

THE STAR AND BANNER.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1850.

{NEW SERIES—NO. 164.

PUBLIC SALE.

On Saturday the 23rd of March inst. at 12 o'clock, M., at my Furniture Room, in Chambersburg street, Gettysburg, Pa., MY ENTIRE STOCK OF **NEW FURNITURE,** composed of the following articles, to-wit: Mahogany Bureaus, Cherry do. Mahogany Dressing Bureaus, Centre Tables, with marble tops, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Candle Stands, Work-stands, Half French and Full French Bedsteads, Racking Cradles, Dough-trays, Corner Cupboards, Settees, **FANCY CANE-BOTTOM & COMMON CHAIRS,** and many other articles not enumerated. A credit of six months will be given on all purchases amounting to more than \$5. **DAVID HEAGY,** Gettysburg, March 18.

PUBLIC SALE.

As the subscriber intends removing to the West, he will sell at Public Sale on Tuesday the 20th day of March inst. at his residence, in Hamilton township, Adams county, his entire stock of Personal Property, to-wit: Dining and Breakfast Tables, **Chairs, Bedsteads,** Bureaus, Corner Cupboard, Kitchen Cupboard, Looking Glasses, a large Iron Kettle, Pots, Metal Vessels, **FOUR STOVES,** with pipe, one a cooking stove, the others ten-plate, with other articles of household and Kitchen Furniture; also, **EIGHT MILK COWS,** 4 head of young cattle, a lot of hogs, one broad-tread wagon, one one-horse do., an old carriage, ploughs, harrows, horse-gears, with numerous other Farming implements. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. when the terms will be made known by the subscriber. A reasonable credit will be given. **JACOB WELDY,** March 1, 1850.—15

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of Orphans' Court of Adams county, the undersigned, Guardian of BENJAMIN LEREW, minor son of John Lerew, late of the township of Lattimore, in said county, deceased, will sell at public sale, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, on **Saturday the 23rd day of March inst.** all the interest of said Benjamin Lerew in **A Tract of Land,** situate in Lattimore township, Adams co., on the road from Wolford's mill to the Carlisle turnpike, containing **162 Acres and 95 Perches.** The improvements are a **TWO STORY STONE HOUSE,** Stone Kitchen, double Log Barn, Spring House, Meat-House, Wagon Shed, and Dry House, with other out-buildings. Also a good orchard of choice fruit trees. Attendance will be given and terms made known on the day of sale by **JACOB GRIEST, Guardian.** By the Court—H. Deawiddie, Clerk. March 1, 1850.—15

PUBLIC SALE.

As the Subscriber intends removing from Gettysburg, he will sell, at Public Sale, on **Tuesday the 20th of March inst.** at his residence in East York Street, the following Household and Kitchen Furniture, to-wit: Dining and Breakfast Tables, **Chairs, Beds and Bedsteads, Wardrobes, Cupboards, Settees, Looking Glasses, Parlor Lamps, Stands, Pictures, Frames, window blinds, carpeting, and iron, shovels and tongues, two excellent time-pieces, (one an eight day brass clock, the other a very handsome mantle ornament, running three weeks), FOUR STOVES,** with pipe and drum, one a Hathaway cook stove, one a new style air-tight, and two common wood stoves; also, a first-rate **MILK COW,** a new slight, with well known SHOT GUN, with porch, flask, &c., a pair of new folding doors, a lot of yellow sand, a lot of lumber, together with a great variety of other articles too numerous to particularize. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock, M., when the terms will be made known and attendance given by **WILLIAM KING,** March 1, 1850.—15

TINWARE. TINWARE.

GEO. E. BUEHLER respectfully announces to his friends that he continues to manufacture all kinds of TIN WARE at his establishment in Chambersburg street, nearly opposite the Post Office—where he will be pleased to fill all orders promptly and upon the most reasonable terms. Gettysburg, March 15, 1850.

