

THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER AN. N.

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 25, 1851.

NUMBER 7.

VOLUME XXII.

THE PREJUDICES OVERCOME.

BY MARY FALES.

There is one thing certain, that the prejudices which had so long existed in the minds of many persons, against Ready-made Clothing, have almost entirely vanished in this community by the results of the efforts of MARCUS SAMSON to those who have been dealing with him, that Clothing can be procured at his establishment of the best quality and at infinitely lower prices than can be had anywhere else. He has shown that he can sell his ready-made clothing for less than the natural cost of the material of which they are made. His mode of buying and laying in goods enables him to do what he says, and he defies all competition, no matter in what place, county or State. It is hardly necessary to say, a word more. His friends and customers are convinced that they can save money by buying from him. He sells for cash, and has but one price. He never asks more than what he means to take. His object is not to make as much as he can out of a customer who may favor him with a call. His aim is always to make honest bargains by which he may procure permanent customers. It is a mistaken idea with some people, that when they can succeed in dueling a man down they save something. It is not so. A person who is in the habit of permitting himself to be duelled down, is always prepared for it by asking more than he wishes to take. The one-price system is the only proper and correct mode of dealing. One gentleman will buy his clothing as cheap as the other. I invite the attention of my friends and the public generally to my stock of Spring and Summer Clothing, just opened, and guarantee for them in advance that they will be pleased with both goods and prices. His stock consists of a general assortment of all descriptions, sizes, and qualities, together with an assortment of Jewelry, Pistols, Guitars, Violins, Accordions, a lot of Carpet Bags, both for Ladies and gentlemen, a few Gothic eight-day and thirty-hour Clocks, a few large Looking Glasses, and a variety of other articles. I thank my friends and customers for their past patronage and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. I have on hand a good second-hand Piano, and an excellent Graphophone adapted to sacred music and church use—both of which will be disposed of very low.

MARCUS SAMSON.
Gettysburg, April 4, 1851.

DAGUERRETYPES.

G. B. PIRCE & W. R. FREE,
RESPECTFULLY announce to the citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity that they are prepared to execute Likenesses on plates, from the smallest to the largest sizes, Single or in Groups, and neatly set in Frames, Cases, Lockets, Pins, Rings, Bracelets, &c., in every variety of style. PAINTINGS, MINIATURES, and ENGRAVINGS accurately copied. Miniatures of deceased persons and invalids taken at residences.

They hold themselves in readiness to execute every thing pertaining to our profession in a style fully equal if not superior to anything that has heretofore been produced. Having availed ourselves of all the later improvements in the Art, possessing an apparatus of superior quality, we are enabled to take likenesses in all kinds of weather, and in that fitness, strength and beauty of tone, with their entire stability, which give value to the Daguerreotype.

They have taken the Hall recently occupied by the Sons of Temperance, in Carlisle street, which will be open at all hours of the day.

Persons desirous of obtaining Miniatures, will please call early as their stay is limited. Dark apparel will secure the best pictures.

Ladies and gentlemen are invited to visit our rooms and examine specimens, whether they wish a Likeness or not.

Instructions given in the Art, and Apparatus furnished on reasonable terms.

Feb. 7, 1851.

SCHOOL APPROPRIATION.

THE attention of the Boards of School Directors in Adams county, is directed to the annexed statement of the amount of School funds to which each township is entitled out of the State Treasury for the year 1852.

By order of the Commissioners.
J. AUGENBAUGH, Clerk.
April 11, 1851.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, HARRISBURG, PA.
TO THE COMMISSIONERS OF ADAMS COUNTY:

WHEREAS:—In pursuance of the thirty-second section of an act, entitled "An Act for the regulation and continuance of a system of education by Common Schools," passed the 7th day of April, 1849, I have this day transmitted to you a statement of the amount to which every district in your county is entitled, out of the annual appropriation of \$200,000, for the year ending 1852, as follows:

Adams	\$118 58
Berks	77 48
Carlisle	73 81
Conowing	105 88
Franklin	127 85
Fredrick	41 47
Gettysburg	100 73
Greene	179 14
Harrisburg	101 93
Helmick	123 35
Lebanon	49 38
Lebanon	140 27
Lancaster	233 41
Lebanon	41 83
Lebanon	205 46
Lebanon	144 88
Lebanon	79 97
Lebanon	116 65
Lebanon	128 63
Lebanon	76 63
Lebanon	85 80

Respectfully yours,
A. L. RUSSELL,
Superintendent of Common Schools.

