

Star and Republican Banner.

D. A. BEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"FEARLESS AND FREE."

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{WHOLE—NO. 588.

POETRY.

FOR THE "STAR AND BANNER."
Another Brimmer from Hell,
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE LADIES.

To a Coquette.

False, fickle one—I'm proud to say
I love thee not—I'll love thee never;
No more shall thou my hopes betray—
I hate thee now—I'll hate thee ever.

Curse on thy soul-defiling smile!
'Twas sweet as Heaven, but false as Hell!
Yours the snake's wile, with his guile,
False flirt! I'm proud to say farewell.

Thou smiling Syren—child of evil,
Foul Jezabel, yet passing fair,
In heart and deed and truth a devil,
Yet seeming pure as angels are.

Oh, could I my foul vengeance wreak!
In some short, venomful word of might
'Twere spoken 'em tho' it should break
Thy heart, and every fond hope blight.

KAPPA.

Something has evidently occurred to disturb the usually good nature of our correspondent, "Kappa." Were it not for his own strong protestations, and sundry unmistakable symptoms to the contrary that have come to our observation, we might very naturally draw an inference as to what that "something" is. Our friend, however, insists upon a hearing, and we accordingly give place to his "brimmer"—following it up with the annexed from an exchange, merely to prove what probably needs but little proving, that "all the world do not think alike."

What is Woman?

What is Woman? Man's sweet angel!
(Gentle, tender, calm, and kind—
Ever loving, ever faithful—
Is her soft and soothing mind.

A heavenly flower, born to blossom,
Giving gladness to the eye;
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky!

What is Woman? Ask her sorrow,
Know how deeply she can feel;
But when hope her heart would borrow,
Mark what joy she can reveal.

Over her cheek each pure emotion
Her soul is seen to play;
As fair clouds with chaste devotion
Float o'er Luna's face on high—
Float o'er Luna's face on high.

What is woman? All forbearing,
Patient, prudent, seeming gay,
Though sad inward thoughts are wearing,
All unspoken, life away.

Thus she is a flower's sweet blossom,
Giving gladness to the eye;
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky—
Half a creature of the sky!

From the Boston Atlas.

A GEM FROM PANSY FORESTER.
We extract from the proof sheets of *Annals*, now in press by Ticknor & Co., the following touching stanza, written to her mother, by Mrs. Judson, previous to her voyage from this port a few weeks ago:

Give me my old seat, Mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee.

Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness,
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, Mother;
Few sabbaths have rose and set
Since last the tear drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met.

'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems;
Though every night I came to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By the child thou lovest so well;
Thy prayers have eieled round her path;
And 'twas her holy spell

Which made that path so clearly bright,
Which strewed the roses there,
Which gave the light and cast the halo
On every breath of air.

I hear a happy heart, Mother;
A happier never beat;
And, even now, new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.

Oh! Mother! life may be a dream;
But such dreams are given,
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the triumphs of Heaven?

I hear a happy heart, Mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee.

And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye,
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Thou'lt I am very sad, Mother,
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Ope to me like thine own!

Thou'lt sunny smiles meet the blooming lips,
While love tones vibrate my ear,
My Mother! one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear.

Then with a closer clasp, Mother,
Now fold me to thy heart;
I'd feel it beating 'gainst my own,
Once more before we part.

And, Mother, to this love-lit spot,
When I am far away,
Come off—no more thou must not come!
And for thy darling pray.

MISCELLANY.

A Hoosier saw a man down Broadway with an enormous moustache, and stared at him fixedly, until the victim angrily exclaimed, "What are you looking at?" "There!" shouted the Hoosier, "I knew you had a mouth. Let's drink or fight—I don't care which myself!" They drank.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" said a judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not the like o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

From the St. Louis (Missouri) Reveille.

"Picked Up."

BY SOLITAIRE.