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW

NEW BOOKS, &c. THE Manufacture of Iron and Steel, in all its various branches, including a description of Wood-Cutting, Coal-Digging, and the burning of Charcoal and Coal; the digging and roasting of Iron ore, the building and management of Blast Furnaces, &c., by Frederick Overman, Mining Engineer, with 140 wood engravings, at 65. We have also just received Lynch's Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, with numerous maps and illustrations, at 75. The American Fruit Culturist, with directions for the propagation and culture of Fruit Trees in the nursery, orchard and garden, with description of the principal American and Foreign varieties, by John J. Thomas—embellished with 200 accurate figures. Price \$1.60. The Whig Almanac for 1850, a useful document for every person, only 12 cents. The Southern Harmony, price 75 cents. New Music, a fresh supply. Any music not included in our assortment will be promptly ordered. All the late standard and miscellaneous works, as well as cheap publications, received regularly, & issued from the press. Blank Books of all kinds, including Ledgers, Day Books and all the various books used in the counting room. Pearl Folios, Letter Paper, by the quire or team, at very low prices. Inkstands, Sealing Wax, Wafers, Letter and Note Envelopes, in great variety, and all the various articles of stationery at the most reasonable cash prices. Remember the Cheap Book Store, South East Corner of Centre Square. **KELLER KURTZ.**

TO COACHMAKERS.

THE undersigned respectfully announces to the Coach makers of Gettysburg and other places, that they have commenced the manufacture of **Oil Cloth and Canvas** for Coaches, of the very best quality, on an extensive scale, which they are prepared to furnish, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. Our Canvas will be found equal in finish and quality to any manufactured in the city. We design also manufacturing, for wholesale and retail, **COACH VARNISH** of a superior quality. Orders from a distance will be promptly attended to. **SAMUEL J. LITTLE, GEORGE H. LITTLE,** March 13, 1850.

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber tenders his acknowledgments 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, FLOWERS, STOCKINGS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, COLLARS, Muslins, Irish Linens,** &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest cash prices. The subscriber deems it unnecessary to enumerate the different articles which comprise his stock. He would therefore respectfully invite all to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere. **J. L. SCHICK,** Gettysburg, Sept. 28, 1849.—15

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale the **FARM** on which Henry Hershrey, jr., now resides, situate in Franklin township, Adams county, adjoining lands of King Wilson, Andrew Hutzelmans, and others, containing **105 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 the terms, which will be reasonable, will call upon the subscriber. The property can be viewed on application to the tenant. **HENRY HERSHREY, Sen.,** Franklin tp., June 1, 1849.—15

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

THE undersigned have entered into partnership for the Practice of the Law in the several Courts of Adams county—Office in South Baltimore street, three doors South of the Court-house, the same here before occupied by D. M. Smyser. All business entrusted to their care attended to with fidelity and despatch. **DANIEL M. SMYSER, WILLIAM M. SMYSER,** N. B. During my absence this winter at Harrisburg, Mr. W. M. Smysier is also authorized to attend to my old unfinished business, and will be in constant communication with me relative to the same. **DANIEL M. SMYSER,** Dec. 21, 1849.—3m

HOUSE SPOUTING.

