

THE STAR AND BANNER.

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"FEARLESS" A FREE.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOLUME XXVII.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 18, 1896.

NUMBER 8.

Very Pretty.

From the German.

Oh! wouldst thou love me, my lady,
Within my depth of eyes?
To see if there be hidden
Some pearl of rarest dye?
Oh! seek it there, my lady,
And thou shalt find the best,
Thy image there reflected,
A gem worth all the rest.

Not So Bad.

From the Southern Dialect.

Oh! wouldst thou know, my lady,
If there is to be seen,
Hiding in these my peepers,
A single speck of green?
Oh! seek it there, my lady,
Nay be not coy or slow,
And when the green's discovered
I prithee let me know?

A Character.

There is a being in nature's light as a feather,
As there is fortune, uncertain as weather,
Now cruel, now kind, they sweet, and next
sour,
He never wears the same humor or conduct an
hour.
He's a lion, a lamb—an eagle, a dove;
All fierceness, all tameness—all hate, or all
love.
He can vow and protest; tho' his vows are so
frail,
That he who believes has an eel by the tail.

Who lit the Lamps?

Upon the rocky coast of Cornwall, there
stood some years ago, and may be stand-
ing yet, an old fashioned lighthouse. It
was placed amid some dangerous rocks,
and was found a great blessing to mariners
frequenting that coast, in directing them
in dark and stormy nights. Many were
the shipwrecks it prevented, and many
the blessings that were breathed forth to
heaven by the sailors for its guiding and
cheering light.

You would have thought that every body
would have been glad that the light-
house stood upon those rocks, and re-
joiced in the good it did. But they did
not.

There was a set of wicked men who
looked upon that light-house with very
angry eyes, and often wished some storm
would come and sweep it away. They
thought to get the vessels wrecked that
they might gather some of the spoil that
came from their destruction; and they,
therefore, hated the light-house; and they
deprived them of their treasure. These
wicked men were called "wreckers"; and
when stormy nights came on, they might
be seen looking out for their prey, and
even lighting large lights upon the shore
to deceive the ships, lead them out of the
way, and get them dashed to pieces on the
rocks.

Still the light-house stood, watched over
and kept by the merest of eyes and
care of a kind and protecting God.

It was situated at the time I am writ-
ing of by a man and his little girl; and
it is about this little girl that my story
must be told. She had had a very pi-
ous mother, who, as she died, had given
her holy counsel, and left her a large ver-
sion of the Bible as her property. You may
be sure the last words of her dear mother
were not soon forgotten; while the Bible
she had left was looked upon with no lit-
tle reverence and love.

The light-house was so placed upon the
rocks that, at low water, when the tide
was out, you could walk from it to the
shore; but at high water nobody could
get to it, as no boat could ride in safety
among the breakers and the rocks. And
the food the inmates needed, and other
things they used, were all brought to
them, or fetched by them at low water,
and the good use of the lighthouse had
often to go on shore for them. One day
he had gone as usual, leaving his little girl
in the light-house, when some of the
"wreckers" seized him, and determined to
prevent his going back to light his lamps,
in the hope that some ship would thus be
wrecked. The poor man was in great dis-
tress when he found he was the prisoner
of these wicked men, and he begged hard
to be allowed to return. But in vain;
till long after the tide came in, and the
dark night had gathered, and it became
impossible for him to return. At last
they let him go, and he stood upon the
shore in great distress.

The night gradually became a very
stormy one. The wild winds roared fur-
iously. The rain fell in torrents. The
lightning flashed. The thunder rolled
fiercely. The sea dashed furiously around
the light-house, sometimes covering it en-
tirely with its waves. What was he to
do? The lantern at the top of the house
was yet all dark. He could see some
ships in the distance, and he trembled lest
they should be wrecked for want of his
lamps being lighted. He knew his little
girl was all alone, and too little to do any-
thing to help the difficulty; so there he
stood in deep distress, while around
him were the savage "wreckers," who
were in the process of their wicked
scheme, and looking for a large booty by
the morning, when all of a sudden the
lantern of the light-house was lighted up,
and its bright and glowing rays shot far
across the dark and troubled sea.

