THE STAR AND BANNER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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GO AHEAD.

When your plans of life are clear,
Go ahead.
Rest be better than your brains—
Haste is always in the rear;
Trust Providence has the reins,
Go ahead.
Do not ask too broad a test,
Go ahead;
Lagging never clears the sight;
When you do your duty look,
You will best know what is right—
Go ahead.
Never doubt a righteous cause—
Go ahead;
Make yourself completely by
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead.
Do not ask who'll go with you—
Go ahead;
Prudence spares the coward's plea!
Make be but one or two,
Single-handed though it be,
Go ahead!
Though before you mounts his rise,
Go ahead;
Scale them! Certainly you can—
Let them proudly don the skies;
What are mountains to a Man?
Go ahead.
Though fierce waters round you dash,
Go ahead;
Let no hardships baffle you,
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead.
Heed not Wantmon's golden bell—
Go ahead.
Make no compromise with sin,
Tell the serpent he looks well
But you cannot let him in;
Go ahead.
Better days are drawing nigh;
Go ahead.
Make duty all your guide,
You will live or die
For all heaven's on your side;
Go ahead.

THE GROWTH OF A SOUL.

If there were but one human soul in the world, the process of its growth and development would be a study worthy of all the universe beside. But because it is an every day affair, few of us find it an attractive topic. But think a moment, friendly reader, of this wonderful theme. Born into the world with mere consciousness and a single animal appetite, the human child is scarcely more interesting than the insect birth. But a few months or years pass, and this human thing has commenced a career worthy of a divinity. His spirit is a mirror taking not only upon it, but into it, the images of creation, the laws of the universe. The movements of nature, the spirit of nature, are opened to him, and he is assimilating inwardly to the greatness, the beauty, the glory of the universe. Nay, more than this, if the process of mental and moral training be rightly conducted, the mind is ever more assimilating inwardly to Deity itself. Insect as he appears at first, the human being "building itself up, idea by idea, virtue by virtue, each new acquisition connected with an infinite progression," he soon becomes greater, more important, more glorious than the whole visible universe. He leaves it behind and beneath him. He becomes himself a creator, reproducing all form and properties of matter, and revelling in infinite combinations and varieties of thought, feeling and enjoyment. What a melancholy waste of power and perversion of capacities scarcely less than infinite, are involved in that style and temper of life which ignore the immortal and spiritual in man, and yield present existence to the low business of anxious eating and drinking and caring for the body, the mere shell of man. Who can help exclaiming with Wordsworth:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon.
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn."

HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.

How vain must be our hope of entering into Heaven, if we have no present delight in what are said to be its joys! A christian finds his happiness in holiness.—When he looks forward to heaven, it is the holiness of the scene and associations on which he fastens as affording its happiness. It is not in the Arcadian paradise, with the green pastures, the flowing waters, and the minstrelsy of many harpers. He is not dreaming of a bright island, where he shall meet his buried kindred in sweet domestic charities and again live a human life in all but its cares and tears and pantings. "Be ye holy" is the precept, attempted conformity to which is the business of a christian's life on earth—perfect conformity to which shall be the blessedness of Heaven. Let us take heed that we deceive not ourselves. The Bible speaks of "taking the powers of the world to come," as if heaven were to begin on this side of the grave.—We may be enamoured of heaven because we think "there the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." We may be enchanted with the poetry of its descriptions and fascinated by the brilliancy of its colorings, as the Evangelist John relates his visions, and sketches the scenery on which he was privileged to gaze. But all this does not prove us on the high road to heaven. If it be heaven towards which we journey, it will be holiness in which we delight; for if we cannot now rejoice in having God for our portion, where is our meetness for a world in which God is to be all in all, forever and forever.—*Melville's Bible Thoughts.*

BLACK EYE AND BLUE.

"The bright, black eye, the melting blue,
I cannot choose between the two;
But that is dearest all the while,
Which weeps for us the sweetest smile.
O. W. Holmes.

