

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 820.

## POETRY.

[BY REQUEST.]

From Bowring's "Russian Anthology."

GOD.

BY DERZHAVIN.

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchanged through time's all-dejavating flight;  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all things! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore:  
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone!  
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—  
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy  
May measure out the ocean—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee  
There is no weight nor measure—none can mount  
Up to Thy mysteries: Reason's brightest spark,  
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try  
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primal nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence—Lord! on Thee  
Eternity had its foundation—  
Sprung forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,  
Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create:  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!  
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:  
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So sons are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee,  
And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,  
Wander unwearied through the line abyss:  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—  
A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—  
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams?  
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?  
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,  
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Not an atom in the balance weighed  
Against Thy greatness, is a cyber brought—  
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;  
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
Thou art! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell, and aspire high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.  
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! Directing, guiding all. Thou art!  
Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:  
Though but an atom, still I'm in Thy hand!  
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand.  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,  
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!  
Whence came I here and how? so marvelously  
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this cloud  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word  
Created me! Thou source of life and good!  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions best!  
Thoughts worthless our conceptions all of Thee,  
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.  
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
Thus seek Thy presence—Being, wise and good!  
Midst Thy vast works adquire, obey, adore,  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

## ST. NICHOLAS' CHRISTMAS VISIT.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In the hope that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar-plum danced in their heads,  
And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
To open the shutters, and threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,  
When, to my wondering eyes should appear,  
A miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,  
With a little old driver so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:  
'Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!  
On, Comet! on, Comet! on, Dancer and Blitzen!  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!  
As they leaves before the wind wild hurricane fling,  
And their feet in the air their wild hurrican fling,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof  
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.  
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;  
A bundle of toys was slung on his back,  
And he looked like a piper just opening his pack.

His eyes! how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.  
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.  
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk—  
And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,  
'Merry Christmas to all—and to all a good night!'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### American Literature.

And equally absurd is it to question, as so many have been fond of doing, whether there is such a thing as American literature. The Anglo-saxo-norman race, (if we must have that word that approximates the genealogical fact,) the great mass of the people of these U. States, have asserted and maintained their nationality in the most decided manner. The intellectual and moral bonds which held them as a portion of the subjects of the British crown, had been broken long before the Declaration of Independence was written, and nothing short of the absolute extermination or silencing of those who united in that Declaration, could have established British sentiments or a British literature among the descendants and disciples of the Puritans. The despotism of the monster Henry VIII., the fires of Smithfield, the mingled vindictiveness of woman and priest in Elizabeth's reign, could not terrify, or check, or exterminate the spirit of Christian liberty kindled by Wickliffe, rendered triumphant by Luther, and still farther exalted and emboldened by Calvin and Knox. It enthroned itself among the mountains of Scotland, it crossed the wild and wintry Atlantic, and placing one foot upon the Rock of Plymouth, and the other upon the shore of the Pacific, it claimed the whole intervening continent as the theatre of its exploits and its inalienable inheritance. Betrayed by its mercenary auxiliaries, and shorn of its strength by Cromwell, who had led it to victory over the bodies of the Aristocracy, through the blood of the king, and across the scattered fragments of the pretended church of England, the republican party of great Britain sang its death-song in the immortal strains of Milton, and then sank upon its funeral pyre, only to arise like the fabled phoenix of the East, with renewed youth and vigor, to cleave a purer air and to soar nearer to the sun in the western world.

It would occupy more time than we have at our disposal to trace the rise of American poetry from the rude ballad celebrating our border wars, up to the chaste and finished productions of our own day. It would take us too long even to commemorate those whose works prove them not unworthy the name of poet. Some have thought it a sufficient refutation of all American claims to the "poet's sacred name" to remind us that we do not possess any great national poem. But Greece had only one Homer, Rome but one Virgil, England one Milton. Undoubtedly when the true genius is inspired to the work we shall have our great national poet. The themes are abundant and glorious. The discovery of America and its conquest and colonization is a loftier theme than the voyage of Aeneas to Italy and the founding of Alba.

