

THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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From the Louisville Journal.
A Welcome to Kosautz.
Welcome, three welcome, those noble Hungarians,
Borne from captivity over the sea!
Not as a thrall of the Northern Barbarian—
Welcome, to dwell in America, free!
Here are the eyes that have opened wept for thee,
Tears, which the joy of thy presence shall dry;
Here are the hearts that have most fondly kept
For thee,
Love, through eternity never to die!
Let the bells proudly be ringing;
Proudly the trumpet and drum,
Shout for the hero who comes!
Cannot be echoing—voices be singing,
"Noble Kosautz! welcome home!"

If thy loved Hungary may set her home to thee,
There never more with thy kindred to roam,
Here, in this beautiful land they may come to
thee,
Reason for them all in the beautiful West!
Yet there are heroes here willing to die with thee,
Striving thy freedom once more to see—
Thousands, whose spirits will evermore sigh with
thee,
"O! that have Hungary may yet be free!"
Hear! that that prayer be in Heaven;
Thunder of wrath shall reply,
Pealing aloud from the sky—
"Tyranny's shackles are soon to be riven
Tyrant, prepare thee to die!"

From the Flag of our Union.
MARY DARWELL'S GRIEF.
BY MRS. E. C. LOVERING.
A kind-hearted husband and an affectionate father was Mr. Joseph Darwell; but there were times when he appeared passionate, cruel, relentless; when love for his family was forgotten, and the distress of his wife and children had no power to soften his heart.
These times never occurred, except when Mr. Darwell had been many days absent from home, and returned from a scene of dissipation abroad, morose, irritable and ill-humored.

Mr. Darwell lived on a neat little farm, of his own, situated about twenty-five miles from New York. He was much esteemed by his neighbors, and had the reputation of being an upright, generous man. Although three or four times a year he was accustomed to visit his old companions in New York, and pass in revelling two or three weeks, spending his money lavishly, and indulging in riotous excesses. At the end of that time, exhausted with his dissipation, remorseful and sullen, he would go home to his family; never recovering his wonted cheerfulness, until the pleasant society of his wife and children, together with his habits of industry, had worn away the effects of long indulgence.
On one occasion in midwinter, Mr. Darwell had been absent from home two weeks, and his family were anxiously expecting his return, when, in the forenoon of a pleasant day, little Mary, his youngest child, espied him, riding rapidly up the road.

As Mr. Darwell dismounted from his horse, Mary ran out to meet him, and welcomed him with a kiss. But the morose father pushed her rudely from him, and with contracted brows, strode past her towards his house.

"Where's the spot?" he asked.
"I don't know, father," replied little Mary, running towards the kennel. "He is near the house somewhere."

Mr. Darwell called the dog in a loud and impatient voice; but Spot was old, and having grown deaf in his service, did not hear.

"That accursed dog!" muttered Mr. Darwell, angrily. "He is never to be found when he is wanted. Where is William, Mary?"

"In the field at work, I suppose," replied the girl timidly. "What is the matter?"

"The cow is in the clover," exclaimed Mr. Darwell.
"I will go and drive him out, papa," cried Mary.

A large, shaggy, good-natured dog, with dim eyes and blunt teeth, came trotting up to his master, wagging his tail for joy. Spot was an ancient servant in the family; and little Mary loved the dog with all that fondness which children are sometimes capable of bestowing on favorite animals.

"Come along, Spot!" muttered Mr. Darwell, hurrying away.
Spot ran on before, and little Mary followed timidly at a distance. The clover field was not far from the house, and soon Mary saw the cow feeding on the delicious herb.

Then the sensitive girl remembered how Spot tore the cattle's noses and ears when set upon them, and thought she would rather drive the cow out of the field, than see the faithful dog perform his duty so savagely.

"Papa! papa!" she cried, "don't set Spot on, please! Let me drive the cow out."
Mr. Darwell turned angrily on his child, and ordered her to return to the house—Mary went back sorrowfully; and a moment after, she heard Spot's savage, angry bark. Looking around, she saw him jumping at the cows' throats, while the persecuted animal plunged madly in terror at the dog's jaws.

