THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOL. XXII—1. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 14, 1851. NEW SERIES—NO. 216.

Assignee's Sale.

On Monday and Tuesday, the 17th and 18th instant,

WILL be sold, at the residence of ISAAC TRIMMER, in Paradise township, York county, ¼ mile from East Berlin, the following personal property, viz: 5 elegant Draught Horses, 4 two-yearling Colts, Milch Cows, 3 Bulls, 12 fat Steers, a lot of Stock and young Cattle, 30 or 40 fat Hogs, (if not sold previously,) 2 breeding Sows, and a lot of stock hogs, 6 sets of Horse-gears, 3 four-horse narrow-wheeled Wagons, 2 Carts, one broad-wheeled Wagon, with bed and cover, a number of Plows and Harrows, Shovel Plows and Cultivators, 4 sets of Hay-ladders, 2 sets of wood do., one large lime bed, one Threshing Machine, with five-horse power, one four-horse do., one ½ Patten Distillery, with apparatus, 2 Still Kettles, 30 or 40 Hogsheads, 11 Barrels of Whiskey, a lot of tight and flour barrels, Cider-mill and Trough, about 20 tons of Hay, about 15 tons of Straw, Wheat, Corn and Oats by the bushel, 55 acres of Grain in the ground, and a variety of farming utensils not mentioned. Also, Beds and Bedding, Tables, Chairs, 2 eight-day Clocks, 2 cases of Drawers, 2 lots of Carpeting, 4 Stoves and Pipe, and a great many articles too numerous to particularize. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., on each day above mentioned, when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOSEPH J. KUHN, Assignee.

March 7, 1851.—ts

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, Executor of the Estate of JAMES H. TAYLOR, late of Menallen township, Adams county, deceased, will sell at Public Sale, on

Friday, the 28th day of March next,

at 10, o'clock, A. M. on the premises, in Butler township, Adams county, a

TRACT OF LAND,

situate in said township, adjoining lands of John Steinour, John Warner, and others, containing FIVE ACRES, more or less, on which are erected a one-and-a-half story

DWELLING, Log and Weatherboard,

a frame Shop, and a small Stable. There is a well of water on the premises, and a Nursery, containing a variety of fruit trees, with other appurtenances. Also, will be sold, at the same time and place, the interest of said deceased in a

Tract of Mountain Land,

situate in Franklin township, containing 168 ACRES, more or less. Also, at the same time and place, will be sold, a NURSERY, containing a variety of Fruit Trees, together with some Personal Property, including a Cooking Stove, &c.

Attendance will be given and terms made known on day of sale by

GEORGE E. STARRY, Ex'r.

By the Court—H. DENWIDDIE, Clerk.

Feb. 28, 1851 —ts

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, one of the Executors of the Estate of CONRAD WEAVER, late of the Borough of Gettysburg, Pa., deceased, will sell, at Public Sale, on

Saturday the 29th day of March next,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, a half

Lot of Ground,

situate in the Borough of Gettysburg aforesaid, fronting on West York street, adjoining the Eagle Hotel, on which are erected a two-story brick

Dwelling House,

with a one-story Back Building, a frame Stable and Ice-house, with other out-buildings; also a well of water at the Kitchen door, a Hydrant, with a variety of choice Fruit Trees.

Attendance will be be given and terms made known on day of sale by

SAMUEL WEAVER,

By the Court—H. DENWIDDIE, Clerk.

Feb. 28.—ts One of the Ex'rs.

VENDUE.

On Tuesday the 18th of March next,

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

THE subscriber will sell at Public Sale, at his residence in Franklin township, Adams county a variety of Personal Property, consisting of

Cows, Young Cattle, Sheep and Hogs,

Wheat, Corn and Oats by the bushel: Hay by the ton: one broad-wheel Wagon, Ploughs, Harrows, Horse-Gears, with a variety of

FARMING UTENSILS,

Also, at the same time & place. will be sold,

CHAIRS,

Tables, Bedsteads, and Bedding, a Corner Cupboard, Barrels, Hogsheads, &c., with a variety of

HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

☞Attendance given and terms made known on the day of sale by

HENRY HERSHEY.

Franklin tp., Feb. 14, 1851.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

THE undersigned having been appointed Assignee of ISAAC TRIMMER, of Paradise township, York county, under a deed of voluntary Assignment, for the benefit of creditors, hereby gives notice to all persons having claims against said Assignor to present the same, properly authenticated, and without delay, and all persons indebted to him are requested to call and make payment to the subscriber, residing near East Berlin, Adams county.

