THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XXI—7.] GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1850. [NEW SERIES—NO. 109.

NEW GOODS, AT THE STORE

OF THE TWO EXTREMES.

PLEASE call and examine the largest stock of HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, that has ever been kept in the place—embracing every variety of New Fashion, Style, &c., and sold at reduced prices.

Straw and Leghorn Hats,

also on hand. The Store providing for the two extremes is at the old stand, two doors below the Post Office. Preparations have been made for a large Spring and Summer business.

WM. W. PAXTON.

April 5.—tf

Fresh Arrival!

GROCERIES, QUEENSWARE, &c.

WM. W. HAMERSLY

HAS returned from the City with an increased and well selected assortment of GROCERIES of all kinds, such as Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Fish, Rice, Spices, Salt, &c., &c., which he will sell at prices that can't be beat any where.—Also, the fullest and best assortment of QUEENSWARE ever opened in this market, to which he invites the attention of purchasers, as also to the large assortment of Goods of almost infinite variety, with the assurance that they cannot be beat, either in quality, variety, or cheapness. ☞Remember, the place to secure Bargains is at HAMERSLY'S, Northwest corner of the diamond.

Gettysburg, April 5, 1850.

LOOK AND SAVE YOUR MONEY!

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL

SPRING GOODS.

D. MIDDLECOFF

HAS just opened, and is now prepared to offer for sale, one of the best selected and richest assortment of DRY GOODS ever brought to this Town, comprising a general variety of

Fashionable Dress Goods, for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear,

of the newest style and pattern, *too numerous to mention*—to which he begs to invite the attention of his friends and the public—feeling confident that his goods will compare favorably, both in quality and price, with any brought to the county this season. Also, a fresh supply of GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE, VERY CHEAP.

Chambersburg st. April 5.

NEW GOODS, *AT THE OLD STAND.*

GEORGE ARNOLD

HAS just received, and is now opening, as LARGE A STOCK OF

Spring Goods,

as has been offered to the public at any time, comprising every variety of Staple and Fancy Articles. He deems it unnecessary to name articles, as the assortment is complete, and will be sold as LOW as any other establishment in the place can sell the same articles.

☞The Ladies' attention is invited to a large variety of FANCY DRESS GOODS. Please call, examine and judge for yourselves.

April 5.

NEW GOODS.

ALL who want GOOD and CHEAP GOODS, call at STEVENSON'S, who, having just returned from the city, with a full supply, is prepared and willing to sell

Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware and Queensware,

at a smaller advance on costs than ever heretofore sold in this county. The attention of purchasers is particularly invited to the quality and astonishly low prices of his Groceries and Dry Goods.—Call and see the goods—hear the prices, and be convinced that competition would be useless, as goods cannot be sold lower without loss. Produce taken in exchange for goods.

JOHN M. STEVENSON.

March 29, 1850.

TO CONTRACTORS.

NEW JAIL.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received at the office of the Commissioners of Adams County, in Gettysburg, Pa., until *Monday the 29th day of April next*, at 12 o'clock, M., for the erection of a new

COUNTY JAIL AND PRISON HOUSE,

for said county. Plans and specifications may be seen and examined at the office of said Commissioners, where they will at all times be ready for inspection, by calling on the Clerk of the Board.

JACOB KING,
J. G. MORNINGSTAR,
JOHN MUSSELMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest—J. Aughinbaugh, Clk.

March 22, 1850.—td

JUST received and for sale by the subscriber, a large lot of CARPETING, very cheap. GEO. ARNOLD.

OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad, yet sweet, to listen
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Our childhood knew so well—
To gaze out on the even,
The boundless fields of air,
And find again our boyhood's wish
To roam like angels there!

There are many dreams of gladness
That cling around the past—
And from the tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come thronging fast—
The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly
For such a world as this!
Whose dark soft eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming
O'er brows of sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
Like the changeful gleam of April,
They follow every tear!
They have passed, like hope, away—
All their loveliness has fled—
Oh, many a heart is mourning
That they are with the dead!

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen from the stem:
Yet, oh! it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them!

And yet the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away!
That the fair ones whom we love,
Grow to each loving breast,
Like tendrils of the clinging vine,
Then perish where they rest.

