THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXIV. GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1853. NUMBER 1.

A LOT OF GROUND AT PUBLIC SALE.

IN pursuance of an Order of the Orphans' Court of Adams county, will be offered at public sale, on the premises, on *Saturday the 19th day of March next*, at one o'clock, P. M.,

A Lot of Ground,

the property of WM. REED, deceased, situate in Straban township, Adams county, on the York turnpike road, three and a half miles from Gettysburg, adjoining lands of Peter Spangler, Elizabeth Criswell and others, containing 2 Acres and 152 Perches. The Improvements are a one and a half story

LOG DWELLING,

Log Stable, a never failing Well of excellent Water near the door, with Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum, and Cherry trees of choice kinds.

The lot is set in first rate grass, and is under good fencing. Persons wishing to view the premises are requested to call on the Executor, residing close by.

Attendance will be given and the terms made known by

JACOB FUCHER,
Executor of William Reed.

By the Court—EDWD NORRIS, Clerk.
Feb. 25, 1853—ts

In the matter of the intended

Application of JESSE D. NEWMAN to keep a public house in Mountjoy township—being an old stand.

WE, the undersigned, citizens of the township of Mountjoy, certify that we know the above house for which license is prayed, and that it is necessary for the accommodation of strangers and travellers—that the petitioner is a person of good repute for honesty and temperance and that he is well provided with house room and other accommodations for the entertainment of strangers and travellers.

Eli Cover,	James H. Collins,
Joseph Arentz,	James Topper,
Michael Wolf,	Henry Hemler,
Samuel Little,	Henry Hann,
Jacob Little,	Joseph Sentz,
Joseph Kelly,	Baltzer Snyder.

March 4, 1853.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned, having been appointed, by the Court of Common Pleas of Adams County, Committee of the person and estate of PETER HUMMER, (Lunatic,) of Butler township, Adams co., hereby notifies all persons indebted to said Hummer to make payment without delay to the subscriber, residing in said township, and those having claims are requested to present the same, properly authenticated, for settlement.

JACOB SHANK, Committee.
Feb. 11, 1853—6t.

MONEY TO LOAN.

THE Trustees of Pennsylvania College have the sum of $10,000 to loan and have instructed the Finance Committee to invest the same upon real estate security, double at least in value to the sum loaned—the interest to be paid semi annually. Individuals wishing to borrow are requested to make early application.

By order of the Finance Committee.
MOSES McCLEAN, Sec'y.
March 4, 1853—3t

CONSTABLE.

WM WHITE returns his thanks to the Citzens of Gettysburg for their generous support heretofore, and informs them that he is a candidate for re-election as CONSTABLE, at the coming election, and respectfully solicits their suffrages.

March 4, 1853—te

COLLATERAL INHERITANCE TAX.

THE amount of tax on Collateral Inheritances, received by DANIEL PLANK, Esq., Register of Adams county, for the use of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, *from the first day of January, 1852, until the first day of January, 1853*, appears by the following statement, viz.:

From Estate of	John P. Snyder,	$31 12
" "	Jos. Eckenrode,	24 03½
" "	Cath. M'Knight,	30 00
" "	Wm. London,	315 00
" "	David Agnew,	24 34
" "	H. D. Hartzell,	1 92½
		$427 32½
Register's Commissions, 5 p. ct.		21 36½
		$405 96

R. G. McCREARY, Auditor.
Feb. 25—4t

Produce of the Poor-house farm for 1852.

717	Bushels of	Wheat,
327	"	Oats,
750	"	Corn,
62	"	Potatoes,
4½	"	Onions,
30	"	Red Beets,
3	"	Cloverseed,
3	"	Flaxseed,
1800	heads of	Cabbage,
50	tons of	Hay,
15	loads of	Corn-fodder,
5780	pounds of	Beef,
5312	pounds of	Pork.

☞ 113 Paupers remain at Poor-house Jan. 1, 1853. 63 Paupers admitted in the course of the year.

March 4, 1853—3t

FOR RENT,

A GOOD DWELLING,

GARDEN and large STABLE situate on the north side of East York st. ☞ Apply to

A. B. KURTZ.

March 4, 1853—tf

FANS—a large assortment just received at *Kurtz's* cheap corner.

