

Star and Republican Banner.

[D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19, 1846.

{WHOLE NO. 829.

THE STAR AND BANNER
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TERMS.
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Advertisements not exceeding a square inserted three times for \$1 00—every subsequent insertion 25 cents. Longer ones, in the same proportion. All advertisements not specially ordered for a given time, will be continued until forbid. A liberal reduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Job Printing of all kinds executed neatly and promptly, and on reasonable terms.
Letters and Communications to the Editor, (excepting such as contain Money or the names of new Subscribers,) must be paid for, in order to secure attention.

CITY AGENCY.—V. B. PALMER, Esq., at the corner of Chesnut and Third streets, Philadelphia; 160 Nassau street, New York; and South-east corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore—is our authorized Agent for receiving Advertisements and Subscriptions to the "Star," and collecting and receipting for the same.

CELEBRATION.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY of Pennsylvania College, will celebrate its 15th Anniversary, in Christ's Church, Gettysburg, on Wednesday the 23rd of February, inst., at 6 1-2 o'clock. Several addresses will be delivered by active members. The honorary members of the Society, the friends of Literature, and the public generally are respectfully invited to attend.

GEORGE J. MARTZ,
WM. H. MORRIS,
DAVID J. EYLER,
JOHN A. LYNCH,
CHAS. H. DALE,

Feb. 6.

Anniversary Celebration.

THE Anniversary of WASHINGTON'S Birth Day will be celebrated by the "Union Total Abstinence Society of Gettysburg," on Monday the 23d of February, inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M. in the English Lutheran Church. The "Farewell Address" will be read by A. R. STEVENSON, Esq. and a Discourse appropriate to the occasion, delivered by Rev. DR. KRAUTH. The Citizens of the borough and the vicinity are invited to attend.

M. L. STOEVER,
D. A. BUEHLER,
H. J. SCHREINER,
Committee of Arrangement.

Feb. 6, 1846.

Temperance Mass Convention.

THE Committee of Arrangements appointed at the County Temperance Mass Meeting, held in the Hunterstown Church, on the 22d of February, 1845, in accordance with the Resolution conferring their appointment, duties and powers, call upon the members of the various Temperance Associations within the County, and upon all the friends of the Temperance cause in our midst, to assemble in MASS CONVENTION, at the Hunterstown Church, on Saturday the 21st day of February, inst. (the 22d falling, this year, on Sunday,) at half past 10 o'clock, A. M., to consult together upon the interests of the cause, so vitally and indissolubly bound up in the prosperity of the Country. Several Addresses will be delivered by able speakers, on topics connected with the Reform. The zealous friends of Temperance, and especially the Secretaries in the several Societies of the County, are earnestly requested to prepare and make full reports of the condition of all the Associations within our bounds. Let each and every Society in the County be represented in Mass Convention, by its Delegates, and by its Report.

John Neely, Jacob King,
A. Taughlingbaugh, Wm. D. Himes,
D. McConaughy, H. A. Pickens,
James J. Wills, Joseph Hunter,
James Blakely, A. K. Myers,
Committee of Arrangement.

February 6, 1846.

FOR RENT.

THE TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE, on Washington street, adjoining that of Mr. William Wisotzky. There is a Stable attached to the property. For terms enquire of A. R. STEVENSON, Esq. Gettysburg, Feb. 6, 1846.—31*

NOTICE.

THE Account of ISAAC BAUGHER, Trustee of SAMUEL FAHNSDORF, under a voluntary assignment for the benefit of creditors, has been filed for confirmation and allowance, in the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county; and the said Court has appointed Tuesday the 3d day of March, 1846, at the Court-house in Gettysburg, for the confirmation of said account unless cause to the contrary be shown. By the Court, A. B. KURTZ, Prothy.

Feb. 6.

BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

ORIGINAL.

For the "Star and Banner."

A Memory of Childhood.

BY LUDIA JANK FERROSO.

The fire is blazing on the ample hearth, Diffusing comfort through the antique room; And we are watching in our simple mirth The giant shadows, starting from the gloom.

With seeming menace, and imperial air, They beckon strangely with their wavering hands, And sit away.—We wonder whence they are, And seek to reason on the ghostly bands.

But at our mother's voice, we leave our play, And crowd our low seats close around her chair; Each prompt to catch the angel smiles that play On those meek lips, and on that brow so fair.

Her beautiful white hand forsakes awhile The task, that love makes easy, for our sake, And rests a moment with endearing smile On brows that knew not then to throb or ache.

