

The St. Andrews Standard.

PUBLISHED BY A. W. SMITH.]

Evans sumendum est optimum.—Cic.

[12s. 6d. PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.]

No 9

SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1857.

[Vol. 24]

Provincial Parliament.

House of Assembly.

FREDERICTON, Feb. 21.
Several Bills and petitions were presented this morning.

Mr. Street presented a Bill for the amendment of the Road Act.

Progress reported on Bill to amend Municipal Act.

Bill was introduced by Mr. Deshrisay to divide the Parish of Carleton, in Kent, in two separate Parishes.

Debate on Amendment to Address resumed a few minutes after 11.

Mr. Mitchell spoke with much warmth in opposition for nearly two hours. He enumerated the several acts of Government since their accession to office, condemned them for opposing the principles of Responsible Government, and believed that they were unworthy to the confidence of the House.

Mr. Kerr spoke at some length. He did not approve of all the acts the Government had done, but he would vote against the amendment to the Address.

After dinner Mr. K. resumed. He said he would not oppose the Govt. without a trial. He defended the Railway policy of the Govt., and spoke of the good credit of the Province in the English Money Market. He deprecated attacks upon the Government. He thought Northumberland (his own county) had been very liberally dealt with.

Mr. Barbrie protested against condemning the Government without a trial. He thought Responsible Government a curse if it brought all this clamour into the House, for the sake of office, which was not the case 18 years ago when he was first a member. He was very severe upon the Liberals.

Mr. Tapley replied, and spoke against the Government and in favour of the amendment.

Monday, Feb. 23.
McMonagle, who it was generally thought would vote with the Liberals, has come out in support of a Tory Cabinet.

Mr. Landry also announced his intention to vote against the Amendment.

Mr. Connel delivered a lengthy Speech in support of the Amendment.

Mr. Lewis delivered a straightforward Speech in support of the Opposition.

Mr. Sevil supported the Administration in a short Speech. He said he was an advocate of Responsible Government, and he would not pledge himself to support the measures of the present Government until he saw what they were.

Mr. Waters delivered an able Speech in support of the Amendment.

Mr. Montgomery made a short Speech. He said he had some old-fashioned ideas, and was opposed to Universal Suffrage.

Mr. McNaughton made a short Speech, and announced his intention to vote against the Government.

Mr. Fisher made a general reply; his Speech was decidedly the best he has ever delivered in the House; in some parts very eloquent.

The House divided, yeas twenty—nays twenty.

The SPEAKER spoke at length, condemning in unmeasured terms, the whole system of departmental and responsible Government, pronouncing them abominable, and calculated to take the country to destruction. Could he see the people rise in their might and blot them out, he could "depart in peace." He referred to the remarks of a member from St. John, that "to the victors belong the spoils," as the very expression of that system of Government.

He said that not one member had displayed a spark of patriotism. Decided against the amendment.

Mr. Harding entered his protest against the imputations of the Speaker, and thought the sooner the people were appealed to the better.

Feb. 24.
Mr. Lawrence presented a petition from the Common Council, of St. John, praying that no alteration be made in the law relating to the office of Police Magistrate.

Mr. Hatheway presented a Petition from Mr. Glass and others, of the Parish of Canterbury, praying that a report of the Commissioners of King's College may be adopted with certain amendments.

Progress was reported on the Bill to authorize the Directors of the St. John Seamen's Friend's Society, to wind up their affairs. Very little business done in the House this afternoon.

Mr. Gillmor presented a petition praying for the extension of the gaol limits in the County of Charlotte.

At 4 o'clock a portion of the members proceeded to Government House with an address, to which His Excellency made a brief reply.

The Hon. Mr. Wilnot moved that the House adjourn over until Thursday morning.

Several members opposed the motion. It was finally carried.

The House consequently was not in session yesterday, it being Ash Wednesday.

dress, to which His Excellency made a brief reply.

The Hon. Mr. Wilnot moved that the House adjourn over until Thursday morning.

Several members opposed the motion. It was finally carried.

