

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUNNELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—13

GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 19, 1847.

{WHOLE NO. 885.

IN THE MATTER
Of the intended application of JACOB HERSH for license to keep a tavern in Menallen township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE the subscribers of the township of Menallen, county of Adams, do hereby certify that we are personally and well acquainted with JACOB HERSH, the above named Petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house room and other conveniences, for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such inn or tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Jacob Bosserman, Joseph Dull,
John Burkholder, Michael Dietrick,
George W. Rer, Jesse Hatrick,
Jacob Gardner, John Howell,
Eli Corer, Jacob Peter,
James Bell, jr., Philip Long.
March 5. 31

IN THE MATTER
Of the intended application of ARNOLD GARDNER, for license to keep a tavern in Lattimore township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE the undersigned, citizens of Lattimore township, in said County of Adams, being well acquainted with ARNOLD GARDNER, the above petitioner, and also having a knowledge of the house for which license is prayed, do certify, that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public, and entertain strangers and travellers, and that the above petitioner is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance; and that he is well provided with house-room and conveniences for the accommodation of strangers and travellers.

Joseph Fickel, Fletcher Bales,
George Albert, Jacob Sitzel,
Wm. Lerer, John Harbold,
John Sheffer, Jacob Furst,
J. Gardner, jr., Michael Burgard,
Daniel Munnigh, Samuel Fickel.
March 5. 31

IN THE MATTER
Of the intended application of OLIVER P. NEWMAN for license to keep a tavern in Mountainjoy township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE the subscribers, citizens of the township of Mountainjoy, do hereby certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with OLIVER P. NEWMAN the above named petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences, for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which the license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Lewis Norbeck, Simon Reader,
Andrew Shedy, jr., Jonas Bowers,
James H. Collins, Jacob Roarlatk,
Bernhart Shely, Jacob Baker,
Henry Jacoby, John Wilson,
Samuel Little, Joseph Scats.
John Larimer.
March 12.—31

IN THE MATTER
Of the intended application of JOHN D. BECKER, for license to keep a tavern in Franklin township, Adams county, it being an old stand.

WE the subscribers of the township of Franklin, Adams county, do hereby certify, that we are personally and well acquainted with JOHN D. BECKER, the above named petitioner, that he is, and we know him to be of good repute for honesty and temperance, and that he is well provided with house-room and other conveniences for the lodging and accommodation of citizens, strangers and travellers; and we do further certify, that we know the house for which the license is prayed, and from its situation and neighborhood, believe it to be suitable for a tavern, and that such Inn or Tavern is necessary to accommodate the public and entertain strangers and travellers.

Conrad Walter, Hugh D Heagy,
Israel Yount, D. Chamberlins,
William Sattel, John Walter,
David M. Murdie, Daniel Newman,
Levi Pitzer, Samuel Lott,
James W. Wilson, And. Hintzleman.
March 12.—31

NOTICE.

LETTERS of Administration on the Estate of THELMA OWINGS, late of M'Sherrystown, Conowago tp., Adams co. deceased, having been granted to the subscriber, residing in said township, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to call and settle the same without delay, and those having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

JACOB DELLONE, Adm'r.
March 5, 1847.—61

GROCERIES and Queensware to be had good and cheap at the Store of WM. RUTHERFORD.

[From the National Era.]
BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrine of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, than when I was insulted for my religious principles, than when a few years ago it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the Kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.
Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the servant girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and forward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But, from out the thickening crowd,
Cried a sudden voice, and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man, at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarl'd and sun-burn'd darkly—

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's Lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee;
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my master stand,
Even though he slay me.

"Pledges of the love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvel'd much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"We's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly-shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord revived,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Wallon' lanceers;
Smiting through their midst we'll teach
Clad in look and decent speech
To these hoity parancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end."
Quoth the Laird of Ury:
"Is the sinful servant more,
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry!"

"Give me joy, that in His name,
I can bear with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer!"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bare heads to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the smooled daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter."

