THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

VOLUME XXVI. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1855. TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM. NUMBER 37.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Post Office Regulations.

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

Postage on "THE STAR AND BANNER"—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 pre-paid, or 2 cents unpaid.

Advertised letters to be charged with the cost of advertising.

The Mails: Coaches, with mails to Baltimore and Philadelphia, (and intervening points,) leave at 5 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.

" Emmitsburg, 3, P. M., "

Mail to Bendersville, Middletown, Mummasburg, Centre Mills, Arendtstown, on Wednesday and Saturday, 7 A. M.

To Hunterstown, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 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: Jesse D. Bright.
Secretary of State: Wm. L. Marcy.
Secretary of Interior: Robert McClelland.
Secretary of Treasury: James Guthrie.
Secretary of War: Jefferson Davis.
Secretary of Navy: James C. Dobbin.
Post Master General: James Campbell.
Attorney General: Caleb Cushing.
Chief Justice of the U. States: R. B. Taney.

State Officers.

Governor: James Pollock.
Secretary of State: Andrew G. Curtin.
Deputy Secretary: John M. Sullivan.
Surveyor General: J. Porter Brawley.
Auditor General: Ephraim Banks.
Treasurer: Eli Slifer.
Judges: J. S. Back, E. Lewis, W. B. Lowrie, G. W. Woodward, J. C. Knox.
Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools: Henry C. Hickok.

County Officers.

Congress: David F. Robison.
Senate: David Mellinger.
Assembly: Isaac Robinson.
President Judge: Robert J. Fisher.
Associates: Sam'l R. Russell, Jno. McGinly.
District Attorney: Jas. G. Reed.
Sheriff: Henry Thomas.
Coroner: J. W. Hendrix.
Prothonotary: John Picking.
Register & Recorder: Wm. F. Walter.
Clerk of the Courts: J. J. Baldwin.
County Treasurer: J. L. Schick.
County Surveyor: Geo. B. Hewit.
Inspector of Weights and Measures: Franklin Gardner.
Commissioners: Jas. J. Wills, George Myers, Henry A. Picking; Clerk—J. Aughinbaugh; Counsel—David Wills.
Directors of the Poor: Joseph Baily, John Horner, Garret Brinkerhoff; Clerk—Rob't. S. Paxton; Treasurer—Alexander Cobean; Steward—John Scott; Physician—David Horner.
Auditors: Edmund F. Shorb, Abel T. Wright, John Hauptman.
Mercantile Appraiser: Jacob Aughinbaugh.
County Superintendent: David Wills.

Borough Officers.

Burgess: John Culp.
Town Council: James A. Thompson, Hugh Danwiddie, Samuel R. Russell, S. S. McCreary, D. Kendlehart, John Gilbert, R. G. M'Creary, Clerk and Treasurer.
Justices of the Peace: George E. Bringman, Joel B. Danner.
Constable: John L. Burns.

Places of Worship.

Presbyterian: Balt. and High street—at present without a Pastor.
Roman Catholic: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. De Necker.
German Reformed: High and Strattonstreets. Pastor—Rev. Jacob Ziegler.
Methodist Episcopal: East Middle street.—Pastors—Revs. J. W. Dosh, Wm. Earnshaw.
Associate Reformed: West High street. Pastor—Rev. Mr. Werner.
Lutheran: Christ Church, Chambersburg street; Pastor—Rev. Dr. Krauth. St. James, York and Stratton streets; Pastor—Rev. Reuben Hill.

Associations.

I. O. O. F.—Gettys L ge meets on Tuesday evening of each week
S. of T. Adams Divis n meets on Monday evening of each we
Temperance Beneficial Association meets on third Saturday evening of each month.
Gettysburg Beneficial Association meets first Saturday evening of each month,
Young Men's Lyceum meets on Thursday evening of each week.
York Springs Lodge meets on Thursday evening of each week.
Berlin Beneficial Association meets on the first Friday evening of each month.

Bank of Gettysburg.

President: George Swope.
Cashier: John B. McPherson.
Clerk: John H. McClellan.
Directors: George Swope, D. Kendlehart, Alexander D. Himes, Wm. Gardner, Henry Wirt, Wm. Douglas, David Wills, George Young, John A. Swope, Wm. A. Stewart, Joshua Motter, Joseph L. Shorb, John K. Longwell.

