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D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 845.

## POETRY.

For the "Star and Banner."

### PHANTASIA.

And oh, her soft low voice might tell  
The spirit to a dream of bliss.—WHITTIER.  
Oh, I would sleep, would sleep, forever,  
Could I thus but dream of thee.—FRISBIE.  
O! that thy heart were bliss, to-night  
Thy thoughts all wore a heavenly glow,  
Thy dreams were gloriously bright,  
Like music's gush, thy spirit's flow!  
But to a cherub wing of fair,  
His glory caught from Heaven's bright throne,  
Above thee sweeps a visionless lyre,  
And thrills thee, with each nameless tone.  
Sweetly it hovers o'er thy rest,  
As nestled in sleep's low embrace,  
Wafting the music of the blest  
And raptur'd, veiling o'er that face.  
Then, as it marks the life-tide's flow  
That gently leaves that breast of white,  
And leads thy cheek a deepening glow,  
Breathless it veils its dazzling light!  
All trembling still, lest the deep bliss,  
To thy rapt heart its watch has lent,  
Should break thy dream,—one long, warm kiss  
The seraph steals, in rapture bent.  
A beautiful sight! a child of earth  
Is told a fairy in a cherub's wings,  
And like an angel of a nobler birth,  
Smiles "neath a spirit's mystic rings."  
Too bright! too bright! the radiant sight!  
This mingling of two souls in one—  
Earth's child, serene less a child of light—  
Than the bright form she rests upon!  
The seraph feels a deeper thrill,  
As twining round that human soul,  
Than e'er did his transcendent feel,  
Where Eden's unveiled glories roll.  
Oh, heaven is thronged within thy eyes,  
And rapture haunts its lyre's swept strings,  
As in its bosom, cherished, lies  
The happiest of earth's loveliest things!  
Then, sure thy heart is bliss to-night,  
Thy thoughts all wear a heavenly glow,  
Thy dreams are gloriously bright,  
Like music's gush thy spirit's flow.

THASMA.

For the "Star and Banner."

### THE WORKS OF NATURE.

That Nature's works to Art's superior are,  
All human kind are forced to nod assent.  
Few have contended that the works of Art  
Can with the works of Nature's hand compare.  
Those towering heights that wander in the sky,  
On which the boldest do with trembling stand;  
Those vast recesses and unthought of caves  
That nature's self exposes to our view;  
Those cataraacts that over rocks decline  
And shake the very center of our earth;  
Those deep abysses, horrid to the sight;  
Those lofty mountains made of earth and sand;  
Those rivers rolling in their widened course;  
Those oceans deeper than frail man can count;  
Those mighty whirlpools that destruction tell;  
Those growing earthquakes that our earth over-  
whelm.  
With cries and tears and moaning all around,  
That sun, the moon, the planets and the stars,  
And all the boundless universe beyond;  
Our globe itself, with all that it contains—  
Can testify that nature's works are grand.  
But look at man—at man himself, and see  
How God his highest glory has displayed  
In that uncommon medley of affairs.  
See how his muscles and his sinews all  
From day to day their duty do perform.  
Behold the monuments that Art has made,  
Standing memorials of the good and brave,  
That admiration in the mind excite.  
But what are they when with the mountains seen,  
That quarrel with the clouds and seem at home  
Where Art can never reach, nor eye roam.  
Lest to the cannon's roar, its mighty sound  
Bewilders all that in its range are found.  
But hear the thunder as it rolls along,  
And shakes the earth and all its occupants.  
What is the cannon's roar with it compared?  
No more than man when with his maker seen.  
Behold the fountains and the fine cascades,  
That Art has made to dazzle ignorant men;  
And mark how insignificant they are,  
When with the waters of Niagara seen.  
O great Niagara, thou canst ever stand  
To show how futile man's attempts will be  
To take thy glory from thee, and to try  
To shadow down the brilliancy thou hast!  
Thus can we trace all nature's works and find  
How great they are, how insurpassable!

S. M. K.

Pennsylvania College.