And can we but think of these,
In the soft and gentle spring,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming!
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky;
And the glorious beauty round us
Is budding but to die!

LIFE-SCULPTURE.

The following exquisite lines, which we copy from the last number of the *Missionary Herald*, are evidently from the pen of Bishop Doane:—

Chisel in hand, stood a sculptor-boy.
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up, with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him:
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision:
With heaven's own light, the sculptor shone;
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life, are we, as we stand
With our souls, uncarved, before us,
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision.

TIME IS ALWAYS PASSING.—Whether we play, or labor, or eat, or sleep, or dance, or study, the sun passeth, and the sands run. In all the actions a man performs, some part of his life passeth.—Though we do nothing, time keeps its constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness as in employment. An hour of vice is as long as an hour of virtue; but the difference which follows upon good actions is infinite from that of evil ones. The good, though it diminishes our time here, lays up a pleasure for eternity, and will recompense what it taketh away with a plentiful return at last.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A writer in the *National Intelligencer*, after mentioning the fact that the Hon. John Quincy Adams died at the National Capitol says: "The fact is worthy of note, that the building in which Mr. Calhoun died, was built for the use of the Congress of the United States, *and was used as the capitol* during the rebuilding of that edifice, after its destruction by the British troops; and, therefore, the walls within which he drew his last breath have often echoed to his voice, as poured forth in the defence of his principles, in that rapid torrent of eloquence and logical reasoning which, though it might fail to convince, never failed to electrify his hearers.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—A singular circumstance has occurred at Chesterton, near Cambridge, (Eng.) A servant girl went to the river to fetch a pail of water, and espied, floating on the stream, a remarkably fine pike; she made a plunge at it with her bucket, and succeeded in capturing her prize. The pike, not relishing his confined position, jumped out of the pail, and fell by the river's edge; and the girl, fearful of loosing him, threw herself upon the pike, placing her hand upon his head, when he bit nearly the whole of her middle finger off, and the next moment was safe in his native element, carrying with him the poor girl's finger.

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, deliver us from an overwise man. You may make idiots philosphers—you may coax doddles to forego thistles—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited persons. They are as impregnable to arguments as Gibraltar is to apple dumplings.

WHEN Judge Peters, of Pennsylvania, was speaker of the House of Assembly, one of the members, in crossing the room, tripped on the carpet, and fell down. The House burst into laughter; while the Judge, with the utmost gravity, cried, "*Order, order, gentlemen—a member is on the floor!*"

ANECDOTE.—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of singing the Declaration of Independence, "there must be no pulling different ways."

"Yes," observed Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all *hang seperately*."

A man who had a scolding wife, being willing to excuse her failings, when called upon to give some account of her habits and character, he said she was pretty well in general, only subject at times to *a breaking out of the mouth*.

STRANGE & ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF A SHIPWRECKED PRINTER.

[From the Taunton Gazette.]

By the steamer Cherokee, bringing the California mails, we received a letter dated Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Jan. 1, 1850, written by an old friend and fellow printer, whose adventures have been so much out of the common order that we extract a part of his letter for the amusement of our readers. The writer left N. York in 1846, as a full private, in Col. Stevenson's regiment. After the wars were over, he remained in California, where he was employed by Gen. Vallejo as a *carpenter* at the time the gold mines were discovered. He of course took his chances at gold digging, but soon abandoned the business. When we last heard from him (previous to the letter received on Friday) he was one of the publishers of the Californian. He writes that he soon abandoned the speculation.—He concludes his adventures for the present by being wrecked one day on Honolulu, and marrying the daughter of the chief of the village on the following Sunday. But let him speak for himself:

"The paper was slow pay in those times, so I sold out my interest and gained only two or three thousand dollars, which I spent. Speculated a little, however, and did well—failed in somethings but made up in others. On the 9th of October last, in company with seven, I left San Francisco on a visit to the "Beautiful Islands," intending afterwards to sail to China, make our way overland to Russia, where I have an uncle, and thence to England, where I could take passage home. On the 28th at noon, when we were within two leagues of the harbor of Honolulu, it came on to blow a gale. We stood off, and succeeded in worrying out the gale, but just as we were entering the mouth of the harbor it came on to blow very hard from the North-west, and in five minutes we were hard and fast on the shore. I rushed to my chest for my dimes, and had barely time to secure them when the hull parted, keeled over, and filled. I secured a spar, and clung to it and the *dust* like "grim death to a deceased African."