CARPENTERS and Floor Oil Cloth
can be had very low of
A. B. KURTZ,
April 18

STORY OF A FIRST KISS.

BY FREDERICK BERNER.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived a young student, a lonely youth, with a great love for studies, but without means of pursuing them. He was poor, and without connections. Still he studied on, living in great poverty and keeping up a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good qualities made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating away an hour of leisure, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, walked slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the Governor of Upland, residing in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty and for her goodness and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men stood silently gazing at her, she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed: "Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!" The poor young student, the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could have it."

"What?" cried his friends in a chorus. "Are you crazy? Do you know her?" "Not at all," he answered, "but I think she would kiss me just now, if I asked her." "What! in this place before our eyes? In this place before our eyes?" "Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" "And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others, for it so happened that several rich young men were in the group, and bet on high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was made and received in less time than we take to relate it.

Our hero—my authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain, I have my peculiar reason for believing that he was rather plain, but singularly good-looking at the same time—our hero walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her, and said, "My lady (min foren) my fortune is in your hand." She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had passed between him and his companions. The young lady listened attentively, and when he had ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness: "If by so little a thing so much good could be effected, I would be very foolish in me to refuse your request, but I must do so in public, in the open square."

Next day, the young student was sent for by the Governor. He wanted to see the young man who had dared to ask a kiss of his daughter in that way, and whom she had consented to kiss too. He received with a severe and scrutinizing bow, but after an hour's conversation, was so pleased with him that he offered him to dine at his table during the course of his studies at Upsala.

Our young friend now pursued his studies in a manner which soon made him regarded as the most promising scholar of the University. Three years were not passed after the day of the first kiss, when the young man was allowed to give a second one to the lovely daughter of the Governor, as his betrothed bride.

He became, later, one of the greatest scholars in Sweden, and much respected for his learning as his character. His works will endure forever among the works of science, and from this happy union sprung a family well known in the present day, and whose wealth of fortune and high position in society are regarded as small things, compared with his wealth of goodness.—*Sartain's Magazine.*

The Rose and the Grave.
The tomb once asked the rose—"I said—
What dost thou with the tears
That heaven, each night, on thee hath shed,
Through all departed years?
Since you to question me presume
O grave! the rose replies—
I give them back in sweet perfume,
Each morning to the skies.
But what dost thou, I ask in turn,
And all an answer carve,
With all the lore we daily mourn,
Thou ever open grave!
Dost thou not know, replies the tomb,
Sweet rose, that we are even,
I make of each, within my womb,
An angel pure for heaven."
Boston Post.

DOG TRAINING IN MUNICH.—One afternoon, J. told me that he heard a tremendous noise, the shouts and screams of a man, and the terrific howling and yelling of a dog. Out dashed the gentlemen from the studio, and out rushed the dog, and there in the large adjoining field, through the mud—for there had been a heavy fall of snow—a man raced along, pursued by an enormous dog, the fastest brute imaginable; it sprang upon him, it tore him, shook him by the hair of his head, it dragged him along the ground, the man screaming and the dog howling! Then they were up again, and carrying round and round the field, man and dog, like wild beasts, J. was horrified beyond words, and to J.'s indescribable indignation, the gentleman looked quietly on and smiled. What could it mean? To her it seemed a fearful murder. But so it was only the training of a watch-dog, and a very profitable business it must have been, although very dangerous to witness, the gentleman declared. The man was all bound up, so that the dog could not injure him materially; but his head and face, with their frightful bandages, suggested no other idea than that of wounds, which made him look all the more dreadful. These fierce dogs, thus trained, are necessary as security against robbers; many people keep them; there are two of them at the studio, but I have noticed nothing ferocious about them. Here, this mode of training dogs is not at all unusual, although the trade, I should think, not particularly agreeable.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

The Little Drummer.