It is a common saying in this region, when an individual makes a sad mistake either about his own powers in any matter, or those of an antagonist, that he finds himself "picked up;" as, for instance, when a politician expects to continue in office and finds himself turned out—a lover builds his hopes on a maiden, and some more fortunate swain cuts him out—a passenger embarks on a boat with the promise of going immediately, and then does not get off for two days—or when some choleric man undertakes to whip another and gets thrashed himself.—A case "analysed" to these, as a certain Congressman used to say, occurred on board one of our steamers, in which an old boatman, the mate, was sadly "picked up;" and as he confesses the fact, to ease his conscience more fully, we will give his confession publicly.

A bustling, farmer-looking customer stepped aboard the boat he belonged to, a few minutes before she pushed out, and holding out a \$10 bill on the bank of Missouri, begged him to change. The mate, thinking it a good bill to "stow away" held it out to the clerk near him, and asked if it was good. "Oh, yes," says the clerk, "beautiful money," and passed on up to the cabin, leaving the mate with his bill. "Good as wheat, stranger," says the mate, "I'll cash it," and forthwith pays him over Indiana small bills in change. In a few minutes off went the boat, and as she wended her way down stream, the clerk and mate came again in contact.

"Well, Ike," says the clerk, "who burned you with that counterfeit X on the Bank of Missouri?"

"Counterfeit!" exclaimed Ike, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," says the clerk, "that the Missouri bill you showed me at starting is rather a bad lot of money. Where did you get it?"

"Why, cuss your picture," says the mate, "I gave good money in change for that bill, on the strength of your recommendation!"

"Good Lord!" burst in the clerk, "ha-ha-ha! ho-ho-ho! was you so confounded green? Why, it's an old Missouri counterfeit of the worst kind;" and here half a dozen more joined in, laughing at Ike's loss.

His first impulse was to tear the spurious bill, but, on second thought, he carefully folded it up, and let off his wrath by stirring the deck hands, individually and collectively. "The boat had nearly reached Smithland, when an old-fashioned, quiet looking deck passenger came to the mate and asked, as a particular favor, that he would look over any bank bills the clerk might give him in change, as he was not acquainted with western money, and was afraid he might get some spurious depreciated paper passed upon him.

"What kind of money have you got," inquired Ike.

"A 'twenty' on a Philadelphia bank," answered the passenger.

"Maybe I can change it for you," says Ike, eagerly.

"I only wish you could," earnestly chimed in the stranger.

"How will that do?" enquired Ike, handing out his spurious \$10 Missouri Bank bill, and a \$10 gold piece on top of it.

"I have no objections," says the stranger, "if the Missouri bill will pay free."

"Try it," says he; and the bills were passed, each pocketing the exchange with a nervous kind of alacrity. As they sped along, every now and then the mate would steal a furtive glance at the deck passenger which would be followed on his part by an anxious look in return. "D—n that fellow," muttered the mate, "I wish he would get ashore," and at a wood-yard he tried to leave him, but the stranger hopped on board and sneaked away back on the deck, where the uneasy conscience of the mate would carry him, every now and then, to see if the passenger's countenance betrayed suspicion. At length they reached Smithland, and the cause of the mate's disquiet stepped on shore and left the boat. After assuring himself that he had not returned, Ike indulged in a chuckle at his success, and while they were streaming up stream he entered the clerk's office, with a broad grin on his countenance, threw a \$20 bill on the desk, and asked him to furnish small bills in exchange for the "twenty."

"What tickles you so, Ike?" inquired the clerk.

Ike leaned back, and, indulging in a guffaw, related how he had "picked up" a greener one than himself by an exchange. The clerk looked at the bill, examined one of Presbury's Detectors, and there found his twenty fully described as a well-known counterfeit!

It was the clerk's turn now, and his roar at Ike's second mishap drew the attention of others, who joined in the laugh at the mate's expense. Ike gave his hat a twist, stuck it tight on his head, and went below without saying a word, but the way he made things move around decks during that trip was hasty—and his own movements strongly betrayed a disposition to pick up some deck passenger and throw him over-board!

A TALL EDITOR AND A TALL MAJORITY.—Mr. Wentworth, the tall editor and congressman, is re-elected by the tall majority of 6,000. Mr. Wentworth goes extensively into the affections of his constituents.

