

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—27.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 589.

THE STAR AND BANNER
Is published every Friday Evening, in the
County Building, above the Register
and Recorder's Office, by
DAVID A. BUEHLER.

TERMS.
It is paid in advance or within the year, \$2 00 per
annum—if not paid within the year, \$2 50. No
paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid up,
except at the option of the Editor. Single copies
5¢. A failure to notify a discontinuance
will be regarded as a new engagement.
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, (except-
ing such as contain Money or the names of new
subscribers,) must be post paid, 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 cor-
ner of Baltimore and Calvert street, Baltimore—
is our authorized Agent for receiving Advertisements
and Subscriptions to the "Star," and collect-
ing and receipting for the same.

SUPERIOR
Daguerreotype Portraits,
Single or in Groups,
COLORED OR MEZZOTINTO.



To the Ladies and Gentlemen of
GETTYSBURG.

THE Subscribers (one proprietor of the
Philadelphia Daguerrean Institute, at
Publishers' Hall, 101 Chestnut street, Phila-
delphia, and both from the "Daguerrean
Gallery," Baltimore,) beg leave to inform
the citizens of this place, that they have
opened rooms admirably adapted as re-
gards convenience of access, comfort, &c., at
Mr. S. S. AUCREARY'S residence, in
Chambersburg street, 4 doors east of the
Lutheran Church, where they are pre-
pared to execute Portraits and Miniatures of
a superior quality, either plain, colored or
mezzotint, single or in groups.
Our facilities are not only more exten-
sive but superior to any heretofore used
out of the large cities, and enable us to
produce likenesses unsurpassed by any
other artists.
Particular attention given to the position,
ease and grace of Children, while sitting,
in order to produce the beauty of artistic
effect combined with what is more desira-
ble—a faithful portrait.
Satisfaction given or no charge made.
Instructions given in the Art and all
materials furnished on reasonable terms.
Ladies and gentlemen are invited to call
and examine our large collection of super-
ior specimens.
For further particulars see circulars.
PLUMER & WILDE,
Aug. 14, if

TIN WARE,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
THE Subscriber has now on hand a
large assortment of TIN WARE, which
he will sell on reasonable terms at
his Establishment in Chambersburg
street. Call and see.
G. E. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, June 19, 1846.

BARGAINS!
THE subscriber has now on hand an
extensive assortment of TIN WARE
at his Shop in Chambersburg street, which
he will sell at prices to suit the times. He
therefore solicits those who need any Tin
Ware to give him a call. Remember
Chambersburg street.
G. E. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, March 13.

HOUSE SPOUTING
WILL be made and put up by the
subscriber, who will attend promptly
to all orders, and upon as reasonable
terms as can be procured at any establish-
ment in the county.
G. E. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, March 13.

Letters of Administration
ON the Estate of FREDERICK SNYDER,
deceased, late of Mountjoy township,
Adams county, having been granted to the
subscriber—notice is hereby given to all
persons indebted to said Estate to pay the
same without delay, and to those having
claims against the same to present them,
properly authenticated, for settlement, to
the subscriber, residing in Mountpleasant
township.
DAVID SNYDER, Adm'r.
Aug. 14, 61

Cloths! Cloths!
OF all colors and qualities, Cassimeres,
Cassimeres, Vestings, Silks, &c. just
received and for sale at the Store of the
subscriber. WM. RUTHRAUFF,
April 10, 1846.

POETRY.

The Heart.

Oh! could we read the human heart,
Its strange, mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore!

Safe from the world's distrustful eye,
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which e'er stern Reason's power defy,
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,
To always find a joyous heart;
For Wit's bright glow and Reason's flow
Too often hide a cankering dart.

The bird with bruised and broken wing,
Oh! tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gaily sing
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,
May by a burning heart be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While yet it seems to pleasure wed.

Oh, do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seems to be;
Nor rudely seek the veil to part,
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

For the Star and Banner.

A PARODY.

INScribed TO "KAPP."

KAPP is but a monkey show,
For Woman's sport he's given;
He tries to "shine"—but tis no go,
And though his tears sincerely flow,
He cannot shine with woman.

His silly rhymes are false and vain,
As fading hues of even;
No maiden's hand he'll ever gain,
But must a bachelor remain—
He cannot shine with woman.

Poor suppliant at woman's shrine,
From fear to shame he's driven;
Tho' for her love he sighs and pine
And call her fondest smile divine,
He cannot shine with woman.

