

# THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXV.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27, 1854.

NUMBER 33.

## WHITE HALL ACADEMY.

Three miles west of Harrisburg.

The Eighth Session of this popular and flourishing Institution will commence on Monday the 6th of November next, under the most favorable auspices. During the present year such improvements and additions have been made as to increase the patronage demanded. The principal will be assisted by a full corps of competent and experienced teachers and special attention will be paid to the health and comfort of the students.

**TERMS.**  
Boarding, Washing and Tuition in the English Language and Vocal music per session, (3 months.) \$55 00  
Instruction in Latin or Greek, 5 00  
French or German, 5 00  
Instrumental Music, 10 00  
The attention of Parents and Guardians is especially invited to this Institution. Circulars will be furnished and any information will be given on application, either personal or by letter to—  
D. DENLINGER, Principal,  
Harrisburg, Pa.  
September 16, 1854.—2m

## Journeyman Tailors Wanted.

THE Subscribers will give employment to one or two good  
**JOURNEMEN**  
during the coming winter, if immediate application be made to—  
E. & R. MARTIN,  
September 22, 1854.

## GETTYSBURG STEAM MILL.

THE subscriber has completed his new Steam Mill, and is now prepared to SAW TIMBER and CHOP GRASS and usual cuts and short notices. Farmers and others can have Sawing and Chopping done at any time.  
Honor prices in Cash will be paid for Rice, Corn, and Oats delivered at the Steam Mill, west of Warren's Foundry, Gettysburg.  
Feed constantly on hand and for sale.  
C. W. HOFFMAN,  
August 11, 1854.—1y

## FOR RENT.

From the First of April next,  
THE  
**"VIRGINIA MILLS."**  
situated in Adams county, Pa., and containing 56 Acres, and containing more or less of Patented Land, adjoining lands of Andrew Howard, David Sneed, and others. The improvements are a two-story Stone  
**DWELLING.**  
Stone Block Building, log Barn, a well of water near the House, also a spring of water; there are some Fruit trees. The tract contains a reasonable proportion of Meadow and Woodland.  
If the property is not sold on said day it will be offered for rent by public outcry for one year from the 1st day of April next.  
Sale will commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by—  
ABRAHAM REEVER,  
Oct. 18,  
For Sale, very Cheap.  
ONE of Gardner's Patent CLOVER HULLERS, together with the right of Mount Pleasant, Mountjoy, Germany, Conowingo, and Union townships. If not sold, I will give the Machine to be worked on the above, in all or either of the above townships.  
GEORGE ARNOLD,  
Sept. 8, 1854.

## PUBLIC SALE.

IN PURSUANCE of the last will and testament of BENJAMIN WISLER, dec'd., will be offered at Public Sale, on Tuesday the 31st day of October inst., at the late residence of said deceased, in Mount Pleasant township, Adams county, Pa., the Real Estate of said deceased, consisting of a

## TRACT OF LAND.

situate in said township, and containing 56 ACRES,  
more or less of Patented Land, adjoining lands of Andrew Howard, David Sneed, and others. The improvements are a two-story Stone  
**DWELLING.**  
Stone Block Building, log Barn, a well of water near the House, also a spring of water; there are some Fruit trees. The tract contains a reasonable proportion of Meadow and Woodland.  
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GEORGE ARNOLD,  
Sept. 8, 1854.

## Morocco.

THOSE wishing to select from a large assortment of Madras, and Boot Morocco, Pink and Lav' Linings of a superior quality and at low prices should call early at the cheap store of  
**FALNETHOCKS.**

## Draw near—Come and See!

SCHICK will inform the Ladies that he now offers the largest assortment of BONNETS, Bonnet Silks and Velvets, Ribbons, Flowers & Hair Braids, ever before opened in this place. Call on them—no trouble to show Goods.

## SWISS and Jaquet Flouncings, Edgings, and Insertings; Collars, Chemises and Silks, in great variety.

SCHICK'S.

## GLOVES and Stockings, all sorts and sizes, at

SCHICK'S.

## PARASOLS, Umbrellas, and Fans

new styles and cheap, at SCHICK'S.

## PERFUMERY of all kinds will be

found at SCHICK'S.

## LOOKING GLASSES of all sorts

and sizes, at SCHICK'S.

## Blankets of all kinds for

sale at this office.

