

# Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BUELLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVI.—45.

GETTYSBURG, PA., FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1846.

WHOLE NO. 845.

## POETRY.

[From Love's Token Flowers.]  
**Love Unsought.**

They tell me that I must not love,  
That thou wilt spurn the free  
And unthought tenderness that gives  
Its hidden wealth to thee:  
It may be so—I heed it not,  
Nor would I change my blissful lot,  
When thus I am allowed to make  
My heart a bankrupt for thy sake.  
They tell me when the fleeting charm  
Of novelty is o'er,  
Thou'lt turn away with careless brow  
And think of me no more:  
It may be so—enough for me  
If sunny skies still smile o'er thee,  
Or I can trace, when thou art far,  
Thy pathway like a distant star.

### Prayer in Sickness.

Send down thy winged angel, God!  
Amid this night so wild;  
And bid him come where now we watch,  
And breathe upon our child!  
She lies upon her pillow, pale,  
And moans within her sleep,  
Or waketh with a patient smile,  
And striveth not to weep.  
How gentle and how good a child  
She is, we know too well,  
And deem her parents' hearts,  
Than our weak words can tell.  
We love—we watch throughout the night,  
To aid, when need may be,  
We hope—we despair, at times,  
But now we turn to thee!

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God,  
Amid the darkness wild,  
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,  
And heal our gentle child!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Gen. Scott and John Brant.

The incident which we are about to relate, occurred at Niagara, in Canada, after the unfortunate battle of Queenstown. The battle was fought on the 13th of October, 1812, and was one of the most sharply contested in the whole war, though the force engaged on either side was inconsiderable. The object of the General in command, Van Ransselaer, was specifically to gain possession of the heights of Queenstown, thence to move upon Fort George, at Niagara, and there to take up quarters for the winter, in the enemy's country; but a more important general purpose was to efface, by some brilliant exploit, the recollection of the disaster that had befallen the American arms in the inglorious surrender of Gen. Hull at Detroit.

The British force at Queenstown was under the command of General Brock; the command of the expedition against it was given to Solomon Van Ransselaer; and his force consisted chiefly of militia, supported by two corps of regulars, each three hundred and fifty strong, under Lieutenant Colonels Chrystie and Fenwick. General Scott, then a lieutenant colonel, in command of a regiment of artillery stationed at Scholler, near Buffalo, was a volunteer in the expedition; but as he would not consent to waive his rank, which would entitle him to the command over Col. Van Ransselaer, who held a commission only in the militia, it was arranged that he should not cross the river, but remain at Lewistown and there use his artillery to such advantage as might be practicable.

The expedition was unfortunate in its outset. Erroneous information had been received of Gen. Brock's departure for Detroit—the intention to surprise the enemy was frustrated—and in the very beginning of the conflict, after the landing, Colonels Van Ransselaer, Fenwick and Chrystie, and Captains Armstrong, Malcom and Wool were wounded. The British troops were driven from the ground at the point of the bayonet, but at the close of this first brush it was found that Captain Wool, whose wound was slight, was the senior officer capable of duty. Col. Van Ransselaer had received no less than six wounds, three of which were very severe.

Intelligence of this ravage among the officers being received on the American side, Col. Scott was gratified in his ardent desire to take an active part in the conflict. He hurried across the river and assumed the command. On his arrival he found that the heights had been cleared of the enemy, and a battery which crowned them taken, by a gallant charge under Captain Wool; but the Americans had been assailed in turn by Gen. Brock in person and driven to the edge of the heights: whence, however, they returned by a successful rally, in which Brock was killed, and his troops thereupon dispersed in confusion. It was just after this repulse of the British that Col. Scott arrived upon the ground.

His first effort was to collect the force and bring it into order; in doing which he found that it consisted of three hundred and fifty regulars and two hundred and fifty-seventy volunteers. Turning his attention next to a piece of cannon which had been spiked by the British before their flight, and which he hoped to make available, his momentary absence was taken advantage of by a large body of Indians, who rushed suddenly upon the American troops, and were upon the point of scattering them in wild disorder when Col. Scott arrived just in season to keep them steady and repulse the savages. The leader of this band was a young Indian, richly attired in the war costume of the red men, and remarkable as well for his daring as his activity. His name was John Brant, other-

wise called Ahyouwaighs—the youngest son and successor of the famous Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, the formidable partisan of the war of the Revolution. That celebrated personage had died in 1807, when John Brant was thirteen years of age; he was therefore but just eighteen when he led his warriors to battle on the heights of Queenstown.