JULIA ANN.

Gettysburg, Sept. 11, 1846.

MISCELLANY.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Young man, that was your father. How
could you make use of language so disre-
spectful? You don't care? You will talk
as you please, no matter who hears you?
If we were in want of a clerk, and there
were not another young man within ten
hundred miles that we could engage, we
would not consent to take you. We should
be afraid to trust a boy who is so disobe-
dient to his parent—who shows so little
respect for his father. A youth who was
saucy to his parents we never knew to turn
out well. He respects nobody. If your
father is in the wrong, and you are certain
of it, there is no excuse for such language.
No one will respect you for it. Every
body will condemn you. A parent should
be treated with the utmost respect by his
children; no matter how poor he may be,
or how large his children may have grown.
There is too little respect paid to parental
authority at the present day. It is grievous
to go into many families and hear the
language daily used by the children: "I
will," "I won't," "I don't care," "It
is none of your business; I am old enough
to know what is right." Large boys and
grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give
the mothers the lie and break away from
their express commands. They will do
as they please and go where they have a
mind. We wish such children could only
see how they appear in the eyes of their
acquaintances, and if they have any shame
it must flush their cheeks. There is truth
as well as rhyme in a couplet by Randolph:

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed."
Of one thing we are certain: an undu-
tiful son and a disobedient daughter can-
not long prosper. For a season they may
appear well to the eye of a stranger; but
their self-will and stubbornness are soon dis-
covered, and they are despised. A child
who disobeys his parents will not hesitate
to abuse any body. Neither age nor tal-
ents receive respect from him.—Portland
Bulletin.

"ANGEL OF THE CHURCH."—A corre-
spondent of the U. States Gazette, writing
from England, relates the following anec-
dote of an eccentric minister named Wm.
Jay, of Bath.
Not many years since, when the Ed-
ward Irving mania raged, a man calling
himself an "Angel of the Church," pro-
ceeded from Bristol to Bath on a special
mission to Wm. Jay. The grave think-
ing old man was in his study, and when
the "Angel" (a man with a dismal coun-
tenance, a white cravat, and rusty black
trousers,) appeared, Mr. Jay asked him his
business.

"I'm the Angel of the Church," said the
man.
"What Church?" asked Mr. Jay.
"The Irvingite Church, at Bristol," re-
plied the Angel.

"Take off your coat," said Mr. Jay.
The angel took off his coat, and Mr. Jay
quietly rubbed his shoulder blades.

"What are you doing?" asked the angel.
"Looking for your wings," was the cool
answer of Wm. Jay.

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TEMPERANCE SPEECH.

BY "THE RAZOR STROP MAN."

Almost every one has either seen or heard
of Henry Smith, the "Razor Strop Man."
He is a noble whole souled fellow, always
ready to sell a "razor strop," or preach a
Temperance lecture. The following ex-
tract from one of his speeches, is a fair
sample of his ready wit and unique style of
argument.

"When I was a drunkard, not only was
my wife and myself half starved, but my
old cat was also reduced to a perfect skele-
ton. And not only that, but she grew
quite thick, and became an out and out
old thief. Cause why? Why, she couldn't
get enough to eat at home, so she went
prowlng and stealing among the neigh-
bors."

"Every once in a while, I'd hear the
neighbors cry out, 'Cuss that Smith's cat,
she's stole my meat—cuss that Smith's
cat she's stole my fish—and cuss that
Smith's cat she's drank up all my milk.'
But why didn't she stay at home and catch
mice and live on them, say you; reason
enough, say I, for our mice couldn't get
crumbs of meat and bread like sober men's
mice can, so they had to live on the re-
collections of what they used to eat before
their master became a drunkard, and at last
they got so thin and scrawny that fifty of
them wouldn't fill the old cat's hollow
tooth."

"But when I reformed things took a dif-
ferent turn. Smith's table had plenty of
fish and meat on it, and Smith's mice had
plenty of crumbs, and grew nicely, and
Smith's cat had plenty of mice, and didn't
have to steal the neighbor's fish and meat
any more. No, sir, my mice were fat and
plump, and my old cat was spry and ac-
tive, and did 't take fifty to make a meal
nuther. No sir-ee. The old cat would
catch two mice, and these two was as much
as she could eat in one meal, and when
she ate them, she would lie down and go
to sleep; and after a good night's rest she'd
wake up in the morning with the pleasing
satisfaction of knowing that the nice, fat
plump mice were not all, but there were a
few more left of the same sort."