I went to see the infant drummer the other day. Some of our readers have, no doubt, heard of the little prodigy, and may want to hear more of him. He is not three years old, and yet he can perform on a drum almost as well, for ought that I can perceive, as a man who has been practicing for years. Really, he is one of the wonders of the age. His name is William Henry Barrett. It seems from the account given of him by his father, that at the early age of eight months, when he heard music, he would show a great interest in it, and would make regular motions with his hands during the singing or playing of a tune. When he was about a year old, he would beat time on the table, with a knife, or fork, or spoon, or whatever else came within his reach. His father noticed the aptness with which the infant beat time, and purchased him a small drum. When the drum was first struck in the hearing of the child, he seemed to be perfectly delighted. He commenced playing upon the instrument once; and in a very few weeks without any instruction, or with but little, he performed with such precision as to astonish everybody who heard him. Just before he was two years old, while reciting from the measles, and before he could sit up, he would cry for his drum, and lay in his cradle and play upon it, although so weak he could hardly hold the sticks. At the age of two, having worn out the first one, his father purchased a new drum which he was permitted to play upon in the front yard, to the great amusement of the crowds who gathered in the street to listen. I heard him perform in public. The little fellow seemed half-dead with the treat when he was brought upon the stage. The sight of so many people—for it was in Tripler Hall, the largest musical hall in the country—frightened him. But as soon as the conductor of the performance caught a few times on the drum, the enthusiasm of the child was so much excited, that it completely overcame his fear, and he commenced drumming with as much assurance as if he was, in the nursery instead of Tripler Hall.

A gentleman performed on the life, while the little prodigy accompanied on the drum. He marched back and forth on the stage, with an heir of a drummer twenty years old. His march was regular, too, for the preparation for such a feat is not a trifling one. The father would play one tune while and, right in the midst of it, break off from that, and play another, perhaps of an entire different character, and in different time. But the drummer would instantly notice the change, and vary his drumming accordingly. The audience applauded him, and he was prepared for such a feat. The clapping of hands, and the pounding of feet, and the rattle of bells on the floor, and evidently did not know what to make of such performances. Doubtless it seemed to him that the music ought all to come from the stage; and perhaps he was suspicious that the audience were setting up something of an opposition. However that may be, he was contented when they applauded, and several times stopped playing apparently dissatisfied. He cannot speak plainly; but he managed, after a fashion, to say "stop," prepared for such a threatening motion of his drum stick towards the audience. —*N. York Correspondent of the Waverley Magazine.*

PAT AND THE OYSTER.—Pat, who had just been translated, had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters with money; but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style. "Where have you been?" exclaimed the master. "Where have I been? Why, where should I be but to fetch the oysters?" "And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?" "Long! By my soul, I think I have been putty quick, considerin all things." "Considerin what things? Why, considerin the dress of the fish, to be sure." "What fish? Why, blue-and-bones, the isters." "What do you mean?" "What do I mean? Why, I mean as I was restin down forent the Pickled Herrin, and havin a dhrap to comfort me, a jentleman axed me what I'd got in my sack. 'Isters,' said I. 'Let's look at 'em,' says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och, thunder and prates,' says he, 'who would you these?' 'It was Mick Carney, the thafe of the world!' 'What a black-guard he must be to give them to you without dividin one of them,' says he. 'Musha, then,' says I, 'what'll I do?' 'Do,' says he, 'I'd sooner do it myself than have you so abused.' And so he takes 'em in doors and dresses 'em neat and close, as you'll see,' opening at the same time his bag of oyster-shells that were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

