

THE STAR AND BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

NEW SERIES—NO. 126.

FEARLESS AND FREE.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1850.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

VOL. XX—46.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.
The subscriber will sell at private sale the FARM on which HENRY HAY has now resides, situated in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of King Wilson, Andrew Hertzfeldman, and others, containing
200 ACRES,
more or less. The improvements are a
TWO-STORY
Frame Dwelling House,
a first-rate LOG BARN, with a Spring of good water convenient to the door. There is a fair proportion of timber and meadow on the farm, and an excellent Orchard. Persons wishing to ascertain terms, which will be reasonable, will call upon the subscriber. The property can be viewed on application to the tenant.
HENRY HERSHEY, Sen.
Franklin tp., June 1, 1849.—d

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber tenders his acknowledgements to his friends and the public for the liberal patronage hitherto extended to him, and respectfully informs them that he has just received from the Cities a splendid assortment of new Goods, comprising in part a fine stock of
SHAWLS, GINGHAMS,
DELAINES, GLOVES, STOCKINGS, RIB BONS, FLOWERS, COLLARS,
Muslins, Irish Linens,
&c., all of which will be sold at the lowest cash price.
The subscriber deems it unnecessary to enumerate the different articles which comprise his stock. He would therefore earnestly invite all to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.
J. L. SCHICK.
Gettysburg, Sept. 28, 1849.—d.

VALENTINES.

WILL be opened on the 1st of February, and will be found on examination to be one of the largest and cheapest varieties ever offered in the place. Don't neglect calling to see them. Remember the only true and genuine assortment is to be found at the Cherry Bank Store of
KELLER KURTZ,
S. E. Corner of Centre Square,
and H. Schriver & Son, Littlestown, J. A. Gardner, Petersburg, Jacob Hildebrand, East Berlin, Lilly & Riley, New Oxford, Jan. 25, 1850.

SHAWLS!

SHAWLS!
NEW ARRIVAL!
PLAID LONG SHAWLS at \$7 50
and from that down. Also, a fine lot of Cashmeres. Ladies call at KURTZ'S Corner before purchasing elsewhere.
Nov. 30, 1849.

JUST RECEIVED and now opening a large lot of Long and Square SHAWLS, Turker do, which will be sold lower than they have ever been offered in the county. Ladies call soon at KURTZ'S, and examine for yourselves and secure, ere too late, one of the handsomest and most graceful articles that so richly enhances the costume.
T. WARREN.

FOR RENT.

A SMALL FARM,
Situated in Germany tp., Adams Co., Pa.
GEORGE ARNOLD.
Nov. 23, 1849.

FOR RENT.

A STORE ROOM, in a very desirable situation in the country. Possession given the first day of April next. Enquire at this office.
Dec. 24, 1849.

GOLD PENS AND SILVER PEN-CILS, (best quality) Card Cases, Visiting and Printing Cards, Fancy Note Paper, Envelopes, Motto Wallets, Fancy Sealing Wax, Letter Stamps, &c., for sale by
S. H. BUEHLER.

SILKS—now opening a splendid assortment of the best CHANGEABLE STRIPES, Chambray, Silk, Chameleon Strike Armure, Satin, Du. Obene, besides a great variety of Black Silks, which will be sold 20 per cent. cheaper than at any other establishment in town.
A. B. KURTZ.

NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to me either by note or book account, of a long standing will please call and pay the same by the first day of April next, and oblige your obedient servant,
GEORGE ARNOLD.
Feb. 1, 1850.—d

NOTICE.

Execution Docket, No. 4, Jan. Term, 1850.
Notice to all persons indebted to the estate of the late JOHN DICKING, Prothonary of the Court, Gettysburg, Pa., to appear in Court on the 26th day of February next, to show cause why the said debt should not be paid.
JOHN DICKING, Prothonary.
Feb. 1, 1850.

STRIKE ON.

Strike on—the open air was crossed
Repeating on the shore
A nation's freedom war was won
When with the banner bore
Strike on—his cowardly to shrink
When dangers rise around
The sweeter far, though linked with pain,
To gain the vintage ground.
Bright names are on the roll of Fame,
Like stars they shine on high
They may be hid with brighter rays,
But never, never die!
And these were lighted 'mid the gloom
Of low obscurity
Struggling through years of pain and toil,
And joyless poverty.
But strike—this world's not all a waste,
A wilderness of care,
Green spots are on the fold of life,
And flowers blooming fair.
Then strike—oh, let Virtue be
The guardian of our aim!
Let pure, unclouded love illumine
The path that leads to Fame!