The Origin of Flowers.

Flowers! whence came your wondrous birth,
Decking with beauty the dark brown earth?
Ye call her mother—but tell me where
Ye gather your hues so passing fair?
'Tis not from her.

We come from a land called the Spirit's home,
Where angels in beauty and gladness roam:
Each virtue, each grace, in that bright sphere,
Shows forth in the form of a Flower here,
'Tis thence we come.

But wherefore so far from your native sky,
Come ye midst mortals to bloom and die?
Hark ye that here the chill winds blow,
And death that your own realms never know,
Makes all his own?

We know of the sorrows that gather here,
Of the blighted hopes of the flowing tear;
And 'tis to beguile from care awhile—
To brighten the earth with the Angel's smile,
That we are come.

The lilly, the rose, the violet's breath,
Yield to the monarch that you call Death;
But fear not his power, and of this be sure,
He can change but the form—the spirit pure
Returns to Heaven.

THE FIRST KISS.

There is a beautiful village about twenty-four miles north of New Haven, called in the Indian tongue, Pomperanny. What it means I don't know. It was not taught us in the district school up there, where we learned our A B C's and afterwards progressed as far B-A BA, K-E-R KER, BAKER; when I was allowed to graduate and enter the "Youths' Seminary," under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Fuller. One of my schoolmates in the latter place was a bright, intelligent boy, of the name of Walter Marshall. I loved him, and so did every one else in the village. He grew up to manhood, but not *there*. No, New England boys dont grow up at home; before they reach manhood they are transplanted, and are flourishing in all parts of the known world, wherever a Yankee craft has been, or the stars and stripes have floated.

Walter Marshall, when he reached the age of fourteen, arrived in New York from his native village in the destitute situation that is common among New England boys; that is to say, he had only the accompaniments of those unfledged chips, who afterwards make the merchants and great men of the country, and not unfrequently of other lands—he had a little wooden trunk, pretty well stocked with "*hum nades*," a sixty-eight cent Bible, his mother packed in for him, fearful that he might forget it, a three dollar New Haven city bank bill, and any quantity of energy, patience, perseverance and ambition. He entered the counting room of a large mercantile house in South street. His honesty, activity and industry won him many friends. Among them was a merchant who had a large commercial house in Calcutta, and a branch at Bombay. He was in this country on business connected with his commercial firm at Calcutta, and did his business with the firm Walter clerked with; and here the latter attracted his notice. He was sixteen years of age only, yet the Bombay gentleman fancied him, made him a liberal offer to go to India with him; which, after very little conference among his friends, Walter accepted. New England boys don't often start off on their unusually long, wandering excursions, without first getting leave of absence for a few days' preparatory exercise, which they spend in going where they originally came from, and then, having taken a few good looks at the weather-beaten old village church, the high old steeple, which has been wonderfully reduced in size and elevation since they first saw it, to notice it in school-boy days, they must hear the old bell ring once more, even if they must take a spell at the rope, themselves; and then they must take a turn among the white grave stones, to see if there are any very green mounds, freshly made, and if so, to ask who among old friends has gone to his last resting place; then to kiss mother and sisters, shake hands with father—and the stage is at the door of the tavern, and they are ready for a start to go "anywhere."

Walter went up to do and did do, all this—but he did not get into the stage at the tavern. He walked down the road ahead of the coach toward the old bridge, and told the stage-driver to stop and let him get in at the minister's house—at Parson Fuller's. Mary Fuller lived there too, for she happened to be the parson's daughter. She was the merriest, loveliest little witch that ever wore loose tresses of auburn hair, and she had blue eyes. She was only 12 years old, and Walter was nearly seventeen. She *did* love him, though! he was almost all in all to her; he had fought her battles all through her childish campaign, and she had no brother. She was Walter's cousin, too; a sort of half first cousin—her mother had been a half sister to Walter's mother. They were not too nearly related for purposes hereafter to be named.

Poor Molly! she would have cried her eyes out on this occasion, had it not been that Walter's solemn phiz set her ideas of the ridiculous in motion; and she made a merry ten minutes as a wind up to their parting scene. Three days afterwards Walter was in New York, and just four months and twenty days further on in Time's almanac he was making out invoices and acting as corresponding clerk to "the firm," in Bombay.

