THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIX.—44. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, 1849. NEW SERIES—NO. 86.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

THE Temperance Associations of Pennsylvania, of every description, are hereby notified that a State Temperance Convention will again be held at HARRISBURG, on the FOURTH TUESDAY, being the twenty-third day of January, 1849:

The State Central Committee in the exercise of the discretion allowed them by the resolution of the Convention have fixed the time to allow delegates an opportunity to attend the meeting of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance.

In accordance with a resolution of the late convention, they are requested to furnish full and direct answers to the following interrogatories, to be sent either by delegates to the proposed Convention, or if no such opportunity is afforded, in a letter addressed to "The President of the State Temperance Convention at Harrisburg."

How many individuals, since the first of January, 1848, have been prosecuted in your courts for crimes, whose origin can be traced to the influence of intoxicating liquors, either directly or indirectly?

How many individuals were confined in your jails or penitentiaries during the past year? and how many were brought there through intemperance, either directly or indirectly?

How many murders have been committed in your county? and in how many cases can their cause be traced to the influence of intoxicating liquors, either directly or indirectly?

What is the number of paupers in your district or county? and how many were made so by intemperance, either directly or indirectly.

What is the number of drunkards in your district or county? and how many have died during the past year?

What is the state of the cause of temperance in your county, the number of its friends, its obstacles and prospects? and what is the general sentiment in regard to a law prohibiting the traffic in liquors?

If you have any thing interesting or important to communicate, not indicated by the above questions, do so.

It is very desirable to have whole counties included in the answers of these questions, and it is hoped that some active friends of the cause in each county will take immediate steps for that purpose.—Much of the necessary information may be obtained from the Sheriff, Prothonotary and Prosecuting Attorney in each county.

By order of the State Central Committee. GEO. R. M'FARLANE, *Chairman.*

Jan. 5, 1849.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

IN pursuance of a writ of *Venditioni exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale on *Saturday the 13th day of January next*, at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court-house in the Borough of Gettysburg, the following Real Estate, to wit:

A certain House and part of a Lot of Ground,

situate in the Borough of Gettysburg, fronting on an alley, running south from West High street, and adjoining lots of Henry Williams, Esther Gibson, and others, on which is erected a

ONE-STORY
Log Dwelling House.

Seized and taken in execution as the Estate of GEORGE HARRIS.

WILLIAM FICKES, *Sheriff.*

Sheriff's Office, Gettysburg, Dec. 22, 1848.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all Legatees and other persons concerned, that the Administration Accounts of the deceased persons hereinafter mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams county, for confirmation and allowance, on *Monday the 15th day of January next:*

The account of George Jacobs and David Jacobs, Administrators of the estate of Samuel Jacobs, deceased.

The first account of Simon S. Bishop, Executor of the last will and testament of Worley J. Stonesifer, deceased.

The account of Joseph Sneeringer, Administrator of the estate of David Sneeringer, deceased.

WM. W. HAMERSLY, Register.

Register's Office, Gettysburg, Dec. 15, 1848. } to

APPEALS FOR 1849.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Appeals on the Taxes assessed for 1849, will be held at the Commissioners' Office, in Gettysburg, as follows:

For Huntington, Latimore, Liberty, Conewago, Tyrone, Freedom, and Union townships, on *Thursday the 25th of January inst.*

For Gettysburg, and the townships of Cumberland, Berwick, Hamilton, Mountpleasant, Reading and Oxford, on *Friday the 26th inst.*

For Germany, Hamiltonban, Menallen, Straban, Franklin and Mountjoy townships, on *Saturday the 27th inst.*

☞ The Assessors will be expected to return their duplicates to the Commissioners' office by Thursday, the 25th inst.—They will also be expected to be present in person on the day of Appeals for their respective townships.

By order of the Commissioners.

J. AUGHINBAUGH, Clerk.

Jan. 5, 1848.—6t

NOTE BOOKS—50 copies of Walker's Southern Harmony, just received, which will be sold to country merchants, or private individuals, at a small advance upon cost, at the Bookstore of

Dec. 15. KELLER KURTZ.

ALMANACKS for 1849—12 different styles—sold by the gross, hundred, dozen, or single copy, at the Bookstore of

Dec. 15. KELLER KURTZ.

PERSEVERANCE.

A swallow in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient heart; but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place she flew,
And, with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands or chance, again laid waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and, lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have FAITH and struggle on!