J. J. KUHN, Assignee.

Feb. 28, 1851.—3t

CLOTHS, Cassimers, Vestings, &c.,—a fashionable variety, received and for sale at SCHICK'S.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prise the present day,
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket ball
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfill.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school—
Not mine the scornful mood—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though perchance the Cricketer,
Or Chinaman that flies
His Dragon-kite with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise,
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn,
But fills its evening path with flowers
As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the noon has passed,
To brave the touch of Time—
And say, "Good friend, thou harmest me not,
My soul is in its prime.
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart
I carol while I climb.

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can.

GATEWAY TO ETERNITY.

There is a solemn mystery which hangs like an impenetrable cloud around the dread entrance to eternity. We travel with our friends, neighbors, and fellowmen, up to this mysterious spot, and there the immortal spirit, dislodged from its frail tenement of Clay, is ushered in a moment through this iron gateway—but we cannot follow them. Our intensest vision cannot penetrate one inch beyond this adamantine wall, which conceals the spirit-land and its wonderful mysteries from our view. But our time will come to pass this iron gateway. We shall enter it alone. Each man for himself, in his own dread experience, must pass the solemn boundary.—He knows not—he cannot know the hour till it arrives. And yet how unconcerned—how negligent—how careless of all preparation for this dread hour are the multitudes which crowd and flutter for a day on life's brief stage. Angels have no death to undergo. There is no such affair of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to fetch from the other side of a material panorama that hems and encloses him in the great and abiding realities with which he is everlastingly to do. It is for him, locked in an imprisoned clay, and with no loopholes of communication between himself and all that is around him, to light up in his bosom a lively and realizing sense of things, which eye hath never seen, and ear hath never heard. It is for man and man alone, to travel in thought, over the ruins of a mighty desolation; and beyond the wreck of that present world, by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world in which he is to live forever.—*Beecher.*

WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS.—Twenty years ago, this one butchered, that one made candles, another sold cheese and butter, a fourth carried on a distillery, another, was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them, though it will not do to say so out loud. For often you shall find that those toiling worms hatch butterflies, and they live about a year. Death brings division of property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gentleman takes his revenues, and begins to travel—towards poverty, which he reaches before death—or his children do, if he do not. So that in fact, though there is a sort of moneyed rank, it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up, a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children again to labor. The father grubs and grows rich; his children strut and use the money; their children inherit the pride, and go to shiftless poverty; their children, reinvigorated by fresh plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come up again. Thus, society, like a tree, draws it's sap from the earth, changes its leaves and blossoms, spreads them abroad in great glory, sheds them off to fall back to the earth, again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new trees and fresh garniture.

[*Hunt't Merchants' Magazine.*

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 philosophers—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited persons. They are as impregnable to argument as Gibralter is to an apple dumpling.

That man will never be a perfect gentleman who lives only with gentlemen.—To be a man of the world we must view the world in every grade and in every perspective.—*Bulwer.*

A school-mistress asked a child what S-e-c spelt. The child hesitated. "What do I do when I look at you?" said the mistress. "*Squint,*" replied the pupil.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.

A TOUCHING NARRATIVE.

BY LOUIS G. CLARKE.

I have often wondered why it is that parents and guardians do not more frequently and more cordially reciprocate the confidence of children. How hard it is to convince a child that his father or mother can do wrong. Our little people are always our sturdiest defenders; they are loyal to the maxim that "the king can do no wrong," and all the monarchs they know are their parents. I heard the other day, from the lips of a distinguished physician, formerly of New York, but now living in retirement in a beautiful country town of Long Island, a touching illustration of the truth of this sentiment.

"I have had," said the doctor, "a great deal of experience, in the long practice of my profession in this city, that is more remarkable than any thing recorded in the "Diary of a London Physician." It would be impossible for me to detail to you the one hundredth part of the interesting and exciting things which I saw and heard.—That which affected me most of late years, was the case of a boy, not, I think, over twelve years of age. I first saw him at the hospital, whither, being poor and without parents, he had been brought to die.—He was the most beautiful boy I ever saw. He had that peculiar cast of countenance and complexion which we notice in those who are affected with frequent hemorrhages of the lungs. He was VERY beautiful! His brow was broad, fair and intellectual; his eye had the deep blue interior of the sky itself; his complexion was like the lily, tinted just below the cheek bone with the hectic flush—

"As on consumption's waning cheek,
'Mid ruin blooms the rose,"

and his hair, which was soft as floss silk, hung in luxuriant curls about his face.—But, oh, what an expression of deep melancholly his countenance wore! So remarkable that I felt certain that the fatal death had nothing to do with it. And I was right. Young as he was, he did not wish to live. He repeatedly said that Death was what he most desired, and it was truly painful to hear one so young and beautiful talk like this: "Oh," he would say, "let me die, let me die! Don't try to save me; I want to die."