I shall not stop long enough to relate how many times he went to the exhibitions of venemous-looking cobra de capellos biting Sepoys, just for fun, and to show how innocent the beauties were, and how easy their bite was cured—how often he visited the far-famed Elephant caves; how many times he dined with good Sir Robert Grant, the Governor of Bombay, and how he was with him, and what he said the very morning of the day the cholera made the excellent sir Robert its victim—all these things I shall leave till another time, and a more appropriate heading. I skip over all these, and six years besides, and land Master Walter at Staten Island, bring him up to the city in a steamboat, and leave him at a respectable hotel, and there let him sleep all night, and take a good "shore rest," after a tedious voyage of four months and more.

The next morning we awaken him; make him get up, pay his bill, take a hack, and ride down to the New Haven steamboat, and go on board. It is 7 o'clock, A. M. At 1, P. M. he has reached the N. Haven landing; his trunk "straps" are on board the Litchfield stage; he has taken a seat inside; his destination is an intermediate village. He is alone in the stage; no, not alone; there is an old woman on the front seat, and a Presbyterian clergymen on the middle seat. The stage is up in the city, and slowly meandering about New Haven town, picking up passengers, who have sent their names to the stage office, as is still customary in that staid and sober city of mineralogy, theology, and other 'ologies in general. The stage John pulls up at the door of a neat little cottage in Chapel street to take up a passenger, a young lady of sweet seventeen or thereabout. Before she has fairly got inside, Walter has noticed her, and she has noticed him, too. He gazes in astonishment at the perfect vision of loveliness before him; he hasn't seen any thing of the kind for some years. There is not a particle of *copper* about her. She, on her part, half laughing, has regarded him very attentively—pushes back the golden ringlets that almost shut in her face, and takes another look, as if to be certain that she has made no mistake.

"Here is a seat, miss, beside me," says the gospel preacher.

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer sitting on the back seat with *that* gentleman, if he will let me," said the most electrical voice that Walter had listened to for some time.

"Certainly, miss," said the delighted Bombayite; and when she seated herself by him she gazed into his face with such a queer kind of mixed up delight and astonisment, that Walter actually took a look down upon himself, to ascertain what there was about his person that appeared to be so pleasing to the fair girl; but he discovered nothing unusual. The stage rolled on towards Derby at its usual rapid rate of five miles an hour, and Walter and the merry maid seemed as chatty and cosey together as though they had known each other for years instead of minutes. The minister tried to engage the ringlets in conversation, but he soon found himself "nowhere." She had neither eyes nor ears for any body else but Walter; and he had told her more about his travels and Bombay scenery, than he ever told any any body else before or since.

At last they came to Derby. Their horses had to be changed, and four fresh skeletons were harnessed and tackled on to the old stage. Walter handed the gentle girl back to her old seat as gracefully as he could have done had he never lived in Bombay, but always stopped in New York. They were alone now, the minister and the old woman had got out at Derby.

"Well, we are off once more; how far are you going?" said Walter, as the stage went off.

"Not quite so far as Litchfield. You say that your friends reside at Pomperany. How glad they will be to see you."

"Very probably, unless they have forgotten me, which is likely, for I suppose I have altered some in six years."

"Not a particle, I—"

The pretty maid forgot what she was going to say, but at last remembered, and continued—

"I should suppose you had not altered, for you said you were seventeen when you were last at your home, and now you are only twenty three. You must have been grown nearly as large as you are now."

"Perhaps so; but still, I am somewhat tanned by exposure in an East India climate."

"Yet I think you will be recognized by every body in the village. Do you know a young lady in Pomperanny of the name of Mary Fuller?"

"What! little Mary? my 'little wife,' as I used to call her? Why, Lord love you, do you know her? Bless her heart! My trunk is filled with knick knacks for her especial use. Do I know her! Why I have thought of her ever since I was away. Young lady!—why, she is a little bit of a girl; she is only twelve years old—no, she must be older than that now. I suppose I shall find her grown considerably. By the way, are you not cold? It is getting chilly."

The delighted young lady was trying to conceal her face, which had called forth Walter's exclamation.