After being in water about three quarters of a hour, lashed by the surface and bruised by the spar, I gained the shore. I kissed the earth when I first stopped, and determined never to leave it, having sixty-five pounds of gold dust about my person, beside three or four hundred gold dollars in coin. I was completely exhausted, and turned in for the night, (for night it began to be) under a coacoa-nut tree, where I slept soundly until twelve or one o'clock, when I awoke so cold and sore from my bruises that I could scarcely move. To my great joy I discovered a fire about a half a mile to the west. It proved to be a village of the natives, (Kannakas) who, on learning, by signs, my misfortune, stirred up the fire, gave me some boiled pork, bread fruit, yams, and a variety of eating matter. After I had disposed of this I turned in on some mats, where I slept soundly until sunrise, when I arose. After I had made my toilette I was introduced to the chief of the village. He is of high rank and much respected. His name is Kanni, and he is related to the King of the Islands. He is very polite, spoke English fluently, offered me a house, some land, and his daughter in marriage, if I would live with his tribe and instruct them as far I was able, in the arts of civilization. I thanked him for his offer, and told him that I would think over the matter. After this interview I went down to the beach, accompanied by a party of the natives, to look after the wreck, but nothing could be seen save the spar on which I came ashore. When I discovered the sad result of the storm, I sat down on the beach and wept like a child. I had lost the only friends that I have had since I left my home. But tears are of no avail, so I made up my mind to bear it, and to accept the offer of the chief and become his son. I accordingly, on my return to the village, informed the chief that I would accept his offer. He immediately introduced me the fair one. Her name is Niaara [Mary.] She is of a light copper color, fourteen years old, five feet four inches high, small hand and foot, black hair and eyes, and above all very affectionate. Her dress consisted of a faded blue satin skirt, coming no lower than the knee, moccasins and leggings, and a curiously wrought bead head-dress. She was by no means bashful and none too modest. She sat on my knee and kissed me, and when I asked her if she would marry me, she said yes, without the slightest hesitation, and expressed a wish that the ceremony should take place on the following Sunday, saying that a missionary would be there on that day.—This I agreed to, when she rewarded me with a kiss, and ran off to her father.

The following day I visited the capital and purchased the wedding dresses for my lady and myself, together with some presents for the bride, and on Sunday "we twain were made one flesh."

On Monday my father-in-law, at my request, set several men at work at getting out cocoanut logs to build my house, and in the course of ten days a very substantial dwelling, 40 feet front, 25 feet deep, and 25 feet high, was completed. This is the only building of the kind in the village, all the others being built of reeds and mud. The chief is very much pleased with it, and I hope that within a year the whole village will be of log houses. I have offered to furnish axes and other tools, and I think the natives will build themselves better houses.

I am perfectly contented with my situation, and think that mine is a peculiarly happy lot. After so long a struggle with the world—"poor as a rat"—sticking type for a living—to be cast ashore with a pocket full of rocks among friendly savages, in this lovely climate.

I am still a good Whig, and if my second child turns out to be a boy, he shall be called Henry Clay. By the way, I think of advocating the project of annexation of his Hawaain majesty's dominions to the United States."

Soft soap in some shape pleases all, and generally speaking, the more LIE you put in the better.

THE GHOSTLY RAPPINGS AT ROCHESTER.

The Buffalo Courier in an article upon the Rochester knockings, publishes the following funny anecdote and vouches for its truth. It is really surprising that sensible people can still be found who will persist in crediting this contemptable imposition:—

A young man called, a day or two since, upon the ladies in whose keeping are the Rochester spirits. His bearing was sad, and his voice was tremulous with emotion. Sorrow was in his countenance, and a weed was on his hat. He sighed as he took his seat, and the bystanders pitied him as they saw him draw forth a spotless handkerchief and wipe away a tear that had gathered in his eye. After a few moments of silence he took one of the ladies aside, and requested, if consistent, to be put in communication with the spirit-essence of his mother, and here he wiped his eyes rapidly and sobbed.