## MISCELLANY.

**RESPECT TO OLD AGE.**—There is something sublimely beautiful in the respect almost uniformly paid to old age. We have a case in point. One day, during the session of the Old School Assembly in Philadelphia, the venerable Dr. Green made his appearance in the aisle, supported by two members of the Assembly. Instantly the whole House arose, with an air of reverence, and as the aged divine approached the altar, the Moderator addressed him as follows:

**DR. GREEN:** The General Assembly rise to greet you, not merely out of respect to your advanced age, but to testify their reverence for your character, their high estimate of your long continued, faithful and valuable services to the Church. The Assembly rejoice to see you once more in this House, and beg you to take the seat prepared for you.

The old gentleman took his seat, and when he retired the same demonstrations of respect were exhibited as were shown on his entrance. The scene must have been deeply interesting.

## Love in a Printing Office.

From the Illinois State Gazette.  
I one heard an old Jour remark that a printing office was no place for love-making, and I have since experienced the truth of his observation—being now perfectly convinced that the flower of love can never bloom in the midst of types, stands and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of ——. Directly opposite the office was a pretty white cottage, with a rose bush clambering around the casement, and I was not long in making the discovery that the aforesaid white cottage, with the rose-shadowed window, contained a fair inmate—a flower whose beauty far outshone the roses that clustered around the window. She was a little blue-eyed, saucy-looking creature, of some sixteen summers. She was the belle of the village. Her name was Mary—sweet, poetic Mary.

"I have a poetic passion for the name of Mary." It was a beautiful summer morning, and I had raised the window to admit the cool breeze from the flower-decked fields, and it was not long before I perceived that the cottage window was also hoisted, and that sweet little Mary was seated near it, busily engaged with her needle. I worked but little that morning. My eyes constantly wandered towards the cottage window, where little Mary sat, and all sorts of strange and fantastic notions whirled through my fancy-lighted brain, and I began to think I felt a slight touch of what the poets call love, slipping in at the corner of my heart.

A few days passed away, and chance made me acquainted with Mary. Heaven! she was a sweet creature—she had a form that would have shamed Venus de Medicis—a cheek that out-blushed the richest peach—and a lip that would have tempted a bee from his hive on a frosty morning. I thought, as I gazed on her in mute admiration, that I had never looked upon one so exquisitely beautiful. She seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely and bewitching.

Well, time passed, and one day Mary expressed a desire to visit the printing office. Gad! thought I, what a chance! I'll do it there, yes, in the very midst of implements of my art—why shouldn't I? *Love in a Printing Office*—eh! There was something original in that, and I resolved to try it at all hazards.

Well, Mary came to the office, and I explained to her the use of the various implements of the *black art*—the press and the roller—the ink and the stands, and the boxes of the A. B. C's. I took an opportunity to snatch her pretty lily-white hand, and she drew it back, knocking a stick full of matter into it!

"I must have a kiss for that, my pretty one," said I, and at it went. I managed to twist my arm around her waist, and in struggling to free herself, she upset a galley of editorial, a long article on the Oregon question. Nothing daunted, I made at her again. "This time I was more successful, for I obtained a kiss. By St. Paul! it was a sweet one—and the little white bore it like a martyr—and never screamed once; but as I raised my lip from hers, she lifted her delicate little hand, and gave me a box on the ear that made me see more stars than were ever viewed by Herschell through his big telescope. Some-what nettled, and with my cheek smarting with pain, I again seized her waist and said, "Well, if you don't like it, just take back the kiss." She made a desperate struggle, and as she jerked herself from my arms, her foot struck the eye-pot, and over it went! Another galley of editorial was sprinkled over the floor, and in her efforts to reach the door, her foot slipped, and she fell, and in the effort to sustain herself, her hand, her lily-white hand—the same little hand that had come in contact with my ears—oh, horrible! was stuck up to the elbow in the ink keg! Shade of Franklin! what a change came over the beauty of that hand! She slowly drew it from the keg, dripping the ink, and asked me what use I made of that *tar*! I began to be seriously alarmed, and apologised in the best manner I could, and to my surprise she seemed rather pleased than angry—but there was a "lurking devil in her eye," that told me there was mischief afoot. As I stood surveying the black covering of her hand, scarcely able to suppress a laugh at its strange metamorphosis, she quickly raised it on high, and brought it down "ker slap" upon my cheek! Before I could recover from my surprise, the same little hand had again descended, and again left an inky print on my other cheek.

