THE STAR AND BANNER.

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

VOLUME XXIII. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 11, 1852. NUMBER 13.

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY!

THE "*Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Campany*" located at Gettysburg, is now in successful operation, and for lowness of rates, economical management of its affairs, and safety in Insurances, challenges comparison with any other similar company. All its operations are conducted under the personal supervision of Managers selected by the Stockholders. The Books of the Company are at all times open to the inspection of those insuring in it. As no travelling agents are employed, persons desiring to insure can make application to either of the Managers, from whom all requisite information can be gained.

☞The Managers are: Samuel Miller, A. R. Stevenson, Geo. Swope, and D. A. Buehler, *Gettysburg*: Wm. B. Wilson, *Menallen*; Robert M'Curdy, *Cumberland*; Jacob King, *Straban*; Andrew Heintzelman, *Franklin*; A. W. Maginly, *Hamiltonban*; J. L. Noel, *Oxford*; J. Musselman, jr., *Liberty*; H. A. Picking, *Reading*; Jacob Gricst, *Latimore*.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of CATHARINE SMITH, late of Menallen township, dec'd, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Petersburg, (Y. S.) notice is hereby given to such as are indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

JOHN D. BECKER, Adm'r.

May 21—6t

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, to distribute the balance remaining in the hands of JOSEPH J. KUHN, Assignee of GEORGE JACOBS, to and amongst the creditors of said Jacobs, will attend for that purpose at the office of A. R. STEVENSON, Esq., in Gettysburg, on *Saturday the 19th of June next* at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all interested may attend.

JOHN PICKING, Aud'r.

May 28—3t.

LAST NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice to those who have promiseo him WOOD on account, that he is in want of it, and that unless it is delivered forthwith, without further notice, the Accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, and the money required.

T. WARREN.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of WM. W. METCALFE, late of Huntington township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, who resides in Latimore township, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present the same properly authenticated, to the subscriber, for settlement.

JACOB GRIEST, Ad'mr.

May 7,—6t

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration, on the estate of JAS. ROBINETTE Jr. late of Latimore township, Adams county, deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Latimore township, Adams county, notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. ROBINETTE, Adm'r.

May 28—6t.

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the estate of JACOB RIDER, Jr. late of Germany tp., deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in Mountjoy tp., notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and to those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH FINK, Adm'r.

May 14—6t*

LOOK OUT! PAY UP!!

THE Subscriber hereby gives notice that he has placed his notes, book-accounts &c., for debts contracted *prior to January 1st*, 1849, in the hands of Alexander R. Stevenson, Esq., in Gettysburg, at whose office all persons indebted are requested to call and make payment. The large amount outstanding forbids further indulgence.

ALL claims MUST BE CLOSED.

SAMUEL FAHNESTOCK.

Dec. 12, 1851—tf

CALL AND SEE.

A Very large supply of TIN WARE on hand and for sale, at Buehler's Tin and Sheet Iron Establishment, opposite the Post-office, which will be sold at low prices.

GEO. E. BUEHLER.

EXTRACT OF COFFEE.

THE genuine, original *EXTRACT OF COFFEE*, which has been recently so extensively brought into us as a substitute for Coffee, and which recommends itself by reason of its cheapness as well as its excellence, can be had, at all times, at the Store of

S. H. BUEHLER.

COUNTERPANES—white twilled—for sale very low at KURTZ'S.

From the Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil.

