

THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—39.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1847.

NEW SERIES—NO. 29.

DRUG & BOOK STORE, GETTYSBURG, PA.

The subscriber renders his acknowledgments to the Public for the liberal and steady patronage with which he has been favored for a series of years, and respectfully announces that he has just received, at his old established stand in Chambersburg street, a large and fresh supply of

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
FARMERS' SUPPLIES,
Paints, Varnish, Dyestuffs

and every variety of articles usually found in a Drug store, to which he invites the attention of the public, with assurances that they will be furnished at the most reasonable prices.

The subscriber has also largely increased his assortment of BOOKS, by an additional supply of

**Classical, Theological,
School, and Miscellaneous**

BOOKS,
embracing almost every variety of Standard and Popular Literature; also,

Blank Books and Stationery
of all kinds, GOLD PENS, Pencils, Visiting and Printing Cards, Card Cases, Inkstands, &c., all of which will, as usual, be sold **AT THE LOWEST PRICES.**

Arrangements have been made by which anything not included in his assortment will be promptly ordered from the Cities.

S. H. BUEHLER,
Gettysburg, Oct. 22, 1847.

I have at present on hand an excellent assortment of BIBLES, plain and fancy, for school and family use—at very low prices.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY FOR RENT.

The Subscriber, Executor of HENRY MYERS, deceased, and testamentary Guardian of his minor children, offers for RENT, from the 1st day of April next, the valuable property known as the

"Virginia Mills."

They are situated in Hamilton township, Adams county, 1 1/2 miles from Fairfield, and in one of the best Grain-growing sections of the county. The Mills are newly erected, and in complete repair; they consist of a Grist Mill, Saw Mill, &c., all in good order. There are about 500 Acres in the Farm, with Dwelling-house, Tenant House, Barn, &c., a large quantity of meadow and arable lands, &c.

The Terms will be made known by the subscriber, residing on the premises. Applications must be accompanied by proper recommendations.

MARY MYERS,
Virginia Mills, Oct. 23, 1847—1f

SHERIFF'S SALES.

In pursuance of sundry writs of *Execution*, and a writ of *Testamentary Vestment*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on **Saturday the 18th of December, 1847,** at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court-house, in the Borough of Gettysburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

A Tract of Land,
situate in Hamilton and Liberty townships, Adams county, Pa., containing

200 ACRES
more or less, on which are erected a two story

Dwelling House,
(part log and part stone),

GRIST MILLS,
with two pair of Burrs and one pair of Country Stones, a Saw Mill, and other outbuildings; also, a Tenant House, a well of Water near the door, and a variety of Fruit Trees upon the premises. Said property is situate on Middle Creek, adjoining lands of Jacob Welly, John Eiker, Wm. Loudon, and others—Also,

A Tract of Mountain Land,
CONTAINING 200 ACRES,
more or less, adjoining lands of Christian Musselman, Robert Slemmons, and others. Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of MARTIN NEWMAN, deceased, at the time of his decease, with notice to widow, heirs and terre-tenants

—ALSO—
A Tract of Mountain Land,
situate in Franklin township, Adams county, containing

128 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Joseph Baker, Lawrence Shublin and others. Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of HENRY WAZER, with notice to Frederick Herr as terre-tenant.

—ALSO—
A Tract of Land,
situate in Montell township, Adams county, adjoining lands of Joseph Taylor, Nicholas Bear and others, containing **93 Acres,** more or less, on which are erected a two-story log

Dwelling-house,
a one and a half story log Dwelling-house and Kitchen, a log Stable, with Thrashing-floor, Sheds, &c., and a log Stable. A portion of this Tract (about 20 Acres) is covered with Timber; about 12 Acres of Meadow; a small Nursery; the balance is in a good state of cultivation, with Springs through the premises.—Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of JOHN STUART.

Persons purchasing property at Sheriff's sale, will have to pay 10% per cent. of the purchase money on the day of sale.

BENJAMIN SCHRIEVER, Sheriff,
Gettysburg, November 19, 1847.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.

A CHANCE FOR FARMERS!

