

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVII.—313

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, 1846.

{WHOLE NO. 593.

FARMERS, LOOK HERE!

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.

By order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator, with the will annexed, of THOMAS M'KEE, deceased, will expose to Public Sale on

Saturday, the 17th of October next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, the

VALUABLE FARM

of said deceased, situate in Liberty township, Adams county, Pa. adjoining lands of Henry Welty, the heirs of Abraham Krise, Henry Pecher, and others, containing

400 ACRES

more or less. The improvements on the Farm are valuable and in good order, including a Two Story

STONE DWELLING,

with a one and one-half story Log Building attached, a double Log Barn, Stone Sheds, Wagon Shed, and Corn House. There is a good Orchard on the premises—also a Spring of first-rate water convenient to the door. Upwards of 200 Acres of this farm are covered with Oak, Poplar, Chestnut, Locust and other first-rate

TIMBER.

The balance is cleared and in a good state of cultivation, with a sufficiency of good meadow—all well watered. Any person desiring to view the above property can do so by calling upon the undersigned, or Mr. Thomas F. M'Kee, residing on the premises.

TERMS.—One half the purchase money to be paid in hand on the 1st day of April, 1847, and the residue in two equal annual payments, without interest.

JAMES MOORE, Adm'r.

Aug. 21, 1846.

PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on Saturday the 17th day of October next, at 10 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the property now occupied by Mr. SAMUEL BRICKER, in Straban township, Adams county, on the road leading from Gettysburg to Hunterstown, and about 1 1/2 miles from the former place, containing 10 ACRES of Patented Land. The improvements are a two-story Frame

DWELLING HOUSE,

a Frame Stable, and other out-buildings. There is a well of water convenient to the door, and a number of young Fruit Trees on the premises. A portion of the land has been well limed, and the whole is laid out in four fields, one of them being in Meadow. Any person wishing to view the property can do so by calling on Mr. Bricker residing thereon. A good title will be made on the purchaser complying with the terms, which will be made known on the day of sale by

JOHN MUSSER.

October 2, 1846.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, the subscriber, Administrator of the Estate of FREDERICK BERLIN, late of Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., deceased, will expose to Public Sale, on

Saturday the 17th of October next, on the premises, in said Township, a

TRACT OF LAND,

late the Estate of said deceased, containing

13 ACRES,

more or less, of Patented Land, and adjoining lands of Samuel Miller, Joshua L. Hoover, and others. The improvements are a good Two-Story

STONE HOUSE,

a Stone Kitchen, a Log Barn, with thrashing Floor and Sheds, &c.—There is a never-failing Spring near the house. About two Acres of the Tract are in good Timber; the balance is cleared, with a sufficiency of good MEADOW. There is also upon the Farm a young ORCHARD, with a variety of choice Fruit.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M., when attendance will be given and terms made known by

JOHN SHEPPER, Adm'r.

By the Court—W. S. HAMMONS, Clerk.

Sept. 25, 1846.

NOTICE TO BRIDGE-BUILDERS.

The Commissioners of Adams County will receive Sealed Proposals at their office in Gettysburg until Tuesday the 20th day of October next, for building

A BRIDGE

across Rock Creek on the road leading from Gettysburg to Harrisburg.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' office.

PETER DIEHL,

JAMES CUNNINGHAM, Comm'rs.

JOSEPH FINK.

Perfumery, Soap, &c.

PERFUMERY, SOAP, &c., for sale by C. WEAVER.

POETRY.

SEPTEMBER.

She hath gone, the gorgeous summer—
Yet on path, and wood, and hill,
The trees of her rosy feet
Are lingering brightly still:
And, as the sunlight parting
On evening leaves its flush,
In the shadowy arms of Autumn
Still we revel in her blush.

Art thou gone, oh! lovely summer!
I am wandering where the trees,
The grand high priests of nature,
Swing their censers to the breeze:
Swing perfumes on the lazy air,
While through the arches dim
Comes fair, and sweet, and solemnly
Their murmured, mystic hymn.

I am wandering through the forests,
Through the summer woods—but lo!
There droops and sways a yellow flag,
Amid the green beach lough:
And from the tufts of waving fern
Spring shafts of pale gold,
And the lone grass, pliantly whispering
When rising winds are bold.

And the bath flower by the streamlet,
The thistle-down that soils,
A fairy craft o'er mount and mead,
Urged on by mimic gales,
The golden rods bright glancing
Where the calm and sunny light
Falls trickling through the woven leaves,
These whisper of thy flight.