WORTH.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give;
The rose looks fair, but fairer it we deem,
For that sweet odor which doth in it live.

Good Breeding.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. Walker in his amusing and instructive publication, The Originals, as affording a fine instance of good breeding, or politeness, even in circumstances where it could not be expected to produce any personal advantage:

An Englishman, making the grand tour towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin he sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returned from a parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young captain, evidently desirous of making a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses, with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly disfortunate—the spectators laughed and looked at the Englishman expecting him to laugh too. On the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat had rolled, and, taking it up, presented it with an air of affected kindness to its owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to join his company. There was a murmur of surprise, and the stranger passed on. Though the scene for a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart—not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity which never faileth. On the regiment's being dismissed, the captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his colonel.—The colonel immediately mentioned it to the general in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at headquarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited every where; and on his departure he was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States in Italy. Thus a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charms it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than can ever be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

The other day, in conversation with Miss Dix, the philanthropist, during her visit to Greenville, S. C., a lady said to her: 'Are you not afraid to travel all over the country alone, and have you not encountered dangers and been in perilous situations?' 'I am naturally timid,' said Miss Dix, 'and diffident like all my sex; but in order to carry out my purposes, I know it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. It is true I have been, in my travels through the different States, in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the State of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Enquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on our road. I said to him, give me the pistols, I will take care of them. He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey through a dismal looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horse by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self possession as I could command, 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor houses, and occasionally in giving objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money, I will give you some.'—While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing and he became deathly pale. "My God," he exclaimed, "that voice!" and immediately told me that he had been in the Philadelphia Penitentiary, and had heard me lecturing some of the prisoners in an adjoining cell, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed. But I drew out my purse and said to him, 'I will give you something to support you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined at first, taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else before he could get into honest employment.

Had not Miss Dix taken possession of the pistols, in all probability they would have been used by her driver, and perhaps both of them been murdered. *That voice* was more powerful in subduing the heart of a robber than the sight of a brace of pistols.—*Greenville, S. C., Patriot.*

Gen. Putnam's Story.—Sunday, 1763. Dined at Dr. Putnam's, with Col. Putnam and lady, and two young gentlemen, nephews of the Doctor, and Colonel ——, and a Mrs. Scolley. Putnam told a story of an Indian, upon Connecticut River, who called at a tavern in the fall of the year, for a dram. The landlord asked him two coppers for it. The next spring, happening at the same house, he called for another, and had three coppers to pay for it.

"How is this, landlord?" said he, "last fall you asked two coppers for a glass of rum, now you ask three."

"O," says the landlord, "it cost me a good deal to keep rum over winter. It is as expensive to keep a hogshead of rum over winter as a horse."

"Ah!" says the Indian, "I can't see through that; he won't eat so much hay; *may be he drink as much water.*"

This was sheer wit, pure satire, and true humor. Humor, wit, and satire, in one very short repartee.—*John Adams.*

Monuments of Greatness.—*The Useful more enduring than the Magnificent.*—In the Edinburg Review, a writer, contrasting the works of usefulness, the benefits of which the whole world partakes, with those magnificent monuments erected to glorify individuals and send their names down to posterity, exhibits the fleeting character of glory when it is not prompted by national utility and benevolence.—He says:

"The tomb of Moses is unknown, but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's Reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden House of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream.—The temple of the Sun in Tadmore, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in its rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brickwork. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now; and if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace or a temple, but some vast aequeduct or reservoir; and if any name should still float through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men, rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation, imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence."

How to Admonish.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop, whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend, as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there be few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are but few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate; whereas, if instead of calmly pointing out their mistake we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence.

