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[D. A. BURHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.]

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[WHOLE NO. 624.]

POETRY.

[From the German of Mueller.]

THE FORGOTTEN.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silvery moonlight, hour,
Bright and beautiful in its seeming,
Waves a friendly fragile flower,
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious clouds o'ertaken
When it laughs through all the sky,
Flower of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart-broken,
Consolation—heaven-spoken!

Loved one—like the star of morning—
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
Innocence with light adorning
Their pure radiance everywhere;
Maiden, mine! attend my lay,
Be this flow'ret ne'er forgot!
Whispering through the far way,
"Oh, forget—forget me not!"

Duty stern may bid us sever,
Tears bedew our parted lot;
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
"Ah, forget—forget me not!"

List, beloved! what it saith;
List each blossom's whispered sound!
As its lowly heart layeth
On the dew-bedewed ground,
Both! each dew-drop is a tear,
That brims its dark blue eyes,
Remember—when you wander near—
"Forget me not," it sighs.

CLAY'S WIFE AND MOTHER.

"Every one of these handbills was dictated by me to an amanuensis, while my hands and head were continually bathed with cold water, to keep the fever down to a point below delirium. Every relative believed I would be murdered on Monday, and all but my wife and mother advised me to yield up the liberty of the press; but I preferred rather to die."—CLAY'S MEXICO.

Blessed be that wife and mother!
Woman's words are still the oil
For the torch, when falls another,
In the night of bitter toil.
Woman's words are "half the battle,"
When the strife grows fierce and strong!
Heard, as music, 'mid the rattle
Of the rushing throng.
"Give me," cried the gallant sailor,
"Thy sweet name, my lady fair!
It shall stir to deeds of valor
For some victim of despair."
Let the thunders of the million
Break from clouds of pent-up wrath!
Underneath Love's broad pavilion,
Smiles will wreath the lightning's path.
Dressed be that wife and mother,
By that couch of freedom's son,
Thou art strong, heroic brother!
Bo thy cry, "On, Stanley, on!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Live not to thyself!"

There is one more of the great laws ordained by God, to which I wish to call your attention; and that is, to have a character which your own conscience, and which the holy family of Heaven will eternally approve, *you must live to do good, and make this your aim.*

I know that many play a conspicuous part on the stage of life, and are applauded and almost deified, while their aims are wholly selfish. But we must not take the judgement of the world on moral subjects as being that which we shall admit when we see in the light of eternity. For example, the world admires what we denominate a patriot—the man who will spend his time and money, and even life, for his country, and that without any inquiry as to his motives. But why is not Paul of Tarsus as much admired as the hero of the Nile? Was his moral character less pure—his views less lofty and far reaching—his enthusiasm less fervent—his courage less tried—his perseverance less enduring—his labors less constant—the good he effected less permanent? No, none of these, none of these. He planted twice as many churches as the other destroyed ships. He saved the souls of twice as many as the other sent into eternity unprepared, and the banner under which he fought, will wave high on the golden battlements of Heaven, long after that of the flag-ship shall have perished under the foot of oblivion and shall have passed away forever!

Why then is not Paul as much admired as the hero? They were both great men: both influenced the destiny of the globe; but alas! they were great in two very different senses of the word. The one lived and acted, and measured on the scale of time; the other on the scale of eternal ages. The one lived to exalt man; the other to exalt God. The one would have sunk a nation at a blow, if in his power, and then claimed the glory; the other would have shuddered to see even a poor jailer lose his life, and would willingly be an outcast, a babler, a madman, in the eyes of men, rather than to do good, and that, on the highest scale, to his fellow-men. I know that the man whose aim and life are to do good, is not as much caressed and admired, as the man who acts merely to gain applause. But I say this is not the time or the place for the decision of this question.

Now what does God teach us, and what are the lessons which he bids us read on every page of his word?