A NEGRO SONG—NOT CHRISTY'S.

BY C. D. STUART.

The negro had no master once,
But like the white man free,
He owned his cabin, and his field,
Beyond the dark blue sea;
His hair was black and glossy then,
Though now 't is changed to gray,
And sad and heavy is his heart,
Which then was light and gay.

His home was where the white pearl grows,
Upon the sea-washed strand,
Where gold is scattered lavishly,
Among the shining sand:
A happy home, 'mid fragrant flowers,
With love to cheer him there;
His spirit and his limbs as free
As freest mountain air!

A wife he to his bosom pressed,
With children smiling 'round,
And happiness within his heart
Her fullest measure found;
Until one day the white man came—
One dark and bitter day—
And bound him by his hearth, and bore
Him from his home away.

He struggled and he wept in vain—
His children and his wife
Plead with their tears for husband, sire,
Their light, their joy, their life!
The white man heeded not their prayer,
But from his native land
Drove him to where a black ship lay,
Close anchored off the strand.

For many, many, weary days,
Beneath a burning sky,
Bound in that black ship's gloomy hold,
The white man made him lie;
And when at last, a shore was gained
Beyond the Atlantic wave,
The white man stripped him of his gyves,
And drove him forth—a *slave!*

Thus was the Negro's freedom lost,
By force of whip and chain.
And he from home, wife, children, torn,
To see them ne'er again!
O! wonder not his hair is gray,
That death his soul should crave,
For who would live, when all of life
Is buried in the grave!

[From the Reflector and Watchman.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY MRS. T. P. SMITH.

"A fairy tale, O, mother!" exclaimed several little voices at once, as Mrs. J. took her seat at the accustomed hour, to tell the children a story. "Now, mother, tell us a fairy tale; every body says they are the most entertaining; and you know when Cousin M. sent Mary Howitt's fairy tales, she said fairy tales were quite fashionable." "Well," said the mother, "I had as lief tell you a fairy tale as any other, but first tell me what you think is the meaning of '*fairy*.'" One replied, "beautiful being;" another, "did not know;" but the eldest boy said he thought fairies were "imaginary beings." Taking that for a definition, his mother then began the fairy tale called,

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

One evening, as a poor man and his wife, with five or six children, were sitting at the door of their cottage, one of the children said, "Oh, father how poor we are. I do wish a good fairy would come and tell us where we might find a great treasure. I guess I would not sit all day idle any more, and have so little to eat." No sooner said than done—a beautiful woman, with radiant countenance, stood before them, who said, "Little boy, I heard your wish and if you will obey my directions, you may find a great treasure." Then turning to the man, she said, "A treasure lies hid in your grounds; if you will seek for it, you *will find* it, and may *have it*, it is not three feet from the surface either; *begin to-morrow to dig for it.*" She then went away. The children clapped their hands for joy, and the man and his wife could hardly credit their ears, that they had really heard such a thing; for they were very poor indeed; though the man had a large tract of land, it was uncultivated, yielded nothing, barely sufficient pasturage for a poor cow, which afforded them almost the only sure nourishment they had. They were poor, idle, discontented people, and the children half starved; so to be sure they were glad enough to hear the fairy's words, and could hardly wait till the next morning to begin to dig. They were up with the sun; those that could get shovels dug with them, those that could not, worked with their hands. In a few days they had dug considerable of a place over, and several times they thought they had come upon the treasure, but it was only stones; they went on so for several weeks, but had not found the treasure.

One night as they sat at the door, the beautiful fairy again appeared. "Well," said she, "you haven't found the treasure yet! No matter, dig away, *you'll find it some time or other;* meantime, Mr. Goodman, you must not let these little folks starve; get some corn, throw it into that patch you have dug, and have some corn growing. I'll come again by and by—dig away *you'll find the treasure;*" so she went away.

"That's a capital idea," said the father, (Goodman,) "I'll get some corn and plant there to-morrow." So he did, and as they dug for the treasure, it pleased them to see how soon the corn sprung up and ripened, and what a crop they had; and the corn-stalks made nice food for the cow too. The mother dug for the treasure, sometimes, and having become accustomed to it, they all accomplished together quite a large piece in a short time; and soon the good fairy appeared again. She said she knew they had not found the treasure yet, but she was afraid the young children had become tired digging, and she thought they had better go into the woods and get some wild strawberries, and put into the last piece they had dug; it was just the place to make strawberries very large, and it would please them; but dig on, said she, you will *certainly find the treasure yet;* so the next day the children went and brought home baskets of strawberry roots, and planted a nice bed of them; then they dug away again for the treasure.