The field was held by the Americans several hours, while the British waited for reinforcements; but they were perpetually harassed by the Indians, who made repeated flying attacks upon them, in which numbers both of militia and regulars were killed and wounded. At length General Sheaffe, on whom the command devolved after the death of General Brock, was seen advancing from Niagara at the head of eight hundred men. Gen. Van Ransselaer, who had crossed to the Canada side after the battle, hastened back on ascertaining the approach of General Sheaffe, and exerted all his eloquence and authority in endeavoring to prevail on the militia under his command to push across and rescue the gallant little band of their countrymen now in such pressing danger; but in vain. They were not bound to leave their own country; and for two hours Col. Scott and his men looked down upon the steady approach of an opposing force, sufficient to crush them at a single blow, while also within sight were fifteen hundred Americans who might easily have joined them in season to repel if not to annihilate the enemy.

But there was no wavering in the little company thus abandoned to their fate. A retreat in the face of the Indians was more perilous even than the attempts to maintain the heights, and they resolved to stand their ground as long as possible. This they did for some time, until actually dislodged by the bayonet when they scrambled down as best they might to the water's edge, by the aid of shrubs and bushes, closely pursued by the Indians.

There were no boats to carry them off; farther resistance was hopeless, and it was agreed to surrender. Three flags of truce were sent out in succession, but never returned, having been shot by the Indians. Col. Scott then resolved to go himself, bearing a white cravat fastened to his sword; he was accompanied by Chrystie. They were repeatedly fired on by the Indians, but escaped unhurt. They were encountered and attacked, hand to hand, by two of the red men, in one of whom they recognized the youthful and agile leader in the conflicts of the morning, but just as the struggle was at the hottest a British sergeant interposed, the combatants were separated, and Col. Scott was led to the presence of Gen. Sheaffe. The terms of surrender were quickly agreed upon; and as soon as the Indians could be controlled by the British allies and employers, the firing ceased. The men who were made prisoners with Scott were a hundred and thirty-nine regulars and a hundred and fifty-four volunteers. They were marched the same evening to Niagara, where Townsend and Chrystie were quartered at a small tavern, having invitations, immediately on their arrival, to dine with Gen. Sheaffe. Here the incident occurred of which a full account is given in Stone's "Life of Grant," as follows:

"Just at twilight a little girl entered the parlor, with a message that somebody in the hall desired to see the 'tall officer.' Col. Scott thereupon stepped out of the parlor, unarmed, of course, into the hall, which was dark and narrow, and withal incumbered with a stairway; but what was his astonishment on again meeting, face to face, his evil geniuses, the brawny Capt. Jacobs and the light limbed chief! The Col. had shut the door behind him as he left the parlor; but there was a sentinel standing at the outer door, who had improperly allowed the Indians to pass in. The dusky visitors stepped up to the Col. without ceremony, and the younger, who alone spoke English, made a brief enquiry as to the number of balls which had cut through his clothes, intimating with astonishment that they had both been firing at him almost the whole day without effect. But while the young Indian was thus speaking, or beginning to speak—for such, subsequently seemed to be the import of what he meant to say—Jacobs, rudely seizing the Col. by the arm, attempted to whirl him round, exclaiming in broken English, 'We shoot so often, me sure to have hit someone here.' 'Hands off, you scoundrel,' cried Scott, indignant at such freedom with his person, and adding a scornful expression reflecting upon the Indian's skill as a marksman, as he lunged him from him.

"The Indians drew instantly both dirk and tomahawk, when, with the rapidity of lightning, Scott, who had fortunately espied a number of swords standing at the end of the passage, seized one from its iron sheath, and placed himself in a posture of defence against the menacing Indians. As they stood in this picturesque attitude, Scott with his sword ready to strike, and the Indians with their tomahawks and dirks in the air, frowning defiance upon each other,—both parties awaiting the first blow—Col. Coffin, who had been sent with a guard to conduct Scott to the General's quarters to dinner, sprang into the passage and cried 'Hold!' Comprehending at a glance the dangerous position of Scott, he interfered at once, by a sharp remonstrance, and also by weapon in his defence. Jacobs, exasperated, turned upon Col. Coffin, and, uttering a menace, his companion also unguardedly turned to observe the is-