The wreckers were filled with astonish-
ment and anger as they saw it. The sailors, far
off in the ships, were delighted as they
caught the beams, and the good man him-
self was overcome with surprise and joy,
while he exclaimed, "Who has lit the
lamps!"

know if the lamps were not lighted they
would probably be wrecked, and in her
distress she began to think what could she
do. At last a text of Scripture, one of
her mother's last words, came into her
mind: "Call upon me in the day of trouble,
and I will deliver thee." So down she
knelt, and prayed earnestly to God, and
walked up to her tower, and raising
helped her in her trouble, and raising
walked up to the lantern at the top of the
tower to see if she could light the lamps
herself. She saw the long stick with
which her father lit them, but she was far
too little to reach them. Down stairs ac-
cordingly she went, and with great labor
dragged up a table, and climbed on to it,
and tried again, but still she could not
reach the lamp. Down again she went to
seek for something more to stand on,
when her eye fell on her mother's large
Bible which she carried up with great la-
bor into the lantern, and laid it on the
table. But now she thought perhaps it
would be wrong to stand upon the Bible
she so much revered, and she paused a
little before she did it, and to pray to God
to help her to light the lamps. Then
climbing up, she stood on tip-toe just
reaching the lamp, and to her joy found she could just
reach the lamp. In a minute all the
lamps were lighted, and the lantern blaz-
ed out, to the joy of the sailors in the
ships, the surprise and gladness of her
father, and the shame and disappointment
of the wicked "wreckers" on the shore.

Such is my little story. It is quite
true; and as I have told it to you, I have
been thinking of other mariners and
wreckers that those on the coasts of
Cornwall. I have been thinking of a
world of people all in danger of missing
their way, and being forever ruined by
the results of folly and sin. I have
thought of wreckers in the shape of wicked
men and youths, who would fain
blight and destroy those by whom they
are surrounded. And I have thought of
the Church of God, with the light of truth,
and the means of presenting the way of
peace and safety in her possession, as a
light-house for the world, in which even a
child may help to kindle the lamps, and
save some poor voyager for eternity from
destruction and woe.

Look around you, dear child, and see
if you cannot light some lamp of truth and
love, which shall help to save and bless
your fellow-men.—*Lamp of Love.*

Wealth vs. Happiness.

Many invidiously compare the wealth
and happiness of Isaac Paoli, the wealthy
and happy, to that of the poor and wretched
and unhappy; but a glance at the inner life of men
and women, and you will see that the
wealthy are often more wretched than the
poor. There was great grief
in the Saviour's remark, "A man's life
consisteth not in the abundance
of the things which he possesseth." The
following sketch of the English Rothschild
is in part true.

The insufficiency of mere wealth to con-
fer happiness is strikingly illustrated in
the life of Nathan Myers Rothschild, the
son, who died in London some years ago.
One of the most devoted worshippers that
ever laid a withered soul on the altar
of Mammon. For years he wielded the
purse of the world, opening and closing it
to Kings and Emperors as he listed, and
upon certain occasions was supposed to
have more influence in Great Britain than
the proudest and wealthiest of her nobles
—perhaps more influence than the Houses
of Parliament together. He once pur-
chased bills of the Government, in a single
day, to the amount of twenty millions,
and also the gold which he knew the Gov-
ernment must have to pay them, and with
the profits on a single loan, purchased an
estate which cost him seven hundred and
fifty thousand dollars. But with the clear-
est and widest comprehension in money
matters, with the most piercing insight into
all possible affecting causes in the money
market, and with ingenuity to effect the
most profound, most subtle, and most un-
suspected combinations—an ingenuity before
which all other prodigies of calculation
sink into insignificance—he was, withal,
a little soul. He exercised his talents and
calculating powers, not only for the accu-
mulation of millions, and the management
of national creditors, but also for the de-
struction of the smallest possible pit-
tance on which a clerk's soul could be re-
tained in connection with his body. To
part with a shilling in the way of charity
out him to the heels.