Alas! alas! for summer gone,
Alas when death his snow
Shall heap upon her rosy lips
And on her radiant brow!
Alas! when Nature, pale with dread,
Shall stand, a stricken Niobe,
Alone amid her dead.

MISCELLANY.

THE POWER OF INTERPRETATION.

Potomac, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot, thus speaks of the late Felix G. M'Connell:

"Now that General M'Connell is dead and gone, the people begin to remember that there were some bright spots in his character. I knew him long, long ago in Alabama, and while he was in Congress; and when some of the newspapers and letter writers were handling him roughly, he would often come to me, on account of our old acquaintanceship, perhaps, and with tears in his eyes, beg of me to intercede in his behalf, and try to get the editors and letter writers aforesaid to let him alone. He would say that he asked it not for his own sake, but for the sake of his excellent wife and children. On these occasions I more than once told him that he knew as well as he could be told, how he could put a stop to the abuse he complained of. He would reply—'I know it, I know it; you would have me quit drinking and frolicking, and shut up this walking distillery! But I can't do it. I have tried many times, but it is impossible. I can't stop, but must go on.' I once asked him what his end would be? He replied seriously—for he was sober—that he knew not. His wife he said was a good Christian, and would go to Heaven. He hoped his children would; but as for himself, he could only say, that at one period of his life, he was for thirteen months a sincere exhorter in the church, and if the God above did not look back to that period of his life with a favorable eye, and save him, why then he would be lost, for he could do nothing now toward saving himself—it was too late! Poor Mac—peace be to his ashes!"

To YOUNG MEN.—There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that though unseen he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptations not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He needs not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist, who says not only with his heart, but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world, like a self-balancing tower; happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not a drop in a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy.—Put on thy strength then! let Truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—Southern Rose.

THE END OF A MURDERER.—Wesley Flavel, the individual who was convicted of shooting his niece two years ago in Philadelphia, and pardoned by Gov. Porter, on condition that he would leave the country, fled on a flight of stairs at his residence, while in pursuit of something to kill his wife, on Sunday night the 20th ult., and died a short time after. He was under the influence of liquor at the time.

STORMING OF STONY POINT.

A ROMANCE.

The night had already settled down gloomy and forboding on the evening of the 15th of July, 1779, when the advancing column of a little army, whose uniform betokened it to be American, emerged from a thick wood on the shore of the Hudson, and in an instant the whole dim and shadowy prospect, disclosed to them along the bank of the river, opened to the sight. Far away lay Verplank's Point now buried in a mass of shadow, while on the other side of the river, dark, gloomy and frowning, rose up the craggy heights of Stony Point. Washed on three sides by the Hudson, and protected on the other, except along a narrow road, by a morass, the fort was deemed one of the most impregnable upon the river; and its capture regarded as almost impossible. Yet to achieve that gallant purpose, this little army was now upon its march.

A turn in the road soon hid them from the river and after a silent march for some minutes duration, they arrived within a mile and a half of the enemy's lines, and halting at the command of their officer, formed columns for the attack. Beginning again their march they soon reached the marshy ground at the base of the hill. "Hist!" said the low voice of the General, from the front, "we are nigh enough, now halt!"

The order had passed in a whisper down the line, and the column paused on the morass. It was a moment of suspense and peril. Every man felt that in a few minutes the fate of their hazardous enterprise would be determined, and that they would either be held in death, or the American flag waving in triumph over the dark promontory ahead, now scarcely discernible through the thick gloom of midnight. Yet not a lip quivered, not a cheek blanched in that crisis. About twenty paces in front of the column, had halted the forlorn hope of one hundred and fifty men, with unloaded pieces and bayonets fixed, while further on, a small group of shadowy figures could be seen through the obscurity, accoutered with axes to cut through the abatis. Each man had a piece of white paper in his hat to distinguish him from the foe in the approaching melee. The pause, however, which afforded the prospect was but momentary. The General had already reconnoitered the approaches to the still silent promontory, and waving his sword on high he gave the order. In another instant the dark massive column was moving steadily to the attack.

It was a thrilling moment, during which that devoted band crossed rapidly over the marsh. As yet the enemy had not discovered them. Even the hearts of the eldest veterans trembled with the eagerness of that moment of suspense. Already had the foremost pioneers reached the abatis—and the quick, rapid blow of their axes rung upon the night, when suddenly a shout of alarm broke from the fort, the gun of a sentry flashed through the gloom, and in an instant all was uproar and confusion within the astonished fortification. Not a moment was to be lost.