In pursuance of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Administrators of the Estate of SAMUEL HOLLINGER, late of Lattimore township, deceased, will expose to public sale, on **Saturday the 11th of December next,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the valuable Farm of said deceased, containing,

165 ACRES,
more or less, of Patented Land, adjoining lands of George Dearborn, Wm. Wright, Isaac Griest and George Harman. The improvements are a one and a half story

Log Dwelling-house,
a double Log Barn, with two Thrashing Floors attached, together with the usual necessary Outbuildings; there are two thriving Orchards on the premises; also two Wells of good water, one convenient to the House, the other to the Barn. A large proportion of the land is covered with good

Timber.
There is also a sufficiency of good Meadow. A part of the land is well limed, and all is under good cultivation. There are on the premises a number of never failing Springs.

The above Property will be sold entire, or in two separate tracts, as may be deemed most advantageous. Terms made known on the day of sale by

JACOB S. HOLLINGER,
DAVID E. HOLLINGER,
Administrators.

By the Court—Wm. S. Hamilton, Clerk.
Nov. 19, 1847.—1f

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscribers, Executors of the Estate of HENRY DOLL, late of Berwick township, deceased, will expose to Public Sale on

Saturday the 11th of December, on the premises, the FARM of said deceased, situate in Berwick township, about one mile from Abbottstown, on the road leading to Hanover, and adjoining lands of John Plickinger and Michael Griest, and containing

16 Acres,
more or less, on which are erected a One-story WEATHER-BEATED

HOUSE,
Log Barn, and other out-buildings. There is a good spring of water convenient to the House.—The Farm is in good order, and under good fencing. The terms will be made known by

JACOB NAGLE,
JONAS DOLL,
Ex'rs.

Nov. 19, 1847.—1f

A HOUSE AND LOT IN PETERSBURG, (Y. S.) AT PUBLIC SALE.

On **Saturday the 18th of December next,** at 12 o'clock, M., on the premises, I will sell my HOUSE and LOT, situate in Petersburg, (Y. S.) fronting on the Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike, and adjoining lot of Robert Livingston on one side, and an alley on the other. The improvements are a large

Two-story Weather-boarded HOUSE,
60 feet by 30, a one and a half-story Back-building, a Coachmaker's Shop, a first-rate Barn, a well of excellent Water convenient to the door, and a fine Garden.

Also, at the same time and place,
JOY TERRACE
across said Alley, adjoining lots of Wm. Gardner, and others, with a good

Apple & Peach Orchard
thereon.—The Lots will be sold separately or together, as purchasers may desire. The Terms will be made known on the day of sale by

SAMUEL A. NEELY,
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Nov. 26.—1f

VALUABLE STORE HOUSE

PUBLIC SALE.
NOW there is a rare chance for Merchants to get one of the most valuable situations for business in the State.—The subscriber will expose to Public Sale, on **Saturday the 8th of January, 1847,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, his

Valuable Property,
on which he now resides, situate in PETERSBURG, (Y. S.), on the corner of Main and Harrisburg streets. The Buildings are first-rate. Call and see them, and judge for yourselves. Terms made known on the day of sale.

JOHN B. MCCREARY,
N. B.—If the above named property is not sold on or before the 8th of January, it will be FOR RENT.

He would also inform the public that he has a splendid assortment of

DRY GOODS,
which he will sell off at wholesale or retail, at reduced prices and great bargains.

NOTICE.
I AM going to Schuylkill county to commence the Coal Mining business, (I want money), and give notice to all persons indebted to me to call immediately and settle the same. If their accounts are not settled on or before the 1st day of February next, they will not blame me if they find them in the hands of an Officer.

JOHN B. MCCREARY,
Petersburg, (Y. S.) Nov. 26, 1847.

A few cords of good WOOD wanted at this office, in payment of subscription.

YORK SPRINGS SEMINARY FOR FEMALES.

