THE BEAVER ARGUS
Will be Published Every Wednesday
IN MINIS' BUILDINGS,
THIRD ST., BEAVER, PA.,
At $2.00 per annum in Advance

☞ Letters and contributions, by mail, shall have prompt attention.

J. S. RUTAN & Co. Eds. & Pro'rs.

BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 41--No. 46, Beaver, Wednesday, November 22, 1865. Established 1818

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 per square — each subsequent insertion 50 cents. A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

A space equal to TWELVE lines of this type measured as a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. addition to regular rates.

Business cards, 15 cents a line, per year.

Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

[From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.]

ONE LINK GONE.

BY D. W. TELLER.

Take the pillows from the cradle,
Where the little sufferer lay;
Draw the curtain, close the shutter—
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table;
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features,
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast.
Free from care, and pain, and anguish—
Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
Pick its toys from off the floor;
They, with all their sparkling beauty,
Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoe and stocking
From the doting mother's sight;
Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
Thro' the long dark night of grief,
Dry your tears, and soothe your sighings,
Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care no more is needed
To allay the rising moan;
And though you now may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it,
In its quiet, holy slumber
Till the morning, then awake it
To a place among their number.

This a golden link is broken
In the chain of earthly bliss;
Thus the distance shorter making,
Twixt the brighter world and this.

Miscellaneous.

Editorial Cor. of Chambersburg Repository.

An Hour With Andrew Johnson.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1865.

I was of those, in an humble way, who fashioned Andrew Johnson into a Vice President at Baltimore—having publicly supported his nomination before the assembling of the Convention [illegible] have since then had occasion to complain of my own work, and have never after the inauguration, been free from grave apprehensions as to the wisdom of that choice. Differing with most men who besiege the Executive department in this very important particular, that the administration has no honors I aspire to, I may differ with most of them also alike in the frankness with which I counsel, when invited to do so, and in the convictions which result from contact with rulers.

I found myself here on Friday for the first time since February last, and during the afternoon of the same day, called at the White House to see President Johnson. I found the halls, the ante-chamber and all other available spaces around the Executive room, crowded with a motley mass of men, with an anxious female face here and there giving variety to the scene—all waiting, and some from day to day, to gain an interview with the President and plead for restoration of citizenship and property. Soon the door opened and a genteel lady emerged from the President's room with a large official envelope clutched nervously in her hand, and a benignity of countenance that told more plainly than words that another citizen had been restored again to the Republic. Soon another and then another came with like trophies of success, and as each one passed out the mass would sway toward the door to catch the name of the next one called. In a little time I gained admission and had my first interview with Andrew Johnson as President.

There are few men who could make a more favorable impression upon a stranger on first acquaintance, than did President. He differs from Mr. Lincoln in most external characteristics, and in many contrasts favorably. He lacks Mr. Lincoln's jolly humor, improves upon his ungainly ways; is vastly more diplomatic, and wears a decorous and quiet dignity that would have been shockingly out of place in his lamented predecessor, but which well becomes the Chief Executive of a great Nation. He is about five feet ten in height, rather stoutly and symmetrically built, has long hair well silvered by the frosts of time, rather cold grey eye that looks as if in its earnest glances there slumbers behind quite enough to quicken it; a finely cut Roman face, usually sad in expression, at times relieved by a genial smile, and in manner and dress remarkably plain and unaffected. Such is, in brief, a portrait of Andrew Johnson, but two years ago the detested of traitors; the man upon whose head fell their fiercest denunciations, and against whom were hurled their keenest and deadliest shafts, and now the President of the United States with his foes at his feet supplicating his pardon, and charged with the highest duties and responsibilities ever imposed on mortal man.