"Why, Mary," I exclaimed, "what are you about?" "I think you told me you rolled ink on the face of the form," with a loud laugh, and again her hand lit upon my face—taking me a broad slap in the very middle of my countenance, and most woefully bedabbling my eyes. With a light step, and a merry deal of laughter, she skipped through the door. She turned back when beyond my reach, and with her roguish face peeping in at the doorway, shouted back,

"I say, Charley, what kind of a roller does my hand make?" "Oh," said I, "you take too much ink." "Ha! ha!" she laughed—"Well, good bye, Charley—that's my impression! ha! ha!"

I went to the glass and surveyed myself for a moment, and I verily believe I

could have passed for a Guinea negro without the slightest difficulty.

"And so," said I to myself, "this is love in a printing office. The Devil fly away with such love!"

The next morning when the editor came to the office, I "rather calculate" he found things a little topsy-turvy. However that made no difference to me—for I had "Mizzled" long before day-light.

I bore the marks of that scene for many a day, and now, whenever I see a lady enter a printing office, I think of little Mary, and keep my eye on the ink keg—and though she were beautiful as Hebe I would not venture to touch her with a ten foot pole!

Talk about love in a boudoir—love in a bower—love on a spring-seat sofa—love by moonlight, starlight, lamplight, or any other kind of light, and I am with you, heart and soul—but I pray you by the ghost of Faust, never talk to me about *love in a printing office*.

**THE CHURCH BELLS.** There is something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful.—They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears rightly to understand it. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creature—poor human things! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your week-day craft, your heart-burnings. And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells you, that for all your gilding, all your colors, you are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be wise; learn to be humble; learn that however dabbled and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come, and be taught that your glory as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven as the soul of uncompromising Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint!—stunted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickedness, the cruelty of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

**FARMERS AND THEIR CHILDREN.**—The paramount duty of the agriculturist is to elevate his class, and place himself in the position to which he is entitled. No idea more fatal to the supremacy of the farmer ever possessed him than that of educating some one child in particular for what is denominated the learned professions. Mr. President, let agriculturists educate their children thoroughly, regardless of any such partial, unfair and unjust consideration.—As agriculturists, let them educate their children for agriculturists. Let them not give bread to one and stones and serpents to the others. Let them bear in mind that education adorns and improves the cultivator of the soil, as much as it does the lawyer, the doctor, the divine. It is a false notion and unworthy the citizens of a free republic, that education is not necessary to the cultivator of the soil. When we reflect that this is a free country, and that freedom can only be preserved by the pure light that is reflected by knowledge, can the cultivator of the soil hesitate a moment to put his shoulder to the wheel? If he loves his children, educate them; if he loves his country, educate them. It is a duty he owes to both children and country.

**FRIGHTENING A ROGUE.**—In the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander McManus, was fined \$5, for stealing wood from the steamer Hannibal, and was asked to "fork up" by his honor.

"C-e-cant do it," stammered he, "a-a-ain't got th-th-the p-p-powter, your Honor."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the Recorder.

"N-n-not exactly s-s-s-so far gone yet, sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the work house," said the Recorder.

"T-t-taint nothin' t-to go th-th-there," said Alick, "I-I-I'm used to it; b-b-but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you f-f-frightened me!"

**DISTRESSING.**—A lady in Boston, the other day, in passing down Beacon street, had her light dress torn by a nail in a plank which a laborer was removing. The latter did not hear the appeals of the lady until her dress was torn almost completely off, and revealed to the astonished spectators the well known commercial phrase, "Prime old Java," written on the skirt underneath. The lady took the first cab.

**VERY GOOD.**—The New York Mirror thinks that the cause of so much cloudy weather as we have had of late, may be attributed to the fact that Congress won't employ Prof. Espy any longer.

**EXTRAORDINARY FORTUNY OF A SHEEP.**—A ewe, belonging to the flock of Mr. Henry Williams, of Salem, Mass., was delivered of four lambs at a birth, on the 6th day of April last. Three of them are now alive, and doing well.