It took but a minute for Spot to bring the cow to a broken fence, where she had entered the field; but here, instead of jumping on, and bounding with fear and pain, she ran off in another direction.
"The dog, unable to hold her on account of the dejected state of his teeth, chased her round the field, making her so wild, that it was in vain for Mr. Darwell to try to drive out."

"Curse such a dog as that!" muttered the angry man. "Here, Spot, here!"
But the dog was deaf, and did not hear. All Mr. Darwell's shouts were unavailing.

Spot still worried the cow around the field, jumping at her throat and tearing her ears under the impression, doubtless, that he was doing his master good service.
Exasperated at the dog's defiance, Mr. Darwell ran to the house, entered abruptly, and without speaking to his wife, whom he had not seen for so long, took down his rifle, that hung over the great fire-place in the kitchen.

Little Mary clasped her hands and began to cry, for her father's angry manner filled her timid heart with fear. Mrs. Darwell, who knew her husband's sullen mood, looked on in fearful silence.
"Something dreadful was about to happen," Mary followed her father in the direction of the field. At a distance, trembling with childish apprehension, she saw him raise the gun, examine the percussion cap, and take deliberate aim at Spot, who was still worrying the cow.

"O, don't shoot! father, don't shoot!" shrieked the poor girl. "Don't kill Spot!"
And, half-distracted in view of the death which threatened her old favorite—the faithful servant of the house—she ran forward. Mr. Darwell, governed entirely by his angry impulse, heeded her not—She saw the flash of lurid fire burst from the muzzle of the rifle; a sharp report followed; and with a low, dismal, piteous cry, old Spot staggered away, and sank on the ground.

"Here I take this to the house!" abouted Mr. Darwell, lowering his rifle, and throwing it down. "Quick!"
Mary could not but obey. With a heart bleeding with anguish, she ran to take up the rifle. As she did so, her eye fell upon the wounded dog, as he lay panting and bleeding on the turf.

"Quick!" said her father again.
Mary ran away, and rushing into the house, dropped the gun.
"What's the matter?" asked her mother, with anxiety and alarm.
"O, poor Spot!" sobbed Mary. "Papa has shot poor Spot!"

"Dear child!" said Mrs. Darwell, tenderly. "Don't cry. Your father is disconsolate, and her mother was herself so much affected, that she could not refrain from tears.
After sending the child to the house, Mr. Darwell drove out the cow without difficulty, as he could easily have done at first, had not his foolish anger prompted him to require the services of poor old Spot.

Mr. Darwell was conscious of having acted in a most foolish and brutal manner. This remorseful feeling, added to the pang he felt before, in consequence of his dark recollections, touching the time and money he had spent in ruinous, unsatisfactory dissipation, made him almost feebly. His horse, which stopped to clip a spear of grass, as he was leading him to the barn, he whipped most unmercifully, and an involuntary snarl, that happened to be in his way, received an angry blow.

Poor old faithful Spot, shot whilst doing what he deemed dutiful service, was all this time lying on the turf.
As soon as Mr. Darwell had disappeared, little Mary, trembling and in tears, ran out to see if the old dog was dead.

Reader, did you ever, when a child, behold a dumb animal that you loved dearly, die a death of anguish! If so, you can imagine poor Mary's distress. Her soft, affectionate heart beat with unavailing sorrow, as she saw poor Spot moaning and gasping on the ground.

His mouth, his feet, and the weeds and grass all around him, were covered with his blood. With heart-rending moans he writhed upon the turf, striving, it is thought, to lick his wounds. The bullet had passed through his mouth obliquely, tearing his tongue and breaking the bones of both his jaws.

Perceiving that Spot was not dead, and gathering hope from what she saw, Mary ran back to her mother with the news.
"O, I hope he won't die!" she exclaimed, fervently. "But, there, he suffers so much! Perhaps it would be better if he were dead."

She went back to her old companion—the playmate of her infancy and childhood. Spot had crept near the fence, leaving a crimson trail upon the grass. He was still moaning piteously; and his mouth was covered with a bloody foam. Fearing to approach him too nearly, Mary watched him at a distance, her sweet face wet with tears of sorrow, and her little hands clasped in agony.