One of his grand rules, "Never to have
anything to do with an unquiet man or
place"—which was also one of John Ja-
cob, Astor's principles—however shrewd
in a worldly point of view, was the very
quintessence of selfishness and Mammon-
ism.

He was in short, a thorough-going mam-
mon worshipper—his soul converted into a
machine or engine for coining guineas; and
every emotion or immortal longing dead
within him. Guineas he did not count
but that which seems almost fabulous; but, with
all his "dearest" wealth, he was profoundly
unhappy; and with sorrowful earnestness,
once exclaiming to one congratulating him
on the gorgeous magnificence of his palat-
ial mansion, and thence inferring that he
was happy, "Happy! my happy!"

RESURRECTION FROM APPARENT DEATH.

The Lockport Register gives the partic-
ulars of a singular case of resurrection
after supposed death in that city.

A child had in its little winding sheet, and
was laid out in an upper room, while the
other preparations were going forward for
the funeral. The sexton was notified and
the grave dug. Some time after the father
went into the room where the child was,
and was astounded at its calling him by
name, and complaining that it did not lie
good. Of course the little sufferer was
supplied with a better bed at once. It had
evidently fallen into a trance, from which
it was awakened by a hard bed and cold air.

That man dies rich, and only that man
who, when he dies, has before him a treas-
ure laid up in heaven.

Gen. Jackson at a Methodist Conference.

The Western Christian Advocate records
the following interesting anecdote of Jack-
son. The scene of it was in the Tennes-
see Annual Conference, held at Nashville,
and to which he had been invited by a
vote of the members, that they might have
the pleasure of an introduction to him:

The committee was appointed, and the
General fixed the time for 9 o'clock on
Monday morning. The Conference room
being too small to accommodate the hun-
dreds who wished to witness the introduc-
tion, one of the churches was substituted,
and an hour before the time filled to over-
flowing. Front seats were reserved for
the Conference, which was called to order
by the Bishop, seated in a large chair in
the altar, just before the pulpit. After
prayers the committee retired, and a mi-
nute after entered, conducting the man
whom all delighted to honor. They led
him to the Bishop's chair, which was made
vacant for him, the Bishop meanwhile oc-
cupying another place within the altar.

The Secretary was directed to call the
names of the members of Conference, which
he did in alphabetical order, each reach-
ing forward and receiving from the
Bishop a personal introduction to the ex-
ecutive and immediately retiring to give
place to the next.

The ceremony had nearly been com-
pleted, when the secretary read the name
of Rev. James T. — an elderly gentleman,
with a weather-beaten face, clad in a suit
of jeans, rose and came forward. Few
seemed to know him. He had always
been on circuit or frontier; and though al-
ways at conference, he never troubled
it with long speeches, but kept his seat and
said but little—that little, however, was
always to the purpose. Mr. T. came for-
ward and was introduced to General Jack-
son. He turned his face towards the Gen-
eral, who said, "it seems to me that we
have met before." The preacher, appar-
ently embarrassed, said: "I was with you
through the Creek campaign—was of your
body guard at the battle of Horse Shoe
and fought under your command at New
Orleans." The General rose slowly from
his seat, and throwing his long, withered
body arms around the preacher's neck, ex-
claimed: "Well! seem where there's no
more war—where there's no more battle
rolls up its sulphurous incense!" Never
before or since have I seen so many tears
shed as then flowed forth from the eyes of
the "wrecker." Eleven years have passed
away since that day. The old hero has
been more than ten in his silent and nar-
row home. The voice that cheered the
drooping fight, and thundered in the rear
of routed armies is silent forever. The old
preacher, too, has fought his last battle,
left his armor by, and gone home to his
eternal rest.

A Huge Pile of Serpents.

