

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XX—37.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 7, 1849.

NEW SERIES—NO. 149.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY C. O. BARTMAN.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old;
The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
And his lips are blue and cold.
The life of the beggar is almost spent,
His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
And he answers low, and with meek content,
The moans of the rude and bold.
All day by the road he sits the beggar old,
Weary and faint and dry;
In silence, patiently holding his hat
And turning his sightless eye.
As with cruel jest and greeting grim,
At his hollow cheek and eye-ball dim,
The traveler looks a cent at him,
And passes lightly by.
To himself the blind old man doth hum
A song of his boyhood's day,
And his lean white fingers idly crum
On his thread-bare knee where they lay;
And oft when the gay bob-o-link is heard,
The song of the youth-hearted, yellow-haired,
The joy of life and the traveler's word,
And the noise of children's play.
He starts and grasps with a hurried hand
The top of his smooth-worn cane,
And strikes it sturdily into the sand—
Then looks it down again;
While his black little spaniel, beautiful spring,
That he keeps at his button-hole with a string,
Jumps up, and his bell goes ringing—
As he yelps at the idle train.
He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old;
The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
And his lips are blue and cold;
Yet he murmurs never, day nor night,
But seeing the world by his inner sight,
He patiently waits with a heart all light,
Till the sum of his life shall be told.

LAST WISHES OF A CHILD.

The following beautiful little poem was written by James T. Fields for the Boston Book for 1850:
"All the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing—
Let us leave this garden now,
Let us go where flowers are growing!
"Look! my cheek is thin and pale,
And my pulse is very low,
Ere my sight begins to fail,
Mother dear, will you let me go?
Was not that the robin's song
Piping through the casement wide?
I shall not be listening long,
Take me to the meadow side—
"Bear me to the willow brook—
Let me hear the merry mill—
On the orchard I must look,
Ere my breathing heart is still.
"Faint and faint grows my breath,
Bear me quickly down the lane!
Mother dear, this child of death—
I shall never speak again!"
Fill the hedges are in bloom,
And the warm west wind is blowing;
Still we sit in silent grief,
O'er her grave the grass is growing.

CHRIST, BY THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

BY REV. G. W. E. STEPHENS, D. D.

"My meet is to do the will of Him that sent me."
Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At burning noon the Savior sat,
And thirsted for the living water,
His feet had trod since early day.
The twelve had come to seek for food,
And left him in his solitude.
They came, and spread before him there,
With faithful haste, the pilgrim jar,
And gently bid him, "Master, eat."
That God had sent him better meat,
And there he on his lowly brow
Nor weariness, nor faintness now:
For while they sought the market-place,
His words had won a soul to grace,
And when he set that sinners free
From loads of guilt and infamy,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.
So, Christian, when thy faith grows faint,
Amid the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God that thou mayst peace impart
Unto some other human heart.
And thus thy Master's joy shall share,
E'en while his cross thy shoulders bear.

SINGULAR DEVELOPMENTS.

The New York Tribune has a long account from a committee of citizens of Rochester, in relation to certain communications with departed spirits, which it seems has excited a good deal of attention in some parts of the western portion of New York, particularly Rochester and Auburn, where it was investigated by several committees. The whole story is very readable; but few, in this age of humbuggery of all sorts, will yield entire credence to it. Some, however, may, for there are many who are never satisfied with anything short of the marvellous, and never so happy and content as when they are well humbugged. The story is that certain sounds, like raps upon the floor of a house, have been heard in various places about Rochester and Auburn, and some other localities for about two years. This rapping, after being continued for a long time every night, was finally heard in the day time, and became intelligible after this wise (as related in the Tribune) though the locality of the occurrence is not stated:

At length, a little girl [speaking to the spirit under the floor], said "Now do as I do," and snapped her finger three times. She was answered by three raps. On repeating it she found that it invariably repeated the number she made herself. Another person now said, "Now count ten," and it was done. "Now count the age of—" (one of the children). It was done correctly. Another was done with like success. As it began to display signs of intelligence the family became alarmed, and the females all left the house at night. The neighbors were called in but there was no cessation of the sounds. The excitement became intense, and at one time, it is said, nearly or quite 300 persons assembled to discover whence the sounds proceeded. The house was thoroughly examined from garret to cellar, but while the sounds continued, no one ever discovered the operator. At length it was discovered that every time a question was put that required an affirmative rap was heard—for a negative, no sound.