sue of the new combat. The Indians having thus turned upon Coffin, one of them exclaimed, 'I kill you!' Scott instantly raised his sword, which was heavy and substantial, so that a descending blow would have fallen upon both the savages at once, and called out, 'If you strike I will kill you both!'. For a moment they stood frowning; the piercing eyes of the Indians gleaming with wild and savage fury; while Scott and Coffin alike looked upon both with angry defiance, all with upraised arm and glittering steel. Recovering somewhat from the gust of passion into which they had been thrown, the Indians then slowly dropped their arms and retired.—The officer who thus came to the rescue was the aid of Gen. Sheaffe, whose errand it was to conduct the Col. to dinner, and who by this timely arrival, probably saved his life. Beyond doubt it was no injury to the young chief's design to inflict upon the captive American commander.—His whole character forbids the idea, for he was generous and benevolent in his feelings as he was brave. Having been exhausting much ammunition upon the Col. during the day, this visit was one of curiosity, to ascertain how near they had come to the accomplishment of their object.—Like Cassius, the Indian bears anger as the flint does fire though 'not always' cold again so soon. It was the same with Scott. Neither would allow of personal freedom; the Col. did not fully comprehend the object of their visit, and a sudden encounter, that had well nigh proved fatal, was the consequence."

### PASS ROUND HIS NAME.

The last Charleston (Kanawha) Republican records the following:—An interesting little boy, who could not swim, while skating on our river, on new year's day, ran into a large air-hole; he kept himself for some time above water; the little boys all gathered round the opening, tried to hand him poles, but the ice continued breaking, and he was still floating out of reach; despair at last seized his heart, and was visible in every face around. At this critical moment, when exhausted, the poor little fellow was about to sink, a brave and generous hearted boy exclaimed, "I cannot stand it, boys!" he wheeled round, made a run, and dashed in at the risk of his own life, seized the little boy, and swam to the edge of the ice with him; after breaking his way to the more solid ice, he succeeded in handing him to his companions, who then assisted him out. In Rome this act of heroism would have insured this brave youth a civic crown. His name is Albert Hiersberger.

LET EVERY MAN WHO LOVES HUMANITY READ THIS.—In 1845, a year of great commercial prosperity, the value of all the British and Irish produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom, was \$208,437,980. The appropriations for the payment of the interest of the British war debt, and for the payment of the support of the Navy, during the current year, amount to \$225,403,500! Think of that! The war expenses, in time of peace, exceeding by nearly \$20,000,000 per annum, all that the human and iron machinery of that great kingdom can produce beyond its home consumption!!!! And now that there is to be a famine there, the guilty policy that taxes the very air breathed by the poor to pay these war expenses, has locked up British ports against the Egyptian granaries of the world, leaving those hungry millions to covet swine's food in sight of interdicted abundance.—E. Burrill.

### NEWSPAPERS AT HOME.

Sir John Herschel says, of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after a day's toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining newspaper. It relieves his home of the dullness or sameness which, in nine cases out of ten, is what drives him to the ale-house—to his own ruin and his family's. It transports him into a gay and livelier, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk; and the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family, without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him on his next day's work, and if the paper he has been reading, be any thing above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides, the mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to.

EFFECTS OF THE RUM TRAFFICK ON THOSE ENGAGED IN IT.—In Petersburg, Madison county, twenty-nine persons in twenty-two years had been licensed to sell intoxicating drinks. Five abandoned the business without any gain to themselves, but having occasioned great loss to their neighbors. Twenty were still living when the account was taken, all drunkards, and poor, and most of them a charge with their families upon the town. Four had died drunkards and poor.

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The November donations to the American Board of Foreign Missions amounted to \$20,003 26. Legacies \$44,805 18. Total of donations and legacies, \$64,808 44. Total of do. from August 1st to November 30th, \$105,567 03.

## THE WRONG BOX.

AN INTERESTING AND AFFECTING TALE.  
Few of our readers have not perused the simple but beautiful and affecting story below. And yet it is worth publishing again, and again—so true is it to the purest and loveliest impulses of our best nature. The heart that does not give a tear to the story of Catharine McInnes, must be stony, cold and unfeeling, indeed.

### THE WRONG LETTER BOX.

Amusing incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter-box of stores and offices in this vicinity. We sometimes find three or four letters in our letter-box intended for the mails. These we, of course, put on their way.  
Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter into our box, and on taking it out, we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the Post office. It was directed to Thomas H. D. Scott, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the post-office, and gave the circumstance no further thought.

Besides some months afterwards, in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and inditing such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle rap at the door of our private room, and it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labors to open to the applicant, made the one that knocked to "come in," and continued our labors without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed.—We were started at length with a sweetly modulated voice, inquiring, "is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face, with nature's own blush, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in newspaper offices in reply to advertisements—so that we bade the young woman go to the front office and inquire of the clerks. She had been there, and there was no one but a boy who could not give her the information.

So we inquired the name.  
"Kitty McInnes, but perhaps it will be Catharine on the letter," said she, "as that is my name."

