

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TWO DOLLS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVI.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1855.

NUMBER 36.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Post Office Regulations.

Rates of Postage on all letters of one-half ounce weight or under, 3 cents prepaid, (except to California and Oregon, which is 10 cents prepaid.)

Postage on "Flat" and "BANKS"—within the County, free. Within the State, 13 cents per year. To any part of the United States, 26 cents.

Postage on all transient papers under 3 ounces in weight, 1 cent prepaid, or 2 cents unpaid.

Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

The Mails: Conches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points) leave at 6 o'clock, A. M., daily, except Sundays.

To Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 5 A. M.

To Hagerstown, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 7 A. M.

To Chambersburg, 5 A. M., daily.

To New Chester, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M.

To Hunterstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 A. M.

To New Chester and Hampton, on Tuesday of each week, 7 A. M.

Officers of the United States.

President: Franklin Pierce.

Vice President: James D. Buchanan.

Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.

Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.

Secretary of the Navy: James C. Dobbin.

Postmaster General: James Campbell.

Attorney General: Caleb B. Smith.

Chief Justice of the U. S.: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.

Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.

Comptroller: John M. Sullivan.

Surgeon General: J. Porter Brawley.

Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.

Treasurer: Eli Slicer.

Judges: J. S. Black, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodard, J. C. Knox.

Daily Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robinson.

Assembly: Isaac Robinson.

President: Robert J. Fisher.

Attorneys: Sam'l R. Russell, Jno. McGinly.

District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.

Sheriff: Henry J. W. Doak, Wm. Earnshaw.

Coroner: J. W. Houdrick.

Prothonotary: John Picking.

Register & Recorder: Wm. F. Walter.

Clerk of the Courts: J. A. Baldwin.

County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.

County Surveyor: B. Hewit.

Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.

Commissioners: Jas. J. Willis, George Myers, Henry A. Picking, Clerk—J. Aughinbaugh.

Council: David W. Doak, Wm. Earnshaw, Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garret Brinkerhoff, Clerk—Rob't S. Paxton; Treasurer—Alexander Coburn; Steward—John Scott; Physician—David Horner.

The German Cook—a Living Sermon.

"Do you want to buy some good books, sir?" asked a colporteur of the captain of a vessel.

"No," answered the captain, "I've no time to read; my cook is so good a man that he does all the reading and praying on the ship."

"Then you think there is such a thing as piety?" said the colporteur.

"Certainly I do," answered the captain; "no man can go a voyage with my cook and not be convinced of that fact."

"With your leave I should like to see him, sir."

"Certainly," answered the captain, and kindly leading the way to the galley, he told the steward who the colporteur was, and what had brought him aboard; and while he read round his basket of books as he stood over the titles, the German cook pointing to the basket, exclaimed:

"Cheus Grise in dere, and Cheus Grise up dere;" and clasping his hands on his breast, "Cheus Grise in here, too."

This simple burst of pious fogging touched the hearts of the sailors. The captain bought a package of the books and gave one to each of his men, and turning to the colporteur, said:

"That is our Christian."

The poor cook was a living sermon to both captain and crew; and the captain, though professing no religion himself, always allowed his men fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening for their private devotions. "No man has a more orderly crew than mine," he says; "they are always ready."

A beautiful smile.

A few days since a lovely little child of four summers was buried in this town. On leaving the house of its parents, the clergyman, Rev. Mr. Jay, plucked up by the roots a beautiful little "forget-me-not," and took it with him to the grave.

After the little embryo of humanity had been deposited in the grave, the clergyman, holding up the plant in his hand, said:

"I hold in my hand a beautiful flower which I plucked from the garden of heaven just before it was withered, but I here plant it in the soil of this grave and it will soon revive and flourish."

"So with the little flower we have just planted in the grave, it has been plucked from its native garden, and its withered, but it is transplanted into the garden of immortality, where it will revive and flourish in immortality, glory and beauty."

—Ohio Farmer.

The Preaching Monkey.

There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called the preaching monkey. The appearance of the animal is at once grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark, thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from the chin. This gives it the look of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the preaching monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty or thirty, except in their morning or evening meetings, when they assemble in vast multitudes. At these times, one of them, who appears by common consent to be the leader or president, mounts the highest tree which is near, and the rest take their places below. Having by a sign commanded silence, the orator commences his harangue, consisting of various modulated howls, something sharp and quick, then again slow and deep, but always so loud as to be heard several miles. The mingled sounds at a distance are said to resemble the rolling drums, and rumbling and creaking of cart wheels ungreased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hands, when the whole company begins the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign, silence is restored. The whole scene is described as the most ludicrous and yet the most hideous, that imagination can conceive.