Adams County Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

President: George Swope.
V. President: Samuel R. Russell.
Secretary: David A. Buehler.
Treasurer: David M'Creary.
Executive Committee: Rob't M'Curdy, Andrew Heintzelman, Jacob King.
Managers: Geo. Swope, D. A. Buehler, R. M'Curdy, J. King, A. Heintzelman, S. R. Russell, D. M'Creary, J. L. Noel, A. B. Kurtz, E. Fahnestock, R. G. M'Creary, J. J. Kerr, T. A. Marshall, M. Eichelberger, J. Aughinbaugh, D. Wills, H. A. Picking, D. M'Conaughy, Jacob Griest, Wm. B. Wilson, Joseph Fink.

☞ The Executive Committee meet on the first Tuesday in every month at the office of the Secretary.

The approbation of our families, who are with us in our secret hours, hear our private converse, know the habits of our lives and the bent of our dispositions is, or should be to us, far more pleasing and triumphant than the shouts of the multitude, or the worship of the world.

At a Fourth of July celebration, a young lady offered the following toast:

"The young men of America—*Their* arms our support; *Our* arms their reward."

Fall in—men, fall in.

The Sportsman.

Said Billy, "mamma, may I take down the gun?
I want to go shooting—I *will* have some fun."
"I'm afraid you'll get hurt, son, so *do* have a care!"
"O yes, I'll be careful—I will, I declare!"

Away then went Billy, his head tossing high,
Till perched on a poplar a bird met his eye;
Bang! bang! went the musket—the smoke cleared away—
And flat on the greensward poor Billy then lay!

He raised himself slowly—he gazed all round—
The bird he had shot at was not to be found:
"Tis clear," then said Billy, "your days had been done,
Had you only been at *my end of the gun!*"

Paying for a Supper.

A poor Indian came one night to an inn at Litchfield, in the early days of New England, and asked for a morsel of food and a few hours lodging. "I no pay," he said; "I hunt all day, and no game in the forest." The hostess not liking his appearance, drove him off; and as he was going, looking very sad, for there was no other inn for many a mile, a man who was sitting on a bench before the door, told the woman to supply the wants of the red man, and he would pay her. As soon as his supper was finished, the Indian thanked his benefactor, and said he would some day repay him.

A great many years after, the settler was taken prisoner by a hostile tribe, and carried off to Canada. His life was spared, but he was kept in slavery, till one day an Indian came to him, and giving him a musket bade the captive follow him. The Indian never told him where they were going or what was his object, but day after day the captive followed his strange guide through the thick forests, until one afternoon they came suddenly on the cultivated lands of the white man. "Do you know that place?" asked the Indian, pointing to a group of houses. "Ah, yes, it is Litchfield!" and before the poor captive could recover from his suprise and joy, the Indian exclaimed, "And I am that starving Indian you once took pity on: and now that I have paid you for that supper, you can go home to yours." Miss no opportunity of doing a kind action.

THERE IS a tear of joy and a tear of grief. The tear of to-day may not be forced by the same cause which overflowed the eye yesterday. A tear may be sent up from the heart by joy or sorrow. It is the same liquid diamond in either case. A little tear drop on the cheek has a language of its own. It speaks to persons of all nations. It is interpreted readily by persons of all countries. The tear of to-day means joy or sorrow. The face adown which a tear runs, tells whether it springs from the fountain of joy or grief.

A tear draws forth sympathy because it is the emblem of Love, of Hope, or of Grief. When it is grief our pulse beats faster, for our heart is agitated and touched deeply. The true feeling of the heart is seen in a tear which lingers in the eye, that little bright widow of the soul! The tears of to-day, if they do spring from grief may to-morrow be wiped away, by rainbow hues of peace, happiness and prosperity. *Nil desperandum.* Never despair.—*Fireside Journal.*

"When I reflect," observes Pope, in a letter to Addison, "what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial man as I am. The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day!"