Baron Humboldt says: "In the Savan-
nas of Iacaco, Guiana, I saw the most
wonderful and terrible spectacle that can
be seen; and although it is not uncommon
to the natives, no traveler has ever
mentioned it. We were ten men on horse-
back, two of whom took the lead, in order
to sound the passages, while I preferred
to skirt the forests. One of the men who
performed the vanguard returned at full
gallop and called to me, 'Here, sir, come
and see serpents in a pile!' He pointed to
something elevated in the middle of the
savanna or swamp, which appeared like a
bundle of arms. One of my company
said:

"This is certainly one of the assemblies
of serpents which keep themselves on
each other after a violent tempest. I have
heard of these, but never saw any—let
us proceed cautiously, and not go too near
them."

"When we were within twenty paces of
it, the terror of our horses prevented our
approaching nearer, to which one of us
inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass
became agitated; a horrid hissing issued
from it, thousands of serpents rolled ap-
parently on each other, and shot out of the
circle their venomous fangs and fiery eyes
to us. I own I was the first to draw back,
but when I saw this formidable phalanx
remain at its post, and appear to be more
disposed to defend itself than to attack us,
I rode around in order to view its order
of battle, which fitted the enemy on every
side. I then thought what could be the
design of this assemblage; and I conclud-
ed that this species of serpent dreaded
some colossal enemy which might be the
great serpent of Cayman, and they re-
treated themselves after seeing the enemy, so
as to resist the enemy in a mass."

TOUGH STORIES.

The Hampshire Chron-
icle, printed in Springfield, Mass., in 1787,
relates the following account of a hostile
meeting between the rebel Shays, of Pel-
ham, and Gen. Lyman:

Gen. Lyman at one blow cut off Shay's
right arm, and Shay, seeing it by the
wrist with his left hand, lifted an ad-
vice-camp with the bleeding stump upon the
spot. At this moment, a light horseman
coming up struck off Shay's head; but the
rebel, not at all dismayed by the accident,
took his head between his teeth, and swim-
ming a neighboring river, made his escape.

SPUNKY.—A Western editor gives a
contemporary the following, rather strong
hint:

The editor of the Social Visitor speaks
of us as a reformed dentist, and volunteers
us a little advice, suggesting that we leave
politics alone and stick to our profession.
We beg to inform the gentleman that we
pull teeth at the usual rates and the noise
of impatient meddlers for nothing.

Society without children would be like
the earth without flowers, the sky without
stars, the heaven without angels.

Violent company is as dangerous as an
infectious and contagious distemper, and
therefore ought to be carefully and indus-
triously avoided.

A footman, proud of his grammar,
ushered into a drawing room Mr. Foots
and his two daughters, with this introduc-
tion:

"Mr. Foots and the two Misses Feet."

Bliss.

Reader, did you ever have the bliss-
ful regular low down, "Gee-woah-be-
comes-of-you feeling? If you have not,
you are a lucky fellow who have escaped
one of the worst miseries that soul and body
is heir to. This is "Gee-woah" (the
Blues or Blue Devils) lies upon you un-
aware, you know not hence or where-
fore. In your merriment he comes
times steals upon you a thief in the
dark, and robs you temporarily of peace
of mind and social happiness. To chase
the heart-strings with his fingers, and
the soul becomes cold, dark, and despo-
sited. You are the victim of a demon,
under his influence he beats a world here,
a life-harsh, a cross-grain, ill-tempered,
misanthrope. And you will this with-
out any agency of your own. You can't
guard against it—you can't escape the
clutches of the insatiable monster.
It takes possession of you in spite of
self, and glories in the writhing
fits. O, how his poor victim
and squirms and struggles to extricate
himself from the clutches of the Blue
Devil! We have had many a sufferer
in our time, and in spite of our best
judgment and our conscientiousness of a seem-
ingly self-imposed misery the Blues will
catch us sometimes; and then we will
all consent—farwell to joy and merriment,
and a real curse to all who become
their victims. We could wish our great
enemy, no more serious evil than one
hour's content with this peace destroying,
soul-harrowing monster. We have en-
deavored to kick him out of our way fre-
quently, but he invariably turns the
tables on us. It is a spirit that will re-
sist us by any process of reasoning that
is capable of. Like the wind, it blows
it cometh, you know not whence
Union.