A period of quiet elapsed and a knock was heard, signifying that the desired correspondence could be had, and with a hesitating voice, the young man commenced questioning the invisible one.

"How long had I gone before you died?"

A length of time was stated.

"Where are you now, mother?—are you happy?"

The knocking indicated that the spirit was at rest.

"Are those of your friends who have gone before you?"

"They are," said the knocking.

"Then you can recognize them perfectly?"

The noise certified the affirmative.

"Can you see me at all times when you wish?"

The raps proclaimed the perpetual clearness of the shaker's vision in that respect.

The gentleman seemed relieved, and the spectators stood overwhelmed with wonder.

Taking his hat the mourner rose, thanked the ladies, and, as he stood in the door, quietly remarked—

"I have been very much entertained, as no doubt my mother herself will be, for I left her at home, not half an hour since, basting a turkey for dinner!"

A SCENE IN COURT.—"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the ostler interrogatively. "Your are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question before he's had time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I repeat it.—Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why do you not state it at once?" "Well then, if you must have it—" "Must! I must and will have it," interrupted the counsellor. "You must," rejoined the ostler, with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court.

TRICK OF A NEW-YORK BEGGAR.

A knowing boy who was taken to our House of Refuge last week, among other "confessions," related the following ingenious trick practiced when he was only 12 years old. No wonder the little fellow became a thief. Said he; One day father told me I should get him a quarter-dollar, or take a "licking" when I got home. It was late, and I knew I couldn't get the "quarter," and was, therefore, most sure of the "licking." Finally I thought I'd try a new "dodge," so I went into a drug store in Broadway, near Howard street, and called for six cents' worth of cream of tartar. It was soon weighed out and handed to me. Just at that moment a person came in, and soon after two or three more. The young man in the store was, of course, soon busily engaged in serving them. I stood still at the counter, with my little package in my hand, waiting with seeming great patience. After all were gone I remained standing there, and at last the clerk asked me if I wanted anything else.

"No, sir," said I, "I am only waiting for my change."

"Your change, oh! what did you give me?"

"A half dollar, sir."

He looked at me for some moments, and then said, "Are you right sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said I, with all apparent ingenuousness, "I gave you, half a dollar just as that girl came in for the castor oil, and you put it in the drawer and forgot to give me the change."

"Well, I am sure I forgot all about it, but I suppose it is all right," said he, as he gave forty-four cents change.

I walked quietly out of the shop, but as soon as I was round the corner, I threw the cream of tartar into the gutter, and ran off as fast as I could home. My father was of course delighted with the large supply I had raised, and when I informed him of the trick to which I had resorted, he patted me on the head, and said I was a sad dog—and then laid himself back to enjoy a hearty laugh at the joke.

"Money is too scarce now, Charley," said he, "to afford to buy any thing to eat with it. You can easily get enough cold victuals. So do you go out and get something for us to eat, and we will then have some supper. We will take a bottle of gin, and some beer with it, and fare sumptuously."

THE Buckeye Blacksmith, it appears, has got to California. He was recently nominated to fill the vacancy in the Legislature from Sacramento city, but was defeated.

SAD MISTAKE.—A little girl aged 8 years, on a visit to Mrs. E. W. Miller, at Philadelphia, was killed on Monday by giving her three spoonfuls of laudanum in mistake for anti-bilious medicine.

In the case of Bayley, the gold pen maker, at New York, for the seduction of Miss Caroline Runnett, the jury, on Saturday, gave verdict for plaintiffs of $1,800 damages.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.—In many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoon full of salt is a certain cure. In the violent internal aching, termed cholic, add a teaspoon full of salt to a pint of cold water—drink it and go to bed—it is one of the speediest remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from receiving a very heavy fall, &c.

In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt and water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the sense return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy.

In a fit, the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed, all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool apartment procured if possible. In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies fail, Dr. Rush found two teaspoons full of salt completely stayed the blood.

In case of bite from a mad dog, wash the part with strong brine for an hour, then bind on some salt with a rag.

In toothache, warm salt and water held to the part, and renewed two or three times, will relieve in most cases. If the gums be affected, wash the mouth with brine; if the teeth be covered with tartar, wash them twice a day with salt and water.

In swelled neck, wash the part with brine, and drink it also twice a day until cured.