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—
There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.
My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age as myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange that after the lapse of many years that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her little hands in the ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a free nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful like her.
It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and gladly I became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure, and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods; the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations; the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxuriant sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the airy off garden of Paradise.
The green earth and the blue sea lay around in their boundlessness, and the peaceful life bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange or lovely flower in her furtive wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility of the day continued until near noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. On the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled on like a banner unfurled upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless, as before; and there was not a quiver among the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.
To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was so frequent, and every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.
A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked, and saw an amethystine peak! And the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tot-

tered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I know not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell—but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of thunder came in faint murmurs from the eastern hills.
I rose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched upon the green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The hankerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness.—Her bright disheveled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was as lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my heart were water. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and I was taken tenderly by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.
Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow; but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me with a terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring, rearing up the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But remember—O! that she was joy in the memory!—that she had gone where no lightning slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.
My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief for me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my existence.

THE MUTE'S PRAYER.

At an annual exhibition of the deaf mutes in the Indiana Institution, the fact was stated, that Indiana was the first State in the Union to provide for the gratuitous education of her deaf mutes. Since the establishment of this institution, several other States have followed the noble example. The following prayer was recently delivered, by signs, by Miss Orchard, one of the pupils in the Indiana Institution:
God bless the state whose generous arm sustains, With willing offerings from her spreading plains, Our hapless band, which else in darkest night Had ever roamed, unblest of science light; Had never learned the sacred word to love, Nor hoped to rest within thy courts above. With golden harvests let her fields be crowned, While peace and plenty spread their joys around. God of all nations! Grant her sons may live For her and thee alone, and will thy give, When each no more its annual circuit rolls, And angel's hand the knell of ruins tolls, A peaceful end, with parting splendors crowned, Slow let her arch of empire tumble to the ground.
AN INVOLUNTARY THIEF.—We noticed a little occurrence, a short time ago, which has given cause to considerable merriment at the expense of a countryman, in Alsace township, near the city line, who lost his leather purse, containing a small amount of money in notes, in the following singular manner. He was loading wood in his wagon, when he observed a rabbit in the pile, which he caught. Removing a few more sticks another made its appearance, and in order to secure it, he tied the hind legs of the captured one with the strings of his purse, and in fancied securing laid down the rabbit, when it started off at a fleet gallop with purse and money. The countryman pursued it for upwards of six miles, when getting exhausted and out of breath, he gave up the chase. There is still force in the old saw that a hawk in hand is worth two on the wing.—*Berks County Press.*

"How do I look now, Pompey?" said a dandy to his servant, as he finished dressing.
"Elegant, massa; you look bold as a lion."
"Bold as a lion, Pompey! How do you know? You never saw a lion."
"O yes, massa, I seed one down to massa Jenk's, in his stable."
"Down to Jenk's, Pompey? Why, you great fool, Jenk's hasn't got a lion; that's a jakesack."
"Can't help it, massa, you look just like him!"
The Fulton county Democrat tells of a panther hunt in that county, which lasted several days, and in which hundreds participated. Finally they succeeded in shooting the animal, which proved to be a brigand dog with his ears cropped.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