A GOOD TEST.—We heard a story the other day which is too good to be lost. Farmer Dickens, for so we will call him, one of the neighboring York county farmers, alike noted for his shrewdness and pretty girls, was visited by Jo Jenkins, under the pretence of trading oxen, while the real object was to secure one of Farmer Dickens' daughters. Finding no way to accomplish the real object without a direct appeal to the old man, he ventured to pop the question, and received in return a decided negative. Jo was not shrewd enough to manage for the girls. Jo, nothing daunted, pushed the trade in oxen, and in spite of the farmer's shrewdness, succeeded in a bargain by which the old man found himself essentially "shaved." At the next appearance of Jo at Farmer Dickens' all was changed, and the old man at once declared that he might go ahead, for if he was shrewd enough to cheat him, he could risk him with the girls. Jo went ahead; took possession of his desired object, and thus far has shown that the old man was not in error as to his conclusion.—*Eagle*.

PRESIDENT POLK'S TESTIMONY.—The Washington Union, speaking of the industry of the President, says he is not a man of robust constitution, and his good health and great ability to endure confinement and intense labor are attributed to his regular and temperate manner of life, and the fact that the Sabbath with him is a day of rest. On that day his doors are all closed, and he refuses to see all company, however distinguished may be the visitor. He always attends church. He has often been heard to remark, since he has been President, that all the institutions of Providence were wise, but none of them more so than the institution of the Sabbath; and that, on every Monday morning he entered upon the duties of the week refreshed and invigorated from the rest of the preceding day.

A HINT FOR BACHELORS.—The contrast of the single and married state is thus beautifully described by Bishop Taylor:—"Single life is like a fly in the heart of an apple; he dwells in sweetness but lives alone, and is confined and dies in singularity." But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and sends out colonies and feeds the world, and obeys kings, and their order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of things to which God hath designed the present condition of the world."

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—If young women waste their time in trivial amusements in the prime season for amusement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with, and above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they come to feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let it animate their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go farther than a more lively genius, if attended with that impatience and inattention which too often attend quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling and insipid companions so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man, or for the task of instructing or governing a family. It is often the neglect of exercising the talents they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest pleasure, which would remain when almost every other forsook them, of which neither fortune nor age could deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation of life.

A SLAVE CASE.—We learn from the Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, that the Supreme Court of Ohio, Judges Wood and Blanchard presiding, have, in the consideration of a question involving the constitutionality of such laws of Ohio as were designed to secure fugitive slaves from arrest, reaffirmed a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, by which it was declared that "the owner of a slave, either by himself or agent, may pursue, arrest and return him to the State from which he fled, without the aid of the State authority; & that all legislation which interferes with or embarrasses such arrests is unconstitutional and void, all legislation on the subject being exclusively vested in Congress. Under this decision a man from Kentucky named Armitage, who was under arrest in Ohio, charged with kidnapping a negro, whom he had seized as a runaway, has been discharged from custody.

BUYING A PREACHER.—The colored persons of Washington have held a fair in order to raise \$300 to buy their preacher who is a slave!

John Smith has said many good things, and among the rest, that a "newspaper is like a wife, because every man ought to have one of his own."

CHINESE GEOGRAPHY.—A Chinese map of the world, now exhibiting in Paris, at the Hotel of the Minister of Commerce, represents China as occupying nearly three-fourths of the globe; the countries of "the outside barbarians" are of no account.