**A LITTLE BOY HANGED.**—The son of Mr. Duffee, of Pechontas county, came to his death in a rather singular manner. A bag of bees was placed by the door on the outside of the house; the little boy got on the bag, and placed his head in a crupper that hung over the bag; after getting his head through the crupper, his feet slipped and the little fellow hung by the neck until he was dead. His mother had just missed him, and he had been but a few moments absent, when she found her little son in the condition above described.—What her feelings must have been is left to those who are parents to enter into; for it is beyond our descriptive powers to portray.—*Lewisburg Chron.*

The New Bedford Mercury says:—On Saturday evening week, the lightning struck the house of Mr. John P. Eddy, at Swansey. He came home from Fall River during the storm, and found his four children sitting in the corner, and told them to move out. They did so, and immediately the beam under which they had been sitting, was struck. Mr. Eddy was himself touched with the fluid, but will survive. It ran into the closet and tore the gilding off the edges of the china, and cut up the grass around the house, etc.

**SENTENCE OF POSTMASTER FOR MAIL ROBBERY.**—Eben H. Clark, late Postmaster at Cherry Ridge, Wayne county, Pa. convicted of abstracting money from letters, was sentenced at Philadelphia by Judge Randall, on Saturday to ten years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. This was the minimum amount of punishment under the act of Congress. Clark is a young man, only a little past 30, and has a wife and several children. He had always borne a good character, and committed the offence in an unfortunate moment of temptation. The whole sum he obtained was less than one hundred dollars.—When detected he made a frank confession and restored every dollar. Fatal error.

**SERVED HIM RIGHT.**—On a trial in the Philadelphia Quarter Sessions on Wednesday afternoon, to ascertain the paternity of a bastard child, a witness for the defence, in order to discredit the prosecution, coolly and with unparalleled effrontery swore that he had criminal intercourse with the mother. Upon this declaration he was utterly surprised on leaving the witness box to find himself transferred by order of the Judge to the prisoners' dock, to answer the offence which he had thus openly confessed.

The dwelling of Richard Mott, Esq., at Toledo, (O.) was struck by lightning on the 23d ult. and considerably shattered. The chimney was demolished, the wood-siding to the house ripped off and splintered, and divers other mischief done.—Of four ladies who were in the house one was thrown senseless to the ground, but happily not seriously injured, and the others felt the shock but slightly, though they sat in apparently dangerous proximity to the cause of the electric fluid.

**A SNAKE EJECTED.**—On Thursday last a little boy, son of Mr. Lofland, residing at Frankford, Pa. was seized with violent retching, and in a few moments forced up a snake. The child had been sick for nearly two years, and for the best part of that time was under the care of a physician. Every effort to restore the little fellow to health failed. The snake is about 6 inches long, and covered with black scales, and has been preserved.—*Philad. Sun.*

**LEGACY CASE.**—Some time ago a Mr. Brand, of Richmond, Va. left a legacy to the Presbyterian Board of Publication, supposed at the time to amount to \$20,000, but which was reduced subsequently, by claims on the estate, to \$12,000. The will was contested by the heirs at law, encouraged by the laws of Virginia, which does not recognize the existence of any religious corporation. The Board of Publication consequently have abandoned the hope and design of recovering it.—*Philadelphia paper.*

**PAY OF THE VOLUNTEERS.**—The Hon. Thos. J. Henly, of Indiana, after inquiries at the office of the Adjutant Gen. at Washington, states the following as the pay of the volunteers: 1st Sergeant, \$16 per month; 2d, 3d and 4th do. \$13 do.; Corporal, \$9 do.; Musician, \$8 do.; Private, \$7 do.

The volunteers will be required to clothe themselves, for which they will receive the following allowances from the government: Sergeant for one year, \$38; Musicians do. \$38; Corporal and private do. \$36.

Mr. Henly is of opinion that the pay of volunteers serving on foot will be advanced by Congress to \$8 per month, the same as allowed to mounted men.

**GEN. WOOL.**—This officer left N. York on Monday evening, for Troy, whence he will proceed with all possible despatch to the Northwestern States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, having been commissioned by the President to muster the quota of troops required of those States into the service of the U. States, and to expedite them to the scene of action on the Mexican frontier.

Henry Horn, whose nomination as Collector of the port of Philadelphia, was rejected by the Senate last week, has been re-nominated by the President!