"Nevertheless, he was most affectionate, and was extremely grateful for everything I could do for him. I soon won his heart, but perceived with pain, that his disease of body was nothing to his "sickness of soul," which I could not cure. He leaned upon my bosom and wept, while at the same time he prayed for death. I have never seen one of his years who courted it so sincerely. I tried every way to elicit from him what it was that rendered him so unhappy: but his lips were sealed, and he was like one who tried to turn his face from something that oppressed his spirit.

"It subsequently appeared that the father of the child was hanged for murder in B—— county, about two years before.—It was the most cold blooded homicide that had ever been known in that section of country. The excitement raged high; and I recollect that the stake and the law vied with each other for the victim. The mob labored hard to get the man out of jail, that they might wreak summary vengeance on him by hanging him on the nearest tree. But law triumphed, and he was hanged. Justice held up her equal scale with satisfaction, and there was much trumpeting forth of this consummation, in which even the women—merciful, tender-hearted women—seemed to take delight.

"Perceiving the boy's life to be waning, I endeavored one day to turn his mind to religious subjects, apprehending no difficulty in one so young; but he always evaded the topic. I asked him if he had said his prayers.

He replied:

"*Once*, always—now, *never*."

"This answer surprised me very much—and I endeavored gently to impress him with the fact that a more devout frame of mind would be becoming in him, and with the great necessity of his being prepared to die; but he remained silent.

"A few days afterwards, I asked him if he would not permit me to send for the Rev. Dr. B——, a most kind man in sickness, who would be of the utmost service to him in his present situation. He declined firmly and positively. Then I determined to solve the mystery, and to understand this strange phrase of character in a mere child.

"My dear boy," said I, "I implore you not to act in this manner. What can so have disturbed your young mind? You certainly believe there is a God to whom you owe a debt of gratitude?"

"His eye kindled, and to my surprise—I might almost say horror—I heard from his young lips:

"No, I don't believe there is a God!"

"Yes, that little boy, young as he was, was an atheist; and he even reasoned in a logical manner for a mere child like him.

"'I cannot beleive there is a God,' said he: 'for if there were a God, he must be merciful and just; and he never, *never*, NEVER, could have permitted *my father*, who was innocent, to be hanged! Oh, my father! my father!" he exclaimed, passionately, burying his face in the pillow, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

"I was overcome by my own emotion: but all I could say would not change his determination—he would have no minister of God beside him, no prayers by his bedside. I was unable, with all my endeavors, to apply any balm to his wounded heart.

"A few days after this, I called, as usual, in the morning, and at once saw very clearly that the little boy must soon depart.

"Willie," said I, "I have got good news for you to-day. Do you think you can bear to hear it?" for I really was at a loss how to break to him what I had to communicate.

"He assented, and listened with the deepest attention. I then informed him, as I best could, that from circumstances recently come to light it had been rendered certain that his father was innocent of the crime for which he had suffered an ignominious death.

"I never shall forget the frenzy of emotion which he exhibited at this announcement. He uttered one scream—the blood rushed from his mouth—he leaned forward upon my bosom, and died!"

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

The following well authenticated facts will illustrate the principle that *man is never too old to learn*:

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which Socrates did not do, but only learned to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.—Many of our young men at thirty and forty, have forgotten even the alphabet of a language, the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college.—A fine comment upon love of letters truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.—Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, scire facias, &c.*, are English expressions; and if you tell that them a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respecta be in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccacio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than Boccacio, who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are *too old.*

Sir Henry Spelmen neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age.—How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings, who was under forty years of age!

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our college-learnt men do—or, at least, how many their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnston applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter written in the French language, which might be learned in the tenth part of the time required for the Dutch; and all because they are *too old to learn.*

Loudovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times—a singular exertion noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkakable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek until he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us of thirty, forty and fifty years, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn.*

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that he indeed began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on to cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men, will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of female society. Without it, we we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart and guard it from polution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing at least is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar, may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him, to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.

The reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning and never thinks of himself.

They now make, it is said, a very excellent and durable cement, from rice flour boiled in water.

The Great Plague in the Fourteenth Century.

A slight sketch of the history of this awful visitation, compiled from a source upon which we may pretty confidently rely, will show by comparison, what a trifling matter is magnified into a pestilence at the present day. Like the cholera, this fearful pestilence first appeared in the East. It broke out in India, about the year 1348, and thence extended its ravages to the western parts of Asia, into Egypt, Abysinnia, and the northern portions of Africa. It proceeded over Asia Minor, Greece, and the Archipelago, almost depopulating those regions in its march. According to numerous writers, where it was the most favorable it spared one person out of three, or one out of five; but where it raged most violently, scarcely one out of fifteen or twenty escaped destruction. Some countries, partly by the plague, and partly by earthquakes, which were awfully frequent at that time, were left quite desolate. It appears to have remained five or six months in one place, and then to have gone in search of fresh victims. Before invading Christendom, it swept off 23,800,000 persons throughout the East, in the course of a single year. From Greece the plague passed into Italy. The Venitians, having lost 100,000 souls, almost entirely deserted their city. At Florence 60,000 persons perished in one year. France felt its fury. At Avignon the mortality was terrible.—When it first broke out there, no fewer than sixty-six Carmelite friars died before anybody knew how, and it was imagined that they had murdered one another. Of the members of the English college, at Avignon, not one was left alive; and of the whole population, not one in five. In one day 1212 persons perished, and in another 400. Proceeding northward, the pestilence reached Paris, where it swept off 50,000 people. About the same time it spread into Germany, where 12,400,000 persons became its victims. At Lubeck, alone, according to the concurring accounts of several writers, 90,000 people died in one year, and of these 1800 are reported to have perished in the space of four hours. About the beginning of August, 1348, the scourge appeared in England, spreading everywhere such destruction, that out of the whole population, hardly one person in ten survived. In the church-yard of Yarmouth 7052 people were buried in one year; and in the city of Norwich 57,374 died within six months. No general statement of the total amount of mortality in London is given; but there are details sufficient to show that it was terrible beyond imagination. The pestilence raged violently in Wales and Scotland; thence passing into Ireland, it made great havoc among the English residents, but, strange to say, the native Irish were but little affected.

In 1349, the pestilence entirely ceased in England; but the destroying angel continued his march through other regions for several years longer—marks of his presence remaining on record down to the year 1362.

One of the most deplorable effects resulting from this visitation, fell upon that unfortunate race—the Jews. A belief was prevalent in several countries, that they had caused the pestilence by poisoning the wells and fountains; and in many places they were massacred in thousands by the enraged populace. Twelve thousand of them were murdered in the single city of Mentz; and in other parts of Germany they were literally exterminated.

No similar visitation has since afflicted the world; nor does its earlier history afford any instance of a calamity, of the same nature, equally wide spread or destructive. Indeed, in almost every other memorable instance of the plague, it has been limited to a particular district, or even to a particular city.

ODD FANCIES.—Henry III. (of France) could not remain alone in a chamber where there was a cat. The Duke of Epernon fainted at the sight of a young hare. The Marshal d'Albert found himself indisposed at any repast at which was served up a sucking pig or a calf's head. Ladislaus, King of Poland, was troubled and obliged to fly whenever he saw an apple. The sight of a fish gave Erasmus the fever.—Scaliger trembled all over when he beheld cresses. Tycho Brake felt his limbs tremble under him whenever he met a hare or a fox. The Chancellor Bacon fainted every time that he saw an eclipse of the moon. Bayle fell into convulsions on hearing water falling from a spout.—Lamotte la Vayer could not endure the sound of any instrument, but experienced great pleasure in hearing the growl of thunder. In our day a French amateur prefers the sound of a tambourine to the most agreeable musical instrument. St. Foix reports that an Englishman experienced the most cruel pains whenever he read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. A Spaniard fell into syncope whenever he heard the Latin word *lana* (wood) uttered. The Arch Chancellor Cambacres could not look at a spider. Napoleon himself was annoyed by the slightest prick of a pin, and evinced an invincible repugnance to medicine.—*London Sun*

A BIG BOTTLE.—In Paris there is in preparation for the World's Fair an enormous decanter of crystal, admirably cut. This mammoth water bottle, the largest object which has ever been blown in a glass-house, is four yards high and twelve yards in circumference at the widest part. A table four-feet in diameter, is to be placed inside at which three men, each provided with a chair, will dine for the edification of the public—the interior of the crystal habitation being reached by a double ladder against its sides. Its stopple weighs thirty-nine pounds, the total weight being one thousand three hundred and twenty-three pounds, and its capacity is one hundred and eighty gallons.