Jack is a Methodist local preacher. In one of his sermons he told this story; when I was a lad, there were no religious people near where I lived. But I had a young master about my age, who was going to school; and he was very fond of me. At night he would come into the kitchen, to teach me the lesson he had learned himself during the day at school. In this way I learned to read.
When I was well nigh grown up, said Jack, I took up the New Testament, and agreed to read it versed by verse. When one would make a mistake the other was to correct him, so that we could learn to read well.
In a short time we both felt that we were sinners before God, and we both agreed to seek the salvation of our souls. The Lord heard our prayers, and gave us both a hope in Christ. Then I began to hold meetings for prayers and exhortation among the colored people.
My old master soon found out what was going on. He was very angry, especially because his son had become pious. He forbade me holding any more meetings, saying that if I did, he would whip me severely for it.
From that time I continued to preach and exhort on Sabbath and Sabbath nights; and on Monday morning my old master would tie me up, and cut my back to pieces with a cowhide, so that it never had time to get well. I was obliged to do my work in a great deal of pain from day to day.
Thus I lived near a year and a half. One Monday morning, my master, as usual, had made my fellow-slaves tie me to a shade tree in the yard, after stripping my back naked to receive the cowhide. It was a beautiful morning in the summer time, and the sun shone very bright. Every thing around looked very pleasant. He came up to me with cool deliberation, took his stand, and looked at me closely, but the cowhide hung stiff at his side. His conscience was at work, and it was a great moment in his life.
Well, Jack, said he, your back is covered with scars and sores, and I see no place to begin to whip. You obsolete wretch, how long do you intend to go on in this way?
Why, master, just as long as the Lord will let me live, was the reply.
Well, what is your design in it?
Why, master, in the morning of the resurrection, when my poor body shall rise from the grave, I intend to show these scars to my heavenly Father, as so many witnesses of my faithfulness in his cause.
He ordered them to untie me, and sent me to hoe corn in the field. Late in the evening, he came along, pulling a weed here, and a weed there, till he got to me, and then told me to sit down.
Jack, said he, I want you to tell me the truth. You know that for a long time your back has been sore from the cowhide; you have had to work very hard, and are a poor slave. Now tell me are you happy or not, under such troubles as these?
Yes, master, I believe I am as happy a man as there is on earth.
Well, Jack, said he, I am not happy.—Religion, you say, teaches you to pray for those that injure you. Now, will you pray for your old master, Jack?
Yes, with all my heart, said I.
We knelted down, and I prayed for him. He came again and again to me. I prayed for him in the field till he found peace in the blood of the Lamb. After this we lived together like brothers, in the same Church. On his death-bed he gave me liberty, and told me to go on preaching as I lived, and at last meet him heaven.
I have seen, said Jack, many Christians whom I loved, but I have never seen any I loved so well as my old master. I hope I shall meet him in heaven.
(Western Christian Advocate.)

DRY GOODS.—The following incident, as we learn from good authority, occurred in one of our stores the other day:
"Buy any butter here!" said a country customer who walked into a dry goods store on Market square, and looking much like a character who knew a good deal more about himself than he cared to tell.
"No sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."
"Want to buy any eggs?"
"No sir, we keep dry goods store here."
"So! Well then may be you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs and a mighty sight nicer 'u."
"No sir, I tell you we don't deal in anything but dry goods."
"Could you sell me a nice hind quarter o' pork?"
"Well, then what'll you give for dried peaches?"
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MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.—INTERESTING INCIDENT.—The scene in the Senate on Tuesday, during the delivery of Mr. Clay's speech on his compromise resolutions upon the slavery question, was of more than ordinary interest. No language, says an intelligent correspondent, can describe the manner of Mr. Clay. His lofty patriotism and manly courage make his every word eloquent, as his talents and statesmanship make all he says wise. The galleries and floor of the Senate were crowded to suffocation. Many were moved to tears, and at times it was difficult to suppress the applause. Before leaving his lodgings that morning, some one had presented to Mr. Clay's piece of the coffin of Washington, which he took with him to the Senate, and toward the close of his remarks, he thus referred to the thrilling incident:—
"A man came to my room—the same at whose instance a few days ago I presented a memorial calling upon Congress for the purchase of Mount Vernon for the use of the public—and without being at all aware of what purpose I entertained in the charge of my public duty to-day, he said to me: 'Mr. Clay I heard you make a remark that was precious to me. I saw in your possession a relic in my possession that was precious to me. He then took out of his pocket, and presented the object which I now hold in my hand. And what, Mr. President do you suppose it is? It is a fragment of the coffin of Washington—a fragment of that coffin in which now repose his ashes, in sleep, and speechless, all the earthly remains of the venerated father of his country. 'Was it portentous that it should have been thus presented to me? Was it a sad presage of what might happen to that fabric which Washington's virtue, patriotism, and valor established? No, sir no. It was a warning voice coming from the grave to the Congress now in session to beware, to pause, to reflect before they should destroy that union which was cemented by his exertions and his example. Six, I hope an immortal relic may be made on mine by the reception of this precious relic.'"