On the frail little stem in the garden hangs the opening rose. Go ask it why it hangs there? "I hang here," says the beautiful flower, "to sweeten the air which man breathes; to impart my beauties to kind emotion in his eye, to blow him the hand of his God who pencilled each leaf and laid them thus on my bosom." And when-

er you find me here to greet him every morning, or whether you find me on the lone mountain-side, with the bare possibility that he will throw me one passing glance, my end is the same. I live not to myself."

Beside you highway stands an aged tree, solitary and alone. You see no living thing near it; and you say, surely that must stand for itself alone. "No," says the tree, "God never made me for a purpose so small. For more than a hundred years I have stood here. In summer I have spread out my arms and sheltered the panting flocks which hastened to my shade. In my bosom I have concealed and protected the brood of young birds as they lay and rocked in their nests; in the storm I have more than once received in my body the lightning's bolt, which had else destroyed the traveller; the acorns which I have matured from year to year, have been carried far and near, and groves of forest oaks can claim me as their parent. I have lived for the eagle which has perched on my top, for the humming bird that has paused and refreshed its giddy wing, ere it danced away again like a blossom of the air—for the insect that has found a home within the folds of my bark, and when I can stand no longer, I shall fall by the hand of man, and I shall go to strengthen the ship which makes him lord of the ocean, and to his dwelling to warm his hearth and cheer his home.—I live not to myself."

On yonder mountain side comes down the silver brook, in the distance resembling the ribbon of silver, running and leaping as it dashes joyously and fearlessly down. Go ask the leaper what it is doing. "I was born," says the brook, "high up the mountain; but there I could do little good; and so I am hurrying down, running where I can, and leaping where I must, but hastening down to create the sweet valley—where the thirsty cattle may drink, where the lark may sing on my margin, where I may drive the mill for the accommodation of man, and then widen into the great river and bear up his steamboats and shipping, and finally plunge into the ocean, to rise again in vapor, and perhaps come back in the cloud to my own native mountain and live my short life over again. Not a drop of water comes down my channel in whose bright face you may not read, 'none of us liveth to himself.'"

Speak now to that solitary star that hangs in the far verge of heaven, and ask it, "Why do you stand there?" "I stand here," it says, "because I am doing good. Its voice comes down the path of light, and cries, 'I am a mighty world. I was stationed here at the creation. I was among the morning stars that sang together, and among the sons of God that shouted for joy at the creation of the earth. Aye, I was there, 'When the radiant morn of creation broke, And the world in the smile of God awoke, And the empty realms of darkness and death Were trod through their depths by his mighty breath, And the orbs of beauty and spheres of flame From the void abyss by myriads came; In the joy of youth, as they danced away, Through the widening wastes of space to play, Their silver voices in chorus rung, And this was the song the bright ones sung.'"

"Here, among the morning stars I hold my place, and help to keep other worlds balanced in their places. I have oceans and mountains, and I support myriads of immortal beings on my bosom, and when I have done all this, I send my bright beams down to earth, and the sailor takes hold of the helm and fixes his eye on me, and finds his home across the ocean. Of all the countless hosts of my sister stars who walk forth in the great space of creation, not one, not one lives or shines for herself."

And thus has God written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks that flower on its stem, upon the rain-drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert—upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every pencilled shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in his light—upon all he has written, none of us liveth to himself.

And if you will read this lesson in characters still more distinct and striking, you will go to the garden of Gethsemane, and hear the Redeemer in prayer, while the angel of God strengthens him: you will read it on the hill of Calvary, where a voice that might be the concentrated voice of the whole universe of God proclaims that the highest, noblest deed which the Infinite one can do, is to do good to others—to live not to himself! There you learn the great end of creation; and that it was, that God might have a family of dependent, free, intelligent creatures, more in-number than man can count, upon whom he may pour out his goodness and his mercies, and be himself eternally blessed, because he will eternally be communicating blessedness to this family. Unlike any other creature on the earth, man is to imitate his God!

—Address to the Literary Societies of Pennsylvania College by Rev. J. Todd.

MORAL.—Men are prone to condemn in others, what they allow in themselves, and are unwilling to judge and be judged by the same rule.

