STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

VOL. XII.—NO. 29. GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1841. WHOLE NO. 609.

Office of the Star & Banner

COUNTY BUILDING, ABOVE THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTER AND RECORDER.

I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers,) *payable half-yearly in advance*: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, *if not paid until after the expiration of the year.*

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be inserted THREE times for $1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.

—"With sweetest flowers enrich'd
From various gardens cull'd with care."

FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.

I AM WITHOUT A FRIEND.

All around the world is gay,
And all appear content—
Sweet Friendship holds her sway,
While I alone lament.

No friend have I to share my cares—
My lonesome heart to sooth;
To tell my hopes to still my fears—
My path through life to smooth.

Alone, alone! on this wide earth,
I tread my tiresome way;
No friend have I to share my mirth,
Or my many griefs allay.

Oft have I wish'd for only one,
In whom I could confide—
To whom I'd every thought make known,
In whom each secret hide.

But 'mongst the countless throng that move
On earth, from end to end,
No one have I to share my love—
I am without a friend!

Gettysburg, Dec. 1841. CONTEE.

WINTER IS COMING.

Ye maidens fair, yourselves prepare,
Winter is very near—
Wrap up your ears, my pretty dears,
Winter is coming.

Within a trice, upon the ice,
And over sleet and snows,
To freeze your toes and nip your nose,
Winter is coming.

Ye maidens old, and every scold,
Lock, lock your parlor doors!
To soil your floors with shells and cores,
Winter is coming.

A noted quiz, you know he is,
Peeps through each crevice, whist!—
Ply! ply the list! let none be miss'd,
Winter is coming.

The saucy chap ne'er stops to rap,
But whistling rushes in;—
Through thick and thin, his way he'll win,
Winter is coming.

Ye lasses all, before you fall
In love with beaus, be wise!
To tell you lies, and eat your pies,
Winter is coming.

Gandmother! darn—a ball of yarn
Keep constant at your side,
With hasty stride, and long to 'bike,
Winter is coming.

Ye turkies run, or your undone!
Geese, ducks, and pigs so small,
Ye'll rue this Fall—to roast yo all,
Winter is coming.

Now pull the plug and fill the mug,
And blow the fire a blast;
With brow o'ercast, and fierce and fast,
Winter is coming.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Spirit of the Times.

A PIANO IN ARKANSAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN, THE BEE HUNTER."

We shall never forget the excitement which seized upon the inhabitants of the little village of Hardscrabble, as the report spread through the community that a real piano had actually arrived within its precincts. Speculation was afloat as to its appearance and its use. The name was familiar with every body, but what it precisely meant none could tell. That it had legs was certain, for a stray volume of Captain Maryatt's 'Diary' was one of the most conspicuous works in the *floating* library of Hardscrabble. And Captain Maryatt stated that he saw a Piano, somewhere in New England, with pantaletts on. An old and foreign paper was brought forward, in which there was an advertisement headed 'Soiree,' which informed the 'citizens generally,' that Mr. Bobolink would preside at the piano. This was presumed to mean, by several wiseacres, who had been to a menagerie, that Mr. Bobolink stirred the piano up with a long pole, in the same way the show man did the lions, and rhino-ce-rus. So public opinion was in favor of its being an animal, though a harmless one, for there had been a land speculator through the village a few weeks before, who distributed circulars of a Female Academy for the accomplishment of young ladies.—These circulars distinctly stated 'the use of the piano to be one dollar a month.' One knowing old chap said that if they would tell him what so-i-re meant, he would tell them what a piano was, and no mistake.

The owner of this strange instrument was no less than a very quiet, and very respectable, late merchant in a little town somewhere 'down east,' who having failed at home, had emigrated into the new country of Arkansas, for the purpose of bettering his fortune, and escaping the heartless sympathy of his more lucky neighbors, who seemed to consider him an undifferent and degraded man because he had become honestly poor.

