THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May;
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant haw thorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May;
Sighing for the sure returning,
When the summer's beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying,
All the the winter lay.

Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May;
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where, in laughter and in sobbing,
Glide the streams away.

Charley and his New Sled.

Charley's new sled was just finished, and he was drawing his sisters, in turn, about the yard, in high glee, when his mother came back from a call upon poor sick Mrs. Clifford. Presently they came in to warm their cold fingers, and his mother asked; "Charley, do you know Robert, Mrs. Clifford's nephew, who is staying there this winter?" "Is it the boy who goes to meeting and sits in their pew?" "Yes, my son, and he has been very sick with the measels. Do you remember when you had the measles, Charlie?"

"No, mother."

"There were four of you sick at the same time, and when you began to be a little better you were very restless; you wanted to be carried about and amused, and we talked and sung and read stories to you. Robert is away from his father and mother. He is sick up stairs, and his aunt is so sick below, that she requires constant care and nursing, and poor Robert is much alone. He is too weak to sit up, and thought he could read a little in bed, and that would make him a little less lonely, but I told him he ought not to read a word for several days, his eyes are so weak. Now what do you think of leaving your new sled, this bright beautiful day, and going up and sitting in the chamber with Robert, and reading to him.

Charley's eyes filled. He was not acquainted with Robert, and then he was naturally a diffident boy, and his sled looked so tempting.

"I don't care about going," said he at last.

"Well, do just as you choose about it, but I pried Robert there alone, and I asked him if he would like to have you come and read to him; and his eyes brightened, as he said he should, if you were willing to go."

"I'll go," said Charley. "Sarah, you and Ellen may play with my sled till I come back."

His mother helped him to select an interesting book, and when he returned, some two hours after, you would not have thought he enjoyed his sled any the less, or felt sorry he had been to see Robert.—It was, to be sure, only a small act of kindness, but it is these little things which make up the daily life of joy or sorrow to many hearts. Can you not, boys and girls, in such way lessen the load of sorrow, or add to the joys of some sons and daugters of affliction?

My Mother knows best.

A party of little girls stood talking beneath my window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and they meant to make oak leaf trimmings, pick berries, and carry luncheons. Oh, it was a fine time they meant to have. "Now," said they, to one of the number, "Ellen, you run home and ask your mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going, and you must." Ellen, with her green cape bonnet, skipped across the way and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time.

The little girls kept looking up at the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps. She did not seem to be in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out:—

"You got leave? You are going, are you?"

Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go.

"O," cried the children, "it's too bad! Not go! it is really unkind in your mother." "Why I would make her let you." "O! O!" "I would go whether or no."

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer, and it was a beautiful one. Her lip quivered a very little, for I suppose she wanted to go, and was much disappointed not to get leave; but she did not look angry or pouting, and her voice was very gentle, but very firm, when she said, "My mother knows best" There are a great many occasions, when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go and do where and what they wish to; and how often are they rebellious and pouting in consequence of it! But this is not the true way, for it is not pleasing to God.

THE UNFINISHED LETTER.—A lady, being absent on a visit to some friends, wrote a letter home, describing how she had enjoyed herself, and saying how much happier she doubtless would have been had her husband and children been present with her. The letter was posted, received by her husband, and read by him to the children, who were all delighted with the good news and kind wishes it contained. A little bright-eyed, rosey-cheeked boy, in particular, was almost frantic with joy. But when he came to that part of the letter where it spoke about "remaining yours," &c., the child's countenance changed, the sweet smile of pleasure passed away, the bright eye bent downward, and disapointment took possession of his features.—At length he looked up sorrowfully in his father's face, and said, "Father it isn't half a letter; and if I were you, I would send it back again, and tell dear mother to finish it." "Why?" asked the father. "Because," said the little fellow, "mother does not say when she is coming home again."

Elevated posts in Governments are like steep rocks, only accessible to eagles and to reptiles.