He meets the visitor cordially, and speaks in the softest tone and in well measured sentences. There was little formality—the usual greetings and thence we passed to questions of graver moment. However reticent he may be on some issues, he seems to have no reserve as to the policy he conceives to be the true one to bring back the insurgent States. He discussed the position of those States and their people with great interest and occasional warmth, and with a frankness that left no doubt as to his purpose. He holds that they were never out of the Union; that secession, however accomplished as a fact, cannot be accomplished in law; that the supreme authority of the government in those States was not overthrown by rebellion, but simply in abeyance, and of course it logically follows his premises that, since rebellion has ceased, the States resume their proper place in the Union and restoration is accomplished. This, in brief, was the stand point from which the President discussed the question of reconstruction for more than an hour, and answered suggestive objections at times with an earnestness that demonstrated how ardently he is working to give success to his policy. I could not but remind him that his theory stripped all traitors of the protection they might claim as public enemies; that it would stamp as guilty of treason within the law, every man who aided the rebellion; and of necessity demand at his hands commensurate punishment for what he must hold as unmitigated crime—as appalling murder and desolation for which there is no extenuation to be plead. "You have," I added, "given us on every hand the Nation's monuments of Mercy—where will be its monuments of Justice?" Davis is a proclaimed assassin, as well as traitor—his agents have died, another (Wirz) will follow—how are the principals to atone to a people doubly bereaved in their homes and in their chief sanctuary of power?" To this the President answered with much animation that the measure of, and the time for, atonement were yet for the future to determine. I shall not soon forget the emphasis with which he declared that the South must come back and be a part of us, and "it must come," he added, "with all its manhood—I don't want it to come eviscerated of its manhood!" To this proposition abstractly there could be no [illegible] "We want the South [illegible] treason abandoned and their crimes punished—not punished revengefully; not in imitation of the Guillotine of France or the Inquisition of Spain; but by making the leaders who conspired to overthrow the government, strangers to its honors and its citizenship and thus through life the monuments of the power, the justice and the magnanimity of the mightiest nation of the earth. The President said that such *may* be the measure of punishment; that he had pardoned but few who would come under such a rule; that there are exceptions to all rules, and there were both civil functionaries and army officers who might be pardoned with propriety. He said that he had not yet gone as far in his amnesty, either general or special, as Mr. Lincoln proposed. He explained what is not generally known, that his pardons are mainly of business men, many of whom were Union men, who must have pardons to enable them to sell or mortgage their lands, or to get credit in their business operations; and added that he had not yet reached the consideration of such cases as Lee, Stephens, Longstreet, Beauregard and others of that class.

He spoke freely of the proposed trial of Davis, and said that as yet the government had not taken any steps in the matter. If he is to be tried in Richmond, the trial must necessarily be postponed until the civil authority is fully restored, and then it will be a question for consideration under the condition of affairs which may at that time exist. As Virginia is still practically under martial law, certainly wholly under military rule, I judge that many moons may wax and wane before we can have a great State trial. I do not question the wisdom of this delay, for it is certainly better for the government to avoid the danger of defeat in attempting to convict of constructive treason in Washington, than to force a trial which might afford a technical escape for Davis and leave the great questions undetermined. If I were going to guess on the subject, I would say that Davis is more likely to be paroled during the next year than to be tried, and if he is ever hanged, he must do it himself.

The President is clearly adverse to confiscation and that question is practically settled. Whatever might be the views of Congress, confiscation is not possible with an Executive determinedly hostile to it and with the pardoning power in his hand. I infer however, that on this point Congress will harmonize with the Executive, as a number of even the radical leaders, such as Greeley and Sumner, openly oppose it. If our credit can be sustained otherwise I am content. Five years hence we shall all be wiser on that point than now.