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

"Through this dark and stormy night,
Faith beholds a feeble light,
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest,
For the full day breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told,
Of thy day of trial;
Every age of him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways,
Pours its seven fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
Over the rattle's laughter;
And while Hater's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvest yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Scer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on mid night's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morning.

J. G. WHITTIER.

NICK'D THAT CHAP.

The following excellent story is told of Mr. Sheff, a grocer in Portsmouth, N. Hampshire: It appeared that a man had purchased some wool from him which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. S. had gone to the desk to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head, while there, he saw in a glass, which hung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take hold of a heavy white oak cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his chance, as if nothing had happened, and then, under pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on a horse for him, took hold of it; on doing so, it appeared heavier than he appeared to expect, upon which he exclaimed—

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."
"O, no," said the other, "you may be sure you've not, for I counted them with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute the matter—it is easily tried," said Mr. S., putting the bag into the scale again. "There," said he, "I told you so—knew I was right—made a mistake of twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole you needn't have it—I'll take part of it!"
"No, no," said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S., on their way to the strings of the bag, "I rather guess I'll take the whole!" And this he did, paying for his rascality by receiving skim milk cheese, or tap rock, at the price of wool.

IMPRESSIVE ANECDOTE.—In the month of 1745, a party of Camberland's dragoons were hurrying through Nithsdale, in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad about 16, dressed up lamb kale and butter, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them, was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. "Indeed," quoth she, "the cow and the kaleyard, wi' God's blessing, 's a my mainen." He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart; the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiers were making merry with wine and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, "I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that; she could live for all that on her God," as she said. "And don't you rue it?" cried a young squire starting up. "Rue what?" said he, "rue aught like that!" "Then," cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, "that woman was my mother. Draw, you brutal villain, draw." They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Had you rued it you would have only been punished by your God."

A CLEVER REPLY.—A servant girl in the town of A— whose beauty formed matter of general admiration and discussion, in passing a group of officers in the street heard one exclaim to his fellows:—

"By heaven she's painted!"
"Yes, sir, by heaven only!" she very quietly replied, turning round.

A PRUDENT IMPOSTER.—The famous Jemima Wilkinson, who, with a number of her followers, had fixed her residence at the head of Seneca lake, announced to them, that on a certain day, she would walk on the water. Hundreds collected on the shore of the lake, and she thus addressed them—

"My dear friends, it will be of no use for me to attempt to perform this miracle, unless you have faith. Say do you verily believe I can perform it?"
"Certainly, certainly," answered a hundred voices. "Very well," replied the prudent impostor, "if you believe it, that is enough—there is no need of my doing it, and we will go quietly to our homes."

EXCELLENT.—An eastern paper in an article on the subject of perseverance and industry, says: A few years ago, Luther Severance, Horace Greeley, and James Harper, were bringing water by the rail full to wash type in a printing office; they were knocked about by the older boys. But they did not set down and weep, and declare they would run away from their employers. No—they they became of age. Where are they now? Severance is in Congress, Greeley is editor of the New York Tribune, one of the leading papers of the day, and Harper is at the head of the largest publishing establishment in America, and was elected Mayor of the city of New York a few years ago, by an overwhelming majority. So much for energy and industry.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—While a worthy individual was "laying down the law" the other day to a knot of his acquaintances, he caught the eye of a carter hard by, who had been vainly endeavoring to raise a sack of potatoes to his cart, and who appealed to the man of knowledge—"Come, awa' Mr., knowledge is power, you ken; gie us a lift on wi' this poke o' tatties."

We do not know who the Mr. Anderson is from whose heart came the little story copied below; it is a fault in us, perhaps, but we do not remember ever to have seen his name before in connection with any piece of authorship. Perhaps this is his first attempt. If so, it gives good promise. The last "Christmas story" of the reading world's spoiled pet Dickens is an unmitigated failure; but there is no failure in Mr. Anderson's. It comes from the heart of one and goes direct to the great, throbbing, universal heart of all humanity. We ask that it be read, and that its reading may have genuine, practical effect in the awakening of a kindly and active interest for the sufferings that are felt and borne on every hand, even in our own wealthy city.—[N. Y. Com. Adv.]