[From the N. Y. Tribune

WHY DIDN'T THEY HOLD ME.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The stage horn was ringing in my ear its warning that, like time and tide, it waited for no man, or woman either, but as I hurried on through a dim passage, I had a glimpse through a half open door at a scence that has impressed itself on my memory indelibly.

"Why didn't they hold me," were the words uttered in such an anguish that they thrilled in my ear when the stage had borne me far away from that great city and its sins and sorrows, and I determined to fling them as an alarm on the winds, until the statesmen and people, mother and teacher, should set about forging bands to hold those that follow in the footsteps of that dreadful sufferer.

A half dozen fine looking men surrounded his bed, the thrifty growth of hair on their faces, and the glittering of jewelry about their persons, indicated as plainly as their haggard features, and wary eyes, the order to which they belonged. They were of that mysterious order of knighthood, who seem to have found the alchemist's coveted power, or at least to enjoy its coveted results. They live in first class hotels, wear first class clothes, gold abounds with them, and yet they hold labor, practically at least, in supreme contempt. I knew the object of their care was one of their number, who, the night before, in a fit of delerium tremens, had thrown himself from the window of the upper story of the hotel.

He did not toss from side to side as men do usually when a burning fever rages on them, for head, spine, limbs, had all been rendered useless by that fall; but his whole frame quivered with agony, and from underneath the matted, streaming masses of hair that fell over his face, already wan and wasted with suffering, his eyes glared out fiercely as a wounded tiger's.

"Why didn't they hold me?" he muttered; and with his groans he mingled reproaches and horrid curses upon the careless watchers that had left him make that terrible leap.

Why didn't they hold him? Why, they did not realize the fearfulness of the terrors that encompassed him; they have never had delerium tremens—not yet.

The fiend that brandished that naked sword over his defenceless head was invisible to their eyes. They did not hear the hiss of the serpents that coiled and writhed their slimy folds about his shrinking form! Oh, no! they did not see them, and it was such rare sport, to see that swaggering blustering bully cower, and crouch before his imaginary tormentors! So they mocked, and jeered, and incited him on to combat with his phantom foes, until the window caught his eye as a hope for escape, and so, with a yell and a bound, he made that desperate leap, and the next moment there was taken up from amid the mire and blood and shivered glass in the street, a shrieking and mangled wreck of humanity.

Whether that reckless and restless spirit has gone up to its awful account of misspent time, or has to beat out its weary life against the prison bars of a crippled frame, I know not. God be merciful, and heal, if he lingers, both soul and body.—Why didn't they hold him? Not those careless, heartless watchers of the other night; the demon of drink was in him then too strong for mortal control, but long, long ago, when he was a blithe, bright boy, as I remember him; then his mother might have held him in the bonds of good habits, and trained him as she did those fragrant vines about her door, and thus virtue might have rendered another home as fair as did those clustering branches her own sweet cottage.

I remember that household well. The father was a man of high standing, filling a responsible and respectable office. The mother gay and indulgent, and affectionate, surrounded by a band of rosy girls and frolicking boys. Fashion entered the holy circle first, with its baneful habits of idleness and extravagance. With it came the custom of drinking, because of fog or frost, because they were merry or because they were sad. The wind was sown there; long years they have been reaping the whirlwind.

A taste for drinking rendered useful occupation distasteful; gaming afforded at once excitement and a promise of a living without labor. The boys drifted off into vagrancy, the father was degraded from his station, and died in disgrace and penury. The girls dropped like cankered flowers, and God, in pity, took them.

The homestead has passed into strangers' hands, and now the poor old mother sits alone in a comfortless cabin, beside the same stream which rolled by the home of her early happiness, and doubtless, as it wanders by, it often whispers of the time when she might have held them all back, by her counsel and example, from their ruin.

The following was picked up inside the bar at the Court House, in Springfield, Mass, on Saturday, and challenges admiration, equally for its wit, its poetical perfection, its philosophy and its orthography!

Now arter settin' here 7 weeks
This Koart is goin' for to adjourn
And any won hoo jestis seeks
May com next Koart & take his turn.