I believe that the President will wield all his power to effect the admission of the representatives of the rebellious States into Congress during the next session. The Senate being organized the question cannot come up there until it is brought up in order; but there will be a strong pressure to force the admission of the Southern members by placing their names on the roll when the House meets. This Mr. McPherson will not do, and on all votes of instructions he will call only those who are returned from States clearly entitled to representation. The law forbids him to do otherwise, and he will be faithful to it. The question of their admission will then agitate the House, and I fear make a sad breach between the President and Congress. The South is encouraged by the position of the administration to be importunate in its demand for admission, and it is not improbable that it will in the end be admitted. I have seldom seen Congress struggle against power and hold out to the end. The history of such conflicts it always dotted with fruit ones who fall by the way. I have ever felt that the revolted States should take no part in the government they vainly sought to destroy untill all issues arising from the war and all its logical results, should be settled by faithful men. To the victors, not to the vanquished—to the friends, not to the foes of the government does this duty belong, and if it shall be otherwise, there are many who will tremble for the safety of the Republic.

On the future of the freedmen the President talks well. He displays more sense than sentiment on the question, and means to solve the problem fairly as demanded by civilization and humanity. Of their ability to win a position that will enable them to be incorporated into our system of government as citizens, he is not eminently hopeful; but feels that it must be fairly tried with an open field for the negro. That failing, he looks upon colonization as the only alternative.

It would be foolish to disguise the fact that the President, both by word and deed, disclaims the position of a partizan Executive, and that he is not insensible to the flattering approval of his administration by the Democratic party. I do not mean by this that he is in sympathy and fellowship with them; but I do mean that he is not wholly in sympathy against them; and he will, I feel warranted in saying, adhere to the political fortunes of the Southern States without regard to political consequences. This may or may not sever him from the party that sustained and cherished him in [illegible] which he passed, and that won him the highest honors of the Nation through a flood of obloquy; but if it does, I infer that he will accept the situation. He evidently means above all other things, to compass the admission of the Southern members and the complete restoration to power of those States, and if Massachusetts and South Carolina can strike hands over the same administration, then will we have a faithful President and a harmonious country. If not—I leave the future to tell the story. Where in all this record soon to be made up the Nation shall see that "treason is the greatest of crimes and must be punished," is not to my mind apparent.

A. K. M.

"Row On."

"For the first five years of my professional life," once said a gentleman to us, "I had to row against wind and stream and tide." "And what did you do?" was our question. "Do?" replied he, "do? why I rowed on to be sure;" and so he did row on, and to a good purpose too, until he came to open sea, took favorable breeze, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for wisdom, and impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtained an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the memory of thousands. His remark deserves to be remembered as a motto. The great business of all is to "row on" with unflinching courage and steady perseverance. All trades and professions have their difficulties and almost every individual meets with discouragements. The only way, therefore, to go ahead is to "row on." Decision of character, determination of will, the resolution to press on, when sure we are on the right track, or in pursuit of a good and honorable end, this is the secret of living so as to come out at last safe and sound.

☞ A good story is told of a railroad accident on the New London railroad, which had rather a ludicrous ending. A half-intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the rail, when the engine of the train to Norwich struck him under the haunches and tossed him down an embankment. The train was stopped and turned back to pick up the dead body. Paddy was found alive, however, but somewhat bruised and taken to Norwich. Here the conductor kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack, but Paddy insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home in a "kerridge." The conductor pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who stood the butting of the cow-catcher so well, bristled up with: "Go away with your kerridge. I'll go home myself; an' if I've done any damage to your old engine, bedad I'll pay it on the spot."

Mr. Nasby at a Democratic Meeting in New York.

The celebrated Petroleum V. Nasby appears to have made a successful attempt at a speech before a Democratic meeting in New York. He gives the following sketch of his experience:

I commenced deliverin the speech I had yooced all over Noo Gersey. I commenced aboose the nigger, when the Cheerman interrupted me.

"Well," sez I, "wat is it?" rather angrily, for I git warmed up and a sweatin', and I don't like to be interrupted.

"Why," sed he, "our Constitooshun allows a nigger who has skill to vote, and most uv 'em hev the skill, and we make it a plot to sckoo 'em."

"The're a —— site better off than most uv us white Democrats in Noo Gersey," retorted I, a droppin the nigger and goin on with President Johnson.

"Stop," whispered the Cheerman, "our platform indorses the President."

