

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE"

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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

VOLUME XXIII.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 1862.

NUMBER 24.

By D. A. & C. H. Buehler.

There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid.

One more new claimant for human fraternity; Swelling the flood that sweeps on to eternity.

Room for him into the ranks of humanity; Give him a place in your kingdom of vanity!

Look how his merry eyes turn to me pleadingly! Can we help, lovers of life, loving exceedingly!

Mamma, I'll wake up happy!

Mamma! I'll wake up happy!

Mamma! I'll wake up happy!

Mamma! I'll wake up happy!

Mamma! I'll wake up happy!

Mamma! I'll wake up happy!

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THE LAST DAYS OF BYRON.

"I passed the winter of Byron's death in Greece," says a traveller, "and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of his fit of epilepsy, which occurred on the 11th of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him, at the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to and proud of to the last.

"I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said that at the first time I called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. 'But,' said he, 'had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of liberty; the only spot of God's green earth not desecrated by tyranny.'

"In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he said at that time in reply was, 'Poor Greece—poor Greece! once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help her.'

"You will remember that but a little time before this, Marco Bozzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, 'Marco Bozzaris! He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had the blood of Leonidas in his veins, I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as good blood as ever wet this soil.'

"At his request, his servant then bro't a rosewood box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of Child Harold, as he handed this precious relic to me, 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Sufiot band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent.' As he spoke those words a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

"Soon he fell upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Greece! O God bless thee and Ada! I only ask of Heaven two things; and Heaven ought to grant them—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'

"In a few days after I left him I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's Sketch Book. I took it in my hand, and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the Sketch Book?'

"I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.' 'That,' said he, 'is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay, do you know Irving? I replied that I had never seen him. 'God bless him!' exclaimed Byron; 'he is a genius; and has something better than genius—a heart.' I wish I could see him, but I fear I never shall. Well, read—the Broken Heart.—What a word!

"In closing the first paragraph, I said, 'Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts.' 'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'and so do I; and—so does every body but philosophers and fools.' So I waited whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary as it came fresh from Byron's heart.—While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his eyes upon me, and said, 'you see me weep, sir. Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes; but I always have tears for the Broken Heart.'

"When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said, 'What a being that Tom is, and Irving, and Emmet and his beautiful love!—What beings all! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to Irving; I want to see your stupendous scenery; I want to see Washington's grave; I want to see the classic form of living freedom; and I want to get your government to recognize Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece.'

"Those were the last days of Byron; and I shall consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have day by day watched the workings of his lofty imagination while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window, and deep thoughts lit up with an earthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form wasting away by disease

I never gazed on him after we first met without feeling as I think I should feel to see a powerful stream undermining its progress the foundations of some classic temple. It was inexorably painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes burnt so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, fearless and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"In a few hours," said the faithful Fletcher, as he related these facts to me, 'my master called me to his bedside, and said, 'I begin to think I'm going to die pretty soon, Fletcher, and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me.' Fletcher did love his master, and told him he would do everything faithfully, and he expressed the hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes you will,' said Byron; 'it's nearly all over now; I must tell you without losing a moment.—I see my time has come to die.'

"Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, 'O, my God! don't waste time by writing, for I have no time to waste. Now hear me—you will be provided for. O my poor dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I have but seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta, and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' And tears rolled down his emaciated face.

"His voice here failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally raising his voice, said, 'Now Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.'

"Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he could not understand a word of what he had last been saying. 'O my God!' said Byron, 'then all is lost, for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' Fletcher replied, 'No, but do tell me again more clearly, my Lord.' 'How can I? said Byron; 'it is too late, and all is over.' Fletcher replied, 'not our will, but God's be done.' 'Yes,' said he, 'not mine be done; but I will try once more. He made several efforts to speak, but through the indistinct muttering of the dying man, only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and child.

"After many inefficient and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance.—This was the commencement of the lethargy of death."

"I believe the last words the great poet spoke on earth were, 'I must sleep now.' How full of meaning those words were! Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep. For twenty-four hours not a hand or foot was seen to stir; although the heart which had been the home of such wild feeling still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that the angel of death had spread his dark wings over Byron's pillow.