PLOUGH DEEP.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Ho! Yeoman! turning up the sod!
Thrust with your might the sharpened blade!
Turn up, turn up the heavy clod,
And find the treasures underlaid!
Not on the surface lies the boon—
Not where the skimming idler plays;
Bring to the genial heat of noon
The richer soil to catch the rays!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Give to thy sinewy arm the will—
Give to thy toiling hand the might—
Wealth buried deep shall come to fill
The hands of him who toils aright.
Turn up, turn up the under soil;
Turn to the light, the air, the sky;
A large reward repays his toil
Who delveth deep where treasures lie!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Delver in the boundless field
Where truth lies waiting to be won!
Not priceless treasures will she yield,
While yet the task is just begun.
Turn up, turn up, with patient hand,
The deeper soil that hides the gold,
And rubies with the glittering sand
Thy longing eyes shall soon behold.
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Battler with the old time wrongs!
Ho! Laborer for the rights of Man!
Cheer your bold hearts with bolder songs,
And toil for freedom while you can.
Turn up, turn up, beneath the walls,
Foundations laying broad and deep,
Till dome with pillar prostrate falls,
In dust and ruin long to sleep.
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Ho! Worker in the world's domain!
Ho! Toiler in our mighty age!
Before thee lies the open plain,
In whose great strife thou canst engage.
Turn up, turn up the pregnant earth!
It waits to win the riper seeds;
They shall, in Heaven's own time, give birth
To glorious and immortal deeds!
Plough deep! Plough deep!

Honoring Parents.

As a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy about ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plats of turf about it, while a girl, who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers. The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass, watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. They wore pieces of crape on their straw bonnets, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and their afflictions.

The girl began by planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger thus addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little Willie and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the little girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them that at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:—

"Oh, we do love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid, because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever remember their parental kindness. Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them when alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will a remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct towards these departed friends, then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart.—*Del. Gazette.*

BURNING OF MOSCOW.—Gen. Dumas in his interesting memoirs published some few years since, gives the following graphic and lively description of the conflagration of the "city of the Czars."

"It was night before I was able to quit the house which I occupied. We left Moscow under a real rain of fire. The wind was so violent that it carried to a great distance the iron plates which were torn from the roofs and made red hot by the flames!—The feet of our horses were much burned. It is imposible to form an idea of the confusion which prevailed in this precipitate evacuation. The noise of the fire resembled the roaring of the waves, it was truely a tempest in an ocean of fire. The whole road to Petersof was covered with fragments of different kinds, especially with broken bottles, which our soldiers had thrown about. We bivouacked on the the skirts of a little wood, from which we could behold this frightful spectacle—the image of hell. That immense city was nothing but a plain of fire; the heavens and the entire horizon appeared to be in flames, and I was able, at the distance of three quarters of a league, to read orders which were brought me from the Major General.

ARSENIC EATERS.

A trial for murder took place lately in Austria, in which the prisoner, Anna Alexander, was acquitted by the jury, who, in the questions put to the witnesses, in order to ascertain whether the murdered man, Lieutenant Mathew Wurzel, was a poison-eater or not, educed some curious evidence relating to this class of persons. As it is not generally known that eating poison is actually practised in more countries than one, the following account of the custom, given by a physician, Dr. T. von Tshudi, will not be without interest.