TRAVELLING through Illinois some years ago, a coach was overtaken by a most violent storm of snow, and with great difficulty reached, by means of toting and pushing, the village of N.—. The passengers made speedy tracks for the only tavern in the place, and were soon rendered comfortable by a large fire and summit to take, when the following conversation occurred between Jack B.—, the soul of the company, and the landlord:—
Jack.—Landlord, what place do you call this?
Landlord.—We call it N.—, sir.
Jack.—What is its age?
Landlord.—It was laid about four years since.
Jack.—What is its population?
Landlord.—About fifty souls in all, sir.
Jack.—Well, landlord, all I have to say is, that you have more snow here in proportion to the population than any place I was ever in.
"Hallo!" ejaculated an anxious guardian to his lovely niece, as he entered the parlor, and saw her on the sofa, in the arms of a swain, who had just popped the question, and sealed it with a smack.
"What's the time of day now?"
"I should think it was about half-past twelve," was the cool reply; "you see that we are almost one."
GRAB, READ THIS.—A few days since a young gentleman related us the following:
He said that his mother was speaking in the evening at the social home circle, of "fortune's changes," and remarked "that in her girlhood, at a social party, where there was music and dancing, a young blue eyed, light haired boy asked her to dance. She refused, and thought him rather presuming, as he was the son of a blacksmith, and she the daughter of a Capt.—, a militia captain. There was a difference in their social position. 'That boy is the present Governor of Massachusetts!'"

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A legal friend in an adjoining county, mentions a very curious case of lunacy, the facts of which were developed in a recent investigation. An Englishman, a resident of this county for several years, received before leaving England quite a large sum of money as a legacy from his father. He was worth previously a considerable property. By a codicil in the will he received one hundred and sixty pounds, which in the body of the instrument were reserved to a brother and sister. This latter sum was secured by some persuasion and effort on the part of the recipient, although it has never been supposed that he resorted to any means positively unfair or improper. This additional sum, thus obtained, so pressed upon his thoughts and conscience as finally to drive him raving mad. He is now an inmate of the asylum at Utica. He would pace his room all night writing his hands, and exclaim in intense agony, "I did it, 'I'm the man." "I'm horribly guilty; and shall be damned hereafter." "My father altered his will; and I told him to do it." He fancied, too, that he was beset with evil spirits in consequence of the unfraternal act. Efforts were made to divert his mind from the one dark theme; but in vain. It was suggested to him that he might now restore the £160, and thus atone for every thing. "No, no," he always replied—"I would not buy my father's will—would it?" "That's what troubles me. I'd give all my property to change that, but it's too late."
"Ringing the changes" on this sore point, his mind gradually became shattered, and nothing but constant watchfulness prevented his self-destruction.—*Buffalo Courier.*

A BETTER MAN THAN HIS BROTHER.—The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times vouches for the correctness of the following:
"On Thursday last a wedding party arrived from the country, consisting of the bride and groom, the brother of the latter and several friends. They put up at one of our public houses, and in the evening, the preliminaries having been all settled and the Clergyman in attendance, the ceremonies were about to begin, when the groom manifested some dissatisfaction.—The bride seeing this, and being high spirited, showed as much independence as the lover. In the midst of the confusion which ensued, the bridegroom's brother stepped up to the bride and said:—'Since you won't marry you, I'll marry you myself, if you have no objection.'
"None in the least," said the bride; "I always took you for a better man than your brother, and I am now fully convinced of it."
The knot was at once tied, and much gratification was expressed at the finale of the affair.
THE POSSE POSSED.—In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was: "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"
"When they all gave up, Pat said, 'Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole.'" One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "what's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.
So completely is the ground impregnated with seeds, that if the earth is brought to the surface from the lowest depths at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it. I have also considered this fact as one of the many surprising instances of the power and bounty of Almighty God, who has thus literally filled the earth with his goodness, by storing up a deposit of useful seeds in its depths, where they must have lain through a succession of ages, only requiring the energies of man to bring them into action. In boring for water lately, at a spot near Kensington on the Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet; this earth was carefully covered over with hand glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it; yet in a short time plants vegetated from it. If quicklime be put upon land, which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed and white clover spring up in its place. A curious fact was communicated to me respecting some land which surrounded an old castle formerly belonging to the Regent Murray near Moffat. On removing the peat, which is about six or eight inches in thickness, a stratum of soil appears, which is supposed to have been a cultivated garden in the time of the regent and from which a variety of flowers and plants spring, some of them little known even at this time in Scotland.