On the evening of the 17th of April, he opened his fine eye for the last time, and closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. 'O my God!' exclaimed the kind Fletcher, 'I fear my master is gone.' The doctor then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right, he is gone!'

It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was bathed in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to his memory, by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Eastern festivities, by a general mourning, and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England. A few days after his death, his honored remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Bozzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel.

Here the bier rested two days, and a crowd gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet. I stood by that coffin a long time; and more tears were shed over it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people, who crowded at the church, loved him more as the author of Child Harold's Pilgrimage, and as the distinguished benefactor of Greece.—A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle than in the gorgeous display that usually attends the funeral obsequies of the great.

I remained in the church till the shades of night had fallen around that solemn place, and there could be seen the rude forms of the descendants of Plato's relieved against the walls, their armor

gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emaciated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust. It was all in keeping with the poet's own wayward soul.

AN ORATOR AT FAULT.—There was, in the neighborhood of Rensselaer County, some twenty years ago, a rather pompous and worthy individual, whose "standing in society" caused him to be selected, on such public occasions as the Fourth of July, as a political speaker, to address the people. Covering a large slice of bread with a very small piece of butter in his oratory, he not infrequently lost his antecedents, and involved himself in an irretrievable fog, from which it was impossible to be extricated.

One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation. The King and his cabinet seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his services for the Government. They therefore raised him from one point of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England, the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lynnhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England.

Had John S. Copley spent his days in idleness, he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied in College, when other young men were wasting their time; he adopted for his motto, 'Ut Progres,' (Progress Forward); and how rich has been his reward!

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation of your future life. You are every day at school; deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misapprehension.

DURING A learned lecture by a German adventurer, one Baron Vondulbrains, he illustrated the figure of mechanics as a science thus:—Do ting dat is made is more superior as de maker. I shall show you how in some things. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach? Ver well; I do wheel roll round 500 mile!—and I cannot roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, you call, and I make de big tub to hold water? He holds tons and gallons; and I cannot hold more as five bottles! So you see dat wat is made is more superior as de maker."

BAKED HAM.—Most persons boil hams. They are much better baked, if baked right. Soak for an hour in clean water, and wipe dry, and then spread it all over with this butter, and lay it in a deep dish, with sticks under to keep it out of the gravy. When fully done, take off the skin and butter cut over the flesh side, and set it away to cool. You will find it very delicious, and too rich for dyspeptics. So says one of our agricultural exchanges.

INJURY TO THE OAT CROP.—A new enemy to the farmer has this year made its appearance in the neighborhood of Reading, Pa., in the shape of a caterpillar, somewhat similar to the worm which attacks the corn. The Lebanon Democrat states that these caterpillars have appeared in large swarms upon a number of farms in Lebanon county, and Marion, Berks county, and destroyed oats, corn and grass.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied; 'I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society.'

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These, united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happinesses.

CHILDHOOD.—There are some children left! At least I met one the other day. It was a little fellow of five years. He had come with his father into the country to see one of my friends. As soon as he left the carriage he ran to the kennel of a large watch-dog that was chained in the courtyard.

"Don't touch the dog," I cried, 'he'll bite you.' 'Why will he bite me?' 'Because he don't know you.' 'Oh! if that's all,' he replied, 'I'll tell him that I am Henry,'—Carpet Bag.

THE Star, heretofore a neutral paper, conducted with considerable ability at Jackson, Miss., immediately after the Baltimore nomination, hoisted the Pierce and King flag. A sober second sober thought, however, wrought a change, and the flag has disappeared. What can be the matter?

In attempting to raise a Pierce pole at Madison, Ia., it fell, and finally broke in two. A wag, standing by, said that the pole had given a perfect epitome of the military life of Gen. Pierce, viz: "Two faults and a fall."

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The Boy and Man.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England and try his fortune there. He had a little son whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make an eminent man.

After he graduated he studied law.—And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

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A Veritable Incident at Mount Auburn.