## Home and Friends.

Oh, there's a power to make each hour  
As sweet as heaven designed it;  
No need we roam to bring it home,  
Though few there be that find it;  
We need not look for things afar,  
And lose what nature found us;  
For life, both here and here no dear,  
As Home and Friends around us!

We do destroy the present joy,  
For future hopes—and praise them;  
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,  
Of wild but steep to raise them!  
For things afar still sweetest are,  
When youth's bright spell hath bound us;  
But soon we're taught the world hath taught us:  
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,  
When hope's last red is shaken,  
To show us still, that even what will,  
We are not quite forsaken!  
Though all were nil—if but the light  
From Friendship's star crown'd us,  
'T would prove the bliss of earth was this—  
Our Home and Friends around us!

## I may not love thee.

I may not love thee—but within my heart,  
When night and darkness set my spirit free,  
And I'm aching from the world apart,  
There is a low, deep voice that tells of thee,  
That voice is sweet and mournful as the tone  
Of some sweet melody of early years,  
Or the wild cadence of a spirit lone,  
Or the hushed waters of the midnight deep.

I may not love thee—but thy blessed look  
Forever haunts my soul when thou art far—  
It glances upward from each moonlit brook,  
And downward from each bright and holy star.  
Thy image in each flower that life's eye  
At morn'g to greet the sunshine and the dew,  
And in each fairy cloud that wanders by,  
Floating in beauty o'er the mountain blue.

I may not love thee—but thy gentle voice  
Can stir within my soul its fount of tears,  
And wake the echo of my heart's deep chords  
Like some sweet melody of early years.

I may not love thee—but thy image seems  
A loving radiance to my spirit given,  
For oh! I picture thee in all my dreams  
Of bliss on earth and blessedness in heaven!

## THE OLD FASHIONED BONNET.

By Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS.

"I hope, Emma, you are not going out with that horrid looking bonnet, oh," exclaimed Jane Willis to her sister, who was attired for a walk.  
"Horrid looking!" replied Emma, smiling, "I think you are mistaken, Jane, it is scarcely faded or soiled in the least."  
"That may be, but it is in fashion half a dozen years ago, and looks strangely enough now," and Jane laughed heartily as she gazed upon the head dress of her sister. "Such a great flaring thing, and so loaded with gay ribbons! I dare say you thought it pretty when it was new, and every body wore such; but now compared with our little low cottage hats, it is a perfect fright."  
"I shall wear it, nevertheless," answered Emma, drawing on her gloves, "for I have my particular reasons. You always said that I was the oldest of mortals."  
"I'm sure your present conduct does not tend to alter my opinion," said Jane.  
"Why Emma, I am really ashamed of you; now don't go to the exhibition in such a plight as that; you'll make yourself a laughing stock. I shouldn't wonder if your friends cut your acquaintance."  
"Such friendships as that which can be broken away by an old fashioned bonnet, I don't wish to possess," replied Emma, laughing, and bidding her sister good afternoon, she hastened to meet her uncle who was waiting for her in the parlor below.

The good old gentleman was one, who never noticed ladies' dresses; so without casting his eye over his niece's costume, he presented her his arm, and they went their way to a gallery where a very fine collection of paintings were to be exhibited to the fashionable and wealthy people of W—. A large number of spectators had arrived when Emma reached the spot. Groups were standing before the pictures, chatting gaily, and Emma saw at the extremity of the gallery a distinguished looking lady, accompanied by her elegant daughter, and attended by a fine gentleman.

Emma rightly imagined that it was a Mrs. and Miss Leslie from a neighboring city, and Mr. Morton, who had recently returned from a tour in Europe. She had heard that they were expected, and from the descriptions given, could not doubt that those before her were the people, who had caused such a flutter, and so much gossip among the ladies of her acquaintance. But the picture before her soon riveted her attention, and she saw nothing else, so absorbed was she in the contemplation of the life-like scenes before her eyes.

"Is that Emma Willis?" asked the pretty Miss Clifton of her friend, Miss Ashley.  
"No, it can't be," replied the other, "she never dresses like that."  
"But I am certain that it is her," whispered Miss Clifton, "and what a fright she has made herself! I hope we shan't meet her, for I should be ashamed to have the Leslies see me conversing familiarly with her."  
"I perfectly agree with you," said her companion. "There, she is looking this way"—and Miss Ashley turned her head in an opposite direction.