"Yes it is getting colder; it is nearly dark;" and so it was. Walter had a boat cloak, and after a very little trouble he was permitted to wrap it around her lovely form; and some how or other his arm went with it, and in the confusion he was very close to her and his arm was around her waist,—then he had to put his face down to hear what she said, and somehow those long ringlets of soft, silky hair, were playing across his cheek. Human nature could not and I would not stand it any longer; and Walter, the naughtiest Walter, drew his arm closer than ever, and pressed upon the warm rosy lips of his beautiful fellow traveler, a glowing, regular East India, Bombay kiss, and then blushed himself at the mischief he had done, and waited for the stage to upset or something else to happen; but no, she had not made any resistance; on the contrary, he felt very distinctly, that she had returned the kiss; the very first kiss, too, he had ever pressed upon a woman's lips since he gave a parting kiss to little Mary Fuller. He tried the experiment again, and before the stage had fairly reached the village, he had kissed and re-kissed her, and she had paid them back kiss for kiss.

The stage was now entering the village. In a few moments he would be at Mary Fuller's house. He thought of her, and felt ashamed and downright guilty.—What would Mary, his 'little wife' that was to be, say, if she knew he had been acting so! As these things passed rapidly through his mind, he began to study how to get out of the affair quietly and decently.

"You go on in the stage, I suppose, to the next town, or perhaps still farther!"

"Oh, no! not *me*."

What could *she* mean? But he had no time to indulge in conjecture; the stage drove up slip in front of Parson Fuller's door, and there was the venerable parson and his good lady in the doorway; he with a lamp in his hand, all ready to receive—Walter as he supposed.

"Where will you stop in the village? I will come and see you!"

"I shall stop where *you* stop. I won't leave you. Here you have been kissing me this last half hour, and now want to run away and leave me. I am determined to expose you to that old clergyman and his wife in the doorway yonder. More than that, your 'darling little wife,' that is to be, as you called her in the stage, shall know all about it.

What a situation for a modest, moral man! It was awful. To be laughed at—exposed. He had *heard* of such characters! It must be; and *he* to be the means of bringing such a creature into the very house of the good and pious clergyman and his sweet pet and playmate—his Mary Fuller! He saw it all. It was a judgment sent upon him. What business had he to be kissing a strange girl if she *was* pretty! His uncle and aunt had come clear down to the stone walk to the door yard gate, almost to the stage door, which the driver had opened. Walter felt that he was doomed; but he had to get out.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, expose me, young woman! I will—get out."

"Oh," thought Walter, "it's all over with me;" and now he shakes hands with the clergyman, and flings his arms around the aunt.

"Mary!" exclaims the mother; "our Mary in the stage, as I live! So, so; you would come up with your cousin eh!"

"Yes, mother; and what do you think the impudent East Indian has been doing? He has kissed me at least a hundred times, and that isn't all; he tried to persuade me to keep on in the stage, and not get out at all."

"Ah, no wonder he kissed you; he has not seen you for some years. How glad you must have been when you met! But what is the matter with *you*, Walter! Are you dumb.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Walter, not to speak to my mother, when she is talking to you!" chimed in Miss Molly.

Walter found his voice, and before he got fairly inside, Miss Mary was his debtor for a round dozen of kisses, which she took very kindly. But as for Walter, his mind was made up. He had turned over the subject during the last three minutes. He would marry that strange girl. He was grateful; she had saved him from degradation, loss of character, and everything else; but would she forgive him for being so free with a strange girl in a stage coach! Doubtful; but she would have the chance at any rate.

The wanderer received a glad welcome from his family and friends in his old native village; and Mary Fuller was his traveling companion about the place; and together they crossed the door sill of every old farm house within a circle of five miles round. Walter had seen enough of the outside of the great world. He had made some money, too, enough for his modest wants; he was old enough to marry—and so was Mary Fuller, and before three months more had rolled over their heads, the venerable old father made them one, in the front parlor of the old globe house.

Years have flown by since then, and now, Walter Marshall and his gentle wife, and the little people they call their 'stock in trade,' are living pleasantly and happily somewhere on the other side of the Alleghanies, near a place called Pittsburg, where he owns large tracks of mines—not humbug, wishy washy shining gold, but real, hard, substantial coal mines, productive to himself and to the country he lives in.