VARIETY OF FOOD NECESSARY.—It is in vegetable as in animal life; a mother crams her child exclusively with arrow root—it becomes fat, it is true, but slow and it is rickety, and gets its teeth very aching and with difficulty. Mamma is ignorant, or never thinks that her offspring can make bone—our, what is the same thing phosphate of lime, the principal bulk of bone—out of starch. It does its best; and were it not for a little milk and bread, perhaps now and then a little meal and soup, it would have no bones and teeth at all. Farmers keep poultry; and what is true of fowls is true of cabbage, a turnip, or an ear of wheat. If we mix with the food of fowls a sufficient quantity of egg shells or chalk, which they eat greedily, they will lay many more eggs than before. A well-bred fowl is disposed to lay a vast number of eggs, but cannot do so without the materials for the shells, however nourishing in other respects her food may be. A fowl, with the best will in the world, not finding any lime in the soil nor mortar from walls, nor calcareous matter in her food, is incapacitated from laying any eggs at all. Let farmers lay such facts as these, which are matters of common observation, to heart, and transfer the analogy, as they may do, to the habits of plants, which are truly alive, and answer as closely to every injudicious treatment, as their own horses. —Maine Farmer.

BIBLE LESSON ON PROPANE SWEARING.—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." Exodus, 20: 7.

"Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by any other oath; but let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Matthew, 5: 34-37.

"Because of swearing the land mourneth." Jer. 28: 10.

A wise man thinks all that he says, and a fool says all that he thinks.

A Lady at the Storming of Sebastopol.

A letter has been received by her friends in this city, from the lady of commander D'Arriaco, of the steamer Des Cartes, of the allied fleet in the Black Sea. Captain D'Arriaco is the son-in-law of Mr. William B. Le Conte, of this city, and both himself and lady are known to many of our city. This lady, who has her residence at Constantinople, becoming uneasy about her husband, determined to see him, if possible, and with this purpose went to Sebastopol, and was permitted to go on board the vessel he commanded. As fate would have it, the day she had chosen for the interview was the notable one of the bombardment of Sebastopol, and she was scarcely on board when the orders were received to commence the attack.

The situation was anything but agreeable to a lady, but there was no escaping, and she was obliged to remain and witness the terrific scene from first to last. With shot and shells, and danger on every hand, she defied the roar of the cannon, the sky dark with clouds of smoke, the air freighted with the odor of battle, and the sea lashed to unnatural fury by the storm of iron and leaden rain, one may be supposed to have formed a correct appreciation of the peculiar beauties of war. When the conflict was over the lady went ashore in company with others, and while surveying the environs of the partially conquered stronghold, narrowly escaped a cannon ball that came whizzing past her with anything but a medicinal sound. Mrs. D'Arriaco was, perhaps, the only lady who witnessed the bombardment of Sebastopol from shipboard. Our fashionably sensitive ladies would hardly have encountered the danger even to visit their husbands, or survived the fearful shock of the battle. —Buff. Chron. Nov. 1.

Food in France.

It is stated that measures are in progress all over France to provide and cheapen the food for the poorer classes. The Municipal Council of Orleans has voted \$50,000 for the works of public utility, and for the distribution of bread tickets. In the department of Loire, the wealthy people have formed a commission for the purchase of rice wholesale in the seaports, and selling at reduced rates to the poor. At Versailles a similar association is importing corn and selling them at cost. The manufacturers in different parts furnish their workmen with bread at a low fixed rate.

A Miser to some Purpose.—The fortune left by the late Baron Delorich, of Vienna, to his grandson, Prince Salkowski, amounts to eighteen millions of francs (\$30,000,000). There were found in the cellar 22 bags, each containing 1,000 ounces of gold, and in different chests securities out of his estate, and lost for \$100,000,000. This practice of hoarding gold is very common in Austria, where the paper currency is greatly depreciated.

Over Sensitive.—Samuel Weir, a highly respectable citizen of Clinton county, Indiana, committed suicide a few days since. He had been drawn as a juror, but owing to his limited knowledge of the language, he was set aside as incompetent. He seemed to consider it as a reflection upon his honesty, and put an end to his life in consequence.

Death from Carelessness.—On Wednesday last, at Concord, Ky., Lewis Strickland put his foot on the hammer of his gun, while he blew into the muzzle, in order to consider it as a reflection upon his honesty, and put an end to his life in consequence.