"Advance! advance!" shouted Wayne, as he passed rapidly on towards the abatis, followed in death-like silence by his indomitable troops.

"To arms!" came borne on the night breeze from the fort—"to arms—to arms!" and then followed the quick roll of the drum. In an instant the enemy were at their posts, and as the gallant continentals still maintained their silent but steady march, a fire, such as only desperation could produce, burst from every embrasure of the fort. The incessant rattle of the musketry, the roar of the artillery, the crashing of grape shot, and the lurid light flung over the scene by the explosion of the shells, and the stream of fire pouring from the fort, formed a picture which no pen can describe. Yet, amid it all, the daring assailants steadily advanced, though not a trigger had been pulled in their ranks. Faithful to the command of their general, though trembling in every limb with eagerness, they kept up their silent march, amid the fiery tempest, as if impelled by some godlike power. On—on—they pressed. The whirling fire from the fort ceased not; yet still they dashed along, charging at the point of the bayonet, over abatis and bulwark, until the enemy, surprised by their impetuous onset, quailed before them. The works were forced. Then, and not till then, was the death-like silence broken. A sound rung out from the victorious troops over all the battle. It was the watch-word of success. It was heard by the head of the column behind, it was passed down the line, was caught by the rear, and a wild shout, making the very welkin tremble, rung out as they dashed to the attack.

The contest was short but terrific. Over bulwark, battery, and prostrate foe, the gallant continentals, headed by Wayne, passed on, and driving all before them, met the column of their little army with an enthusiastic cheer in the very centre of the enemy's works. In another moment, the starry flag of America waved triumphantly over the battlements.

The enthusiasm of the victors cannot be described. But though the contest had been so bloody, not a man of the enemy fell, after resistance ceased. The prisoners were disarmed, a guard placed over them, and sentries posted on all the commanding positions around the works.—The morning sun announced to the British fleet in the river, that Stony Point was won.

WASHINGTON'S PSALM.—The Rev. Mr. Waldo, an old revolutionary veteran from Connecticut, who attended the celebration at Westfield, Mass., on the 4th of July, made himself quite interesting at the dinner table. He is now nearly ninety years old, but is in the vigor of a green old age, and was able to preach two sermons last Sabbath.

In his remarks he referred to the allusion made by the orator to Washington, and observed that he never heard even the name of that glorious chieftain and good man, "without feeling the cold chills through his whole system."

He remarked that there was a single incident that came within his personal knowledge, which he believed was not generally known. It was that Washington, on the day that he assumed the command of the American army at Cambridge, read and caused to be sung the 101st psalm, a portion of which we publish:

If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word,
Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors, shall never abide.

I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honor, wealth and trust;
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favorites still.

In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
Nor while the innocent guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

The impious crew, (that factions band)
Shall hide their heads or quit the land,
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

This psalm the reverend worthy deacon read off to the company in true primitive style, a line at a time, which was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred," that tune being as the old veteran said, "just the thing for it."

Modern improvements in psalmody have almost obliterated the good old psalms and hymns, with many of the tunes, that the fathers sang with such spirit and understanding. Such a psalm as the one quoted above would be deemed a political one now-a-days, and sorry are we to say it, very many ministers would hardly deem it a proper one to be sung on public occasions.

BEATIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A hummingbird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing doll."

"Impossible," exclaimed the hummingbird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful persons as you."

"Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice; never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

THE WIT OF A GERMAN LAWYER.—There are many stratagems in war, as many it may well be said in love and law. We hear oftentimes how the stratagems of love have outwitted parental vigilance, but we never heard of a case where law so effectually aided Hyman as is related in a Bavarian journal. The translation may not be so good as Dr. Kraitzer might give, but it runs to the effect that a young man of Nuremberg who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune.

The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty thousand dollars for it?" "Not for all the world!"

"This well," replied the lawyer, "I had a reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father, he said, "I have inquired about this young man's circumstances. He has indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand dollars." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.—Boston Transcript.

PRESENT OF MIND.—An admirable instance of presence of mind was shown by a Highland lad, who, with a lowland farmer, was crossing a mountain stream, in a glen, at the upper end of which a water spout had fallen. The Highlander had reached the opposite bank, but the farmer was looking about, and loitering on the stones over which he was stepping, wondering at a sudden noise he heard, when the Highlander cried out, "Help! help! I am a dead man," and fell to the ground. The farmer sprung to his assistance, and had hardly reached him when the torrent came down sweeping over the stones with a fury which no human force could have withstood. The lad had heard the roaring of the stream behind the rocks, and fearing he might be panic-struck if he told him of his danger, took this expedient to save him.—Dun's Letter.

A PROFANE SWEARER NONPLUSSED.—

In Scholastic County there lives a man whose addiction to profanity is such that his name has become a by-word and a reproach; but by some internal thermometer he so graduates his oaths as to make them apply to the peculiar case in hand; the greater the mishap or cause for anger the stronger and more frequent his adjurations. His business is that of a gatherer of ashes, which he collects in small quantities and transports in an ox cart. Upon a recent occasion, having by dint of great labor succeeded in filling his vehicle, he started for the ashery, which stands upon the brow of a steep hill; and it was not until he reached the door that he noticed, winding its tortuous course down the long declivity, a line of white ashes, while something short of a peck remained in the cart. "The dwellers by the way side and they that tarried there" had assembled in great force, expecting an unusual anatomical display. "Turning however to the crowd the unfortunate man heaved a sigh, and simply remarked; 'Neighbors, it's no use; I can't do justice to the subject.'—Knickerbocker.

JUDICIAL DIGNITY.—The following conversation is said to have passed between a venerable old lady and a certain presiding judge in— The learned functionary was supported on his right and left by his worthy associates, when Mrs. P. was called to give evidence.

"Take off your bonnet, madam."
"I had rather not, sir."
"Bonnets and brimstone, madam, take off your bonnet, I say."

"In public assemblies, sir, women generally cover their heads. Such, I am sure is the custom elsewhere, and therefore I will not take off my bonnet."

"Do you hear that, gentlemen? She pretends to know more about these matters than the judge himself! Had you not better, madam, come and take a seat on the bench?"

"No, sir, I thank you, for I really think there are old women enough there already."

EUROPEAN OPRESSION.—Rev. Dr. Kutz, the intelligent editor of the Lutheran Observer, in his last letter from Europe, says—

"No intelligent citizen of the U. States can travel through the petty Principalities and huge Monarchies of Europe, without feeling the utmost indignation at the numberless restrictions and oppressions practised on the people and especially on the peasantry and laboring portion of the community, while a numerous and bloated aristocracy, and thousands of sprigs of royalty and nobility, are reveling in luxury, and flaunting about in the gorgeous trappings of overgrown privileged wealth, the product of the sweat and blood of the much abused peasant and oppressed mechanic. Blessed be God, there is at least one Republic in the world, one country in which rational liberty has a home, where the People are the Sovereign, and enjoy all the rights to which they are entitled. It is almost impossible properly to appreciate the blessings of our own free and happy land without travelling in Europe; we may indeed read and hear about kings, and princes, and nobles, and think we know all about it; but our estimate will always fall short, until we become eye-witnesses of princely despotism, or are practically brought under its iron and unrelenting influence."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The Boston Transcript notices the discovery of a new preparation by Dr. Morton, which is intended to alleviate the sufferings of those who are forced to undergo painful operations in surgery and dentistry, as well as to facilitate the work of operators. The effect of this new discovery is to throw the patient into a state of insensibility, and while unconscious any operation can be performed without occasioning pain. A gentleman of the highest respectability witnessed an experiment of the use of this extraordinary discovery at the rooms of Dr. Morton. An ulcerated tooth was extracted from the mouth of an individual without giving him the slightest pain. He was put into a kind of sleep, by inhaling a portion of this preparation, the effects of which lasted for about three quarters of a minute, just long enough to extract the tooth. This discovery is destined to make a great revolution in the arts of surgery and surgical dentistry.

A GOOD RIDDLE AND AN EXCELLENT ANSWER.—The following riddle is attributed to Mr. Macaulay, the essayist:

Cut off my head—and singular I am,
Cut off my tail—and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail, and strange to tell,
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head, cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail, cut off? A roaring river.
Within whose eddying depths I peacefully play,
A parent of soft sounds, though mate forever.

A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser furnishes the following answer:

Feed! I've guessed it! 'Tis a Cod:
Cut off his head, he's very good;
Cut off his tail you have a Cod;
And that is "plural," all men know.
Cut off his head and tail, you leave
A middle nothing (O), you perceive.
What is his head? A sounding sea.
What is his tail? The river's bed.
And where's the Epicure but cries "O Zounds,
I know the cod produces most sweet SOUNDS."