DEATH OF AN AGED REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONER.—The Union states that intelligence has been received at the Pension Office of the death of Hugh Harris, a soldier of the revolution. He died at Jonesdoro', Tennessee, on the 13th of February, at the extraordinary age of *one hundred and ten years*. He was married to his last wife, who is now in receipt of a pension as his widow, in the *ninetieth year of his age*!

Good humor is the blue sky of the soul, in which every star of talent will shine more clearly.

Virtue is an impregnable rock.

"Whiskey, Sir."

There is a deep, dark alley not far from where we live. It is a dirty alley, ill-paved and unwholesome. It is lined with old rickety wooden houses, with damp cellars and crazed garrets. It terminates in a sort of square court, where there is a boiler factory and tireless, panting, steam-engine. This alley is inhabited by a myriad of people, chiefly poor Irish laborers, with their families—large families, too.—We believe our alley would turn out more little ones, of both sexes, than any other alley of its dimensions in the city. Poor creatures! ragged, dirty, barefooted, hungry—yes, half-starved, sometimes. Scores of such children live here.

There is a great deal of drunkenness, quarrelling, fighting, swearing and hunger, and want, and cold in that alley. We wish a foreign missionary would visit it.—Perhaps some of our good people who are so interested in the 'heathen' could find objects of charity there. We are very sure they could.

Night before last we were going home about ten o'clock; as we passed the mouth of the alley, a little girl turned in from the street. She was half clad in thin summer clothes, bare-footed, wet and shivering—for it rained heavily. She was a miserable looking object. In her hand was a battered tin cup, which she held carefully while she stepped across the swimming gutter. It was a strange impulse, but we said—

"What have you got in that cup, sis?"

She stopped, and turning her thin pale face towards us—there is a lamp near the alley—she answered in a hesitating, timid tone—

"Whiskey, sir."

"Who is it for?"

"Father and mother."

"Do they drink it?"

"Yes sir—sometimes," she said, with a hesitating, half-frightened tone.

"Where did you get it?"

"At the grocery, sir."

"Show me where you got it."

"O, I can't; I must go—it's so cold!" And she vanished up the dark, damp alley.

Now I knew the secret of the noises, the oaths, the poverty, the wretchedness of that alley—or at least one great cause.

"Whiskey, sir."

Look at those bloated, brutal men—those ragged, brawling, obscene women—those starving, freezing, hopeless, joyless children. Why are they so—

"Whiskey, sir."

What brought that man, stained and bloody, before the police court this morning? What sent that wretched female to the 'vagrant' cell, and that boy or girl to the house of refuge?—

"Whiskey, sir."

And if the criminal is asked by the judge if he has aught to say why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon him, any plea to make, any defence to put in, what should be his honest reply?—

"Whiskey sir."

There goes a man, who five years since was in excellent circumstances, had a good businesss and a happy family. He is now a dissolute loafer; his family suffers every day for the necessaries of life.—What brought them to misery, despair and want?—

"Whiskey, sir."

See those little children growing up in sin, ignorance and poverty, with no childish joys, no buoyant feelings, no pure thoughts, no fond hopes, no affections, no respect for their wretched parents. What keeps them in such a terrible condition?—

"Whiskey, sir."

Ah! child with the tin cup, you spoke a volume them; a volume that brings no joys to the reader. You told a story of much crime and beggary, ruin and death, of woe that has no consolation.

But, there stands a beautiful and costly building, money has been lavished to adorn it in every style of elegance, inside and out. It is a noble structure. Who was the builder?

"Whiskey, sir."

Yes, there was a great volume in the child's words—a volume of splendor, of wealth, of sudden riches, of money accumulated year by year, of aristocratic families, of young men and beautiful women, who, for evything they have and enjoy, are indebted, and to nothing else indebted, but to—

"Whiskey, sir."

We have noticed that girl with her cup many times before coming from a grocery near by, but never did we imagine her errand. We thought the days of retailing rum to children was passed; God knows it should be. Remember—"Cursed is he who putteth the cup to his neighbor's lips."