WILL be made and put up by the subscriber, who will attend promptly to all orders, and upon reasonable terms as can be procured at any establishment in the county. **GE. O. E. BUEHLER.** ALEX. R. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OFFICE in the Centre Square, North of the Court-house, between Smith and Stevenson's corners.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Oh! Mother Earth! upon thy lap Thy weary ones receiving, And o'er them kindly as a dream, Thy gentle mantle covering! Fold, softly in their long embrace, That heart so warm and broken, And cool its pulse of fire beneath, Thy shadows old and taken. Shut out from him the bitter word And serpent hiss of scolding; Nor let the stars of yesterday Disturb his quiet morning. Breathe over him forgetfulness, Of all sad deeds of kindred, And, save to smiles of grateful eyes, Press down his lids in blindness. There, where with living ear and eye He heard the ocean's swelling, And through his tall ancestral trees, Saw Autumn's sunset glowing, He sleeps—still looking to the West, Beneath the dark wood shadow, As if he still would see the sun Sink down on wave and meadow. Bard, Sage, and Tribune—in himself All needs of mind contrasting—The tenderest wall of human woe, The scorn like lightning blazing; The patient who from rival eyes His swelling soul would smother, The stinging taunt, the fiery burst Of hatred scorching human! Mirth, sparkling as diamond, flowed From lips of life-long sadness, Clear pictures of majestic thought Upon a ground of sadness; And over all Romance and Song A classic beauty shrouding, And laureled Clie at his side Her storied pages showing. All parties feared him: each in turn Beheld his schemes disjointed, As right or left his fatal glance An aspect of doom pointed. Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down With trenchant wit unsparring, And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand The robe of Prudence wearing. Too honest and too proud to feign A love he never cherished, Beyond his brother's border lines His passion perished. While others heeded to distant skies Our eagle's dusky pinion, Heonely saw the mountain-bird Stoop o'er his Old Dominion! Still through each change of fortune strange, He tracked nerve and brain all burning, His being still in Mecklenburg, Knew never shade of turning; By British lakes, by Neva's wave, Whatever sky was o'er his, He heard her river's rushing sound, Her blue peaks rose before him. He held his peace; yet kept the while His roving eye the human; In the dark vaults of his will He saw but man and woman! No hunter of God's outraged poor His Kosonok valley entered; No trader in the soul of slaves Across his threshold ventured. And when the old and wearied man Laid down for his last sleeping, At his side, a slave no more, His fellow man stood weeping, His latest thought, his living breath, To freedom's cause heaving, With falling tongue, and trembling hand The dying plea he living: Oh! never bore his ancient State A truer son or braver! None tramping with a calmer scorn On foreign shores, yet never stooped To proud excuses of the wrong, Or meanness of concealing. But none beheld with clearer eye The plague-spot o'er her spreading, None heard more sure the voice of doom Along the shore of sinning. For her as for himself he spoke, When his giant frame uprearing, He traced with dying hands—Remember! And perished in the tracing. As from the grave where Henry sleeps, And from the weeping of his kinsmen, And from the wailing of his people, The sage of Monticello, So from the best-trove burial stone Of Randolph's slowly dwelling, Virginia's o'er thy land leaves A warning voice is swelling.

Hav'nt the Change.