IMPROVED HORSE SHOES.—We observe that among the English patents recently granted, is one taken out by Mr. Rodway, for an improved horse-shoe, which is so constructed as to give the horse a secure foothold even upon a wooden pavement, or wet ground, while it obviates the necessity of frost-baiting, or calkins, in frosty weather. It is more durable than the common shoe, and quite as cheap; and from the ease with which it can be adapted to the foot, so as to point off at an angle, it prevents those numerous diseases which are the destruction of so much horse-flesh. The improvement consists in grooving the bottom of the shoe in a peculiar manner. The nails are also sunk in grooves so as never to become loosened by wear.

HOMESTEAD EXEMPTION.—"I have been reading," said a man, "of the Homestead Exemption, and I am going to exempt myself from home just when they please without any proviso for cold nights."

PADDY AND THE LOVER, OR, AN UN- SOCIABLE BED FELLOW.

A few months since, a son of Erin, about 9 o'clock one evening, called at a country inn, in the western part of Pennsylvania, and demanded lodgings for the night. It was evident that he and liquor had been jolly companions through the day. The landlord was a lazy, good natured soul, and had inhaled rather freely that day himself.

"If I give you a light and tell you where the room is, can you find it?" said the landlord. "Oh, an' it's myself that can do that illegally. I just show me the way an' I'll find it as easy as the howly virgin showers down blessings upon the sinful," rejoined the Irishman.

The directions were given him and also a candle. He was directed to go to a room in the second story of the house. By the time he reached the top of the stairs, the light had become extinguished, and he had forgotten what direction he was to go. Seeing rays of light issuing from a room, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he recommitted the matter to chance, and found it to contain a bed, in which lay a man, and a stand with a small lighted lamp upon it. Feeling disinclined to make any further search for the room to which he had been directed, he divested himself of his clothing, and quietly crept into the back part of the bed. He had been in but a few moments, when a young lady and gentleman entered the room. The Irishman eyed them closely. They had seated themselves on chairs in close proximity to each other, and after chatting merrily for a short time, the man threw his arms around her waist, in a coujously manner, and imparted a kiss upon her tempting lips. There was wifery in it which demanded a repetition. The scene amused the Irishman vastly, and being free from selfishness, he concluded that his sleeping companion should be a participant with him in the enjoyment of the scene, and to this end he nudged him, but his companion stirred not. He then put his hand upon him and found he was tightly locked in the embrace of death! Synonymous with his discovery, he bounded out of the bed exclaiming:

"Murder! murder! Howly saints of heaven perfect me!" He had scarcely touched the floor with his feet, before the young lady and gentleman were making rapid strides towards the stairway, terror being depicted on their countenances. They had just reached the top of the stairs when the Irishman came dashing along as though all the fiends of Erebus were close at his heels, intent on making him their prey. And the Irishman determined which of the two he would attack first. The Irishman rushed into the bar room, with nothing between him and nudity but a garment vulgarly styled a shirt, the hair on his head standing upon end, his eye-balls ready to leap from their sockets, and he gasped for breath. It was a sight that would have made a man laugh who had worn a vinegar face from the day of his birth. Nothing could induce him to seek a bed that night again. When the young lady and gentleman found that it was not the corpse that had leaped from the bed, they returned to the room, (the being the watcher for the night) and doubtless commenced their courting at the point where it had so suddenly been broken.

ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG IN CHINA.—We have always admired, and always shall admire, as the very best of all human stories, Charles Lamb's account of the origin of roast pig, in China. Ching Ping, it seems, had suffered his father's house to be burned down; the out-houses were burned along with the house; and in one of these the pigs, by accident, were roasted to a turn. Memorable were the results for all future civilization! Ping, who—like all China besides—had hitherto eaten his pig raw, now for the first time, tasted it in a state of torrefaction. Of course he made his peace with his father by a part-tradition says a leg—of the new dish. The father was so astonished that he burned his house down once a year, for the sake of coming at an annual banquet of roast pig. A curious, prying sort of a fellow, one Chang Pang, got to know of this. He also burned down a house with a pig in it, and had his eyes opened. The secret was ill kept—the discovery spread—many great conversions were made—houses were blazing in every part of the celestial empire. The insurance offices took the matter up. One Chong Pong, detected in the very act of shutting up a pig in his drawing-room, and then firing a train, was indicted on a charge of arson. The chief justice of Pekin, at that occasion, requested an officer of the Court to hand him a piece of the roast pig, the corpus delicti, for pure curiosity led him to taste; but within two days after, it was observed that his lordship's town-house was burned down. In short all China apostatized to the new faith; and it was not until some centuries had passed, that a great genius arose, who established the second era in the history of roast pig, by showing that it could be had without burning down houses.—*De Quincy's Essays.*

SMILES.
Fair is the smile of a beautiful girl,
When the light of love in her eye is beaming,
And fair the smile a young mother gives
In answer to that of her infant dreaming.
Fair, too, is the gallant hero's smile,
When in his ears the shouts of victory come;
And fair is that of a little child,
When it gleefully announces its father home.
And oh, how fair, after an evening storm,
The smile of the sun on the hillside lying,
But more beautiful, far, than all these,
Is the tranquil smile of the Christian dying.
Knickerbocker.

A preacher, having laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit, took for his text these words: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

The cheerful heart, the kaleidoscope, causes the most discordant materials to appear in harmony and beauty.

The Bachelor.

A bachelor met by his blinding grate,
And he fell into a snore,
And dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

And a rosy boy came to his side
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.
Then clear outrang his merry voice,
He shouted aloud, "Papa,
I don't love any body else,
But you and dear mama!"

And the father's heart o'erran with joy,
That heart so long by love unlit,
Oh! from its unseen depth poured out,
Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged—the old house cat,
Which, as 'twas wont, when master slept,
Had leaped upon his lap!

LOVE.
Love!—I will tell thee what it is to love:
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove.
When time seems young, and life a thing divine;
Yes, life is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew,
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Charles Stearns.

THE HOTTEST SEAT.
"TELL," a correspondent of the Boston Post, wrote the following, which contains a bad word, and should not therefore be read by anybody:
County court was sitting a while ago, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing round without a groan, when in came a young gentleman, "rabble of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and stick in hand. He looked cold and half-paralyzed the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaped against the wall, "with tears in his fat and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deo, as it was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young spry talker to him. "You look like a traveler." "What! I speak of—come from Wisconsin about 't any rate." "From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through 'll on your travels?" "Yes, sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look shone through the darkness of his eyes. "I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to know." "Oh," says the pilgrim deliberately—half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corners of his mouth all rows of yellow stubs with a mass of masticated pig-tail appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region: the lawyers sit standing over the punning."

MOUNTAIN OF MAGNESIA.—The resources of California are not confined to the precious metals alone; there is a vast extent of the country, of which nothing is said, that will develop, in time, new avenues of wealth. After crossing the Sierra Nevada, in latitude between forty-one and two (if memory serves,) the descent to Goose Lake is through a pleasant valley of about ten miles in length, abounding in springs and meadows. About a mile below where the lake is approached from the east is the first out-crop of quartz and slate, with an auriferous country around. Near the southern extremity of the lake is a most beautiful forest of serpentine rock. The strata is horizontal, and the green and shading is delicately blended, and the lines almost as perfect as if they had been traced with an artist's pencil.