The new comers were strangers of course. The house in which they were setting up their furniture, was too little arranged to admit of calls, and as they seemed little disposed to court society, all prospect of immediately solving the mystery that hung about the piano, seemed hopeless. In the meantime public opinion was 'rife'—the depository of this strange thing was looked upon by passers-by with undefinable awe; and as noises, unfamiliar, sometimes reached the street, it was presumed this was the piano, and the excitement rose higher than ever. One or two old ladies, presuming on their age and respectability, called upon the strangers and enquired after their healths, and offered their services and friendship. In the mean time they eyed every thing in the house with intensity, but seeing nothing strange, they hinted about the piano. One of the new family observed carelessly, 'that it had been much injured in bringing it out, that the damp had affected its tones, and that one of its legs was so injured that it would not stand up, and for the present it would not ornament the parlor.'

Here was an explanation indeed—injured in bringing it out—damp affecting its tones—leg broken—'poor thing,' ejaculated the old ladies, as they proceeded to their homes, 'traveling has evidently fatigued it, the Mass-sis sip fogs has given it a cold, poor thing,' and they all wanted to see it with increased curiosity. 'The Village' agreed that if Moses Mercer, familiarly called Mo Mercer, was in town, they would soon have a description of the piano, and the uses to which it was put; and fortunately, in the midst of the excitement, 'Mo,' who had been off on a hunting expedition, arrived in town.

Moses Mercer was the son of old Mercer, who was and had been in the State Senate ever since Arkansas was admitted into the Union. Mo, from this fact, received great glory of course—his father's greatness would have been glory enough, but his having been twice to the Capitol when the Legislature was in session, stamped his claims to pre-eminence over all his competitors, and Mo Mercer was the oracle of the village. Mo knew every thing—he had all the consequence and complacency of a man who had never seen his equal and never expected to. Mo bragged extensively of his having been to the capitol twice—of his there having been in the most fashionable society,—of having seen the world. His return to town was received with a shout. The arrival of the Piano was announced to him, and he *alone*, of all the community, was not astonished at the news. His insensibility was wonderful; he treated the thing as a matter that he was used to, and went on to say that he had seen more Pianos in the Capitol than he had ever seen woodchucks—that it was not an animal but a musical instrument, played upon by the ladies, and he wound up his description by saying, 'that the way the dear creeters could pull the music out of it, was a caution to screech owls.'

The new turn given to the Piano excitement in Hardscrabble, by Mo Mercer, was like pouring oil on fire to extinguish it, for it blazed out with more vigor than ever. That it was a musical instrument made it a rarer thing than if it had been an animal, in that wild country, and people of all sizes, colors and degrees, were dying to see and hear it.

Jim Cash was Mo Mercer's right hand man—in the language of refined society, he was Mo's toady, in the language of Hardscrabble, he was Mo's wheelhorse. Cash believed in Mo Mercer with a faith that no Catholic believes in the Pope. Now Cash was dying to see the Piano, and the first opportunity he had alone with his 'Quixotte,' he expressed the desire that was consuming him.

'We'll go at once and see it,' said Mo Mercer.

'Strangers,' echoed the frightened Cash.

'Humbug'—do you think I have visited the Capitol twice, and don't know how to treat fashionable society? Come along Cash, at once,' said Mercer.

Off the pair started, Mercer all confidence, and Cash all fears as to the propriety of the visit. These fears Cash frankly expressed, but Mercer repeated for the thousandeth time his visis to the 'Capitol,' his familiarity with fashionable society and Pianos, which, Mercer observed, 'was synonymous.' And he finally told Cash, however abashed or ashamed he might be in the presence of the ladies, 'that he need not fear sticking, for he would put him through.'

A few minutes' walk brought the parties on the broad galleries of the house that contained the object of so much curiosity. The doors and windows were closed, and a suspicious look was upon every thing.

'Do they always keep a house closed up this way that has a piano in it?' asked Mr Cash.

'Certainly,' replied Mercer, 'the damp would destroy its tones.'

Repeated knocks at the doors, and finally at the windows, satisfied both Cash and Mercer that nobody was at home. In the midst of this disappointment, Cash discovered a singular machine at the end of the gallery, crossed by bars, rollers and surmounted with an enormous crank. Cash approached it on tiptoe; he had a presentiment that this was the object of his curiosity, he gazed with distended eyes, and asked Mercer, with breathless anxiety, '*what that was?*' Mercer turned to the thing as coolly as a toper would to a glass of brandy and water, and said 'that was *it*.'