The House consequently was not in session yesterday, it being Ash Wednesday.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE RESCUE OF STEAMER LYONNAIS. The correspondent of the New York Herald, under the date of Rio Janeiro, Jan. 1, gives the following particulars of the two men rescued from a raft of steamer Lyonnais:

"The barque-Essex, Capt. S. Ray, which sailed from Boston Nov. 3, arrived in this port the 26th of December, having on board a sailor and blacksmith picked up on the high sea on the 8th of November, floating on some boards lashed to two barrels, in latitude 40° 36' north, longitude 66° 55' west. They are survivors of the French steamer Lyonnais, which was in collision with the American barque Adriatic.

Captain Ray informs me that he learned from them that a large raft was made and fastened by a line or rope to the crippled steamer, on which a large number of people got. A small raft was made to take provisions; but night came on, and the large raft, with her load of human beings, was either cut or broke adrift in the night, and what has become of the people, these men have no knowledge, as they, with three others, launched out into the ocean with the small raft. They were five in all, three of whom died before Captain Ray's discovery, and these two were also nearly dead.

Fortunately Captain Ray's wife accompanied her husband on this trip to Rio, and her watchful care and Captain Ray's attentive kindness to the wants of these unfortunate men succeeded in restoring them to health, and they were safely landed on these shores, and are in the hands of their countrymen in this city, who received them with open arms. Captain Ray has received thro' the press of this city handsome compliments from the French residents.

NOVA SCOTIA.—From the Halifax Sun we learn that the House had adjourned over until Friday last, in order to allow the Attorney General to place himself in communication with His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and to decide upon future action.

The Hon. Mr. Johnston will find his troubles just commencing; and we shall be somewhat surprised to hear if he is successful in forming an Administration that will last for any great length of time, out of the heterogeneous mass which have arrayed themselves under the banner of Conservatism, with the hon. gentleman as their leader.

The result of the division was pretty generally known for some days past. We will be agreeably disappointed if the great public works of the country shall continue to prosper under the new regime. Time alone will tell. The opposition is strong, and what is more, possess the elements of unwavering solidity and strength. Those who enjoy the sweets of office in the future will certainly not repose upon a bed of roses.

The Journal says: Mr. Howe, Mr. Wade and other hon. members are to make explanations, and perhaps revelations, when the House meets.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

Attorney General Johnston.
Solicitor General Wilkins.

Provincial Secretary D. Tupper.
Financial Secretary Marshall.

Receiver General S. Brown.
Members of Council McKinnon.

without Office. J. M. Tobin.
C. J. Campbell.
John Campbell.

James McNab is reported Chairman of the Railway Board.

ROOMS TO LET.—Monsieur Royat, a landscape painter in the Rue Vivienne, had a visit lately from his landlord, who announced that he should raise his rent three hundred francs for next term. Mons. R. protested against this. The landlord asserted that he would have no difficulty in getting six hundred francs more for a room so handsomely decorated. "But," explained R., "it was I decorated it. To my pencil it owes all its beauty." The landlord was resolute. "Well then," said the artist, "you may rent it to some one else." The next day the passers by read on the door, "An apartment freshly decorated to rent." A lady made her appearance as an applicant. She was introduced into the painter's room. She had scarcely glanced around it before she ran out of it with a scream. Two or three other persons followed with the same result. The proprietor astonished, went up at last to the painter's chamber, and shrunk back in astonishment. The rich panels and fresh garlands of smiling flowers had been replaced by skulls laid on bones, by skeletons, and other horrible devices suggested the painter's fancy. But the painter had left, and dead white-wash had to replace the "horrors."

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of the Standard.

SIR,—I observe in the last Standard a letter signed "Nemo," censuring the Magistrates and Constables of this Town for not doing their duty. In reply to which, I beg to say, that "Nemo" appears to be one of those persons who are fond of finding fault with the powers that be, and I have no doubt he thinks himself so extremely clever, that if he was in the Magistracy, he could correct all abuses, &c.

I have often remarked Mr. Editor, that it is too much the case with people coming from the old country, to imagine themselves so much superior to the inhabitants of this, that they are in the habit of looking down upon the latter, and think the people here know very little. If they however, would take a little more time to make themselves acquainted with the customs and laws of the country, they would not be quite so fond of interfering in public affairs, until they gained more experience. I am not one of those who wish to pass over public abuses, at the same time I do not like being too fastidious.