THIS School is located in a healthy part of the country, within 1 of a mile of York Springs, and 20 miles west of York, at which place persons arriving in the morning train of Cars, by applying to Samuel Hays, will meet with ready conveyance to this place on the same day, and those coming in the afternoon train can take the Gettysburg Stage immediately for Gitt's Tavern, on the York and Gettysburg turnpike, where they will be accommodated over night and conveyed here the next day. The School is also easy of access from Baltimore, Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Gettysburg, as stages from each of these places pass through Petersburg (one mile north of this) every other day of the week.

The course of instruction comprises all the branches of a solid liberal English Education, together with the French and German language, and Drawing.

The summer Session will commence on the first second day in the 6th month, and that for the winter on the first second day in the 11th month, and each continue 22 weeks.

Terms.—For Tuition, Boarding, Washing, &c., \$50 per session of 22 weeks, one-half payable in advance, and the remainder at the end of the term. No extra charges except for the French and German languages, and Drawing. The use of Reading Books and Library without charge; other Books and Stationery, when needed, furnished at the usual prices.

Each pupil must furnish her own wash-basin and towel, and have each article of clothing marked with her entire name.

JOEL WIERMAN,
LYDIA S. WIERMAN,
York Springs, Adams Co. Pa.—3m

NOTICE.

LETTERS Testamentary on the Estate of JOHN RIFE, late of Franklin township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, residing in the same township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to call and settle the same without delay, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

ANDREW RIFE, Executor.
Dec. 3, 1847.—6f

NOTICE.

The undersigned, Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of GEORGE HANCOCK, Assignee of JOSEPH STRASBACH, to and amongst the Creditors of said Strasbach, will attend for that purpose at his office in Manassas township, Adams county, Pa., on **Saturday the 11th day of December next,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all persons interested are notified to attend.

SAMUEL DUBURROW, Auditor.
Nov. 26, 1847.—3f

NOTICE.

ESTATE of Administration on the Estate of SAMUEL JACOBS, late of Hamilton township, deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, residing in Adams county, they hereby give notice to all who are indebted to said estate to call and pay the same without delay, and those having claims are desired to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

GEORGE JACOBS,
DAVID JACOBS,
Administrators.
Nov. 26.—3f

NOTICE.

The Account of Jacob Noell, Assignee of PETER FREIDT, has been filed in the Office of the Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county; and the Court has appointed the 21st day of December next, for the hearing and confirmation of said account.

A. B. KURTZ, Proth'y.
Prothonotary's Office,
Gettysburg, Nov. 26, 1847. 3f

NOTICE.

ESTATE of Administration on the Estate of ROBERT THOMPSON, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said Borough—Notice is hereby given to all those indebted to said estate to make payment, and those having claims upon the estate to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

HENRY WELTY, Adm'r.
Nov. 26, 1847.—6f

TAX COLLECTORS, TAKE NOTICE.

ALL TAXES on Duplicates in hands of Collectors at the present time will be required to be paid on or before the 1st day of January, 1848. On all Taxes unpaid after that date, 6 per cent. interest will be charged, according to law.

JOSEPH FINK,
A. HEINZELMAN,
JACOB KING,
Attent.—J. Aughinsburgh, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Gettysburg, Oct. 29, 1847. 1d

A NEW AND LARGE SUPPLY OF Ready-made Clothing

HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED AND OPENED AT
Yorkson's Clothing Store,
in East York street, embracing every variety of Boys' and Men's wear. Call and see them immediately.

MARCUS SAKSON,
Nov. 26, 1847.

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shadow of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground and die;
Yet, on that rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if Heaven wept such waste to see—
But none will shed a tear for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
It holds its frail, its feeble brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away;
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall or fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the print that feet
Have left on Zion's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
The track shall vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On Zion's shore shall yet be seen,
But none shall grieve a human being.

THE DYING CHILD.

Translated from the Spanish.
Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.

Here I have laid me yet, but tears are flowing;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright:
I see the angel-child smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
How soft his white wings beautifully gliten!
He is the angel-child, who was given me by Lord Green, gold, and red, and red, and red, and red!