In some districts of Lower Austria and in Styria, especially in those mountainous parts bordering on Hungary, there prevails the habit of eating arsenic. The peasantry in particular are given to it. They obtain it under the name of *hedri* from the travelling hucksters and gatherers of herbs, who, on their side, get it from the glass-blowers, or purchase it from the cow doctors, quacks or montebanks. The poison-eaters have a two fold aim in their enjoyment; one to obtain a fresh, healthy, appearance, and acquire a certain degree of *embonpoint*. The number of deaths in consequence of this immoderate enjoyment of arsenic, is not inconsiderable, especially among the young. Every priest who has the cure of souls in these districts where the abuse prevails, could tell of such tragedies; and the enquiries made by Dr. Tshudi on the subject have opened out very singular details. The second object the poison-eaters have in view, is to make them, as they express it, "better winded!"—that is, to make their respiration easier when ascending the mountains. When ever they have far to go, and to mount a considerable height, they take a minute morsel of arsenic, and allow it gradually to dissolve. The effect is surprising; and they ascend with ease heights which otherwise they could climb only with effort. The dose of arsenic with which the poison-eaters begin, consists, according to the confession of some of them, of a piece of the size of a lentil, which in weight would be rather less than half a grain. To this quantity, which they take fasting several mornings in the week, they confine themselves for a considerable time; and then gradually, and very carefully, increase the dose according to the effect produced. A strong, hale man, upwards of sixty, takes at present at a dose a piece of about the weight of four grains. For more than forty years he has practised this habit, which he inherited from his father, and which he in his turn will bequeath to his children. It is well to observe, that neither in these nor in other poison-eaters is there the least trace of an arsenic cachexy discernible; that the symptons of a chronic arsenical poison never show themselves in individuals who adapt the dose to their constitution, even although that dose should be considerable. It is not less worthy of remark, however, that when, either from inability to obtain the acid, or from any other cause, the perilous indulgence is stopped, symptons of illness are sure to appear, which bears a resemblance to those produced by poisoning from arsenic. These symptoms consist principally in a feeling of general discomfort, attended by a perfect indifference to all surrounding persons and things, great personal anxiety, and various distressing sensations arising from the digestive organs, want of appetite, a constant feeling of the stomach being overloaded at early morning, an unusual degree of salivation, a burning from the pylorus to the throat, a cramp like movement in the pharynx, pains in the stomach, and especially difficulty of breathing. For all these symptoms there is but one remedy, the return to the enjoyment of arsenic. According to inquiries made on the subject, it would seem that the habit of eating poison among the inhabitants of Lower Austria, has not grown into a passion, as is the case with the opium eaters in the East, the chewers of the betelnut in India and Polynesia, and of the cocoa-tree among the natives of Peru. When once commenced, however, it becomes a necessity. In some districts sublimate of quicksilver is used in the same way. One case in particular is mentioned by Dr. T. von Tschudi, a case authenticated by the English embassador at Constantinople, of a great opium-eator at Brussa, who daily consumed the enormous quantity of forty grains of corrosive sublimate with his opium.

In the mountainous parts of Peru the doctor met very frequently with eaters of corrosive sublimate; and in Bolivia the practice is still more frequent, where this poison is openly sold in the market to the Indians. In Vienna the use of arsenic is of every day occurrence among horse dealers, and especially with the coachmen of the nobility. They either shake it in a pulverized state among the corn, or they tie a bit the size of a pea in a piece of linen, which they fasten to the curb when the horse is harnessed, and the saliva of the animal soon dissolves it. The sleek, round, shining appearance of the carriage horses, and especially the much admired foaming at the mouth, is the result of this arsenic feeding. It is a common practice with the farm servants in the mountainous parts, to strew a pinch of arsenic on the last feed of hay before going up a steep road. This is done for years without the least unfavorable result; but should the horse fall into the hands of another owner who withholds the arsenic, he loses flesh immediately, is no longer lively, and even with the best feeding there is no possibility of restoring him to his former sleek appearance. [The preceding extraordinary statement is abbreviated from a recent number of *Chamber's Edinburg Journal*, in which it is given as authentic. The use of arsenic in improving the condition of horses is not unfrequent in this country.—Such facts, in some degree, confirm these statements; but we entertain grave doubts that an agent of such uniform power as arsenic, could be commenced and habitually continued, in the large quantities here mentioned, without producing effects the converse of those described.]—*Lon. Lancet.*

Anecdote of Burns.

Andrew Horner and Burns were pitted against each other to write poetry. An epigram was the subject chosen, because Andrew eternally argued, "it is shortest of all poems." In compliment to him, the company resolved that his own merits should supply the theme. He commenced—

"In seventeen hundred thretty-nine,"

and he paused. He then said, "Yes, see, I was born in 1739, [the real date was some years earlier,] so that I make the commencement." He then took pen in hand, folded his paper with a conscious air of authorship, squared himelf to the table, like one who consider it no trifle even to write a letter, and slowly put down in good round hand, as if he had been making out a bill of parcels, the line—

"In seventeen hundred thretty nine,"

but beyond this, after repeated attempts, he was unable to advance. The second line was the Rubicon he could not pass.—At last, when Andrew Horner reluctantly admitted that he was not quite in the vein, the pen, ink and paper were handed to his antagonist. By him they were rejected, for he instantly gave the following, *viva voce*:

"In seventeen hundred thretty-nine,"
The deil gat stuff to make a swine,
And put it in a cooper;
But shortly after changed his plan,
Made it to something like a man,
And called it Andrew Horner."

ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The N. York Commercial Advertiser states that Mr. Grinnell's ship Advance has been thoroughly overhauled in the sectional dock, and that she is now ready for sea. It is said that Mr. George Peabody, the wealthy American banker at London, has express his readiness to co-operate with Mr. Grinnell in starting another Arctic Expedition from this port, by authorizing drafts to be made upon him for $10,000 toward that purpose; and if the Government can spare the requisite number of officers and men, numbers being ready to volunteer, if permitted, there is every reason to believe that the Advance and the Rescue may sail once more on their voyage of peril and mercy, as there is reason to hope that the fate of the missing navigators may yet be ascertained.

DR. FRANKLIN'S TOAST.—Long after the victories of Washington over the French and English had made his name familiar to to all Europe, Dr. Franklin, chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as the precise words can be recollected, the following toasts were drank:

"England—The *Sun* whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotes t corners of the Earth."

The French ambassador, filled with national pride, but being too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank the following:

"France—The *Moon* whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON—*The Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him.*"

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP.—The New York Times makes the subjoined statement:

Our authors have been, for the last two or three years, building themselves substantial edifices at a very encouraging rate. Bancroft, besides buying a free-stone house in the city, has built a fine country-seat at Newport. Headley has built a splendid mansion at Newburgh. Melville has bought a farm at Stockbridge. Irving and Paulding have splendid seats on the Hudson. Prescott has received from the Harpers not less than $40,000. Morse has been paid more than $20,000 from the sale of his books. Albert Barnes has received from his Commentaries over $10,000.—Prof. Anthon has made over $60,000, Stephens over 40,000, the Abbous over $15,000, &c., &c. Ike Marvel has received not less than $20,000 profits on his books, although it is only a few years since he began to write. Headley's profits must have already exceeded $30,000. Prof. Davies has received more than $50,000, as the proceeds of the sale of his books.—The Tribune lately mentioned that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had refused $10,000 for the copy-right of a single novel.—And the list might be indefinitely extended.

Drunkenness and Death.

The horrible death of Capt. John Duncan, who fell in a sudden quarrel by the hand of Hon. E. A. Hannegan, at Covington, Ia., a few days since, should bring with immeasurable power the conviction, to the young especially, that rum and reason cannot dwell together. The parties in this bloody affair were, when sober, honorable men in their business and social relations—brothers by marriage and sworn friends; but rum has, in an ungarded moment, struck both down, one in death, the other worse than death—in that soul-racking remorse that knows no rest. What a lesson is this! The man that plunged the knife into his friend was under the influence of an enemy which he himself had made strong. Once, in infancy, it was nurtured, until growing more and more powerful, its hold upon its victim became tighter than the grasp of iron. It became the *master* and the victim was conquered.

The now miserable man who has fallen by this enemy, was but a few years ago (we know him exceedingly well) the pride of his State. Early in the spring of manhood, scarce eligible by age, he was chosen almost unanimously by the people of Fountain county to represent them in the Indiana Legislature. His term of service there expiring, he entered with assiduity into the pursuit of his profession, the law, in which he rapidly rose to the higher rounds of eminence. He gained a position among the people, by his manly bearing and goodness of heart, that amounted almost to perfection. Anything he desired at their hands he could command and the order was eagerly obeyed. After a few short years' practice at the bar, he wished to go to Congress, and he was sent there by the almost united voices of the whole district. No man at that time, in the State, was the equal of "Ned Hannegan," as he was familiarly called, on the stump. The people were charmed by his wit, and won by his eloquence.