"Thunder!" remarked I, droppin President Johnson and sliding easily into a vigorous denunciation of the war.

"Good Heavens!" sez the Cheerman, "stop! Our platform endorses the war."

I sed nuthin this time, but commenced denouncin the debt.

"Hold," sed the Cheerman, "easy—easy—easy—our platform backs up the debt."

"Well, then," sed I in a rage, "why in blazis didn't you send me a copy uv yoor platform when you wanted me to address yoo? Go thunder and make yoor own speeches" and I stalked off the platform.

Time wuz even wun speech wood do a man awl over the North; now yoo hev a different wun for every Stait, wich maiks it impossible for me to travail, for one effort per season is enuff for me.

"Petroleum" is a philosopher and has an original method of deriving consolation:

Alas! the fact that we hev failed in everything we hev undertuk for fore years is gettin thru the hair of thousands, and they look askance at us.

Be it ez it may, it makes but little difference to me. A few years at furthest, and I shall go home. If the Bible is troo, I shal go where I will find a hevy Dimokratic majority shure; if it is not, and there is no hereafter, why, then at least, I shal be on a level with the best.

So let the wide world wag ez it will,
I'll keep on the even tenor uv my way,
takin my nips ez often ez I kin find a confidin sole who has more muney than diskreshun.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Late Pasture of the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Facts About Water.

Water is at once yielding and resisting. It gives way, when permitted to do so, with marvelous facility. The slightest and lightest substance dropped upon it is admitted to its embrace, in strict accordance and proportion to its deserts and its density. A grain of sand readily finds its natural place at the bottom. A hydrostatic or water-bed is the easiest of couches, so easy in fact that some invalids cannot bear its excessive pliancy and complete adaptation to the form of the sleeper. Hence the notion of Descartes, and others, that to explain the phenomena of water, its ultimate particles must be oblong, smooth and flexible, lying one upon another like eels in a tub. But water if given a temperature, confined, is of astonishing hardness, it is almost incompressible at that temperature; for what is a reduction from forty-four to forty eight million parts of its volume under a pressure equal to that of atmosphere? Many solid matters—wood, for instance—can be squeezed into a much smaller than their original bulk. The packer's art has attained wonderful perfection in enclosing much in little space, but all queen's horses and all queen's men cannot put a quart of water into a pint bottle. You could sooner drive a nail into a solid cube of steel than you could drive one into a cube of water enclosed in a perfectly unyielding box. It is the unsqueezability of water that gives its enormous strength to the hydralic press. The hardness of water may be felt by striking its surface smartly with the open hand; the quality is also known to unfortunate swimmers who intending to pitch into the water headforemost fall flat on their stomachs instead.

ABOUT "MARRYING NIGGERS."—The Louisville *Journal* has a correct estimate of the special anxiety of certain politicians to be protected from "nigger equality." That paper says the "anti-amendment people seem terribly apprehensive that unless restrained by the Constitution they will inevitably marry niggers. We have heard of the fellow, who getting into a quarrel cried out to those around him, 'Hold me, dear Constitution, or I shall marry a nigger, as sure as you are born.' But we propose that the Constitution stand off and see fair play."

The Influence of Newspapers.

A school-teacher who has been engaged for a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper on the minds of a family of children, writes as follows.

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared to those who have not, are—

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them acquainted with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. These young men who have for years been readers of the newspaper are always taking the lead in the debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in the use of language.

The Art of Being Polite.

First and foremost don't try to be polite; it will spoil all. If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there.

Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has often the contrary effect of driving them out—of the house.

Leading the conversation is rather a dangerous experiment. Better follow [illegible] endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything—never talk about yourself—and always preserve perfect composure, no matter what blunders or solecisms others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer your guests a better house, or furniture, or viands.

It is fair to presume that their visit is to you, not to these surroundings.—Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the wide fabric of society turns. It is our business, then, to keep them in perfect revolving order.—*Exchange.*

Church Bells.