Generosity.—Nothing degrades man to a brute more than a mean, avaricious and arrogant disposition, while nothing exalts him more than a generous and magnanimous mind. It is fiend-like to injure without provocation, but it is god-like to forgive. He who can kiss the hand that smites him; he who can be merciful to a captive deserving punishment, displays a mind but a little inferior to that of an angel. An incident, related of a little boy about six years of age, will serve to explain most forcibly what we mean, and show also that even a child is capable of noble actions. In a country school, while the boys were attending to their lessons, one mischievous chap, who was proverbial for restlessness, among his other capers, upset a heavy pine board seat, falling on the large toe of one of his youngest companions, crushing it very badly. The teacher, after examining the injury, said to the wounded boy,

"George, shall I whip him?"

"No, sir," responded the truly noble, yet youthful boy.

Let every boy and girl that reads this, reflect. It is not strength nor appearance that makes the real man or woman, but the possession of a heart, directed and controlled by virtuous and generous principles.—*Boys and Girls' Journal.*

Anecdote of a Widower.—A ministerial acquaintance of ours, who had lost his wife and had become wearied of his second edition of the single state, was once instructing a congregation from the passage "Use this world as not abusing it," &c.—In the course of his remarks he took occasion to mention some things which a Christian could dispense with in this world. In this category he placed a wife. He had, however, scarcely said, 'A man may do without a wife,' when his own experience stoutly protested, and he finished this branch of the subject by saying in the simplicity of his heart, 'but, my brethren, it's mighty hard.'

God on our Side.—God is on our side, is the universal cry. Each of two conflicting nations consecrates its flags; and whichever conquors, sings a Te Deum.—Attila conceived himself to have a "divine claim to the dominion of the earth;" the Spaniards subdued the Indians under plea of converting them to Christianity; hanging thirteen refractory ones in honor of Jesus Christ and his apostles; and we English justify our colonial aggressions by saying that the Creator intends the Anglo Saxon race to people the world.—*Spencer's Social State.*

Last hours of a Single Gentleman.

This morning, Nov. 11th, at half past eleven o'clock precisely, an unfortunate young man, Mr. Edward Pinckney, underwent the extreme penalty of infatuation, by explaining his attachment to Mary Ann Gale, in front of the altar-railings of St. Mary's Church, Islington.

It will be in the recollection of all those friends of the parties who were at Jones' party, at Brixton, two years ago, that Mr. Pinckney was there and then first introduced to Mary Gale, to whom he instantly began to direct particular attentions—dancing with her no less than six sets that evening, and handling her things at supper in the most devoted manner. From that period commenced the intimacy between them, which terminated in this morning's catastrophy.

Poor Pinckey had barely attained his 28 year; but there is reason to believe that but for reasons of a pecuniary nature his single life would have come earlier to an untimely end. A change for the better, however, occurred in his circumstances, the young lady's friends were induced to sanction his addresses, and this became accessories to the course for which he has just suffered.

The unhappy young man passed his last night of his bachelor existence in his solitary chamber. From half past eight to ten he was engaged in writing levees. Shortly after, his young brother Henry knocked at the door, when he deemed young lord him to come in. On being asked when he meant to go to bed, he replied—"for you." The question was then put to him how he thought he would sleep? to which he answered—"I don't know." He then expressed his desire for a cigar and a glass of grog. His brother, who sat down and pasteoff the like refreshments, now demanded if he would take any thing more that night. He said "nothing," in a firm voice. His affectionate brother rose to take his leave, when the devoted one considerately advised him to take care of himself.

Precisely at a quarter of a minute to seven the next morning, the victim of Cupid having been called, according to his desire, he arose and promptly dressed himself. He had the self control to shave himself without the slightest injury; for not even a scratch upon his chin appeared after the operation. It would seem he devoted a longer time than usual at his toilet.

The wretched man was attired in a blue dress coat, with frosted buttons, a white vest and nankeen trousers, with patent boots. He wore around his neck a variegated satin scarf, which partly concealed the Corrazzo of the bosom. In front of the scarf was inserted a breast pin of conspicuous size.