His second congressional term was only half expired, when he was elected by the Legislature to the highest office in the gift of the people in any one state. He took his seat in the United States Senate and became a prominent member of that body. Called from thence, he was made by President Polk the American Ambassador to the Austrian Court, where he remained until a change of national politics caused him to return from Europe and throw down his official honors. He again embarked in his profession among the people who, knowing all his errors, still loving him, forgave and forgot them—hoping, and still hoping he would not fall. But "the Rubicon is passed!" The people may forgive him for this rash deed, but he never can forgive himself. Thus is a gifted, noble hearted man hopelessly wrecked by a single act performed while in a state of unconquerable frenzied madness, produced by the intoxicating cup. What a lesson—what a lesson!—*Cin. Com.*

SECOND SIGHT.—A southern correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times relates the following good anecdote:

A capital old gentleman of the old style, that lives not over one thousand miles from this, has one very funny optical peculiarity, viz: an aggravated and multiplied form of double sightedness, occurring at dinner, after the fifth or sixth bottle has become smaller and beautifully less. He is constantly followed by a faithful pointer dog, answering to the name of "Watch." The other day, while dining with him, and after we had made sundry and divers appeals to a few bottles of old Port, we arose to leave the table. The old 'un's eyes, in turning round, fell on Watch, who had been reposing at a respectful distance behind his master's chair, and at his master's rising came forward to meet him, wagging his tail, tongue out, &c., as dogs usually behave when delighted. The old 'un looked at him for an instant, rubbed his eyes, looked at the dog again, elevated his cane to a striking position—hesitated—drew his "specs" from their case, placed them on his nose, and took a survey of Watch. In an instant down came the cane on the dog's back, with—hic—g-o-t—o-u-t, Watch—hic—you're getting too d——d numerous.

A very good widow lady who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter, and one day just as she was receiving half a dozen bottles from the man who usually brought the comforting beverage, she perceived (O horrid!) two of the grave elders of the church approaching the door. She ran the man out the back way, and put the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went one of the corks!

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady, "there goes the bed cord; it snapped yesterday just the same way. I must have a new one provided."

In a few minutes pop! went another, accompanied by the peculiar hiss of the escaping liquor. The 'rope' wouldn't do this time! but the good lady was not at a loss.

"Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief there.—'S'cat."

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed curtains.

"Oh dear me!" cried she, "I had forgot—i'ts the *yeast!* Here Prudence, come and take away these bottles of yeast."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

IN a town of Connecticut, a loafer was brought before a justice for being drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was arraigned again the next day; "No you don't Judge," said he, "I know the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk."

THE moment a man is unfit to manage his own business, that moment he takes to managing the affairs of the nation. Out of every hundred men employed by the Custom House, ninety-eight have busted in the rag or peanut trade.

Agricultural.

[From the Farm Journal.

Economize your Manures

Notwithstanding the rapid progress which Agricultural science has made, there is one point which never has been, or is likely to be attained—we have yet to learn how to cultivate our lands sucessfully, without the aid of manure. The introduction of steam has wrought such an entire revolution in machinery, that we may reasonably indulge the hope that sooner or latter it will be profitably applied to agricultural purposes so far as plowing and many other of the operations of the farm are concerned. The electric telegraph has annihilated space and time—facilitated the transmission of news, and materially changed the character of many important departments of trade. But neither steam nor the telegraph have been applied to the restoration of exhausted soils, nor can they supply those constituents which continued vegetation in the form of wheat, corn, oats, &., annually take from them. There is no soil, however fertile it may originally be, that will for any length of time, bear without partial, and often complete exhaustion, a system of uninterrupted cropping. The deep rich soils of the Western prairies the fertility of which was at one time supposed to be inexhaustible; and to which for the first eight or ten years, the application of manure is not only superfluous, but prejudicial; now give unmistakeable evidence of the loss of productive power. Thousands of acres of land in Pennsylvania that once yielded abundant crops, (but were robbed of their very life by improvident farmers,) and which are now regarded as waste lands, also attest the necessity of guarding against the future increase of this gradual but certain dissipation of our agricultural wealth.