I will now, after this short introduction, allude to the nuisances of which "Nemo" complains. The first is the "coasting down hills." It is true this amusement is attended with some risk to the boys themselves, and may be considered a nuisance by some people—but I cannot see any great harm myself. Mr. Editor, in the boys, (and even the idle men of the place, as "Nemo" calls them,) having a few "coasts down the hills" for want of other amusement. With regard to ladies not daring to venture out of the house, must originate entirely in his own imagination, or else he intends his observations to apply to the ladies of his own family, as I doubt very much if any other ladies have been prevented from venturing out of their houses, so much for the "coasting down the hills."

The next nuisance which "Nemo" complains of is the boys crowding round the landing place on the arrival of the steamers; but this is a nuisance which cannot very well be prevented; and I believe it to be quite as much the case at St. John and other places for men and boys to crowd around the steamboat landings, as it is here.

It would no doubt be very easy for "Nemo" to count up many other nuisances in his own fertile imagination—but it is much easier to point out abuses than to correct them. And as "Nemo" thinks it would be for the public good, if the whole of the Magistracy would resign, I think he had better petition the Executive to get himself put into the Commission of the Peace, when, no doubt, he would have no more nuisances to complain of.

Yours, &c.
A NATIVE.

The Three Glances.

A pious man was once asked, whence it came, that in spite of all the calamities of life he should still preserve such equanimity. He answered:

"It comes from this, that I take good care of my eyes; for all evil comes into the heart through the sense, but good, also, by the same way."

Upon further questioning how he did this, he said:

"Every morning before I go to my business, and among men, I direct my eyes thoughtfully to three things: First, I raise them to heaven, and remind myself that my chief business and the aim of my life and endeavors is up there. Secondly, I lower them to the earth, and consider how little room I need, one day, to find me a grave there.

Finally, I look upon myself and think of the multitudes of those whose fortune is worse than mine. In this way I have patience in all my sorrow, and live with the world and men contented in God.—Auerbacher.

EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE.—The brig James, of Leigh, arrived at this port on the 22d inst., with a cargo of timber (greenheart) for Messrs. McLaing & Son. It is a fact worthy of note that she was navigated across the Atlantic by a mere boy of fifteen, assisted only by a colored seaman, her captain and crew having all died of yellow fever at Demerara, with the exception of the boy, cook, and mate; and the latter fell from the yard on the 1st, and was killed while doing seaman's duty. She never called at any port and was brought in safety to her destination by this talented youth, who we think, for this feat, is worthy of the highest commendation, and we hope his meritorious conduct may receive its due reward.—Belfast News-Letter.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—The Northfield, Vt. Messenger says, that a few weeks ago a boy named Denny crossed the railroad track near that village, on a young horse, and for the purpose of accompanying the animal to the sight of the cars, he faced about and waited for a train to pass. As it came by, the horse was frightened, sprang forward, and was struck by a car, and knocked down the bank. The boy was thrown into the air and came down safely, alighting upon a platform car. Jumping up he demanded of the conductor to "put him ashore," as he had not asked for a ride, and should not pay his passage.

FARM WORK.—It is a matter of great importance to the farmer, that he should lay out the work of the season beforehand, and now is the time to do it. We need much more thorough system in our farming operations. Determine upon the fields you will cultivate, and what shall be allotted to oats, corn, rye, wheat, buckwheat, potatoes, and other root crops; what walls should be reset, and what ditches shall be dug; and how much labor will be needed to accomplish the work. Leave nothing to be decided upon in haste. A great deal of time and mental labor will be saved by making your plans deliberately at the beginning of the year. If there are doubtful matters, consult the best farmer in your neighborhood, and give his opinion due weight in your decision. A neighbor's experience will often save a useless expenditure of money and labor. When your plans are laid, carry them out, month by month, and week by week, until the year is completed. If you need capital for your legitimate business, hire it. You can as well afford to pay interest for this purpose as any other business man. Turn not aside to speculation in anything that you do not understand.—Gloria in the farm, and live by it.—American Agriculturist.

A Few Words of Advice to the Farmer.

Be Timid.—Never half-do anything yourself, nor permit your men to glide over their labors. If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well.