One day they dug a terrible hard piece of the land, and had to pull up some old tree stumps and stones, &c., round a large cherry tree behind the house, and they were very tired. That night a traveller came that way, and had to stop there over night, they lived so far from any other house. As they had no barn he tied his horse to the cherry tree, and gave him his oats out of a bag he brought on his back. The traveller went away next morning, but in a few days they found that the oats the horse had spilled and scattered sprung up in the nicely dug ground, and they had a little field of oats! This pleased Mr. Goodman very much, and when the good fairy next appeared he told her of it. "Oh, yes," she said, "it would be a good plan to plant something in each place as you dig it"—she said the next time she came she would bring some seeds for them.—So they had another object for which to dig beside the finding of the treasure—to see things growing.

She was as good as her word, and brought the seed, and they dug so well they could plant a great many melons and other nice things which they never had before in their lives; and the soil was so good and had been so nicely dug and turned over for the treasure, that the plants grew so rapidly, and ripened so soon, that the next time she came she told them they had better stop digging awhile, just till they could take care of the oats and strawberries, and melons, and other things. They had eaten as much of them as they wanted all the season, and sold some to the nearest houses, and now Mr. Goodman said they would go next week to the nearest market town, with the rest. So they went. The market people said the strawberries were the largest they had ever seen, and their melons had brought the highest price, and the mother surprised them all by showing a cheese she had made from the milk of their cow, which had yielded twice as much, having had much better food. The three youngest children had carried each two baskets of strawberries, (the baskets they made of willow twigs,) while the elder ones and their father were loaded with melons, pears, beans, corn, &c., and when they had sold them and came out of town on their way home, a happier family never were seen. They all had a handful of money they had earned themselves!—When they got home they sat round a table, and putting all their money upon it, sat looking in wonder and joy. They had never seen so much in all their lives before; they were so pleased they had quite forgotten the treasure they had dug so hard and long for, till the fairy put her head in at the door.

"How beautiful your farm looks!" said she, "and your cherry tree will bear bushels of nice cherries next season, now you have dug away all those stones and stumps from the roots. See how it is branching out! And what have you here?" looking on the table. "Money! silver! dollars!" said she. "*Did I not tell you there was a hidden treasure in your ground that you would certainly find if you dug for it?* this heap of money is the least part of the treasure you have found by digging."

"Look how healthy you have all become! how industrious and useful your children have become—how hopeful and happy you all are! Look at your farm now, where was nothing but stumps and stones before you dug, is now a garden and fields! Yes, you have found more than *one treasure*—and now, should you like to know my name? I am called "Industry, or the poor man's fairy." I always know and tell where treasure is, to all—children, even, if they will listen to my voice and words; adieu, adieu," and she kissed her hand and disappeared, leaving them still looking at *the treasure* they had found.

SYMPATHY.—It is mistaken idea that manliness and stoicism are inseparable—that a tender regard for the feelings and interest of others is weak and unmanly.—A heart insensible to sympathy claims greater affinity with the brute than the man. Show me the man who is regardless of the feelings of his friends or his enemies; who has no tear to drop with his brother in misfortune or in guilt; a stranger to sympathy with the heart he has thoughtlessly wounded; reckless alike of personal character and personal or family peace; who lives for self, and confines his sympathies within the boundaries of his own success; and I will show you such a man as is calculated to crimson the cheek of humanity, and cause his fellows almost to forget the divinity of their original, in the enormity and deformity of its inglorious prostitution.

INTOXICATING DRINKS.—The habit of using ardent spirits by men in office has occasioned more injury to the public, and more trouble to me, than all other causes. And were I to commence my administration again, with the experience I now have, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate, would be, "Does he use ardent spirits?"—*Thomas Jefferson.*

On Sterne's entering a coffee room at York, a Mr. A. staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson, upon which Sterne said, "And so, sir, does my dog, for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock, he falls a barking." "Indeed," replied A., "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

EFFECT OF IMAGINATION ON THE PHYSICAL FRAME.