Emma Willis smiled as she witnessed their manoeuvres. "I shall ascertain who are really my friends," said she mentally. Two or three other young ladies passed her, and some only nodded distantly. At last a bright eyed lovely girl came bounding toward her.

"I've been looking for you, Emma," said she eagerly, "but you are so metamorphosed that I hardly knew you. Come, I want to introduce you to Mrs. Leslie—she is my aunt, you know."  
"But, Clara, dear, remember my old fashioned bonnet," whispered Emma.  
"Oh nonsense; I don't care a fig for that; I'm too well acquainted with your oddities to mind them so come."  
Emma laughed, and suffered herself to be led across the room to a place where the Leslies were sitting. Clara introduced her friend gracefully; the elder of the ladies saluted her very cordially, but the younger was somewhat distant. Mr. Morton chanced to approach, and after the

## usual introduction, entered into a lively conversation concerning the pictures.

Emma stated modestly her views; she was an ardent admirer of beauty, and as she pointed out some that particularly won her attention, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks glowed. In a word, the old bonnet, Mrs. Leslie could not help thinking her very interesting. Mr. Morton evidently thought so, too. Offering her and Clara each an arm, they walked slowly around the gallery, passing now and then to point out some new beauty, before un-noticed.

"Do look there!" whispered Miss Ashley to Miss Clifton; "the elegant Mr. Morton is walking with Emma Willis! How could he have become acquainted with her, I wonder?"

"It is all owing to Clara, no doubt," replied her friend. "She is very attentive, however; I wish now that we would have treated her more civilly; she saw plainly that we were ashamed of her, and I shall never feel like looking her in the face again."

"She is really a lovely girl, only rather odd and whimsical," said Miss Ashley; "but we've lost her acquaintance, that's certain."

At the close of the exhibition, to the great surprise of the young ladies, Mr. Morton walked by the side of Miss Willis until she reached her father's dwelling.

"I must really laugh at you, cousin Harry," said the lively Miss Leslie, as she sat with Mr. Morton the next morning. "You've been quite dull and abstracted since the exhibition, and I can scarcely get a word from you; now I've come to the conclusion that you are haunted by the vision of an old fashioned bonnet, with a pair of black eyes peeping out from beneath it; so confess—is it not so?"

"I don't know what my fair cousin refers to," he answered smiling. "Will she enlighten me upon the subject?"

"Now, pretend to ignorance, will you, sir? how provoking! But to be serious, Harry, didn't the young lady in that queer bonnet make quite an impression? You need not fear to make me your confidant; I'm only your cousin, you know, and I'll promise to use my best endeavors to assist you; so put with it."

"Some two months after this conversation, Miss Clifton and her friend Miss Ashley sat together.

"So, Emma Willis is to be married to-night," remarked the former, "and every one says that it will be a splendid wedding; how provoking that we have no invitation! I should be delighted to form the acquaintance of the Mertons."

"We must blame ourselves," replied Miss Ashley, "Emma would never have suggested us if we had not first flattered her."

"How sorry I am that we were so silly," said Miss Clifton; "but I think that I have learned a lesson. I will never again be ashamed of a friend because she chances to wear an old fashioned bonnet."

## A Home.

If we were to take a number of our friends that they don't know what a 'home' is, they would grow somewhat indignant; perhaps, use hard words. And yet it may be remarked that the number of persons, who know what a genuine home is, by experience, is surprisingly few. One man in good circumstances will tell us that he has a fine house of his own, in which every comfort and convenience is provided. He has a wife and children there, also, and they give life to the place. Very true;—but does he prefer that home, thus furnished and thus endeared, to every other place in the world? Does he sigh when the hour for leaving comes, and smile when he is permitted to return? Does he love to sit by the cheerful fire and fondle the children, entering into all their little disputes with curious interest? Does he take particular note of the bird in the cage, and the cat near the fire? If not, he has no home, in the dearest sense of that dearest of words. If his mind is altogether absorbed in the dusty ways of business—if he hurries away from the house in the morning, and is loth to return at night—if, while he is at home, he continues to think of the journal and ledger, and repulses the advances of the waiting children, he has no home; he only has a place where he lodges, and takes his meals.