Curious Prediction.

Mrs. Swishash, writing some predic-
tions in reference to the Eastern war,
makes the following remarks:

"Six years ago we heard Rev. Dr. Wil-
son, then of Allegheny city, and Pro-
fessor of theology in the Presbyterian church,
say that in less than ten years, a war
would break out in Europe between Rus-
sia and the Western Powers—a war which
would be one of the most terrible ever re-
corded in the annals of history, and which,
by its influence, real in its indications
of evil, and a real curse to all who become
their victims. We could wish our great
enemy, no more serious evil than one
hour's content with this peace destroying,
soul-harrowing monster. We have en-
deavored to kick him out of our way fre-
quently, but he invariably turns the
tables on us. It is a spirit that will re-
sist us by any process of reasoning that
is capable of. Like the wind, it blows
it cometh, you know not whence
Union.

Letter from Madame Rachel.

The following letter from the pen of
Mlle Rachel, appears in the Independence
Belge. It replies to the rumor that she
was about to renounce the stage for mar-
riage, but it was not our contemporary
said, "intended for publication." The
great tragedienne writes—

"I have heard many clever people say
that it is better to be maligned by the
press than to submit to its silence and its
neglect. I have, then, to thank you once
more for the notice which you have given
me in the press. But why, my dear friend,
have you occupied yourselves for such a
length of time with nothing but fancies of
marriage, which you have invented in or-
der to blame me, and why suspect me
again to-day of this insultery? I have two
sons whom I adore; I have thirty-two
years upon my certificate of birth; I have
fifty upon my countenance—I will not say
how many *au reste*. Eighteen years of
passionate tirades upon the theatre; heavy
journeys to the extent of every land; Mos-
cow winters; Waterloo traverses; the
perfidious sea; the ingrate land—a woman
which soon age a little bit of behol-
ment like me! But God protects the
brave, and he seems to have created ex-
actly for me a little corner unknown to
all the geographers, where I can forget my
fatigues, my pains, my premature old age,
and this though you find your vir-
litanous card in the midst of the birds
which perch upon my branches, and which
sing me songs of return—mine probably,
and that of the spring. If I had really
been in America, you would have been,
oh, I'm quite sure of it, the first to devote
to me, (in a manner worthy of your genius
and heart), one of your warmest *feuilletons*.
And because I am resuscitated in a miracu-
lous manner—because I hope to shake
your hand again like an old friend, you
exclaim—"She lives! that's well; and
thank God for it. Now, let us leave her."
Then see you striving to work to irritate
my susceptible nerves, and to amuse pro-
fit at the expense of poor little Rachel!
Is it thus you should act with a poor cre-
ature who returns very truly from the other
world? Go, be just and kind, and accuse
yourself of an inveterate love of leasing
at my poor expense, and then I will par-
don you, especially as I hope to see you
soon in Paris or in the country.

By Jupiter, it is very gentle of me to
act thus towards you. This letter is cer-
tainly not written "by a great tragedienne,"
but by a good girl, who calls herself—
RACHEL.

The American Organ at Washington

announces that Edward Everett, Robert
C. Winthrop, with other distinguished
Whigs, whose names it gives, "are con-
tent with Fillmore and Donelson," and
"will take the field under the American
banner."

Marriage of the Princess Royal of England.

We are authentically advised that the
Princess Royal of England, now in the
sixteenth year of her age, is betrothed to
Prince Frederick of Prussia, a young prin-
ce of noble family, and who is now
some nine years her senior, and
that they will be married probably in the
course of the current year.