RATHER COOL.—We heard a good sea
man yesterday, which, as we never saw it
in print, we think will be new to our read-
ers. Commodore Dallas, one of our ablest
and most experienced Naval Commanders,
having been appointed to the command of a
squadron, his flag ship was in one of our
ports preparatory to sailing. A fresh water
sailor, who had shipped as a seaman, was on
board, and owing to the absence of the Com-
modore, he had never seen his commander and
did not know him. Getting strapped of to-
bacco, he went to one of the men and said,
"I want a chew o' tobacco very bad, and I
don't know what to do for it." "Do you?"
replied the man to whom he addressed him-
self, who was one of that class denominated
practical jokers, "do you? Well, go to that
old fellow that's just come aboard, he'll give
you some, for he keeps all the tobacco." The
old fellow to whom he was directed, was no
less a personage than Commodore Dallas
himself, but the green-horn, ignorant of
this, went up to him, and slapping him on
the shoulder, said in the usual rough, sailor-
like way, when addressing one of his equals,
"I say, old chap, give us a chew of tobacco,
for I'm most starvin' for one; I ain't had
any for a week."

The Commodore was taken all aback
by the unusual mode of address, and look-
ing at the man, he asked him, "how long
have you been in the service?" "Only six
days," replied the man unsuspecting of his
error. "And have you had no tobacco yet?"
asked the Commodore. "No," he re-
plied, "not the first chew since I have
been on board." The Commodore hauled
out a hunk of tobacco from his pocket, and
cutting off a piece gave it to him.

"Now do you know who I am?" he asked.
"No," was the reply. "Well, I'm Com-
modore Dallas, the commander of this ves-
sel." "You don't say so?" exclaimed the
man who was now in his turn taken all
aback, and felt slightly fearful of the con-
sequences of his familiarity; but on recover-
ing his self-possession in a moment, he re-
plied with true sailor-like boldness, "well
you're an infernal good berth of it!"

The old Commodore, tickled at the joke,
forgave him, quickly guessing that the mis-
take was not a willful one, but originated
by some of the practical jokers aboard the
ship. He, however, ordered that tobacco
should be distributed among the men every
day.—Exchange Paper.

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATIONS.—In
an action for slander, which came up for
trial at the assizes at Norwich, England,
it appeared that the words complained of
were uttered by the defendant in private
familiar conversation with a friend. The
learned judge stopped the case, saying
that such a conversation ought to be treat-
ed a privileged communication; for, if per-
sons were to be subject to actions for words
so spoken, all intercourse between friends
would be at an end.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.—A cheap mode of
advertising has been adopted in London.—
Men are sent about town, dressed in white
frocks, upon which are inscribed, in legible
characters, the things to be sold, their prices,
and the house where they are sold.—
The men so engaged are not prevented fol-
lowing other outdoor occupation; as all
their employers require is, that they should
be constantly employed walking about.

The Boston Weekly Symbol has the following
capital story by the editor:

KEEPING A SHARP LOOK OUT.—A friend
of ours related the following anecdote of a
friend of his, which is entirely too good to
be lost. Our friend's friend was a very
worthy and sensible man in his way; nor
had he ever done anything for the cause of
wit in others until he accepted a situation
as Inspector of the Customs at a small port
of entry in Connecticut. There was very
little business doing at this place, and a
foreign arrival was quite an affair of mo-
ment; so Zekiel (that was our worthy's
Christian name,) used to spend his days
in fishing off a wharf, and looking out for
strange sails in the offing. One day, "a
long, low, black schooner" ran into port,
dropped anchor, furled her sails, squared
her yards, and made all snug aloft and a-
low. Zekiel momentarily expected that her
captain would send her boat ashore with his
"manifest" for the Custom House, as in
duty bound; but as hour after hour passed
away without any such transaction, he be-
gan to be alarmed and suspicious. Deter-
mining to sit the matter to the bottom, he
rolled up his fishing line, jumped into a boat
and pulled off for the schooner, which he
boarded. A man was pacing the deck to
and fro, with an abstracted air.

"Cap'n, sir," said Zekiel.
"Yes," was the gruff answer, which did
not interrupt the promenade.
"Well cap'n, I'm the Custom House Of-
ficer."

"Oh, you are, are you?"
"Yes," said Zekiel, "and I want your
manifest."