Having descended the staircase with a quick step, he entered the apartment where his brother and a few friends awaited him. He then shook hands cordially with all present; and on being asked how he had slept, answered—"Very well;" and to the further demand as to the state of his mind, he said that he "felt happy."

One of the party hereupon suggesting that it would be well to take something before the ceremony was gone through, he exclaimed, with some emphasis, "decidedly." Breakfast was accordingly served, when he ate a French roll, a large round toast, two sausages, and three new laid eggs, which he washed down with three great breakfast cups of tea. In reply to an expression of astonishment, on the part of persons present, he declared that he never felt heartier in his life.

Having inquired the time, and ascertained that it was ten minutes of eleven, he remarked that it would soon be over.—His brother then inquired if he could do any thing for him; when he told he would take a glass of ale. Having drank this he appeared satisfied.

The fatal moment now approaching, he devoted the remaining portion of his time to distribute those little articles he would no longer want. To one he gave his segar case; to another his tobacco stopper, and charged his brother Jeffy with his latch key, with instructions to deliver it after all was over, with due decorum to the landlady.

The clock at length struck eleven, and at the same moment he was informed that a cab was at the door. He merely said "I am ready!" and allowed himself to be conducted to the vehicle, to which he got with his brother, his friends following on behind in others.

Arrived at the fatal spot a short but anxious delay, of some seconds, took place; after which they were joined by the lady with her friends. Little was said on either side, but Miss Gale, with commendable decorum, shed tears. Pillick, by endeavored to preserve decorum, but a slight twitching in his mouth and eyebrows, proclaimed his inward agitation.

All the necessary preliminaries having now been settled, and the prescribed melancholy formalities gone though, the usual question was put—"Will thou have this woman to be thy wife?" "I will."

He then put the fatal ring on Miss Gale's finger, the hymenial noose was adjusted, and the poor fellow was launched in matrimony.—*Punch.*

"Father, I hate that Mr. Sith," said a Chestnut street beauty, the other day to her honored parent.

"Why so, my daughter?"

"Because he always stares me so hard when he meets me in the set."

"But, my child, how do you know that Mr. Smith stares at you?"

"Why, because I have repeatedly seen him do it."

"Well, Julia, don't you ever look at the impudent man again when you meet him, and then he may stare his eyes out, without annoying you in the least. Remember that it always takes two pair of eyes to make a *perfect* stare."

"Ahem—well—I—I—believe you're right, father!"

"Heaven's gates are not really arched
As princes' palaces; they theater there
Must go upon their knees!" *Webster.*

OBEYING ORDERS.

The "oldest inhabitant" perfectly remembers the Widow Trotter, who used, many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover street, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation alley. Well, this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men distinguished in after life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings which his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was to him truly a "vale of tears."

One day he came home as usual with red eyes and hands.

"O, you blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago, Mrs. Trotter was—"you've ben gittin' another lickin', I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter; "that's one of the regular exercises—lickin' me. After I've licked Trotter,' says the master, 'I'll hear the rithmatic class. But mother, to change the subject, as the criminal said, when he found the judge was getting personal, is there anny arrant I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the widow; "only you're so derned slow about anything you undertake—go, and get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it will ye?"

Bob Trotter took the pitcher, and wended his way "in the direction" of the street pump; but he hadn't got far, when he encountered his friend, Joe Buffer, the mate of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea chest along with him.

"Come, Bob," said Joe, "bear a hand and help me down to Long Wharf with this."

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for your mother—she don't care for you. Come along."

"Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stored away his earthenware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend aboard the ship. The pilot was urging the captain to pass off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was awaiting the arrival of a boy who had shipped the day. Before, and wishing to go to his eyes for the delay he occasioned.

At last he turned to Bob and said—

"What do you say youngster, to shipping with me? I'll treat you well and give you ten dollars a month?"

"Should like to go," said Bob, hesitatingly, "but my mother!"