Shun a tipping house as you would the Alms-House or the Jail. He who pays frequent visits to the former, will not be likely to live long; without an apartment in the one or the other of the latter.

AN ORIENTAL STORY.

During the absence of the Rabbi Meir from his house, his two sons died—both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened by the law. His wife bore them to her chamber, and laid them upon her bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. When Rabbi Meir returned, his first inquiry was for his sons. His wife reached him a goblet; he praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked, "Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," said she, placing the food before him, that he might eat. He was in a glad and genial mood, and when he said grace after meat, she thus addressed him: "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it, then, my love," replied he. "A few days ago, a person entrusted some jewels in my custody, and now he demands them: should I give them back to him?" "This is a question," said the Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought necessary to ask. What wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah! my sons, my sons!" loudly lamented their father, "my sons! the light of my eyes and the light of my understanding! I was your father—but ye were my teachers in the law."

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord, gave, and the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord," echoed the holy man; "and blessed be his holy name forever." — [Mishna of the Rabbins.]

MORAL COURAGE.

A rare virtue, and great as it is rare.—We remember when we thought the courage of the field everything. The charge—the word of command—high sounding and clear amid the battle's fury—the clash of arms—the roar of artillery—the thrill of sound, it bids the soldier dare all for victory—the banner of your country in front—planted there to stand amid victory or defeat—oh! how young hearts beat to the actors in such a scene, calling it glorious, and holding it noble for brave spirits to mingle in, and fighting nobly, to lie down and die.

But what is the courage of the battle field compared with the moral courage of every day life? Stand alone; see friends scowl; hear distrust speak its foul suspicion; watch enemies taking advantage of the occasion, laboring to destroy; who would not rather encounter the shock of an hundred battle fields, and lead a forlorn hope in each, than bear and brave these things? Why the one is as the Summer breeze on the ocean to Winter's stormiest blast. Any common spirit may summon courage to play the soldier well; use quickly fits him for it. But it requires a man to speak out his thoughts as he thinks them—*to do*—when like that stormy blast in Winter on old ocean, peace, honor, security and life are threatened to be swept away!

Yet who looking back on the page of history, or forward to the hope of the future, would hesitate which of the two to choose? The martyrs—what are they? Chronicled names in all hearts. The patriots who died for liberty, ignominiously on the scaffold; how fares it with them? Cherished as earth's honored sons. The good—who spoke the truth and suffered for its sake—where are they? The best and brightest—first in our thoughts and love. And yet what did they? Like men they spoke the truth that was in them.—This was their courage. If they had been silent, if trembling before tyrants or mobs, they had feared to tell what they knew, to speak what they felt, they would have lived and died as other men. But they had the moral courage to do all this, and though they perished, man was blessed through their suffering, and truth lighted up with new glory and power.

Give us moral courage before every thing else! It is the only bravery on which humanity may count for any real blessing. Give us moral courage first and last! For while it nerves a man for duty, it roots out of his heart, hate and revenge, and all bad passion, making him wise amid danger, calm amid excitement, just amid lawlessness, and amid corruption. It is the crowning beauty of manhood.—[Clay's True American.]

THE BIBLE.—This is the ladder whereby men may climb to heaven. And yet we need not ransack the Indies to enrich ourselves with it, nor venture shipwreck to bring it home. We need not sell lands and houses to purchase it, nor run the hazard of sword and fire to secure it. It is a thing always to be had, always within call, ever at hand, and very portable—no burden in a journey, no load in a voyage. We may carry it wherever we go; when at home or abroad, and even in the stillness of night, we may dwell upon it with holy contemplation, as did the ancient patriarch in his dream of angels ascending and descending.

VENTRILOQUISM VS. MESMERISM.