An Army of Office Seekers.—The New York Times says the number of candidates for office in that city, at the late election, was a little over eight thousand, being equal in numbers to the entire army with which Gen. Scott made his descent into the valley of Mexico, at the time of the war with that republic.

Cheap Labor.—An instance of the cheapness of labor in the island of Tahiti, is given in the fact, that when the steamer Golden Age touched there to coal, fifteen hundred tons were put on board at an expense of only 4s. 2d.—less than a dollar.

A Long Wet Spell.—A correspondent at New Castle, Ind., says they have had a wet spell four months, without a week at any one time dry weather, yet corn is remarkably good.

Cost him Something.—In Kentucky, at the Flemington County Court, a wealthy man, who courted a girl "just for the fun," has been mulcted in \$5,000 damages for breach of promise.

Signs and Tokens.—The Indians regard a thin husk of corn as an indication of a mild winter. This being true, the one just approaching will be of the gentle kind, as the husks are said to be very thin.

Run continues its pranks. A former associate judge of Union county, Ohio, while intoxicated, sat down on a railroad track, near Urbans, recently, and was killed by a freight train.

Overbearing.—The Eddyville (Iowa) Free Press states that a lady of that place, under twenty-one years of age, has been the mother of seven children.

Two steamers were lost on Lake Michigan during the gale of yesterday week, and all hands were drowned. The vessels were lost.

LONG PRAYERS.—Speaking against long prayers, Elder Knapp says:—"When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his master, and was about sinking, had his application been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he would have been fifty feet under water."

A lady advertises in the Glasgow Herald that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea. The cannibal.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are swept by the breeze of kindness.

EDWARD EVERETT'S SPEECH.

AT THE NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR, IN BOSTON, OCTOBER 26TH.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. excellent friend (R. C. Winthrop), who has just taken his seat, was good enough to remark that he was waiting with impatience for me to speak. Far different was my feeling while he was speaking, for I listened, not only with patience, but with satisfaction and delight, as I am sure you all did. If the spoke of the embarrassment under which he arose to address such an assembly—an embarrassment which all, however accustomed to public speaking, cannot but feel—how much greater must be my embarrassment. He had to contend only with the difficulties natural to the occasion, and with that of having to imitate the example of the worthy gentleman from Philadelphia, (Norton McMichael), who preceded him. I have to contend with all that difficulty, and that of following not only that gentleman, who delighted as all so much, but also my most eloquent friend who has just taken his seat. When two such gentlemen have passed over the ground, the one with his wide sweeping reaper, the other with his keen, treacherous scythe, what is left for a poor, glaucous little myself. (Cheers and laughter.)

With respect to the kind manner, sir, in which you have been so good as to introduce my name to this company, it is plain that I have nothing to respond, but to imitate the example of the worthy gentleman upon the Connecticut river, who, when some inquisitive friend, from some distant part of the country, asked him somewhat indiscreetly, whether there was much truth in the story among his flock, he said, "Nothing to boast of." (Laughter.)

If this were a geological instead of an agricultural society, and if it were your province, not to dig the surface, but to bore into the depths of the earth, it would not be surprising if in some of your excursions you should strike upon such a fossil as myself. But when I look around upon your exhibition—the straining course—the crowded, bustling ring—the motion, the life, the fire—the immense crowds of assembled from almost every part of the country, set on foot by the great exhibition, I feel hardly the place for quiet, old-fashioned folks, accustomed to quiet, old-fashioned ways. I feel somewhat like the Duke of Genoa, when the emperor came to Versailles, and who, after surveying and admiring its marvels, exclaimed that he wondered at everything he saw, and most of all, at finding himself there.

Since, however, sir, with that delicate consideration towards your "elder brethren" which so rarely had occasion to acknowledge at Lancaster, you are willing to treat yourself by the side of such a specimen of paleontology as myself, I have much pleasure in assuring you that I have witnessed, with the highest satisfaction, the proof afforded by the grand exhibition, that the agriculture of our country, with all the interests connected with it, is in a state of active improvement. In all things, sir, though I approve a judicious conservatism, it is not merely for itself, but as the basis of a safe progress. I own, sir, there are some old things, both in nature and art, and society, that I like for themselves. I all but worship the grand old hills, the old rivers that roll in between them, the fine old trees, bending with the weight of centuries. I reverence an old homestead, an old barnyard, green with the good men of olden times. I love old friends, good old books, and I don't absolutely dislike a glass of good old wine, for the stomach's sake, providing it is taken from an original package. But these tastes and sentiments are all consistent with, nay, in my judgment, they are favorable to a general growth, progression and improvement, such as is rapidly taking place in the agriculture of the country.—

In a word, I have always been, and am now, for both stability and progress; learning from a rather antiquated, but not yet wholly discredited authority, "to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

I know, sir, that the modern man is "very all things, and holds fast to nothing." I believe I shall adhere to the old reading a little longer.