### gemus unde Latium

Albanique patres atque altae mania Romae.  
The war of the Revolution and the emancipation of the "Old Thirteen," is more full of incident and of interest than the wrath of Achilles and the sack of Troy. That the character and fate of our aboriginal tribes is the fittest material for poetry, has been abundantly proved by the works of fancy to which they have already given birth, some of which require only a metrical dress to place them in the highest rank among compositions of this class.

Our writers evidently have all the elements of poetry within them—Genius and imagination and the command of language calculated to excite all the emotions of the beautiful and the sublime, thoughts true to nature and words that speak forth all that the eye sees and the ear hears. I believe, therefore, as I have said, that some great national poet will yet arise among us, yea, for all that I know, he may be already here. And he will be a true American poet, true to our national spirit and tendencies. I have no doubt of this, because I find our poets truer to our national instincts than any other class of our writers, not pandering to the vulgar passions of the hour, but boldly speaking out the free and lofty feelings of the heart. Hear Bryant in the midst of his sublime "Hymn to Death," giving utterance to our inborn hatred of tyranny:

"Raise then the hymn to Death. Deliverer! God hath appointed thee to free the oppressed. And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief, The conqueror of nations, walks the world, And it is changed beneath his feet, and all Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm— Thou, while his head is loftier, and his heart

Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand Almighty, settest upon him thy stern grasp, and the strong links of that tremendous chain That bound mankind, are crumbled: thou dost break

Scepter and crown, and beat his throne to dust. Wilcox, and Sprague, Drake and Halleck, Longfellow and Whittier, Pierpont and Signoury, have all kindled with this theme, and indeed I do not know that I might not add the whole band of American bards as having caught this spirit and swelled with it the loftiest notes of their lyres. But I do not know that any one has more fully brought out or more happily expressed our national spirit than GARRISON, in his sonnet entitled "The Free Mind," for which we may almost pardon his wildest speculative vagaries:

"High walls and huge the body may confine,  
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his designs,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious way:  
Yet scorn the immortal spirit this base control,  
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose it;  
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!  
It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale  
It wanders plucking lioned fruits and flowers;  
It visits home to hear the fesside tale,  
Or in sweet converse passes the fesside hours.  
Tis up before the sun roams a far,  
And in its watches wearies every star."

In the same manner I might go through nearly every department of literature and show, not only that it has its representative in America, but also that it is truly American. WASHINGTON IRVING and COOPER have a fame that has reached every part of the civilized world. PASCORFF and BANCROFT are every where spoken of as standing at the head of the "American school of History." The veteran Stuart, the loss showy, but equally solid Gibbs, the judicious Robinson, the meteor-like Bush, with a host of ardent disciples or fellow-laborers, have made a commencement that bids fair to rival Germany itself, whence it has so liberally drawn its materials. Felton and Anthon, Lewis and Woolsey, have made a fair beginning in classical literature, and able men in the professorial chairs of many of our colleges will, no doubt, disseminate a taste among our "studious youth" for these pursuits. Astronomy has had its Rittenhouse and its Bowditch, Chemistry its Franklin and its Hare, Zoology its Wilson, its Godman, its Audubon and its Harris. In short, I think that the day is not far distant when it will be said of American literature, "Nil in te, quod non ornabit." [From Prof. REXNOLD'S Address before the Literary Societies of Pennsylvania College.]

### PARENTAL GOVERNMENT.

Rev. Dr. Sharp, of Boston, a man of more than three score, and who has brought up a large family of children, lately preached a discourse on the subject of Parental Government, extracts from which are given in the Boston Christian World. We copy two paragraphs, which seem to us to embody much sound sense and to furnish a very proper answer to those who are forever quoting Solomon in defence of the rod: "In most instances corporeal severity is unnecessary—scarcely ever, if there be a rational, uniform, affectionate and firm system of paternal government. Where there is much of correction, it is the hand taking the place of the judgment; it is the temper supplying the place of reflection; it is haste taking the place of patience; it is doing what requires no thought, in preference to a sober and protracted inquiry.—How can I reclaim my child from his waywardness, and bring out the better qualities of the mind and heart; and let it never be forgotten that corporeal severity generally fails of its purpose. The most turbulent and unruly children you can find anywhere, are beaten most frequently and most unmercifully."