All happy is he who knows and appreciates the full bliss of home; whose heart is warmed and humanized by its cheerful influences, and who feels how superior in purity of pleasure are all its enjoyments to the turmoil delights of out-door life—Thrice happy is such a man. He has discovered the only Paradise this world can afford. It is only such a man who can have a deep and sincere pity for the unfortunate oratures who are homeless. He regards them as being cut off from the best influence of the earth, and exposed to the action of the darker waves of life. He feels keenly for them that have no fireside—no one to welcome him with smiles, and prattle over the history of the day; no tongue to soothe when heavy cares have troubled the mind and rendered the heart cold; and the sympathy of such a man is not slow to overflow in acts of benevolence. A good home is the source of the fountain of charity in the heart.

"The way to banish sin from the world is not so much to preach as to work against it. Satan cares no more about talk than a barn door does of trigonometry; but just show him a fierce face and a stout muscle, and he guesses he will be going."

## The Snake Bird.

Alexander S. Taylor, of Monterey, in his familiar Sketches of the Natural History of California, says that in the coast counties of Southern California, there exists a singular species of bird, generally called, on account of its well known aversion to all members of the snake tribe, the "snake bird." It is not a bird of prey, but lives wholly on grain, like the gallinula. When fully grown it measures two feet from the tip of its tail to the tip of its beak. The tail has four or five long feathers tipped with white. Its feet are furnished with four toes, two in front and two behind, and all are guarded with sharp, needle claws. The color of the bird is mottled, yellowish gray, and it rarely attains the weight of a pound. Its beak is two and a half inches long, and hard and sharp.

When the bird sings, a rattlesnake, and rattlesnakes are to be found in great numbers in Southern California, wherever the ground is covered with the cactus plant, it immediately proceeds, with the greatest caution and despatch, to gather the fallen cactus fruit and dry lobes, and corral him to the height of a foot or more—the spikes and spines of the plant, strong and sharp as needles, serving as an insurmountable barrier to the escape of the snake. This being accomplished, the bird gathers with his feet and claws the young cones of the pine, which are hard and heavy as stones, and hovering over its enemy, lets them fall upon it from a height of five or six feet, upon the rattlesnake's head, by pickles and points wherever he turns; if soon fully aroused to the danger of his position. The bird, with malicious sarcasm, continues to drop cone after cone, until his foe is exhausted, and then demolishing the coral, picks the snake to death with his iron beak.—Spirit of the Times.

## Tobacco Chewing in Public.

The private mastication of tobacco, in one's own home, parlor, bed-room, or kitchen, as the case may be, is an affair to be settled between one's wife and one's self. We do not intend to interfere with the popular regulations of the home—they are in a sabbler hands than ours. If indulgent wives choose to have their door-steps and balconies full of discolored, their carpets ruined, and their parlors and bed-rooms irrevocably defiled with tobacco juice, if they relish the contact with their own mouths, of lips that have been all day saturated with yellow saliva—if they like the smell of tobacco-scented breaths, coming from beneath dirty and disgusting teeth—we have nothing to say. But we have a right to protest, and we do protest, against the outrageous public nuisance of tobacco chewing in public places, such as a theatre, or any other public gathering, and seating himself in the midst of cleanly Christians, squirt out at random, streams of tobacco juice around him. To do this in those parts of the house where only men are placed, is in the last degree rude and thoughtless; but to carry the revolting practice into the presence of ladies—in the dress circle of the theatre, the concert room, the church-pew—and it is habitually done in all these places—is little short of blackguardism.

## A Hard Road to Travel.

It seems to be generally admitted, that "Jordan is a hard road." Jim Sherwood tells of one that, if not the veritable "Jordan" itself, must certainly be its "next best friend." But let Sher speak for himself.

Time, towards evening—Place, Forks of the Road, somewhere in North Carolina—Log cabin close by—Red-headed boy sitting on the fence whistling "Jordan." Enter traveller on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well beat "out."

Traveller—Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton?

Stuttering Boy—B-b both on 'em goes 'day."

Traveller—Well, which is the quickest way?

Boy—B-b both alike; b-b both of 'em gets there b-b both the same t-time 'o' day."

Traveller—How far is it?"

Boy—Bout four m-m-miles."

Traveller—"Which is the best road?"

Boy—"T-t-they ain't nary one the best. If you take the right hand road and go in h-h-hell; and if you t-turn back and take the l-left hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the s-st-r-r-road!" G'-lang!"