There was a murder in that alley last winter. The corpse was found, the coroner was summoned, an inquest held.—The verdict was—"Came to his death by a violent blow on the head, delivered by somebody unknown to the jury." That was no verdict! At the time that man was killed, there was a drunken row—several persons, men and women, were injured; and there was rioting and brawling all night long. The verdict might have been shorter—two words would have expressed it—

"Whiskey, sir."

There will be much suffering in that alley this winter. The spirits of cold, crime and hunger have rented it, we opine, and moved in many tenants. But there is one who pays no rent, who carries misery with him, who brings sorrow, contention, yea *death!* Who is he?

"Whiskey, sir."

He is a ruinous, quarrelsome, ferocious tenant.

Many promises are scattered in the Bible like stars in the firmament; and if it were always day we should not have known there was a star in the sky; so many of God's promises only shine, or at least shine brighter in the night of affliction.

Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

Love.

LADIES, read this. Dare I venture upon this hackneyed theme—a theme which has been exhausted by the poet and the novelist? I dare—not to follow in the train of those who have preceded me, and launch another shaft at the blindfold cherub, but as the champion, the defender of the mischievous boy—to show where lies the fault, to unveil the cause why his arrows are poisoned and why the roses he offers are oftentimes so thickly beset with thorns. Frown not, fair readers; to you are attributable all the misdeeds of a wily god. Did woman feel the responsibility of the station she holds in society—did she feel how much she is the arbitress of man's destinies on earth—nay, even beyond it, how differently would she act! Instead of dispensing her smiles equally on the worthy and unworthy, she would show, by her discountenance of vice, how hateful it was to her; no matter how talented a man was, how graceful in manners, or pleasing in person, unless virtue was the guiding star of his conduct, she should banish him from her presence, as being unworthy of breathing the same air with her; she should shrink from his society, as she would shun a noxious reptile. Is such the case?—No! No matter what a man's vices, if he is handsome, brilliant in conversation, and versed in the arts of flattery, all the smiles and attentions are lavished upon him that ought to be bestowed only on the virtuous; while the man who is perhaps endowed with every good quality that can render him estimable, if wanting in the showy acquirements of society, is treated with the utmost indifference; thus giving rise to the too generally received opinion, that the worse a man is the more agreeable he is to a woman. Can it then be wondered at, that to meet her in society, win her affections by a thousand useless attentions, and slight them when won, is the pastime of an hour to those honeyed flatterers, those destroyers of woman's happiness who, like gilded serpents, captivate but to annihilate. Were they regarded as the pests of society instead of being treated as its ornaments, the race would disappear.—*Empsom.*

MECHANICS.—St. Paul was a mechanic—a maker of tents from goat's hair; and in the lecturer's opinion he was a model mechanic. He was not only a thorough workman at his trade, but was a scholar—a perfect master, not only of his native hebrew, but of three foreign tongues, a knowledge of which he obtained by close application to study during his leisure hours while serving his apprenticeship. It was a custom among the Jews to learn the sons some trade—a custom not confined to the poor classes, but was also practiced by the wealthy; and it was a common proverb among them that if a father did not teach his son a mechanical occupation, he taught him to steal. This custom was a wise one; and if the fathers of the present day would imitate their example, their wrinkled cheeks would not so blush for the helplessness, and not unfrequently criminal conduct of their offspring. Even if a father intended his son for one of the professions, it would be an incalculable benefit to that son to instruct him in some branch of mechanism. His education would not only be more complete and healthy, but he might at some future time, in case of failure in his profession, find his trade very convenient as a means of earning his bread; and he must necessarily be more competent in mechanical from his professional education. An educated mechanic was a model machine, while an uneducated mechanic was merely a mechanic working under the superintendance of another's brain. Let the rich and the proud no longer look on mechanism as degrading to him who adopts a branch of it as his calling. It is a noble calling—as noble as the indolence and activity of wealth is ignoble.—*Lecture by Rev. Dr Adams.*

Tricks on Animals.