They are the flowers the angel scatter'd,
Shall I have also wings which life has bound me to?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?
Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and yet thy lips are flowing:
I will dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus—it marrah my reposeing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing;
—Look, mother, look! the angel kiss me!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In the Democratic Review for November, 1842, there was an account of the trial of Harry Blake, for murder, who was convicted upon circumstantial evidence and hung. About three months after his death, the Judge who presided at his trial, received a note from a prisoner under sentence of death, requesting to see him without delay, as his sentence was to be carried into effect the day following. On his way thither he overtook an old man walking slowly, who accosted him, and recognized him to be the late Grayson, who had been a witness at Blake's trial, and had a similar note of his own, but equally at a loss to know the meaning of this summons. They both entered the cell together. The prisoner did not move, but only raised his head, when Grayson recognized having seen him at a tavern the night before Blake's execution, and at the Gallows.

"Well, Judge," said he, "I sent for you to see if you can't get me out of this scrape. Must I hang to-morrow?"

The Judge shook his head; "It is idle to hope, nothing can prevent your execution."

"An application might be made to the highest authority," said the prisoner. "Parlons-nous quelquefois sur le scaffold?"

"None will come in your case," replied the Judge, "it is needless for me to dwell upon your offence now, but it was one that had no palliation, and you may rest assured that whatever may have occurred in other cases, no pardon will come in yours. In fact, I understand that an application has been made by your counsel, and has been refused."

"The features of the prisoner underwent no change; nor did the expression of his face alter in the least. But after a moment's pause, he said: 'Is this true, Judge?' 'It is,' replied the Judge.

"Then I know the worst," replied the criminal, "and will now tell what I have to communicate, which I would not have done, while there was a hope of escape. You," said he, turning to the Judge, "presided at the trial of young Harry Blake, who was accused of murder, and sentenced him to death."

"And you," said he, turning to Grayson, "were one of the witnesses against him. You swore that you saw him stab Wickliffe. On your testimony, principally, he was hung."

"I was," replied the old man; "I saw him with my own eyes."

"The prisoner, with a low sneering laugh, as he said, turning to the Judge: 'You, Sir, sentenced an innocent man.'"

"And you," said he, turning to the other, "swore to a falsehood. Harry Blake did not kill Wickliffe. He was an innocent of the sin of murder as you were—more innocent than you are now."

The old man staggered as if he had been struck, and leaned against the table to support himself, whilst the condemned felon stood opposite him, looking at him with a cold indifferent air.

"Yes, old man," said he sternly, "you have blood and perjury on your soul. For I," said he, stepping forward to the light of the lamp, "fell strongly upon his savage features, 'I murdered William Wickliffe! I did it. Thank God I did it, for I had a long score to settle with him. But Blake had no hand in it. I met Wickliffe on that afternoon, alone; with none to interfere between us. I told him of the injuries he had done me, and I told him that the time was come for redress. He endeavored to escape; but I followed him up; I grappled with him, and stabbed him. As I did so, I heard the clatter of horse's hoofs, and I leaped into a clump of bushes which grew at the road-side. At that moment Blake came up, and found Wickliffe lying dead in the road. You know the rest. 'Tis all the truth as you know it. He was only attempting to draw the knife from the man's breast, when you came up and charged him with murder!'"

"Good God! Can this be possible?" cried the old man. "I cannot! Villain, you are a liar!"

"Fellow," muttered the man. "What could I gain by a lie? To-morrow I die. 'I don't believe it; I don't believe it,' exclaimed Grayson, pacing the cell, an

wringing his hands. "God in mercy grant that it may be false; that this dreadful sin may not be upon me!"

The prisoner sat down, and looked at the Judge and witness with a calmness which had something almost childish in it, when contrasted with the extreme agitation of the one, and the mental agony of the other.

At last the old man stopped in front of him; and with a calmness so suddenly assumed in the midst of his paroxysm of remorse, that it even overawed the original said: "You are one whose life has been a tissue of falsehood and crime. You must prove what you have said; or I'll not believe it."