If then manures are so vitally essential to the maintenance of the fertility of the soils, is it not a matter of the highest importance for every man who has an acre of land to cultivate, to make himself familiar with the nature—the best method of preparing—the most economical plan of securing—and the most profitable mode of applying them? The generality of farmers never look beyond the mere products of the stable for their supply of this all important material. They appear to forget that they possess a thousand other sources, from which fertilizing matter may be procured in greater or less quantities. This should never be. Every farm should boast not only a well cared-for barn-yard manure heap, but, also, its compost heap at every point, where a sufficient amount of enriching matter to form one may be found.—Let the farmer who relies wholly upon his stable manure reflect a moment upon the vast amount of valuable, organic and inorganic material he annual loses from the want of a very little care and attention.—If he be a man of observation, he cannot fail to perceive that his carelessness in this respect is a source of continued and very frequently irreparable loss. At least one half of the inconveniences and losses which farmers sustain in meagre crops & in lands, gradually but surely decreasing in value, are the effects of this improvidence. We might refer to the various and valuable manures which even many of our very best farmers permit to be wasted; but, as we intend recurring to this subject again, we shall then endeavor to point out in the plainest possible manner these drains upon the farmer's purse, with the hope of awakening a proper degree of interest in relation to it.

Grubs on Melon Vines.

Year before last I was greatly annoyed by a grub that for several weeks made a deadly onset upon my melon vines; and after resorting to almost every stratagem that I could hear of to keep them away and preserve my vines, I finally resolved upon an extreme course, as I thought. So I went to a kettle where soap had been recently made; the kettle not being covered, rain water had fallen in it, and the stench arising from it was very offensive. The sediment was composed of bone dust, the bones having been boiled in lye till they were reduced very fine. After saturating the hills thoroughly with this sediment several times, I was not annoyed by the worms after. But that was not all the good resulting from it, for it acted like a charm on the vines, and it was never my fortune to raise such a fine crop of melons before from such a small number of vines. J. D. C.—Docke, N. Y.

TO FARMERS.—Whoever will apply an ointment made of gunpowder, brimstone, and common grease, behind the necks of their lambs, will be sure of having them preserved from all kinds of vermin. The quantity necessary to be made use of is so small that a sixpenny worth is sufficient to dress upwards of two hundred lambs.

The better animals can be fed, and the more comfortable they can be kept, the more profitable they are, and all farmers work for profit.

What ought to be done to day, do it, for to-morrow it may rain or snow.

How a horse may be cured of founder in a half an hour: By rubbing his leg from the fetlock joint to the hoof with water, heated as hot as the hand will bear, and a little melted lard. It has been tried with success.

PREVENTION OF GUM ON PEACH TREES.—A practical gardner informs us that if the earth is removed from the roots of the Peach trees affected with a gum, to a distance of one foot immediately around the trunk, and finely powdered charcoal applied to them the thickness of an inch, that it will effectually check the flow of the gum.

When young men have nothing to live upon but love, they generally fall in love and get married—just as if hugging and kissing were a substitute for mutton chops, or as if terms of endearment would supply the place of mashed taters and fricasseed mackeral. The philosopher who said that love was a beatific madness, was not far from the mark.

Youths' Department.

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind.
To breathe th'enlivening spirit, to fix
The generous purpose and the noble thought.

Radiating Sentences.