A MAN.—The man whom I call deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself—whose high purposes are adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven and earth affords means of accomplishing them. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious road, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A PAINFUL CASE.—A young man, son of a respectable Jeweler and Watchmaker was arrested in Philadelphia, on the charge of robbing his father's store of silver-ware and other valuable articles.—Theft was clearly established, and that young man, who was to his father a son of pride, would no doubt have met a felon's doom, had not the father refused to prosecute. The stolen property was recovered.

CORN CAKES.—A special premium was awarded to Mrs. Charles Wampole, at the late Fair of the Montgomery County Agricultural Society, for a corn cake, made after the following receipe:

"Take the white of eight eggs; one fourth pound each of corn starch, flour and butter; half pound sugar; one teaspoonful of Soda. Flavor with Almond to suit the taste.

Wool and its Manufacture.—The consumption of wool in this country for the years 1853 and 1854, was about three hundred millions of pounds. Of this amount sixty millions of pounds were raised here, twenty-one millions were imported in the raw state, and one hundred and nineteen millions in manufactured goods. Is it not apparent that by this system we are driving the products of our own country from the market, inviting those of other countries? Just as good wool can be produced and just as fine cloth made in the United States as in any part of the world.

How Republics Grow in America.—Twenty-five years ago Iowa was a wilderness, tenanted only by the savage. Now she has a civilized population estimated at about six hundred thousand, and constantly increasing. The emigration to the State this year has been very heavy.

Love—A Rhapsody.

TABLEAU I.—THE STUDENT.

A youth with aching eyes and burning brow, is sitting alone in his studio. The time is coming when his intellectual powers will be tested. Ere long, as an intellectual gladiator, he must enter the arena and win the laurel, or suffer a defeat.—The first dawn of morning and the gloom of midnight have beheld him preparing for the struggle; and now, wearied by exertion, the influence of sleep becomes irresistible. He dreams of the home of his boyhood, and of the sunny hours of childhood. Now a genius is gently leading him, and revealing to his wondering gaze gay scenes of enchantment. Anon he is chasing some newly blown bubble, or making the air reverberate with his wild boisterous merriment.

The dreamer sleeps on and the scene changes. He is climbing the rugged ascent of Parnassus; and with his eye ever fixed on its temple-crowed summit, steadily he upward wendeth his way. His brow burns feverishly, and his blood is wildly coursing, but what matter? A shrill blast is heard adown the mountain slope, telling of fame and glory; and voices are cheerily bidding him to press onwards.

The sleeper is unawakened as yet, and a change once more comes over the scene. Pale, glittering, beautiful, the moon, with her starry attendants, bedecks the ethereal canopy. From her mossy bed the nightingale has arisen; and, as she soars higher, higher, still higher towards the empyrean regions, utters her orison, carols her envying lay to the being who created her. Cooling zephyrs are playing with the foliage; and, as vows are interchanged between two kindred spirits, the breeze seems to whisper—

Fame's trumpet strains depart,
But love's sweet lute yields melody
That lingers in the heart;
And the scroll of fame will burn
When earth and sea consume,
But the rose of love, in a happier sphere,
Will live in deathless bloom.

TABLEAU II.—THE WIFE.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict? What say you, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

During this interrogation there was a repression of breathing, and a fixidity of gaze, which vividly indicated with what intense solicitude the verdict was awaited.

"Guilty!" tremulously responded the foreman; and then a shriek—an utterance of the heart's deep anguish, echoed through that crowded court-room; and many a heart beat in sympathy, and many an eye was bedimmed with tears, as the grief stricken wife of the prisoner was led away from the scene.

TABLEAU III.—THE FELON.

A glimmering lamp partially dispelled the gloom, and threw a flickering glare around the dreary cell of the condemned. Ever and anon the attenuated frame of the prisoner writhed with the intensity of his emotions, and the whole powers of his mind seemed prostrated with the bitterness of his grief. By the laws of his country he was condemned to death, and ere to-morrow's sun would recede below the horizon, his body would be mingling with the dust. But it was not at the approach of the grim conquerer that the muscles of the felon quivered so spasmodically. Conscious of his innocence, he cared not for the scaffold; but when he thought that she, whom he had vowed to protect, would be left alone to bear the world's rude contumely, then nature assumed the mastery, and the strong man wept.

Cheer up, thou downcast one! Will not the judge of all the earth do right?—Fear not. He will send his guardian angels to cheer and protect her.