It was house-cleaning time, and I had an old colored woman at work scrubbing and cleaning paint. "Polly is going," said one of my domestics, as the twilight began to fall. "Very well, tell her, I shall want her tomorrow." "I think she would like to have her money for to-day's work," said the girl. I took out my purse, and found that I had nothing in it less than a three dollar bill. "How much does she have a day?" "Six shillings." "I hav'nt the change this evening. Tell her I'll pay her for both days tomorrow." "The girl left the room, and I thought no more of Polly for an hour. Tea time had come and passed, when one of my domestics, who was rather communicative in her habits, said to me: "I don't think old Polly liked your not paying her this evening." "She must be very unreasonable then," I said without reflection. "I sent her word that I had no change. How did she expect that I could pay her?" "Some people are queer; you know," remarked the girl who had made the communication, more for the pleasure of telling it than anything else. I kept thinking over what the girl had said, until other suggestions came into my mind. "I wish I had sent and got a bill changed," said I, as the idea that Polly might be really in want of the money intruded itself. "It would have been very little trouble." This was the beginning of a new train of reflections, which did not make me very happy. To avoid a little trouble, I had sent the poor woman away after a hard day's labor, without her money. "That she stood in need of it was evident from the fact that she asked for it." "How very thoughtful in you," said I, as I went longer and longer on the subject. "What's the matter?" inquired my husband, seeing me look serious. "Nothing to be very much troubled at," I replied. "Yet you are troubled." "Am I; and cannot help it. You will perhaps, smile at me, but small causes sometimes produce much pain. Old Polly has been at work all day, scrubbing and cleaning. When night came she asked for her wages, and I, instead of taking the trouble to get the money for her, sent her word that I had no change. There was nothing less than a three dollar bill in my purse. I didn't reflect that a poor old woman who has to go out daily work must need her money as soon as it is earned. I'm very sorry." My husband did not reply for some time. My words seem to have made considerable impression on his mind. "Do you know where Polly lives?" he enquired at length. "No; but I will ask the girl." And immediately ringing the bell, I made inquiries as to where Polly lived; but no one in the house knew. "It can't be helped now," said my husband in a tone of regret. "But I would be more thoughtful in future. The poor always have need of their money. Their daily labor rarely does more than supply their daily wants. I can never forget a circumstance that occurred when I was a girl. My mother was left a widow when I was but nine years old—and she was poor. It was by the labor of their hands that she obtained shelter and food for herself and three little ones. "Once—I remember the occurrence as if it had taken place yesterday—we were out of money and food. At breakfast time our last morsel was eaten, and we went through the long day without a mouthful of bread. We all grew very hungry by night; but our mother encouraged us to be patient a little and a little longer, until she finished the garment she was making when she would take that and some other work home to a lady, and she would pay her for the work. 'Tis she said, we should have a nice supper. At last the work was finished, and I went with mother to help to carry it home, for she was weak and sickly, and even a light burden had used her. The lady for whom she had made the garment was in good circumstances, and had no want that money could supply. When we came into her presence, she took the work, and after glancing at it carelessly, said, "It will do very well." My mother lingered, perceiving which the lady said rather rudely: "You want your money, I suppose. How much does the work come to?" "Two dollars," replied the mother. The lady took out her purse; and, after looking through a small parcel of bills, said, "I hav'nt the change this evening. Call over any time and you shall have it." And without giving my mother time more earnestly to urge her request, turned from us and left the room. I never shall forget the night that followed. My mother's feelings were sensitive and independent. She could not make her own money, and she was used to see the servant maids are usually seen in the mornings during their week's work; and I have myself frequently seen respectable farmers' daughters and others well dressed, and sometimes with silk parades over their heads, walking a mile or two from the hills to the kirk or market with their shoes and stockings in their pockets, and stopping on approaching the town or village to put them on—taking them off again on the road home." "SELLING LIQUOR ON SUNDAY.—In the Maryland Legislature, the bill that passed the House of Delegates last week, providing for submitting to a vote of the people the question as to whether the law prohibiting the sale of liquor on the Sabbath, shall or shall not be repealed, was defeated in the Senate on Friday, by ayes 10, nays 11. The effect of this vote is to leave the prohibitory law remain full in force.

THE FARMER—A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of civilization he is the proprietor of a little estate, and who is the owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbued from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than others, the character of a man as the lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a portion is his; his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its rounds of duties; and he feels himself concentrated, by a mighty link, with those who preceded him, and to whom he is to transmit a heritage. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home, but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was raised by them to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in his boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voices of the Sabbath bell, which called his father and his forefathers to the house of God, and near at hand the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where when his time came, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-spring of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Everett.*

COURT-GUARDIAN.

A good story is told in a Philadelphia paper of the treatment of a drunken husband by his amiable spouse. After trying various expedients, all to no purpose, to cure her husband's habitual drunkenness she at last thought herself of another plan for making a reformed drunkard of her lord. She engaged a washman, for a stipulated reward, to carry Philander to the wash house, while he was yet in a state of insensibility, and to frighten him with a bundle of sticks. In consequence of this arrangement, Philander waked up about 11 o'clock at night, and found himself lying on a pine bench in a dim and strange apartment. Raising himself on one elbow, he looked around till his eyes rested on a man seated by a stove and smoking a cigar. "Where am I?" said Philander. "In a medical college," answered the cigar smoker. "What a doing there?" "Going to be cut up." "How comes that?" "Why, you died yesterday, while you were drunk, and we brought your body to make a 'anatomy'." "It's a lie. I'm not dead." "No matter; we bought your carcass from your wife, who had a right to sell it, for if all the good she could ever make of you, if you're not dead, that's not the fault of the doctors, and they'll cut you up dead or alive." "You will do it, eh?" asked the old sot. "Ay, to be sure we will; now, directly, was the resolute answer. "Well, can't you let us have a little something to drink before you begin?" This last speech satisfied the washman that Philander was a hopeless case; and as his reward was contingent on his successful treatment of the patient, he was not a little chagrined at the result, so, with no gentlemanly regard, he tampered the irreparable lubricate out of the wash-house.

SCOTCH HABITS AMONG THE FEMALES.

A correspondent of a London paper says:—"I beg to remark that in the north, the Scotch ladies walking in the streets without bonnets, shoes, or stockings, as alluded to by your writer in your paper, is by no means a proof in that country of poverty or destitution, but is merely a matter of taste, custom, or inclination, as the case may be. Much pride is felt in general about the hair, and a stranger cannot help being struck with the great care and neatness displayed for the most part in its arrangement by the lower and middle order of young females; hence arises the dislike to wearing a bonnet; and it is only within about a quarter of a century that shoes and stockings have been much worn by them; and even now they are not in general use in the country towns. Even in Edinburgh, in the lodging and other houses—the servant maids are usually seen without them in the mornings during their week's work; and I have myself frequently seen respectable farmers' daughters and others well dressed, and sometimes with silk parades over their heads, walking a mile or two from the hills to the kirk or market with their shoes and stockings in their pockets, and stopping on approaching the town or village to put them on—taking them off again on the road home."

SELLING LIQUOR ON SUNDAY.

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SONG.

O! heavy, heavy day!
When wilt thou wear away,
And bring her sweet returning?
O, weary, weary night!
When wilt thou take thy flight,
And bring another morning?
O stars that gem the skies!
Ye shine not like her eyes,
Where love is ever beaming!
I am on, O hateful day—
Yet gentle night, O stay!
For she is mine while dreaming.
In dreams, she comes to me—
And bliss divine comes o'er me—
Then let my spirit creep
To thy pavilion, sleep!
While loves flies on before me.

GEM.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And cheer the evening hour.
There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

LITIGATION.

In the part of the country where I lived when a boy, there was an Inn, and before it as usual, a Sign Post, on the one side of which appeared a man richly attired and mounted upon a splendid horse, and underneath was printed in large capitals, "I am going to law, sir." On the reverse was painted a decrepit old man, in rags, leaning upon a staff; and underneath was written in small Italics, "I have been to law, sir." Of the lesson which this sign was designed to inculcate I have thought a thousand times, and especially when noticing the parties themselves. And in most cases if they would consider before it meddled with, it would be better for both. Among the numberless stories bearing on this subject there is one to this effect, namely:—Two wealthy farmers had a difference which in their anger they resolved should be settled by law. One of them lost no time in securing the services of the ablest Attorney in the circuit. The other had selected the same individual as his attorney, and was greatly disappointed in finding that he had already been engaged on the other side. When applied to, the attorney retained, expressed himself sorry that he could not personally help him in this case; but, continued he, I will recommend you to one who will do you ample justice. And in order to introduce him he wrote the following note:—"Here are two fat geese—you pluck the one, and I will pluck the other." Very carefully folding and sealing it, he handed it to the disappointed applicant for his services. When the farmer was on his way to the office of the attorney, he began to reflect on the motive that prompted to this introduction. Possibly he had some selfish end to answer; and taking from his pocket the letter, he was enabled to read it without violating the seal; and instead of going to the lawyer, he went to the farmer, and read him the note—when they adjusted the difficulty between them to their mutual satisfaction.

HOW TO RAISE GOOD POTATOES.