Sometimes, while on a visit to the interior of Pennsylvania, in my professional capacity; about 4 o'clock, the stage in which I was enclosed, drove into a small village. As business was to detain me for a couple of days, I was thinking how to improve the monotony of my leisure hours, when my attention was arrested by some very large hand-bills, one setting forth the merits of ventriloquism, by Mr. T. V. Skelline, who I ascertained had acquired considerable celebrity in the science; the other was a lecture on the subject of Animal Magnetism, by Mr. M.—

About the exhibition hour, I visited the exhibition room of Mr. Skelline, but no company having arrived we adjourned to the room of his more successful rival for stray change and public fame. Upon entering the room we found it literally crowded with all ages, sexes, sizes, and characters. On a platform erected for the occasion, Mr. Snooks was addressing the audience, expatiating on the science of Mesmerism.

After he had concluded, a committee was appointed, among whom was the Rev. Mr. A., pastor of the village church, and Dr. G.—My companion remarked to me, that he was determined to expose the humbug or test its claims as a science. Accordingly things being arranged, a lady was placed in the operating chair on the platform. After requesting silence, Mr. Snooks fixed his eyes, gazing intently upon the subject reminding us of the serpent charming Eve, our old lady mother, and their commenced his manipulations, by moving his hand up and down her face. He was pretty soon interrupted by the snarling and barking of two dogs. Mr. Snooks arose and expostulated with them for so great a breach of decorum. As the delinquents had not paid their admission fee, a negro was ordered to expel them. Cuffey, coming forward, exclaimed: "What is 'um?' at the same time flourishing a large broomstick, he said, 'Jus' leff me ober dar; I'll cotech 'em, and fotch 'em out ob de high grass; but no fore-legged quadrupeds of nature being found, order was again restored, and Mr. Snooks kept on moving his arms. My companion remarked, 'I fixed them a lute!'

Soon afterwards Skelline threw his voice so as to proceed immediately from the Rev. gentleman's elbow grease! that's the time of 'day!' All eyes were directed towards the Rev. gentleman, particularly Dr. G., who looked daggers at the Rev. offender, while the Shepherd cast his eyes around in utter amazement. Significant glances were given by two virgin maidens, whose appearance indicated that they had passed the meridian of their charms, which Skelline observed, and immediately cast his voice to them remarking: "Bless my soul! it can't be possible! I never thought that our Minister drank before."

"Nor does he," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. A. "Ladies and gentlemen—this is utterly inexplicable to me, as I have not said a word; to be sure, I did hear something very near me, but I assure you it was not myself that used the phrase."

Our two virgin ladies now removed some distance apart, each one believing the other to be the offender, by breaking the decorum of the audience.

At last, in spite of all interruptions, the magnetic sleep was produced. Mr. Snooks now addressing the audience, said: "Gentlemen and Ladies, you see the effect of Animal Magnetism in the case present—no power on earth except my own can arouse her from this deep sleep."

A variety of experiments were now tried upon the subject, when suddenly a voice was heard in the midst of the committee, crying, "mad dog! mad dog!" "Bow, wow, wow," exclaimed Skelline, transferring his voice immediately under the chair of the magnetized lady. Quick as thought Mr. Snooks and the committee sprang from the stage, and a movement was visible in the magnetized lady of drawing her feet up to the spokes of the chair.

At this moment another tremendous snarling was heard in all directions of the audience, which caused a general rush to the door, in which one lubberly fellow tread on the toes of the patient, who could not suppress a loud scream.

Cuff was again called to remove the intruder forthwith. "What is you, dogs?" says Cuff, pushing his broom stick under the stage, "Jus' leff me hear you say whar you is, and see if I don't sweeten you!" No answer being made to Cuff's reasonable request, he was forced to get under the stage, where by thrusting and groping he was, putting his stick in every direction, he was started by another snarling and barking at his heels, "Look out dar, what is you about?" halloed Cuff, making a hasty retreat.

At this crisis another voice was heard at the door, crying out: "Ladies and gentlemen, escape if you can, as the rafters beneath the house are giving way under the weight of our pressure! and we shall soon have the whole timbers down upon us from above."

A general rush was now made for the door; and among the first was the magnetized lady, followed by Mr. Snooks, who no doubt had exercised his will towards the lady sufficiently to awaken her.

