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THE ROUND OF LIFE.

BY DR. GEO. HORNE.

Some are serving, some commanding,
Some are striving, some are standing,
Some rejoicing, some are grieving,
Some entreating, some relieving,
Some are weeping, some are laughing,
Some are thirsting, some are quaffing,
Some accepting, some refusing,
Some are thrifty, some amusing,
Some compelling, some persuading,
Some are flattering, some degrading;
Some are patient, some are fuming;
Some are modest, some presuming;
Some are leasing, some are farming,
Some are helping, some are harming,
Some are running, some are riding,
Some departing, some abiding,
Some are sending, some are bringing,
Some are crying, some are sighing,
Some are hearing, some are preaching,
Some are learning, some are teaching,
Some disdaining, some affecting,
Some assiduous, some neglecting,
Some are feasting, some are fasting,
Some are saving, some are wasting,
Some are losing, some are winning,
Some repenting, some are sinning,
Some professing, some adoring,
Some are silent, some are roaring,
Some are restive, some are willing,
Some preserving, some are killing,
Some are bounteous, some are grinding,
Some are seeking, some are finding,
Some are thriving, some receiving,
Some are hiding, some revealing,
Some commending, some are blaming,
Some dismembering, some new framing,
Some are quiet, some disputing,
Some confuted and confusing,
Some are marching, some retiring,
Some are resting, some aspiring,
Some enduring, some deriding,
Some are falling, some are rising,
There are sufficient to recite,
Since all men's deeds are infinite,
Some end their parts when some begin,
Some go out and some come in,

Triumph of American Genius.

At the opening of Mechanics' Institute, at Richmond, Virginia, Gov. Wise delivered an address from which we extract the following eloquent passage:—

There was a problem in mechanics to be solved, a grade to be overcome by a locomotive, with certain weights to be transported. British machinists and mechanics and science gave it up. A premium was offered in the form of a contract, the terms of which an American mechanic—Norris, of Philadelphia—took up. He engaged to overcome the grade by the American locomotive. It was made; it was shipped; it reached England; the trial railway was prepared. But jealousy threw every obstacle in the way. What! American impudence dare to do what British skill failed in!—The calm consciousness of strength in the mein and bearing of Mr. Norris seemed to say that he would do it without fail. The Custom House interposed obstacles; combinations of English artisans were formed against the trial. At last all obstructions were removed; liberality and justice prevailed, and the engine was allowed to test its power. The day came for it; crowds of spectators went to the scene. Apart from the crowd, near the locomotive, stood a few anxious hearts—a group of Americans—full of fear, but full of hope. Norris applied the steam; the machine, like a living, moving, breathing thing, seemed to become impatient. "Put on the weights," said the great mechanic. Ton was added to ton.—What! no murmer of too much? The envious critics were surprised. They expected some Yankee plea for less than contract bargain; but no, there Mr. Norris stood silent until the English ceased to add more. "Are you content, gentlemen," said he, "that the locomotive shall draw so much.' It will never draw that, thought they, and so feared the friends who looked on, but one moment more and the friends had all doubts dissolved, but not by the engine—"Add on double so much more," said Mr Norris. It was done. He then calmly took his station, gave signal, and the mechanic's giant, like a grey hound on the slip, bounded at the wave of its master's hand, and walked away with double its burthen, like a thing of life.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN AND THE LADIES.—A Washington correspondent of the South says:

Mr. Buchanan still continues to have hosts of lady visitors, and scarcely a pretty woman comes to Washington, but she must see the bachelor President. His manners toward his fair visitors show that he is no 'lady's man;' his graceful commonplace seems to fail him with them; and I have seen him evidently sorely taxed to find a few words to say to the fair dames who will find their way to his reception room. He is said to have been compelled to have recourse to two stereotyped phrases, which he invariably addresses by turn to the ladies, as he runs the gauntlet of them at reception hours. They are these: 'Madam, is this your first visit to Washington?' Answer. A pause, and then, 'Madam, I would advise you to visit the Smithsonian Institute.' After which the lady is expected to vamose.

THE ENGLISH RACES.

The London papers give full accounts of the great race at the New Market course on the 2d of October, for the Cesarewitch Stakes, valued at $10,000. The stakes were carried off by Mr. Ten Broeck's American mare 'Prioress,' the first race, we believe, ever won by an American horse in England. Thirty horses were entered for the stakes, and the race was exciting and hotly contested.

Betting at starting, 4 to 1 against M. Dobler, 8 to 1 against El Hakim, 19 to 1 against Warlock, 100 to 8 against Zima, 100 to 7 against Rosati, 15 to 1 against Plush colt, 20 to 1 against Mentmont, 20 to 1 against Pomponio, 25 to 1 against Emulator, 30 to 1 against Queen Bess, 33 to 1 each against Fright, Zigzag and Fisherman, 40 to 1 against Poodle, 50 to 1 each against Bardeur, December and Dusty Miller, 60 to 1 each against Eloquence and St. Giles, 100 to 1 each against Priores and Sluggard.

The flag was dropped to a beautiful start. Dusty Miller bore his colors to the front with Cerva, M. Dobler and the Plush Colt following nearly in the order named, Odd Trick, Fright, Emulator, Zigzag, Warlock, Princess and Poodle lying in the middle of the ruck. These positions were unchanged until reaching the Ditch, when Cerva rushed to the front, Queen Bess being in close attendance upon her, with Odd Trick third, Emulator, El Hakim, Prioress, Fright, Zigzag, Warlock and the Plush Colt forming the next lot. At the bushes the pace began to tell, and the Warlock, Plush Colt, and Poodle dropped back, and Cerva resigned the lead to Queen Bess. As they descended the hill, Odd Trick, Emulator and Zigzag also disappeared from the front. On approaching the cords Queen Bess, with El Hakim, at her neck, still held a slight lead, with Prioress running by herself on the far side third, Fright, Zigzag, Warlock and Emulator showing in front of the ruck. One of the most exciting Cesarewitch finishes ever seen then ensued. Prioress half way up the cords seemed to be coming in alone, but the tiny jockeys of El Hakim and Queen Bess made a determined set to, and the judge, unable to separate the first three, pronounced a dead heat with Prioress, Queen Bess and El Hakim; Fright was next about a length and a half behind them, Zigzag was fifth, about a length in advance of Warlock, who was sixth, and Martinet seventh; Emulator and Sauntorer headed the next lot that straggled in. In the extreme rear, pulled up, were St. Giles, Wild Honey, Poodle, Fisherman, Black Tommy and the Poacher.

DECIDING HEAT.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Prioress, by Sovereign, (bred in America,) 4 yrs. 6 st. 9 lbs (Fordham) 1
Capt. Smith's El Hakim, 3yrs. 6st. 9 lbs. (Bray) 2
Mr. Saxon's Queen Bess, 3yrs 4st. 10 lbs. (Grimshaw) 3

Betting—5 to 4 against El Hakim, 2 to 1 against Prioress, 3 to 1 against Queen Bess.

The heat was run after the last race in a deepening twilight, which rendered it impossible to distinguish the colors of the riders at a distance. El Hakim was first off, but after going about [illegible] yards Prioress, overpowring Fordham, rushed to the front, and carried [illegible] the running to the ditch gap, where she was pulled back, and lay about three length in the rear, Queen Bess going on with the lead closely attended by El Hakim. On coming down the bushes hill Prioress hung to the left, and a shout was raised of "The American's beaten!" But Fordham roused the Mare with his whip, and before reaching the foot of the hill she bore her colors in advance, and quitting opponents half way up the cords won cleverly by a length and-a-half; El Hakim beating Queen Bess by a head only for second place. A long and prolonged cheer hailed the triumph of the American colors, and Mr. Ten Broeck was warmly congratulated upon the first victory achieved by him in England. An objection was made by the rider of El Hakim, on the ground of a cross.

How England Expects to Reconquer India.

The London Times begins to appreciate the magnitude of the work which has been carved out for the English government in India, and now admits that the revolted provinces will have to be reconquered at a greater expense than that at which they were acquired.

"The Bengal army is no more. A hundred thousand men are lost to us, and the greater part are in arms against us. That noble body of born and bred soldiers, by the aid of which we have conquered and annexed so many rich territories and warlike tribes, and which dissipated in a few days the dark cloud from the Punjab, to which our European neighbors had long pointed with expectancy, is now sternly bent on numbering England in the long list of its conquests.

"If it was true that the native army was the whole, or nearly the whole, of our strength in India, then our empire would indeed be now in its last hour. But the world will shortly find they must give us credit for other resources and a stronger hold upon India than this one has proved to be. It is now said we have to reconquer India. That expresses the very nature of the task, though only half of it, for we have to reconquer India organized, disciplined, trained, armed, provisioned, fortified, embolded by ourselves. It is a task far greater than that which offered itself to us a century ago."

DOMESTIC PRODUCTS.—An Indiana paper, speaking of the low dresses and broad shoulders of the Kentucky women, as seen at the State Fair at Louisville, says that Cincinnati is celebrated for its cured hams, but Louisville can beat the world for raw shoulders.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN BUFFALO.

The entire city was startled and alarmed yesterday afternoon, about ten minutes past three o'clock, by a shock which agitated the most solid buildings, and set household utensils and furniture dancing in a most unaccountable manner. So severe was the shock, which lasted about thirty seconds, that the people ran out of houses in wild dismay. In many instances walls were cracked and chimneys thrown down, and we hear of one gentleman having his arm injured by a falling brick. Bells were rung, and a variety of strange incidents occurred otherwise. In the neighborhood of our office the impression obtained that our steam boiler had exploded, but that is more stable than the foundations of our town appear to be. We were in the midst of a sentence when the low, deep rumbling of subterranean thunders startled us and shook the building as with palsy. Printers dropped their "sticks" and 'cut sticks,' evidently under the impression that things generally had been knocked into a "pi!" The startling phenomenon was observed and felt throughout the city, and on the back streets, amongst the 'residences, (without a man in the house,) the most lively apprehensions were momentarily felt. Well, it has done no particular damage that we learn, besides scaring people from their offices and houses into the streets, and has furnished us with an interesting item, an article as scarce now-a-days, as gold. Like the condition of the banks, the earthquake was only a temporary suspension, probably. However, we hope that no resumption will take place, as blanched checks and wild, wonder filled eyes, are not as happy a sight as we have seen. One man accounted for the circumstance by the surmise that 'Niagara Falls had caved in;' another held that it was caused by the 'explosion of some banking institution; another, that 'the bottom of sathin' had fell out;' and a lady says it was just exactly like when her 'husband comes home at two o'clock in the morning.' A celebrated physician states that it is his opinion that the 'Young American Sampson' got mad and hit something, and thus created the commotion. At the old Court House, when the shock was felt, Judge, jury, bar and clients bolted; a learned argument was upset, and the case reversed.—*Buffalo Express.*

From the New York Observer.

Our Martyred Missionaries in India.

The last ray of hope has been dispelled by the late arrival of news from India, and we must now record, with feelings of the profoundest sorrow, that there is every reason to believe the four missionary families of the Presbyterian Board at Futtehgurh have perished in the massacre. They have been traced to the vicinity of Cawnpore, and it was hoped that when General Havelock arrived there, he would find them alive, and rescue them from the insurgents, but he reports but one white person saved, and her name is given, so that the painful fact is impressed upon our hearts that our brethern and sisters, our dear friends Freeman, and Campbell, and Johnson, and McMullen, and their wives, and two children of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, have fallen victims to the awful insurrection in India.

Rev. John E. Freeman, went out in 1838, and has been a faithful missionary for about nineteen years. He married Miss Beach, in Newark, N. J., who died about ten years ago. Mr. F. afterwards married a valuable friend of ours, Miss Vredenburg, a lady of great accomplishment and worth, with a large circle of friends in this city and New Jersey

Rev. D. A. Campbell was from Wisconsin, and his wife from Ohio.

Rev Albert O. Johnson and wife were both from Western Pennsylvania.

Rev. Robert E. McMullen was from Philadelphia, and his wife was Miss Pierson, from Patterson, N. J.

All of them were among the most able and useful Missionaries of the Board, and their loss is a blow to the work, compared with which the loss of $100,000 worth of property in India is not to be mentioned

The Upper Ten in Trouble.

The New York *Herald* says that the revulsion affects to a degree of which no conception can be formed the fortunes and annual incomes of the upper ten. During the present year neither banks, nor railways, nor any other species of joint stock enterprise, will yield anything like their usual dividends. People who have been living on incomes derived from investments in those concerns will be cut off from their accustomed resources and thrown on their beam ends. This will, of course, tend to diminish the business of the fashionable hotels during the winter, and depreciate the value of real estate in the fashionable parts of the city. Houses in the Fifth avenue and in the squares will lose one half, or at least one third, of their former value.—Mansions that a year ago would have fetched from fifty to sixty thousand dollars will probably in the course of the next few months be sold for from twenty-five to thirty thousand dollars. The cheap bargains will not be all confined to dry goods and crockery.

HARD MONEY CURRENCY.—Now that the money panic is upon us loco foco demagogues are again loud in their advocacy of an exclusive 'hard money currency.'—They have been 'blaging' about this at intervals, when they hoped to make some votes by pandering to the predjudices of the less informed; for the last thirty years; and although they have had possession of the Federal Government most of the time, and of nearly all the State Governments, the country is not yet blessed with it, although they had power to do as they pleased. Why don't they quit talking and proceed to work? It was not their intention all along to humbug (of which we have no doubt they will now give us the 'hard money currency' and plenty of it.—*Westmoreland Herald*

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

An old man, whose few remaining hairs were whitened by age, was retailing to Fifth street market people, little chapters in a chequered life—his travels and experiences in foreign countries, his pride by land and sea, his hopes and wishes for the future.

Twenty years ago, or thereabouts, he left Lancaster, Pa., with no particular object in view except to rid himself of the capricious ills of poverty and want. Without means to support his wife and three children, with little or no employment, he abandoned home and friends to chasten the world of the world, disturbed, for which [illegible] would smile more pleasantly. At Philadelphia he shipped on board a vessel for Liverpool, as a hand before the mast, and made two or three trips in that capacity, back and forth across the Atlantic. Finally, on the last voyage, he left his ship in a foreign port, and remained there for several years, engaged in various pursuits that offered a precarious living. He sailed up the Mediterranean, visited the Holy Land, came back to Liverpool, and again shipped for his native country. Through some ill-starred circumstance, he did not reach his home, but after buffeting about for a year or more, finally brought up in a South American port, where he remained for several years, engaged in trading, and various other occupations that yielded a fair living. The gold excitement on the Pacific carried him thither, and he went by 'the golden Sacramento' with high hopes of prosperity. A year's experience there brought with it more frowns than smiles of fortune, and he left the Eureka State for China, again as a sailor. From there he shipped in another vessel for New York, where he arrived several months ago, infirm, almost worn out with life's trials and troubles, and sought amongst his old friends his wife and child.

With many doubts and hopes, he visited Lancaster where he had left them, but found no kith or kin to receive him. His wife had died long years before, and one of his sons had soon followed her to the grave. With a heavy heart, a future before him as blank as the unspotted page, he wandered forth again, little heeding life, or caring how soon its 'fitful fever' closed forever.

Chance directed his footstep to Cincinnati, in his weary round, and chance, or a guardian spirit, or fate, prompted him to relate his adventures to a half a dozen listners in fifth street yesterday, and amongst them was a young mechanic, a cabinet maker, on his way to his boarding house to dinner, who listened with marked attention, and who found on further inquiry, that the venerable old gentleman actually father. The son was but a small lad when the parent left home; but he had heard enough of his history to know that the wanderer before him was indeed his parent, of whom he had but a dim recollection personally. He grasped the old man by the arm with hearty good will, took him to his boarding house and provided him with food and raiment, and will smooth his footpath to the grave with kindness and devotion.

The Cholera in Europe.

The cholera has made its appearance in the North of Europe, and this fact has necessarily produced some uneasiness in England. The course of the disease is substantially the same as that which it pursued when it first broke out in this country some five or six and twenty years back, and caused a fearful mortality and indescribable consternation. A more intimate acquaintance with this unwelcome visitor has shown that with the necessary care and precaution its terrors may be greatly lessened, and the British Central Board of Health has sounded the tocsin, so as to awaken the energies of the people to the danger. There is often a source of good in evil things, and the cholera has not been without a certain advantage in inducing many excellent sanitary improvements, which otherwise would never have beeen carried out, or at least been indefinitely postponed. Better sewerage, better air, purer water, and other adjuncts to longevity have been introduced into most of the great towns, and people have been found willing to tax themselves to secure immunity from this and kindred diseases. When the epidemic does cross the German Ocean, the Liverpool *Times* thinks it will find resistance to its progress in the improved dwellings of the people on the east coast, and in a better method of treating the premonitory symptoms of the disease. It appears from the tables of mortality of the Register General for the last quarter that the summer of this year has not only been more healthy than usual, but that the temperature has been higher, accompanied with a considerable decrease in the number of pulmonary complaints.

POSTMASTERS' WIT.—A correspondent of the New York Post, from Northampton, Mass., is responsible for the following:

A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at our post office the other day, and enquired if the "Friend of Virtue" had come. "No,' replied the postmaster; 'there has been no such person here for a long time.'

A letter addressed to the "Church of God,' at Portland, Maine, some years ago, was returned to the General Post office with the endorsement: "Mis-directed—we have nothing but sectarian churces in this place.'

STRANGE.—A balloonist gives out that he has made the following discovery:—"I take a bar of brass which, when weighed on the earth's surface, actually weighs fifteen pounds. When I ascend to three miles up in the atmosphere and weigh the brass bar, it actually weighs by a spring balance only seven and a half pounds; and again five miles up positively only three pounds and a quarter. What can be the cause of all this? The want of atmospherical pressure on it and the sun's attraction, which becomes more apparent the nearer we approach his orbit."

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's plains and hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her meadows and her groves,
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their heavy heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.

I love her rivers deep and wide,
Those bright streams that onward glide
To look the ocean's breast,
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her pleasant dales,
The haunts of peaceful rest.

I love the forest dark and lone,
For there the wild birds merry tone
Is heard from morn till night;
And there are lovlier flowers I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.

Her forests and her vallies fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name;
These words that echo deathless fame,
"THE LAND OF LIBERTY!"

The Vicissitudes of Commerce.

A few months since, the partner of a commercial house in this city was taken to a lunatic asylum. Utterly deranged, as was said, by his unparalleled prosperity in business. During the year previous his firm had cleared $1,300,000. He died in the asylum, and his own estate was valued at $2,500,000, all invested in the concern of which he was a partner. The firm itself failed the other day, and is said to be utterly insolvent. One item of the assets of deceased,s estate was ten thousand shares of the Illinois Central Railroad stock, which was selling at the time of his death, at $140 a share, and which was worth, after paying up all the installments, $800,000. The same property sold yesterday at public sale at $50,000.

All this occurred within eighteen months, the prosperity, the insanity, the decease, and the insolvency.—*N. Y. Post.*

The Way the Land Went.

When the Congress of the United States were enacting the swamp land laws of 1850, they little supposed that they were making a donation of fifty four millions of acres of land to the States named. It had been represented that a few hundred thousand acres of overflowed land in these States were entirely worthless, and that the general health of the country required their being drained and brought into cultivation.—Such lands it was intended to convey to the State as an indemnity for any improvement which might be put upon them. The law has been made to cover in its operations much of the very best land of the whole western country. Particularly has this been the case in Louisiana. Under the act of 1849, the approval of the department passes the fee. Thus has Louisiana received a title to upwards of seven and a half millions of acres. One million nine hundred thousand acres have been patented to Missouri.

GENERAL REPUDIATION.—In some western towns and villages, as well as places nearer home, traders have unanimously resolved to "suspend," or defer indefinitely the payment of their debts to New York merchants, giving as a pretext the hardness of the times. This trick may answer very well for the time being, but when these same men shall hereafter resort to the marts of trade, and with credit destroyed find themselves vainly applying for merchandise except with cash in hand, they will laugh on the other side of their mouths. Their more conscientious and prompt-paying competitors, being able at the time to command the usual facilities will illustrate our policy about honesty being the best policy. Special attention is being given to these defaulting debtors, that they may, in future transactions, be properly known and appreciated. We happen to know one of this class of debtors, living in Western N. York, who had between $25,000 and $30,000 worth of goods on hand, but finding it inconvenient to pay for them, resolved to suspend, and sold out the whole stock in a few days, at prices far below cost, and invested the proceeds in good securities.—This a game which soon gets played out.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—By the last European news it seems probable that Frederick William, King of Prussia, would either die in a short time, or lose the use of his faculties. As he has no children, his brother, the Prince of Prussia; would succeed him in the former event, or rule as regent in the latter. The Prince is sixty years of age, a fair soldier, and a man of unblemished morality, but of no great abilities. His wife, a princess of Saxe Weimar is considered to have such radical tendencies, that in 1848 she was banished from Berlin. On this fact, as well as her influence over her husband, the radicals base their hopes of detaching Prussia, from Russian influences. But it is almost useless to expect anything of that kind from a Prussian monarch. Frederick William, when he ascended the throne seventeen years ago, was considered to have remarkable liberal views; but these all disappeared in a few years of power, although there has been much in his reign to make him popular among the mass of his subjects.

A SPECULATOR.—Mr. John Cone, who resides near Haddam, Conn., appeared at the counter of the Middletown bank some days since with $1,000 of its bills, demanded the specie, and got it. The profit of the bank in the transaction was clear two hundred per cent.—two thousand dollars.—The bills were paid to John in 1835, and he carefully wrapped them in a napkin, where they have remained ever since. He returned them to the bank pinned up in the same slips that he received, with the same marks. The savings bank interest would have been nearly $2,000.

TREES ON FARMS.

Those parts of our country which were first settled were originally covered with dense and noble forests. These had to be laid low with the woodman's axe, and consumed in his log fires, in order to reclaim the land for the plow; and fit it for receiving 'the seed of the sower.' The very superabundance of timber rendered it of no value; but for building houses, making a few improvements, and for burning as fuel. To clear the soil of timber was the great object of the pioneer farmer, and trees were regarded by him as an incumbrance; before such a spirit great forests have disappeared without a thought having been exercised, as to the natural uses of trees in the economy of nature.

Trees, like mountain ranges, attract clouds and promote rains, without which the most fertile lands become barren wastes.

There are some parts of our country—especially western New York—that are now often visited with long summer drought, where fifty years ago showers of refreshing rain were more frequent and regular; as a consequence the soil does not now yield so abundantly. Some streams that once rolled along in full swelling currents, driving busy mills throughout the entire year, are now almost dry water-worn courses during a number of months at least; the mills on their banks have fallen to decay. This has been caused by the destruction of the forests. They used the part of reservoirs (by preventing evaporation) to the streams; and as conductors to the rain clouds.

In some parts of Asia and Africa the ruins of large ancient cities are found covered with the sand of the desert, around them there once bloomed fruitful fields. To those farmers who reside in districts and on farms where the timber has been almost annihilated, now is the season to put in practice a useful lesson; viz., to plant beltings of beautiful and useful trees around their farms. Trees equalize the temperature of climates, by attracting clouds in hot weather, to cool dry winds And this advice is not only useful for those residing in regions denuded of their forests, but more useful still for our farmers residing on the broad rich prairies of our Western States.

And trees are not only usful as agents of refreshing rains, but they promote health and beautify the landscape. It is a settled question, we believe, that they absorb miasma from the atmosphere; and certainly a treeless landscape is as dull as a tenantless house. Many of our farmers have an eye to the beautiful in the selection of trees for the grounds around their houses, but few of them seem to have paid proper attention to the laying out of their farms. In directing their minds to this subject at the present time, we hope that considerable good, will be the result. We do not mean to suggest what kind of trees they should plant, as these should be varied for the locality, soil and climate, but we advise them not to fail in planting some kind.—*Sci. American.*

Reward Offered.

The Commissioners of Berks county have offered a reward of $500 for the apprehension of the perpetrators of the murder of Adaline Baver, near Mahrsville, in that county. Is is to be hoped that they may be brought to justice.

In reference to this murder, the Reading *Gazette* relates the following singular coincidence:

"Some eighteen years ago a beautiful young girl, named Esther Fisher, left Manayunk on a canal boat for Reading, but was murdered before reaching the latter place. The public excitement was very great, and a large reward was offered for the detection of the murderer, but without success. This girl was a sister of the mother of Adaline Baver, who so recently has met a similar fate. Is it possible that the murderers of these poor girls are never to be discovered until the revelations of the great day?"

Superior Mode of Curing Hams.

Agreeably to your request, I herewith send you the process of curing hams I sent you in March, which recently called forth the admiration of the American Agricultural Association, and the Farmers Club at New York.

I made a pickle of two quarts of salt, to which I added one ounce of summer savory, 1 ounce of sweet marjoram, 1 ounce of alspice, half an ounce of saltpetre, and 1 pound brown sugar, boiled the whole together, and applied the mixture boiling hot, to one hundred pounds of ham, and kept it in the pickle three or four weeks.

My process of smoking was not the most expensive, but may not be less available on that account. I smoked the hams in a seed cask, with one head in, with a small hole for the smoke to pass out, hung my hams to the head, and used about a peck of mahogany sawdust for fuel, which I happened to have on hand for packing goods. I smoked them but one week.—*American Agriculturalist.*

MEASURING HAY.—The editor of the New Jersy Farmer gives his rule based on a large experience, for measuring hay.—He formerly weighed his hay, but repeated trial told him it was unnecessary. Take a mow which has lain through the winter, and ascertain its amount in cubic feet, (multiplying its width by its depth, and the product by its length,) and then divide by 700 and the quotient gives the number of tons. The upper third takes 800 feet to the ton; the lower 600 feet, making the mean 700. If the mow is only five or six feet deep, however, it takes an average of about 800 feet to the ton.

MORTALITY.—Some poet has stated that 'the world is full of changes.' Don't believe it. If so, where is it? Tisn't in the Banks. Tisn's in the groceries. Didn't the poet mean by the 'world,' old woolen socks, and broken shaving cups? We propose that the poet be called on to 'resume.'

A FAST STORY.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English Railroads to a Yankee traveler, seated at his side on one of the cars of a "fast train," in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of 'to take down' his companion a peg or two.

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

'We are approaching a town,' said the Englishman. 'They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful isn't it? I suppose you haven't invented engine bells yet?'

"Well, yes,' replied the Yankee, "we've got bells but can't use them on our railroads. We run so tarnal fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by.'

"Indeed!' exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact!' said the Yankee, 'had to give up bells. Then we tried steam whistles, but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried.—We were going at a tremendous rate—hurricanes were nowhar—and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, and the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, and broken wagons, and dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle come along mixed up with some frightful oath that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow he was dead before his voice got to him!

"After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so strong that the chickens waked up all along the road, supposing it was the morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness, with the light close behind it. The inhabitants petitioned against it; they could not sleep with so much light in the night time.

"Finally we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when a train was in sight, and I *have* heard that some of the *fast* trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles.

"But I can't say as *that is true*—the rest I know to be so!"

OVERPOWERED BY ASAFETIDA.—A clerk up in Dayton put a stop to the operation of a burglar in a style, manner, and form, somewhat peculiar. The burglar had removed a pane of glass seventy inches by ten, and, says the *Dayton Gazette*, its removal made a nice hole, amply large enough for an entrance, and he drew back one step to look at it before "going in." Just at this instant he gave a yell and—squatted. He found out afterwards that a little box of asafetida, weighing twenty-seven pounds had been dropped square upon the top of his head from the second story of the building, a distance of some twenty feet. The stunning that the fellow got so overpowered him that he was captured without any difficulty.

MIND LITTLE THINGS.—Mr Emerson, in his lectures upon New England, relates the following anecdote:—

A corpulent merchant in Boston was called upon by a friend in behalf of charity.—At that time he was admonishing his clerk for using whole wafers instead of halves; his friend thought the circumstance was unpropitious, but to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed five hundred dollars. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a wafer should present five hundred dollars to a charity—but the merchant said:—"It is by saving half wafers, and attending to such little things, that I have now something to give."

THE HOG MARKET.—Holders continue anxious to sell hogs, and prices are further depressed, and the market is dull A lot of 500 sold yesterday for December delivery at $5, and we understand this is the outside rate offered for November delivery. Slop-fattened have declined to $4@4,75 gross, and very dull.—*Cincinnati Price Current.*

PAPER MONEY.—The bank paper circulation of the United States at the present time is estimated as follows:—Bills of a less denomination than five dollars, seven millions; of five dollars, forty millions; ten dollars, thirteen millions; twenty dollars, thirty-five millions; fifty dollars, thirty millions; of the denomination of one hundred dollars and upwards, forty-five millions.

NOT AVAILABLE.—"You call that good don't you?" said Mr Funshaw, offering a five dollar note on a Providence bank at the bar of one of our hotels. 'Oh yes, replied the attendant, "it's good, undoubtedly, but, like Deacon Cranston's piety when he gets swearing mad, it is *not immediately available.*

HARD TIMES.—The St. Louis *Democrat* thus speaks of business in that city:—'We feel down-hearted, sorrowful, quite sick at heart. Don't ask the reason why, but go to the levee to-day, and you will at once understand the cause of our despondency. The idle steamboats, the bare untrodden levee, and the oppressive silence there prevailing, are eloquent monitors. Yet we should not despond; we have two one dollar bills of a Wisconsin bank, and Wisconsin currency is current.'

The Chicago Tribune says that in central Illinois wheat is selling from 40 to 50 cents per bushel