with her sweetheart, requests you to bring her a glass of water from the adjoining room, you can start on the errand but you need not return. Your absence will not be missed.

Your dress should be influenced by your business and age—more particularly by the latter. Mutton dressed lamb fashion is not generally admired.

Never be induced to drink an immoderate quantity, for fear of losing the character of being a "good fellow."

If you are dining out, *en famille*, be sure to notice, caress, fondle and kiss all the sons and daughters under twelve years of age; and permit the little interesting vagabonds, to pull you about, sprawl over you, and soil your clothes; and, although you may be smothering with rage, smile benevolently on 'em all.

Be on the best of terms with your landlady. Remember she has it in her power to starve you, and can jeopard your health by putting damp sheets on your bed.

Under no circumstances, and in no situation, be guilty of a mean action.

It is not incumbent on you to chuck under the chin, the bar or chambermaid, although she may be both young and prettily. Recollect that she can and will presume on your familiarities, and plunge you frequently in awkward and disagreeable situations.

If you are desperately enamored of a pretty face, be sure and see it at the breakfast table. This remedy has been often taken with success.

If you would not be thought utterly, hopelessly irremediably abandoned and depraved—beyond the pale of society—pay your Printer's Bill!—*Miners' Jour.*

SMALL FARMS.—If it were not for the irresistible desire of cultivating large fields, a system might be commenced, the benefits of which would soon be acknowledged by every farmer; a small amount of land well cultivated will make a poor man thrive—a large tract neglected will bring a wealthy man to poverty. If a man can obtain from five, the renovating system ought not to be delayed a day. When hay turns out less than half a ton to the acre, the labor and expense of getting the same will be double that of getting it when the produce is two tons. Fifty loads of manure to the acre will raise the produce of our hay land—worn out to the half ton standard—up to the value of two tons for five years; and half that quantity for the succeeding five years, will keep the land up to that point. In one case the land produces without manure five tons of hay; the expense of fencing, taking care of land, and cutting and curing the hay, will amount to three fourths of the value of the produce—so if the hay be worth \$12 a ton, the annual income of the land will be \$15 only; but in the other case seventy five loads of manure will give twenty tons of hay per annum, worth \$24, on land which on the exhausted system gave \$60 only; leaving at the end of ten years, more than the difference of the value of the land itself, with the satisfaction to the proprietor, worth as much more, of witnessing good crops, where only wretched ones grew before.

HARD TIMES.—The packet ship *Duchess de Orleans*, which arrived at New York on Monday, is full of goods, and among the rest, are twelve hundred cases of Silks, and four thousand baskets champagne wine.—One barrel of pork will buy a basket of champagne, and two barrels a silk gown.

THE U. S. MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.—The salaries of the officers of this Institution are as follows:

Director,	\$3,500
Treasurer,	2,000
Chief Coiner,	2,000
Assayer,	2,000
Melter and Refiner,	2,000
Engraver,	2,000
Assistant Assayer,	1,300
1 Clerk at \$1200, 2 at \$1100 and 1 at \$1000.	

THE UNITED STATES JUDICIARY.—The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court receives a salary of \$5000; and the eight Associate Judges \$4,500 each.

The range from \$1200 to half the pay went to the complainant. Justice—"\$1200 each, of which \$2500 each, of District \$1800. The District of Columbia has two Associates \$22,000 each, the Reporter of the Supreme Court, \$4000 Courts \$600,416.

UNITED STATES MINISTERS.—The salaries of Ministers of the United States to Great Britain, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Mexico and Brazil, are \$9,000 per annum each; Secretaries of Legation to the same places, \$2,000 each. The salaries of the Charges d'Affaires to Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Chili, Peru, Venezuela, New Grenada, Texas, Naples and Sardinia, \$4,500 each. Resident Ministers at Turkey \$6000; dragomen of the Legation to Turkey, \$2,500. Contingent expenses of all the Missions abroad, \$30,000. Contingent expenses of Foreign Intercourse, \$30,000. Consul at London \$2,000; clerk hire, office rent, &c., of Consul at London \$2,500. For the relief of American seamen in foreign countries, \$80,000. Total foreign intercourse, \$265,300.

"I go for men and measures," as the tailor said when he measured the monkey for a suit of clothes.

The expenses of the State of Pennsylvania amounted, in the last year, to nearly three hundred and five thousand dollars. The single item of printing and binding for the State was more than thirty four thousand dollars.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES assembled at the Court room, in the Capitol, on Monday, and began its annual Session. One of the earliest cases on the docket, if not the first to be urged, is the great cause between the State of New Jersey and the Council of Proprietors, in that State. It will be an interesting trial, and engages the ablest lawyers.

"Nothing could effectually redeem the Nation, nothing could ever restore the palmy days of her past prosperity, but patient labor, general habits of economy, and the retrenchment of individual expenditure."—*Mr. Mangum's Speech on the Excise Law.*

This admirable passage we recommend to the serious contemplation of our readers, for it contains in a nutshell whole volumes, say libraries, of true, practical, social and political wisdom.—*Alex. Gaz.*

A WIFE MURDERED BY HER HUSBAND.—"Again," says the New York Commercial, "the ear is pained and the heart made sick by a tale of blood, the scene of which is our city, and the cause that fatal, brutal, soul-destroying sin, intemperance.

The victim was a Mrs. Adams—the murderer her husband, William Adams; both natives of England, and living in a back tenement on the corner of Amity and Wooster streets.

On Thursday evening Adams came home intoxicated, as was his frequent custom, and falling into a passion with the servant, grasped a carving knife, with which he threatened to kill her. Mrs. Adams coming in at the moment, remonstrated with him upon his violence, and said something about having him taken up; at which he turned his rage upon her, and rushing upon her, stabbed her twice with the knife, the second stab piercing the heart. She ran into a neighboring house, sat down, and in a few moments died.

Adams was quickly arrested. A coroner's inquest was held on the body on Friday, after which Adams was examined and committed for trial.

Young men, or young women—young wife or young husband—of old or either, for that matter—remember—the maxim of Franklin—never buy any thing you don't want because it is cheap.

AN ABOLITIONIST ARRESTED AT ANNAPOLIS.—A Slave Convention, or rather a Convention of slave holders, was in session at Annapolis several days of last week. An individual named Charles T. Torrey, was in attendance, as a reporter for certain abolition journals. He was discovered, says the Baltimore Clipper, taking notes, and from writings found in his possession, is supposed to have violated a law of Maryland, which prohibits the circulation of incendiary publications, &c. He has been remanded to Anne Arundel county jail until Monday. Great excitement is said to prevail in that city in reference to the subject. In the examination, Mr. Torrey was aided by able counsel.