"Hang your mother," said the captain, "She'll be glad to get rid of you. Come will you go?"

"I haint got no cothes."

"Cast off that line there!" shouted the captain and the ship fell off with the tide, and was soon standing down the bay with a fair wind, and every stitch of the canvas set. She was bound for the Northwest via Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition a week, when she gave him up, had a note read for her in the meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after the occurrences, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friends were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found, on squaring his account with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd ten and four hundred dollars alone were the fruits of his long cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house, in company with Joe, he scanned with a curious eye the houses, the shops, and the people that he passed. Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated a unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same dumpers were standing at the same corners—it seemed as if he had been gone only a day. With the old sights and sounds Bob's old feelings revived, and he almost dreaded to see, debouching from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, to know why he had been playing truant, and to carry him back to receive the customary walloping.

When he was quite near home, he said, "Joe, I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher?"

He stooped down, thrust his arm under the stone steps, and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years ago. Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed arm chair. She looked at him for a minute, recognized him, screamed, and exclaimed:

"Why Bob! where *have* you been?—What have you been doing?"

"Gettin' that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table! "I always obey orders—you told me to be four years about it; and I was."

Scene in a Dentist's Office.—A male representative from the Emerald Isle enters, hat in hand, with, "The top o' the morning to ye, sir, an' I've got a bad tooth, an' the divil a bit o' comfort can I git short of a bottle o' brandy; an' I've got one of Father Matthey's medals to kape me from all such evil spirits, sure. Now, sir, what'll ye be axin to pull me a tooth, sir."

"Half a dollar," says the doctor.

"Well," says Pat, "what'll ye pull two for?"

"Oh," replied the doctor, "I won't charge you anything for pulling the second one."

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug, and the doctor took a peep at his grinders, and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found which were the ones Pat wanted out. "Say Pat, this is the first one and that is the second one." "Plaise pull the second one first."

"Very well," replied the doctor, "any way to get them out." And he pulled it.

Before he had time to fix his instrument for the other tooth, (the first one,) Pat had got out of the chair, and was edging towards the door.

"I guess, doctor, I wont have the first tooth pulled until it aches, and you told me you would pull the *second* one for nothing!"

Pat mizzled, and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.

CUTTING AND CURING HAY.

As the time for harvesting grass is rapidly approaching, it may be proper to make a few remarks in regard to the time of cutting and the method of curing it.—Our agricultural friends know that cattle if properly sheltered and fed on good hay through the winter will thrive, and with the addition of a little grain will fatten, whereas if the hay is bad, they will fall away or require a large quantity of grain to keep them in flesh. Of all the cultivated grasses usually cut and cured for hay, so far as our experience goes, clover produces the most flesh, although blue-grass and timothy are perhaps more productive of muscle, and better food for horses and draft oxen. But all grasses must be cut at a proper time to obtain the best quality of hay. Every stalk, stem and leaf of grass is a chemical laboratory in which different organic substances are combined, changes produced, and new substances formed.

After maturity, decay commences, and in time, the grasses are resolved into their native substances. Hence philosophy, as well as experience, points to the full maturity of the grasses, and before decay commences, as the proper time for harvesting them. By cutting before the juices are fully elaborated, the quality is injured and the quality less, and by suffering it to stand after it has properly matured, the quality is seriously injured—the leaves fall off and the stalks become of a woody substance. All who have suffered timothy to ripen fully on the foot, for seed, know that for fodder it almost worthless—cattle will scarcely eat it, because its juices have been, by the chemical operations of nature, converted into unnutritious and hard substance.

After grass is cut at a proper time, there is often great difficulty in securing it in good order. Clover is particularly hard to secure without deterioration, if spread from the swathe and dried in the sun.—The stalks are large and juicy, requiring much sun and wind to dry them, while the leaves and small branches dry quickly, and are very tender. The leaves and branches are the most nutricious part of the hay, and a very large portion of them are broken off and lost in securing it.—By exposure to the sun, the outer surface becomes indurated, which renders it almost impossible to secure them in a state so dry that they will not heat in a mow, and unless great care is taken the dampness evolved with the gasses will be so great as to produce decomposition.