☞The following clever combination of letters in Radiating Sentences has been furnished us by a lady friend, of evidently good taste and judgment:

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                R
              RAR
            RATAR
          RATSTAR
        RATSESTAR
       ATSEHESTA
      TSEHTHEST
     SHTETHTS
    EHTROETHE
    HTROFORTH
    THOFEFORT
    ROFEHEFOR
    OFEBIEHFO
    FEBIRIBEF
    EBIRCRIBE
    BIRCSCRIB
    IRCSESCWI
    RCSEBUESCR
    CSEBUSUBSC
    RCSEBUESCR
    IRCSESCRI
    BIRCSCRIB
    EBIRCRIBE
    FEBIRIBEF
    OFEBIBEFO
    ROFEBEFOR
    TROFEFORT
    HTROFORTH
  RATSEHTROETHESTAR
  RATSEHTRETHESTAR
  RATSEHTHESTAR
  RATSEHESTAR
  RATSESTAR
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June 7, 1852. AMELIA.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1 12 11 11 12 2 12 13 13 3 3 is a city in Florida.
My 2 3 4 11 2 is a volcano in Europe.
My 3 13 6 5 11 11 is a county in Kentucky.
My 4 2 5 11 5 is a division of S. America.
My 5 6 12 11 7 is a State in Europe.
My 6 5 8 10 12 is a county in Penna.
My 7 12 6 3 13 is a county in New York.
My 8 2 5 8 is one of the United States.
My 9 12 7 3 1 6 3 is a county in Virginia.
My 10 5 11 3 13 is a county in Tennessee.
My 11 5 2 10 3 is a city in Belgium.
My 12 13 5 12 is a division of the Globe.
My 13 8 10 8 is a city in Soudan.
My 14 12 11 11 5 12 is a county in Ohio.
My 15 13 12 4 12 is a city in Japan.
My 16 12 13 2 5 1 12 is a parish in La.
My total is a celebrated steamship.

A. Z.

REBUS.

1. Is very much used.
2. Is a mountain in South America.
3. Is the nickname of a dog.

My total is very much used.

WHY EVERYBODY IS CROSS.

One day little John Wilson came running into the house where Mary his sister was sewing. He held something in his hand which he had found in the back yard.

"O, sister Mary!" said he, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass; and when I look through it everything looks red, too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face, and everything is red."

Mary replied, "Yes, it is very beautiful; and now let me show you how to learn a useful lesson from it.

"You remember the other day you tho't every person was cross to you. You said all of us were finding fault with you.

"Now you were like this piece of glass, which makes everthing red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross, too.

"If you are in a good humor, and kind to every one, they, too, will seem kind to you."

Ingenuity of Birds.

THRUSHES feed very much on snails. Having frequently observed some broken snail-shells near two projecting pebbles on a gravel walk, which had a hollow between them, I endeavored to discover the occasion of their being brought to that situation.

At last I saw a thrush fly to the spot, with a snail-shell in his mouth, which he placed between the two stones, and hammered at it with his beak till he had broken it, and was then able to feed on its contents. The bird must have discovered that he could not apply his beak with sufficient force to break the shell when it was rolling about, and he therefore found and made use of a spot which would keep the shell in one position.

When the lapwing wants to procure food, it seeks for a worm's cast, or hole, and stamps the ground by the side of it with its feet; something in the same manner as I have often done when a boy, in order to procure worms for fishing. After doing this for a short time, the bird waits for the issue of the worm from its hole, which, alarmed at the shaking of the ground, endeavors to make its escape, when it is immediately seized, and becomes the prey of the ingenious bird.

The lapwing frequents the haunts of worms, on which it feeds, and frightens them until they come to the surface of the ground, where they are seized by the lapwing. The same mode of alarming his prey has been remarked of the gull.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.—Teacher—Suppose I was to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three, how many would there be left?

John—Three, sir.

Teacher—No, two would be left, you ignoramus.

John—No, there wouldn't; the three birds would be left, and the other two would be flied away.

"It's a sure sign of weakness where so many hoops are used," said a cooper, on seeing a profusion of rings on a man's fingers.

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge, remember that." "I shall not be frightened then, for I never know you to pay anything that you owed."

☞Let no man despise the