"Grant that in the age of Solomon, when the vast multitude of human beings could neither read nor write, and of course there was but little just thinking—the rod was necessary in maintaining order and authority. It supplied the place of reason and argument to those who were incapable of exercising or understanding either. But another, a better rod has been discovered—one better adapted to the present state of society. I mean, the rod of moral power. In other words, parents and teachers now feel the importance of governing their children and scholars, more by touching their minds than their bodies. They now exercise authority by instructing their children—by creating a good family opinion, as to what is proper or improper, right or wrong, and especially by enlightening the individual conscience, and by training up to right habits. This is the most effective and elevating kind of discipline. It is astonishing how many generations have passed away, without any other thought than that evil tempers and refractoriness were to be rooted out by lacerating and bruising the bodies of children, rather than by informing their minds and consciences."

It is a fair step towards happiness and virtue to delight in the company and conversation of good men, and where these cannot be had, it is better to keep no company at all.

A person pointed out a man who had a profusion of rings on his fingers, to a cooper. "Ah, master," said the artisan, "it is a sure sign of weakness when so many hoops are used."

"John, how much did your pig weigh?" "Well, it didn't weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn't."

## THE TWO FOXES.

Mrs. Child, in her letters from N. York, vouches for the authenticity of the following curious incident in natural history:—"He (the narrator) was one day in a field near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one of them disappear under the water with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth. He chased to go in a direction where it was easy for a man to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock. Here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves and scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up carefully. Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance beyond the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose above the water. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manoeuvres—the geese by some accident took the alarm and flew away with loud cackling. The fox finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite the place where his victim was buried. The man uncovered the hole put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance, to watch further proceedings.—The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox that he had invited to dine with him. They trotted along merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips, in anticipation of a rich repast. When they arrived under the rock Reynard eagerly scratched away the leaves but lo! his dinner had disappeared. He looked at his companion, and plainly saw by his countenance that he more than doubted whether any goose was ever there as pretended. He evidently considered his friend's hospitality was all sham, and himself insulted. His contemptuous expression was more than the mortified host could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurances to that effect would be regarded as lies.—Appearances were certainly much against him, for his tail slunk between his legs and he held his head down, looking sideways with a sneaking glance at his disappointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended guest seized his unfortunate host and cuffed him most unmercifully. "Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off as if conscious that he had received no more than might be naturally expected under the circumstances."

## A SMART DOG.

There is enough of the dog mixed up in the following story to entitle it to the name of a "dog story." A man down East had been exceedingly annoyed by wolves, which destroyed his sheep. In the course of time a dog fancier offered to sell him a dog—a very notable dog he was too. The catalogue of his merits was a very long one—there was not a dog virtue in the whole catalogue for which he was not distinguished—but if there was any one thing in which he peculiarly excelled, it was his prowess as a wolf hunter. This was touching our friend on the right spot. The bargain was closed, and he only waited the opportunity to test his merits.

At length there came a light snow, just the kind of snow for wolf-hunting, and he took his dog and gun and sallied out. He soon crossed the track of a varmint—the dog took the scent and bounded off in pursuit. On followed our friend, up hill and down dale, through bush and through briar, for two mortal hours, when he came across a yankee of the live species, and the following satisfactory dialogue took place:—"Did you see a wolf and a dog pass by here?"

"Well, I reckon I did."  
"How long ago?"  
"Well, I guess about half an hour."  
"How was it with 'em?"  
"Well, just about nip and tuck—but the dog had the advantage, for he was a leetle ahead."—Nashua Telegraph.

A SCRIPTURE NAME.—"Mister printer," said a little urehin, poking himself into our sanctum with a paper in his hand pointing to a word—"mother wants to know what's the meaning of this ear word?"  
"What word—that Salamagundi?" said we.  
"Yes, sir."  
"Tell your mother that Webster says it is a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herring—with oil, vinegar, molasses, red flannel and onions, to be eaten three times per day."  
"By thunders! if the old woman didn't think it was a scripture name!"

A TART REPLY.—A lady who presumed to make some observation, while a physician was recommending her husband to a better world, was told by the doctor that if some women were to be admitted there, their tongues would make paradise a purgatory. "And if some physicians," replied the lady, "were to be admitted there, they would make it a desert."