In breaking or managing a horse, however intractable or stubborn his temper may be, preserve your own. Almost every fault the brute has arises from ignorance. Be patient with him, teach and coax him, and success, in time, is certain. There are tricks, however, which are the result of confirmed habit or viciousness, and these sometimes requires a different treatment. A horse accustomed to starting and running away, may be effectually cured by putting him to the top of his speed on such occasions and running him till pretty thoroughly exhausted.

A horse that had a trick of pulling his bridle and breaking it, was at last reduced to better habits by tying him tightly to a stake driven on the brink of a deep stream, with his tail pointing to the water; he commenced pulling at the halter, which suddenly parted; over the bank he tumbled and after a somerset or two, and floundering while in the water, he was satisfied to remain at his post in future and break no more bridles.

A sheep-killing dog has been made too much ashamed ever again to look a sheep in the face, by tying his hind legs to a stout ram on the brow of a hill, while the flock were quietly feeding at the bottom.—The ram being free, and in haste to rejoin his friends, tumbled and thumped master Tray so sadly over the stones and gullies, that he was quite satisfied to confine himself to cooked mutton thereafter.

Man's reason was given him to control "the beasts of the field and the birds of the air" by other means than force. If he will bring this into play he will have no difficulty in meeting and overcoming every emergency of perverse instinct or bad habit in the dumb things by his superior cunning.—*American Agriculturist.*

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the household on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centered in the soul. No storms can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor.

Mirth is the medicine of life.

Children, respect old age.

From a correspondent of the N. Y Daily Times.

The Religion of the Chinese Insurgents.

THURSDAY, March 22, 1855.

I read your editorials in this morning's paper, under the caption "The Chinese Insurgents," with much pleasure and profit. While it may may be true (and your arguments go very far towards proving it so,) that the insurgents have not that idea of *God* which enlightened Christians in other countries possess, still, I fear that your article will leave many in doubt, whether the Chinese *cân* (under their present mode of teaching, through the Missionaries, and the Bible as now translated,) attain to such a knowledge of the all-perfect Jehovah as is necessary to make them real converts to Christianity. Fearing this effect, I have taken the liberty to send the enclosed letter literally translated from the Chinese language.—Surely, no one, after reading this, will doubt the reality of these "little children," as they call themselves, or that they have a more imperfect idea of the *true God* than ourselves.

By inserting this you will prevent your readers from taking a wrong impression of your editorial, which you did not intend, and which should not be allowed to remain upon the minds of any.

The letter is taken from the *Christian Intelligencer*, and is addressed to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which these brethren call the "Public Society,"

Yours Truly, H. S.

AN APPEAL.

By the mercy and grace of God called to be little children of the Saviour Jesus, we send you this letter to the Public Society, desiring that God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ may bestow grace and peace on all the saints connected with the Public Society.

We desire you to know the boundless grace and favor of God towards us and in behalf of us, little children, heartily to thank God because that the announcement of God's grace has been conveyed by your nation to our nation, and to our province, even to Amoy, and to our market town, Peh-chui-ia. We desire the Public Society to be thoroughly informed, so that they may very heartily thank God and the Lord Jesus Christ; for we at Peh-chui-ia originally dwelt in the region of death and gloomy darkness, a place under the curse of God, and were exposed to God's righteous punishment. But many thanks to God's compassion and mercy! the Holy Spirit influenced the pastors of your nation to send holy brethren (Amoy native Christians) in company with the English pastor, the teacher, William Burns, unto our market-town, to unfold the holy announcement of grace, and preach the gospel. Many thanks to God, whose grace called several brethren by day and by night, to listen to the preaching of the gospel, for the space of four months. Many thanks to the Holy Spirit, who opened our darkened hearts, and led us unto the Saviour Jesus, whose precious blood delivers us from sin. By the grace of God, five persons were received into the Church and baptised. Again two months afterwards, four persons were received into the church and baptised.—There are still some ten persons more from different quarters, not yet baptised, who have been operated on, so that they listen to the preaching with gladness of heart.