Her clear eyes rest with proud but troubled joy Upon the blue-eye'd treasures at her feet, The rosy girl, the noble feat'ur'd boy, The little smilers, with their voices sweet;

All good and happy, through her pious care, Loving, and well beloved, a bless'd band; Reposing on her love, and pleas'd to share The blessings of her smile, her voice, her hand.

And now our Father, who, the whole day long, Has plied the trade by which he earns our bread, With glance of pleasure on his own glad throng, Sits down to taste the feast, for reason spread:

His much lov'd book. The poet's lofty lay— The traveller's tale, of strange and far off lands— The voyager's story of the mighty sea— The attention of the earnest group commands.

We listen, full of wonder and delight, To Bruce, who sought the sources of the Nile; To Parke, who travers'd, with a strange delight, The Niger's course, in hunger, pain, and toil;

To Cook, the first adventurer 'round the world, Who dared the untrac'd regions of the sea; Whose charts delightful island groups unfurl'd, To gem the pages of geography.

But sad Arion—how his piercing tale Taught the young hearts to throb or pause with pain! As his rich voice described with living wail The proud Britannia, on the stormy main.

We see her, sternly, as the danger grew, Contesting with the conqueror, to the last; We see the mournful wreck, the dying crew, The three lone sufferers, on the rough shore east.

We see Palemon, dying on the shore, With love's fond message struggling from his soul; We weep for those who shall behold no more Their lov'd, who sleep where waves forever roll.

Our parents mark our tears with tender smile, And meaning glances. Then, the book laid by, Gay sport, and fruits, and cakes, our griefs beguile, Till soft lids droop above each sleepy eye.

*The Shipwreck—by Wm. Falconer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—On a fine summer's day, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these:—"Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom: The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and a similar state; and more wisely than man, builds its own sepulcher, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—"Live for the Future."

With this the preacher closed his discourse; but as if to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—"Live for the Future."—*Albany Spectator.*

"Ridicule is a weak weapon, when levelled at a strong mind; but common men are cowards and dread an empty laugh."

REGARD FOR THE SABBATH.—There is something very cheering in the evident progress of public sentiment in favor of a better observance of the Lord's day. With scarcely an exception, the whole press of the country, religious and secular, encourages the movement, and leads it an efficient aid. Many of the public conveyances, as well as forwarders and laborers on the canal, perceiving the identity of duty and interest in this case, are among the warmest advocates of Sabbath observance. We heartily trust that these efforts on the part of the pulpit, the press, societies, and individuals, will continue to urge the considerations which bear upon the subject, till there shall be a sentiment in its favor strong enough, and general enough, to secure universal obedience to the great duty.—As a specimen of the work which the secular press is doing in this behalf, as well as for the truth it contains, we copy the following from the Philadelphia North American:

"Many of our citizens are uniting in the effort to secure more general observance of the Sabbath. The movement does credit to the community. It is most important in every light in which it is considered—to the good of men, for it upholds an ordinance of the Most High—to the friends of law and order, for it is the degradation of the Sabbath, we trace the largest number and the worst offences that disturb the public peace—to the advocate of temperance, for Sunday is the Saturnalia of the inebriate; to the benevolent, for the Sabbath is the poor man's only day of rest; to the sordid money maker, for it is demonstrated that more labor can be done with than without God's and the seventh day of renovation; to the advocate of man's intellectual improvement, for one day in seven devoted to truth will make the humblest wise; to the religious and irreligious, to all reasonable men, even to the sordid and selfish, it is profitable that the Sabbath should be observed. To the nation it is important. The traveller, whithersoever he may bend his steps, will find the people who observe the Sabbath, though their sky may be harsh, and their soil sterile, free, prosperous and happy; while those who do not observe it are servile, ignorant, impoverished, profligate and wretched. It is therefore, no question for sects—it belongs to people. No desecration of the Sabbath, whether by governments, corporations, or individuals, is necessary, and none is profitable. Let the subject be kept before the people, and the champions of the Sabbath will win a triumph which will, for ages, preserve from wrinkles the fair brow of the republic."

THE REWARD OF PEACE.—The following extract is timely and appropriate. Pass it round, ye lovers of peace, and let the world see where the money goes to, that should feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give to the nations the light of life. Pass it round, and let political aspirants know, that war wastes more by millions than ambition grasps.

"Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child, in an attire that Kings and Queens might be proud of. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and every valley over the earth. I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher. I will build an academy in every town, and endow it—a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church, consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace. I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness; so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill shall answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise shall ascend as one universal offering to Heaven."

The foregoing is no hyperbole, but a simple portrait of what is true and practicable; as any one can see, who will use his arithmetic, geography, and history, sufficiently to make the calculation. Longfellow has thought in this verse:

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth that's spent on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

THE RIGHT.—Always pursue what you have reason to think is the right course, without regard to ease on the one hand and interest on the other. Go straight forward determined to breast the floods of iniquity, or perish in the effort. Never stay with the multitude through fear or worldly policy, and never listen to the advice of those who, rotten at heart, move on with the popular current. Feel that you have something to do in the world, and go about it forthwith—taking truth for your guide, and virtue for your companion. Then you will have nothing to fear.

THE BIBLE IN TEXAS.—The Texas Bible Society has resolved to supply every family in the State with a copy of the sacred Scriptures, and one thousand dollars' worth of the American Bible Society have been received for the purpose.

Should you happen to catch yourself whistling in a printing office, and the compositors tell you to whistle louder—don't you do it.

A GOLDEN SENTIMENT.—A heart dead to the claims of man cannot be alive to the claims of God; and religion cannot flourish on the ground where humanity withers.

"PUT ME OUT!" "PUT ME OUT!"—The guardians of the night in Albany, were not a little surprised to hear, from a lowly gutter, late one night last week, a sharp, earnest cry—"Put me out!" "Put me out!" On drawing near, they found a lousy fellow sitting upon the curb, with his feet in the gutter, and leaning against the iron posts of one of the gas lamps. It was poor Tim Lighthody, and the terrors of *delirium tremens* had overtaken him in the gutter. His brain was on fire and his vitals burning up with rum. And now, as he leaned back against the post, so that the full glare of the brilliant gas light shone into his wild and blood-shot eyes, an Imp of the Distillery whispered in his ear that his head was on fire. And poor Tim was in a condition to listen to the grinning, chattering spirit, and as it disappeared down the neck of a bottle, he lifted up his voice and cried lustily:—

"Put me out! Put me out! Fire! Spontaneous combustion has, has, took place! I'm in a light blaze, sir! Away, away! ye wirey goblins! I know ye all! ye are matches; Lucifer matches! ye set me in a blaze! put me out! water! water! blow down my throat—quick! its red-hot! Oh! Somebody put me out! put me out!"

And then the watchmen took him in charge, and put him in the watch-house, where he raved till morning, and then, very early in the day, died. Poor fellow! He was "put out," most effectually, and by an agent that has prematurely snuffed out the light of life many millions of times, and filled numberless graves with nameless, loathsome, unwept mortals. These are thy doings, all destroying Alcohol!

READING FORMS YOUR STYLE.—It is impossible to bring your mind, for any length of time, under the influence of another mind, without having your language and mode of thinking influenced by it. Suppose you wish to write in an elevated, measured, dignified style—could you easily avoid doing it, were you first to sit down a fortnight and read Johnson's works? If you wish to write in a style of pure, simple Saxon, read John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress through some half a dozen times, and you will write thus. Could you walk arm and arm with a man for days together without catching his step and gait? It is a law of nature that our minds insensibly imbibe a coloring from those with whom we associate, whether they are brought in contact with the living voice or on the written page. The insect that lives on the bark of the tree is no more certain to be of the color of that bark. Hence the importance of reading good authors—those who, in all respects, make a good impression upon you. Books, probably, do more than all other things to form the intellectual and moral habits of the student. A single bad book will frequently give a tone and a bias to the mind, both as to thought and language, which will last during life.—*Rev. J. Todd.*

AN UNEXPECTED BUT JOYFUL MEETING.—A gentleman residing near Marlborough, in this county, some days since, went to New York to get a hand to work for him on his farm. He chanced to have recommended to him a young man who had just emigrated from Germany, and through hired persons, (as the German could not speak English,) he engaged to work with him, and brought the young man over to his residence. At dusk the gentleman sent to a neighbor for a German who had been working there for a long time, having emigrated from Germany many years since, and whose steady habits had, as much as any thing, influenced him in retaining the young man, to come and talk with the new work-hand. The German who was sent for, came and seated himself by the fire, back of the other who was drinking his tea. The family were waiting for the meal to be finished, expecting to hear some regular Dutch talk; nor did they wait in vain, for the moment the young man turned from the table, his eyes were fixed on the other German. Both stood a moment regarding each other—and then rushed into each other's arms—they were brothers, and had met for the first time in many years! The kind feeling, the unbounded joy, the repeated embrace, were worthy of lovers. These two honest Dutchmen did talk real Dutch that night, and will probably do so a long time, as they work on farms that adjoin each other.—*Nonmouth Enquirer.*