Many years ago, a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effects of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition. To this end he begged the Minister of Justice to allow him to try an experiment on a criminal condemned to death. The Minister consented, and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit and thus addressed him:

"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family, have prevailed on the Judge not to require you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore commuted your sentence, and sanctions your being tied to death within the precincts of your prison. Your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain." The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and thought it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of public execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand—his eyes were bandaged—he was strapped to a table—and at a preconcerted signal four of his veins were gently pricked with the point of a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into basins placed to receive it. The patient believing that it was his blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversation of the doctor in an under tone, confirmed him in his opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die; he would have lived a long time." "Hush!" said the other, and then approaching the first, he asked in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?" "Twenty-four. You are already about ten pounds extracted; and that man is now in a hopeless state."—The physicians then receded by degrees, and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broken only by the dripping fountains, the sound of which was gradually lessened, so effected the brain of the poor patient, that, although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died *without having lost a drop of blood.*"

MR. CLAY AND THE GOAT.

Almost every body in Washington city remembers an old he-goat, which formally inhabited Naylor's livery on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was in all probability, the most independent citizen of the metropolis—he belonged to no party, though he frequently gave passengers striking proofs of his adhesion to the levelling principle; for whenever a person stepped anywhere in his vicinage, Billy was sure to make at him—horns and all. The boys took great delight in irritating the long bearded gentleman, and frequently so annoyed him that he would make war against lamp-posts and trees to their great amusement.

One day the luminary of the west, Henry Clay, was passing down the Avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with his characteristic humanity, expostulated with them on their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the great statesman; but was all cherokee to Billy, who—the ungrateful scamp!—arose majestically on his hinder legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay—although he had not "slain a Mexican," proved himself too much for his horned assailant; he seized on both horns of the dilemma, and then came the "tug of war"—for Greek had met Greek. The struggle was long and doubtful.

"Hah" exclaimed the statesman, "I have got you fast, you rascal! I'll teach you better manners. But, boys," continued he turning to the laughing urchins, "what shall I do now?"

"Why trip up his feet, Mr. Clay," said they.

Mr. Clay did as he was told and after many severe efforts, brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys imploringly, seeming to say "I never was in such a fix before."

The combatants were nearly exhausted—Goaty had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while that the statesman was losing it.

"Why—don't you know?" said a little fellow, making preparations to run as he spoke, "all you have got to do is let go and run like blazes!"

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—A few days since, some men, who were working upon our streets, broke a stone in two, in which was a beautiful purple flower, with some green leaves as fresh in appearance and as soft to the touch as though it had been grown in a green house. How it came there is a mystery to us. The stone had been in our street for twelve years. But the flower was evidently in the stone when quarried. Perhaps it had been from time whereof the memory of a man runneth not to the contrary; ay, for aught we know, it is an antediluvian flower. Mr. S. S. Young says, "the flower resembles the Hibiscus species, but the leaf is more nearly the rose, but is not exactly like any flower now a native of this country, nor indeed like any exotic cultivated here."—He adds, "it most probably grew in the whole rock where it now is, but the rocks must have been earth when it grew."—*Eaton (Ohio) Register.*

VERY INQUISITIVE.—"How can you be sure that Mrs. H. will read this letter?" said one friend to another, who wished to communicate intelligence to a married lady indirectly, seeing that you have directed it to her husband." "She'll open it to a certainty," was the reply, "don't you see I've marked '*private*' in the corner?"

A GOOD RETORT.—When Lucy Cowper was once examined in a court of justice, one of the counsellors asked her if she came there in the character of a modest woman. "No, sir," replied she, "that which has been the ruin of me, has been the making of you—I mean impudence."

FORGET THEE!

Forget thee! If to dream by night,
And muse on thee by day—
If all the worship, deep and wild,
A poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence breathed for thee,
To Heaven's protecting power—
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,
A thousand fa an hour—
If busy fancy blending thee
With all my future joy—
If thou call'st these "forgetting," thou
Indeed shalt be forgot.

Forget thee! Did the forest birds
Forget their sweetest tune;
Forget thee! Did the forest buds
To swell beneath the moon:
Did the faint evening flower forget
To drink refreshing dew:
Thyself forget thy own dear land,
Its mountains white and blue!
Forget each own familiar face,
Each long remembered spot—
When these things are forgot by thee,
Then shalt thou be forgot.