## General Winfield Scott.

From Morris's National Press.  
MANFIELD'S LIFE OF  
General Winfield Scott.  
We have been greatly interested in the recently published life of Gen. Scott. It is not solely or chiefly the distinguished part which he took in the war of 1812, though with the exception of Gen. Jackson no one acted in that contest a more honorable and distinguished part. Amongst the brave, he was always foremost. He in fact might be called the hero of the Niagara frontier, so gallant was his bearing on those hard fought fields. Nowhere, during the whole war, was there such a succession of bloody actions or so large a proportion of the troops engaged numbered among the killed or wounded. The Battles of Queenstown, of Chippewa, and of Niagara, (called also Lundy's Lane,) brought into requisition all the personal courage both of officers and men, while it displayed on the part of the former, great military skill. In the first mentioned action, Gen. Scott was taken prisoner, and in the twice severely wounded. It was in consequence of the dangers then encountered that he was enabled without loss of character, even among his military brethren, to decline the proffered duel with Gen. Jackson, a refusal which men of peace must count not among the least of his well earned honors.

Yet distinguished as Gen. Scott has been in the field, he has gained rarer and other laurels. If it is much to be great in war, it is more to be great in peace. If honor is due to him who wins a battle, or conducts a successful campaign, what is not due to him who renders the fight unnecessary, who averts the horrors of war and turns the threatened campaign into rejoicings for peace? On three several occasions, when the peace of the country was threatened by the conduct of misguided citizens and of inflamed partisans on both sides of the line, was Gen. Scott sent into disturbed districts bearing the olive branch, and on each occasion was he greatly and gloriously successful. Well may Virginia, whose soil has been prolific of great men, be proud to enrol Gen. Scott on the list. Who among her sons at the present day bears a more honored name? Though a military man by education as well as by profession, he has fairly earned the title of pacificator. In his whole career he has been distinguished by compassion for the unfortunate, and by courtesy and generosity toward his foes. For their prisoners of distinction he interceded with the general government, and procured as a favor to himself, their release or parole at a time when such favors were very rarely shown and very difficult to be procured.

He conducted with great consideration and humanity the very difficult operation of removing the Cherokees to their distant home, and for his treatment of them deserves the thanks of every friend of the red man.

His mission to South Carolina during the prevalence of the doctrines of nullification, was one of extreme delicacy and importance, which, if entrusted to the hands of a bold and energetic, yet imprudent man, might have ended in bloodshed. General Scott's firmness, prudence, courtesy and tact, may have saved the nation at that time from civil war, as they had not probably before done from a foreign contest. No qualities of Scott deserve higher commendation than his candour, frankness and moral courage. Memorable also are his declarations in favor of peace principles: It is the highest moral obligation to treat our national differences with temper, justice, fairness; always to see that the cause of war is not only just but sufficient; to be sure that we do not covet our neighbor's lands, "nor any thing that is his"; that we are as ready to give as to demand explanation, apology, indemnity; in short we should especially remember: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

We cannot better close this notice than by an extract from a publication of Dr. Channing found in the able and interesting work mentioned at the head of this article.

We may hereafter make other extracts.—"To this distinguished man belongs the rare honor of uniting with military energy and daring, the spirit of a philanthropist. His exploits in the field, which placed him in the first rank of our soldiers, have been obscured by the purer and more lasting glory of a pacificator, and of a friend of mankind. In the whole history of the intercourse of civilized with barbarous or half-civilized communities, we doubt whether a brighter page can be found than that which records his agency in the removal of the Cherokees. As far as the wrongs done to this race can be atoned for, General Scott has made the expiation.

"In his recent mission to the disturbed borders of our country, he has succeeded not so much by policy as by the nobleness and generosity of his character, by moral influences, by the earnest conviction with which he has enforced on all with whom he had to do, the obligations of patriotism, justice, humanity and religion. It would not be easy to find among us a man who has won a purer fame; and I am happy to offer this tribute, because I would do something, no matter how little, to hasten the time when the spirit of Christian humanity shall be accounted an essential attribute and the brightest ornament of a public man."

At the National Fair a shirt was exhibited in which there were 63,000 stitches.