The question was put, "Are you a spirit?" The answer was by rapping—three raps. By this means they found that it purported to be the spirit of a man. Many expedients were resorted to by which to find out the name of the man whose spirit was making these manifestations. At length a stranger asked, "If I will call the alphabet beginning with A, will you rap when I come to the first letter of his name?" The answer was affirmative. He then commenced "A, B, C," when he came to C, there was a rap. Again he went on and he spelled out the name of CHARLES RAYNES. As before stated, these sounds have from that time been heard in various families in that place and the cities of Auburn and Rochester, and various places in the country. Although confined to this rapping sound, the mode of communication has gradually improved, so that many very curious and astonishing sentences have been spelled by the use of the alphabet. It no longer purports to be the spirit of one man or person, but when an individual makes the inquiry "who is it that wishes to communicate with me?" it will generally give the name of some friend or relative—a mother, father, sister, or brother, who has passed from visible existence. Many persons have made the trial, and have had names spelled out to them of their friends, unknown to any person present. Strangers have tried the experiment, and had their names spelled out before any person present knew it or where they came from.

In each family where the sounds appear, there seems to be some one or two, whose presence is necessary to insure communications freely. Generally we find that these persons are susceptible to magnetic influences and clairvoyant, although we have heard it where there were none that had ever been magnetized or were known to be clairvoyant. In the family of Mr. Granger, of Rochester—a citizen well known there—the communications could be had with any two of the family previous to any of them being placed under the magnetic influence, but after a daughter was magnetized and became clairvoyant, no communication could be had without her presence. No person had ever been magnetized in the family where it first appeared.

We first became acquainted with these manifestations about one year since, and we have taken every opportunity to discover, if possible, what it is. We have become convinced that these facts there is no disputing, viz: the sounds—the intelligence and the absence of any collusion or deception in the matter.

Some two weeks since, we were in company with some persons who were getting communications from this invisible communicator, when a message was spelled out to us to the import that the matter should be made more public—that the time had arrived for the people to investigate the whole affair—that it was a thing which will ultimately become known to all men, and that we should immediately take measures to have it investigated. The directions were then minutely given by these spirits, as they purport to be, and which, we are willing to believe, are, until we have much proof to the contrary as is required to bring us to this conclusion. These directions will appear in the following history, as they were fully and strictly followed. The great object was to start investigation and clear those who had been hearing it for the last two years from the imputation of fraud and deception.

Then follows a detailed account of the investigations of various committees, various lectures in Rochester on the subject, &c., and the names of the committees which are given embrace many respectable and influential gentlemen of that city. Their investigations seem to have been

conducted in the presence of two ladies, who were in the clairvoyant state, and a number of citizens, and whether in the Corinthian Hall, the Hall of the Sons of Temperance, or in private dwellings, the rapping upon the floor, or upon the wall, or sometimes upon the door or pavement, was distinctly heard, and the hand being placed upon the floor where the noise was heard, a jar was distinctly felt. In this way written questions, unknown to any but the writer, and sometimes mental questions, were all answered correctly by the knocking. The different committees adopted various means to detect fraud in the matter, such as standing the ladies in the clairvoyant state upon the pillows, large plates of glass, &c., but the noise continued to be heard whenever questions were asked. Finally a committee of ladies was appointed to examine the persons of the young women, to be sure that there were no fixtures about them that could produce the sounds. They found nothing, but heard the sounds distinctly even when the young women were standing upon pillows, without shoes and their dresses tied tightly around their ankles. The investigations lasted several days, and all the committees agree that there was no fraud. The report concludes:

Thus the matter stands at present, and whether it is only a remarkable phenomenon which will pass away with the present generation, or with the persons who seem now to be the medium of this extraordinary communication; or whether it be the commencement of a new era of spiritual influx into the world; it is certainly something worthy the attention of men of candor and philosophy.
E. W. CAYTON, Auburn.
G. WILLETS, Rochester.
Rochester, Nov. 22, 1849.

AN IRISH EXPEDIENT—An instance of ready and available wit occurred yesterday, which is worth recording. A couple of fresh immigrants from the land of sweet Erin were travelling to Cambridge, and finding as they approached the bridge that the train had but one cent between them, they set themselves at work to contrive how they should pass the toll-gate with only 50 per cent. of the requisite funds. At length it was resolved that they should part company—one lingering behind while the other went forward to confer with Mr. Brown, the gate keeper, and see what could be done with him in the way of bargain or compromise.