Salt will expel worms, if used in food in a moderate degree, and aids digestion; but salt meat is injurious if used much.—*Scientific American.*

PHILOSOPHY OF SNEEZING.—Some writer, who professes to be a connoisseur, thus gives his views on the subject of sneezing. They are not to be sneezed at: "We hope we may not be branded presumptuous, if, in the matter of sneezing, we pretend to be connoisseurs. As a proof of our taste, we hate one of your, sniveling, dry, half-frightened-to-death sneezes; but, for one of your full, clear, sonorous, astonishing, reverberating, explosions—one of those reports that set the wine glasses on the board a jingling, and wake pussy; we say, for one of those earthquake sneezes, we have a love, inferior only to that which we bear for woman and—our favorite dog. A sneeze—to be in good taste—should crack like a rifle in a clear morning. A receipt for a sneeze of this genus is as follows: When you feel a tickling at the root of your proboscis, just jump up, if you be seated, run to the window through which the sun shines, throw your head back until the bump of philoprogenitiveness presses on your coat collar, open your mouth, snarl like a half-starved hyena at a piece of fresh meat, and then—blaze away. The effect will be prodigious: an echo will salute you from the house-top over the way; the good house-wives will order the clothes taken in; the game-cock will turn up the red of his eye at the sun, and you will have the assurance that you have not sneezed in vain."

TEMPERANCE FABLE.—The rats once assembled in a large celler to devise some method of safety in getting the bait from a small trap which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relations snatched from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that, if with one paw we keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats prudently loudly squealed assent, and clapped their tails in applause. The meeting adjourned, and the rats retired to their homes, but the devastations of the trap being by no means diminished, the rats were forced to call another "convention." The elders, just assembled, had commenced their deliberations, when all were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly silent, when, stretching out the bleeding remains of his leg, he said: "My friends, I have tried the method you proposed, and you see the result! Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap—"*Don't touch it!*"

INDIAN VENGEANCE.—Among the overland emigrants to California, last spring, was a young man by the name of Wasson, from Illinois, who went with a company from Knox's grove. He is said to be foolhardy and reckless in his character. He made a threat, on leaving Independence, that he would shoot the first Indian he saw, but had not carried his threat into effect until he had reached California. Then one of the company reminding him of it, he said he had forgotten it, but he would carry it out yet. He shortly afterwards saw a squaw sitting on a log, and, raising his piece, he murdered her in cold blood. The Indians almost instantly surrounded the company, and demanded the murderer. At first the demand was resisted; but when the Indians had informed them that they would destroy the company if their request was not granted, the youth was surrendered into their hands. They then stripped him in the presence of the company, and skinned him from head to foot! He lived four hours after he was thus flayed.

SURE WAY FOR A YOUNG GIRL TO PRESERVE HER BEAUTY.—Rise early, take a cold plunge bath both summer and winter, and immediately after the bath walk briskly two miles, or ride five miles on horseback. Accustom yourself gradually to this discipline, and it will be no hardship. Drink plenty of cold water during your walk, or before and after you ride. This will purify and enrich your blood, and make it circulate freely through the system. It will surely preserve both your beauty and your health. This is the true secret of comely middle aged women.—Girls who begin this at the age of 15 scarcely show the marks of age till they are 45.

"Dad, give me an opinion." "What kind of an opinion, sonny—an opinion as is an opinion?" "No, dad, give me a penny—it's a scut-i-ment."

A MONSTROUS BEAR.—A recent letter from the "gold diggins" of California says: The principal animals in our vicinity are the koyott, or prairie wolf, the black and grizzly bears, deers, antelopes, rabbits, &c. Occasionally a wild cat or panther is seen, but very seldom. Several grizzly bears have been killed about here this winter.—I saw the skin of one, the carcass of which when dressed, weighed 500 lbs. The fore arm measured 12 inches long, besides the claws, which were about four inches more. They are very hard to kill, having about as many lives as a cat is reputed to possess. The one I saw had twenty rifle balls shot into him before he would "strike his colors." He was killed by some western men, who have a business of hunting all winter. He proved a good prize to them, his meat bringing 50 cents a pound.