CHARCOAL.—The preservative qualities of charcoal are not so generally known as they should be, and I hope you will tell your readers that if they will imbue their smoked beef and pork in some pulverized charcoal, they may keep it as long as they please without regard to weather. Tell them also, that if they will take about a pint of charcoal, also pulverized, and put it into a bag, then put it into a barrel of new cider, it can never ferment, will never contain any intoxicating quality, and is more and more palatable the longer it is kept. Farther, take a piece of charcoal of a surface equal to a cubic inch, wrap it in a clean cotton cloth two thicknesses, and made moist, and work about one pound of butter which has become rancid, and it will restore it perfectly.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SPURIOUS HALF DOLLARS.—We saw yesterday several spurious half dollars, says the Brooklyn Advertiser, so neatly executed as almost to defy detection. They bear the date of 1844, and may be detected by a close application to the sound, or by the application of acids.

SCENE IN OUR STREETS.—A day or two ago, we saw one of those itinerant hurdy-gurdy grinders, amusing a crowd of little children in our streets.—They were singularly intent upon the sport; a crowd of happy looking darkeys constituted a rear guard, composed of nurses, and a general representation of the kitchen cabinet. The side walk was blockaded entirely; the hurdy-gurdy made the air hideous, and the screams of delight, uttered by the little children, operated like the saving-passages in a bad overture. In the midst of all this excitement, a tall gentleman passed along, full of health, evidently much pleased, and truly sympathizing with what he saw. He carefully placed his hands on the heads of the little people, that he might tenderly make way a passage for himself; suddenly, the darkeys fell back into a respectful expression, lifted their hats, the little children became impressed, and followed the retreating form of the tall gentleman until he disappeared, much to the astonishment of the music grinder, whose eloquence for the time was unheeded. That gentleman, so venerated, who passes through our streets, so unostentatiously, is HENRY CLAY.

N. O. Com. Times.

A WELL GUARDED SAFE.—The Rothschilds of France have invented a wonderful piece of mechanism to prevent any removal of their deposits. In case of any person attempting the lock, or tampering with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same instant a bell is struck in a room over head, occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is required in the room below. Should not this watchman get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the iron arm in fifteen minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the trespasser.—Thus he is mercifully allowed fifteen minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. It is told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers and the watchman came to his release only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged.

An ingenious contrivance is mentioned as having been lately constructed in Boston by Dr. Tucker, and applied as a substitute for the palate and velum plate in the throat of an individual deprived of those appendages, with whom, of course, there existed a very defective articulation. A palate of gold was constructed and admirably adjusted. On the posterior margin of that was an artificial valve of India rubber, attached to the inner edge of a spring resembling the letter V. It was constructed of slips, which allowed one to slide over the other. This was so nicely adapted to the muscular walls on the anterior boundaries of the pharynx, that it was grasped by the extremities of the loose muscles, and the valve was moved by them like the natural one. Thus the person was able to modulate the voice.—*N. Y. News.*

A good anecdote is told in the last True American of a man, named Bentley, a most confirmed drunkard, who would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied, when caught a little too steep, ever tasting liquor!

One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked and mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him with an air of triumph:—

"Ah, Bentley, we have caught you at last—you never drink, ha!"

Now, one would have supposed that Bentley would have acknowledged the corn. Not he! With the most grave and irrepressible face, he calmly and in a dignified manner, said:—

"Gentlemen, my name is not Bentley!"

IRISH WIT.—Some company in Ireland disputing relative to quickness of reply, ascribed to the lowest orders of that country, it was resolved to put the matter to the test in the person of a clown who was approaching them. "Pat," said one of the gentlemen, "if the Devil was to come determined to have one of us, which do you think he would take?" "Me, to be sure." "Why so?" "Because he knows he can have your honor at any time."

A singing-master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor, observing that the chorister pitched the tune vocally, said, "Sir, do you use a pipe?" "No, sir," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I chew."

SEVENTH DAY BAPTISTS.—A bill was introduced into the New Jersey Legislature to allow the Seventh Day Baptists the privilege to work on Sundays, but the committee to whom it was referred reported against it.