By the will of God, the English pastor has been called to return to his own nation. Our place is distant from Amoy, by water, several tens of *lis*, so that it is difficult to come and go. The two pastors of your nation at Amoy have not a moment to spare from labor; for the holy brethren [native converts] there are many; and it is difficult for them to leave home.

We, the brethren of the church at our market-town, with united hearts pray, earnestly beseeching God again graciously to compassionate us, and send a pastor from the Public Society of your nation, that he may quickly come, and instruct us plainly in the gospel.

It is to be deplored—the bretheren having heard the teacher William Burns preach the word a few months, their spiritual nature only just born again, not yet having obtained firmness in the faith—that just at this time, in the seventh month, the pastor should be separated from us. It is like the mother's milk failing her child.—The Word to us, who are little children, is like milk. Day and night our tears flow; and with united heart, we pray, earnestly beseeching God graciously to grant that of the disciples of the Lord Jesus a pastor hastily come, and preach to us the Gospel, this food of grace with its saviorness of grace, in order to nourish and strengthen the faith of us, little children.

Moreover, we pray God to influence the saints of your nation that they may always keep us, little children, in remembrance. Therefore, on the 28th day of the 7th month, (August 21. 1854,) the brethren with united hearts have prayed, earnestly beseeching God, that this, our general letter, may be conveyed to the great Public Society, that you may certainly know these our affairs, and pray God, in behalf of us, that this our request may be granted. Please give our salutation to the brethren.

KONG-BIAU,	TER-IAM,	TEK-LIAM,
U-JU,	SI-BU,	JIU SOM,
KI-AN,	LIAM-SAN,	KIM-KOA,

The disciples of Jesus at Peh-chui-ia.

Presented to the Public Society that all the disciples may read it.

The sale of a portion of Daniel Webster's Marshfield property took place at the old homestead, on the 28th March.—Real estate to the amount of $16.700 was sold. The same property cost over $18,000. A lot of cattle and sheep were also disposed of, which produced the sum of $2,100. Mr. Websters affairs were left in a state of great embarrassment, but his friends, we believe, expect to be able to save to the family some 300 to 400 acres of the estate, including the old mansion.—At the time of his decease, it seems that Massachusetts statesmen owed the sum of $140,000, or thereabouts.

How Oyster-eating was Invented.

The *North British Review* for February, has a most humourous and withal a valuable article on "Diet and Dress," from which we extract the following:

"It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster.—This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first act of oyster-easting to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day by the sea-shore, picked up one of these savoury bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the shells, he insinuated his finger between them that he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The prompt withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. It is not very clear why people when they hurt their fingers put them to their mouths: but it is very certain that they do; and in this case the result was most fortunate. The owner of the finger tasted the oyster-juice for the first time as the Chinaman in Elia's essay having burnt his finger, first tasted cracklin. The savour was delicious,—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banquetted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster-eating into fashion. And unlike most other fashions it has never gone, and is never likely to go out."

Raining Brimstone.

A gentleman from Chulahoma, Mississippi, informs us that there was "a shower of brimstone" in that vicinity during the last rain, about two weeks since. Particles of brimstone (he says) were scraped from the ground, the day after the rain by spoonsful; and by tasting and burning were fully decided to be brimstone, and nothing else! Brimstone is said, also, to have fallen throughout De Soto and Marshall counties, Mississippi, during the same rain; and reports of a similar shower were in circulation here about the same time. We hope our Mississippi friends are not alarmed. Such showers frequently occur in the tropics and adjacent countries, when the trees are in bloom. The pollen of the flowers is taken up by the wind and distributed far and near, and out of such material was our shower of brimstone made.—*Memphis Eagle.*

NEW USE FOR CHLOROFORM.—We were present, at the Patent Office, a few days since, while experiments were made to destroy weevil in wheat by the use of chloroform. In two or three minutes after a few drops of chloroform had been administered, the insects naturally enough began to exhibit unmistakable symptoms of uneasiness, which proved to be the certain precursors of a quiet, respectable death. It was the opinion of the experimenter that these destructive insects might be effectually exterminated through the agency of chloroform, and large quantities of fine wheat saved every year. We have no disposition to combat the opinion, but we think that our present faith might be greatly strengthened if the agency of chloroform could be successfully invoked during musquito time.—*Wash. Union.*

EXTRAORDINARY DELUSION.—At Stratham, N. H., a number of deluded persons are busily engaged in digging for gold, which a pretended witch of Portsmouth informed them they would find in a certain spot. She told them that if they dug deep enough they would come to a rock before they reached the treasure, and having encountered a rock they have commenced blasting it, and are quite sanguine of attaining the object of their search.