## THE GLORIES AND HORRORS OF WAR.

The news of the victories in the Crimea has created a great sensation in England. I was signalled by the ringing of church bells, the firing of cannon, &c., and the whole nation seemed to be intoxicated with delight when the Baltic sailed.

"This," says the New York Express, "is the golden side of the picture. It has a dark and bloody reflection. But who is miserable enough to talk of the groans of widows and orphans, or cast a thought on the slaughtered thousand dead or wounded in the trenches, or talk thus in the midst of illuminations and bonfires and cannon roaring from the Tower of London to Dumbarton Castle!

"Yes, Sebastopol has fallen! Of that there seems to be no rational doubt; but it has fallen in blood, steeped in human gore, and comes under the Allied banners with nearly thirty thousand corpses strewn all around and about its battlements. So runs the record!"

The guilt that feels not its own shame is wholly incurable. It was the redeeming trait in the fault of Adam that with the commission of his crime, came the sense of his nakedness.

Of all learning, the most difficult department is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtful, a library for the poor. It may stimulate the most indifferent, it may also instruct the most profound.

## Little Pitchers with great Ears.

"Mother," said little Agnes, "what would you marry father? You told Aunt Charlotte you had all the money."  
"Hush, child, what are you talking about? I did not say so."  
"Why, yes, mother, you said he was poor; and had you thought of being burdened with so many country cousins, as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like Aunt Phoebe, and Aunt Polly, and Aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."  
"Why Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."  
"Yesterday, ma, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one. I'm sure you did say so, dear mother, and I pity you very much; for you told aunt there was a time, before I was born, when father drank too much, and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge'; and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."  
"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle Jethro and his family."  
"But they have no Agnes, mother; and you know you told about father's failure in business. Uncle Jethro never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for everything, but the world did not know it, and—"  
"You have told quite enough, my child. What do you say listening in my back parlor for, when I send you up stairs to study? It has come to a capital pass, if your aunt and I must have all of our privacy retained in this way. Euphonia you have already told your father all that you have heard here!"

"No, mother, I haven't; because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never told him anything to make him unhappy."

Agnes, sitting in the fire and asked, "Mother, if people really love others, do they ever talk against them?—Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulties; and if Edward and I hear wrong words, you tell me never to repeat them, and I never do."

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, "listeners are detestable characters. Don't you ever let me know of your doing like this again. You don't hear right, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way."

## Had a "Winning Way" with her.

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left the bed and board" which he and Margaret had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rumshoppes, whist tables, and wherever anybody should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she succeeded:

"Now, Patrick me honey, will ye come back?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come back."

"An' won't ye come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will ye not come for the love of me?"

"Niver, at all. 'Way wid ye."

"An' Patrick won't the love of the charny bring ye back?"

"Not at all, Margaret; so you better be affier a leavin'."

Margaret thought she would try one other inducement. Taking a pint bottle of whiskey from her pocket, and holding it up to her, she said, "Will ye come for a drop 'o' whiskey, Patrick?"

"Ah, me darlin', answered Patrick, unable to withstand such a temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wid ye. I'll come home, Margaret."

Margaret declares that Patrick was 'reclaimed' by moral suasion!

## The Day of Atonement.

The Hebrew observance of the festival of the Atonement began on Sunday evening, and was continued on Monday from early morning until the stars appeared. On this anniversary, all the Israelites, except infants, the sick, or the infirm, repair to their synagogues, in N. York, at the going down of the sun, and engage in devotion; and, until the twilight of the next evening has been succeeded by starlight, partake of no food whatever, as a fast of expiation. There is much interest at this day of a ceremonial which originated three thousand three hundred and forty-four years ago. It is based on that part of the Old Testament to be found recorded in the 23d chapter of Leviticus, wherein it is stated the Lord spoke to Moses, saying:

"Also on the tenth day of the seventh month there shall be a day of atonement; it shall be a holy convocation unto you, and ye shall afflict your souls, and offer an offering made by fire unto the Lord. And ye shall do no work in that day; for it is a day of atonement, to make an atonement for you before the Lord your God.

"For whatsoever soul it be that shall not be afflicted in that same day, he shall be cut off from among his people.

"It shall be unto you a Sabbath of rest, and shall afflict your souls, in the ninth day of the month at even, from even to even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath.