A mother had laid her darling in the earth. Many mothers have done this; it is an every day occurrence. Myriads of little sculptured forms have been thus laid to rest, with blinding tears, (like little Mary.)

Friends and acquaintances accompany them to "the narrow door," and there they leave them. Not so the mother! Ah! there is an empty crib in the nursery; there is an untenanted chair at the table; there are little frocks hanging up in the wardrobe; there are half worn shoes about, with the impress of a chubby little foot; there is a useless straw hat in the entry; there are toys that have been borne into wearer's happy company; there are little sisters left, (and they are loved,) but oh! not like the dead! It was the first born, and every mother who reads this, will understand the height and breadth, and length and depth, of that word! In all the wide earth, there is no spot so dear to her as the little mound that covers her child, and she weeps and shudders when the cold wind sweeps past at night, and would fain warm its chilled limbs in the familiar resting place. She knows the casket is rifled of the gem, but the eye of faith is blind with tears, and she would not, if she could, divest herself of the idea that such companionship would make that "long, last sleep" more peaceful.

So felt my bereaved friend Emma, and the watchful love of her husband provided her a temporary home near the grave of little Mary. The rough gardener would draw his hand across his eyes, as he passed her every morning at early dawn, sitting by that little head-stone, crowning her child with the flowers she loved best; and the uplifted finger, and softened tone of the stranger, testified his mute sympathy.

One evening she expressed a desire to go in "after the gates were closed." She was so readily miserable that it seemed a cruelty to deny her, and we effected an entrance through a broken palisade. Amid that silent company we were alone! The stars shone on us as brightly as when the rayless eyes beneath had looked lovingly and hopefully upon their radiance.—The timid little birds fluttered under the leaves as we passed. The perfume of a thousand flowers was borne past us on the night breeze. In that spiritual atmosphere earth seemed to divide, and the spirit (like a caged bird,) beat against the bars of its prison house, and longed to try its pinions in a freer air. There was an unearthly expression on Emma's face that recalled me from the grave, but no persuasion could induce her to leave the cemetery. Her cheek was as pale as a snow wreath, but we wandered on—on—till reaching a low seat, beneath the trees, she wearily leaned her head upon my shoulder, and we sat silently down.

Listen! Distinctly, a sweet, childish voice rings out upon the still air:—"mother! mother!" Emma started to her feet, (clasping me tightly, with lips apart, and eyes fixed in the direction of the sound.—Neither spoke;) and though I am no believer in the supernatural, I am no believer in the supernatural. With trembling finger Emma silently pointed in an opposite direction. It was no illusion! There was a little figure, in white, gleaming through the darkness, with outstretched arms and snowy robe, and flowing hair! "Mother! Mother!" As it approached nearer to us, Emma fell heavily to the ground. It was long before she recovered from the shock, and yet, dear reader, the solution is simple. Her youngest child, escaped from its bed, (and the charge of a careless nurse,) had started with childhood's fearless confidence, to seek us in the dim, labyrinthine paths of the cemetery.

Ah, little Minnie! after all, it was "an angel" that we saw; "robed in white," with that shining hair and seraph face!

A boy was praising the skill with which a sister played the piano forte. "Why," said he, "she once imitated thunder so naturally that the old woman had to stop her."

"What was that for?" asked a person standing near. "Because the imitation of thunder turned all the milk sour!"

A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator vouches for the merit of the following recipe for vinegar:—Mix one quart of molasses, three gallons of rainwater, and one pint of yeast. Let it ferment and stand for four weeks, and you will have the best of vinegar.

No reputation can be permanent which does not spring from principle; and he who would maintain a good name should be mainly solicitous to maintain a good character void of offence towards God and man.

Happiness is not in a cottage, nor a palace, nor in riches, nor in poverty, nor in learning, nor in ignorance, nor in passive life; but in doing right, from right motives.

Passions act as wind to propel our vessel, and our reason is the pilot that steers her. Without the wind, we could not move, without the pilot, we should be lost.

Franklin says a poor man must work to find meat for his stomach; a rich one, to find stomach for his meat.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends, it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

Theodore Hook says of railroads and steamboats—"They annihilate space and time, not to mention a multitude of passengers."