A STORY OF CRIME.—The Richmond (Va.) Republican says—that since the fact has been established that Epes, who is now at large, is guilty of murdering F. Adolphus Muir, late of Dinwiddie county, he has also been strongly suspected of having caused the death of several other persons in the same county—and among the number, his own son and the mother, or mother-in-law, of Mrs. Epes. A few years since an elderly lady—then an inmate, if we understood correctly, of Epes' house—was taken suddenly ill and died. At the death of this lady, it seems, a large estate was likely to fall into the hands Epes as guardian of his children, who were to be the heirs of their deceased relative.—During the brief sickness of the lady, Epes was known to have administered a dose of medicine, or something which he professed would give relief to her. The dose had been given but a short time, when she continued to grow worse, and soon expired. Nothing was thought at the time, of the sudden death of the lady—her friends not dreaming for a moment that she had been unfairly dealt with. It is only since the developments in the Muir case, that suspicion has been excited towards Epes, in regard to her death. It has been only a few years, too, since a son of E's was killed, as reported at the time of his death, by the accidental discharge of his gun while he and his father, W. Dandridge Epes, were out hunting. The account of young Epes' death, from the lips of his own father, being so plausible at the time, no one of course suspected foul play; but now it seems that the son was heir to some property which the father wished to get into his own possession. This circumstance, taken in connection with the others, leaves very little doubt that Epes is the murderer of his own son. Nor does this end the chapter of his crimes! He is now suspected of having murdered a Drover, who has never been seen nor heard from, since he was known to have gone to Epes' house to collect E. money for a number of hogs sold. This has been several years ago, and, as a pretty good evidence of suspicion being properly attached to Epes for disposing of the Kentucky drover, the skeleton of a grown person was lately, within a week or so, we believe, found in an Ice House on the Farm upon which Epes formerly resided.

RELIEF TO THOSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—An aged lady correspondent has kindly favored us with the subjoined important mode of affording relief to persons who may be struck by lightning. It is as follows:—"When any one is struck by lightning, the first thing applied should be cold vinegar—bathing the person well throughout. Should the patient complain of pains in the arm or any other limb, let bleeding be resorted to, and give a dose of *Glober Sulph*—which is more cooling. Should that not give ease, let a dose of calomel be given, and the salts repeated. Even though the person appear dead, bathing and bleeding should be resorted to, and if they afford no relief, no human efforts will.—"This I know of my own knowledge and experience in my immediate family—and, in all human probability, I should have lost a valuable servant had these remedies not been tested."—*Richmond Republican*.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—At Shreveport, La., a few days since, an old negro man belonging to Mr. Bowman, supposed to be dead, was conveyed to the grave-yard, but made a noise in the coffin as they were putting him into the grave. The coffin was opened, and he was found to be living, and conveyed home.

In September, 1845, Capt. Daniel P. Upton, of the ship Governor Davis, belonging to Boston, rescued the crew and passengers of the British ship *Glenview*, numbering twenty-four in all, after they had lashed in the rigging during two days. A beautiful and massive gold medal has been prepared, by order of Queen Victoria, as an acknowledgment of this act, and a day or two ago it was presented by the British Minister through Mr. Buchanan, the Secretary of State.

TOO SMALL FOR BOTH.—Hon. Mr. Hale, U. S. Senator elect from New Hampshire, is still active in the canvass, in Maine.—Among other things he tells the folks there, "that there were two *He's* in New Hampshire—*He* the leaders and *He* the people, and as the State was not large enough to hold them both, We the people kicked We the leaders out."

EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER.—The New York Reform Convention decided on Monday, by a vote of 90 to 17, that any male citizen, of whatever color, of good moral character, and requisite qualifications of learning and ability, shall be admitted to practice in all the courts of that State.

The Washington Union appears to be sadly alarmed, because certain leading members of the Whig party are circulating large numbers of able speeches in defence of the Tariff of '42, made in Congress during the last session. The official evidently is unwilling to let truth go before the people. We are glad to see our friends thus active. Circulate the documents—pour as much light upon the popular mind as possible,—unmask the administration and expose its political errors! This is the true policy. It is the more necessary now, because of the infamous fraud that was practised upon Pennsylvania at the last election.