There is something beautiful in the church bells—beautiful and hopeful: they talk to high and low, rich and poor, with the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. There is a preacher in every belfry, that cries, "Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things! take rest: be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week-day craft, your heartburnings! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells you ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come!" cries the bell, "and learn to be humble—learning that however daubed and stained, stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay. Come, Dives, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus! And ye, poor creatures, livid and faint,—tinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world,—come, come," cries the bell, with the voice of an angel, "come and learn what is laid up for you; and, learning, take heart, and walk among the wickednesses, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions."

TOP RAIL AT THE BOTTOM.—Some ten years ago there came an old, one-armed, sickly looking man to this city (Montgomery, Ala.,) who followed the avocation of peddling knives and scissors through the city. It is said that he offered to sell a knife to the Hon. Wm. L. Yancey, once upon a time, and the Hon. Wm. L. struck him in the face for having the *presumption* to speak to him. To-day, this man, Wreford by name, has the largest dry goods and fancy store in Montgomery, and the oldest son of the Hon. Wm. L. Yancey is behind his counters dealing out tape, etc.—Quite a change.—*Cor. Chicago Trib.*

A Touching Tribute to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Florence, Italy, says:

Among the first incidents which met my eyes as I entered Italy were one or two which are perhaps not altogether unworthy of being read, and one of which in particular may have a peculiar interest for American readers. I was walking through the narrow streets of the little town of Lugano, when my eyes were attracted by a well-known portrait suspended in front of a small book store. The portrait was that of Abraham Lincoln, and you will not wonder that the sight alone of the familiar features arrested one's footsteps as they hang there in that quaint, mediæval out of the way place, looking round upon a scene wholly foreign to that other world of which the late President of the United States was so vividly the personification. I went up by an irresistible impulse of respect to look at it, and I was glad I did so, for I found beneath it in writing, and in Italian, an inscription which showed that the little portrait had in fact been attached to his house by the owner like a sacred image, as once a testimony of his own faith and feelings and an appeal to those of his fellow-citizens. "This," said the inscription, "is a portrait of Abraham Lincoln, and so long as the sun shines on men, so long shall the name of him who redeemed four millions of slaves from captivity, of him who, clutching to his strong breast the *fasces* of the American Union, fell a victim to the horrible assassination—so long shall his name resound great, venerated, and blessed throughout the world."

A. Ward's Biography.

Artemus Ward gives us the following biography of himself:

"I am fifty-six (56) years of age—Time with its relentless scythe is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

"I was borne in the state of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, 'How bright that little face looks! How much it nose!' The young ladies would carry me round [illegible] saying I was 'muzzer's berry [illegible] 'eely 'it-[illegible] man's [illegible] You'll look [illegible] old enuff to properly appreciate it.—I'm a healty old darlin' now.

"I have allurs sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life.

"Altho, in early life I did not invariably confine myself to truth in my small bills, I have been gradooaly growing respectabler, ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin'-house, but firmly b'lieve in meeting'-houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudanum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pockets.

"My temperament is bilious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

"I am a early riser, I may add that I am also baldheaded. I keep two cows."

EDUCATION IN TENNESSEE. — The Teachers' Association of the State of Tennessee published some facts with regard to education, which are both deplorable and alarming. The white population of the State is about 840,000. Of the adults there are 83,000 who are unable to read and write.—For the education of 300,000 children there is no public provision. It seems almost incredible that such a condition of things should exist in any part of our country, but the statements come from the State itself, and from persons in it who have the best opportunity of knowing their correctness. Their first internal efforts at reconstruction should be made to embrace a system of common school education for the intellectual and moral benefit of the white population as well as for the two hundred and thirty thousand blacks who are still more needy.

COULDN'T GO.—Uncle John Morris was a chronic toper. One day, while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and brought up in the corner of a worm fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along.

"Uncle John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"If I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere," replied Uncle John.

☞ A cat caught a sparrow and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats until he washes his face." The cat, struck at this remark, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said: "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterwards," which all cats do to this day.