"Go to thunder!"
And with that the captain resumed his
march, Zekiel following hard upon his heels
and looking over his shoulder in amazement.

Here was a decided "fix," such a case
was hardly in the books, and poor Zekiel
was nearly at his wit's end.
"Look here, cap'n," said he at last, "what
you goin' to do about it? Ef you don't
want to have no trouble out of it, I just ad-
vise you as a friend, to gin me that 'ere
manifest about as quick as you kin, and I
won't say no more about it; I won't men-
tion it to a livin' soul. But if you don't—"
"Well, sir, what then?" roared the cap-
tain, in a voice of thunder.

"Why, then," said Zekiel, stepping back
to the bulwarks, "I shall just have to re-
port you to the collector."
We should be sorry to soil our paper
with the thundering anathemas levelled
by the skipper at our friend's head. He
was over the ship's side in one minute, and
the next was pulling for the shore with
might and main. The moment his keel
touched, he leaped on the shore like a man-
iac, and "locomoted" for the Custom House.

"Here, Mr. Collector," he bawled out,
"come right away along with me—you're
wanted. Here's the very deuce to pay—
Here's an outlandish craft in our harbor,
and the cap'n has been as saucy as a wood
sawyer's clerk on half pay, to me—and
made a callin' of me names—and won't gi-
me his manifest—consarn his ugly picture!"
The Collector started off post haste.—
Arrived at the wharf, Zekiel pointed out
the object of his alarm.

"Why, bless your soul, Mr.—"
said the Collector—"that's the revenue
cutler—it's sent here to watch you."
Zekiel sloped—the story got afloat, and
in the "diggings" where it happened there
is not to this day, a more fertile source
of fun and merriment. Zekiel did not remain
long in the service, and he is sure to turn
all sorts of colors now, when any one asks
him, "how it was about his boarding that
revenue cutler?"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Washington
Irving, who will soon return home, will
immediately put to press his History of
Mohammed, the materials of which he has
collected during his residence in Spain,
from the Moorish manuscripts and legends.
Prescott has ready his Conquest of Peru,
which will be followed by a life of Philip
the Second. Mr. Bancroft has completed
the fourth volume of his History of the
United States, which will soon appear.—
Jared Sparks is engaged in writing a His-
tory of the American Revolution. The
Hon. John P. Kennedy is engaged upon a
Life of Wirt.

DEAR DEALING.—A young and pretty
girl stepped into a shop, where a spruce
young man, who had long been enamored
but dare not speak, stood behind the coun-
ter selling dry goods. In order to remain
as long as possible, she cheapened every-
thing; at last, she said, "I believe you think
I am cheating you."
"Oh no," said the youngster, "to me you
are always fair."
"Well," whispered the lady, blushing as
she laid an emphasis on the last word, "I
would not stay so long bargaining, if you
were not so dear."

A LIBERAL MAN.—Gerrit Smith, Esq.,
is doing good to the colored race in the
proper way. A writer from Utica, in the
Herald says: "I have just seen a copy of a
deed of some forty acres of land in Ham-
ilton county, N. York, given by the ce-
lebrated land-holder, Gerrit Smith, Esq., to
a colored man residing in that county.—
He has made out two thousand deeds of a
similar character to the one I saw, convey-
ing lands from forty to fifty acres to each,
as gifts to industrious colored men in this
State, and designs, I am informed, to make
out one thousand more." This is genuine
philanthropy.

HENRY CLAY AT HOME.—A correspondent
of the National Intelligencer, who recently visited
Mr. Clay at Ashland, writes as follows:

"Ashland is about two miles from Lex-
ington, and its old fashioned mansion, after
catching a view of it at some distance, is
suddenly hid among the lofty trees that al-
most surrounded it. When our party reached
the gate, which stood wide open, no
house could be seen; we entered it, and,
winding through the copse, Ashland in all
its beauty flashed upon us. We had scarcely
entered his hall, when Mr. Clay came to
greet us with his bland smile and cor-
dial shake of the hand, which made me at
least feel as if I were at home. The grounds
of Ashland are in a high state of cultivation,
and it would do a farmer good to look up-
on them. He boasted not of it, but some
of his neighbors told me that Mr. Clay
stands "A No. 1," (as we merchants say,)
especially in cultivating and putting up
hemp; and, from all I heard and witness-
ed, I dare say he is as well qualified to im-
part useful information to the cultivators
of the soil as he is to enlighten us on the
great political questions of the age. There
he sat at Ashland, in his plain farmer's
dress, discoursing with his accustomed
frankness on many subjects, and some-
times giving utterance to sentiments that
other men should write books upon; but
not an unkind expression towards any in-
dividual, whether private or public, escaped
his lips. Time has laid but a sparing hand
upon the great American Statesman. I
never saw her look better or happier; his
step is elastic, his faculties appear fresh
and vigorous, and the chances are that he
will live to witness the election of several
Presidents."