WHIG PREDICTIONS FULFILLED.—The Auburn Journal justly remarks that all the predictions made by the Whigs in 1844 in regard to the consequences of the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency, have been fulfilled. Whigs prophesied the annexation of Texas and a consequent war with Mexico. Well, Texas was annexed, and we are engaged in a war with Mexico which this year will cost over a hundred millions of dollars. Whigs prophesied the destruction of the Tariff of 1842, and the substitution of a tariff that would render the National Treasury bankrupt, and bring ruin upon the great interests of the country, for the benefit of Great Britain.—The tariff of 1842 has been repealed, and we have a tariff (which but for the annexation of Texas, we should not have; for the bill would not have passed but for the votes of Texas Senators) that will not yield over eighteen millions of revenue, whilst the Government expenses are a hundred millions; and, as a direct consequence of which, manufacturing establishments of various kinds, all over the country, are already ceasing their operations, and thousands of laborers daily discharged; thus reducing the wages of labor and cutting off a market for, and reducing the prices of, the agricultural productions of the country. The Whigs, too, prophesied the enactment of the Subtreasury.—"This odious measure has just passed Congress. We thus have—thanks to the election of James K. Polk—a war with Mexico, a war upon the domestic industry, and a war upon the currency of the country; and all because Northern demagogues have been willing to bargain away to the South all the great interests of the North, for official spoils, in possession or expectancy.—If such is but the beginning, what is to be the end?"—*Boston Atlas*.

EFFECTS OF DALLAS POLICY.—The Philadelphia Sun says the "bitter consequences of the new tariff are thickening around us. It is truly heart-rending to contemplate the havoc which this unrighteous and uncalled for measure has inflicted upon the manufacturing interests, throughout the country; and the hundreds who were dependent upon their toil it has thrown out of employment and reduced to indigence want, and suffering. Mr. Dickson, proprietor of the large cotton mill, at the corner of Twelfth and William streets, Spring Garden, has been compelled to stop his works entirely, and discharge all his hands. Mr. Malthus, woolen manufacturer, just above Mr. Dickson, has been reduced to dismissing one half his help. Making in all that have been dismissed from employment, at these two establishments, about five hundred persons, who were dependent for subsistence upon their daily labor. And we are informed that it is expected Mr. Dearie, Mr. McBride, and Mr. Smith, manufacturers at Fairmount, will also shortly cease operations. And all in consequence of the infamous Dallas Tariff. It was an evil day for Pennsylvania and for the country when Geo. M. Dallas was elevated to the high station he now holds in the government of the nation. A bird of evil omen is he to the poor of America.

IRON AND COAL.—The manner in which these interests are assailed by the Loco-foco press, would cause one to suppose that those engaged in them are the worst of our citizens, or that they were no citizens at all. But while they are thus attempting to misrepresent them, they at the same time would have us believe that they were making princely fortunes in a few years under the protective tariff of 1842, that the British Bill gives them privileges enough. Is it so? If it is why do not some of those demagogues invest their money, and prove their assertions by facts? The truth is they are aware that those interests are entirely neglected by the British Bill, and it would be folly to invest capital in an enterprise that must and will fail.

THE COMPROMISE.—Mr. Haywood states in his address, that "it had been voted by the party to have no reference, and agreed to have no amendments to the bill." Yet there are free trade Journals that presume to charge the minority with not having effected what the majority had agreed should not be done. This is almost as candid as a tariff pledge of '44.

The most treacherous glass in nature is a "glass of Brandy"—it reflects back death instead of your image.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Farming.

Cows.—Nothing upon a farm is so valuable as a good cow. And it should be a constant effort with every true farmer to seek the best breeds and to feed in the best manner; for herein lies the soundest economy. Very much has already been accomplished for this important interest; but much remains to be done. While we are strongly inclined to believe that no better cows can be found—we mean for milk—than selections from the natives, we feel quite sure that great advantage is also to be derived from the best importations, provided the mode of keeping be imported and understood also.—For here is the real secret—the feeding and keeping of the animal. And strange as it may seem, nothing is more difficult than to ascertain this. Of the imported breeds we have the

opinion that the Ayrshires are to be preferred. They are the best stock in Scotland, and are generally regarded in the same light throughout England. They are not so large or handsome as the Durhams; but they are a hardier race; keep themselves in good condition, and are easily fattened.—Mr. Phinney declares them to be from his experience, greatly superior to the Durhams, for Dairy properties. There have been numerous importations of the Ayrshire breed into our State; and, the last year, a large importation was made by the State society.