'That it!' exclaimed Cash, opening his eyes still wider, and wished to see its 'tones.' Mercer pointed to the cross bars and rollers. With trembling hands, and a resolution that would enable a man to be scalped without winking, Cash reached out his hand and seized the handle of the crank (Cash was at heart a brave and fearless man,) he gave it a turn, the machine grated harshly, and seemed to clamor for something to put in its maw.

'What delicious sounds,' said Cash.

'Beautiful, observed the complacent Mo Mercer, at the same time seizing Cash's arm, and asking him to desist for fear of breaking the instrument, or getting it out of tune. The simple caution was sufficient, and Cash, in the joy of his discovery at what he had seen and done, for a moment looked as conceited as Mo Mercer himself. Busy indeed was Cash, from this time forward, to explain to gaping crowds the exact appearance of the Piano, how he had actually taken hold of it, and as his friend Mo Mercer observed, 'pulled music out of it.' The curiosity of the village was thus allayed, and it died comparatively away; Cash having rose to almost as much consequence as Mo Mercer for his having seen and handled the thing.

Our New England family knew little or nothing of all this excitement; they received the visits and congratulations of the hospitable villagers, and resolved to give a grand party to return some of the kindnesses they had received, and the Piano was for the first time moved into the parlor. No invitations on this occasion were neglected; early at the post was every visitor, for it was rumored that Miss Patience Doolittle would in the course of the evening perform on the Piano. The excitement was immense, the supper was passed over with a contempt that rivals cast upon an excellent farce, played preparatory to a dull tragedy in which the *star* is to appear. The furniture was all critically examined, but nothing could be found answering to Cash's description. An enormously *thick table*, with a spread on it, attracted but little attention, for *timber is cheap* in a new country, and every body expected soon to see the Piano 'brought in.'

Mercer, of course, was the hero of the evening; he talked loud and long. Cash, as well as several young ladies went into hysterics at his wit. Mercer grew more familiar as the evening wore away; he asserted that the company present reminded him of his two visits to the 'Capitol,' and other associations equally exclusive and peculiar. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and the Piano and the music had been deferred so long, that several old ladies and some young ones (who shrunk instinctively from showing any curiosity or desire,) insisted on Mercer's asking Miss Patience to favor the company with a little music on the Piano. 'Certainly,' said Mercer, and with the grace of a city dandy, called upon the lady to gratify all present with a little music, prefacing his request with the remark that if she was fatigued his friend Cash would give the instrument *a turn*. Miss Patience smiled, and looked at Cash,—his knees trembled; all eyes in the room turned upon him, and he sweat all over. Miss Patience was gratified to hear that Mr. Cash was a musician; she admired people with a musical taste. Cash fell into a chair, as he afterwards stated, 'chawed up.' Oh, that Beau Brummell, or any of his admirers, could have seen Mo Mercer all this while! Calm as a summer morning, and as complacent as a newly-painted sign, he smiled and patronized, and was the only unexcited person in the room. Miss Patience rose; a sigh escaped from all present—the Piano was to be brought in evidently—she approached the thick-leafed table, and removed the spread, throwing it carelessly and gracefully aside—opened it, presenting the beautiful arrangement of the dark and white keys. Mo Mercer at this, for the first time in his life, looked confused; he was Cash's authority in his description of a Piano—while Cash himself began to recover the moment he ceased to be an object of attraction. Many a whisper ran through the crowd as to the tones, and more particularly the *crank*, none could see it. Miss Patience took her seat, ran her fingers over the octaves, and, if Moses in Egypt was not *executed*, 'Moses' in Handscrabble was. "Miss,' said Cash, the moment he could express himself, so entranced was he, and overcome with astonishment—"Miss Doolittle, what was that instrument that Mo Mercer showed me last Wednesday evening on your gallery, that went with a crank, and had bars and rollers in it?' It was now the turn for Miss Patience to blush, and away went the blood to her eye-brows; she hesitated only a moment, and said, 'if he *must* know, that it was a—a—YANKEE WASHING MACHINE!' The name grated on Mo Mercer's ear, as if rusty spikes had been thrust into them; his knees trembled. The sweat started to his brow, as he heard the taunting whispers of visiting the 'Capitol' twice! and 'seeing pianos as plenty as woodchucks.' The seeds of envy and maliciousness of fashion were at a moment sown in the village of Hardcrabble, and Mo Mercer, the great and invulnerable, surprising as it may seem, was the first victim sacrificed at its shrine.