The Little Match Girl—A Christmas Story.
BY H. C. ANDERSON.

It was so terribly cold—it snowed, and the evening began to be dark; it was also the last evening in the year—New Year's Eve. On this dark cold evening a poor little girl went into the street with bare head and naked feet. It is true she had shoes on when she went from home, but of what use were they? They were very large shoes, her mother had last worn them, they were so large; and the little one lost them in hurrying over the street as two carriages passed quickly by. One shoe was not to be found, and the other a boy ran away with, saying that he could use it for a cradle when he got children himself.

The little girl now went on her small naked feet, which were red and blue with cold. She carried a number of matches in an old apron, and held one hundred in her hand. No one had bought of her the whole day—no one had given her a farthing.

Poor thing! she was hungry and benumbed with cold, and looked so downcast. The snow-flakes fell on her yellow hair, which curled so prettily round her neck, but she did not heed that.

The light shone out from all the windows, and there was such a delicious smell of roast goose in the street! It was New Year's Eve, and she thought of that!

She sat down in a corner between two houses—the one stood a little more forward in the street than the other—and drew her legs up under her to warm herself, but she was still colder, and she durst not go home; she had not sold any matches or got a single farthing! Her father would beat her—and it was also cold at home; they had only the roof directly over them, and there the wind whistled in, although straw and rags were stuffed in the largest crevices.

Her little hands were almost benumbed with cold. Ah! a little match might do some good, durst she only draw one out of the bundles, strike it on the wall, and warm her fingers. She drew one out—

rich! how it burnt! It was a warm clear flame like that of a little candle, when she held her hand round it—it was a strange light!

The little girl thought she sat before a large iron stove with brass balls on the top; the fire burned so nicely and warmed so well. Nay, what was that? The little girl stretched out her feet to warm them too, then the flame went out, the stove vanished—she sat with a stump of the burnt match in her hand. Another was struck, it burnt, it shone; and by the light upon the wall, it became as transparent as crystal; she looked directly into the room where the roasted goose stuffed with apples and prunes steamed so temptingly on the table which was laid out and covered with a shining white cloth with porcelain service. What was still more splendid, the goose sprung off the dish and waddled along the floor with knife and fork in its beak—it came directly to the poor girl. Then the match went out, and there was only the thick cold wall to be seen.

She struck another match. Then she sat under the most charming Christmas tree—it was still larger and more ornamented than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's, the last Christmas; a thousand candles burnt in the green branches; and motley pictures like those which ornament the shop windows, looked down upon her. The little girl lifted up both her hands—then the match was extinguished—the many Christmas candles rose higher and higher, she saw they were bright stars—one of them fell and made a fiery stripe in the sky. "Now one dies!" said the poor little girl, for old grandmother, who alone had been kind to her, but who was now dead, had told her that when a star falls, a soul goes up to God!

She again struck a match against the wall; it shone all around, and her old grandmother stood in the lustre, so shining, so mild and blissful. "Grandmother!" exclaimed the little girl, "oh! I know you will be gone away when the match goes out—like the warm stove, the delicious roast goose, and the delightful Christmas tree!" and she struck in haste the whole remainder of the matches that were in the bundle—she would not lose sight of grandmother, and the matches shone with such brilliancy that it was clearer than in broad daylight. Grandmother had never looked so pretty, so great; she lifted the poor little girl in her arms, and they flew so high in splendor and joy, and there was no cold, no hunger, no anxiety—they were with God.

But the little girl sat in the corner by the house, in the cold morning hush, with red cheeks, and with a smile around her mouth—dead—frozen to death, the last evening of the old year.

New Year's morning rose over the little corpse as it sat by the matches of which

a bundle was burnt. She had been trying to warm herself, said they! But no one knew what beautiful things she had seen—in what splendor and gladness she had entered with her old grandmother into New Year's joy!

NEW POST OFFICE LAWS.—Congress in one of its last movements, remodelled the post office laws. We have not seen the new rules and regulations, but find the following in one of our exchange papers.