"He is not dead yet," said she, returning to her mother. "Do come and look at him, mamma! Perhaps you can do something for him."
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To satisfy the child, Mrs. Darwell followed Mary to the spot where the wounded animal lay.
"O, look at him, mamma!" cried the broken-hearted child. "Is it not too bad that he should be shot? O, it makes me sick to see his mouth bleed so!"

"Poor Spot!" sighed Mrs. Darwell.
"Mamma, will he die?" asked Mary.
"An afraid he will," replied her mother. "His jaw is broken."

Lifting her streaming eyes to her mother's face, Mary earnestly inquired, if the Doctor could not mend it. Being answered in the negative, her sobe burst forth anew.
"I would not cry about it," said Mrs. Darwell, wiping a tear from her own eyes. "Spot could not have lived much longer. He is a good deal older than you are, Mary; and he has been almost blind and deaf for a long time."

And she led the grieving child back to the house.
All day little Mary occupied herself in watching poor Spot, and reporting his condition to her mother. Sometimes he would appear better, and she would run joyfully to the house with the news. More frequently, however, Spot would lay gasping on the ground, and seem to be dying; and Mary would hasten to carry the mournful intelligence to her sympathizing parent.

At first, the poor child, gazing distractedly at the animal's sufferings, feared to approach him; but as her sight grew familiar with the blood and foam which covered his mouth, and her ear with his low whine of distress, she ventured near; and when at last he turned toward her his suffering eyes, as if in prayer for relief, she patted him on the head. She started back with a cry, for her hand was stained with blood.

As Mary went to wash her hands, she thought Spot would be glad, if she should also wash the blood away from his mouth. Accordingly she carried a basin of water to the spot where the animal lay, and poured it over his wounds.

Mr. Darwell, meanwhile, was at work repairing such things about the farm, as suffered from neglect, during his absence. To his son, whom he found industriously employed, he spoke unkindly, uttering unmerited reproaches, and with his faithful serving man, Tom Marks, he found fault without reason.

When the men came home to dinner, Mr. Darwell, with many tears, related to William the catastrophe of poor Spot. William was much grieved, and through his closed teeth, muttered something about his father's cruelty, which Mary could not understand.
William took counsel with Tom Marks, and it was decided that they ought to kill the dog, to put him out of his misery—But Mary, who could not bear the thought of Spot's death, entreated them to spare him.

"Don't kill him!" she pleaded. "He'll get well, I hope, after all."
Mr. Darwell being still morose and ill-humored, nobody dared to speak to him of the condition of the dog; therefore was the poor animal left to suffer until night.
Just before sundown, Mr. Darwell coming home from the field, passed the spot where Mary still sat watching Spot.
"She is fussing with that dead dog," he muttered angrily.

Approaching to order her to the house, Mr. Darwell heard a very faint moan—He paused, and saw old Spot lying on the ground, gasping for breath, and Mary gazing at him with a sorrowful face. He pang about through his heart; for he remembered the age and fidelity of that old dog, and the attachment which had always existed between him and Mary.

The grieving child heard her father's footsteps; and with a timid, entreating face, she looked up, and said:
"Spot is not dead yet, father!"
Mr. Darwell could not speak. Turning quickly to hide his emotion, he hurried to the house, leaving Mary with her old companion.
"What a fiend I have been!" he muttered, contracting his brows with hatred of himself.

The thought of the joy it had given him in years gone by, to see the noble dog, strong, faithful and affectionate, watch by the cradle of the infant Mary, and to see him at a later day, hold her little frock in his teeth, to steady her timid footsteps, endeared her childish tyranny, licking the baby hand that sometimes smote him angrily, and perform all her commands, like an obedient, loving slave. He remembered how often he had laughed to see that dear child climb upon the animal's back, and clinging to his collar, compelled him to carry her about, and the tender care the dumb brute had always had of her, was fresh in his mind. No wonder, then, that the father's heart was filled with the bitterest remorse and anguish.