Study your Profession.—It is not alone the energy that whisks the spade or holds the plow that insures success. There is a "higher law," the culture of the mind, and it must go hand in hand with the culture of the soil. The relation of science to the farmer's calling are intimate.

Leave your land in good heart.—It should be the object of every tiller of the soil, to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain remunerating returns as much as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility upon the farm and adding thereto in every available manner.

Be Systematic.—Here we have one of the first principles of successful agriculture. Let all your transactions be conducted in a business-like manner. Take note of every operation, whether you buy or sell, receive or disburse, sow or reap, make a promise or a bargain. To do this, it will be necessary to keep a diary.

Plan for the Future.—The means afforded by the past for accumulating experiences, if they have been judiciously and thoughtfully used, will enable you to contrive for the operations and investments of the future. Manage to have everything in readiness at the very hour when its assistance is required in the furtherance of your objects.

Keep an Account Book.—The balance sheet of your accounts, during the past year has been drawn—everything is, or ought to be, settled, and the new books are being opened. You ought to know, at the expiration of each year—the receipts and what has been paid out—what purchased, and what sold, and the exact state of your finances.

The Mack B.-d.—There is a "placer" too often unknown, which contains untold wealth to the farmer. It is a fact, that two loads of manure, which may be generally had at the cost of draining, composted with one load of animal manure, furnish three loads of fertilizing material equal to barn-yard manure. Let not this means of increasing the product of the farm, remain unemployed. Add much to the manure from the stable, spread it over the yards, use it freely. If sufficiently dry, it forms a capital bedding material for stabled animals, absorbing the liquid manure, and becoming thoroughly incorporated with the solid.

Stick to the Farm.—Amid your plans for the future, never, for one moment, harbor the idea of bettering your condition by entering the arena of commercial life. Do not exchange a home of quiet, real enjoyment, for the turmoil and illusion of a city residence.

denance. Barter not sweet repose for visions of empty wallets, nor let notes due on the morrow assume the prerogatives of the night-mare. Very poor comforters for care and anxiety are these little realities in the commercial world. Stick to the farm. What though hard labor be the every day command, it is noble, healthful and conducive to the full development of the whole man.

NEW PROCESS OF MAKING BUTTER.

Mr. D. Winthorn, of Jefferson Co., exhibited at our late State Fair, at Watertown, some fair samples of very fine butter made by a process which he describes as follows:—

"This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water or buttermilk is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making, that butter may be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that pervades most of the butter at the present time.

The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the butter milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water until there cease to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing if there should be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; strain the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead). In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room.

When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gentry invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt), if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere chamber of bin oxide of nitrogen I believe will keep any practicable number of years.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gas young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, was a memorial of the catastrophe, and her own daring she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impatient sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation. But in the pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just before the gates, they lightly, ambitiously and incautiously venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth, or pleasure, they sometimes hear of thousands of croakings deep, and recoil a moment from the altitudes of sin; but the solemn pauses but the onward step is taken; the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes from Jordan's waves, and the soul sinks into the arm of the second death.—Exchange.

THE GUANO TRADE.—A letter from Captain Warden, of this city, master of the ship Roebuck, now at Calcutta lately received by the Harpagon, says that there are 100,000 tons and thirty first-class ships, averaging 1000 tons each, now lying about the islands, waiting for cargoes of guano. Probably no other port in the world can boast of so large a fleet of seabird ships. Captain Warden expected to get his cargo in as soon as the 1st of February.—Lynn Reporter.

Mr. D. Winthorn, of Jefferson Co., exhibited at our late State Fair, at Watertown, some fair samples of very fine butter made by a process which he describes as follows:—

"This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water or buttermilk is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making, that butter may be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that pervades most of the butter at the present time.

The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the butter milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water until there cease to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing if there should be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; strain the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead). In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room.

When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gentry invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt), if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere chamber of bin oxide of nitrogen I believe will keep any practicable number of years.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gas young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, was a memorial of the catastrophe, and her own daring she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impatient sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation. But in the pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just before the gates, they lightly, ambitiously and incautiously venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth, or pleasure, they sometimes hear of thousands of croakings deep, and recoil a moment from the altitudes of sin; but the solemn pauses but the onward step is taken; the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes from Jordan's waves, and the soul sinks into the arm of the second death.—Exchange.