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace
Still calm and fancy free—
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
Should grow less glad for me;
Yet, *while that heart is still unsown,*
Oh! bid not mine to roam—
But let it nurse its humble faith
And uncomplaining love
If these, preserved for patient years,
At last avail me ht,
Forget me then! *but not in believe*
That THOU canst be OURS!

OVERLOOK NOTHING.

Some men seem to go through the world with their eyes shut—others keep them always open. The latter, at every step, are adding to their stock of knowledge and correcting and improving their judgment by experience and observations. They keep their minds ever awake, and active, and on the alert—gathering instruction from every occurrance, watching for favorable opportunities, and seeking, if possible, to turn even their failures and mischances to their advantage. Such persons will rarely have occasion to say, "I have lost a day," or

——"To weep o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind."

They will make every event this occasion of improvement, and will find

——"Books, in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

To the attentive observer, even nature itself will appear a vast scroll, written all over, by the finger of God, with instructive, though sometimes mysterious, characters; while to the careless it will seem at best but a blank, or perhaps but a scene of confusion, "without form or comeliness," possessing little to excite curiosity or admiration.

To the young, especially, would we recommend habits of close and careful observation. We would say to them, "overlook nothing." Do not despise the day of small things. Endeavor to turn the leisure time you may have; the money you may earn or inherit; the privileges you may enjoy; in short, every thing, to the best possible account. Take care of the minutes and pence, and the hours and pounds will take care of themselves.

He who learns to regard his leisure moments as valueless, and habitually squanders for trifles the small sums of money he may have because they are small, will never be learned or rich. The secret of success is to be careful of little things.

"Spend no moment but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds—they can tell."

LOOK TOWARD THE LIGHT.—The sailor on the midnight sea, if he would guide him across the trackless deep, must look not on the dark, troubled waves, but at the clear blue heavens. If the sky is overcast, and the star is veiled by clouds, he must turn to his compass; and its needle, ever true to the pole, will point to the star, though it be hidden from his vision. So, tossed on many a billow, if we would see heaven's guiding light, we must not look at the waves of temptation that dash and break around, but above to God. Should darkness and clouds gather in the sky, let us turn to the Bible, and it will point to Him who shines beyond the clouds in unchanging glory.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.—Dr. Jayne of Patent Medicine notoriety, has published for gratuitous distribution, at an expense of more than a hundred thousand dollars, two million copies of an almanac for 1849, containing, of course, extensive advertisements of his, medicine. When we see men building up, as Dr. J. is doing, colossal fortunes by a judicious and prudent system of advertising, we cannot refrain from commenting upon the penny wise policy adopted by the self styled business men, who strive for years to establish a house, and give it a reputation, without doing it in the only way in which it can be done.—*Urbana Gazette.*

BURNT TO DEATH.—On Tuesday evening week, the house of Philip Steinbach, at Port Carbon, Pa., was destroyed by fire, and three of his children fell victims to the flames. Four children were left at home while the parents went to church. By the burning of a house at Westport, (Mass.) early on Tuesday morning, Mrs. Wing, 81 years of age, and a boy 7 years old, perished in the flames.

HORRIBLE.—At N. Orleans, on the 22d ult, Wm. Bailey was found guilty of murdering his wife in July, by cruelly beating her just after confinement, because the child to which she had given birth was a girl, whereas he desired a boy.

SAY YES, PUSSY.—A gentleman, not very long since, wishing to pop the question, did it in the following singular manner.—Taking up the young lady's cat, he said, "Pussey, may I have your mistress?"—It was answered by the lady who said, "Say yes, Pussey."

A GOOD TOAST.—The Temperance Army: The only army ever known where each volunteer is a regular, and every private an orderly. May it soon become the "army of occupation" throughout the world.

Three slaves were burned to death in a corn barn near Chattanoga, Tenn., a few days ago.

COURT SCENES.—A little boy being called upon the stand, in a Philadelphia Court, was asked if he knew the nature of an oath, to which he replied—"If I tell the truth now and be good afterwards, I will go to heaven." The judge remarked that the question was admirably answered and immediately ordered the boy to be sworn.

A dull looking lad, on whose testimony the case was likely to turn, was once produced in Court in Chambersburg, by Mr. Dunlap, now of the Pittsburg bar. The lad answered the usual questions employed to test the competency of juveniles, very much as in the anecdote above. But the the Judge suspecting that the boy had been regularly drilled for that purpose, unexpectedly asked him, "where does heaven be, my son?" Dunlap, believing that his witness was likely to locate it somewhere out in the State of Ohio, diverted the Court from its purpose, and the bar and by-standers with his wit, by promptly answering for him; "That's a question which would puzzle your Honor, I take it." The examination went on, but the boy broke down, and Dunlap lost his case, though he made the hit.