Being jammed out into the midst of the moving crowd, who were crying, halloing, and exerting themselves to obtain access, I lost my companion. Finding all unavailing

ments for the evening at an end, I retired to my hotel. I had not been seated before I rushed our fat jolly landlord, laughing, until I thought his fat sides would burst.

"Gentlemen," said he, as soon as he could obtain sufficient command over his risibilities, "Who do you think it was that kicked up that all fired rumpus, over yander? Why it was that ar slick Ventriloquist!"

"WHAT WAS IT, COZ?"—"Cousin William," said a merry, mischievous young girl, "what do you think I heard a pretty young lady say to you?"

"I don't know—something good I hope. Who was it, coz?"

"Shan't tell you! but it's the truth—a very pretty girl did say something about you?"

"Well, tell me what it was."

"I shan't unless you will give me that Annual that I wanted."

"Well, agreed—you shall have it—now tell me!"

"Well, now—don't blugh so—she said you were the ugliest looking man she ever laid her eyes on!"

THE SENSATION OF DRUNKENNESS.—The New Orleans Picayune contains the "confessions" of a man who was "never drunk but once," and "never means to be so again." In describing the sensation he says, "the street seemed to be very steep and lifted my feet at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making revolutions in my brains, and I at one time fancied my head was a large turning establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my feet.—I couldn't conceive what was the reason the town had turned into such an enormous hill; and what made it worse was that it seemed all the time to be growing higher and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, said I, and I'll head this old hill yet, or at least, it shan't head me. I turned around to go down and get at the bottom; tell me! if the town didn't turn right around with me, heading me all the time, and presenting the high bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground flew up and struck me on the forehead; and as soon as the stars cleared away, I commenced climbing with my hand and knees. The rushing till, the raw was a jiver and I believe it run right over me, for I don't remember any more."

WOMEN AT AUCTION.—A sale of unmarried women is annually held in Babylon. In every district they assemble on a certain day of every year, all the virgins of marriageable age. The most beautiful are first put up, and the man who bids the largest sum of money gains possession of her. The second in personal appearance follows, bidders gratifying themselves with handsome wives according to the depths of their purses. There are in Babylon some girls for which no bid is offered, yet these are also disposed of, so provident are the Babylonians. When all the beautiful girls are sold, the crier orders the most deformed to stand up; and after he has openly demanded who will marry her with a small sum, she is at length adjudged to the man who is satisfied with the least and in this manner the money arising from the sales of the handsome, serves as portions to those who are of either disagreeable looks or have any other imperfections.

THE NAVY OF THE U. STATES.—The number and class of vessels in the naval service on the 1st day of October is stated by the Secretary as follows:—

Ships of the line	7	2	3	11
Frigates	7	2	2	11
Sloops of war	15	6	2	22
Brigs	5	1	0	6
Schooners	5	1	0	6
Steamers	6	3	2	11
Store ships	4	4	1	5
	40	18	12	75

The Army of the United States.—The entire force enrolled on the 28th of November was as follows:—Officers, 733; non-commissioned officers and servants, musicians and artificers, 7,883—in all, 8,616 men.

KENTUCKY.—We learn from the Message of Gov. Owsley that the affairs of the State are in good condition. The amount of the State debt, instead of being increased, is reduced by the fiscal operations of last year: the resources of the sinking fund have been ample to pay promptly and punctually the interest on the debt without anticipating means; the Treasury has been abundant to meet the ordinary expenses of the government; and leave an expected surplus on hand at the end of the next fiscal year; the receipts from taxes, from turnpike-roads, from bank dividends, and from the rivers, have all been greater this year than heretofore; all going to show the solid prosperity and the felicitous condition of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Tyler has published a letter in relation to some strictures said to have been indulged in by a clergyman of Washington on dancing at the White House. This letter of Mr. Tyler is copied into a New York paper and headed "A Voice from the Grave."

NEWSPAPERS.—In all England there are but nine daily papers published. They are all in London. The concentration of public support upon a number of newspapers is a satisfactory account for their continued

READY FOR WAR.—The New York Telegraph says:—"A brigade of 4,500 young men has been privately raised in this city and five adjoining counties, who are mustered for service, if a war breaks out with England. The command has been unanimously tendered to the gallant Gen. McNiel, and by him accepted. We hear that the services of this brigade have been actually tendered to the government."