A BATTLE FIELD.
For two days a thousand cannon had
swept it, and three hundred thousand men
had struggled upon it in the midst of their
fire. The grassy plain was trodden into
mire, on which nearly twenty thousand
men, mangled, torn and bleeding, had been
strewn. Many had been carried into the
city during the night, but some stark and
stiff in death—some resting on their el-
bows, pale and ghastly, and calling for
help, others writhing in mortal agony,
amid heaps of slain, still covered the ground.
Others which had been hastily buried the
day before, lay in their half covered grave
—here a leg and there an arm, sticking out
of the ground, while to crown the horror
of the scene, multitudes of women were
seen roaming the field, not to bind up the
wounded, but to plunder the dead. They
went from heap to heap of the slain, turn-
ing over the mangled bodies, and stripping
them of their clothing; and loaded down
with their booty, gathered in piles be-
sides their corpses. Unmolested in their
work, they made the shuddering field still
more ghastly by strewing it with half na-
ked forms. White arms and bodies stretch-
ed across each other, or dragged away
from the heaps they had helped to swell,
made the heart even of Napoleon turn faint
as he rode over the field of slaughter.—
"Oh, what a comment on war, and what a
cure for ambition and the love of glory was
this field! The terrified and horror-strick-
en inhabitants came out from the cellars of
their burnt dwellings, and strove to relieve
this woe by burying the dead, and succor-
ing the wounded.

Such was the field of Dresden as de-
scribed by Headley.

THE MOON.—Sir John Herschell, at a
late meeting of the British Association for
the advancement of Science, expressed the
opinion that the temperature of the moon's
climate must be very high, "far above that
of boiling water." And the reason given
is, that its surface is exposed for fourteen
days at a time to the unmitigated and con-
tinual heat of the sun. At the full, and
for a few days afterward, the moon must
certainly be the reflector of some heat to the
earth. Sir John has no doubt of the fact,
but as it has the character of culinary rather
than solar heat, that is to say, "it eman-
ates from a body below the temperature
of ignition," it will be arrested by the up-
per strata of the earth's atmosphere and
thus absorbed. There its only effect will
be to convert visible clouds into transpar-
ent vapor. He asserted that the phenom-
ena of the rapid dissipation of clouds in
moderate weather, soon after the appear-
ance of the full moon, could easily be ac-
counted for on this principle, and that his
own observations confirmed the theory.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.
—We see by the London papers that the
World's Temperance Convention was in
full operation. They do not go into these
matters abroad with the same zeal that is
displayed on this side of the Atlantic.—
There were but 250 delegates present, in-
cluding, in addition to those from English,
Irish and Scotch towns, representatives
from the United States of America, the
East Indies, France. The object of the
convention is to ascertain the state of the
temperance cause in all parts of the globe,
to receive suggestions as to the most effec-
tual method of extending the temperance
reformation, and to effect the formation of
a Temperance Union throughout the world.

TAX ON JEWS.—We see it stated that in
many parts of Germany the Jews have to
pay a special tax to the governments as Jews.
The Austrian government has just conclu-
ded a bargain with the Jews of Hungary,
by which, in virtue of a large sum paid
down at once, this special tax is abolished.

ANNE BOLEYN.—As Queen Anne Boleyn,
wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Queen
Elizabeth, was going to be beheaded in the
tower, seeing a gentleman there of the
king's privy chamber, she called him to her,
and with a cheerful countenance, and a soul
undaunted at approaching death, said to
him, "remember me to the king, and tell
him he is constant in advancing me to the
greatest honors. From a private gentle-
woman he made me a marchioness; from
that degree made me a queen; and now,
because he can raise me no higher in this
world, he is translating me to heaven, to
wear a crown of martyrdom in eternal glory."

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.—On Saturday
week, an interesting little girl, daughter of
Mr. Stephen McCulla, of Harrisburg, aged
between three and four years, came to her
death by eating the berries of a very poison-
ous plant, called *nightsshade*, after several
days of acute suffering.