To show what can be accomplished, and the manner of doing it, we refer to the famous case of the Cramp cow in England of the Sussex breed. During her first year for milking she produced 540 lbs. of butter; the largest amount in a week was 15 lbs. In 47 weeks her milk amounted to 4,921 quarts. In her third year she produced 5782 quarts of milk and 657 lbs. of butter; the largest amount of butter in a week was 18 lbs. In her fifth year, her milk was 5,369 quarts, and her butter, 594 lbs. Largest quantity of butter in a week, 17 lbs.

The feeding of this cow was, in summer, clover, lucerne, rye, grass and carrots—at noon, four gallons of grain and two of bran mixed; in winter, hay, grain, and bran, five or six times a day.

The famous Oakes cow, owned in Danvers in this State, may be mentioned also as very remarkable; she produced 19½ lbs. of butter in a week.—In 1816 her butter was 484½ lbs.—She was allowed 30 to 35 bushels Indian meal a year; she had also potatoes and carrots at times.

A cow in Andover, in 1836, yielded \$67-38 from the market, besides the supply of the family. The keeping was good pasture, the swill of the house and three pints of meal a day.

A cow owned by Thomas Hodges, in North Adams, produced in 1840 425 lbs. of butter. Her feed was one quart of rye meal and half a peck of potatoes daily, besides very good pasturing.

Putnam cow at Salem averaged for a year 12 quarts daily. In 1841, with two quarts of meal daily, she averaged in one month 18 quarts daily.

A cow owned by S. Henshaw, formerly of Chicopee Falls, gave 17½ lbs. of butter a week, and in one case 21 lbs. This was a native without any mixture.

A cow in West Springfield is recorded as having given in 60 days 2,092½ lbs. of milk which is equal to 22½ quarts daily.

A cow owned by O. B. Morris, of Springfield, some weeks afforded 14 lbs. of butter, besides milk and cream for family.—Her feed in winter was good hay, and from 2 to 4 quarts of rye bran at noon; in Summer, besides pasture, 4 quarts of rye bran at night. Judge M. remarks, in the account of his cows that "many cows, which have been considered quite ordinary, might by kind and regular treatment, good and regular feeding, and proper care in milking, rank among the first rate."

J. P. Cushion, of Waterton, has several native cows, which give 20 quarts a day.

Dr. Shurtleff, of Chelsea, owned a small cow which gave 21 quarts daily.—The Hobart Clark cow at Andover, gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

A cow of W. Chase, Somerset, R. I., in 1831, gave most of the season 20 quarts of milk daily; averaged nearly 14 lbs. of butter during the season. The Hosmer cow at Bedford, Mass., gave 14 lbs. of butter a week.

The foregoing list consists of natives. We may also add, that there is now in West Springfield a cow owned by an excellent farmer, which has afforded 19½ lbs. of butter a week. But we are not informed whether this is an unmixed native or not. In the account which is on record of the famous Cramp cow in England, a remark is made deserving the notice of all milkers and farmers—"Milk cows are often spoiled for want of patience at the latter end of milking time."

The question has often been asked—what is the average produce of a cow in milk?—An experienced milk man in Essex county, says it is five beer quarts daily, when well fed; or others say one gallon. It is said a cow requires two tons of hay in the season—and should have from one to two quarts of meal a day, and about a peck of vegetables. Soiling is well adapted for the cow; grass, oats, and corn, cut green, furnish excellent food for this purpose.—Carrots are invaluable through the winter.

Our farmers would render a great service by furnishing at our annual fairs written statements of their own experience in the management and produce of their cows. May they not be fairly called upon to do so?

PRESERVATION OF THE TOMATO.—Mr. R. B. Morrill gives us the following:—"The tomato, which has come into universal use, and is deemed a luxury by almost every one, may be preserved for winter use in the following manner. When ripe, let them be prepared by stewing as for the table, and seasoned to the liking; put them in small jars (1 quart) with covers.—Over the top put a piece of linen or cotton cloth, which will cover and press the cover on; then pour into the cavity melted mutton tallow, and keep them in a cool and dry place in the cellar until required for use. They need only to be warmed to serve them for the table. I use small jars for the reason, that where exposed to the air they soon ferment.—*Cultivator*.