TABLEAU IV.—MOTHER AND CHILD.

"All hands on deck! Keep a sharp look-out at the forecastle!" were the rapid injunctions of the captain. A vivid electric flash shot across the horizon, and the cry of "breakers ahead," mingled with the voice of the tempest. Frantically the passengers rushed towards the deck.—Fame, wealth, ambition, all were forgotten in the terrible struggle for life. The mother uplifted her eyes heavenwards, as if supplicating protection; and as she muttered a prayer for the safety of her babe, pressed it convulsively to her bosom.—The tempest-driven vessel dashed onwards—a loud wail rent the air; then there was a momentary gurgling of the water, and the storm-king had achieved the victory.

* * * * * *

During the night, signal lights had been seen, and the booming of cannon had been heard by the coast-guard; but as the violence of the gale threatened with destruction any who might venture from the shore, no assistance could be rendered to the sufferers. As the day broke, the fate of the vessel was no longer enveloped in mystery. Portions of the wreck were strewn along the beach, while ever and anon, a lifeless form was seen floating on the surface of the water. On the strand, cold and motionless, lay the mother and her babe. Death had not unfastened her fond embrace; and, as a requiem arose from the dash of the wild waves, gently the slumberers slept the sleep that knows no waking.

* * * * * *

Love! thou spirit celestial, such is the potency of thy sway! such is thy wondrous influence! Unlimited is thy dominion! irresistible are thy decrees!—The cottage and the palace are alike visited by thee. At thy approach the inmates of the prison rejoice, and death is divested of its terrors. The grave and the gay—the fleet and the bold—the beauteous maiden and tottering old age, all kneel devoutly at thy shrine, and offer thee willing obeisance.

If you want your neighbors to "know who you are," give a company and don't invite the folks who "live next door."

How an Ohio Governor was "Sold."

A certain Governor of the great Commonwealth of Ohio, a great favorite among the ladies, and unincumbered with domestic cares, sometime after a successful campaign, but previous to assuming the responsibilities of office, made a pleasure trip to Gotham. Being a public man, and a successful one, he of course was open to the congratulations of the Democracy.—Every body shook hands with him, and the *table d'hote* was quite a lion. The day succeeding his arrival he took a *passeu* down the principal Peter Funk street of the great American Babel. He had not proceeded far before he was accosted by one who seemdd a remarkably courteous gentleman.

"Good morning Governor—howd'y do," quoth the stranger.

"Very well, thank ee sir," blandly responded the Governor, though looking somewhat vaguely, as if his colloquitor had the advantage.

"I perceive you don't know me," was the rejoinder.

"My name is Brown of ——— county, Ohio. I had the pleasure of forming your acquaintance a few weeks ago when you spoke at ———."

"Oh! ah! yes," said the Governor, "I—re-collect—sir, very glad to see you Mr. Brown."

The twain had unconsciously approached an auction room, and suddenly were interrupted in the midst of a very animated political discussion by a boisterous outcry coming from a knight of the hammer, "A splendid bargain, gentlemen. A perfect beauty. Full-jeweled and warranted sound in every particular. Going! Going! Only twenty-seven and a half, gentlemen! A wretched sacrifice!

"By George! Governor!" quoth Brown, "there seems to be a chance for a bargain. Let's see."

Suiting the action to the work, Brown stepped in, followed by the Governor, too polite to refuse. But a few moments elapsed ere the ticking treasure was knocked off to Mr. Brown, at an "amazing cheap bargain." Handing the lever to the Governor, Mr. Brown felt for his porte monnaie, when suddenly, with an expressive air of surprise stealing over his countenance, he exclaimed

"Why, Governor, pray excuse me, but really, I've left my purse at the hotel.—Will you favor me by advancing the amount, while I run up to the hotel, it's only a step, and I'll return immediately?"

"Certainly, sir," said the Governor, drawing out a well filled purse, and counting the sum which was duly handed over.