It is only a few months since the in-
tended bridegroom visited England, where
he was met by the Queen and found in the
eyes of the Princess Royal, and what
was more to the purpose, perhaps in the
eyes of her royal parents. The paper of
the day reported how he was conducted
to the palace by Prince Albert; how he
was received in the most gracious man-
ner by the Queen; and how he was re-
tained for some days as a most favored
guest.

A general impression was created at
the time that the visit was not an ordinary
one of ceremony; and the people got
bold of the public mind that the Queen
came as a suitor to the Princess Royal,
rather as a bridegroom to a bride,
An outcry was raised against the project
of the marriage, and the Queen was lectured
about the mode of marrying her daughter,
and the matter ended at that time by the
departure of the Prince from Balmoral.
It is now apparent that the royal families
of England and Prussia merely delayed the
execution of their project until more pacifi-
cist views became predominant, and the rene-
val of this subject at the present moment
affords decided proof that, in the opin-
ion of both families, the accomplishment
of peace is certain, and the contemplated
alliance may have exerted no inconsid-
erable influence in securing the consent
of England to the admission of Prussia to
the Pan-Confederation.

Prince Frederick William Nicholas
(Charles of Prussia) was born on the 1st
of October, 1831, and is consequently in
his twenty-fifth year. He holds the com-
mand of Major, *à la suite*, of the first
regiment of Foot Guards, and Chief and
Colonel Proprietor of other regiments
in the Prussian service. He is the eldest
son and heir of Frederick William, Prince
of Prussia, brother of the King and heir
to the throne. Consequently, if the pro-
posed marriage shall take place, it may
be anticipated that this prince is not far
distant when the throne of Prussia will be
occupied by him.

The young lady "whom it is about
to be made the bride of renewed amity
with Prussia," Her Royal Highness Vi-
ctoria Adelaide Maria Louisa, Princess
Royal of England, was born at Balmoral,
in the Palace on the 21st of November,
1840, and was baptised on the 16th of
February following. She was to be con-
firmed at Windsor Castle on Thursday,
the 20th instant, and as a preliminary to
her marriage, which is likely to follow
in convenient order the proclamation of
peace, and swell the popular rejoicings
which may be expected to succeed this
event.—*New York Post.*

Fixed Facts in Agriculture.

Somebody has got up the following
list of "fixed facts" in agriculture, and
has, in a understanding of this sort, hit
the right nail on the head, in most of
them. They are the result of long experi-
ence, and no farmer who would not
sell about his head, is said to manufacture
manure; at least till he has learned to
use his stock furnished from the barnyard.
—*Practical Farmer.*