The rum bottle is the devil's crucible in which he melts down all the good of man's nature.

RELIGION OF A DOG.—Man said Robert Burns—is the god of the dog—he knows no other; and see how he worships him!

VIRTUE.—The whole of human virtue may be reduced to speaking truth always, and doing good to others.

He who would not be despised by others must not despise himself.

For the "Star and Banner."

A VALENTINE.

TO MARY.

Bless thee! bless thee! gentle maid!
Heaven's benison on thee!
Sweetly, gently, thou hast said
Words that to my heart have sped,
Oh, how thrillingly!

For those little words so kind
I could bless thee ever;
For my soul can never find
Power to break the spell they bind
'Round my heart strings; ever.

For fame, I would not yield the thrill
Those gentle words have stirred,
Which, ever and anon, will fill
My bosom, like the witching trill
Of some glad wood-land bird!

Thine own pure heart is thy reward—
Kindness brings us blessing!
Pure souls, that mercy's oil have poured
E'er find their vessels heaven-stored—
True hearts 'round them pressing!

Bless thee! bless thee! gentle maid!
No gift a queen might send,
Nor gems, had e'er in worth out-weighed
Those little words so kindly said—
"No! no! he is my friend!"

THASMA.

St. Valentine's day.

POLITICAL.

From the U. States Gazette.

The Next Whig Candidate for Governor.

Hon. James Cooper.

Mr. Chandler:—My attention has been lately arrested by a communication over the signature of R. S., which appeared in your paper some weeks ago, headed "The Whig-Candidate for Governor in 1847." The writer strenuously urges the claims of Gen. Irwin, of Centre county, as the next Whig candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, upon the following grounds:

1st. Because he came within one vote, of receiving the nomination in 1844.

2d. Because his friends in Philadelphia, preferring fidelity to principle to personal regard, sustained his successful competitor with that zeal and energy which the gallant Whigs of that city always display.

3d. Because Gen. Irwin himself did not suffer his disappointment to induce him to betray his party and forswear his principles, by withholding his support from the regular nominee.

4th. Because he voted for, and made a speech in favor of, the Tariff of 1842, in which his own interest, and that of the State, is so largely involved.

5th. Because Hon. John M. Clayton, on a certain occasion, spoke well of him; and

6th. Because he is a native of Pennsylvania, which, by the bye, is putting Nashville upon new ground, hitherto unoccupied and unexplored.

Without intending to institute any invidious comparison or contrast, I beg the favor of a brief space in your highly useful and widely extended journal, to present the claims of another gentleman, second to none in elevation of character, useful and honorable services, and well deserved popularity throughout the State. I mean the Hon. James Cooper, of Adams.

His nomination for Governor would be regarded as the sure harbinger of victory. He would not only deserve, but command success. No man has, in so short a space of time, acquired so high a reputation, or such general confidence, respect and popularity throughout the entire Commonwealth. He is yet a comparatively young man, but solid worth and genuine talent, illustrated, not in set speeches conned for the purpose, but by substantial services, which all can lay hold of and appreciate, have already won for him a high name among the statesmen of our land.

True he is not a native of Pennsylvania; nor, if he were, would I consider a circumstance so purely accidental as greatly reinforcing his merits with intelligent and reasoning men. He was born in the sister State of Maryland; and the few scarred veterans of the revolution who yet remain to tell you with beaming eye and kindling cheek how the gallant "Maryland line," under Howard and Williams, and the "fighting cocks" of Delaware, under the veteran Kirkwood, mingled their blood with that of the brave "Pennsylvania line," under "Mad Anthony Wayne," in many a sanguinary field. Then all were brethren—all were Americans—and so it is still; in spite of all the efforts of demagogues to sunder those whom a common lot and a common interest unite and band together.

Mr. Cooper has resided, during the last fourteen years of his life in Pennsylvania, and has made it his permanent abode; and when it shall be proved that Kentucky lost in fame, in honor, or in interest, by adopting Henry Clay, when he left the Hanover Slashes for the "dark and bloody ground," then, and not till then, will Pennsylvania repudiate him as her son.

You know, sir, whether in his public career, in Congress and in the Legislature, he has manifested a regard for and an acquaintance with the honor and interest of Pennsylvania. When the Tariff of 1842 was passed, against the most strenuous efforts of the free-trade politicians of the South to defeat it, aided by the stupidity and occasional want of foresight of some few of its friends, Mr. Cooper was always at his post, confirming the hesitating and

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