## THE COURSE OF THE WHIGS.

The ungenerous assaults so frequently made upon the Whigs, in connection with the Mexican War, by Journals devoted to the Administration, which seem to regard every unfriendly criticism upon the conduct of the President as synonymous with a want of attachment to the country—in the prosperity of which, by the way, it may safely be assumed, the Whigs, as a party, have at least as deep an interest as their assailants—fully justify the following severe retort, which we find in the New York Express:

"The 'Union,' as the organ of the Government, is making itself contemptible in the imputations it throws out against the patriotism of the Whigs, and the Whig Press, in this Mexican War.

Who is Gen. Taylor, now leading our arms to Victory and to Glory, in Mexico? A warm-hearted, staunch, high-minded, Henry Clay Whig. Mr. Clay has not a warmer friend in the world, one more devoted to him, one who was more anxious for his election to the Presidency. Nor was there a man in the country more opposed to the Texas annexation or to THE WAY IT WAS DONE.

Who is Major Ringgold, whose life has just been offered up on the battle-field?—Another Whig, and a Henry Clay Whig! who was thoroughly opposed to the Texas annexation, and THE WAY IT WAS DONE.—We did not know Col. McIntosh and the others, who have fallen, but from their gallant bearing in the discharge of their duty, we have no doubt they were men of the same school.

Commodore Conner, who has rushed to the scene of the war off the Brazos, as soon as he heard of it, is, we are told, another Whig. Gen. Scott, who is to lead our forces in Mexico, has been a leading Whig candidate for the Presidency, and has potred out his blood freely for his country.

The Whigs are not spouters, froth-makers, declaimers, rampant orators, such as the 54 40 men are, and all that clan and school of mock patriots; but when any hard fighting is to be done for their country, when men or money are wanted in the battle-field, they are there,—not spouting, nor making speeches, but acting as Gen. Taylor does. If there are any cowards in the day of trial, any distinguished for their words, and recreants in their acts, they will be found among the frothy "Democracy." When Whigs make pledges they mean what they say, which is much more than can be said of the Dorr democracy men."

**SEVERE BUT TRUE.**—The Baltimore Clipper thus sarcastically shows off the Allens, Casses, Hannegans and other war spirits of Congress: "How puny and contemptible do political tricksters appear, when contrasted with such men as Major Ringgold! How heartless the demagogue who would unnecessarily involve his country in war, in which brave hearts must bleed, and the truly patriotic men become victims. Where are the reckless politicians of Congress who would war for 'the whole of Oregon or none;' and who prate about handling England as a helpless infant? Are they now seen, sword in hand, assisting to repel an inferior foe from our soil, and courting honor at the canon's mouth? No—they brag, but do not perform: they kindle the flame, and thrust others forward to extinguish it: they talk bravely of deeds of arms, but are careful to keep out of the way of harm to themselves: they raise the whirlwind but avoid the storm. We would direct such men to the tomb of Major Ringgold to learn a lesson of patriotism and of duty."

**DESTINATION OF THE CALAITY—California to be taken.**—We find the following in the last Nashville Union, Mr. Polk's organ in Tennessee:

We understand from a reliable source that it is the intention of the government to send a force to California sufficient to take possession of that country and to hold on to it. It is supposed that the mounted men from Arkansas, Missouri, and probably from Tennessee, will be directed to California. We sincerely hope that this information may be true, and from the source through which it is derived, we are satisfied that it is reliable. We regard California now as ours, and with that result all will be satisfied.

**A PROPHECY.**—A writer in the Boston Post makes the following predictions, with regard to our national troubles:

1st, That the outlines of settlement of the Oregon question will be determined upon within six weeks from date, (May 25th.) 2d, That the war with Mexico will be concluded, on terms dictated by the United States, within the same period of time as stated above. 3d, That money will be very plenty within ninety days, and the business of the country during the next year will be very large.

Mr. Webster, in the discussion in the Senate on Monday stated his belief that the Oregon controversy would be settled, and a permanent boundary established before the adjournment of Congress. So explicit an opinion from Mr. Webster would not be expressed without some semi-official assurance positive and reliable of the fact.

**STRANGE OPERATION.**—A French Surgeon lately removed the cornea from the eye of a female, who had been blinded by small-pox, and, replacing it with that of a young dog, enabled the girl to distinguish between day and night.

There are three sorts of men—layers; they which kill; they which hate; and they which detect.