Mr. Darwell entered the house, and in a kind manner greeted his wife, half apologizing for his harshness.
"I have been very unhappy," said he. "I have not felt well, forgive me."

A moment after, he spoke of Mary and the dog, and Mr. Darwell told him the whole story of the girl's sorrow and distress, her watching and anxiety, her hope and fear.

Shortly after, while they were conversing, little Mary came in with a sad brow, and without a word sat quietly down in her little chair in the corner.
"Come here, my dear," said Mr. Darwell, kindly.

Mary rose with a countenance full of grief, and approached her father.
"My child," said he, with emotion, "what is the matter?"

Her little bosom began to heave with sobs, and big tears, starting from her red, swollen eyes, rolled down her cheeks—But she could not speak.

"My dear," pursued her father in a trembling voice, "tell me what ails you."
"Spot is dead!"

The words seemed to burst from her heart, and instantly she was convulsed with weeping.
"Don't cry!" said Mr. Darwell, in a choked voice. "I will buy you another dog."

"I don't want another dog," sobbed Mary.
"Why not, dear?"
"I could not love it as I loved Spot; and when I played with it, or fed it, it would make me think of papa and mother."
She could say no more; and her father pressed her to his heart, which was so full of love, remorse and pity.

On the following day, Mary saw old Spot buried under the tree, not far from the spot where he had died. For many months she remembered him with sorrow, and watched the sunshine, the rain, and the winter's snow, which fell upon the turf where the faithful old servant of her childhood lay buried.

But other associations caused Mary to forget her childish sorrow; and among the tenderest of these, was the unfailing kindness of her father, who was never harsh or cruel towards her or any one, or anything again. So Mary grew up a happy, bright-eyed, affectionate girl, dearly beloved by her parents and friends, and loving every thing she saw; and that is the story of the occasion of her happy change in her father, who was never absent from his family any more.

A GIRL THAT WILL MAKE A WIFE.—At the Franklin Agricultural Fair at Greenfield, Mass., on Wednesday, a loaf of beautiful white rye bread was exhibited by the maker, Sophia Sneed, of Greenfield, a little girl of eleven years, from rye grown on her father's farm. That girl will never want suitors for her hand, and those of the right kind.

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.—The Chicago Democrat says that the Yankee traveller who saw the live Hoosier has again written to his mother, telling her his experience as follows:
"Western people are death on Etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling two of his neighbors in my hearing a pretty large story. Says I—
"Stranger that's a whopper."
"Says he, 'lay there, stranger.'"
"And in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed—
"That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?"
"Says he—'You are afraid of fever and ague, stranger, ain't you?'"
"Very much," says I.
"Well," replied he, "that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman I swear that these two pistols," which he held cocked in his hands, "shall cure you of that disorder, entirely. So don't fear, stranger!"
"So I knelt down, and politely apologized. I admire this western country very much; but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette; it always takes me unawares."