RENAWAYS KILLED.—The Palmyra
(Mo) Courier says:—We understand that
a gentleman, living in Macon county, while
out hunting with his rifle last week, came
suddenly upon two fugitive slaves, who
gave him battle. He shot one and split
the other's skull with the barrel of his gun.
He then started for home, but before reach-
ing it he met a man in the road, who in-
quired if he had seen or heard of two runaway
negroes—describing them. The gentle-
man replied that he had just killed two,
and related the circumstance. On proceed-
ing to the spot, the stranger indemnified
them as his slaves. He made provision for
their burial and returned home.

CHOLERA AMONG THE HORSES.—A fatal epi-
demic continues to rage among the horses at New
York and vicinity. The New York Sun says:
"This alarming disease has appeared in
the city. Several valuable horses have
died of it, and up to Friday last, thirty
horses, valued at one hundred dollars each,
had died at Gravesend, New Utrecht, and Bath,
on Long Island. Whether the disease ar-
ises from atmospheric causes, or from
impurities in the food and water, has not
been ascertained. It has been suggested to
us that the use of olive oil, which is a spe-
cific for the Asiatic cholera in human be-
ings might be advantageous in this strange
disease among the brute creation. The
experiment of giving a horse a pint of olive
oil, on the first symptoms of the disease,
might be tried. It can do no harm and
may do good. The spread of this malady
should admonish the city authorities to
do something for preserving the health of
the city."

POTATO ROT PREVENTIVE.—A corre-
spondent of the New York Sun states that
after drying his potatoes a few hours in
the field, he placed them in barrels, distrib-
uting in each barrel half a peck of quick-
lime, well mixed with an equal amount of
powdered charcoal, which kept the potatoes
sound all the year. He thinks the same
mixture would prevent rot in the hill, if
spread on the manure; but this he has
not tried.

POTATOES.—A correspondent of the
Northampton (Mass.) Courier, says that
a gentleman in Conway, Franklin county,
has a field of potatoes, the tops of which
he mowed off some weeks since, to prevent
the ravages of the potato blight; the result
of which has produced destruction more
sure than the blight. The new crop has
sprouted, and thrown up its stalks, which
will consequently produce a second, by
which the first will be rendered utterly
useless. The next growth has already
attained the height of about six inches.

Moral principle is the citadel of the heart.
An education, therefore, which is conduct-
ed irrespective of this, is but the erection of
out-works to besiege the strong-hold of vir-
tue.

COMMUNICATED.
Mr. Editor:—At Huntington meeting-house,
near York Springs, in this county, on last Sabbath,
the Friends' meeting for worship was annoyed by
an Abolition lecturer, who continued to disturb
the meeting until brought to silence by the prompt
interference of an elderly member of the Church.—
The Anti-Slavery Society in its zeal for the im-
mediate and unconditional emancipation of the slaves
of the Union, seems to have lost sight of the digni-
ty of civil, moral, and religious government, and to
be determined to carry out the objects of the Society,
should the path by which to accomplish it lead over
the ruins of them all. After accomplishing the an-
nexation of Texas to the Union, thereby extending
the bounds of Slavery and causing the present war
with Mexico, which will in the end, in all probab-
ility, extend those bounds still further, they go on to
wage war upon the religious institutions of the
country by introducing their political views into
the assemblies of a peaceable people called to-
gether for the purpose of engaging in divine worship.—
The writer of this is opposed to Slavery in every
sense of the word, and would be far from pursuing
any course, either directly or indirectly, that would
have a tendency to continue it or establish its per-
manent existence. He knows too that every member
of the Society of Friends, who is governed by the
true principles recognized by that excellent denom-
ination, is opposed to Slavery and will bear public
testimony against it. Difference of opinion may
exist among them respecting the proper course to
be pursued to accomplish the abolition of Slavery, yet
it appears plain, to me that a meeting called together
for divine worship, is not the place to discuss the
merits of the opinion of either party on this sub-
ject, or to deliver lectures thereon, inasmuch as it
has a direct tendency to create discord and destroy
that harmony which should characterize all religious
assemblies—particularly so when the lecturer is not
a member of the Church, but a stranger, employed
by a distant Society to disseminate its peculiar views
on the Anti-Slavery question. The subject is one
that claims the attention of all Christian professors,
and these remarks are written with that view by a
true friend of
LIBERTY.
Adams County, Sept. 6, 1846.