Suiting actions to words, Mr. Brown disappeared. Five minutes soon passed; ten elapsed; fifteen sped, and yet no Mr. Brown. The Governor began to get impatient. Twenty minutes disappeared, and the Governor's vexation became manifest. Twenty-five had gone, when suddenly the Governor seemed struck with an idea. *He had been sold!* impudently plucked! His rage was unbounded. He demanded his money, but the auctioneer had gone! He raved, and it is said swore roundly, but we don't believe that part of the story—It is on record, however, that he threatened general destruction, and no doubt would have raised the d——l generally, had not the auctioneer, frightened by his violence, made his appearance, and after demurring somewhat, returned the money.

It is needless to observe that the Governor left the establishment a wiser and a madder man, than when he entered it.—It is likewise to be remarked that after that time he was universally suspectful of all who claim acquaintance with him on the score of Ohio residence.

In justice to the Governor, we will likewise remark that in extenuation of his being victimized, he was induced to advance the money in view of the fact that Mr. Brown represented himself as a Buckeye, and he "couldn't see a fellow Buckeye in trouble without helping him." It is a well known fact, however, that Gov. M——l is "down on" Peter Funk institutions.

Inventions.

The dates of the following inventions may be of service to some of our readers as a matter for reference:

Glass windows were first used in	1180
Chimneys in houses	1236
Lead pipes for conveying water	1252
Tallow candles for lights	1290
Spectacles invented by an Italian	1299
Paper first made from linen	1302
Woolen cloth first made in England	1331
Art of painting in oil colors	1410
Printing invented	1440
Watches made in Germany	1477
Variation of compass first noticed	1540
Pins first used in England	1543
Circulation of human blood first discovered by Harvey	1619
First newspaper published	1630
First steam engine invented	1649
First fire engine invented	1649
First cotton planted in the U. States	1769
Steam engine improved by Watt	1767
Steam cotton mill erected	1783
Stereotype printing invented in Scotland	1785
Animal magnetism invented by Mesmer	1788
Sabbath School established in Yorkshire, England	1789
Electro-magnetic telegraph invented by Morse in	1832

CALIFORNIA PRODUCTIONS.—Among the wonders at the State Agricultural Exhibition in California were a calf seven months and a half old, which weighed eight hundred pounds; two hogs which weighed 600 pounds; a sunflower, three feet in circumference; peanuts two inches long; a cluster of twelve large pears on a single twig; and a steam of a peach tree five feet long, containing thirty magnificent peaches, some of which measured seven inches in circumference.

LARGE YIELD OF WHEAT.—Mr. J. A. Chandler, of Caroline, Virginia, raised the past season eight hundred and thirty bushels of prime wheat on eighteen and a half acres of accurately measured land, being nearly forty-six bushels per acre! He received a premium of $20 for this yield at the State fair in Richmond last week.

I Don't Play.

'No, I don't play on any instrument, said our friend, Tom Prigle, in answer to our question. 'To tell the truth, I became discouraged by a slight misconception, when I was a young man. I wasn't appreciated, you know, and all that sort of thing.

'Well, you see,' said he, in reply to another question, it was about twenty years ago, when I was studying law, and my brother was a medical student, that we both fancied that we had a wonderful talent for music. So John bought a flute, and I a fiddle, and turning one of the attics into a study, we practiced there half the night through. We didn't want any one to know about it, especially our father, who had very strict notions as to the value of time; and to make him think us usefully employed, I had quantities of law books heaped up, and John had a skull and all sorts of bones scattered about.—We knew that up in our 'study,' no one could hear us, but Betsy, the housekeeper; and as she was our old nurse, we felt sure she would keep our secret. One morning, after we had been whiling the long night hours away with our music, to our own mutual delight, we came down late to breakfast, looking, I suppose, somewhat unrefreshed.

'You mustn't study too hard, boys,' said our father, considerately.

'Yes, sir,' said I, gravely.

'Just then Betsy appeared at the door and looked mysteriously at my mother.

'Yes, what is it?' said mother, surprised at Betsy's excited manner. 'What is it, Betsy?'

'Well, ma'am, I wish to say, ma'am,'—Betsy always spoke in that short, nipping way, when she was what she called 'worked up,' I must leave you, ma'am.'

'Leave me! why?' asked mother.

'Yes, ma'am, it's twenty five years that I've been with you, ma'am—and it's the boys at last, ma'am. I can't stand it, and I ain't going to. It's not Christian-like, ma'am.'