But, sir, to come to more practical, and you will probably think, more appropriate topics, I will show you I am no enemy to new discoveries in agriculture, or anything else. So far from it, I am going to communicate to you a new discovery of my own, which, if I do not greatly overrate its importance, is as novel, as brilliant, and as suspicious of great results as the celebrated discovery of Dr. Franklin; not the identity of the electric fluid and lightning—I don't refer to that, but his other famous discovery; that in the latitude of Paris the sun rises several hours before noon; that he begins to shine as soon as he rises; and that the solar ray is a cheery light to the inhabitants of large cities than the candles and oils which they are in the habit of preferring to it. I say, sir, my discovery is somewhat of the same kind; and I really think it all important. I have been over the track of it for several years—ever since the glitter of a few metallic particles in the gravel washed out of Capt. Sutter's mill race first led to the discovery of the gold diggings of California; which for some time past have been pouring into the country fifty or sixty millions of dollars annually.

My discovery, sir, is nothing short of this, that we have no need to go or send to California for gold, inasmuch as we have gold diggings on this side of the continent, much more productive, and consequently, much more valuable than theirs. I do not, of course, refer to the mines of North Carolina or Georgia, which have been worked with some success for several years, but which, compared with California, are of no great moment. I refer to a much broader vein of auriferous earth, which runs wholly through the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains, which we have been working unconsciously for many years, without recognizing its transcendent importance; and which it is actually estimated will yield the present year

ten or fifteen times as much as the California diggings; taking their produce at sixty millions of dollars.

Then, sir, this gold of ours not only exceeds the California in the annual yield of the diggings, but in several other respects. It certainly requires labor, but not nearly as much labor to get it out—our diggings may be depended on with far greater confidence for the average yield on given superficies. A certain quantity of moisture is no doubt necessary with us as with them, but you are not required, as you are in the placers of California to stand up to your middle in water all day, rocking a cradle filled with gravel and gold dust. The cradles we rock are filled with something better. Another single advantage of our gold over the California gold is, that after being pulverized and moistened, and subjected to the action of moderate heat, it becomes a grateful and nutritious article of food; whereas no man—not the long-crested King of Phrygia himself—could masticate a thimble full of the California dust, cold or hot, to save him from starvation.

Yes, sir, to drop the allegory, and speak without figures, it is the noble agriculture, for the promotion of which this great company is assembled from so many parts of the Union, which feeds the human race, and all the humbler orders of animated nature dependent on man.—

With the exception of what is yielded by the fisheries and the chase (a limited gold which is raised from the diggings this side, yields, with good management, a vast increase on the outlay—some thirty fold, some sixty, some an hundred. But besides all this, there are two discriminating circumstances of a most peculiar character in which our gold differs from that of California, greatly to the advantage of ours. The first of these is, that on the Sacramento and Feather rivers, throughout the placers, in all the old diggings, and the dry diggings, and in all the deposits of auriferous quartz, you can get but one solitary exhaustive crop from one locality; and in getting that you spoil it for any use. The soil is dug over, worked over, washed over, ground over, sifted over—in short, turned into an abomination of desolation, which all the guano of the Chincha Islands would not restore to fertility. You can never get from it a second yield of gold, or anything else, unless, probably, a crop of mullen or stramonium.

The Atlantic diggings, on the contrary, with good management, will yield a fresh crop of gold every four years, and remain in the general condition for a succession of several good things of nearly equal value.

The other discriminating circumstance is of a still more astonishing nature.—The grains of the California gold are dead, inorganic masses. How they got into the bed of gravel between what mountain mountains, whirled by elemental storm winds on the bosom of oceanic torrents, the auriferous ledges were ground to powder; by what Titanic hands the coveted grains were so soon broadcast in the placers, human science can but faintly conjecture. We only know that those grains have within them no principle of growth or reproduction, and that when that crop was put in, Chaos must have broken up the soil.

How different the grains of our Atlantic gold, sown by the prudent hands of man, in the kindly alternation of seed-time and harvest; each curiously and mysteriously organized; hard, horny, seemingly lifeless on the outside, but wrapping up in the interior a seminal germ a living principle. Drop a grain of California gold into the ground and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold in the ground, and to a mystery.—

In a few days it softens, it swells, it shows its life, it is a living thing. It yields to itself, but it sends up a delicate spike, which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk, reveals in the air and sunshine, it arrays itself more glorious than Solomon in his broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound as the west wind whistles through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment, still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent basons like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers. There are seven hundred and twenty grains on the ear which I hold in my hand. And now say, sir, of this transcendent gold of ours, the yield of this year will be at least ten or fifteen times that of California.