By putting clover in small compact heaps as soon as cut, and without exposing it to the sun, it will heat, and the greater part of the moisture will be evolved in gasses in from twelve to twenty-four hours. As soon as these piles become heated to a degree that the temperature is above that of the hand when inserted into them, they may be opened and spread to the sun for a short time, and then taken to the mow, or if the weather should be wet, and piles well built, as they will turn the rain, they may stand without injury until the hay is completely cured, and ready to be housed as soon as the outside of the piles is dry. By this method much labor and anxiety are saved, and a better, although not so bright a hay as if cured in an uninterrupted sunshine, is secured. The same plan may be adopted with advantage in curing any hay. Every practical farmer knows that there is a great risk of having his grass injured by rain when spread to the sun, if partially dry, and the danger of its heating and rotting, if put into a mow in large quantities, so that the gasses evolved by the fermentation cannot escape and carry off the moisture.

Subtle Influences.—I met with a curious instance lately of a fact well known, but always instructive, in regard to the force of our absorbing or receptive power. A friend's gardener, after taking a few pinches of flour of sulpher to sprinkle over a plant, and cleansing his hands immediately afterwards, found how subtle was its influence through the system, and out again from his body, and through his clothes, so that the money in his pocket and other metal about him, became tarnished. What is there now more subtle and wonderful in mesmeric action than this? Here the system receives a general influence which, though unfelt by the individual, is potent in its effects. Other substances will produce similar effects. I know a case of a lady who could not touch the brass nobs of her doors, for some weeks, for their producing pain, and partly paralizing the arm; and of another lady who was differently affected by the approach of various metals and other substances. Medicines rubbed on the skin would produce precisely the same effect as if she had swallowed them. I know a whole family who are disagreeably affected by the near approach of iron. Some are aware of the presence of a cat, by a sensation experienced without seeing the animal.—*Atkinson.*

A little son of E. F. Smith, of Philadelphia, while playing in a retired corner of the yard, fell head foremost in a post hole, and being unable to help himself, remained there one day and a night before his dead body was discovered.

The English papers express surprise at not finding in the Great Exhibition Pane's apparatus for making gas from water, which was promised for the American department.

Startling Fact.—The ascertained number of gambling houses in the city of New York is more than six thousand.

Apportionment of Representatives Under the Seventh Census.

The *Republic* publishes an interesting table of the population of the United States, prepared at the Census Bureau, exhibiting the apportionment of Congressional Representatives under the law of the last Congress. We understand the correctness of the returns are not yet entirely vouched; but we presume they are sufficiently so as to render it probable there will be no change in the apportionments as given. The following is a portion of the table showing the total free and slave population, and the number of Representatives allowed to each State:—

States.	*Total Free.*	*Slaves.*	*No. Rep's.*
Alabama,	428,765	342,891	3
Arkansas,	162,658	46,983	1
California,	200,000	—	2
Connecticut,	370,601	—	4
Delaware,	89,239	2,289	1
Florida,	48,016	38,341	1
Georgia,	515,669	362,956	4
Indiana,	988,731	—	10
Illinois,	868,498	—	7
Iowa,	192,192	—	2
Kentucky,	779,728	221,768	9
Louisiana,	269,955	230,807	4
Maine,	583,239	—	6
Massachusetts,	994,271	—	10
Maryland,	492,706	89,800	6
Mississippi,	992,434	300,419	5
Michigan,	395,703	—	5
Missouri,	591,843	89,289	6
N. Hampshire,	317,831	—	3
New York,	3,090,022	—	33
New Jersey,	488,553	119	5
N. Carolina,	586,158	288,412	4
Ohio,	1,977,031	—	21
Pennsylvania,	2,311,681	—	24
Rhode Island,	147,555	—	2
S. Carolina,	283,514	384,925	5
Tennessee,	773,599	249,519	9
Texas,	131,057	53,346	1
Vermont,	313,466	—	3
Virginia,	948,055	473,026	13
Wisconsin,	304,226	—	3
	19,927,085	3,173,992	
Dis. Columbia,	48,000	3,087	
TERRITORIES.			
Minnesota,	6,192	—	
New Mexico,	61,632	—	
Oregon,	20,000	—	
Utah,	25,000	—	
	20,087,909	3,175,589	178
Representatives for fractional numbers,			45
Whole number of representatives,			223