The following short sentence of advice by Wm. Penn, should be kept in the mind by all young persons who think of committing matrimony:—"Never marry but for love, but see thou lovest what is lovely."

## A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

An old gentleman in this city relates one of the most thrilling romances of real life we ever heard of. In this romance he was the principle actor. Many years ago, in Vermont, an insane man suddenly disappeared. No trace of his whereabouts could be discovered, and many supposed that he was dead. Several years after his strange disappearance, a person who had known him, dreamed that he had been murdered by a certain family residing near at hand, and that he was buried in a certain spot. This dream occurred several times, and so vivid that the dreamer related it, and induced other persons to aid him in digging at the spot indicated in his dream.—They dug and found bones. They also found a button and a knife, which was identified as the property of the missing man. The family, consisting of a mother and two young men, sons, were arrested and imprisoned. The sons, to save the mother, confessed the murder. On trial, however, they pleaded not guilty, but were, nevertheless, found guilty, and condemned to be hanged. The sentence was, however, commuted to imprisonment for life in the state prison, to which they were sent.

Soon after the trial, a paragraph appeared in the Post of this city, which led the old gentleman referred to, (who was acquainted with all the parties in the affair,) to believe that the man supposed to be murdered was alive. He was set to work, and by dint of inquiry found the insane man on a farm, under the supposition that it was his own. The old gentleman addressed him, saying:

"Don't you know me?"  
"No—never saw you before."  
The old man dropped an English shilling which the insane man instantly clutched.  
"Now," said the old gentleman, "tell me who I am and who you are, and I'll give you that shilling."

The insane man did as required, and proved to be the missing individual. He was taken back to Vermont, and the two men were released, of course. The insane man had, however, to be exhibited publicly, and to thousands of people, before they would believe he was himself.

This story is true, and can easily be proved by a reference to the legitimate records of the time. It is a curious romance in Real life, and goes ahead of all the fictions ever invented.—U. S. Republican.  
The Elizabethtown (N. J.) Journal says:—"The names of the accused and condemned persons were Daniel and Jesse Bourn, and that of the supposed murdered person Russel Colvin. One of the Bourne's was to have been hung, and the other was already in the State Prison. Colvin, by an advertisement, was discovered in Monmouth county, in this State, residing in the family of a Mr. Cadwick. He was immediately taken to Vermont, and the prisoners of course released."

AN AWFUL EXECUTION.—We have just conversed, says the (Ark.) Whig, with a gentleman who witnessed the execution of the old man Burnett and wife, at Fayetteville, on Saturday last. They were conveyed to the gallows at half past twelve, and were executed about two o'clock. The old man uttered not a word after he was put on the platform, and the old woman said only a few words, which were understood to be on religious subjects. She was said to have been much agitated, and was unable to stand alone during the adjustment of the rope. Not a soul went forward to bid them adieu; nor did they take a farewell from each other or the world. There were a very large number of persons on the ground—probably between two and three thousand. Our informant states that he saw young Burnett, the son, in prison on the morning of the execution, and that he appeared entirely careless and unconcerned about the destiny of his father and mother. What a wonderful effect crime has upon the heart!

BENEFITS OF ADVERTISING.—An Eastern correspondent of the Richmond Whig, in noticing the unparalleled prosperity which has attended certain commercial and manufacturing houses which he visited, says:—"In order to secure customers they advertised freely, which is all essential, if a merchant or business man wishes to be successful. For instance, one of these clothing stores pay to the Boston Atlas alone six hundred dollars a year for advertising." He mentions several men who had begun with a capital of twenty-five dollars but who had grown enormously rich; one of the great moans depended on was advertising freely. He acknowledged that he was drawn to their store by seeing their advertisements, as well as hundreds of other strangers. In fact, strangers almost invariably go to the houses they see advertised."

The Hon. JESSE D. BRIGHT has been elected a U. S. Senator, from the State of Indiana, for six years from the 4th of March last. The election was made by the Legislature of Indiana on the 6th instant. Whig vote was cast for J. G. MARSHALL.

Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverting, without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners, nor any thing that may offend modesty.