But it will be urged, perhaps, sir, in behalf of the California gold, by some mischievous old fogey, who thinks there is no music in the world equal to the clink of his ginees, that though but one crop of gold can be gathered from the same spot, yet once gathered it lasts to the end of time; while the (will maintain) our vegetable gold is produced only to be consumed, and when consumed is gone forever. But this, Mr. President, would be a most egregious error both ways. It is true, the California gold will last forever unchanged; if its owner chooses, but while it lasts it is no use, no, not so much as its value in pig-iron, which makes the best of ballast; whereas gold, while it is gold, is good for little or nothing. You can neither eat it, nor drink it, nor smoke it. You can neither wear it, nor burn it as fuel, nor build a house with it; it is really useless till you exchange it for consumable, perishable goods; the more plentiful it is the less its exchangeable value.

Far different the case with our Atlantic Gold; it does not perish when consumed, but by a nobler alchemy than that of Paracelsus, is transmuted in consumption to a higher life. "Perish in consumption," did the old miser say? "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. The burning pen of inspiration, raging heaven and earth for a similitude to convey to our poor minds

some not adequate idea of the mighty doctrine of the Resurrection, can find no symbol so expressive as bare grain." It may chance of wheat or something grain.

"To-day a senseless plant, to-morrow it is human—bone and muscle, vein and artery, sinew and nerve; beating pulse and heaving lungs, toiling, ah, sometimes over-toiling brain. Last June it sucked from the cold breast of the earth the watery nourishment of its distending sapveins, and it clothes the manly form with warm cordial flesh, quivers and thrills with five-fold mystery of sense, purveys and initiates to the higher mystery of thought. Heaped in your granaries this week, the next it will strike in the stall warm arm, and glow in the blushing cheek, and flash in the beaming eye:—till we learn at last to realize that the slender stalk which we have seen bending in the cornfield, under the yellow burden of harvest, is indeed the "staff and life" which, since the world began, has supported the toiling and struggling myriads of humanity, on the mighty pilgrimage of being.

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THE ORDINANCE OF '87.—"An Inquirer" writes to know just what is "the Ordinance of '87," of which he hears so much in the journals.

The Ordinance of '87 was an act passed by the last Continental Congress under the old Confederation for the government of the "Territory north west of Ohio"—that is, of all the territory then belonging to the Confederation. In that Ordinance the proviso that Slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime, should never be allowed in the Territory, was the first time enacted, though it had been drafted by Thomas Jefferson three years before. That proviso saved what is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin from the curse of slaveholding—saved them in spite of a position from all the ambitious of Indiana Territory (including what is now Illinois) to be allowed to legalize slaveholding for a term of years, owing to the scarcity of labor. This proviso Congress, on the report of a committee composed of two slaveholders out of three, unanimously refused to grant, leaving them to get along as well as they could with Free Labor alone. Such was "Popular Sovereignty" fifty years ago—the sovereignty of the whole American people over what vitally concerns them all, and their posterity after them.

REMEMY FOR BUOS.—Shortly after 13 o'clock, on Saturday night, the attention of officer Street was attracted to a house in Race Street, east of Sixteenth; in consequence of an unusual light appearing at the windows. The officer on opening the door found the room in a sheet of flame, and instantly went work to extinguish the fire, which he did with the greatest efficiency. The house is occupied by an Irish family, and being infested with roaches, the master of the premises bethought himself of a capital idea of exterminating the vermin; accordingly, he poured kerosene over the floor, tables and chairs, and communicating a match to the liquid, was horrified to see the effect of his experiment. This novel idea of the Hibernian, it seems to us, would effectually rid the house of roaches, and at the same time rid the occupant of a home, and the landlord of a message. —Philadelphia Sun.

A Greek maiden being asked what fortune she would bring her husband, replied in the following beautiful and forcible language:—"I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspiced, and virtuous without a stain—which is all that descended to me from my parents.

"I hate fogs," said Jeremy Idler, "in a fog, one is apt to plump against his tailor.

"Nay what you are leaning over is empty oak for?"—"I'm mourning 'em departed spirits."

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. and High street—at present without a Pastor.

Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Du Necker.

German Reformed: High and Stratton streets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Ziegler.

Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street.—Pastor—Rev. J. W. Doak, Wm. Earnshaw.

Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr.