

The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

JOHN S. RICHARDSON, JR.,
PROPRIETOR.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—\$2 IN ADVANCE

VOL. IX.

SUMTERVILLE, S. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1855.

NO. 16

THE SUMTER BANNER

IS PUBLISHED
Every Wednesday Morning
BY
John S. Richardson, Jr.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS in advance, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents at the expiration of six months or Three Dollars at the end of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Proprietor. All subscriptions are expected to be paid for in advance.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of 75 cents per square for the first; Fifty cents for the second, and Thirty-seven and a half cents for each subsequent insertion under three months. Official advertisements inserted at twenty-five cents for each insertion.

Single insertions One Dollar per square, Semi Monthly, Monthly and Quarterly advertisements charged the same as single insertions.

Business cards of five lines and under inserted at Five Dollars a year.

Three Months advertisements.—One square \$4 00, two squares \$7 00, three squares \$10 00, four squares \$12 00.

Six Months advertisements.—One square \$7 00, two squares \$12 00, three squares \$15 00, and four squares \$20 00.

Yearly advertisements with the privilege of changing three times, one square \$10 00, two squares \$18 00, three squares \$25 00, four squares \$30 00, and five squares \$34 00.

A square to consist of the space occupied by 12 lines of million type.

All job work cash, and transient advertising paid for in advance.

Obituary notices and tributes of respect over 12 lines charged as advertisements.

All advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be published until forbidden and charged accordingly.

Communications calculated to promote private interest, or recommendations of candidates for offices of honor, profit or trust will be charged for as advertisements.

Announcing a candidate Five Dollars a year. For all marriages the printer's fee is expected.

Poetry.

(Original.)
Lines to L. A. R.
BY FRANK.

When aurora appears, how delightful the view
When Phœbus begins to arise
From his nocturnal seat, to hespangle the dew,
And paint, with his glory, the skies

Awake! then awake! for the morn is serene,
Let's away to the myrtle alcove;
Or else take our seat by a crystalline stream,
Where the scene is inviting to love.

There is naught to molest, but the sweet singing birds,
That sit perch'd close by on a bough;
If you'd tell me your mind, unkeen, and unheard,
Dear R—, pray tell it me now.

Do dreams in the night time disturb your repose?
Or do I to fancy appear?
While silence contents, I pray you'll disclose
Your mind to my listening ear.

Delay not a moment, for time runs apace,
To disclose the fond wish of your heart;
And in thy sweet bosom a confidence place,
Ere despair bids my love to depart.

My Father Blessed me.
BY AGNES.

My father raised his trembling hand,
And laid it on my head;
"God bless thee, O my son, my son,"
Most tenderly he said.

He died, and left no gems or gold,
But still I was his heir—
For that rich blessing which he gave
Became a fortune rare.

Still, in my weary hours of toil
To earn my daily bread,
It gladdens me in thought to feel
His hand upon my head.

Though infant tongues to me have said,
"Dear Father!" 't is since then,
Yet when I bring that scene to mind,
I'm but a child again.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—The following, says a Pittsburg correspondent, may be relied upon:—

"A lady in this city mourns a husband, lost on the ill-fated Arctic. Some time before the news arrived of the disaster, and about the time she expected his return (indeed she had received notice that he would probably arrive on the very day the circumstance occurred which I am about to relate,) while she was sitting in her room alone, a friend called, and found her in extreme agitation.

Upon inquiring the cause she stated that, just a moment before, while she was sitting, thinking of her husband perfectly conscious of all around her, the door opened, and he appeared before her, with coat and hat off, bending over slightly toward the floor, as he walked toward his shoes, the water streamed down his shoulders and arms. Just as she was about to question him, he left the room, and a moment after the person alluded to above came in.

The visitor rallied her upon her fears, and succeeded in partially quieting her mind. The incident was related to the writer a day or two afterwards, but had been partially forgotten, until the dreadful things knickerbocker it fearfully vivid to my mind.—Knickerbocker Magazine.

Mr. John S. Weathers, a native of Kentucky, recently from Missouri was shot dead in Fal's county, Texas, a few days ago, by a companion while hunting, who mistook him for a bear.

Mr. Weathers was engaged in butchering a deer which he had killed, and, being in a stooping posture, was mistaken, as stated. He left a widow and a large family of children.

The Bride of the Wreck.