An Irish gentleman having a small picture-room, several persons desired to see it at the same time. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, "if you all go in it will not hold you."

MIRABEAU'S FUNERAL ORATION ON THE DEATH OF FRANKLIN.

The recent celebration of the Anniversary of Franklin's birth-day has brought out some interesting reminiscenses. Among the rest is the funeral oration on his death by the eloquent and gifted Mirabeau in the National Assembly of France, on the 11th of June, 1800. Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar's dead body, can scarcely surpass it in simple, soul-thrilling eloquence.

"*Franklin is dead!*" (A profound silence reigned through the hall.) "The genius which gave freedom to America, and scattered torrents of light upon Europe, is returned to the bosom of the Divine!

"The sage, whom two world's claim; the man, disputed by the history of the sciences and the history of empires, holds most undoubtedly, an elevated rank among the human species.

"Political cabinets have but too long commemorated the death of those who were never great but in their their funeral orations; the etiquette of courts has been too long sanctioned by poetical grief. Nations ought never to recommend any other than heroes to their homage.

"The Congress hath ordered a general mourning for one month througout the fourteen confederate States, on account of the death of Franklin; and America hath thus acquitted her tribute of admiration in behalf of one of the fathers of her constitution.

"Would it not be worthy of you, fellow-legislators, to unite yourselves in this religious act to participate in the homage rendered in the face of the universe to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who has so eminently propagated the conquests of them throughout the world.

"Antiquity would have elevated altars to that mortal who, for the advantage of the human race, embracing both heaven and earth in his vast extensive mind, knew how to subdue thunder and tyranny!

"Enlightened and Free Europe at least owes its remembrance and its regret to one of the greatest men that has ever served the cause of philosophy and of liberty.

"I propose that a decree now pass, enacting, that the National Assembly shall wear mourning during three days for Benjamin Franklin."

MM. de la Rouchfaucault and La Fayette immediately rose in order to second this motion.

The Assembly adopted it, at first by acclamation; and afterwards decreed by a large majority, amidst the plaudits of all the spectators, that on Monday, the 14th day of June, it should go into mourning for three days; that the discourse of M. Mirabeau should be printed; and that the President should write a letter of condolence upon the occasion, to the Congress of America.

"ROCHESTER RAPPINGS" EXPLOSED.—Drs. Flint, Lee and Coventry, of Buffalo, unite in a public statement that they have detected the mode in which the sounds known as the "Rochester Rappings," are produced—(Mrs. Fish and Miss M. Fox, the two elder of the three sisters being, it seems, now in Buffalo, where the Drs. have witnessed the "Manifestations.")—They say that the sounds are produced by a partial dislocation or *cracking of the knee-joints*, of course subject to the will of the "medium." They say—

"Without entering at this time into a very minute anatomical and physiological explanation, it is sufficient to state that the muscles inserted into the upper and inner side of the leg (the tibia) near the knee-joint, are brought into action so as to move the upper surface of the bone just named laterally upon the lower surface of the thigh bone (the femur) giving rise in fact to a partial lateral dislocation. This is effected by an act of the will, without any obvious movement of the limb, occasioning a loud noise, and the return of the bone to its place is attended by a second sound. Most of the Rochester knockings are also double. It is practicable, however, to produce a single sound, by moving the bone out of place with the requisite quickness and force and allowing it to slide slowly back, in which case it is noiseless.

The visible vibration of articles in the room, situated near the operator, occur if the limb or any portion of the body is in contact with them at the time the sounds are produced. The force of the semi-dislocation of the bone is sufficient to occasion distinct jarrings of doors, tables, &c., if in contact. The intensity of the sound may be varied in proportion to the force of the muscular contractions, and this will render the apparent source of the rappings more or less distinct.

It would take at least a dozen pair of knee-joints, all in the most supple condition, to make all the "rappings" we have heard on some occasions—not to speak of the remarkable answers that have been given in our hearing: but no matter—we give the above for whatever it may be worth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE SABBATH.—That great man, Sir Matthew Hale, says of the Sabbath, "I have found, by long and sound experience, that the due observance of this day and its duties has been of singular comfort and advantage to me. The holy observance of this day has ever had joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time, and the week so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me. On the other hand, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my secular employments, so that I could easily make an estimate of my successes the week following, by the manner of my passing this day; and this I do not write lightly or inconsiderately, but upon long and careful observation and experience."