My object in writing at this time, is to give you my method of growing potatoes free from the rot. I have practiced it two seasons with entire success, and have now six hundred bushels of fine Mercer potatoes in my cellar, and all free from disease. My method is, to plough the ground late in the fall or early in the spring, then row it smoothly before ploughing time, then head out broad manure, then take two horses and a plow, and back up two full furrows, and the furrows just meeting in the backing, leave a strip a foot wide, and back up two more; and so continue till you have completed the lot. Then turn about and split these double furrows open with a single furrow, then commence dropping your potatoes, (pieces of cut potatoes, containing at least four eyes) in a furrow six inches apart. After the lot is dropped, take your horse and plow, and throw two good furrows, (one round of a team to a throw), just meeting on the top; dress off the top, clearing the row of stones, clods, &c., then sow broadcast five bushels manure after ploughing the ground immediately after planting; cultivate well till the plants are in blossom, and you will have a good crop. When the crop is ready to gather, clear the ground, take your two horses and plow and turn a furrow on each side of the row; let a boy pick up the scattering potatoes; then hoe down the ridge; lastly, harrow over the ground, pick up the remaining potatoes, and the work is finished. The agriculturist must at once observe that, by this process, he gets a broad, loose bed for the potatoes to grow in; also double depth of soil; then you are certain of good dry potatoes. I would here observe that potato ground is the very best for producing a good crop of wheat; and I would advise farmers to grow a greater surplus of this most valuable root. If there is no market, store them, and feed them to your horses, cattle and hogs; feed them in your stable through the winter, give your stock good bedding, clean out your stables once a week, make as large a manure heap as possible, and you will not be troubled with the potato disease, nor that worse malady arising from always taking out of the meal tub and never returning any, you will thus come to the bottom.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

DEPOPULATION BY CHOLERA.

The Natchez Free Trader, of the 27th ultimo, announces "the entire depopulation of, then thriving village of Trinity, in Louisiana, about thirty miles distant from Natchez. It says:—"The awful scourge, the Asiatic cholera, descended upon the population with a fatality almost unknown elsewhere, or called in phylas from the adjacent country, were scarcely able to save a patient who had been taken sick. Flight was the only safety for the well, and death only reigned in Trinity.—Mr. Snyder, formerly a resident of Natchez, kept a boarding house there with twenty-five or thirty boarders, all of whom who did not run away, died. Mr. Snyder stayed and took care of them until the last one died, then descended to the mouth of Red River, and we are sorry to add that he too died on the steamer Cincinnati going to Natchez. JENNY LIND'S voice belongs to the brilliant & capacious, having at the same time simplicity. This is an advantage over most modern things in art or literature; they have capacity and brilliancy, but without simplicity. They end in artificiality, which she does not. But still, although her voice is pleasing, it is not that of a woman in distress—it is not either morally or sensually lovable, still less is it pathetic. It is a rare thing, showing great power highly cultivated; it possesses the qualities demanded by the present day—finish and extent.

Pa, what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting in the stops." "Then I wish you would go down in the cellar, and punctuate the spirit of the older barrel, as the cider is robbing all over the floor!" "Why is a four quart measure like a side saddle? Because it holds a good deal."

MODE OF PLANTING CORN.

After the ground is furrowed one way, one man commences furrowing in another direction. A boy or man follows and drops the corn. Then another, provided with an implement something like the common shovel plow, with a square piece of iron about the size of a common hoe screwed fast to the end of it, follows the dropper and covers the corn by letting the iron scrape up the dirt from the bottom of the furrow, and deposit it immediately on the hill. As soon as the corn is covered up, the planter is dropped again for another hill, &c. This method here, in our fields, where stamps are very thick, is a great saving of time. Two men, and a boy 12 years old, with two horses, can furrow out in one day, and plant eight acres in a day. This I know to be true, for I helped to plant one of my fields of eight acres in this manner last spring. The shovel-plow, with a square piece of iron on the end of it, will answer the purpose.—*Albany Cultivator.*