NEW MODE OF ROBBERY.—The Cleveland Plaindealer says a singular robbery was perpetrated on Saturday night upon a passenger on the train from Columbus. Mr. S. C. Moore, of New York, was offered some lozenges, which he ate. Soon after he became very drowsy and slept soundly till aroused by the conductor. Feeling very sick, and attributing his somnolency to the lozenges, he was advised to examine his pockets. He found them picked of his pocket book, in which he had $275.

DEATH OF MARTIN VAN BUREN, JR.—The Baltic brings intelligence of the death of Martin Van Buren, Jr., son of the ex-President. He died in Paris on the 20th ult. A large number of Americans accompanied his remains to their temporary resting place in the cemetery of Montmartre. The deceased had for a long time been wasting under the blight of consumption. His remains will be brought to the United States in July.

CHURCH WITHOUT A WORSHIPPER.—The Boston correspondent of the Christian Inquirer says that the anomaly exists in Boston of a church without a single worshipper, residing in the city, of the faith of those who built it. It is believed that not a single Quaker now resides in Boston. Diligent inquiry of the Friends, and of others, has failed to bring to light a *living* Quaker as a resident of Boston for several years.

☞The English papers state that a clergyman in England is now suffering the severe penalty of twelve months imprisonment, for marrying a couple at half-past six in the morning, when ecclesiastical law forbids that such a ceremony shall take place before 8 A. M.

AN OLD NEGRESS.—A negress 115 years old died in Morris county, New Jersey, poor-house last week. She was stolen from Africa when a child. Four generations of her descendants were at her funeral.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN WISCONSIN.—The House of Representatives of Wisconsin, by a vote of 44 to 27, have restored the death penalty in that State. The Senate have yet to act upon the matter.

RAPPINGS.—Four persons were recently expelled from the Congregational Church in Springfield, Massachusetts, including one of the Deacons, in consequence of their belief in spiritual rappings.

A VENERABLE COUPLE.—In Adair county, Ky., on the 27th of March, the venerable John Pendleton, aged 82 years, was married to the amiable Mrs. Mary Adams, aged 72 years, who was entirely blind.

☞Young Dr. Kane is going out as surgeon of the expedition in search of his brother in the Arctic seas.

☞Gen. Sutter, once the richest, is said to be among the poorest men in California. To poverty is added the infirmities of old age.

☞Snow was three feet deep at Gorham, N. H., last week. It has been five and six feet during the whole winter.

☞Snow is such a rarity in Georgia, that a fall of a dozen flakes is called sleighing.

☞Ten dollar notes of the Exchange Bank at Pittsburg, altered to 50's, are in circulation.

☞Rev. Mr. Eals has been called to the Second Presbyterian Church at Carlisle, Pa.

Dobb's says he would have died of the cholera, in August, if it had not been for one thing—'The doctors gave me up.' Two days afterwards he says he was a well man, indulging in succotash.

Pruning.

During this month, the fruit trees should be examined, and whatever pruning is necessary, got through with. Dead or decaying branches should invariably be cut low enough to secure live branches, and if the limb be a large one, it is better to trim it off after the saw with a sharp knife or hatchet. The saw is a poor pruning instrument at the best, without triming after it, especially on the outside of the wound as it will scarcely ever heal over, whereas if the brandies are cut with a sharp instrument, and the tree healthy, the surrounding bark will soon cover the wound, and thus avert decay. The object in pruning, varies with the different sorts of fruit.