Keep your store of smiles and your kindest thoughts for home; give the world only those to spare.

'CHEROOT,' says Bartlett, 'was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant which will never grow in a strong soil.'

WHAT ARE BIRDS GOOD FOR.

The American Agriculturalist, in answer to this inquiry, relates the following anecdotes:

In connection with this subject, we will give an anecdote related to us by Gov. Aikin, of South Carolina, of the rice birds. These little creatures gather around the rice fields at harvest time in countless myriads, and of course consume considerable grain. Some years ago, it was determined to make war upon them, and drive them out of the country, and the measure was in some degree successful, so far as getting rid of the birds. "What are birds good for?" The rice planter soon found out, for with the decrease of birds, the worms increased so rapidly, that, instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was demanded to fill the insatiable maw of the army which came to destroy every young shoot, as fast as they spring from the ground. Most undoubtedly the birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without their assistance.

A few years ago, the black birds in the northern part of Indiana were considered a grievous nuisance to the farmer, whose fields of oats were sometimes destroyed, and the depredations upon late corn were greater than can be believed, if told. The farmer sowed and the birds reaped. He scolded and they twittered. Occasionally a charge of shot brought down a score but made no more impression upon the great sea of birds than the removal of a single bucket of water from the great salt puddle. A few years later, every green thing on the land seemed destined to destruction by the army worm. Man was powerless—a worm among worms. But his best friends, the hated black birds, came to his relief just in time to save when all seemed lost. No human aid could have helped him. How thankful should man be that God has given him for his companions and fellow laborers in the cultivation of the earth, these lovely birds. "The laborer is worthy his hire." Why should we judge the little moety claimed by the busy little fellows which followed the plough and snatched the worm away from the seed, that it might produce grain for his and our sustenance? "No honest man would cheat a bird of his spring and summer's work."

DOG TRAIN FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.—Mr. Julius Austman, accompanied by Mr. Roy, of Lapointe, Lake Superior, arrived here on Thursday last, in thirteen days, from that place, via. the Falls of St. Croix.—Mr. Austman came through with two trains, drawn by dogs, which excited much curiosity in our town. They brought several hundred pounds of freight, baggage, &c. Unlike the dogs of Red River, they are of a mongrel breed, and rather under sized, the train being made of two thin boards of polished oak, curling at the end like a skate. In this way, with a heavy load, two dogs will make their 40 miles in a day with ease. The roads were very bad, almost impassable. Mr. Roy left on Monday, on his return. They brought no news of any importance.

[*Minnesota Pioneer, January 30.*

ATHEISM.—"I had rathre," says Sir Francis Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Legend, the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought miracles to convince atheist, because his ordinary works are sufficent to convine them. It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth them back to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest on them and go no farther, but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity."

DON'T GRUMBLE.—He is a fool that grumbles at little mischances. Put the best foot forward, is an old and good maxim.—Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate men for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit: if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther: look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

OAT SEEDING.—The oat seeding season is now at hand; a correspondent of the Centreville Times suggests to farmers the following method which he has tried several years with uniform success;

The ground generally selected has been in corn the preceding year. The oats are sowed early at the rate of of 1½ bushels to the acre and ploughed lightly into eight or sixteen feet lands. Harrowed crosswise immediately after seeding.—The roller is indispensable to making a good crop of oats.

WHAT THE LADIES DO IN LIMA.—It is no uncommon sight to see a pretty, delicate looking Limanese lady, purchasing in the open cigar-booths vigorous cigars, such as would stagger the nerves of some of our male smokers. And they smoke them too. The ladies do not go about the streets, but like knowing smokers take a quiet puff at home while the more common women may be seen blowing at enormous cigars, as they walk about the streets.

☞An impression is abroad that the Act of Congress authorizing the Coinage of Gold Dollars expires on the 1st of March, proximo. It is not so—the act is without limitation as to time.

Four hundred miles of plank road have been completed within the State of Indiana during the past year. The cost per mile is from $1,200 to $2,500.

There are two difficulties of life: men are disposed to spend more than they can afford, and to indulge more than they can endure.

Mirth should be the embroidery of the conversation, not the web; and not the ornament of the mind, not the furniture.