THE GUANO TRADE.—A letter from Captain Warden, of this city, master of the ship Roebuck, now at Calcutta lately received by the Harpagon, says that there are 100,000 tons and thirty first-class ships, averaging 1000 tons each, now lying about the islands, waiting for cargoes of guano. Probably no other port in the world can boast of so large a fleet of seabird ships. Captain Warden expected to get his cargo in as soon as the 1st of February.—Lynn Reporter.

Mr. D. Winthorn, of Jefferson Co., exhibited at our late State Fair, at Watertown, some fair samples of very fine butter made by a process which he describes as follows:—

"This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water or buttermilk is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making, that butter may be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that pervades most of the butter at the present time.

The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the butter milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water until there cease to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing if there should be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; strain the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead). In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room.

When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gentry invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt), if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere chamber of bin oxide of nitrogen I believe will keep any practicable number of years.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gas young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, was a memorial of the catastrophe, and her own daring she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impatient sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation. But in the pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just before the gates, they lightly, ambitiously and incautiously venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth, or pleasure, they sometimes hear of thousands of croakings deep, and recoil a moment from the altitudes of sin; but the solemn pauses but the onward step is taken; the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes from Jordan's waves, and the soul sinks into the arm of the second death.—Exchange.

THE GUANO TRADE.—A letter from Captain Warden, of this city, master of the ship Roebuck, now at Calcutta lately received by the Harpagon, says that there are 100,000 tons and thirty first-class ships, averaging 1000 tons each, now lying about the islands, waiting for cargoes of guano. Probably no other port in the world can boast of so large a fleet of seabird ships. Captain Warden expected to get his cargo in as soon as the 1st of February.—Lynn Reporter.

Mr. D. Winthorn, of Jefferson Co., exhibited at our late State Fair, at Watertown, some fair samples of very fine butter made by a process which he describes as follows:—

"This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water or buttermilk is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making, that butter may be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that pervades most of the butter at the present time.

The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the butter milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water until there cease to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing if there should be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; strain the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead). In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room.

When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gentry invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt), if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere chamber of bin oxide of nitrogen I believe will keep any practicable number of years.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gas young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, was a memorial of the catastrophe, and her own daring she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful flower which charmed her fancy; the turf yielded to the pressure of her light feet, and with a shriek she descended like a falling star, to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death. How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impatient sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation. But in the pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just before the gates, they lightly, ambitiously and incautiously venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth, or pleasure, they sometimes hear of thousands of croakings deep, and recoil a moment from the altitudes of sin; but the solemn pauses but the onward step is taken; the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes from Jordan's waves, and the soul sinks into the arm of the second death.—Exchange.

THE GUANO TRADE.—A letter from Captain Warden, of this city, master of the ship Roebuck, now at Calcutta lately received by the Harpagon, says that there are 100,000 tons and thirty first-class ships, averaging 1000 tons each, now lying about the islands, waiting for cargoes of guano. Probably no other port in the world can boast of so large a fleet of seabird ships. Captain Warden expected to get his cargo in as soon as the 1st of February.—Lynn Reporter.

Mr. D. Winthorn, of Jefferson Co., exhibited at our late State Fair, at Watertown, some fair samples of very fine butter made by a process which he describes as follows:—

"This sample of butter is made by my improved method, whereby every drop of water or buttermilk is taken out of it by solar evaporation. In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making, that butter may be kept sweet several years without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and buttermilk that pervades most of the butter at the present time.

The following is an outline of my improved process: Firstly, in churning the cream enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs; pour off the butter milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water until there cease to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing if there should be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water, and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock salt, saltpetre, soft water and ice; strain the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmer full well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead). In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of the milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Care should be taken not to have any other moisture like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture, in the room.

When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gentry invalids and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt), if sealed in cans or jars and placed in an atmosphere chamber of bin oxide of nitrogen I believe will keep any practicable number of years.

THE FATAL FLOWER.—Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara, are directed to the spot on the margin of the precipice, over the boiling current below, where a gas young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivalled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, was a memorial of the catastrophe, and her own daring she leaned over the verge, and caught a glimpse of the surging waters far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom upon which her heart was fixed, and she leaned in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to