'The Worst of It.'

"Do you want to buy any berries to-day?" said a poor boy to me one afternoon. I looked at the little fellow and he was very shabbily clothed; grey pantaloons, very much patched, an old cotton shirt and a miserable felt hat, made up the whole of his dress. His feet were bare and travel stained. In both hands he held up a tin pail full of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were pretty peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them.

I told him I would like some; and taking the pale from him, I stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind whistling to my canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch.—He seemed engrossed with my pretty pets, and the berries seemed forgotten.

"Why did you not come in and see if I measured your berries right?" said I; "how do you know but what I may cheat you, and take more than the three quarts I have agreed upon?" The boy look'd up at me and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would *get the worst of it*, ma'am."

"Get the worst of it?" I said; "what do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I would only loose my berries, and you would be stealing, don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

PARENTAL ADVICE.—The venerable G. W. P. Custis has published another chapter of Recollections and private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington. It embraces two letters from Gen. Washington, one dated from the Camp at White Plains, 1778—the other from Philadelphia, dated in January, 1798. After giving some suggestions as to the propriety of keeping a Diary of passing events, the General says:

"Another thing I would recommend to you—not that I want to know how you spend your money—and that is to keep an account book, and enter therein every farthing of your receipts and expenditures, the doing of which will initiate you in a habit from which considerable advantages could result. Where no account of this sort is kept, there can be no investigation, no correction of errors, no discovery, from a recurrence thereto, where too much or too little has been appropriated to particular uses. From an early attention to these matters, important and lasting benefits may follow."

A Court Convulsed.

We have seldom heard of an instance of more beautiful simplicity than was evinced by a matter-of-fact witness on a recent material case.

"What were the mob doing when you first saw them?" was one of the questions asked by the district attorney.

"They was a-singin'," replied the witness.

"*Singing*!" exclaimed the public prosecutor, "what were they singing about?"

"I don't know, I am sure; but they was *a-singing*', anyhow.'

"Well, what *was* it? What were they *singing*? What did they seem to be *talking about*?'

"Wal, as far as I *re*-collect," replied the witness, "they was a-talkin' about a man o' the name o' Tucker, who refused to come home to his tea."

The ties which bind together a family, who all have a good Christian hope, shall never be dissolved. Death comes and sings them, but we take a Bible in our hands, and inscribe on their tombstone—"Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls until the list of the circle is carried to his long home, but the grave cannot retain them. By and by the family is to meet again. Husbands and wives—parents and children—masters and servants, are one day to stand within the gates of the new Jerusalem, all washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God.

TITIS AND THAT.—Mr. Brown has it that

"The first most exquisite enjoyment in life,
Is the kiss of a sweetheart or somebody's wife."

Mr. Smith, on the contrary, is quite sure, and he speaks from experience, that

"The first most exquisite enjoyment in life,
Is the kiss of a sweetheart or somebody's wife."

We are inclined to think Smith will carry the day.—*Boston Bee.*

A little girl being sent to the store to purchase some dye stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why cholera, sometimes," replied John. "Well I believe that's the name, I want to get three cents worth."

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face and said—"Now kiss the book, madam!" He didn't discover the mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

Singular Phenomena.

A severe snow storm, accompanied by lightning, occurred in a part of Maine on the 18th ult. A correspondent of the Gardiner (Me.) Fountain, writing from Bass Harbor, Mt. Desert, describes the storm, as it appeared there, as awful and sublime.—A thunder cloud passed over the place, which for terrific appearance, exceeded any thing ever witnessed there. The correspondent adds: "The lightning was of a purple color, and sometimes appeared like balls of fire, coming through windows and doors, and down the chimneys, while the houses trembled and shook to the very foundations. A great many persons were slightly injured. Some were struck in the feet, some in the eye; while others were electrized, some powerfully and some lightly. But what was very singular, not a person was killed or seriously injured, or a building damaged; but a cluster of trees, within a few rods of two dwelling houses, was not thus fortunate. The electric fluid came down among them—taking them out by the roots, with stones and earth, and throwing all in every direction. Some were left hanging by the roots from the tops of the adjacent standing trees, roots up, and tops down. The lightning, after entering the earth to the depth of several feet, and for a space, some eight or ten feet in diameter, divided into four different directions. One course which it took led through the land, making a chasm to the depth of several feet, and continued its march unobstructed by the solid frozen ground or any other substance to the distance of 370 feet; lifting, overturning and throwing out junks of frozen earth, some of which were 10 or 11 feet long by 4 feet wide; and hurling at a distance, rocks, stones and roots. The power here displayed was truly awful, and had it fallen on a building, it would have thrown it, with its inmates, into ten thousand fragments.