"I was a lonely sort of a bachelor, and had never yet known what young men style 'the passion.' Of passion I had enough, as my old mate yonder can tell you. I broke his head twice, and his arm once, in fits of it; but he has always seemed to love me all the better, and he clings to me now very much as two pieces of the same chip cling together when drifting at sea.—We are the sole survivors of a thousand wrecks, and of the gallant company that sailed with us two years ago, no other one is left afloat. I had been a sailor from boyhood, and when I was twenty-five, I may safely say no man was more fit to command a vessel among the mariners of England.—And at this time my uncle died and left me his fortune. I had never seen him, and hardly knew of his existence; but I had now speaking evidence of the fact that he had existed, and equally good proof that he existed no longer.

I was very young, strong in limb, and I think stout in heart, and I was possessed of a rental of some thousands per annum. What bar was there to my enjoyment of the goods of life? No bar, indeed, but I felt sorely the lack of means of enjoyment. I was a sailor in every sense. My education was tolerable, and I had read some books, but my tastes were nautical, and I pin'd on shore. You will easily understand, then, why it was that I built a yacht and spent most of my time on her. She was a fine craft, suited to my taste in every respect, and I remember with a sigh, now, the happy days I have spent in the "Foam." I used to read considerably in my cabin, and occasionally, indeed weekly, invited parties of gentlemen to cruise with me. But the foot of a lady had never been on the deck of my boat, and I began to have an old bachelor's pride in that fact.—Yet, I confess to you a secret longing for some sort of affection different from any I had heretofore known, and a restlessness when men talked of beautiful women in my presence.

"One summer evening I was at the old hall in which my uncle had died, and was entirely alone. Towards sunset I was surprised while looking over my books, by the entrance of a gentleman, who had just returned from a cruise of some months.

"Your pardon, sir, for my unceremonious entrance. My horses have run away with my carriage, and dashed it to pieces near your park gate. My father was badly injured, and my sister is now watching him. I have taken the liberty to ask your permission to bring him to your residence."

"Of course, my consent was instant,ly given, and my own carriage dispatched to the park gate.

"Mr. Sinclair was a gentleman of fortune, residing about forty miles from me, and his father, an invalid, fifty years or more of age, was on his way, in company with his son, to that son's house there to die and be buried. They were strangers to me, but I invited them welcome to my house as if it were their own, and insisted on their using it.

"Miss Sinclair was the first woman who had crossed my door—since I had been the possessor of the hall.—And well might she have been loved by better men than I. She was very small and very beautiful—of the size of Venus, which all men worship as the perfection of womanly beauty, but having a jet blue eye, strangely shaded by soft black brows. Her face presented the contrast of purity of whiteness in the complexion, set off by raven hair, and yet that hair hanging in clustering curls, unbound by comb or fillet, and the whole face lit up with an expression of gentle trust and complete confidence, either in all around her or else in her own indomitable determination. For Mary Sinclair had a mind of her own, and a far-seeing one too. She was nineteen then.

"Her father died in my house and I attended the solemn procession that bore his remains over hill and valley, to the old church in which his ancestors were laid. Once after that I called on the family, and then avoided them. I cannot tell you what was the cause of the aversion I had to entering that house, or approaching the influence of that matchless girl. I believe that I feared the magic of her beauty, and was impressed with my own unworthiness to love her or to be loved by her. I knew her associates were of the noble, the educated, the refined, and that I was none of these. What, then, could I expect but misery, if I yielded to the charm of that exquisite beauty, or graces, which I knew were in her soul?

"A year passed, and I was a very boy in my continued thoughts of her; I persuaded myself a thousand times that I did not love her, and a thousand times determined to prove it by entering her presence. At length I threw myself into the vortex of Lon-

don society, and was lost in the whirlpool.

"One evening, at a crowded assembly, I was standing near the window in a recess, talking with a lady, when I felt a strange thrill. I cannot describe it to you, but its effect was visible to my companion, who instantly said, 'You are unwell, Mr. Stewart, are you not?' Your face became suddenly flushed, and your hand trembled so as to shake the curtain."

"It was inexplicable to myself, but I was startled at the announcement of Mr. and Miss Sinclair. I turned, and saw she was entering on her brother's arm, more beautiful than ever. How I escaped I did not know, but I did so.

"Three afterwards I was warned of her presence in this mysterious way, till I believed that there was some link between us two, of unknown but powerful character. I have since learned to believe the communion of spirit with spirit, sometimes without material intervention.

"I heard of her frequently now as engaged to marry a Mr. Waller, a man whom I knew well, and was ready to do honor as worthy of her love.—When at length I saw, as I supposed, very satisfactory evidence of the truth of the rumor I left London and met them no more. The same rumor followed me in letters, and yet I was mad enough to dream of Mary Sinclair, until months after I awoke to the sense of what a fool I had been. Convinced of this, I went on board my yacht about midsummer, and for four weeks never set foot on shore.

One sultry day, when pitch was frying on the deck, in the hot sun, we rolled heavily in the Bay of Biscay, and I passed the afternoon under a sail on the larboard quarter deck. Toward evening, I fancied a storm was brewing, and having made all ready for it, smoked on the taffrail till midnight, and then turned in. Will you believe me, I felt that strange thrill through my veins, as I lay in my hammock, and awoke with it, fifteen seconds before the watch on deck called suddenly to the man at the wheel, "Port—port your helm! a sail on the lee bow. Steady! so!"

"I was on the deck in an instant, and saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and a small schooner, showing no lights, had crossed our fore-foot within a pistol shot, and was now bearing up to the north-west. The sky was cloudy and dark, but the breeze was very steady, and I went below again, and after endeavoring vainly to account for the emotion I had felt, in any reasonable way, I at length fell asleep, and the rocking of my vessel, as she flew before the wind, gave just motion enough to my hammock to lull me into a sound slumber. But I dreamed all night of Mary Sinclair. I dreamed of her, but it was in unpleasant dreams. I saw her standing on the deck of the "Foam," and as I would advance towards her the form of Waller would interpose. I would fancy, at times, that my arms were around her, and her head lay on my shoulder; and then by the strange mutations of dreams, it was not I, but Waller that was holding her, and I was chained to a post, looking at them; and she would kiss him and again the kiss would be burning on my lips. The morning found me wide awake, reasoning myself out of my fancies. By noon I had enough to do. The ocean was roused. A tempest was out on the sea, and the "Foam" went before it.

"Night came down gloomily. The very blackness of darkness was on the water as we flew before the terrible blast. I was on deck lashed to the wheel, by which I stood with a knife within reach to cut the lashing, if necessary. We had but a rag of sail on her, and yet she moved more like a bird than a boat, from wave to wave. Again and again, a blue wave went over us; but she came up like a duck and shook off the water and dashed on. Now she staggered as a blow was on the weather bow, that might have staved a man-of-war, but kept gallantly on; and now she rolled heavily and slowly; but never abated the swift flight towards shore. It was midnight when the wind was highest. The howling of the cordage was demoniacal. Now a scream, now a shriek, now a wail, and now a laugh of mocking madness; on we flew.

I looked up, and turned quite around the horizon, but could see no sky, no sea, no cloud—all was blackness. At that moment I felt again that strange thrill, and at the instant fancied a denser blackness ahead, and the next with a crash and plunge, the "Foam" was gone! Down went my vessel, unseen in the black night. The wheel to which I had been lashed, had broken loose, and gone over with me before she sank. It was heavy and I cut away, and seeing a spar, went down in the deep sea above my

boat. I seized it, and a thrill of agony shot through me as I recognized the delicate finger of a woman. I drew her to me, and lashed her to the spar by my side, and so, in the black night, we two alone floated away over the stormy ocean.

My companion was senseless—for aught I knew, dead. A thousand emotions passed through my mind in the next five minutes. Who was my companion on the slight spar? What was the vessel I had sunk? Was I with the body of only a human being, or was there a spark of life left, and how could I fan it to a flame. Would it not be better to let her sink than float off with me, thus alone to starve or die of thirst and agony.

"I chafed her hands, her forehead, her shoulders. In the dense darkness I could not see a feature of her face, nor tell if she were old or young—scarcely white or black. The silence on the sea was fearful. So long as I had been on the deck of my boat, the wind whistling through the ropes and around the spars, had made a continual sound; but now I heard nothing but the occasional sprinkling of the spray, the dash of a foam cap, or the heavy sound of the wind pressing on my ears.

"At length she moved her hand feebly in mine. How my heart leaped at that slight evidence that I was not alone on the wild ocean. I redoubled my exertions. I passed one of her arms over my neck to keep it out of the water, while I chafed the other hand with both of mine. I felt the clasp of that arm tighten, and I bowed my head towards her. She drew me close to her, and laid her cheek against mine. I let it rest there—it might warm her, and so help to give her life. Then she nestled close to my bosom and whispered "Thank you." Why did my brain so wildly throb in my head at that whispered sentence? She knew not where she was, that was clear. Her mind was wandering. At that instant the end of the spar struck some heavy object, and we were dashed by a huge wave over it, and to my joy were left on a floating deck. I cut the lashing from the spar, and fastened my companion and myself to the part of the new raft or wreck, I knew not which, and at that time that arm was around my neck, as rigid as in death.

Now came the low wild wail that precedes the breaking of the storm. The air seemed filled with wailing spirits mournfully singing and sighing. I never thought of her as any thing else than a human being. It was that humanity that drew her to me. I wound my arm around her, and drew her close to my heart, and bowed my head over her, and in the wilderness of the moment I pressed my lips to hers in a long passionate kiss of intense love and agony. She gave it back, and murmuring some name of endearment, and laying her head on my shoulder, pressed her forehead against my cheek—and fell into a calm slumber. That kiss burns on my lips this hour. Half a century of the cold kisses of the world have not sufficed to chill its influence. It thrills me now, as then! It was madness, with idol worship of the form God gave us in the image of himself, which in that hour I adore!

I feel the unearthly joy again to day, as I remember the clasp of those unknown arms, and the soft pressure of that forehead. I knew not, I cared not, if she were old and haggard, or young and fair.

I knew and rejoiced with joy untold that she was a human mortal, of my own kin by the great Father of our race.

"It was a night of thought, and emotions and phantasmas that never can be described. Morning dawned gravely. The first faint gleam of light showed me a driving cloud above my head, it was welcomed with a shudder. I hated light; I wanted to float over that heaving ocean, with that form clinging to me and my arms around it, and my lips ever and anon pressed to the passionless lips of the heavy sleeper. I asked no light. It was an intruder on my domain, and would drive her from my embrace. I was mad.

"But as I saw the face of my companion gradually revealed in the dawn light, as my eyes began, to make out one by one the features, and at length the terrible truth came slowly burning into my brain, I mourned aloud in my agony, 'God of heaven, she is dead!' And it was Mary Sinclair.

But she was not dead.

We floated all day long on the sea, and at midnight of the next night I hailed a ship and they took us off.—Every man from the "Foam" and the other vessel was saved with one exception. The other vessel was the Fairy, a schooner yacht belonging to a friend of Miss Sinclair, with whom she and her brother and a party of ladies and gentlemen had started but

three days previously for a week's cruise. I need not tell you how I explained that strange thrill as the schooner crossed our bow, the night before the collision, nor what interpretation I gave to the wild tumult of emotions all that long night.

I married Mary Sinclair, and I buried her thirty years afterwards; and I sometimes have the same evidence of her presence now, that I used to have when she lived on the same earth with me."

ALLEGED GREAT EXCITEMENT IN HAVANA.—The Savannah Journal and Courier of Saturday says:

"By the arrival this morning of the schooner Abbot Devereux, Capt. Alchorn, from Havana, we have advices from that port up to Sunday last, February 4th.

"We learn that at the time of the sailing of the schooner, and for several days previously, great excitement existed in Cuba in anticipation of the landing of General Quitman, who was reported and believed to be off the island, with a force of twenty thousand men. The Creoles were highly elated, but it was not supposed that they could render much assistance to their deliverers. Indeed Capt. Alchorn thinks the present Captain General, Concha, has made himself and administration popular with all classes, so that it may be presumed that the discontent on the island is not so wide spread now as formerly.

"The Spanish fleet, consisting of two war steamers and three sailing vessels, a frigate, sloop of war, and brig, left the port of Havana last Saturday on a cruise in search of the filibusters. Two British ships of the line entered the harbor Sunday morning, and several others were hourly expected for the defence of the island.

"We have no means of knowing upon what grounds the fears of the Spanish officials were based. But one thing we are certain, if Quitman gets a foothold on the island with twenty thousand men, the days of her Catholic Majesty's reign there are ended.

THE ABDUCTION OF YOUNG HERNANDEZ.—Frank E. Hernandez, whom we noticed as being carried on board the Empire City, against his will, to be taken to Cuba for some political purpose, it was thought, makes the following concise and explicit statement.