Time wore on, and Pianos became common, and Mo Mercer less popular, and he finally disappeared entirely on the evening of the day when a Yankee pedlar of notions, sold to the highest bidders, six "Patent and highly concentrated" "Mo Mercer's Pianos." T. B. T.

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"I cannot afford to take a newspaper, was the answer we received a few days ago, from a wealthy farmer in our neighborhood, when asked to subscribe for our paper. He was the father of a large family, and from his answer we were induced to believe that no newspaper ever entered the walls of his dwelling, and that himself and family were utterly ignorant of the many interesting events now transpiring in the world: and what is worse, likely to remain so; unless indeed he belonged to that class of readers,—the pest of their neighbors and the abhorrence of printers, called borrowers. Not afford to take a newspaper! and yet this individual could spend his hundreds to adorn the persons of his children and make them respectable, whilst the mind was entirely neglected. Can't afford to take a newspaper! What does this mean? It means in plain English this, I cannot afford to inform myself or give my family the means of information and instruction. I prefer ignorance to intelligence—and rather than spend my money, would see my family become dull, stupid dolts—despised by themselves and ridiculed by all. Money before knowledge, is the language of those, who, being able to pay, offer the excuse referred to in the commencement of this article. But newspaper borrowers! what shall we say of them?

Will you subscribe for our paper? Oh, no, I believe not, I get my neighbor A's paper every week and that will do for me! Such answers we have frequently received, and an answer containing more double refined meanness could not be found? But aside from the meanness of reading a borrowed newspaper, when the individual could well afford to take one for himself, it is plainly dishonest, 'flat burglary.' You deprive your neighbor of his rights, which he has paid for with his own money, and prevent his family from obtaining the information, always conveyed through the public press. Will you say that your neighbor has already read it and give it cheerfully. That may be true, and yet the case is not altered. A newspaper is useful for reference as well as for present reading; and then your noighbor has too much politenes to refuse your request, knowing that one who is mean enough to make the request—to borrow, would be just mean enough to resent a refusal.—Besides, the printer has his rights, which are grossly violated by this system of borrowing—he is in fact robbed, spoiled. He expends his time, labor, talents, and money on his paper, for the gratification of his subscribers, and the support of himself and family, and yet the reward comes not, because, forsooth, many of his readers are borrowers. Now we ask all such, is it fair? is it honest? Do you give the printer any value for what you receive? And after you have read a borrowed newspaper, does your conscience approve the deed? If it does not, and if you are now satisfied that you have injured your neighbor, and cheated the printer by being a borrower, go and subscribe at once for a newspaper; and when a friend calls to borrow yours, tell him to 'go and do likewise.'—*Miltonian.*

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.—We give below an abstract from Burnaps' lectures, to which we invite the attention of young men:

"When you have sufficient intelligence to perceive what you ought to be, and judgment enough to discern what you may be, and decision enough to determine what you will be, the next indispensable qualities to success are industry and perseverance.—Labor is the universal law, a law in which all who have their fortunes to make, that is, all the young and enterprising, ought especially to rejoice. Labor is the grand magician, which is secretly conveying the good things of this world from hand to hand, while mankind look on and wonder how it is done. Who now possess the wealth and the high places of the land?—Mainly those who labored for them hard and long. From whose hands are they imperceptibly gliding? From those who are too indolent to keep them: It is incredible what mere industry will accomplish. In this world of toil, I had almost said that it is the prime requisite.