We looked on the letter-rack in the front office, among the "A. B.'s" the "X. W.'s" the "P. Q.'s" etc., but saw none for Catharine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer.  
"Advertisement—to no advertisement—it would be an answer to my letter."  
"And from whom do you expect a letter?"

The young woman looked much confused—but apparently considering the question pertinent, she said, "from Thomas H. D. Scott, but perhaps it will be Catharine on the letter," said she, "as that is my name."

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the post-office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter box to that of the post office.

"He has not written, then," said Catharine, in a low voice, evidently not intending for our ear.  
"But—he may have written."  
"Then where's the letter?" said she, looking up.

"At the post-office, perhaps."  
And we took Catharine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the post-office.

"You will ask at the window," said we, "but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter."

"Not for the world," said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in directing Catharine to the post-office, as quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change and a letter from one of the clerks, and the impatience, shall we say of a woman's love, induced Catharine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appeared among passengers of the Liverpool packets, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, "and two hundred in the steerage."

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded that we would see the name with that of Catharine in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterwards that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the paper. He was one of the passengers in the ship cast away below New York, of whom nearly every soul perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at its an-

nunciation, and what must have been the feelings of Catharine, with her ardent, sanguine, Irish temperament? Loving deeply, as she must have loved, and hoping ardently, as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings?

We paused a few weeks afterwards to mark the young grass shooting, green and thick, in Ronaldson's graveyard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees, that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound slowly round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of an Irish person—we knew by the numbers that attended—and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the living, we saw engraved upon a simple plate, "CATHARINE MCINNES."

The story was told. The small sum of money which Catharine had deposited in the savings' fund, to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her a "decent burial."

### MEN OF AMERICA.

The greatest man, "take him for all," of the last hundred years, was Gen. George Washington—an American.

The greatest metaphysician was Jonathan Edwards—an American.

The greatest natural philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.

The greatest of living sculptors is Hiram Powers—an American.

The greatest writer on law, in the English language, for the present century, was Judge Story—an American.

The greatest of living historians is William H. Prescott—an American.

The greatest living ornithologist is John James Audubon—an American.

There has been no English writer in the present age whose works have been marked with more humor, more refinement, or more grace, than those of Washington Irving—an American.

The greatest lexicographer since the time of Johnson, was Noah Webster—an American.

The inventors, whose works have been productive of the greatest amount of benefit to mankind in the last century, were Godfrey, Pritch, Fulton, and Whitney—all Americans.

ACCIDENT AND GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.—The New York Journal of Commerce contains the following letter, dated Carbonate, Pa., Jan. 12, 4 P. M.:

"Our village is the scene of great excitement in consequence of a serious accident, which has happened this morning in the mine. About 10 o'clock, the roofs of the mines Nos. 1 and 2, to the extent of a number of acres, suddenly fell in. The sudden pressure of the air extinguished the lights even in the other mines connected therewith, to the distance of about half a mile. A great loss of life was feared, but after all came out who were able, and who were much injured, it is found that there are about 15 still missing, among whom I am sorry to say is Mr. Hosca, an assistant overseer in the mines. He was last seen near where the bulk of ruin lies. As it is very dangerous to attempt to get at them in consequence of the danger of more falling, and the uncertainty of their situation, I fear there is little hope of the extraction of any with life."

A MORMON HOAX.—The New York Sun contains a letter from Dr. J. M. Bernhisel, from Nauvoo, enclosing a letter from Mrs. Smith, the widow of Joe Smith, in which she positively asserts that the letter which recently appeared in that paper, purporting to have been written by her was a forgery. The letter alluded to was extensively copied, and thought to be genuine.

ELECTION IN PITTSBURG.—On Tuesday an election took place in Pittsburg for municipal officers. Dr. Kerr, democrat, was elected over Howard, whig. Five whigs and four democrats were elected to Select Council. Twenty whigs and ten democrats elected to Common Council. Allegheny City, whig candidate elected Mayor and a majority of whigs in the Councils.

DAMS WASHED AWAY.—We learn from the Westminister (Md.) Carrolltonian, that the heavy rains which fell in the first part of last week produced a freshet in many of the streams of that county. The mill dam of Mr. David Smelser, on Little Pipe creek was broken, and about sixty feet of the dam carried away. The mill dam of Mr. David Buffington, on Big Pipe Creek was carried away; the mill dams of Mr. Geo. Mearring, on the same stream, and the dams of Mr. Diffendack and Mr. Oarmack, were also injured.

RAIL ROADS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—There are seven hundred miles of rail roads in Massachusetts, doing a successful business, costing about \$28,000,000. The average value of the whole stock is above par, and their average dividends exceed six per cent. per annum. This is the result of cheap fare and good management.