"Be it so," replied the prisoner. "I saw the whole transaction, and heard all your testimony at the trial; for I was there too. I'll now tell you what occurred at the spot of the murder, which you did not mention, but which I saw. When you rode up, the man with you jumped off his horse and seized Blake by the collar; his hat fell off on the pommel of your saddle, but you caught it before it fell to the ground. You then sprang off your horse, and whilst Walton held Blake, you examined the body. You attempted to pull the knife from his breast, but it was covered with blood, and slipped from your fingers. You rubbed your hand on the ground, and going to a bush on the roadside, broke off some twigs and wiped your hands upon them, and afterwards the handle of the knife. You then drew it out, and washed it in a small puddle of water at the foot of a sunbush. As you did so, you looked round at Blake, who was standing with his arms folded, and who said, 'Don't be uneasy about me Caleb; I didn't kill Wickliffe, and don't intend to escape.' At one time you were within six feet of where I was. It's lucky you did not find me, for I was ready at that moment to send you to keep company with Wickliffe; but I saw all, ever when you stumbled and dropped your gloves, as you mentioned your horse."

"God have mercy on me!" ejaculated Grayson. "This is all true! But, one word more. I heard Wickliffe, as he rode up, strike out, 'Mercy, mercy, Harry!'"

"He was begging for his life—my first name is Harry?"

The old man clasped his hands across his face, and fell senseless on the floor.

It is needless to go into the details of the prisoner's confession, which was so full and clear, that it left no doubt on the mind of the Judge that he was guilty of Wickliffe's murder, and that Harry Blake was another of those who had gone to swell the list of victims to Circumstantial Evidence.

TOM CORWIN, THE WAGON BOY.

Many good anecdotes are going the rounds of the newspapers, illustrative of the ready wit and broad humor that characterize this favorite son of Ohio; but among them all, we do not remember to have seen in print the following, which was told to us a few years since, by a communicative gentleman, who was our fellow passenger for a day, while journeying across the Buckeye State.

At the time when Corwin and Shannon were first arrayed as rival candidates for the gubernatorial Chair of the State, it happened that the former gentleman took passage in a stage coach, from some one of the river towns for the interior. The only companions on his journey were a smart genteelly dressed woman, accompanied by a child, to which she seemed devotedly attached, but which, nevertheless, gave her some trouble. Tom, ever ready in the hour of trial, whether at making speeches, cracking jokes, or tending babies, kindly volunteered his services in keeping the youngster quiet, and the parties soon became sociable. It was not long, therefore, before the lady, feeling the dignity and pride of her station, determined to make herself known to the stranger by informing him that she was no less a personage than the wife of the Governor. Corwin was not a little surprised at this announcement, but expressed his gratification in terms of due reverence at having so distinguished a personage as his *compagnon du voyage*, and made some allusion to the probable results of the coming contest, still preserving his ingognito.

"O," said the lady, "he'll never be elected; why, he's nothing but a wagon boy. You don't suppose that the people of this great State will ever condescend to vote for such a man as him. A wagoner for Governor—O, it is so funny," and the lady leaned back and laughed till the baby, who had just got quiet, awoke again and screamed like mad.

This changed the conversation, and the day passed off pleasantly and agreeably. At the tavern, where the stage stopped to dine, Corwin was all attention and politeness; assisting the lady to alight, helping her, at the table, to the choicest cut, from the various dishes, chucking the "young governor" under the chin, &c. After dinner the journey was resumed, and at evening the parties arrived at a place where they must part—Corwin intending to pass by private conveyance to the next town, while his lady companion was expecting to tarry at the hotel.

As the stage drove up to the door, it occurred to the waggoner candidate that it was not right to go away without making himself known at the end of his journey, more especially as his companion had done so at the outset; so, taking the child in one arm, and handing the lady to the ground in the politest manner possible, he leaped the way to the parlor, followed by her ladyship. There relieving himself of his tender charge by placing it upon the sofa, he introduced himself in these laconic words: "Madam, I am the wagon boy to whom you alluded this morning. My name is Tom Corwin. I have, as you see, laid your darling little one on the flat of his back; and you must not be surprised if I should serve his father the same way at the next election."