On another occasion, he signalized himself after this fashion. A party was designated by the very general affix of Esq. As there were several men of the name in the county, the question of his identity turned upon his right to the title. On inquiry it turned out that Mr. Brown was a militia captain only, upon which Judge Reed remarked, that liberally as the title was distributed, he had never known it given to military men. "Ah," said Dunlap, "if your Honor please, a Militia captain is certainly one species of that genus of dignitaries." "Species—genus," said the Judge, "I never heard the animal classified before. How do you do it?" "There are four species of squires, sir," was the reply, "If your Honor will count, I'll enumerate them. Esqire—squire—squirette and squirt. My client is a squirt, sir." Dunlap was a wit in those days, but making law digests has dulled his edge latterly, and worked the fun out of him.—*Daily Republic.*

CANINE FIDELITY.—We copy the following interesting anecdote from the columns of the Hamilton (Canada West) *Spectator:*

"On Saturday night, a man, residing in East Market-street, found in that part of the city called 'Mote's Survey,' a child of six or eight years of age, sitting on the roadside, and crying bitterly. The child was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which attempted to pacify its companion by lying beside him and licking his face. The man took the boy in his arms, and brought him to the engine-house, thinking that the parents would in more likely to hear of their child there than any other place. The dog followed quietly, and upon Mr. Rykman—whose humanity and care are well known—making a bed for the child, the dog testified its delight by jumping about the room, and licking the host and child alternately. The boy being comfortably bedded for the night, the dog took his post beside him, and could not be coaxed from the spot. During the night Mr. Rykman had occasion to go into the room, but the moment he crossed the threshold the dog, who was so docile when he left, became furiously enraged, and actually drove him out of the room—at least as quickly as he entered. Neither coaxing nor scolding had the slightest effect upon the faithful animal: he had taken the child under his protection, and appeared determined to perform his duty.—Early in the morning another member of the family, who was not aware that they had visitors, went into the room; but he had hardly placed a foot inside, when he was furiously attacked by the dog, and compelled to decamp. Before doing so, however, he seized a chair to defend himself, and broke it to pieces over the dog, without producing any other effect than rendering him more savage and determined than before. Finding it impossible either to get into his room or oust the dog out, or awaken the child, Mr. Rykman procured assistance, and entry was effected simultaneously by the door and window. Still the dog remained absolute; he would permit no one to approach the child, and it was actually necessary to beat him severely with clubs, ere he could be driven out of the house. This being at last effected, the dog started off as rapidly as it possibly could; did, in course of a couple of hours, returned, accompanied by the child's mother, jumped into the room, and began licking and fondling its little companion. Even then it was with difficulty that the woman could prevent the dog from flying at those who had been compelled, in self defence, to beat and drive him from the house. The woman said she had been in search of the child all night, without success, and that, in crossing the common near Dundurn, she saw the dog following her at the top of its speed. Upon reaching his mistress, the faithful animal immediately caught her by the dress, and pulled in the direction of the town. The woman—aware of the intelligence of the animal, and knowing that it had accompanied the boy when he strayed from home—followed, in the certainty that she would be taken to her child, whether dead or alive. Nor was she disappointed. The woman lives on a point beyond the marsh, at least two miles from the town; and she thinks that the dog, on leaving the engine-house, went straight home, and, finding its mistress absent, got upon her track, and followed it until he found her. Not the least interesting fact that we have to narrate, in this rambling sketch, is, that the moment the woman and child left the house, the dog become perfectly quiet, and even made advances towards a reconciliation with those he had so savagely assailed a few hours before.

PUNISHMENT OF A SLAVE ADDUCTOR.—The Easton (Md.,) Gazette says that James E. Work, convicted of aiding the escape of slaves, has been sentenced by Talbot county court for five years to the penitentiary, for the conviction against him in that county, making with the sentence, including that of Queen Anne's county, fifteen years and six months.

[From the Western Cultivator.

Plank Floor Injurious to Horses.

Why are elevated plank floors in stables injurious to horses' feet?