On Thursday last the Spanish Consul and Mr. Carnobeli called at the Claverack Institute. Mr. Carnobeli handed me a letter from my father, desiring me to come to Cuba. I read the letter, and then told him I did not wish to go home. The Spanish Consul then said that I must go to Cuba, and if I did not go immediately, I would be thrown into prison if I ever went there afterwards. I then told them that I would give them no answer until I saw my uncle, Joseph Elias Hernandez, who resides at No. 91 President street, Brooklyn. They said that I could not see my uncle, and I told them that I would not go to Cuba without first having an interview with him. The Spanish Consul then said if I would come to New York with them they would let me see my uncle. I then agreed to come to New York, and arrived here about ten o'clock on the same night. When I got there they refused, on my asking them, to let me go to my uncle alone or with them. I then went with Mr. Carnobeli to the boarding house No. 154 Chambers street, where I slept that night. The next morning (Friday), when I arose from bed, I again begged them to let me see my uncle, but was refused. That afternoon Mr. Carnobeli took me on board the steamship Empire City, for the purpose of taking me to Cuba. When I got there I met my uncle, who asked me if I wanted to go to Cuba. I answered in the negative, and said that Mr. Carnobeli and the Consul had forced me to go. My uncle said if I wanted to go home he would allow me to do so; when I again replied that I did not want to. There were about ten Cubans with us at the time, and they all were witnesses to the conversation. The statement made by Mr. Carnobeli that my uncle had forced me to stay in the United States, is not true. I was not prompted by him to stay here; it was solely my own wish to remain. Refusing to go to Cuba, I left the ship, and went home with my uncle to Brooklyn, where I am now stopping. My uncle was informed of Mr. Carnobeli's actions by a telegraphic dispatch sent to him by one of my friends at Claverack, stating that I had been taken away from school against my will and wish.—Charleston Standard.

A KIND SPIRIT.—Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.

Valuable Receipts.

Celebrated Indian Bread, as prepared at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.—Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, and one pint of fine meal, melt one table-spoonful of butter and add to the mixture, dissolve one table-spoonful of soda or saleratus, &c., in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture the last thing, beat very hard and bake in a pan in a quick oven.

Rice Custard Pie.—Take 3 table spoonful of Rice flour, one pint of milk—boil them together. When cold, add 3 eggs beaten, butter the size of an egg, one spoonful of Essence of Vanilla—sweeten to your taste.

Beef a la mode.—Take 10 lbs. of the round, cut small holes in it, and stuff it all over with pickled pork fat, rub it well with pepper and salt; add sweet marjoram, summer savory, sweet basil, mace, cloves, pepper, salt, parsley, leeks, and 3-4 pound of lard, and stew it hard for one hour and a half.

Black Cake that will keep a Year.—Sugar, 1 pound; butter, 1 pound; flour 1 pound; ten eggs; brandy 1 1/4 pint; raisins, 2 pounds; currants, 2 pounds. Mace, nutmegs and cloves to flavor. Bake it well.

Buckeye Bread.—Take a pint of new milk, warm from the cow; add a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in fine Indian meal until it becomes a thick batter; add a gill of fresh yeast, and put it in a warm place to rise. When it is very light, stir into the batter three beaten eggs, adding wheat flour until it has become of the consistence of dough; knead it thoroughly, and set it by the fire until it begins to rise, then make it up into small loaves or cakes, cover them up with a thick napkin, and let them stand until they rise again, then bake it in a quick oven.

To Bake Beef Tender.—Those who have worn down their teeth, in masticating poor old tough cow beef, will be glad to learn that common carbon ate of soda will be found a remedy for it. Cut your steaks the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to no tion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it; all who love delicious tender dishes of meat.

Vinegar from Beets.—Good vinegar is an almost indispensable article in every family, many of whom purchase it at a considerable annual expense, while some use but a very indifferent article; and others, for want of a little knowledge and less industry, go without. It is an easy matter, however, to be at all times supplied with good vinegar, and that too, without much expense. The juice of one bushel of sugar beets, worth twenty-five cents, and which any farmer can raise with out cost, will make from five to six gallons of vinegar, equal to the best made of cider or wine. Gra's beets, having first washed them, and express the juice in a cheese press, or in many other ways which a little ingenuity can suggest, and put the liquor into an empty barrel; cover the bung hole with gauze and set it in the sun, and in twelve or fifteen days it will be ready for use.

Jelly Cake.—Take six ounces of butter and eight of Sugar, and rub them to a cream; stir into it eight well beaten eggs and a pound of sifted flour; add the grated rind and juice of a fresh lemon, and turn the mixture into scalloped plates that have been well buttered. The cakes should not be more than a quarter of an inch thick on the plates. Bake them immediately in a quick oven till of a light brown. Pile them on a plate, with a layer of jelly or marmalade on the top of each.