CORN COBS.
A friend who had read an article in some paper recommending corn cobs, ground or unground, as constituting a valuable feed for stock, undertook to test the truth of the statement for himself. He had a large quantity on hand, and after providing himself with the proper vessel—(half hoghead tub,) he filled it with corn cobs, and then with a solution of salt in water. In this steep the cobs were suffered to remain till they imbued a sufficiency of the fluid to render them soft. In this condition they were fed out to his stock—half a peck to a full grown ox or cow, in the morning, and the same quantity at evening. The stock thus fed consumed less hay and grain than before he commenced giving them cob feed. Neither do they require salt in their natural state. He has also ground several bushels of cobs, and finds the meal an excellent article for making "mush."

ECONOMICAL MODE OF FEEDING STOCK.—Farmers who have but a few animals, say two or three cows, a yoke of cattle, or a pair of horses, will find it greatly to their interest to cut their corn-stalks, straw, and even hay, when it bears a high price. When this is done, put the fodder into casks of suitable dimensions, take hot water to prolong the heat, and salt it at the rate of two quarts to a barrel. All know that brine can be kept longer than fresh water. Pour this upon the cut fodder as fast as possible, in order to prevent the escape of heat, cover the head of the cask close with a blanket, or any thing convenient which will keep in the steam, and let it stand half a day or longer, when it will be found tolerably well cooked.—Now place it in troughs for the stock; and if you have a little meal or bran to sprinkle over it, your animals will relish the feed so much the better, and it will do them more good. Cornstalks, straw, and coarse hay, are worth twice as much for food when thus prepared, than if thrown out neither cut nor steamed. We give the above from experience, having been in the habit of following the practice for years.
Farmers labor diligently during spring, summer, and autumn, to raise fodder, and then allow a large portion to be wasted from sheer negligence. Winter is their leisure time, and they should endeavor, at some extra pains, to economize the food they have worked so hard to procure.—Machines for cutting stalks, straw and hay, have been greatly improved and multiplied within a few years past, and can now be had at low prices. It is economical to possess them, and no farmer should be without at least one on his premises.

AS GOOD AS IT WERE DEAD.—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to the cat to help him out. The cat replied:—"It is a foolish request; for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."
The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him up; but the fumes of the beer caused him to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.
The cat called on the mouse to come out. "Did you, sir, not promise that I should eat you?"
"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

A WAGS THAT FATHER MATTHEW HAS recently received a large offer to take up his residence in Wall street, to keep the money market from getting tight.

A WESTERN GIRL, after giving her lover a hearty snort, exclaimed:—'Dog my cat, if you hadn't been takin' a little sizz, oh how."

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A legal friend in an adjoining county, mentions a very curious case of lunacy, the facts of which were developed in a recent investigation. An Englishman, a resident of this county for several years, received before leaving England quite a large sum of money as a legacy from his father. He was worth previously a considerable property. By a codicil in the will he received one hundred and sixty pounds, which in the body of the instrument were reserved to a brother and sister. This latter sum was secured by some persuasion and effort on the part of the recipient, although it has never been supposed that he resorted to any means positively unfair or improper. This additional sum, thus obtained, so pressed upon his thoughts and conscience as finally to drive him raving mad. He is now an inmate of the asylum at Utica. He would pace his room all night writing his hands, and exclaim in intense agony, "I did it, 'I'm the man." "I'm horribly guilty; and shall be damned hereafter." "My father altered his will; and I told him to do it." He fancied, too, that he was beset with evil spirits in consequence of the unfraternal act. Efforts were made to divert his mind from the one dark theme; but in vain. It was suggested to him that he might now restore the £160, and thus atone for every thing. "No, no," he always replied—"I would not buy my father's will—would it?" "That's what troubles me. I'd give all my property to change that, but it's too late."
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The knot was at once tied, and much gratification was expressed at the finale of the affair.
THE POSSE POSSED.—In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question; if it was answered, he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was: "How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?"
"When they all gave up, Pat said, 'Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole.'" One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?" "Ah," said Pat, "what's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

AS GOOD AS IT WERE DEAD.—A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of being drowned, and appealed to the cat to help him out. The cat replied:—"It is a foolish request; for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you."
The mouse replied, that fate would be better than to be drowned in beer. The cat lifted him up; but the fumes of the beer caused him to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole.
The cat called on the mouse to come out. "Did you, sir, not promise that I should eat you?"
"Ah," replied the mouse, "but you know I was in liquor at the time."

A WAGS THAT FATHER MATTHEW HAS recently received a large offer to take up his residence in Wall street, to keep the money market from getting tight.

A WESTERN GIRL, after giving her lover a hearty snort, exclaimed:—'Dog my cat, if you hadn't been takin' a little sizz, oh how."