'What have the boys been doing?' asked mother.

'It's Mr. John, ma'am, and sometimes I think Mr. Tom helps him. He's got some poor cretur up stairs, ma'am, and he torments him awful. He screaks all the night through. It is worse than the hens. I've stood it for more nor a week. I din't get a wink of sleep last night, and what that cretur went through was dreadful. I know they say such things must be done by doctors, but I ain't going to stay where it is, and I never thought John was the one to do it.'

'And Betsy gave my brother a look of withering condemnation.

'Mr. mother was scarce enough to see that something unusual was going on in our study, and telling Betsy she would inquire into it, she dismissed her for the present.

'That was the end of our musical practice, though not the end of the story, for our father took care we should not forget it. It was a long time before we heard the last about that poor cretur up stairs.'—*New York Dutchman.*

The City of Newark.

On the 11th of July, 1667, a colony of Connecticut Yankees closed a bargain with the Hackinsack Indians for their right to the tract of land included in the present city of Newark, and the townships of Boomfield and Orange, for the very detailed price of "fifty double-handful of powder, one hundred bars of lead, twenty axes, twenty coats, ten guns, twenty pistols, ten kettles, ten swords, four blankets, four barrels of beer, ten pairs of breeches, fifty knives, twenty shoes, eight hundred and fifty fathoms of wampum, twenty ankers of liquors or some other equivalent, and three troopers' coats."

The history of this settlement, as drawn by the able pens of Rev. Dr. Stearns, and N. A. Whitehead, Esq., proves that the people of this colony were unusually select as to character and energy, endeavoring "the carrying on of spiritual concernments, as also of civil and town affairs, according to God and godly government," as they said in their original compact. And yet when the Revolution came, one hundred and nine years after the first tree was felled, Newark was still a small place. Its streets were not compactly built up. It was a farming community to all intents, with but little sign of that vast manufacturing enterprise which has since given such importance to the place. In old times cities and towns were slow in their progress when compared with some founded but yesterday in the West. In 1830, one hundred and seventy-three years after its settlement, it had a population of only ten thousand nine hundred and fifty, but in the next ten years it gained two-thirds as much as in its previous existence, and in 1850 it more than doubled its population, which then was thirty-eight thousand nine hundred and ninety-four. It is now not far from fifty thousand.

The Phrenologist Posed.

An itinerant phrenologist was passing through one of our New England villages, stopping at each house he passed, in hopes of making his scientific acquirements the means of putting a stray quarter into a pocket-book which was far from being plethoric.

Among others, he stopped at a rustic farm house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in the back yard, in splitting up wood for consumption in the coming winter.

The old farmer did not take much notice of our phrenologist, who, after watching the axe ascend and descend a few times, ventured to broach the object of his visit, by saying:—

"Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like to have me examine the heads of your children? I will do it cheap."

"Wall," said the farmer, pausing between two strokes, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman *combs 'em with a fine tooth comb once a week!*"

In Philadelphia, at the present time, there is great fatality prevailing among the horses—quite a number have died within a day or two of a disease of the lungs.

A Singular Story.

The following was published several years ago, says the Baltimore Clipper, and we believe proceeded originally from the pen of a Washington letter. We revive it on account of its eccentric significance, and commend it to the attention of the Charleston Mercury:

The other morning at the breakfast table, our friend, the Hon. John C. Calhoun, seemed very much troubled and out of spirits. You know he is altogether a venerable man, with a hard, stern Scotch Irish face, softened in its expression around the mouth by a sad smile, which wins the hearts of all who converse with him. His hair is snow white. He is tall, thin and angular. He reminds you very much of Old Hickory. That he is honest, no one doubts; he has sacrificed to his fatalism his brightest hopes of political advancement—has offered up on the shrine of that necessity which he worships all that can excite ambition—even the Presidency of the United States.

But to my story. The other morning at the breakfast table, where I, an unobserved spectator, happened to be present, Calhoun was observed to gaze frequently at his right hand, and bruise it with his left in a hurried and nervous manner.—He did this so often that it excited attention. At length one of the persons composing the breakfast party—his name I think is Toombs, and he is a member of Congress from Georgia—took upon himself to ask the occasion of Mr. Calhoun's disquietude.