A HIBERNIAN HINT.—A kind-hearted native of the "Emerald Isle," lately went to consult the printer of a newspaper in a neighboring county, respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward. This did not meet Patrick's idea, "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all sufficient, namely:

"Patrick Flaherty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but gives him the hint to return to his master and serve out his indenture, like a good boy, *or he will be advertised in the newspapers.*"

HEALTH INSURANCE.—Meeting an acquaintance the other day, we asked after his health; he responded:—

"You needn't inquire; you can see with half-an-eye that I am as hearty as a horse. By Jupiter!" says he, "I believe that this health insurance is a total humbug. I took out a policy two years ago, and hain't got a penny out of 'em yet.—Been where the ship fever was; wet my feet a purpose half-a-dozen times—couldn't catch the least bit of cold no more than if I lived in India-rubber boots. I slept in damp sheets—smoked dog wood—run backwards off a steep bank; 'twasn't no use.—Eat green cucumbers all last August—and drink ice-water every time I came from work—but it wasn't no use—here I am, as hearty as a buck."

CORN.—As the season of the year is now approaching for planting corn, we publish the following hint which we find in an agricultural paper:—After you have prepared your corn, now on each acre two bushels of salt, harrow it in, then roll and plant your corn; and you will experience but little annoyance from grub and other worms, as the salt will give them their quietus just as notably as though you had done it with a bodkin.

Besides this, the salt will, to a considerable extent, act as a fixer to the ammonia in the soil as it may be formed, attract moisture from the atmosphere, preserve the corn-plants from firing, and furnish no inconsiderable quantity of soda and chlorine for their appropriation.

A RACE WITH THE CARS.—At Morrow, a green looking man got upon the cars, tied a large cur dog he had with him to the iron staunchion of the hindmost car and deliberately took his seat with the ladies. Away bounded the iron horse, with his usual speed, to the no small wonderment of the countryman, who had never ridden so fast before.

Arriving at Foster's Crossing, he walked back to take a look at his favorite animal; and his surprise may be imagined when he found only the head of the dog attached to the rope with which he fastened him. After being perfectly satisfied that the dog was dead, he merely uttered "well, this is the only critter that could beat that dog running."—*Cin. Reg.*

DONE BROWN.—A Dutchman, looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a "small account," asked a wag near Sweeney's eating-house, where No 99 Chatham street was, as he "wished to find Mr. Dunn." The wag told him to go into Sweeny's and the first gentleman he met at the table was the gentleman he was inquiring for.

The Dutchman went in about as slow as a mule towards a peck of oats, and this "first gentleman" hapened to be an Irishman.

"Are you *Dunn?*" said the Dutchman.

"*Done!*" said Pat; "by my sowl, I am only *just commenced!*"

The smallest bird of America is the humming bird; and of Europe, the golden crested wren. The smallest quadruped in the world is the pigmy mouse of Siberia. The most diminutive plant is the arctic raspberry, which is so small that a six ounce vial will hold the whole, branches, leaves and all.

A ship going over Charleston bar, with a negro pilot on board, the captain asked him,

"What water is the Ship in?"

"Salt water, massa."

"I know that, you black rascal, but how much water is there?" cried the captain.

"Eh, massa," says Sambo, "you tink me bring tin pot for measure um?"

A BRIGHT GIRL.—"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's pinafore *red*."

"But what have you to dye it with?"

"Beer, pa."

"*Beer!* Who on earth told you that beer would dye red?"

"Why ma said yesterday that it was beer that made your nose so red, and I thought that I—

"Here, Susan, take this child to bed."

SINGULAR AND SUDDEN DEATH.—On Saturday an interesting daughter (13 years of age) of Mr. R. Lunkens, of the Northern Liberties, died after an illness of a few days, which, we learn, originated from her pricking a fever blister upon her lip with a pin. The body, after death, exhibited all the appearances of those who die from the effects of poison contracted or imbibed from the bite of venomous reptiles.—*Phil. Ledger.*

HOME THRUST.—The late Rev. Dr. ——, of a certain town in Maine, an eccentric but honest minister, was once preaching on the practical virtues, and having a short time previously bought a load of wood of one of the officers of the church, and find it to fall short in measure, took this occasion to speak plainly on the subject:—"Any man that will sell seven feet of wood for a cord, is no christian, whether he sits in the gallery, below, or in the deacon's seat."