☞ A young man being joked on the slow growth of his beard, gave as an excuse that "heavy bodies move slowly."

Religious Intelligence.

The 16th Anniversary of the American Bible Union took place in the first week of November in New York. Among the items of business was the appointment of a Committee to negotiate with the Board of the American and Foreign Bible Society, looking to some amicable arrangement by which the two bodies may be united in one. Dr. Conant, translator and editor of the New Testament, claimed in an address before the Union that the new version was far superior and more analytical than the old version of King James.

The English Church Congress, held at Norwich, discussed at considerable length the reform of the "Court of Final appeal." This tribunal is highest court of appellate jurisdiction in ecclesiastical causes. The objection to its present form is the submission made to politicians. The discussion of this question has opened the eyes of many to the erroneousness of State Churchism. Dr. Parry advocates the separation of Church and State.

It is argued by a writer in the *Christian World* that the Romish doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is of Mohammedan origin. According to Mohammedan writing and traditions, only two persons are exempt from the taint of original sin, namely, Mary and her son Jesus Christ.

A rebel minister of the Church South, in Missouri, who refused to take the test oath to enable him to preach the Gospel, first read a chapter in the Old then in the New Testament, and then preached. He was brought before a justice who decided as no text was named, the case must be dismissed, and it was dismissed.

The petition to the French Senate to allow the marriage of priests or rather ex-priests, was regretted. It is tho't the opposition to this movement will increase the number of those who demand the separation of Church and State.

The proposition to alter the Constitution of the Reformed Dutch Church, so as to allow the professors to become members of the ecclesiastical orders, does not find favor with the respective classes.

The Ninety-Seventh Anniversary of the Old John [illegible] Methodist Episcopal [illegible] York, took place on Sunday, the 5th instant.—Bishop Janes preached a sermon on the occasion.

An "Open Church Association" has been organized in England. Its object is to render the pews of churches open to all comers, instead of having them appropriated by individuals.

Farm, House, &c.

OBTAINING EGGS.—There is much in breed for egg laying qualities. But the most is in good treatment—making the hen at home. A crowded place will not do. Too many hens together is bad. Why? Because it interferes with tranquility. The points of success are: Warm quarters, roomy; clean and unmolested; plenty of food; a variety of feed, varied daily with animal food of some kind, it matters little what; the water changed often; crushed bones, either burned or otherwise; pulverized earth or spent ashes to wallow in; plenty of light, and as much cheerfulness as possible. Select good breeds. The middle-sized Dominique, single combs and yellow legs, are, perhaps, the best. The Spanish are good layers; so are the Creels.—Avoid all big breeds, and especially the East India fowls.

SOAP SUDS.—The *Scottish Farmer* says that soap suds, although generally deemed only fit for being run off in the easiest and most expeditious manner possible, are highly beneficial vegetable feeders, as well as useful insect preventives. Hence they should never be wasted by parties having gardens, as their application to the ground, whether in winter or summer, will show beneficially, not only on ordinary vegetable crops, but also on berry bushes, shrubs, etc.; while, if poured or syringed over roses, cabbages, etc., they will mitigate the mischievous doings of the green fly and caterpillars.

JUDGING AN OX.—In a good working ox we want to see the following qualities: Let him have large nostrils, a long face and a bright hazel eye, which will indicate docility and intelligence; a hoof rather long, and not turned outward very much; a straight back, a broad breast, wide gambrel, small tail and horns of medium size. When you find such an ox as that, he will be a good worker.

CURING HAMS—To every sixteen pounds of ham take one pint of pure salt and one ounce of saltpetre. Pack in a clean oak cask, sprinkling the salt between the layers of meat. Dissolve the saltpetre and pour it over the whole, adding sufficient pure water to cover. Soft water is best. Let the hams lie under the brine six weeks, and then smoke.

SHEEP.—Separate those sheep designed for mutton, and feed well with grain. Let all kinds have access to good feed, salt, water, and shelter from cold rains.