A COMMANDMENT.—The evening before the battle, an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the Marshal, who saw through his pretext; "honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

It is not sufficient that you are heard, you must be heard with pleasure.

POLITICAL.

A Soldier's Song for 1862. "There—CARRY ME BACK." Stand back, stand back, He's on the track, A General all too soon; At Contreras, He fell, alas, He fell into a swoon; For forty days, So history says, He led his warriors on; Then went aloft, The first steambot, When victory was won. Chorus—Then carry me back, Then carry me back, To old New Hampshire shores, I am only great, From the Granite State, A General now no more.

The Whigs ever, He never was, A man of "fathers and furs," He faints whenever, There is danger near, From words of blunderbuss; Why should he not Retire on Scott, When love of country calls; Old soldiers must From his the dust, Place only faints and falls; Chorus—Then carry me back, &c.

Now, carry me, Will "die or do," As veterans soldiers know; But went of pluck, With Fier's luck, Oh makes a gallant show; A warrior steel, In time of need, Will keep his footing sure; A nervous hand, Can't be command, His nag when cannon roar; Chorus—Then carry me back, &c.

Weapons of Locofocoism.

The Revilers of Washington, Clay and Scott!

"Radically feeble—ETERNALLY SILLY—constitutionally INCAPABLE of comprehending political measures or estimating political wants—PRESUMPTION usurps the place of knowledge, and EQUITY usurps the place of judgment." By no strength of effort can he disguise the bold character of the MERCENARY soldier whose life has been spent in the dull routine of military duty, while his intellect has grown as unpleasing as the market under his command.—Democratic Chorus.

The above infamous paragraph is worthy the slanderer who wrote it—worthy of the unscrupulous partisans who, during the campaign of 1844, denounced HENRY CLAY as a "murderer," and "gambler," and "drunkard," and "Sabbath-breaker," and bloodhound-like, hunted him to his tomb! Shame! shame on the libellera who thus reward the silver-haired, scar-covered Hero who, for forty years, has nobly served his Country, fighting battles, and crowning his arms with glory in every contest. "ETERNALLY SILLY!" This of the Hero of Three Wars and the Statesman in three great epochs of our history, of whom it has justly been said, "His is the military glory of a Caesar, and the civic virtues of a Cincinnatus. His is the combined wisdom of that old Celtic king which rendered the name of Brian Borrichme an expression capable of the double meaning of surpassing military genius and unequalled civil sagacity."

How It Works.

EFFECTS OF BRITISH FERN TRADE UPON THE BEST INTERESTS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—According to a statement in Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, the importation of railroad iron alone, in 1851, amounted to one hundred and forty thousand tons, valued at seven millions six hundred thousand dollars! In 1852 the amount imported is estimated at about one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons, valued at about ten millions of dollars; making in two years in the aggregate in round numbers, eighteen millions of dollars!

All this iron could have been made in our own country; and, we may add, would have been had not the Polk and Dallas tariff fraud succeeded in 1844. Here we have, for one item, near eighteen millions of dollars sent out of the country which would have been retained here had not the tariff of 1842 been repealed. That amount scattered throughout the country in small silver coin, would just now be very convenient in the way of change.

What is the consequence? We can give no better nor more striking illustration of the effects than that furnished by the Clarion Register, which has seven columns of advertisements of Sheriff's sales of real estate, the properties to be sold under the hammer, will be nine iron furnaces, with furnace property, making in all about twenty-three furnaces sold in that county by the Sheriff within a year. The whole industry of Clarion county is affected by these disasters, as is shown by the fact that nearly all the rest of the property to be sold at this Sheriff's sale, which is advertised in the Register, consist of grist mills, saw mills, and falling and other mills. Such are the beautiful effects of British Free Trade. No wonder British iron-masters are in favor of Pierce.

The Louisville Journal says that it is perfectly evident from one fact that Gen. at Pierce is dreadfully unpopular to the Democrats. Every Democrat this day swallowed him as he ever since looked awfully in the face as if he swallowed a bad egg.

Good company and good conversation are the very sign of virtue.