WELL ANSWERED.—A Quaker who was examined before a Court, not using any other language than "thee," "thou" and "friend," was asked by a judge—

"Pray, sir, do you know what we are here for?"

"Yes, verily I do," said the Quaker; "three of ye for two dollars each a day, and the fat one in the middle for one thousand dollars a year."

Sam Lathrop, the circus clown, in his stump speech the other evening, made a hit, which fairly and significantly brought down the house' He promised, if elected, to use his utmost endeavors for various reforms, and among others to abolish "flogging in the navy" and introduce it in "*Congress.*" The shouts of applause at this hit were long and deafening.

Aunt Kitty enquired of the servant girl if she came from the Hungarian parts of Ireland. On being told that her geograpical knowledge was somewhat defective, she excused herself by saying—"I haint got much larnin, I never went to school but one day and that was in the evenin' and we hadn't no candle, and the master didn't come."

A RESEMBLANCE.—"Col. W. is a very fine looking man, isn't he?" said a friend of ours the other day.

"Yes," replied another, "I was taken for him at once."

"You! why you're as ugly as sin!"

"I don't care for that; I was taken for him once—I endorsed his note, and was taken for him by the sheriff."

A late Paris paper says: "One of our friends a few days ago received a letter from Sir Robert Peel. It contains this passage:—I have no hesitation in giving my opinion on the present state of things in France. France is a diligence full of honest people stopped on the road by brigands, and which is waiting for the gendarmes.'"

A FRENCHMAN'S ENGLISH.—"Mine fren, have you seen yon little poodle dog, with his tail slit and his ears cut short off behind, what I did lose next week, as I was walking up de rivere in de —— steamboat?" "I did not, Monsieur, but expect to every minute." "Begar, if he be drown, I will kill him six times in two places."

"Is Mr. —— abstemious in his living?" asked a physician of a rather obtuse attendant upon a patient laboring under an inflamatory complaint.

"Well, he's abstemious enough in the eatin' part, but I tell you he's STEAMIOUS when you come to the drinkin!"

The doctor left about that time.

William Barlett, for many years editor and proprietor of the Bangor (Me.) Daily Mercury, announces that he has disposed of his paper. He says:—"We commenced the paper without a cent, and in retiring, can assure our friends that we have sustained no loss; our capital is unimpaired."

A late Cork paper contains the following advertisement: To LET.—To a small family, the second loft of Mr. McDermot's barn, with the privilege of the scuttle.—For a family who want an airy location, we should think this offered superior inducements.

FATHER MATHEW.—Up to April the 4th, Father Mathew had administered the temperance pledge to upwards of 6,000 persons in New Orleans. A movement is now on foot there to present the Rev. Apostle with some substantial mark of respect.

The north-west territory, lying west of Minesota, and Iowa, extending to the rocky mountains, is estimated to contain 500,000 square miles. It includes the proposed Nebraska territory, lying on the south; the whole is thinly inhabited by roving tribes of Indians.

A GOOD TOAST.—"New England's fair daughters:—Industry and virtue being their inheritance, they blush on being kissed by the rising sun in the morning, and are not ashamed of being kissed by the setting sun in the evening."

The first man who pegged a shoe in this or any other country, is said to be now living at Hopkinton, Mass. His name is Joseph Walker. The value of boots and shoes now made in Massachusetts alone is $18,000,000.

An Irishman took the cars at Boston for Worcester. On jumping from the cars, upon their arrival, he remarked that if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time, he would have walked a-foot.

What we commonly call a falling star is believed by the Arabs to be a dart launched by the Almighty at an evil genius: and on beholding one, they exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of faith."

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often, if she has a pretty foot, she will wear a short dress, and if she has got a neat hand she is fond of a game of whist, and if the reverse she dislikes all the small affairs.

A BULL.—A jury of twelve wise men returned a verdict of not guilty, in a case respecting a female prisoner, but accompanied with a hope that she would never again be guilty of a like offence!

An old lady in Holland, whose sole occupation was housewifery, scrubbed her sitting room floor until she fell through into the cellar, and dislocated her shoulder.

Astronomers are in a considerable state of excitement at present, in the expectation of the comet of 1526.