Paddy, on arriving at the gate, with his politest bow, asked Mr. Brown at what price he could be allowed to pass over the bridge. On being told that one cent, and no less, was the rate for each foot passenger, as sanctioned by the law of the commonwealth, he after a little hesitation asked what amount of baggage passengers were allowed to take with them. He was informed that he might take anything, except a wheelbarrow or hand cart; and without further parley he turned and left Mr. Brown to deal with numerous other passengers, who were accustomed to pay the stated tax upon travellers without asking any questions, though not probably without a secret wish that the time had come in which the bridge is to be free.

In a few minutes Paddy re-appeared, with his fellow traveller mounted upon his shoulders in the regular "boot-back" style. He gravely deposited the legal toll for a single passenger, and walked on to deposit his baggage upon terra firma at the other end of the bridge, which being in Middlesex, is now free soil. The spectators of this interesting scene were quite unanimous in the opinion that the travellers had "come the Paddy" over the toll-gate, while that worthy dignitary himself did not hesitate to admit that he was "done Brown."—Boston Traveller.

A MEMBER TO LET.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was a candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father that if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

DID YOU EVER?—Did you ever want to borrow money of a friend, who had not just at that moment lent all he had? to somebody else?

Did you ever pass five minutes with a representative in the Legislature, without his asking to let you know that he filled that office?

Did you ever see a preacher who thought he "had a call" from a high spairy to a low one?

Did you ever see a man who expected not to become a Christian before death?

Did you ever see a man who in accepting an office was not agitated solely by a desire to serve his country?

Somebody gives the following receipt for making lemonade:

"Get a bowl of pure water, let a dozen pretty girls kiss it, and then get an old maid and just let her look at it, and the lemonade is done dead."

If she looks twice at another dozen of girls must be got immediately.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

We copy the following sketch from a late number of the Democratic Review. It is from the pen of Henry Wickoff, Esq., and written with his usual graphic power, and portrays the estimation in which this country is held by the true republicans of France:

Two American families, who were living in Paris in February, 1848, becoming alarmed at the increasing agitation of the capital, determined, only at the last moment, to leave for some quieter neighborhood, and on the very day that the revolution broke out they took their departure, and made all haste by railroad to reach Havre. They had not got more than nine miles from Paris when the train stopped, and they were told by the conductor that the bridge ahead of them was on fire, and that proceeding further was hopeless, and that it was equally impossible for them to run back, for the rails behind them had already been taken up. There was nothing else to be done than get out, and return on foot, at the imminent risk of insult and outrage from an infuriated mob, that already lined both sides of the road, to the extent of thousands. This was a situation alarming enough to fill the stoutest heart with terror, and the effect may be imagined in the present, where there was only one man to protect three or four ladies, with several children, to say nothing of *femes de chambre*, and small parcels. Their flight was excessive, but escape was out of the question. Nothing could be done but return to Paris, and run the gauntlet that awaited them. They passed along in a drizzling rain, covered with mud and borne down with fatigue. Shouts and imprecations made the air resound around them, for the very earth seemed teeming with armed and savage men. With shuddering hearts they pushed along, dreading every moment to be waylaid, robbed, and perhaps slain, when to their infinite joy they reached Paris, and believed their tribulations over. Hurrying through the Barreir, they struck down the first street that seemed to lead in the direction of their residence, when, of a sudden to their consternation they found themselves hemmed in behind a vast barricade, and in a moment were surrounded and seized by hundreds of fierce and desperate insurgents, disguised in masks, and armed to the teeth, who brandished their weapons, and threatened them with death.

"Ha, ha," they shouted in furious tones, "you vile aristocrats, you have endeavored to escape—but you are not gone yet. And we'll take care of you now." Their situation was really fearful. Inflamed with drink and passion, these terrible men, further exasperated by the combat in which they were engaged, were capable of any excess, even to murder. The unhappy party, seeing themselves cut off from every resource, threw themselves on their knees, and endeavored to move their ruthless captors by supplications and tears. They declared "they were no aristocrats—but republicans like themselves—they were of them in principle and in sympathy—they were not English but Americans." At which shouts of bitter derision were returned, accompanied by exclamations and oaths, full of contempt and hate. "You think you'll cheat us that way, do you, by setting up as republicans, and passing yourselves off as Americans. No, that won't do, as we'll soon convince you." The danger increased every moment, and cries of "a bas les Anglais!" "morte les riches!" rose on all sides, amid frantic yells and demoniac threats. At this agonizing moment one of the ladies, whose nerves were strung by the imminence of the peril, roused herself to one more heroic effort.