On Pitch (or Pitt) River, the principal affluent of the Sacramento, which flows through a charming valley, and about five hours' journey from Goose Lake, there is a hill of pure carbonate of magnesia, one hundred feet high. Much of it is perfectly white, while some is more or less discolored with iron, as if a painter had been striving to give effect by a coloring of light and shade. Large masses are easily detached, which, rolling down into the river that washed its base, floated off as light and buoyant as a cork, until it became saturated with water. A thousand wagons could be loaded in a very short time, and there is enough to supply the whole world. For three days' travel below, the soil seems to be impregnated with it, and the banks of the river are formed—*Pacific News.*

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—During the ancient days of Welsh Royalty, among the twenty-four ranks of servants that attended the Court, was one called "The King's Feet-Bearer," a young gentleman, whose duty it was to sit upon the floor with his back towards the fire and hold the king's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at the table, to keep them warm and comfortable. It is said that fire was entirely unknown to many of the nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1651, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it—believing it to be some kind of living animal which lived on wood.—*Saturday Post.*

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer who had paid his court to a young lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the power of Attorney."
Four story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade.

Improvements in Agriculture.

The following article, upon the above subject, we copy from the Working Farmer, edited by Prof. MARX.

Within the last three years we have visited many farms in New Jersey, and some of the owners of these farms sent reports of results to Trenton. One represented that under our advice he had added the missing constituents to his soil, at an expense of only \$4 1/2 per acre, with proper tillage, and produced, in consequence, the following crops:—Corn, 128 bushels of ears per acre, where, formerly, but thirty bushels of shelled corn had been produced. Potatoes 310 bushels per acre. Mangold-wurtzel, 16 tons per acre, and other crops in proportion.

Another farmer from Monmouth County, represented that by the use of the soil plough, under a recommendation contained in one of our lectures, on a field of twenty acres, and by the application of a decomposed bog on another field of similar size he had raised his corn crop on each from 20 to 25 per cent.

Another farmer of Freshhold represented that he had raised between 4000 and 5000 cabbages on half an acre, and at the prices at which he had made sales, the returns were at the rate of \$400 to \$500 per acre. This land was thrown into garden heart at one operation, and the land left in so improved a condition after the cabbage crop as to be benefited for future crops more than the whole costs of fertilizers used for cabbages. Many other farmers reported large crops resulting from our advice, and from some neighboring towns large numbers signed statements that the whole crop of the townships had been increased by our efforts. It was also shown to the Legislature, that he had taken the first premium for our market garden from the American Institute, and that we had raised 1500 bushels of parsnips, 900 bushels of carrots, 800 bushels of ruta baga turnips per acre, and other crops in proportion, but all these facts could not avail in causing the Senate to appropriate a sum only equal to the necessary expenses of a State Agriculturalist to visit the various counties in every county in the State.

We asserted, without the fear of contradiction, that in no case where we had been furnished with an analysis of the soil, had we failed in increasing the income of the owner more than one-third, and this, too, after having advised under such circumstances more than one hundred farmers in New Jersey.

Some members could not believe that we had discovered so much that was new to enable us to produce such results, and they were right. We do not claim any such credit, but simply that we have put in practice what is well known by the few among the many. We often hear of large crops raised by individuals, whose neighbors produce no such results. In such cases we visit the growers, and find out if practicable, their methods, manures, &c., and then by analysis of the soil, compared with that of the crop, are enabled to produce similar results. We claim no originality, but merely, with the assistance of chemistry, to be able to duplicate, on any soil containing fair average of constituents, the same results which may have been produced on any other soil—all of which may be done by adding the missing constituents to the soil, with such cultivation as the peculiarities of the soil, &c., may require.

Albert Smith, the Novelist, was boasting of his intimacy with Lamartine, the great French statesman. Among other things Smith said that "the old Lamartine were like brothers—in short they had rowed in the same boat." Jerald significantly scratched his head, saying: "You may row in the same boat, but with a different sort of scull."

"What are you about?" enquired a lunatic of a cook, who was industriously stripping the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that undressing," said the crazy chap in reply. The cook looked reflective.

An old soldier was court-martialed for drunkenness; the offence was clearly proved, and the culprit was called upon for his defence. It was short, simple, and successful. "Does the Court think that Uncle Sam hires all the cardinal virtues for seven dollars a month?"

ROWLAND HILL made a good remark on hearing the power of the letter H discussed, whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ill all the days of his life.