☞ Two young men, of the village of Brandes, in France, lately perished in a very singular manner. They went out to shoot wild ducks, and in order to arrive at the marshy ground which the birds frequented, they determined to proceed down the canal in a boat, and then crossing over to the other side, to walk the rest of the way. The waters being unusually high in consequence of the rains, the young men found that they could scarcely pass under the arch in their boat. They thought, it is supposed, that by lying down in their boat they could pass. It so happened that the water was higher than they thought, and was rising every moment, so that when the boat got under the arch it stuck fast, thus inclosing the young men completely without their having any means of extricating themselves. They were found two days after dead in the boat and clasped in each other's arms.

☞ The Foreigners at the Mexican Capital are obliged to associate together armed, for self-defence, during the frequent revolutions which concentrate there. During the late outbreaks, they numbered, under arms, 750 men, which number could have been augmented to about 1250. Most of them had two Colt six shooters, a musket and sword, so that the 750, at all times ready, could fire about 7500 balls without reloading. At their head quarters, fourteen men stood as sentinels every night. The whole was under the command of a French officer

Shooting by a Lady in a Ball-Room.—At Oldtown, Me., on Tuesday evening, while a party were dancing at Grey's Tavern, a very respectable young lady discharged both barrels of a double barreled pistol at a man named Wm. Bowman, of Upper Stillwater. One of the balls entered Bowman's shoulder, and the young lady with whom he was dancing had her face burned by the powder. The lady who fired the shots went home without being arrested. Public sympathy is strongly in her favor, as Bowman had inflicted upon her an irreparable wrong, and then refused marriage.

Coal Lands and Iron Ore in Somerset County, Pa.—The editor of the Pittsburg Gazette, writing from Myer's Mills, Somerset county, Pa., states that immense veins of coal abound in that neighborhood, containing 800 acres of solid coal, *twelve feet thick*. This coal land has been lately purchased, as a speculation, at $80 per acre, in prospect of the Connellsville Railroad being constructed. In the same neighborhood there is a vein of iron ore six feet thick, and limestone abounds. In the neighborhood of Myer's Mills, all the iron needed on the Connellsville road can be advantageously furnished.

Fatal Accident.—On Tuesday week, Thomas Frame, aged about sixty years, met with a terrible and fatal accident at a barley mill, in the vicinity of Brandywine Springs. He was alone in the mill grinding barley, and, it is supposed, was in the act of oiling some machinery when his clothing caught and he was drawn in among the cogs, and crushed to death. His body was wedged in the cogs so tightly as to stop the mill. In this situation his lifeless remains were found, it is supposed, about six or eight hours after life was extinct.

Hog Statistics.—The number of hogs packed at the West, embracing eight States, up to the 3d of March, is 2,044,005, being an increase of nearly half a million over the previous year; but this number is reduced about one hundred thousand by the falling off in weight. The crop reduced to pounds compared with last year, shows an excess over the previous year of nearly eight millions of pounds, or an increase of twenty-four per cent.

Snow a Hundred feet Deep!—The St. Louis Intelligencer publishes a letter from an overland emigrant to California, which gives a fearful account of a tremendous snow storm in the mountain near Carson valley. On what is called the Second Summit, the writer says, he caught hold of the tops of pine trees, and was confident they were *one hundred feet in height*.

Now that Spring is upon us fairly, we may soon rejoice in the melody of the feathered songsters.

Adaptation of Crops to Market.