The deepest Artesian well in Europe, is in the Duchy of Luxembourg. Its present depth is 2336 feet nearly 984 feet more than that of la Grenelle, near Paris. It is said that this immense work has been undertaken for working a large stratum of rock salt.

FATTENING HOGS.

It is good policy to commence fattening pretty early, for pork can be made at less cost in mild weather than in winter. At this season weeds from the garden and fields will aid a little, the sweet apples that have fallen will do more service in a hog-pen than under the tree, where the worms that are in them would make their appearance next spring in the form of insects.

Hogs are fond of variety, and in August and September they can be gratified at small cost. Purslain, that now covers the ground in many gardens is greedily devoured by hogs, and who knows but this weed has as much power to fatten as the tops of corn have? Charcoal should be occasionally thrown into the pen; brimstone should be mixed in the liquid food, and a little meal improves sour milk and whey.—When your sweet corn is full the corn may be cut up at the roots, and the whole may be cut fine with an axe. The cob will be eaten with the corn, and the whole will prove economical food. Well fed hogs will make better manure than half fed animals; and now, your harvest hury is over you have time to add loam that will make the pen smell sweeter than some kitchens that you pass by.

PRESERVATION OF APPLES.—Apples intended to be preserved for winter and spring use, should remain upon the trees until quite ripe, which usually takes place at the coming of the first heavy frosts. They should then be plucked from the trees by hand, in a fair day, and packed up immediately in casks, in alternate layers of dry sand and plaster, chaff, saw-dust or bran, and conveyed to a cool, dry place, as soon as possible. The sand or saw-dust may be dried in the heat of summer, or may be baked in an oven at the time required to be used. The peculiar advantages arising from packing apples in sand are explained and commented upon as follows, by the late Mr. Webster, author of the "American Dictionary of the English Language."

1st. The sand keeps the apples from the air, which is essential to their preservation; 2d. The sand checks the evaporation of perspiration of the apples, thus preserving in them their full flavor—the apples are kept dry, and all mustiness is prevented. My pippins, in May and June, are as fresh as when first picked. Even the ends of the stems look as if just separated from the twigs. 3d. The sand is equally a preventative from frost, rats, &c. But after the extreme heat of June takes place, all apples speedily lose their flavor and become insipid.

DREADFUL OCCURRENCE.—Run at the bottom.—A most painful and heart-rending calamity occurred in Warsaw, Kentucky, on Friday, 25th ult. which resulted in the death of a young man, 18 years of age, by the hand of his father. The facts, as far as we learn them from the correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial, are as follows:

A man by the name of Edes, a brother-in-law to Mr. Green, was in the habit of drinking to intoxication, and while in this beastly, debased state, of whipping his wife. On the night above mentioned, Edes got into one of his savage ways, and commenced abusing and illy treating his family, upon which, his wife sent a messenger to Mr. Green to come and protect her.—Mr. Green sent his son, a youth of 18, to try and pacify his uncle, but he failed, and another messenger was dispatched for Mr. G. upon which, he in company with several men, started for Mr. Edes. Upon reaching the yard fence, Mr. Green was met by some one, and told that Edes was armed, and if he went in the house he would kill him. Green then asked for a club, and some one near handed him an axe, when he started to the house and asked Edes what he was abusing his family for. Edes in answer, made threats and started out of the door, at which time some one called to Green to be on his guard, that Edes was coming, and at this time his own son (Green's) ran towards his father, to get out of the way of his uncle, when Green mistook his son for Edes, and made a stroke at him, which proved fatal to him in a few seconds. The blade of the axe cut off the lower portion of the scapula, cutting through two or three of his ribs, and passing through his heart.

THE GRAND SECRET.—A journal, speaking of the advantage of the advertising system in business, very appropriately says: "In trade and commercial enterprises the advertisement is the telegraph of society, and one of the most indispensable comforts and necessities of industrious nations." It saves time, establishes intercourse, and ministers to the wants of the consumer as well as the producer.

RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The N. York Constitutional Convention has adopted the following section for the new constitution:

"All property of the wife owned by her at the time of her marriage, and not acquired by her afterwards by gift, devise or descent or otherwise than from her husband, shall be her separate property. Laws shall be passed providing for the register of the wife's separate property, and more clearly defining her rights, thereto, as well as to property held by her with her husband."

SINGULAR DEATH.—Mr. JES. Irwin, of Pendleton, Niagara county, N. J., died a few days since, as is supposed, from breathing the dust of some wheat which was badly rusted, while engaged in thrashing it.