I shall ask for the abolition of penalty of death, until I have the infallibility of human judgment demonstrated to me.—*Lafayette.*

An orator told his audience that he was trying to taper off his speech, when one of them exclaimed that he had been a long time in waiting for him to make a point.

How pleasant it is for a father to sit at his child's board! It is like an aged man reclining under the shadow of an oak which has been planted.

He that pursues two hares at once, does not catch the one, and lets the other go.

"That's my impression," as the yellow said when he kissed a pretty girl.

THE BACHELOR.

A bachelor met by his blinding grate,
And he fell into a snore,
And dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

And a rosy boy came to his side
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.
Then clear outrang his merry voice,
He shouted aloud, "Papa,
I don't love any body else,
But you and dear mama!"

And the father's heart o'erran with joy,
That heart so long by love unlit,
Oh! from its unseen depth poured out,
Affection infinite.

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged—the old house cat,
Which, as 'twas wont, when master slept,
Had leaped upon his lap!

LOVE.
Love!—I will tell thee what it is to love:
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove.
When time seems young, and life a thing divine;
Yes, life is love—the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew,
Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet!
Charles Stearns.

THE HOTTEST SEAT.
"TELL," a correspondent of the Boston Post, wrote the following, which contains a bad word, and should not therefore be read by anybody:
County court was sitting a while ago, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing round without a groan, when in came a young gentleman, "rabble of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and stick in hand. He looked cold and half-paralyzed the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaped against the wall, "with tears in his fat and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deo, as it was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young spry talker to him. "You look like a traveler." "What! I speak of—come from Wisconsin about 't any rate." "From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through 'll on your travels?" "Yes, sir," he answered—a kind of wicked look shone through the darkness of his eyes. "I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? Some of us would like to know." "Oh," says the pilgrim deliberately—half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corners of his mouth all rows of yellow stubs with a mass of masticated pig-tail appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region: the lawyers sit standing over the punning."

MOUNTAIN OF MAGNESIA.—The resources of California are not confined to the precious metals alone; there is a vast extent of the country, of which nothing is said, that will develop, in time, new avenues of wealth. After crossing the Sierra Nevada, in latitude between forty-one and two (if memory serves,) the descent to Goose Lake is through a pleasant valley of about ten miles in length, abounding in springs and meadows. About a mile below where the lake is approached from the east is the first out-crop of quartz and slate, with an auriferous country around. Near the southern extremity of the lake is a most beautiful forest of serpentine rock. The strata is horizontal, and the green and shading is delicately blended, and the lines almost as perfect as if they had been traced with an artist's pencil.

On Pitch (or Pitt) River, the principal affluent of the Sacramento, which flows through a charming valley, and about five hours' journey from Goose Lake, there is a hill of pure carbonate of magnesia, one hundred feet high. Much of it is perfectly white, while some is more or less discolored with iron, as if a painter had been striving to give effect by a coloring of light and shade. Large masses are easily detached, which, rolling down into the river that washed its base, floated off as light and buoyant as a cork, until it became saturated with water. A thousand wagons could be loaded in a very short time, and there is enough to supply the whole world. For three days' travel below, the soil seems to be impregnated with it, and the banks of the river are formed—*Pacific News.*

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—During the ancient days of Welsh Royalty, among the twenty-four ranks of servants that attended the Court, was one called "The King's Feet-Bearer," a young gentleman, whose duty it was to sit upon the floor with his back towards the fire and hold the king's feet in his bosom all the time he sat at the table, to keep them warm and comfortable. It is said that fire was entirely unknown to many of the nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1651, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it—believing it to be some kind of living animal which lived on wood.—*Saturday Post.*

LOVE AND LAW.—A young lawyer who had paid his court to a young lady without much advancing his suit, accused her one day of being insensible to the power of love. "It does not follow," she archly replied, "that I am so because I am not to be won by the power of Attorney."
Four story shirt collars are all the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple to it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trade.