OUR SALT RIVER VOYAGE.
Embarked on our voyage, our course we'll pursue, Observing each object that rises to view, Enjoying the prospect—but noting with care Wherever a rapid or rock may appear. And a look-out well keep for the lubbins above, In the best of their order, the zeal of their love For the plunder and spoils, on our bows should be thrown, And use themselves up in their haste to come down. A way to the head of Salt River we so, Each heart bounding high with a patriot's glow. We're best—what of it? A good cause will not fail, Let its advocates sink into gloomy despair! Clouds break into sunshine—the darkness of night Is the prelude which heralds the dawn of light; And the spirit that quails not when adverse fate lowers, Enhances its virtue, increases its powers. Then onward, on this the great crisis of our lives; And whenever we drink to our 'sweetheart and wives' Let us offer a prayer that the Power above Will carefully guard the dear land of our love; That no spirit of discord may ever be slain, But the bond of our Union unbroken remain; And the banner of freedom be ever unfurled, The light of all nations, the hope of the world.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.
OR PAUL PERRYWINKLE'S LAST GLASS.
BY FALCONBRIDGE.
"The force of 'circumstances' has led me into most desperate measures; it has led me into the influence of 'love,' which has furnished endless foundations for the romance; and the love of ardent spirits, the insane passion and mad infatuation for Rum has invigorated more bipeds into worse stupidity and utter-extravagant nonsense than all other evils and follies in the catalogue of human existence. With some the infatuation for liquid perdition assumes a very serious, yea terrible aspect, while with others it takes such a broad, emphatically comic and ludicrous ground, that the humorist find endless themes in depicting the gyrations, genealogies, 'flip-flops,' &c., of a human creature under the force of *aqueus ardente puro!*"
Such a subject as the latter comes under our notice, in the person of Paul Perrywinkle, of Piquinville, State of Maine. Ergo, he did sigh—not after the flesh-pots of Egypt, but that abominable and atrocious fabrication of the American Distiller, dignified with the name of French Brandy. Like most worshippers at the shrine of Bacchus, Paul wasn't fastidious as to what he drank, so it wasn't alcohol, although he preferred the dyed deep and more poisonous article French Brandy. It was the torments—great torments of Paul, who, by the way, "officiated" on a stage-line, i. e., drew the horses from Piquinville to another thriving village, "not far from a splendid Yankee town called Bangor—to live to see an act, by Legislature, that put down the damper on the entire flue of rum-sellers in the great Pine State of Maine. That such a thing could be done as to suppress, *quash* the rum business in that or any other part of the Christian world, was the richest joke of the season to Paul, and he enjoyed it up to the handle! But useless to his mortification thus surprises one morning, after driving a "hull load" of the floating population into the foremost enterprise town of Bangor, and feeling of the lowest kind of thirty, as he said, Paul was very solemnly informed by the *gentle* of the quarters he had long patronized—
"Nara drop in my house, sir!"
Paul looked, then looked again, at "boniface," and as he looked, his broad and perfectly humorous, his cunning gray eyes twinkled and his large and flexible mouth fairly ran over with humor.
"Ha! ha! Pipes," at length said Perrywinkle, "what licker-law is going to play the d— and break things, I guess they reckon, don't they?"
"I shouldn't wonder," responded Major Pipes.
"Ha! ha! Well, I'll be dogged if they mean't be a mighty peart set of peeps down to August, last session, to pass that kind of a law—stop folks from selling licker, ha! ha!" very heartily laughed Paul; somebody present ventured to remark, that the law was going to be a pretty tough job to get over, anyhow. Perrywinkle turned on 't'her heel as he leaned against the bar that was, and eyed the speaker—
"A tough job! Why don't you pretend for to say," said Paul, "that rum sellin' can be stopped!"
"Yes, I do," says the speaker.
"By them Augusty peeps of the Legislature?"
"Fact is none o' us doubting it, sir," was the response.
"Well," slowly and *drily* said Perrywinkle, "I dunno; I've lived around here about forty years; I've seen a good many funny things and heard amazin' sight of nonsense in my time, but I never did expect to see a man so dogged green as for to believe that rum-sellin' could be stopped by them peeps who go to August to see in the Legislature for two dollars a day. It's impossible; it can't be did." And this "opinion" Perrywinkle clinched with a rap with his fist upon Pipes' bar-tack!
"But rot them peeps who set in the Legislature down at Augusty, for to make laws for us as doesn't need 'em," continued Paul. "Pipes, hand out the R. G.—I'm as dry as a powder horn; drove clean in from Piquin this morning without a dram."
"Nara drop in my house, sir!" again responded the ex-Publican.
"Sho, Pipes, how you talk! tell you I'm dry as a powder horn."
"Perrywinkle!" solemnly protested Pipes, "I tell you it's against the law, to sell a drop, of licker, in Bangor, and rather than lose my licker, I sent it up to Portland last night by express, and it's my opinion you won't find a drop in town."
"Nara drop!"
"Nara drop!"
"Well, as I said afore, I've been around here forty years, and I've been up to Boston two of three times," said Perrywinkle, "and I reckon I've seen 'bout as many o-

