

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, to above all other liberties."—MILTON.

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I. THE STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in advance; or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.
II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.
III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE TIMES for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertions to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.
IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.



"With sweetest flowers enriched
From various gardens culled with care."

The following are the closing lines of a beautiful Poem, written by N. P. Willis, on the death of Gen. HARRISON:
Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation—whose father is taken away!
Wife, children and neighbor, may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness—but weep not for him!
Not for him—who departing, leaves millions in tears!
Not for him—who has died full of honor and years!
Not for him—who ascended fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!
It is blessed to go when so ready to die!

SPRING.

The sweet south winds, so long,
Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas,
Or dallying with the orange trees,
In the bright land of song,
Wakes unto us, and laughing sweeps by
Like a glad spirit of the sunlit sky.
The laborer at his toil
Feels on his cheek its dew kiss, and lifts
His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts—
The aromatic soil
Borne from the blooming garden of the South—
While its faint sweetness lingers around his mouth
The bursting buds look up
To cheer the sun-light, while it lingers yet
On the warm hill-side—and the violet
Opens its azure cup,
Meekly, and countless wild flowers wake to fling
Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.
The reptile, that hath lain
Torpid so long within his wintry tomb,
With renovated life, does slowly come
Up to the light again—
And the live snake crawls forth from caverns chill,
To bask at rest upon the sunny hill.
Continual songs arise
From universal nature: birds and streams
Mingle their voices, and the glad earth seems
A second Paradise,
Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine;
Thrice-blessed Spring—thou bearest gifts divine!
Nor unto Earth alone—
Thou hast a blessing for the human heart,
Balm for its wounds, and healing for its smart,
Telling of Winter hours,
And bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing
Type of eternal life; thrice blessed Spring!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALICE HERBERT, THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

There was once a great banker in London, who had a very fine house in Portland Place, and a very dainty house in the city; and if the latter looked the image of business and riches, the former looked the picture of luxury and display. He himself was a mild man, whose ostentation was of a quiet, but the less of an active kind. His movements were always calm and tranquil and his clothes plain; but the former were stately, the latter were in the best fashion. Holditch was his coachmaker in those days; Udo's first cousin was his cook; his servants walked up stairs to announce a visitor to the tune of the Dead March in Saul, and opened both valves of the folding doors at once with a grace that only could be required by long practice. Every thing seemed to move in his house by rule and nothing was done to go wrong. All the lackeys wore powder, and the women servants had their caps prescribed to them. His wife was the daughter of a country gentleman of very old race, a woman of good manners and warm heart.
Though there were two carriages always at her especial command, she sometimes walked on her feet, even in London, and would not suffer an account of her parties to find its way into the Morning Post. The banker and his wife had but one child, a daughter, and a very pretty and very sweet girl she was as ever my eyes saw. She

was not very tall, though very beautifully formed, and exquisitely graceful. She was the least affected person that was ever seen; for, accustomed from her earliest days to perfect ease in every respect,—denied nothing that was virtuous and right,—taught by her mother to estimate high qualities,—too much habituated to wealth to regard it as an object,—and too frequently brought in contact with rank to estimate it above its value,—she had nothing to covet and nothing to assume. Her face was sweet and thoughtful, though the thoughts were evidently cheerful ones, and her voice was full of melody and gentleness. Her name was Alice Herbert, and she the admired of all admirers. People looked for her at the opera and the park, declared her beautiful, adorable, divine; she became the wonder, the rage, the fashion; and every body adored, when they spoke about her, that she would have half a million at the least. Now Mr. Herbert himself was not at all anxious that his daughter should marry any of the men that first presented themselves, because none of them were above the rank of a baron; nor was Mrs. Herbert anxious either, because she did not wish to part with her daughter; nor was Alice herself—I do not know well why,—perhaps she thought that a part of the men who surrounded her were fops, and as many more were libertines, and the rest were fools, and Alice did not feel more inclined to choose out of those three classes than her father did out of the three inferior grades of nobility.
There was, indeed, a young man in the Guards, distantly connected with her mother's family, who was neither fop, libertine nor fool—a gentleman, an accomplished man, and a man of good feeling, who was often at Mr. Herbert's house, but father, mother, and daughter all thought him out of the question; the latter because he was not a duke, the mother because he was a soldier, the daughter, because he had never given her the slightest reason to believe that he either admired or loved her. As he had some two thousand a year, he might have been a good match for a clergyman's daughter, but could not pretend to Miss Herbert. Alice certainly liked him better than any man she had ever seen, and once she found his eyes fixed upon her from the other side of a ball room, with an expression that made her forget what her partner was saying to her. The color came up in her cheek, too, and that seemed to give Henry Ashton courage to come up to ask her to dance. She danced with him on the following night, too, and Mr. Herbert, who remarked the fact judged that it would be but right to give Henry Ashton a hint.—Two days after, as Alice's father was just about to go out, the young guardsman himself was ushered into his library, and the banker prepared to give him a hint, and give it plainly too. He was saved the trouble, however; for Ashton's first speech was, "I have come to bid you farewell, Mr. Herbert. We are ordered to Canada to put down the evil spirit there. I set out in an hour to take leave of my mother, in Staffordshire, and then embark with all speed."
Mr. Herbert commiserated his hint, and wished his young friend all success. "By the way," he added, Mrs. Herbert may like a few lines by you to her brother at Montreal. You know he is her only brother; he made a sad business of it, what with building and planting and farming and such things. So I got him an appointment in Canada just that he might retrieve. She would like to write, I know. You will find her upstairs. I must go out myself. Good fortune attend you."
Good fortune did attend him, for he found Alice Herbert alone in the very first room he entered.—There was a table before her, and she was leaning over it, as if very busy, but when Henry Ashton approached her, he found that she had been carelessly drawing wild leaves on a scrap of paper, while her thoughts were far away. She colored when she saw him, and was evidently agitated; but she was still more so when he repeated what he had told her father. She turned red and she turned pale, and she sat still and said nothing. Henry Ashton became himself agitated. "It is all in vain," he said to himself. "It is all in vain. I know her father too well," and he rose, asking where he should find her mother.
Alice answered in a faint voice, "in the little room beyond the back drawing room."
Henry paused a moment longer; the temptation was too great to be resisted; he took the sweet girl's hand; he pressed it to his lips and said—"Farewell, Miss Herbert, farewell! I know I shall never see any one like you again; but at least it is a blessing to have known you—though it be but to regret that fortune has not favored me still farther! farewell! farewell!"
Henry Ashton sailed for Canada, and saw some service. He distinguished himself as an officer, and his name was in several despatches. A remnant of the old chivalrous spirit made him often think when he was attacking a fortified village, or charging a body of insurgents. "Alice Herbert will hear of this!" but often, too, he would ask himself, "I wonder if she be married yet?" and his companions used to jest with him upon always looking first at the woman's part of the newspaper—the births, deaths and marriages.
His fears, if we venture to call them such were vain. Alice did not marry, although about a year after Henry Ashton had quitted England, her father descended a little from his high ambition, and hinted that if she thought fit she might listen to the young Earl of—. Alice was not inclined to listen, and gave the earl plainly to understand that she was not inclined

to become his countess. The earl, however, persevered, and Mr. Herbert began to add his influence; but Alice was obdurate and reminded her father of a promise he had made, never to press her marriage with any one. Mr. Herbert seemed more annoyed than Alice expected, walked up and down the room in silence, and on hearing it shut himself up with Mrs. Herbert for nearly two hours.
What took place, Alice did not know, but Mr. Herbert looked grave and anxious from that moment. Mr. Herbert insisted that the earl should be received at the house as a friend, though he urged his daughter no more, and balls and parties succeeded each other so rapidly that the quieter inhabitants of Portland Place, wished the banker and his family, where Alice wished to be—in Canada. In the mean time Alice became alarmed for her mother, whose health was evidently suffering from some cause; but Mrs. Herbert would consult no physician, and her husband seemed never to perceive the state of weakness and depression into which she was sinking. Alice resolved to call the matter to her father's notice, and as he now went out every morning at an early hour, she rose one day sooner than usual, and knocked at the door of his dressing room. There was no answer and unclosing the door, she looked in to see if he were already gone. The curtains were still drawn, but through them some of the morning beams found their way, and by the dim sickly light Alice beheld an object that made her clasp her hands and tremble violently. Her father's chair before the dressing table was vacant; but beside it lay upon the floor something like the figure of a man asleep.
Alice approached, with her heart beating so violently that she could hear it; and there was no other sound in the room. She knelt down beside him; it was her father. She could not hear him breathe, and she drew back the curtain. He was as pale as marble, and his eyes were fixed. She uttered not a sound, but with wild eyes gazed round the room, thinking of what she should do. Her mother was in the chamber at the side of the dressing room, but Alice, thoughtful even in the deepest agitation, feared to call her, and rang the bell of her father's valet. The man came and raised his master, but Mr. Herbert had evidently been dead some hours. Poor Alice wept bitterly, but still she thought of her mother, and she made no noise, and the valet was silent too; for in lifting the dead body to the sofa, he had found a small vial and was gazing on it intently.
"I had better put this away, Miss Herbert," he said at length in a low voice; "I had better put this away before any one else comes."
Alice gazed at the vial with tearful eyes. It was marked—"Prussic acid poison!"
This was but the commencement of many sorrows. Though the coroner's jury pronounced that Mr. Herbert had died a natural death, yet every one declared he had poisoned himself, especially when it was found he had died utterly insensible. That all his late speculations had failed, and that the news of his absolute beggary had reached him on the night preceding his disease. Then came all the horrors of such circumstances to poor Alice and her mother,—the funeral,—the examination of the papers,—the sale of the house and furniture,—the tiger claws of the law rending open the house in all its dearest associations,—the commiseration of friends,—the taunts and scoffs of those who envied and hated in silence.
Then for poor Alice herself, came the last worst blow, the sickness and death of a mother—sickness and death in poverty. The last scene was just over—the earth was just laid upon the coffin of Mrs. Herbert—and Alice sat with her tears dropping fast, thinking of the sad "WHAT NEXT?" when a letter was given her, and she saw the handwriting of her uncle in Canada. She had written to him on her father's death, and now he answered full of tenderness and affection, begging his sister and niece instantly to join him in the land which he had made his country. All the topics of consolation which philosophy ever discovered or devised to soothe man under the manifold sorrows and cares of life, are not worth a blade of rye grass in comparison with one word of true affection. It was the only palm that Alice Herbert's heart could have received; and though it did not heal the wound, it tranquillized its aching.
Mrs. Herbert, though not rich, had not been altogether portionless, and her small fortune was all that Alice now condescended to call her own. There had been indeed a considerable jointure, but that Alice renounced from feelings which you will understand.—Economy, however, was now a necessity; and after taking a passage in one of the cheapest vessels she could find bound for Quebec,—a vessel that all the world has heard of, named the St. Lawrence—she set out for the good city of Bristol, where she arrived in safety on the 16th of May, 183—

ringes—then the death; and, as he did so, he saw—
"Suddenly, at his house in Portland Place, William Anthony Herbert, Esq."
The paper did not drop from his hand, although he was much moved and surprised; but his sensations were very mixed, and although he said truly, he gave his first thoughts, and they were sorrowful, to the dead, the second were given to Alice Herbert, and he asked himself, "Is it possible she can ever be mine? She was certainly much agitated when I left her?"
"Here's a bad business," cried the man who was reading the other newspaper.—"The Herberts are all gone to smash, and I had six hundred pounds there. You are in for it too, Ashton. Look there! They talk of three shillings in the pound."
Henry Ashton took the paper and read the account of all that had occurred in London, and then he took his hat, and walked to head quarters. What he said or did there, is nobody's business but his own; but certain it is, that by the beginning of the very next week, he was in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Fair winds wafted him soon to England—but in St. George's Channel all went contrary, and the ship was knocked about without making much way. A fit of impatience had come upon Henry Ashton, and when he thought of Alice Herbert, all she must have suffered, his heart beat strangely. One of those little incidents occurred about this time, that make or mar man's destinies. A coasting boat from Swansea to Wiston came within hail, and Ashton, tired of the other vessel, put his portmanteau, a servant and himself, into the skimmer of the sea, and was in a few hours landed safely at the pleasant watering place of Wiston super mare. It wanted yet an hour or two of night, and therefore a post chaise was soon rolling the young officer, his servant, and his portmanteau towards Bristol, on their way to London.—He arrived at a reasonable hour, but yet some of the many things that fill inns, had happened in Bristol that day, and Henry drove to the Bush, the Falcon, and the Fountain, and several others before he could get a place of rest. At length he found two comfortable rooms in a small hotel near the port, and had sat down to his supper by a warm fire, when an Irish sailor put his head into the room, and asked if he were the lady that was to go down to the St. Lawrence the next day! Henry Ashton inquired of him that he was not a lady, and that as he had just come from the St. Lawrence he was not going back again, upon which the man withdrew to seek for other quarters.
Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock struck, and Henry Ashton pulled off his boots and went to bed. At two o'clock he awoke, feeling heated and feverish; and to cool himself he began to think of Alice Herbert. He found it by no means a good plan, for he felt warmer than before, and soon a suffocating feeling came over him, and he thought he smelt a strong smell of burning wood. His bedroom was one of those unfortunate inn bedrooms that are placed under the immediate care and protection of a sitting room, which, like a Spanish Duenna, will let nobody in who dares not pass by their door. He put on his dress gown therefore, and issued out into the sitting room, and the smell was stronger,—there was a considerable cracking and roaring which had something alarming in it, and he consequently opened another door. All he could now see was a thick smoke filling the corridor, through which came a red glare, from the direction of the staircase; but he heard those sounds of burning wood which are not to be mistaken, and in a minute after loud knocking at doors, ringing of bells, and shouts of "Fire! fire!" showed that the calamity had become apparent to the people in the street. He saw all the rushing forth of naked men and women, which generally follows such a catastrophe, and then opening all the doors in the house, as if for the express purpose of blowing the fire into a flame. There were hallooings and shouting, there were screams and tears, and what between the rushing sound of the devouring element and the voice of human suffering or fear, the noise was enough to wake the dead.
Henry Ashton thought of his portmanteau, and wondered where his servant was; but seeing, by a number of people driven back from the great staircase by the flames, that there was no time to be lost, he made his way down by a smaller one, and in a minute or two reached the street. The engines by this time had arrived—an immense crowd was gathering together, the terrified tenants of the Inn were rushing forth, and in the midst Henry Ashton remarked one young woman wringing her hands and exclaiming, "Oh, my poor young mistress!—my poor young lady!"
"Where is she, my good girl?" demanded the young soldier.
"In number eleven," cried the girl "in number eleven! Her bed-room is in the sitting room, and she will never hear the noise."
"There she is," cried one of the bystanders who overheard,—"there she is, I dare say."
Ashton looked up towards the house, through the lower windows of which the flames were pouring forth, and across the casement which seemed next to the very room he himself had occupied, he saw the figure of a woman, in her night dress, pass rapidly.
"A ladder," he cried, "a ladder, for God's sake! There's some one there, whoever it be!"
No ladder could be got, and Henry Ashton looked round in vain.
"The back staircase is of stone," he cried, "she may be saved that way."

"Ay, but the corridor is on fire," said one of the waiters,—"you'd better not try, sir, it cannot be done."
Henry Ashton darted away; into the inn, up the staircase—but the corridor was on fire, as the man had said, and the flames rushing up to the very door of the rooms he had lately tenanted. He rushed on, however, recollecting that he had seen a side door out of his own sitting room. He dashed on, caught the handle of the lock of the side door, and shook it violently, for it was fastened.
"I will open it," cried a voice within, that sounded strangely familiar to his ear. The lock turned—the door opened—and Henry Ashton and Alice Herbert stood face to face.
"God of Heaven," he exclaimed, catching her in his arms. But he gave no time for explanation, and hurried back with her towards the door of his own room. The corridor, however, was impassable.
"You will be lost! you will be lost!" he exclaimed, holding her to his heart.
"And you have thrown away your own life to save mine!" said Alice.
"I will die with you at least!" replied Henry Ashton; "that is some comfort—But, no! thank God, they have got a ladder—they are raising it up—dear girl you are saved!"
He felt Alice lie heavy on his bosom, and when he looked down, whether it was fear, or the effect of the stifling heat, or hearing such words from his lips, he found that she had fainted.
"It is as well," he said; "it is as well!" and as soon as the ladder was raised, he bore her out holding her firmly yet tenderly to his bosom. There was a death-like stillness below. The ladder shook under his feet—the flames came forth and licked the rounds on which his steps were placed,—but steadily, firmly, calmly, the young soldier pursued his way. He bore all that he valued on earth in his arms, and it was no moment to give one thought to fear.
When his last footstep touched the ground, an universal shout burst forth from the crowd, and even reached the ear of Alice herself—but ere she could recover completely, she was in the comfortable drawing room of a good merchant's house, some way further down the same street.
The St. Lawrence sailed on the following day for Quebec, and, as you well know, went down in the terrible hurricane which swept the Atlantic in the summer of that year, bearing with her to the depths of ocean every living thing that she had carried out from England. But on the day that she weighed anchor, Alice sat in the drawing room of the merchant's house, with her hand clasped in that of Henry Ashton; and ere many months was over, the tears for those dear beings she had lost, were chased by happier drops as she gave her hand to the man she loved with all the depth of first affection, but whom she would never have seen again, had it not been for THE FIRE.

A MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE OF GOVERNOR WENTWORTH.

The Knickerbocker for April has been published for some time. It contains much agreeable matter, a sample of which we subjoin. It is an anecdote of Governor Wentworth, the last of the Colonial Governors of New Hampshire, and is still related by the aged people of the neighborhood in which he lived:
"He had, it seems, married a very pretty little girl, some thirty years his junior, who, like most young wives, was fond of gaiety, and liked better to pass the evening in strolling through the woods by moonlight, or in dancing at some merry-making, than in the arms of her gray-haired husband. Nevertheless, although she kept late hours, she was in every other respect an exemplary wife. The governor, who was a quiet, sober personage, and careful of his health, preferred going to bed early, and rising before the sun, to inhale the cool breeze of the morning; and as the lady seldom came home till past midnight, he was not very well pleased at being disturbed by her late hours. At length, after repeated expostulations, his patience was completely exhausted, and he frankly told her that he could bear it no longer, and that if she did not return home in future before twelve o'clock she should not be admitted to the house.
"The lady laughed at her spouse, as pretty ladies are wont to do in such cases; and on the very next occasion of a merry-making, she did not return till past two in the morning. The governor heard the carriage drive to the door, and the ponderous clanging for admittance; but he did not stir. The lady then bade her servant try the windows; but this the governor had foreseen; they were all secured. Determined not to be outgeneralled, she alighted from the carriage, and drawing a heavy key from her pocket, sent it ringing through the window into the very chamber of her good man.—This answered the purpose. Presently a night-capped head peered from the window, and demanded the cause of the disturbance. "Let me into the house, Sir!" sharply demanded the wife. The governor was immoveable, and very ungalantly declared she should remain without all night. The fair culprit coaxed, entreated, expostulated, and threatened; but it was all in vain. At length becoming frantic at his imperturbable obstinacy, she declared that unless she was admitted at once she would throw herself into the lake, and he might console himself with the reflection that he was the cause of her death. The governor begged she would do so, if it would afford her any pleasure;

and shutting the window, he retired again to bed.
"The governess now instructed her servants to run swiftly to the water, as if in pursuit of her, and to throw a large stone over the bank, screaming as if in terror, at the moment of doing it, while she would remain concealed behind the door. The good governor, notwithstanding all his decision and nonchalance, was not quite at ease when he heard his wife express her determination. Listening, therefore, very attentively, he heard the rush to the water-side—the expostulations of the servants—the plunge and the screams; and knowing his wife to be very rash, in her moments of vexation, and really loving her most tenderly, he no longer doubted the reality.
"Good God! is it possible!" said he; and springing from his bed, he ran to the door with nothing about him but save his robe de nuit, and crying out "save her, you rascals!—leap in, and save your mistress!" made for the lake. In the mean time his wife listened in-doors, locked and made all fast, and shortly afterward appeared at the window, from which her husband had addressed her. The governor discovered the ruse, but it was too late; and he became in his turn the expostulator. It was all in vain, however; the fair lady bade him a pleasant good night, and shutting the window, retired to bed, leaving the little man to shift for himself, as best he might, until morning. Whether the governor forgave his fair lady, tradition does not say; but it is reasonable to presume that he never again interfered with the hours she might choose to keep."
A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.—Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a post chaise. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them gray-headed and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the mild and singularly happy aspect which distinguished all his fellow passengers and determined to ascertain the secret of long life and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who has apparently the oldest, who told him that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second who astounded him by saying that he had always eat roast beef and gone to bed regularly fuddled for seventy years—adding that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office—the fourth by resolutely abstaining from all political and religious controversies, and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was, apparently much younger than the other five—his hair was less gray and there was more of it—a placid smile denoting a perfectly easy conscience mantled his face, and his voice was young and strong.
They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How is it that you have thus preserved the freshness of life—where there is one wrinkle on your brow there are fifty on that of each and every one of your juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long life!" It is no great mystery," said the old man, "I have drunk water, and drunk wine—I have eat meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset and sometimes at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon—but I ALWAYS PAID PROMPTLY FOR MY NEWSPAPERS!"
Time rolls on—so does the march of genius—Newark has produced another clock even the more wonderful than the recent invention of our townsman, Mr. Crane. The inventor and manufacturer is Mr. J. B. Ledy, who is well known to many of our citizens, and who has shown in this production, a high order of mechanical talent and ingenuity.—The clock, apart from the ornamental work, is simply this:—An arrow, the stem of which is a solid glass rod the bar or head of which is of brass, and also solid; the feather end of the arrow is of the same metal, but is made hollow, and contains the whole moving power of the clock, and is wound up once a week. The arrow is fastened by a pin in the centre of its stem to a glass dial plate, on which the figures are painted, the arrow head pointing the hours with perfect precision, and regularity.
An inspection of the clock presents to the curious observer this question. How can any movement, contained within the extreme end of the arrow, and obviously having no connection with the centre on which it turns, operate, to cause the arrow to revolve? A remarkable fact, which shows the impossibility of deception, is that the arrow may be removed from the dial plate, and laid down, or even carried in the pocket; and when replaced, will immediately return to the correct hour. The embellishments do much credit to the good taste of the artist, and it is hoped he may derive some lasting and substantial benefit from this production of his skill.—Newark [N. J.] Adv.

THE END OF A FOOL.—Robert T. Downing has been sentenced by the Supreme Court of Macon county, (Ga.) to be hung on the 21st of May next, for murdering Nathan Taunton, in the town of Lamar, on the 2d ult., while disputing about a bet of fifty cents.