"Does your hand pain you?" he asked.

To this Mr. Calhoun replied, in rather a flurried manner—"Pshaw! It is nothing! Only a dream I had last night, and which makes me see perpetually a large, black spot—like an ink-blotch—upon the back of my right hand. An optical illusion, I suppose."

Of course these words excited the curiosity of the company, but no one ventured to beg the details of this singular dream, until Toombs asked quietly—

"What was your dream like? I'm not very superstitious about dreams; but sometimes they have a good deal of truth in them."

"But this was such a peculiarly absurd dream," said Mr. Calhoun, again brushing the back of his right hand; "however, if it does not intrude too much on the time of our friends, I will relate it to you."

Of course the company were profuse in their expressions of anxiety to know all about the dream. In his singularly sweet voice, Mr. Calhoun related it:

"At a late hour last night, as I was sitting in my room engaged in writing, I was astonished by the entrance of a visitor, who entered and without a word took a seat opposite me at my table. This surprised me, as I had given particular orders to the servant that I should on no account be disturbed. The manner in which the intruder entered, so perfectly self possessed, taking his seat opposite to me, without a word, as though my room and all within it belonged to him, excited in me as much surprise as indignation.—As I raised my head to look into his features, over the top of my shaded lamp, I discovered that he was wrapt in a thin cloak, which effectually concealed his face and features from my view. And as I raised my head he spoke:

"'What are you writing, Senator from South Carolina?'

"I did not think of his impertinence at first, but answered him voluntarily—

"'I am writing a plan for the dissolution of the American Union (you know, gentlemen, that I am expected to produce a plan of dissolution in the event of certain contingencies.)

"To this the intruder replied, in the coolest manner possible:

"'Senator from South Carolina, will you allow me to look at your hand—your right hand?'

"He rose, the cloak fell, and I beheld his face; Gentlemen, the sight of that face struck me like a thunder clap. It was the face of a dead man, whom extraordinary events had called back to life.—The features were those of General George Washington; yes, gentlemen, the intruder was none other than George Washington. He was dressed in the Revolutionary costume, such as you see preserved in the Patent Office."

Here Mr. Calhoun paused, apparently much agitated. His agitation, I need not tell you, was shared by the company. Toombs at length broke the embarrassing pause. "Well, w-e-l-l, what was the issue of this scene?" Mr. Calhoun resumed:

"The intruder, as I have said, rose and asked to look at my right hand. As though I had not the power to refuse, I extended it. The truth is I felt a strange thrill pervade me at his touch; he grasped it and held it near the light, thus affording me full time to examine every feature of his face. It was the face of Washington. Gentlemen, I shuddered as I beheld the horribly dead alive of that visage. After holding my hand for a moment he, looked at me steadily and said in a quiet way:

"'And with this right hand, Senator from South Carolina, you would sign your name to a paper declaring the Union dissolved?'

"I answered in the affirmative. 'Yes,' said I, 'if a *certain* contingency arises, I will sign my name to the Declaration of Dissolution.' But at that moment a black blotch appeared on the back of my hand, an inky blotch which I seem to see even now. 'What is that?' said I, alarmed, I know not why, at the blotch on my hand.

"'That,' said he, dropping my hand, is the mark by which Benedict Arnold is known in the next world.'

"He said no more, gentlemen, but drew from beneath his cloak an object which he laid upon the table—laid it upon the very paper on which I was writing. That object, gentlemen, was a Skeleton.

"'There,' said he, "there are the bones of Isaac Hayne, who was hung in Charleston by the British. He gave his life in order to establish the Union. When you put your name to a Declaration of Dissolution, why you may as well have the bones of Isaac Hayne before you; he was a South Carolinian; and so are you. But there was no blotch on his right hand.'

"With these words the intruder left the room. I started back from the contact with the dead man's bones, and—awoke. Overworn by labor, I had fallen asleep and had been dreaming. Was it not a singular dream?"

Nicaragua.