1. All permanent improvement of
lands must look to lime as its basis.
2. Lands which have been long in cul-
ture, will be benefited by the application
of phosphate of lime; and it is unimportant
whether the deficiency be supplied in the
form of bone-dust, guano, native phos-
phate of lime, composts of fresh ashes,
or that of oyster shell lime—or marl—if
the lands need lime also.
3. No lands can be preserved in high
state of fertility, unless clover and the
grasses are cultivated in the course of
rotation.
4. Manure is indispensable in every soil,
and a healthfully applied can only be pre-
pared through the cultivation of clover,
and the grasses, the turning of the
green crop, or by the application of com-
posts rich in the elements of mould.
5. All highly concentrated animal man-
ures are increased in value, and their ben-
efits prolonged by admixture with plaster
or, salt, or pulverized charcol.
6. Deep ploughing greatly improves the
productive powers of every variety of soil
that is not wet.
7. Substituting sound land, that is, land
that is not wet, is also generally con-
ducive to increased production.
8. All wet land should be drained.
9. All grain crops should be harvested
before the grain is thoroughly ripe.
10. Clover, as well as the grasses, in-
tended for hay, should be mowed when
in bloom.
11. Sandy lands can be most effectually
improved by clay. When such lands
require liming or marling, the lime or
marl is most beneficially applied when
made into composts with clay. In plough-
ing time, marl is better than water.
12. The chopping or grinding of grain
to be fed to stock, operates as a saving of
fuel, and is a necessary part of the man-
agement of the farm.
13. Draining wet lands and meadows,
adds to their value, by making them pro-
duce more, and by improving the health
of neighborhoods.
14. To manure or lime wet lands, is to
throw manure, lime, and labor away.
15. Shallow ploughing operates to im-
poverish the soil, while it decreases pro-
duction.
16. By stabilizing and shedding stock
through the winter, a saving of one-fourth
of the food may be effected; that is, one
fourth less food will answer, than when
the stock may be exposed to the inclem-
encies of the weather.
17. A bushel of plaster per acre,
sown broadcast over clover, will add one
hundred per cent to its produce.
18. Periodical applications of ashes
tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by
supplying most, if not all, of the organic
substances.
19. Thorough preparation of land is
absolutely necessary to the successful
and luxuriant growth of crops.
20. Abundant crops cannot be grown
for a succession of years, unless care be
taken to provide an equivalent for the sub-
stances carried off the land in the products
grown thereon.
21. To preserve meadows in their pro-
ductiveness, it is necessary to harrow
them every second autumn, apply top-
dressing, and roll them up.
22. All effluvia are denuded by fall
and winter ploughings; but should never
be ploughed when wet. If at such
ploughings the furrow be materially
deepened, lime, marl, or ashes should be
supplied.
23. Young stock should be moderate-
ly fed with grain in winter, and receive
generous supplies of long provender, it
being essential to keep them in a fair con-
dition, in order that the formation of
muscle, bone, &c., may be encouraged
and continuously carried on.

Great Cattle.

One of the Largest Stock Farmers in
the World.—We copy the following from
a late number of the Albany Knickerbocker:

"Some of the finest cattle we ever saw
were brought to this city last Saturday on
the Central Railroad. There were thirty-
four head, with an average weight of
two thousand four hundred pounds.—
They stood for ten cents a pound live
weight, which is equal to \$240 each.—
They were grown by B. F. Harris,
of Champagne, Illinois, who has one hun-
dred head of the same weight still to bring
in market. Mr. Harris is one of the
largest stock farmers in the world. His
farm contains about 500 head of cattle
and 500 head of hogs. About the first
of May he turns the cattle on the prairie,
and they graze under the control of men
and herds, who pen them at night.—
By the first of Autumn his herds, with the
wide range of rich prairie, reach the ex-
treme right cannot be found. Through
the winter those intended for Spring sale
are stall-fed, requiring 100 bushels of
corn to feed a good sized ox. In the
winter of 1848-'49 this gentleman still
fed 203 cattle, and bought 62,000 bushels
of corn. In the year 1853 Mr. Harris
fed and sold a hundred head of hogs;—
their average weight was 1,000 pounds,
and these were the extraordinary lot which
brought the premium at the World's Fair at
New York. The average of cattle herds
usually marketed will not exceed 1,500
pounds gross.

TEST OF CHARACTER.

We may judge
of a man's character by what he loves as
readily as by his associates. If a person
is wed to low sordid objects—if he takes
delight in the bacchanalian revel, the vul-
gar song and debasing language—we can
at once tell the complexion of his mind.
On the contrary, if he is found in the so-
ciety of the good—if he loves purity and
truth—we are satisfied that he is an up-
right man. A mind debased will not be
found in a holy assembly, nor among the
wise and good. He whose affections are
encircled by goodness, seeks not his gra-
dification at the haunts of vice.

Stanzas to

I am thine in my gladness,
I am thine in my tears.
My love it can change not,
With absence or years.
Were a dungeon my dwelling,
My home it would be;
For its gloom would be sunshine,
If I were with thee.
But life has no beauty,
Of thee, love, bereft
I'm thine, and thine only;
Thine—'till death's left!

Diligence is the handmaid of Provi-
dence, the parent of intelligence, and the
pious dispenser of excellence; all arts and
sciences are at her command; she crowns
all her sons and lovers with riches and
glour.

From the Knickerbocker.

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