"But what," she said, "if we give you proof, my friends, that we belong to you—that we are fellow republicans—that we are not monarchists, but Americans?"

"The proof—the proof!" they roared, in the hoarse tones of the coming tempest.

Every eye was bent on her—every upraised arm restrained; a breathless pause ensued. At this revolutionary period in France, scarce a family resided there but had deemed it prudent to provide themselves with an American flag, and in hurrying away from Paris, by a mere chance, the lady in question carried the banner from its staff, and rolled it up in a package she carried with her. In the desperate hope that it might now possibly stand her instead, she unfolded and raised it aloft. On one of its white stripes was written in that old Greek, the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," and the United States of America.

The display of the national ensign, proving beyond question the origin of their prisoners, had a perfectly magical effect on the now debauched mob around them. Off flew hats and umbrellas, and cheers rent the air. "Vive les Américains!" "Vive la démocratie!"—long live the Americans—long live the flag of liberty—was shouted from countless rude throats. The wildest enthusiasm seized on these tumultuous but gallant men. They entreated a thousand pardons for their unthinking violence, and in their

frenzy felt on their knees, kissed the hands of the ladies, and would, but for their earnest remonstrances, have carried them home in triumph. As it was, they detailed a formidable guard, and following the American flag, which was mounted on a lance, they escorted, amid every token of respect and homage, the grateful objects of their democratic sympathies, back again to their longed-for residence.

To confirm in every particular the thrilling facts I have related, I would be happy to give in full the names of the parties in question, whose respectability would be a sufficient guarantee; but as they consisted chiefly of ladies, I feel a certain hesitation in taking such a liberty. I will merely state that I received these particulars from the heroine of the flag herself, Mrs. J. R. H., of the Fifth Avenue, New York.

WOMAN.—The Yankee Blade pertinently asks why it is that editors can never write on this theme without going into ecstasies of eloquence.

We love the girls as well as anybody, but we don't see why a man need go crazy on their account. Just see how the Syracuse Revueille man is thrown off his balance by a thought of the dear creatures:

"When we see a neat pretty girl with a free, but innocent air; with cheeks which we can hardly help kissing, and with a pair of heavenly blue eyes, which seem to repose in perfect serenity beneath their silken lashes, we always wish that she were near a mud-puddle, and that we had in lift over. Go away, strawberries, you've lost your taste."

A FAIR BET FAIRLY WON. Said Bill to Richard the other day, "Did you ever hear how tough hided I am?"

"I never did," replied Dick, "tougher than common folks?"

"I reckon 'tis a few—why I'll bet you a drink, Dick, that you may take a coward and lay it upon my bare skin as hard and as long as you like, and I won't even flinch."

"Done—I'll take that bet. If I don't make you squirm like a half skinned cat the first cut, I'm sadly mistaken."

"You take the bet, then."

"I do."

"Well wait till I go up stairs and bring down my bear skin, and—"

"O, ho! your bear skin. No, no, I mean."

"I don't care what you mean, it's a fair bet fairly won. My bear skin is my bear skin and nothing else."

"I'll give in," said Richard, looking foolish and flabbergasted; "let's adjourn to the pewter mug, and say no more about it."

CONVULSION COMPLIMENT.—Old Squire B—was elected Judge of the Inferior Court of some county in Georgia. When he went home, his delighted wife exclaimed—"Now, my dear, you are Judge, what am I?"

"The same darned old fool you allers was," was the late reply.

A romantic youth, promenading up Chestnut street the other afternoon, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile meditating on the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips saying, "Oh, that it were the fair cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a big wench looked out of an upper window and said, "Boss, dis please to frow that fumble of mine in dis alley—just now drapt it." The man is said to have fainted.

At a church where was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared, whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text: "Adam, where art thou?"

In the afternoon Adam preached from these words, "Lo! here am I."

"Day does say, that way down in Georgia, they makes poor nigger work twenty-five hours ebbery day. Now, look here, I've been told that a day hasn't got no more nor twenty-four hours, an' I wants you, Mr. Johnson, to 'splain to dis chile, how they make 'em work twenty-five hours."