Apples and pears, where allowed full scope, require thinning merely of weak and cross branches, and all spay cut clean out in the body of the tree. Dwarf and espalier trees require somewhat different pruning, but most of which should be performed in the summer: all that is required at this season, being to shorten the unproductive shoots of established trees within two or three inches of their length, taking care to preserve the fruit buds, which are readily known by their round and plump form.

Peach trees are much benefited by pruning; as if commenced while young, they will always remain bushy and "close," while if let to itself, it will become in a short time, an ugly straggling tree with a few bearing shoots at the top. Cut out all weak spindly growth, except where wanted to fill up a vacancy, and shortening the leading shoots of each branch.—We prefer this to shortening the branches we intend to leave. If the tree is inclined to be crowded, a third of the young wood may be taken out with advantage. It is better to leave the pruning of peach trees till all excessive cold is past, as the fruit buds in extreme cases are killed by frost; and where this occurs, pruning must be done accordingly.

The native grape vines that have remained uncovered and unpruned may be done at any time. The fruit will come much finer and suffer less from mildew and other pests if ample space is left for the development of the foliage. Under no pruning should the branches be nearer each other after they are done than eighteen inches—three feet is better.

Currants and Gooseberries should also be pruned; established trees of the red and white currant, require the young wood well pruned back; and gooseberries, the last years wood thinned considerable, leaving young wood enough to be free from crowding during summer.

The black currant is much neglected in this country. To grow it to perfection, requires a moist soil, very rich; in pruning only requires the branches thinned, and occasionally the older ones taken out.—*Country Gentleman.*

Deep Tillage—Good Products.

Mrs. S. Wisslelm, who is apparently capable of managing the *helm* in many avocations, relates the following:

We got of a man who has about two acres of ground. He had lately come into possession, and had a farming fever.—Through all last summer's drouth he looked and prayed for rain, and hoed and plowed to be ready for it. The rain did not come, but the plowing and hoeing went on, not with any definite idea of benefit from that, if the drouth continued, but to be ready for the rain. Well, he had two of the largest porkers we have seen, which all summer had been fed on weeds, house-swill, spoiled cheese, &c. He had, off his two acres, as much corn as fattened them to the finest possible condition, plenty of corn fodder for two cows through the winter, and expects to sell a ton of hay in the spring, price at present, from twenty-four to thirty dollars; and has, of the finest potatoes we have seen, an abundance to do a family of seven persons, until new potatoes come, besides seed for next year, and probably more to sell.—Then, there were pumpkins, which he was feeding to cows and pigs until winter set in, and for summer use they had beets, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, salad, &c. He calculates that the products would more than pay the interest on the purchase money, counting it at four hundred dollars per acre, and what he paid for plowing, leaving him all the fun of hoeing for clear profit.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The *Messenger* published at Hannibal, Missouri, learns from farmers that the prospect for a good wheat crop throughout Northern Missouri are more promising than they have been for some years past. In Illinois the prospects for an abundant wheat crop are also good. We learn from the Alton *Courier*, the editor of which paper has recently made a trip across the central portion of Illinois, that, "however short the crops might have been last year, it has not deterred the farmers of the State from seizing every portion of favorable time during the fall, for sowing the wheat, and the result shows that there are at least twenty per cent. more acres now in wheat than in any previous year. The winter has been exceedingly favorable, and if we should be blessed with our ordinary spring, Illinois will have an amount of wealth in that single crop, which it would be difficult to estimate.

LIME ON CORN.—Mr. R. F. Bingham of Ohio, communicates to the *Southern Cultivator*, the following experiment he made with lime upon young corn:

"I have just concluded an experiment with lime on a field of corn, which may be worthy of notice. As the corn was coming up, I applied about half a pint of slackened lime to each hill, with the exception of four rows near the middle of the field, which were left that I might see whether or no liming in the hill was beneficial to the crop. The after treatment was the same during the season. Harvested separately the four rows unlimed, and also adjoining them four that were limed, (soil and situation being precisely the same) and the result was an increase of a little over one-eighth in the amount in corn in favor of that which was limed.