This unfortunate Republic, which is now brought prominently before the world by the operations of fillibusters, is one of the largest of the Central American States.—On the west it is washed by the Pacific ocean, and partly on the east by the waters of the Caribbean sea, the Mosquito Territory forming a large share of its eastern boundary. Honduras borders it on the north and Costa Rica upon the south. Its area is about forty-nine thousand square miles, and the population is estimated at two hundred and forty-seven thousand. The females are said to greatly exceed the males in number. Not more than twenty thousand of the people are whites, the rest being negroes, Indians and mixed races. Most of the population live in towns, many of them going several miles to labor in the fields. The plantations are scattered pretty equally over the country, and are reached by paths so obscure as to almost escape the notice of travellers, who are thus liable to fall into the error of supposing that the country is almost uninhabited. The dwellings of the people are usually of canes, thatched with palm, although the better classes construct their residences of adobes, and by the help of fruit and shade trees planted in the courtyard, render many of them exceedingly pleasant. A range of mountains extends along the west coast of the State at a distance of a few miles from the sea, but attaining no great elevation until they approach the confines of Costa Rica, when they reach the height of five to eleven thousand feet. In the central part of the State is an immense level track, known as the plain of Nicaragua, comprising in its area the lake of that name. Numerous volcanoes exist along the Pacific coast. There are a considerable number of rivers, but none of them, except the San Juan, are navigable in a commercial sense. Veins of copper and silver ore of exceeding richness are found in many parts, but they remain almost all of them, either unexplored, or only superficially worked. Gold also is said to exist. The climate is healthy, though various. In the interior and mountainous parts the temperature is more dry and cool than on the coast, where it is hot and approaching to humid. The greater portion of the State consists of plains and gentle slopes formed of a rich loam, of which but a small portion is made available. The productions are indigo, sugar, coffee, cotton of a superior quality, corn, rice, wheat, &c. The great brave of the country has been its civil wars, and it was one of these which enabled Walker to achieve his almost bloodless conquest.—From the above description it will be seen that Nicaragua possesses all the natural resources requisite for a flourishing State, needing only an energetic population to develop them and make them tributary to the wants of the world.—*Boston Journal.*

A Substitute for Tea.

Among the announcements of the day is one to the effect that a botanist in one of the interior towns of France has discovered a native plant which furnishes an infusion closely resembling in color, aroma, and taste, an infusion of the black tea of China. The matter having been brought to the attention of the Emperor, a committee of examination was appointed, and M. Perie, on his return to Cahors, sent them a package of his dried wild herbs. The committee spent several months in its investigation, and has but lately made its report. The Minister of Agriculture has just written to M. Perio that, besides the qualities of taste, smell and color, which are those of the best China teas, the new infusion is tonic and slightly astringent. The grand question of price, he added, is all that requires to be elucidated. The botanist replies that the plant is a common, and, thus far, unserviceable weed, and that, even if cultivated, it may easily be produced at the price of twenty cents a pound. The Paris "Presse" is delighted with this discovery, which is indeed one of more than ordinary interest, especially as it is stated that one pound of the French weed yields five hundred cups of tea and requires only ten minutes of preparation.

Granite Dust for Vegetation.

While examining the granite quarries at Northbridge, Massachusetts, a few days since, I had a conversation with the workmen who were dressing out the stone in reference to the dust they were rapping off with a flat strip of board from the face of the stone they were hammering. This dust is reduced in the hammering of the stone to an impalpable powder, and will float in the air. I said that it would be well to try the vegetating powers of this granite dust in a hill of corn. They replied that it had been used in gardens and on grass lands with great success, and that it was equal to the best manure. This fact is of immense importance to agricultural science, for it opens a newly-discovered source of wealth in the rocky lands. The granite rocks that are now barren may be ground to an impalpable powder and used as a fertilizer. Feldspar, a component of granite, in many districts is abundant, and yields potash on analysis. Granite is regarded as a primitive rock, and may therefore be supposed to possess extraordinary fertilizing power, as it was in being before the rains descended on the earth. Portable rock mills are made by M. Bogardus, of New York, at a small cost. These could be used by farmers for pulverizing the rocks which now encumber the ground and give employment in the idle portions of the year. The same kind of mills that grind sulphate of baryte, or heavy spar, which is used in chemistry and white lead, could be used for making granite dust.

E. MERRIAM.

☞ The Grand Jury of Pittsburg had "presented" female equestrianism at agricultural fairs as a nuisance.