"Golly mighty, what ignoramuses niggers you is, Soipid; why way, down dare, they make poor niggers get up opp' hours afore day—doesn't that make 'em twenty-five?" Scipio was convinced.

An old Locofoco, who recently died in Alabama, left his property to his child, upon condition of their being Locofocos. There may have been some wisdom in that. One of the old Greek philosophers left his money in the hands of a friend, to be given to his children only upon condition of their being fools. "Woe," said he, "if they are wise men, they will not need it."

CHANCE AT FORTUNE.—Among the notable events of the year, the following may be mentioned: Emperor Pagan of Mexico, ate two or three colored gentlemen who once figured in New York's books and barbers.

A Baptist has truthfully said that if some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong graves.

Lincoln.—The following extracts from a letter of recent date from the Rev. Mr. Gurley, formerly the faithful agent of the Colonization Society, and the zealous advocate of its objects whilst the African Republic was but the germ of what it now is—and who is now on a visit, partly of an official character to that country—will be of great interest to many readers:

"President Roberts lives in a very commodious brick house, furnished with taste and elegance, and the hospitalities of his mansion are set off with a refined good breeding which commends him and the Republic over which he so ably presides; to the respect and confidence of visitors from the whole civilized world."

Speaking of the appearance of the town of Monrovia and the beauty of its ornamental trees, as well as the great improvement which has taken place, Mr. G. says:

"The beauty of these large trees, (the orange) loaded with fruit, as well as that of the heavily laden coffee trees, one of the handsomest trees that you can imagine, with the deep green of its magnificent leaf, it would be difficult to describe."

"When I behold what has been done since my former visit to this coast, the many substantial and convenient houses and stores that have been constructed, the general aspect of health, contentment and hope, which this 'people exhibit,' the great good order and respect to religion which prevails, I am impressed more than I ever was with the vast dignity and beneficence of the civilization of Africa."

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.—Men distinguished for their patriotism here in all ages been distinguished for their longevity. No less than thirteen of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of American Independence lived to the patriarchal age of eighty-one and upwards, viz:

Charles Carroll, of Maryland,	85
Wm. Ellery, of Rhode Island,	93
John Adams, of Massachusetts,	91
Samuel Adams,	81
Robert Treat Paine,	83
Benjamin Franklin,	84
Wm. Williams, of Connecticut,	81
William Floyd, of Long Island,	87
Thomas McKean, of Pennsylvania,	84
Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia,	83
George Wythe,	85
Matthew Thornton, of Ireland,	80
Francis Lewis, of South Wales,	90

Total, 1,120

This is an average of 80 years and two months each, and the aggregate excess of the "time-honored thirteen" over four scores is just 80 years. No deliberate assembly of equal magnitude was ever more remarkable for the virtue, temperance, and longevity of its members than the one which declared the American colonies free and independent.—Boston Journal.

A MODEL CITY.—The city of Utica, New York, does not owe a single cent of public debt, and has money in bank, besides taxes due and collectable. It has an abundant supply of water brought into the houses of her citizens, fresh from the mountain springs. It is lighted by gas of pure and excellent quality; has the best appointed and most effective fire department of any of its size in America, and is the only city in the State which wholly escaped the ravages of the cholera last summer.

THE EFFECTS OF GIN.—An English paper, speaking of intemperance, remarks:—"Mr. Wakely, M. P., member of the county of Middlesex, an excellent chemist, and a physician of no mean order, says, 'Gin is the best friend that I have; it causes me to have annually a thousand more inquiries than I should otherwise hold. I have reason to believe that 10,000 to 15,000 persons die in London every year from the effects of gin drinking, on whom no inquiries are held.' Capt. Brunton, R. N., adds, 'During the late war, almost every accident I witnessed on board ships was owing to drunkenness. I hold spirituous liquors to be more dangerous than gunpowder.' Let the loss of the St. George, Kent, East Indian, Ajax, Railway Gas, testify to this fact! If war has slain its thousands, intemperance has swallowed up its tens of thousands."

SINCE CORNERS.—Among the novelties introduced by the professors of dancing in New York, is the "kiss collision," the beauty of which consists in playing lips with every lady you "swing corners" with. One of the most noted gentlemen in San Francisco is said to be a Spanish woman. She has been known to put up 25 pounds of gold dust at a single stick.