FROM TEXAS.—The New York Express has the following paragraph:

"Letters received in this city say, the two Senators from Texas will not be in their seats in Washington before the middle of February—but in time to vote on the Oregon question. 'Whoever they be,' it is added, 'they will vote against the notice.' This is important, if time confirms it, as we think it will."

### LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,  
There's something that cannot be told;  
There are words that can only be read in the checks,  
And thoughts but the eyes can unfold.  
There's a look so expressive, so timid, so kind,  
So conscious, so quick to impart;  
Though dumb, in an instant it speaks out the mind,  
And strikes in an instant the heart.  
This eloquent silence, this converse of soul,  
In vain we attempt to suppress;  
More prompt it appears from the wish to control,  
More apt the fond truth to impress.  
And oh, the delights in the features that shine,  
The raptures the bosom that melt,  
When blest with each other, this converse divine  
Is mutually spoken and felt!

## AGRICULTURAL.

### CHARCOAL FOR PEACH TREES.

A friend of mine has just informed me of the success he has met with, by the application of charcoal to his peach trees; a few years ago he had some fine trees in his garden which invariably had wormy fruit; and the trees full of gum; when the fruit was about the size of marbles, he had the earth removed from each tree about 2 feet around and 3 inches deep, and filled up with charcoal; the result was that the fruit grew to a fine size free from worms; and every year since, the fruit has been good, and the trees became healthy and free from gum; while two trees left without the charcoal, continue to bear wormy fruit, and the trees unhealthy; as this will be in time for the readers of the Cultivator to make a trial this year, and should it prove as good with others as in this case, it will certainly be of great benefit to the fruit grower.

If farmers will plant their pumpkins, melons and other vines on land that brought corn the past year, they will never be troubled with the striped bug. This course has been practiced here for many years, and has always proved successful, when vines planted on land that had any other crop, even vines the year previous, are destroyed by the bug.

### CORN AND CORN MEAL COOKED.

There can be no safer position assumed in agricultural economy, than that there is a most important saving effected by cooking food. Science has long since demonstrated the fact, that *quality*, as well as *quantity*, is highly essential to the preservation of health; hence the corollary is irresistible, we think, that both corn, and meal, of whatever description, as well as oats, barley, and every other species of grain is greatly increased in value by cooking when used as a food for stock. This will be more manifest, admitting the first position to be correct, when we state the obvious and well known fact, that *corn*, by boiling, is increased two hundred per cent. in bulk,—*corn meal*, three hundred per cent.—that is, to be more explicit, a bushel of northern corn, after being steamed or boiled, will measure *three* bushels. A bushel of corn meal absorbed in the process of cooking, or rather requires for the accomplishment of that object, nearly five bushels of water—enough of the liquid being taken in or absorbed, to increase its bulk from one bushel to four and a half—Every pound of meal, therefore, will make four and a half pounds of *mush*. These facts, we think, should go far towards aiding the introduction of cooking food as a common practice, as they certainly exhibit its advantages in a strong light.  
Maine Cultivator.

### TREATMENT OF COWS.

The keeping of cows in such a manner as to make them give the greatest quantity of milk, and with the greatest clear profit, is an essential point of economy. Give a cow a half bushel of turnips, carrots or other roots per day during the winter months, besides her hay; and if her summer food is such as it should be, she will give nearly double the quantity of milk that she would afford if only kept during the winter in the usual manner; and the milk will be richer and of better quality. Cattle are well known to thrive much better where the operation of currying is performed thoroughly and regularly. Dr. Rush in a lecture upon the advantages of studying the diseases of domestic animals, states that there is an improvement in the quality of the milk, and an increase in its quantity, which is obtained by currying the cow. Be assured of the truth of the saying, that "one cow well milked is worth two badly milked." The first drawn milk contains only 5, the second 8, and the fifth 17 per cent. of cream.

### PRESERVING EGGS.

I have just read a new mode of preserving eggs in the last number of the Cultivator, a lady at my elbow, for whom I have the highest esteem, informs me that she preserves them as follows, and has never taken up a bad egg, after keeping them all winter.—Put a layer of salt in the bottom of the jar, and stick the eggs into the salt point downwards, till a layer of eggs is made, when more salt is put in, and again a layer of eggs, and so on successively till the jar is full. Having often eaten of the eggs, I know the mode to be a good one.

Sheep.—In this climate, sheep should not generally be sheared before June. After having been sheared, they should be protected by shade from the hot sun, and if the weather turns cold, or storm arises, they should be allowed the shelter of sheds.