† Including 710 civilized Indians.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total free population.	Slaves.	Rep'tive population.
Free States,	13,533,328	119	13,533,389
Slave States,	6,393,757	3,175,783	9,569,226
Dis. and Ter's.	160,024	3,687	
	20,087,909	3,179,589	21,332,025
Total free population,			20,087,900
Slaves,			3,179,589
			23,267,489
Ratio of representation,			93,703

State Agricultural Fair.

To the People of Pennsylvania:

It will not be forgotten that the State Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania has fixed Harrisburg as the place, and the 23d, 24th and 25th of October next, as the time for their Annual Exhibition. There is no State in the Union whose climate, soil and the habits of whose people afford more ample resources than our own for a creditable exhibition of their skill and industry. There is nothing raised, grown or manufactured upon the face of the earth, which is not more or less interesting to the study and science of Agriculture. The Farmer, Horticulturist, the Inventor, the Mechanic, are all cordially and earnestly invited to contribute and partake in the interest which will be excited by the occasion; and especially do we invite the aid, countenance and presence of our mothers and daughters, upon whose handy-work and good example we are so dependent for all the domestic comforts of life.

Arrangements are now being made for enclosing the grounds, and providing separate and safe places for the animals and articles which shall be presented for exhibition. All the canals and rail-ways of the State will be open free of charge for their transportation to Harrisburg; and visitors will come and go on them at one half the usual rates.

The young men of the State are reminded that the plowing match will afford them an opportunity for the display of their skill, the training of their teams and the fitness of their implements.

While we address this communication to the people of our State, it will not be understood that it is designed to exclude the citizens of other States; much less to avoid the honorable competition which their contributions may afford. Now is the time to prepare. By direction of the Executive Committee.

FREDERICK WATTS,
President of the State Agricultural Society.

Carlisle, May 28, 1851.

☞ Papers throughout the State are requested to copy.

Shocking Death by Hanging.—We learn from the Canton Weekly Register, that a little girl at school, near Macomb, in McDonough county, Ill., came to a sudden and most shocking death last week, by her school mistress putting a handkerchief around her neck and raising her from the floor until her neck was dislocated. The teacher had accused the child of stealing a piece of money, and threatened to hang her if she did not confess the crime.—The child persisting in its innocence, she proceeded to put her threat into execution, with the above mentioned result.

The Sunbury Convention.—A great convention, on Tuesday of last week, was held at Sunbury, on the Susquehanna, in the interior of Pennsylvania, by capitalists and men of influence from Baltimore and Philadelphia and the adjacent regions to take measures for joining Philadelphia and Baltimore by Railroad with Lake Erie.—The New York and Erie road has awakened them to a noble rivalry, and the time cannot be many years distant when they will probably accomplish their object. At Sunbury, the two roads, one from Baltimore and the other from Philadelphia, are to unite, and thence they are to run as a single company to the town of Erie, on the Lake. Indeed, from both of those great Atlantic cities, roads extend already through Pennsylvania well on towards Sunburry, and will soon be completed, and those two cities united will the more easily procure the funds for advancing to their ultimate destination. Then the railroad distances from Erie to Baltimore will be 421 miles; to Philadelphia 425 miles; and from Dunkirk to New York 400 miles.