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

Three wild muldarks were recently captured by a young divine and brought into Sunday School in New York. "What is your name, my boy?" "Dan," replied the untaught one who was interrogated. "Oh, no, your name is Daniel, say it now." "Daniel." "Yes, well, Daniel, take that seat." "And what is your name?" was interrogated of number two. "Sam," ejaculated the urchin. "Oh dear, no, it is Samuel, sit down, Samuel, and now let us hear what your name is, my bright little fellow?" said he, turning to the third. With a grin of self satisfaction, and a shake of the head that would have done honor to Lord Burleigh, the young catechumen boldly replied: "Jim-ud, be Jabber!"—*N. Y. Spirit.*

SINGULAR PETRIFICATION.

An article in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine descriptive of Detroit makes mention of a most remarkable fossil to be seen in that city. The building erected for the use of the government of the United States, is constructed in part, of a species of shell limestone, brought from the island in Lake Erie, and polished for the purpose of a petrified human face and skull. In preparing the stone by the chisel, the petrification was divided from front to rear vertically, so that it shows a profile of the face, a transverse section of the cranium, with the petrified folds of the brain itself. The block from which this curiosity was obtained, is of a large size.

SINGULAR COLLECTION.

A lady recently died at St. Omers, in France, who never, during the course of her protracted existence of eighty years, gave away, destroyed or sold any article of dress she had ever worn. When a fashion had passed away, she put the articles representing it into a wardrobe made for the purpose.—It must be curious to see the various gradations of dress which such a collection presents. She began with the reign of Louis XV., and from the hoops, powder and high-heeled shoes of those days, she has descended into the time of republicanism and its more simple forms of costume. Her wardrobe has become a perfect museum of fashion.

LARGE LUMPS OF GOLD.

Some astonishingly large pieces of gold are reported to have been found at the Stockton mines, in California, within the last two weeks of January. A letter of January 31, to the New York Tribune, says:—"One piece, weighing twenty-three pounds was brought to Stockton; that another piece of incredible size and weight was also reported to have been brought to Stockton on Friday—it was said to weigh ninety-eight pounds. I saw a number of persons on board the Stockton boat who had seen the lump weighing twenty-five pounds. The gentleman who carries the express between Stockton and San Francisco, told me he saw and had in his hands the piece weighing ninety-eight pounds. This is the truest it is the largest piece of gold ever found, excepting one in the Ural Mountains, which weighed nearly one hundred pounds, try?"

DEPOPULATION BY CHOLERA.

The Natchez Free Trader, of the 27th ultimo, announces "the entire depopulation of, then thriving village of Trinity, in Louisiana, about thirty miles distant from Natchez. It says:—"The awful scourge, the Asiatic cholera, descended upon the population with a fatality almost unknown elsewhere, or called in phylas from the adjacent country, were scarcely able to save a patient who had been taken sick. Flight was the only safety for the well, and death only reigned in Trinity.—Mr. Snyder, formerly a resident of Natchez, kept a boarding house there with twenty-five or thirty boarders, all of whom who did not run away, died. Mr. Snyder stayed and took care of them until the last one died, then descended to the mouth of Red River, and we are sorry to add that he too died on the steamer Cincinnati going to Natchez. JENNY LIND'S voice belongs to the brilliant & capacious, having at the same time simplicity. This is an advantage over most modern things in art or literature; they have capacity and brilliancy, but without simplicity. They end in artificiality, which she does not. But still, although her voice is pleasing, it is not that of a woman in distress—it is not either morally or sensually lovable, still less is it pathetic. It is a rare thing, showing great power highly cultivated; it possesses the qualities demanded by the present day—finish and extent.

Pa, what is punctuation?"

"It is the art of putting in the stops." "Then I wish you would go down in the cellar, and punctuate the spirit of the older barrel, as the cider is robbing all over the floor!" "Why is a four quart measure like a side saddle? Because it holds a good deal."