The most simple word, but the most difficult to pronounce in the English language, is "No." How many have been ruined by being unable to overcome the difficulty.

## THE HEART.

The human heart—that restless thing!  
The templer and the trier;  
The joyous, yet the suffering;  
The source of pain and pride,  
The gorgeous throng—the desolate,  
The seat of love, the fair of hate—  
Self strong and self-defied!  
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,  
Thou restless thing, the human heart!

## AGRICULTURAL.

### EARLY POTATOES.

We are often inquired of as to the best method of procuring early potatoes, and as the first thing to be attended to is to obtain early seed, we append the following list, embracing the most eligible:—Early Blues—Blue Noses—Early French—Hill's Early—Early Mercer, known as Chenangoes, and on many accounts one of the best varieties, if not the best of which we have any practical knowledge, and Schoodac Blues. If you desire early tubers for table use, they may be had simply by exposing the seed in a warm situation in early spring, taking care to cover them carefully at night or if preferable, by placing them in a warm room. By either of these modes a very early germination will be induced, and the seed may be planted out as soon as the soil is sufficiently dry to work. Care should be had not to break or injure the sprouts. Some start by planting in heaps of manure, in which there is considerable fermentation going on; but this is a less desirable method than either of the above, and requires far more care.

SOAKED CORN FOR HORSES.—One of the most successful and judicious farmers in the vicinity of Baltimore effects a saving of from one third to one half his corn, by soaking it suddenly before feeding. His method is this:—Two empty vessels, hog-heads or something similar, are placed in his cellar, where there is no danger from frost, and filled to the chime with ears of corn. He then pours on water till the vessels are filled. When well soaked the corn is fed to the horses, and when the contents of one cask are consumed, it is again filled, and the horses fed from the other.

DEPTH OF ROOTS.—In light subsoils the roots of trees have found a depth of ten or twelve feet. Roots of the Canada balsam have been traced six or seven feet below the surface. Wheat, in a rich mellow soil, will strike roots into the ground, and much farther horizontally. The roots of oats have been discovered eighteen inches from the stem, and the long, thread-like roots of grass still farther. The fine roots of the onion, being white and easily traced in black soil, have, in trenched soil, been found two feet deep. The importance of mellow soil for these fine roots to penetrate, is obvious.

WHITENESS.—Whiteness is just one of the finest things in the world to promote health and cleanliness. Your old buildings, the roofs and walls of which may not be worth the application of a coat of paint, and which are so unightly that you are justly ashamed of them in their present condition, may be made to appear almost like new work by a coat of lime. A couple of coats will be sufficient for the blackest wall. Fences around the house should be carefully washed or painted, also the interior of all out buildings, barns, hen-houses, granaries, sheep, and hog, coops, and the walls of the cellar, as well as the overhead ceilings of the rooms in the house. A liberal application of this healthy material is of great consequence; lime being a powerful disinfectant, and highly efficacious in promoting health and preventing disease.

A LITTLE FARMER.—The Massachusetts Ploughman, in speaking of the assistance which farmers receive from their children, says "three years ago we saw a man ploughing in Concord, with oxen and a horse. His only assistant was a little son four years of age. He rode the horse and guided the team. He was so small that his prudent father, Mr. Tuttle, a very good farmer, lashed him fast to the saddle, and here he caught the healthy breezes of summer, and a good appetite for plain and wholesome food; while he was kept away from the idle and mischievous company of the village boys and village loungers."

TO KEEP HENS LAYING, THROUGH THE WINTER, they must have warm quarters, and be fed to considerable extent with animal food; and then in order to fatten fowls quickly, they should be well supplied with charcoal broken into small pieces; they will become fat if shut up and fed on this substance alone.

THE OWNERS OF HORSES may find it useful to know that, to cure "scours," dissolve a piece of opium of the size of a chestnut in a pint of brandy, and pour it down from a bottle at once. It will always effect a final cure.—N. Y. Mirror.

THE TOMATO.—This vegetable is now becoming deservedly popular. Of the three varieties cultivated in this region, the large common one, the egg, and the golden crop, we prefer the two last; the first is not without its merits, but its use is often less solid in its texture and of a less less inviting flavor. The golden crop fruit is desirable, the seed should be sown in hot beds in March.