of us as any other man, but I guess you couldn't git me to swallow that, now!" Set out the bottle, Major; dry as a powder horn, I tell you," returned Pipes, vulgarly called *Major*, with a sort of melancholy gaze at the piece of glass.
"Bottle!" says Perrywinkle, trying to look funny and force up a chuckle, "why, there ain't anything in it!"
"Nara drop!" calmly and solemnly responded Pipes.
"Do you really go to say," said Perrywinkle, "that you haint got a drop of liquor in your bar, Major—that them Augusty peeps have shut you up?"
"Nara drop in my bar, sir," answered Major Pipes, "an' more 'an that, not a drop in my house; them Augusty fellows have done the business clean, snuck up, sir!"
"Well," emphatically said Paul, "as I said afore," he continued, "I've lived around here forty years—"
And thus soliloquizing and looking very much "stuck," he strode to the door, and crossing the street, entered another "grocery" where the *critter* was usually to be had in quantities to suit purchasers. But lo, the proprietor of this shop was leaning down his bar and fitting up for the shoe trade!
"Well, I'll be dogged," says he, "if I don't believe some of these Bangor folks aint a gitin' skeer!" He had stop a feller's grog, that would be a posy joke—He'll be a feller, I'll be a feller—plan where they aint skeered at Augusty peeps; make 'em quit sellin' licker. He'll be a feller! Al, here's the place." And down an alley-way pops Paul, in a titter at the idea of a man going without his biters in Bangor. Now, this temple of Bacchus was always kept open "upon the sly," and hence the patrons were always expected to resort to a sort of deal and dumb alphabet and hocus-poetus formula to be understood.
"Mornin'," says Paul, as he stepped in and closed the door, and faced the varnished and sleek-looking proprietor of the *rackus*; "Captain John, how is things?"
"Oh, workin', workin'!" was the response.
"Hot morning," continued Paul, wiping his bronzed forehead and looking like he felt, hot and thirsty as a smelting furnace. "Plew-w! 'tis hot; 'tis hot, Captain John, I'll take a SWALL of your sweet majorum, my old boy!"
"Umph!" quietly responded Captain John.
"A little live oak, Captain John," continued Paul, fumbling about in his "fobs" for the "equivalent."
"Live oak?" asks the Captain.
"Y-e-e-s, you understand?" returns Paul, going through various wipes of his mouth and wring of his fingers.
"Oh, I see!"
"That's the idea," says Paul, cutting short the Captain.
"But you know?"
"Oh! s'no, I understand!"
"The-a—"
"Exactly, Captain John."
"Things has a—"
"Ha! ha! Yes, yes!"
"Run John into the ground, Mr. Perrywinkle!"
"You don't pretend to say?"
"Yes, I do!"
"That?"
"Exactly."
"No, an! Not a drop in my house—sent it all to Portland, by express, yesterday—could not take any further responsibility, sir."
Paul Perrywinkle was staggered, confounded, astonished. After living around for forty years, and indulging in his *bitters* as regular as clock-work, to be wound up, his pendulum stopped smack on the nail, was a knocker he couldn't get over, no way. Now, under ordinary circumstances, it he had been where liquor wasn't handy, or temporarily out, Paul might have got along for a spell, but now his researches had made him dry; disappointments, nervous and mad, and he determined to have his *bitters* or burst. Meeting a friend in the street, he was told the article was certainly *in* town, none sold at any place, except the drugstore, and then and there in cases of sickness. The friend said people would get sick, and did get sick, and went to the druggist's and got *medicine*.
"Well," says Paul, "dod-rot me if I aint sick, sick enough, and I'll have a horn; what do they ask for; some *dog-ges*, I suppose!"
"Oh, yes," says the friend, "for gin, you ask for stomach bitters; for brandy, you ask for a dose of paregoric, and so on."
"I'll be a good strong dose of your paregoric, if you please, said Paul, addressing the clerk of the first "boicary-pop" he came to.
"The clerk eyed Paul, then asked him if he wanted it right down—in dreadful pain."
Paul's mouth *watered* and his eyes brightened as he saw the murky-red liquor gurgling from the mouth of the tinorous bottle into the graduating glass.
"Call that a dose?" says Paul, holding the taper glass between his fingers.
"Clerk said—'Yes, and it strong, sir, too. It went—it was strong. Paul's throat, used as it was to scalding elixirs, couldn't get the pure paregoric, real essence of alcohol and various bitter compounds, laudanum, &c.; he gasped, laid down a nipence; "all right," said the clerk. Paul looked at him in horror, rushed out, grasping his stomach as if he feared it would leave him, and mounting his box, he drove back to Piquinville. He didn't drink no drop! since—shuns a drug-store, suffering from an attack of hydrophobia—and was proposed as a member in one of the leading orders of Temperance in Piquin, last meeting-night.
Paul Perrywinkle's first address will be dedicated to the "peeps down to Augusty," which he now considers the greatest body politic, moral and religious, on the face of creation!