It is wonderful what deception lurks under a few common words and phrases in our language. 'What a fortunate man!' we hear the world exclaim, when they see a man flourishing in his business. In nine cases out of ten, the very term is a flattering unction, which the indolent or unenterprising man is laying to his soul, that the only difference between him and his successful neighbor, is that of luck.—In a majority of instances he may at venture substitute in the place of fortunate, industrious. He may venture to say before he examines the case, that the cause of success is the same as was observed of Julius Cæsar: He always succeeded, because he left nothing undone which could secure success.'

Let not the young man repine at the law of labor, and the inevitable and inexorable necessity of personal exertion, which it imposes upon him. It is the most favorable thing those who have their way to make in the world, and is among the favorable circumstances by which they are surrounded. It is the great agrarian law, which in a number levels all distinctions, and gives the poor man an inheritance in this world more certain, though not so extensive as the rich, in his own talents, faculties, and capacities. By making all welfare and acquisition depend on labor, all mankind are provided for, and all monopolies are in effect done away."

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON MAN.—In small doses, tobacco causes a sensation of heat in the throat and often a feeling of warmth at the stomach; these effects, however, are less obvious when the remedy is taken in the liquid form, and largely diluted. By repetition it usually operates as a diuretic, and less frequent as a laxative. In larger doses it provokes nausea, vomiting, purging. Though it seldom gives rise to abdominal pain, it introduces a most distressing sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach. It occasionally acts as an anodyne, or more rarely promotes sleep—but its most remarkable effects are languor, feebleness, relaxation of muscles, trembling of limbs, great anxiety, and tendency to faint. Vision is frequently enfebled—the ideas confused—the pulse small and weak—the respiration is somewhat laborious—the surface cold and clammy, or bathed in a cold sweat—and in extreme cases convulsive movements are observed. In excessive doses the effect is of the same kind, but more violent in degree.

The smoking of tobacco, by those un accustomed to it, gives rise to all the before described effects of large and excessive doses. A very interesting case, which had almost terminated fatally, is related by Dr. Marshall Hall. It was that of a young man who for his first essay smoked two pipes. Ginellin mentions two cases of death from smoking, in the one of seventeen, in the other of eighteen pipes at a sitting. Habitual smokers, the practice when employed moderately, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva and buccal mucas, and produces a remarkably soothing and tranquilizing effect on the mind, which has made it so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations, civilized and barbarous.—The practice of chewing tobacco is principally confined to sailors, and is less frequently submitted to our observation, so we are not competent to speak of its effects, which probably are similar to those caused by smoking.* The application of tobacco to abraded surfaces is a very dangerous practice, and has, in some instances, been attended with violent or even fatal results. Mr. Weston has ralated a case in which the expressed juice of tobacco was applied to the head of a boy aged eight years, for the cure of tinea capitis. Death took place in three hours and a half after the application.—*Pereira Medica.*

*It would be well if this could be said, with truth of the United States.

LUCK.—One hears a prodigious deal of the luck of this man, and the luck of that; this good, another bad. Now, in my opinion there is very little if any thing at all in *Luck*. Certain causes produce certain effects; and fate has nothing to do with the one or the other. If one minds his own business, attends to it promptly,—makes no bad bargains—treats every one with the poilteness due to his station—he cannot but have success, or Luck. 'Tis as certain as that the sun will shine to-morrow. True, he may not always have good health; but let him judge impartially of his conduct; and he will find, in nine cases out of ten, that his ill health is directly chargable to his own conduct; and in the remaining cases indirectly.

But if one lounges about two-thirds of his time, spending more than he can earn in the other third, ruining his morals, contracting base habits, lessening himself in the confidence of all, with how much propriety can he complain of bad Luck? Will his time spent in a tavern or grocery help along his work? Is the money thus spent well or ill vested? Is the health thus thrown away to be recalled when he so wills. Can he command men to repose confidence in him? 'Tis unreasonable!—We cannot expect to reap unless we sow. If we squander our youth, "the spring time of life," and put off sowing till autumn, the "winter of age" will come before the harvest, and others will reap the benefit of our labors. Every man whose patronage is worth having will look at the character and habits of those he employs, and prefer those who are industrious and meritorious.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

15 DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.—*Birth of an Heir to the Throne of Great Britain.*—Cunard's packet Acadia, after an unusually long voyage, arrived in Boston on Tuesday, having left Liverpool on the 19th of November.