The franking privilege is restored as before the last went into operation, and \$200,000 is appropriated to pay the postage of both houses of Congress. The franking extends to the recess as well as to the terms of Congress. Mail carriers and contractors are authorized to carry newspapers out of the mail for circulation or the circulation of newspapers out of the mail are taken away.

Upon letters or packages sent by steamboats and vessels, not carrying the mail, two cents will be charged under regulation to be prescribed by the Postmaster-General.

All books and printed matter ordered by Congress are to be regarded as public documents, and as such may be franked. Postmasters are not allowed any compensation for the delivery of these documents, but the amount received from boxes is for the benefit of the postmaster to the extent of \$2,000, and beyond this must be appropriated to the support of the office.

The New York and Washington post-offices are made exceptions to this law. The postmaster is authorized to establish branch post-offices in any city where the convenience of the inhabitants may make it desirable, and that without any increase of the present rates of postage. He is also authorized to sell stamps to the deputy postmasters, and which are by them to be furnished to those wishing to purchase.

Postages remain as they were. It is made illegal to deposit two letters in the same envelope or package directed to different persons. The penalty is \$10, one half to the informer. There is, however, a proviso that the law shall not apply to packages sent to foreign countries.

Newspapers not sent from the office of publication, are to be charged with three cents postage, and to be prepaid. So also all handbills and circulars.

The post-routes are extended to Oregon and to Mexico, with return mails. During the war and for three months after, the officers and soldiers of the army are to receive their letters and newspapers free of postage.

IRELAND.—An agent of the Society of Friends, travelling with a view to explore some of the Western and Southern parts of Ireland, thus describes the prevailing manifestations of woe:

"Thou wouldst hardly recognise the country in passing through it; every living thing, but man, has disappeared; no dogs, no pigs, no poultry. I do not think I have seen a poor person laugh since I left home. How changed! It is not exaggeration to say that there is no playing of children in the streets. The people have a sickly, livid hue. I heard the remark that they were beginning not to know their neighbors, from their altered looks."

IRELAND.—The London Times utters some gloomy prophecies about the future condition of Ireland. It says that the present misery exists through the failure of the two last crops, the misery of the future will not be removed by a coming year of plenty. It anticipates yet another short crop of potatoes, even if disease should not invade them. It says that sufficient seed cannot be procured or will not be planted if it could be, for the cultivators are discouraged, and a neglect of tillage has become general. It says that the attempts of the government to relieve distress by public works, is rapidly drawing the population from the fields to the roads, and will induce an extensive neglect of agriculture. This, in a country where millions feed on one crop only, must produce appalling results, even should the season be favorable for the growth of that crop.

Capt. Henry, of the Third Infantry, in one of his clever and interesting letters to the Spirit of the Times, gives this striking description of Gen. Taylor:

"Winding down a hill our column was halted to let a troop of horse pass. Do you see at their head a plain looking gentleman, mounted upon a brown horse, having upon his head a Mexican sombrero, dressed in a brown olive colored loose frock coat, grey pants, wool socks, and shoes? From under the frock appears the scabbard of a sword; he has the eye of an eagle, and every lineament of his countenance is expressive of honesty and a calm, determined mind. Reader, do you know who this plain looking gentleman is? No! It is Major General ZACHARY TAYLOR, who, with his military family and a squadron of dragoons as an escort, is on his way to Victoria. He never has around him any of the 'pomp and circumstances of glorious war,' but when the battle rages, when victory hangs upon a thread, he is found nobly discharging his duty of commander-in-chief."

Bayle, explaining the difference between testimony and argument, uses this simile:—"Testimony is like the shot of a long-bow, which owes its efficacy to the force of the shooter; Argument is like the shot of a cross-bow, equally forcible whether discharged by a dwarf or a giant."

News Items.

The bill relative to elections in Adams county, providing that all persons to be voted for shall be on one ticket, passed the Legislature. The same bill allows the voters of each election district to decide by vote on the removal of the place of holding elections. York county is included in the bill.