Corwin was so polite to stopping the lady any embarrassment by occasioning to hear an apology, and an hour afterwards was haranguing the incorruptible free-

men of H., and exerting all the might of his eloquence for the fulfillment of the prophesy just before made, to lay Wilson Shannon flat on his back, and to live in safety.

How well he succeeded, has become a matter of history, with which all our readers are doubtless familiar.—*Christian Register.*

HORACE GREELY.—Macracon, of the Dayton Transcript, has been on a visit to the Eastern Cities. Of course he called on most of the Editors. He describes but one—GREELY, of the N. Y. Tribune:

"One of the most remarkable men of the craft is Horace Greely. We found him in a little old dingy looking garret, in the fourth or fifth story of the Tribune building. He was all alone. Every thing about him was in a glorious state of disorder and confusion. He was seated at a little table, with his head down, pouring over an old newspaper. About a cart load of the 'same sort' were strewn around him without regard to order or system.

He greeted us with much cordiality, bade us to be seated, and commenced a conversation with regard to the politics of Ohio and of Montgomery county. We were surprised to find that he knew all about the prominent men in the county—not only in the Whig and Democratic parties—but also in the Liberty party. He wished to know, particularly, the reason why the Democracy always carried the Whig ticket in this county, when the balance of the Whig ticket were elected. Of course we could not tell him. We came to the conclusion that if his information was as accurate in regard to every county in the U. States, he must be a prodigious politician. Horace Greely is one of the finest and most intellectual men we ever saw. We were agreeably disappointed in his personal appearance.

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.—There was a little old woman in the city of Glasgow who much admired Dr. Chalmers, and diligently attended all his sermons, on Sundays and week-days, whether they were doctrinal or practical, theological or astronomical. One day she came home in great perplexity. The Dr. had dwelt much upon the 'moral lever,' with which he wished to uplift human nature. What a 'moral lever' was, the little old woman could not divine. A friend took a poker and placed it on the bar of the grate, trying to realize the imagery palpable. The little old woman paused—puzzled—and at last she burst out: 'She thought of the indignity done the pulpit, the Doctor, and herself, by so gross a materialization of the 'moral lever,' and, bursting with indignation, she asked: 'Do you mean to tell me that Dr. Chalmers would preach a half hour about a picker?'"

A few years since, when Rev. Dr. Hawke, the celebrated Episcopal clergyman, was about leaving New York for the South, he was waited upon by the vestry of a small church in Westchester county, and urgently solicited to take charge of the same. The Rev. Doctor graciously received the proposal, but, respectively declining the salary, though liberal for the parish which they represented, would be inadequate for his expenses, and for the respectable family of children to educate and provide for. One of the Committee replied, 'The Lord will take care of them; he has promised to hear the young ravens when they cry, and provide for them.' 'Very true,' said the Rev. gentleman, 'but he has not promised to provide for the young Hawks.'

ANECDOTE OF CORWIN.—At the Cork assizes, Mr. G. Bennett, addressing the term 'temperate habit' in a policy of insurance, said, 'The late Sir Hercules Langrishe was exceeding fond of drinking, and being ill, he consulted the celebrated Dr. Plunket, who advised him to drink only a glass of wine in the day. Sir Hercules promised to obey, but the doctor called in upon him in a day or two after, and seeing his patient out of order, said to him, 'I am anxious to see the size of the glass, upon which Sir Hercules brought in a glass, which contained two quarts. (Laughter.) The doctor then restricted Sir Hercules to a pint of wine in a day; and on the following one, having called on his patient, told him to stick to that quantity and it would lengthen his days. 'I believe you,' said Sir Hercules, 'for yesterday was the longest day I ever spent.'

A KENTUCKY MAROR DECLARES THAT SINCE he has signed the testator's pledge he has drunk the Mississippi water by the gallon.

"Talk not to me of a man eating a peck of dirt in a lifetime," said he; "why I have been swallowing that sediment for a month, and an already chock full of sand-bags, snags, rags, islands, and sunken flat-boats, and never was healthier in my life."

THE DISASTER ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

The Buffalo