Agricultural.
CULTURE OF THE GRAPE IN THE WEST.—Grape Raising and Wine Making is becoming an extensive business in Ohio and some other of the Western States. The "Catawba" variety of grape is most generally cultivated, and is said to produce a quality of wine equal, if not superior, to any imported articles. The process of its manufacture is thus described by the Cincinnati Inquirer: The press is a common cast-iron construction combining mill and press together. The grape is put into a hopper, at the bottom of which are two fixed rollers, which, revolving, crush, not grind the berry; and thence it falls into the chamber. When sufficiently filled, planks are fitted over the pulp, and by means of a powerful iron screw, the juice is pressed out, running through a faucet into a large tank below. The first quality of wine is obtained from the first run, as it is called, after which the pulp is pressed over twice again, yielding inferior qualities at each process. The liquid, as it comes from the press, is rich in a beautiful color, and rather too rich to imbibe freely. From the tank it is put into barrels, and after a time into bottles. Every part of the process is marked by cleanliness and neatness—in great contrast with that of European vintages, where the "delicious imported" is pressed out by *brasserie*.
The quality of this year's wine will take equal rank with, if it does not exceed, the excellence of that of 1848. Tested at the press it exhibited a superiority over last year in the proportionate weight of 78 for that year and 82 for this.
An acre of vines will produce on an average not under three hundred gallons of wine; in other words, will therefore be the product of an acre. The price obtained for the liquid at the press will not average over seventy-five cents to the gallon. The first cost per *pot* (bottle, etc.) but fifteen cents.
TIME OF PUTTING UP HOGS TO FATTEN.—This is a question that must be determined by circumstances. So long as there may be a good supply of mast in the woods, as the nuts of the oak, beech and chestnut, it is certainly good policy to let the hogs enjoy them. On such food they grow and fatten; but so soon as the supply becomes scant, the hogs should be taken up and penned; as these animals should always be kept in a progressive state, and never be permitted to fall off from the time they begin to thrive and put on fat and muscle in the fall, until they are slaughtered. If penned up at the proper time, their course is toward, and it takes less food to finish them.
When the hogs are first penned, they should have administered to them in their food, for a few days, doses of four or eight times, should be kept charcoal, rotten wood, ashes and salt.
The hogs should be provided with dry, covered sleeping apartments, to which they may retire and sleep at pleasure, and have access to a yard. The sleeping apartments, should be freely littered twice a week, and cleaned out as often.
Their food should be given them three times a day, at regular hours, and they should receive fresh water at *odd* times. We have seen the soap-suds thrown into their troughs on wash-days, and we thought with decided advantage. Wash their trough daily.
Besides their corn, they should have roots or vegetables of some kind thrown into the pen.
PRESERVATION OF FAT AND OIL.—An article in the Western Lancet, by Dr. U. W. Wright of Cincinnati, states that the hunters of Ohio, in ancient times, had a curious way of preserving their bear's fat from becoming rancid, by melting it along with the powder or fine shreds of the bark of the slippery elm—about a drachm of the former to a pound of the latter—and then straining it. The bark communicates an odor to the fat resembling that of the kernel of the hickory nut. Dr. Wright has subjected other fatty bodies, including butter and lard, to the same experiment, and in every instance, he states, with success. Butter thus prepared, he says, was a year afterwards as sweet and free from disagreeable odor as on the day it was made—a fact, if it really be a fact, of more interest to housekeepers and others. Pollutants, like running water, cannot be most rugged stone.