The Best Ham—How Cured.—As our readers, especially in the country, may have some curiosity to know the method by which the prize ham, presented at our Fair was cured, we have procured the receipt for publication. It is furnished by Mrs. E. M. Henry, of Charlotte, the lady who was the successful contestant.

"After cutting out my pork, I rub the skin side of each piece with about a half teaspoonful of saltpetre, well rubbed in. I rub the pieces all over with salt, leaving them well covered on the fleshy side. I then lay the hams in large tight troughs, skin side down. I let them remain in the troughs without touching or troubling them for four or five weeks, according to the size of the hog, no matter how warm or changeable the weather is. I then take them out of the trough and string them on white oak splits, wash all the salt off with the brine, if sufficient, if not, with water; then rub them well and thoroughly with hickory ashes. Let them

then hang up and remain twenty-four hours, or even two or three days, before I make the smoke under them, which must be made with green chips and not chunks. I make the smoke under them once every day, and smoke them four, five, or six weeks. After I stop the smoke, I let the hams remain hanging all the time. Shoulders I cure in the same way.

"N. B.—My hogs are killed in the morning, and I always let them remain all that day and the next night before I cut them up."—Petersburg Democrat.

Butter.—Not one pound in five of the sold butter in the market is fit for human food. Buttermakers should remember these few short rules.

The newer and sweeter the cream, the sweeter and higher flavored will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the room or cellar where the milk is set.

Keep the cream in tin pails, or stone pots, into which put a teaspoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream, lightly each morning and evening, this will prevent it from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning, add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly a pound of salt to a pound of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it from the buttermilk and the brine, before lumping and packing of it.

Be sure that it is entirely free from every particle of buttermilk or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet as long as desired.

In Scotland a syphon is sometimes used to separate the milk from the cream, instead of skimming the pans.

Receipt for Making Preserved Butter.—Take one and a half pounds of good hops and same of ginger root and heat it tolerably fine. Put both into a bag, and tie up tight—then put it into a kettle with water sufficient to steep and boil the same to obtain its strength, which may take about two hours; then boil it all down to two quarts; then add the same to four gallons of molasses and shake it well together.

The above is the preserve. To make a less quantity, take articles in proportion. When you wish to use or ferment, take three pints of the preserve to a five gallon keg, add one pint of hop yeast; fill the keg with water and shake it well together.

If you wish your beer to foam, or be well gassed, when you draw it, you will have your keg iron hooped and thickly headed and bunged up tight when you put up your beer.

FANNY FERN DAGERREOTYPED.—She is full forty. Sports curls like a girl of seventeen. They are auburn—poetically so. Has a keen flashing eye. Nose between Grecian and Roman, rather thin and rather good looking. Checks with a good deal—quite too much—coloring. Some of rouge. Bad taste, but no business of ours.—Lips well turned and indicative of firmness rather than of sugar. Chin handsomely chiseled. Whole countenance betokens a woman of spirit and high nature generally. Form fine. Chest a model. Not surpassed. Carriage graceful and stately. Rather tall and emphatically genteel. Pretty foot. Ankle to match. Hand small. Likes to show it. Dresses in the cut-and-dash school. Fond of ribbons, laces, millinery, &c., generally. Talks rapidly. Is witty and brilliant, cutting and lashing. Proud as Lucifer. Fond of fun. Hates most of relations.—Threats her father and Nat, most brutally. Has three as pretty girls as eyes, or more curls. Is proud of them, and justly. Is heartless. Is a flirt.—Lives in clover. Is worth \$20,000. Got it by pen and ink. When passing the street takes eight eyes out of ten. On the whole—wonderful woman is Fanny.—Boston Dispatch.

COL. WERN ON THE WAR.—The New York Courier says:

In relation to the fall of Sebastopol, we said on the 14th December, or as soon as the allies numbered from 95 to 110,000 men, the place would be carried by storm. Such undoubtedly was the intention of the allies when we left England in November; and according to the London Times of the 25th December, one month after, such was the universally received opinion in the best informed circles.

It is barely possible, that in consequence of the negotiations now reopened and pending at Vienna, the assault upon Sebastopol may have been postponed. This, however, we do not believe; and our impression is, that Sebastopol has been stormed by the allies with an immense sacrifice of life. Better perhaps for the cause