OUR WIFE HAS A HEADACHE.—A NEW YORK recently been published a little book, an efficient physician, in which he describes a new remedy for headaches. He uses a mixture of oil and salt in the proportion of 1 to 10, and says that it is the only application of a little piece of silk gauze, with a few drops of percha, to the limited spots on the forehead, or other parts of the scalp, where rheumatic headache is felt. It gives instantaneous relief. The skin is subjected to the process from half a minute to one and a half minutes, and is rendered hard and white. It is good in erysipelas and diseases of the skin.—Sci. American.

ANORE.—It is the great duty to put off anger. It is for duty. A little jogging puts a clock or watch out of the frame; so a little passion the heart.

SELECTION OF SEEDS.

The winter is a favorable time for farmers to look around them and procure, or look up anew, improved varieties of seeds, roots, scions, &c., for future use. In this way one may, in a very short time, greatly increase the income of his farm; for no fact in vegetable physiology is more strongly or incontrovertibly established, than that seeds, planted or cultivated during a series of many years, will degenerate, or, in farming technology, "run out." I am not, either is any one, capable of determining, accurately, by what strange influences this result is effected; but frequent experience has convinced me that seeds and vegetables brought from a distance, invariably succeed much better than those that have become familiar to the soil; and that, consequently, a change, every three or four years, at farthest, even of the same varieties, is invariably judicious, and productive of the best result.

In the spring of 1838, I had a variety of early potatoes, which had so nearly run out, that I had, notwithstanding my desire to continue their cultivation, concluded to throw them by. A friend, however, to whom I had presented some of them a few years antecedently, and whose residence was some eight or ten miles off, chanced to come along, and suggested the propriety of an exchange. To this proposition I willingly acceded, and the result was a beautiful crop with both. The same takes place with corn, beans, wheat, rye oats, barley, pumpkins, and indeed most vegetables. Even a change from one description of soil to another, on the same farm, is productive of this favorable result. In the selection of seed a farmer cannot be too circumspect, as he is perpetually liable to be deceived and led into error by spurious appearances. The "humbugging system" in its present order of the day, and if we suffer ourselves to be deceived and carried about by every wind of doctrine, our profits from farming will be limited indeed.

It is always a good plan, when by any means we have succeeded in obtaining a valuable variety, to endeavor to preserve and propagate its desirable qualities. This may be easily accomplished by selecting, every autumn, the best and most perfectly developed specimen of the crop. In this way, by the exercise of care and skill in cultivating, we may, in a few years, bring it to almost any degree of excellence desired. Every farmer must have noticed that in every kind of crop there are some individuals which are earlier matured than others. These ought invariably to be selected to propagate from. Whatever be the character or nature of the crop, this principle systematically adopted and practiced, will, in the end, produce the best result. "The same blood good in relation to farm stock." To select the best, most symmetrical, and most valuable animals for the market or the shambles, is necessarily to degenerate and stultify the breed, where, as a contrary course will, in a short period, produce an improvement which it is not possible in any other way to produce. No judicious and intelligent breeder will ever be unmindful of this important principle, for by attention to its dictates, we shall assuredly be gainers in the end. If we have become dissatisfied with any particular kind of seed, or, by injudicious management, have so far depreciated it that its yield, when carefully cultivated, scarcely remunerates us for the labor and expense we bestow upon it, now is the time to supply its place by a more valuable article, and one that will better reward our toils.

A farm stocked with the best animals, and producing the most valuable fruits, grains and vegetables to be found in this country, and cultivated on the most enlightened, successful and scientific principles, would be an object of wonder worth contemplating. In some period of that futurity, when to this people is so rich in glorious promises, such objects will be common. Of this, the past is eloquent in promises, the present a pledge that these promises shall ultimately be fulfilled.

ANTICIPA.

"There is time for all things," said a crisy old fellow to his wife. "I'll believe that," answered his wife in a sharp vinegar voice, "when you pay for your newspaper." Hit him again, old woman, we'll stand by you.

A STOMACH MONSTER.—The Boston Atlas relates that Dr. A. P. RICHMOND, of that city, lately relieved a St. Louis gentleman, who came thither for treatment of a tape worm more than 100 feet long! The gentleman, whose life had long been made miserable by the presence of this monster, returned home in the enjoyment of perfect health.

In Marriages, formerly a lady was allowed so much per month pin money. Gentlemen now spend so much per month ten pin money.

Why is the profession of a person superior to that of a doctor? because it is easier to preach than to practice.

A man in Philadelphia the other day lost the watch in which Augustus' name was Dugood, and he hanged himself.