"It shall be an everlasting statute unto you, to make atonement for all the children of Israel for all their sins, once a year."

The principal of an academy in his advertisement, mentioned his female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer—careless fellow—left out the word which, so the advertisement went forth, commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

Dr. Franklin said: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it away from him."

## Covered or Uncovered Manure.

Having lately perused some account of the experiments made by Lord Kinnaird, reported in the Journal of the Agricultural Society of England, on the comparative value of covered and uncovered manure, it occurred to me that a brief sketch of these experiments and their results might contribute towards fixing in the public mind an impression of the importance of more care, than now generally prevails, in regard to the protecting yard manures and saving them from waste.

In 1851, a field of 20 acres, of very equal quantity, being a rich loam naturally dry and in good health, with an exposure to the south, was selected for the experiment, and divided into two equal portions. The manure was applied at the rate of 20 cart loads per acre.

The whole field was planted with potatoes; the seed all of one kind, and planted first and second week in April. All bradded well, and showed no difference in growth till the first week in July, when decided superiority began to manifest itself in the half of the covered yards.—The vines on the portion of the field manured from the exposed yards began to decay by the later end of July, while the other portion of the field still retained its dark green. The crops were taken up on the 1st to the 4th of October, and after careful measurement and weighing of two separate portions in each division, the result was as follows:

## WITH UNCOVERED MANURE.

Measurement.	Tons.	Cwt.	lbs.
One acre produced	7	8	8 of potatoes.
do.	7	13	99 do.

## WITH UNCOVERED MANURE.

Measurement.	Tons.	Cwt.	lbs.
One acre produced	11	17	25 of potatoes.
do.	11	12	20 do.

## WITH UNCOVERED MANURE.

Product in Grain.	Weight per bu.	Pro. in straw.
sec. bush. lbs.	lbs.	stones lbs.
1st 41 19	613	152 of 22
2d 42 38	do.	180 do.

## WITH UNCOVERED MANURE.

1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
55	5	4	61	221	of 22				
52	53	47	71	210	do.				

## WITH UNCOVERED MANURE.

These and similar experiments have justified Lord Kinnaird of the advantages to be derived from having farm yards manured under cover. They seem so conclusive and instructive on this point, as to deserve to be brought before the farming classes of this country. Not a few of our readers we doubt not, will take measures of some kind to profit by them. It will require but a few minutes to determine the probable profits of protecting any certain amount of yard manure. It appears from the above results that Lord Kinnaird got about 125 bushels of wheat more from ten acres manured with covered dung, than from the ten acres which had been manured with the uncovered. In wheat sown when, without taking potatoes or wheat straw into account, the difference in favor of covered manure was quite considerable.

## Compensation for the Drought.

We have no doubt that the long continued drought of last summer will result in the utter extermination of myriads of insects, worms, animalcules, &c., throughout extensive sections of the Union, which have hitherto proved highly detrimental to our valuable crops. A southern paper says that the just-worm has been annihilated in many fields, having become dried to powder before arriving at maturity and shedding their pestiferous brood for another season's ravages.

This is one of the ways that our farmers may be compensated for their short crops. If they are further taught economy in feeding what they have only to animals that can best digest and make a suitable return for their food, and in an economical manner—if it will further teach them to plant early and have their fields deeply ploughed, well pulverized and manured, so as to afford a continued though partial supply of moisture from the atmosphere, during even the driest time, then they will have received ample compensation for the limited diminution of their present season's crops.—American Agriculturalist.

## Early Snow.

The snow storm on Monday Oct. 16, seems to have been somewhat extensive throughout Canada East, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and the north part of Massachusetts. At Montreal the ground was covered. All the mountains of Vermont put on a white coat. The Portland Advertiser of Tuesday says:

"Snow was falling at Island Pond yesterday, and had reached a depth of several inches when the train left." The mountains near Manchester, N. H., were white, and at New Boston, Hooksett, and other towns adjoining there was a good coat of snow on the ground. At Concord, a pear tree, white with blossoms, was white still with snow. Mt. Holly, Mass., was covered two or three inches deep, and several towns in the north part of Worcester county were covered with their first winter livery.

Obsecrity is safe only so long as it is undisturbed.