An act passed the Legislature last week to prevent millers from packing flour in old barrels.

The water was let into the Pennsylvania Canal on Wednesday week, and boats had commenced running.

The receipt of \$280 55 from citizens of Gettysburg and its vicinity, for the relief of the poor of Ireland, has been acknowledged in the Philadelphia papers, by Wm. D. Duane.

The rumor of a battle at Monterey, between Taylor and Santa Anna proves to have been unfounded.

Two counterfeiters were arrested in Lancaster last week, with a large amount of counterfeit money in their possession.

Wisconsin was admitted as a State by the last Congress. The next Congress will exhibit a representation of 30 States.

The State of Florida has repudiated its late motto, "Let us alone," and substituted in lieu thereof, "In God is our trust."

Since 1817 there have been seventeen revolutions in Portugal. That beats Hayti. There are many white nations not half so capable of civil government as that black republic.

"Some quadrupeds," solemnly remarked a lecturer, "have trunks as well as chests"—"which happens to be the case with some bipeds," added a wag.

Gen. Irvin, we learn, has contributed 50 barrels of flour, of his own raising, for the relief of the sufferers of Ireland. Benevolence has always been a prominent trait in the General's character.

The British mail steamer Tweed was lost on the 12th ult. between Havana and Vera Cruz, and 60 persons were drowned.

The amount collected in New York for the relief of Ireland is \$75,000.

The snow was three feet deep on a level in Western New York, on the 2d inst.

The Catholic Churches of New York, have contributed \$13,750 34 in aid of the poor of Ireland. Noble!

The whole amount already raised in this country for Ireland and Scotland exceeds \$250,000.

Indian corn is worth two dollars and sixteen cents a bushel in England, and but little more than nine cents in Illinois.

Gen. Thom Thum was a passenger in the Cambria, on its last arrival in this country. His receipts, whilst in Europe, exceeded \$175,000.

It is thought that Massachusetts alone will raise \$200,000 for Ireland.

The Atlantic and Mississippi Rail-road bill has passed the House of Representatives of Illinois, and will, most probably, pass the Senate.

J. R. Ackland, a respectable citizen of Norfolk, threw himself from the third story of a hotel, and effected his purpose of suicide.

Hon. John A. Rockwell, of Norwich, is a candidate for re-election to Congress.

Hon. John Bell is spoken of as the whig candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

A bill passed the legislature of Michigan locating the State capital at Lansing.

Col. Jonathan P. Miller, whose mission to Greece during the struggle of that ill-fated country for freedom will be remembered by all, died at Montpelier, Vermont, on the 17th ult.

A fisherman in the Bangor market had a codfish which weighed 98 pounds, and measured 4 feet 8 inches in length.

A would-be prude remarked one day in the presence of Mlle. Dejazet, "I am very particular about my reputation," "You are always particular about trifles," replied Dejazet.

Cheap Postage has become handsomely profitable in Great Britain. Two cents is the price of postage for any single letter all over that country, and yet the annual income to the British Government, from the penny-post system, exceeds \$4,000,000.

BURNT TO DEATH.—A little boy, three years of age, son of Mr. Traver, living in Albany, was burnt to death on Sunday afternoon by his clothes taking fire while his mother was absent from the room.

A Vermont paper returns thanks to a member of Congress for a copy of the President's message "in our volume."

THE NEW PAPER.—It is stated that the planet recently discovered by Challis and Galle, in consequence of the calculations of Adams and Le Verrier, is to be called *Neptunus*.

Preparations are being made to carry another portion of the Choctaw Indians to the far West.

The surplus product of corn in the State of N. Jersey is said to be worth \$1,500,000.

Gun Cotton has been used in Vermont for blasting rocks.

There are some thousands of Norwegians in the State of Wisconsin.

In a recent engagement between the English and the New Zealanders, three officers, taken in the snare, were roasted alive and afterwards devoured.

The late anniversary of Burn's birth day was celebrated by laying the foundation stone of a large public hall close to the cottage in which he was born.