DR. FRANKLIN.—When Dr. Franklin was serving an apprenticeship to the art of printing, he was allowed 37 1-2 cents per week, for his board. Of this he expended 18-3-4 cents. What he saved he expended for useful books.

AGRICULTURAL.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

The GRAPE requires a deep, friable soil and an exposure in accordance to the class to which it belongs, the foreign varieties alone requiring a particularly warm location. No fruit will admit of such plentiful manurings as this, provided it be properly applied, and the produce of fruit will be thereby immensely increased, and those who say the development produced is in wood without fruit evince great ignorance. Decomposed vegetable or animal manures, and above all, the blood of cattle from the stall, plentifully and freely mingled with the earth, at a short distance from the main stalk of the vine, will cause a degree of vigor and productiveness that will astonish all who have not witnessed their effects. In regard to pruning, the American varieties simply require such thinning out during the winter, as is necessary to prevent the branches injuring each other by contact, and by the removal of such weak spurs as are immature and imperfect; but no fear should be indulged that the vine, if in a good soil is not capable of maintaining its fruit on any extent of branches; it may naturally produce, as among the most productive vines found in Carolina, there are many instances where a single vine covers an acre. Summer pruning is only called for in locations where the vines are confined in too narrow limits, and then but very partially, as any considerable pruning will cause the fruit to turn black and fall off, and even cutting off the leaves will prevent the maturity of the fruit, as they are from the atmosphere to the fruit and to the whole plant. The foreign varieties being natives of a much milder climate require considerable pruning, and but a moderate proportion of the vigorous shoots should be allowed to remain, it being necessary in this case to substitute skill and artificial culture in order to remedy the inappropriateness of climate. The most delicate foreign varieties do not succeed in this latitude except under glass, but in that way they ripen well and are exceedingly productive. Wm. R. Frazier.

WHY FARMERS SHOULD TAKE A NEW PAPER.

First.—From policy, and a due regard to their own interests. As the cultivation of the soil, it is but right that they should reap the benefit, when from the numerous causes of fluctuation in markets, the price of produce is raised above its ordinary value. But is this often the case? Do those who by the sweat of their brow, have sowed and reaped, and gathered in the golden harvest, profit by the increased price of flour and other grains? On the contrary, is it not, in nine cases out of ten, the fortunate speculator, who by watching the foreign markets, and by his knowledge of affairs at home, steps in before the farmer, and cooly pockets all the gains? The latter, at home by his fireside, destitute of the important information, which so small a sum as one or two dollars might procure for him if expended on a good newspaper, sells his wheat at the usual price, little dreaming how much he is losing by the bargain, while the wiser speculator makes a snug little fortune of \$10 or \$15,000 in a day. Year after year has this been the case, and yet how few of the farmers in our wheat growing country have profited by their dear bought experience so as to avail themselves of the changes that so frequently occur. We reiterate the warning and advice, but both are regarded as the voice of interest, and a newspaper is looked upon as an article of unnecessary expense in a farm-house, by those who if they regarded their own pecuniary interest, would subscribe for one at once, even if obliged to curtail in some other quarter.

Secondly.—A farmer should take a newspaper for the sake of his children. If he would not have them grow up in ignorance of what is passing around their home and abroad—if he would prepare them for a proper discharge of their duties as citizens, he owes it to them to give them the benefit of this weekly instructor, coming into the family without blame or pretence and performing its office without delay or interruption. There is a vast amount of general intelligence condensed in the narrow limits of a well-conducted newspaper. Much of this can be read in the same way; and for the sake of the children, it must be read through the parent's hands. It wants his youth over the eye, and his hand on the plow. Whatsoever may be thought of, it is a friend to the farmer.

Newspapers.—In all England there are but nine daily papers published. They are all in London. The concentration of public support upon a number of newspapers is a satisfactory account for their continued