## The Lost and Saved.

The New York Commercial Advertiser enumerates the saved and the lost of the steamer Arctic as follows:—Total on board, 410—of which 88 were saved, and 322 lost. Among the passengers there were sixty-one women and children, not one of whom is yet known to have been saved. The fact that all the seamen were saved while the women and children were suffered to perish, is justly considered disgraceful. In commenting with just indignation upon the mutinous and cowardly conduct of the crew, the New York Express gives the following forcible description of the heroic conduct of the brave fellows lost in the Birkenhead:

"The circumstances connected with the loss of the British steamer Birkenhead, on the coast of Africa, not many months since, are still fresh in the memory of all. The steamer struck a hidden rock, stove a plank at the bows, and went to the bottom, we believe, in half an hour's time. There was a regiment of troops on board. As soon as the alarm was given, and it became apparent that the ship's fate was sealed, the roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. That call was promptly obeyed, though every gallant heart there knew it was his death summons. There they stood as if in battle array, a motionless mass of brave men—men who were man indeed. The ship every moment was going down; but there were no traitors, no deserters, no cravens there. The women and children were got into boats, and were all, or nearly all, saved. There was no boat for the troops, but there was no panic, no blanched pale, quivering lips among them. Down went the ship, and down went that heroic band, shoulder to shoulder; men like these never perish; their bodies may be given to the fishes of the sea, but their memories are, as they ought to be, immortal."

## Rescue of Five Hundred and Twenty.

Shipwrecked Chinese by U. S. Ship. The China-Mail of July 22d announces the arrival at Hong Kong, from Pratas Shoal, of the U. S. brig of war Porpoise, Lieut. Kolanda commanding, with 520 shipwrecked Chinese, rescued from starvation on the shoal. The poor creatures had subsisted for some time on succulent roots which were found on the Island. Four of their number had died. Yet during part of the time a junk, dispatched for their relief, was busy saving property, while lives were perishing around them. The Porpoise was dispatched to their relief by order of Commander Ringgold, at the request of the American Consul. The China Mail says:

## The future history of the United States.

Surveying Squadron in these Eastern seas, will contain no brighter page than that which records the account of this errand. "On humaned deed indeed"—it should be printed in letters of gold, and margined with the word "Glory!"

Capt. Kolanda's officers speak of his personal exertions in a tone of much affectionate pride. It appears that for two weeks, and the best of two days, he devoted his whole soul, taking neither food nor rest, to the important business on which he was engaged, and in which he has so ably succeeded. We do not know how the American government requites meritorious service of this kind, but we presume neither he nor any one engaged in the trip will be overlooked. So crowded were the decks that, for the sick wear of the crew, beds had to be made in the vessel's tops.

## From the London Daily News, Sept. 25.

Loss of the Transport Ship Lady Nugent and Four Hundred Lives.

It is with regret that we have to allude to this unfortunate vessel, but the fact of her having been given up this week as lost at Lloyd's, renders the announcement of her supposed loss a circumstance important to be noted. The Lady Nugent belonged to Sir George Hodgkinson, and was chartered early last spring by the local Government at Madras as a troop-ship for the conveyance of reinforcements to the British forces at Rangoon, the seat of the Burmese war.—She sailed from Madras on the 10th of last May, having previously received the troops, which comprised 350 rank and file of the 25th Regiment of Madras Light Infantry, twenty women and children, with the staff officers, among whom may be mentioned Lieut. Col. Johnston, Lieut. and Adj. Dwy, Lieut. and Quarter-master King, Lieut. Bamford, Assistant Surgeon Simpson, and seven other commanding staff officers, the ship's crew, Captain Baumert, and 33 seamen. Within a fortnight after her departure, a frightful hurricane swept over the Bay of Bengal, which lasted three or four days, causing a great many melancholy casualties. There can be no doubt that the unfortunate ship, Lady Nugent, encountered that fearful storm, and subsequently foundered, carrying with her every living soul on board, who all perished.

## The American Arctic Expedition.

No intelligence from the American Arctic Expedition, or Dr. Kane, has been received for fifteen months, the dates of the last letters being July, 1853. The season of 1854 was an uncommonly open one, and the Advance, it is supposed, reached a high northern latitude. The season of 1854 has been an uncommonly close one. It is the declaration of all who have visited North Baffin during the present year—whalers, transport ships, and steamers under the conduct of British government officers—that there