ACCOUCHMENT OF THE QUEEN.

BIRTH OF A PRINCE.—The long and anxiously expected event has occurred at last, and the English nation is rejoicing over the birth of a Prince of Wales. This event occurred on the 9th ult. As soon as it became known, the Tower guns thundered forth the proclamation of the royal birth, with a hundred guns, the bells in all the metropolitan churches were set ringing, and the union-jack was hoisted on the steples.

The Privy Council being assembled as soon as possible thereupon, at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, it was ordered that a form of thanksgiving for the Queen's delivery of a Prince, be prepared by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury to be used in all the churches and chapels throughout England and Wales, and the town of Berwick upon-Tweed, on Sunday, the 14th of November, or the Sunday after their respective ministers shall have received the same.

Immediately after the birth of the child, says the Court Chronicler, the sex of the royal infant was announced by Sir James Clark, to the anxious group of distinguished personinges assembled in the Royal chamber, and subsequently to those collected in the ante room, exciting in every bosom unspeakable emotion of joy and gratitude. Prince Albert received the congratulations appropriate to the occasion with graceful ability.

It is worthy of historical record, that her Majesty is the only Queen Regnant who has given birth to a male heir apparent to the British Throne.

The infant Prince as eldest son of the Monarch, succeeds to the title of Duke of Cornwall, and at once enters upon the enjoyment of the ducal revenue for his sole use. In a few days he will be created Prince of Wales. George the Fourth was so created when he was seven days old.—The other titles usually conferred on the infant are the Earldom of Chester in England, the Dukedom of Rathsay, Earldom of Garrick, and Barrony of Renfrew in Scotland. The Prince of Wales is a constituent part of the Order of the Garter, hence he becomes a Knight of the Garter as soon as he is created Prince of Wales.

Wherever the news was received, the bells were set ringing, and cannons fired, and at the Theatres the audiences rose and gave "three times three," with cries of "God save the Queen."

The person fortunate enough to have obtained the situation of a wet nurse is the wife of Brough, an under servant at Claremont, and was herself, before her marriage, a housemaid in the establishment.

It is understood that the last wet nurse received £500, and it is said that on the present occasion all the gratuities are to be doubled in honor of the birth of an heir to the throne.

BRINGING UP DAUGHTERS.—The disposition of some people in moderate temporal circumstances, to bring up their daughters as fine ladies, neglecting useful knowledge for showy accomplishments, is highly to be reprobated. For the notions they acquire by such a course, is an inverse ratio to their true value. With just enough of fashionable refinement to disqualify them for the duty of their proper station, and render them ridiculous in a higher sphere, what are such fine ladies fit for? Nothing but to be kept like wax figures in a glass case. Wo be to the man who is linked to one of them! If half the time and money wasted on their music, dancing and embroidery, were employed in teaching them the useful arts of making shirts and mending stockings, their present qualifications as wives and mothers would be increased four-fold.

SLANDER.—It is a poor soul that cannot bear slander. No decent man can get along without it, at least none that are actively engaged in the struggle of business life. Have you a bad fellow in your employment and discharge him, he goes round and slanders you—refuse another some very modest boon which he has asked, he goes round and slanders you—let your conduct be such as to create the envy of another, he goes round and slanders you. In fine, as we said before, we would not give a cent for a person who is not slandered—it shows that he is either a milksop or a fool. No no; earn a bad name by a bad fellow, (and you can easily do so by correct conduct,) it is the only way to prove that you are entitled to a good one.—*Tattler.*

A SECRET FOR A FARMER'S WIFE.—While the milking of your cows is going on, let your pans be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Strain the milk into one of the pans taken hot from the kettle and cover the same with another of the hot pans, and proceed in like manner with the whole mess of milk, and you will find that you will have double the quantity of good rich cream that will give you double the quantity of sweet delicious butter. Try it.

Milk is said to be an antidote to that burning and apparently unquenchable thirst which afflicts men who have been confirmed drunkards, when they attempt to break off from their habits.