1st. Because they deprive the hoof of receiving certain assistance, which they require for their well being, and which in a state of nature they receive by moisture. The hoofs of horses are a horny, elastic, porous substance, capable of receiving moisture, which is indispensably necessary to their well being; in a natural state they receive it, and in a domesticated state they might if men would hearken to the mandates of nature. The evils of domestication to the horse are recognized by many intelligent observers and admirers of the horse; in proportion as we vary in our treatment to the horse, from his natural way of living, in the same ratio does disease and lameness exist; 'tis a solemn fact; start not at the idea, that the diseases of horses are induced by the deeds of men. Candid observation will prove the truth of this assertion. The horse's natural floor, the earth, is the best and only suitable floor for him: on that, his hoofs receive requisite moisture: on plank floors they do not—why? because it is not there. The plank floors are generally (always, believe, when they are made fashionable,) made higher at the fore part than the hind part—consequently, what little moisture there may be from the dung or urine, is drawn away from the fore feet; the effect is, the horse becomes lame in the fore feet, hoof-bound, narrow heels, &c., while the hind-feet remain sound and healthy. Why? because the hind-feet receive moisture from the dung, urine, &c., when the fore-feet fail to receive it. It will be found upon examination that nine-tenths of the horses that are lame, are so in the fore-feet; stage, carriage, road, and hackney horses, that are stabled all the time, (except when in use,) are generally the subjects of such lameness. A majority of writers and farriers, acknowledge and deplore the prevalence of lameness in the fore-feet, and as it is easier to cut a knot than untie it, they say that bad shoeing is the cause of all this lameness, so blind are they to the cause and effect, that they appear to me to know not what they say: they have got the boot on the wrong leg, and I will show it.—Blacksmiths are like other men, they have their fallings, and may perhaps lame horses occasionally, but because of this must they bear the blame of all other men's misdeeds? No, no, they should not, nor will not, if we would only seek for the true cause of all this lameness. I am a blacksmith, I stand good for the defence of myself and brethren when falsely accused. The same causes produce the same effects—horses that are kept up are generally shod all round by the same men, and in the same manner. Well now, if bad shoeing lames the fore-feet why will it not lame the hind ones in the same manner? Tell us why, you fault-finders who falsely accuse horse-shoers, or else desist; look at the effects of your own bad management, niceness and false philosophy, and you will find that your dry plank floors are the cause of so much lameness, and not bad shoeing.

Another evil attendant upon making the stalls higher at the front, is, that it compels a horse to stand in an unatural position, which is certainly improper: when a horse stands in such a manner the muscles and arteries of the hind legs are kept constantly on the stretch, frequently producing windgalls, &c. These ideas, if true, may suggest the idea of level stable floors, and of the importance of moisture to the hoof, which may be imparted by washing, daily, the legs of the horse with water that must of necessity be kept in the stable.

MISSIONARIES AND REM.—We have mentioned the sailing of five reverend missionaries and their ladies, in the barque Iona, from Boston, on Wednesday, for Smyrna. The N. Y. Tribune says:

"The vessel also took out, as a part of her cargo, 200 barrels (8,050 gallons) of N. England rum—probably to insure employment for the missionaries. If the missionaries succeed in saving as many souls as that same New England rum will destroy, they will do remarkably well."

PETER C. BROOKS, Esq., who died at Medford, near Boston, on Monday night, was probably the wealthiest man in United States. His immense fortune will be divided principally among his children.—One of his sons, Sidney Brooks, Esq., resides in New York. Three of his daughters are married respectively to Charles F. Adams, Edward Everett, and Rev. Mr. Frothingham. What other children he had we are not informed. Mr. Adams will probably be the wealthiest of all the family, as his own fortune was large, independent of that inherited from his father, the late John Quincy Adams, and the portion that he will receive from the estate of his father-in-law, Mr. Everett also has a handsome fortune, independent of his share of this estate.

TO YOUNG LADIES.—I have found that the men who are really the most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words to supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them; and respectfully is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.—*Addison.*

SEVERE SENTENCE.—Charles Smith, for gouging out the eye of a man in a fight, was sentenced at Poughkeepsie, last week, to *twenty years imprisonment in the State Prison.* This is a severe sentence, but not too severe for the enormity of the offence.

Somebody who writes more [illegible] than poetically than poetically says—"An angel without money is not thought so much of, now-a-days, as a devil with a bag full of guineas."