The farmer who is wide awake to his business should watch, as well as follow, the markets. He should know what crops will sell well. So far as he can form a probable or approximate opinion on this point, he should conform his cultivation to it. In some places, he can produce milk to advantage; in others, butter or cheese. Again he may be so situated that neither of these articles will pay so good a profit as some others. Here his main crop will be hay, there fruit; here potatoes, there squashes and other vegetables.

A farmer in Beverly, last year, raised on two and a half acres of land, 18,000 cabbages per acre, the net receipt of which averaged him $450. Another farmer in Danvers, cultivated an acre of land with sage, and realized the handsome profit of $100. The cultivation of onions in this latter town gives employment to many hands and is the source of large profits.

Other examples might be cited to illustrate the importance of adapting crops to the markets, such as the production of the smaller fruits in the neighborhood of cities. It is not the crop on which the farmer himself sets the highest value, that should be raised by him, but the crops he can produce at the least expense, and sell at the greatest profit.

Some farmers are fearful of loss, if they diverge from the beaten track. They go on, therefore, cultivating the same products and often on the same field as did their fathers. Other farmers seem to entertain the opinion that unless they raise the heavier products—corn and potatoes and grain and hay—they are no longer farmers, but a sort of market gardners.

But away with such idle fears and foolish notions! Let our farmers study their true interests. Let them not stand while others are going ahead. Let them be up and doing something to supply the wants of the towns and cities in their vicinity; and not the necessities only, but the taste also. Let them raise flowers, even, if it will pay a profit. Why not? The taste for flowers is an innocent ration al one: why should it not be gratified?—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

Feed Your Cattle Regularly.

We find that very many of our farmers feed their cattle more than they require, to keep them in good condition, particularly oxen which do not work, and horses which stand in the stable most of the time, except occasionally when the owner takes them out to go a short trip or do a light job. "Keep Dobbin eating," says the father, and the boys follow his injunctions implicitly, and his rank is replenished with hay as the father or some pass his stall, and he thinks it a matter of course to have an additional amount of feed every time he hears any one in the stable, placed before him, and if not attended to he gives them a call to quicken their memory. Much hay in this way is wasted—the horse selecting only a little of the most tempting, after his appetite is satisfied, and either pulling the remainder through the rack, under his feet, or else breathing on it so much as to render it unpalatable to him. Stock of all kinds should have their regular meals, at fixed hours as much as a man, and be allowed to masticate and digest what they have eaten in the intervals. If they are continually fed at all hours and times they will be continually expecting something, and consequently kept uneasy. They will thrive better on less amount of hay and grain by the first method of feeding than by the last, and less labor of attendance from the keeper.—*Middlesex Farmer.*

Hermetically Sealed Provisions.

The business of putting up provisions in hermetically sealed cans, has become quite an important one in our city.—There are five large establishments engaged in it. Beef, mutton, lamb, lobsters, clams, neats and sheep's tongues, with green corn, green peas, green beans, in their season, &c., &c., are put up in immense quantities. But a small portion of the articles put up are used in the city—much the greater quantity being sent to New York and Boston, where they are sold to vessels bound to California, and on the other long voyages, and likewise for home consumption. When taken from the cans, they are generally in excellent order, and retain much of their original flavor, although months and even years may have elapsed since they were sealed up.—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

Rancid Butter.

A French scientific journal states that the bad smell and taste of butter may be entirely removed by working it over in water mixed with chloride of lime. The discovery was made by a Brussels farmer, whose practice is to make a sufficient quantity of pure cold water to work it in, and put in it from 25 to 30 drops of chloride of lime for every ten pounds of butter. When it has been worked until the whole has been brought into contact with the water, it should be worked again in pure water, when it will be found to be as sweet as when originally made.

AN APT REPLY.—A beautiful Jewess attended a party lately in New York, where she was exceedingly annoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow.

"And you never eat pork, Miss M.?" asked he, taunting ly.

"Never; sir," was the reply.

"You use lard lamps," continued the persecutor.

"No sir," she answered, "our religion teaches us to avoid anything swinish physically and morally; you will excuse me therefore for declining to have any more words with you."

HOPE.—A bright and beautiful bird is Hope; it comes to us 'mid the darkness and the storm, and she sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest; and when the lone soul is weary, and longs to pass away, it warbles its sunniest lay, and lightens again the slender fibres of hearts that grief has been tearing away.