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BEAVER ARGUS.

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POETICAL.

FIRST GRIEF.

The following poem was written by James Hedderwick, a Scottish poet but little known in this country. We think it holds a sister could read these lines without a tear in the eye.]

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams,
But the memory of the first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings;
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh, of my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came an uninvited guest
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night.

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Become all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim;
And there I mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then;
I know not if 'twas spring;
But if the birds sang in the trees
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth
Their bloom I did not see;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me.

A sad and silent time it was
Within the house of woe;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

And, from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life.

His every look, his every word,
His every voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot,
But one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by
And leave the faintest trace,
But the deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface.

Miscellaneous.

The Law of Homicides.

You may repel force by force in the defence of your person, habitation, or property, against any one who manifestly intends or endeavors by violence or surprise to commit a known felony; such as rape, robbery, arson, burglary, and the like. But to justify your killing a man, there must be actual danger; the bare fear of any of these offences, how well grounded, is not sufficient without some overt act. If, therefore, you kill a man who is merely lying in wait you will not be excused. You must not, in fact, make an attack upon others unless you can justify a full conviction, on your own mind, that if you do not do so your own life will be in more danger. In the course of sudden broil, you may protect your person by killing your assailant, provided you had no other probable or possible means of escaping from him. If you are walking along a dark lane, and are attacked by garroters, it is your duty to make your escape from them if you can; you should retreat as far as you conveniently or safely can before you turn upon them; and if you cannot retreat, or cannot yield a step, without manifest danger of your life, or enormous bodily harm, then you may shoot the villain at once. You may kill a garrotor while he is committing the offence, but you must not shoot him after the fray is over, or when he is running away, for that is revenge not self-defence. And you should bear in mind that you cannot kill a man for a crime unless it is accompanied by force or violence; you are not justified, for instance, in killing a man found in the act of picking your pocket. If a man break open your house at night (that is between nine p. m. and six a. m. of the following morning,) you may kill him; but if a man breaks open your house in the daytime, you must not kill him unless the offence is accompanied by robbery also, and it is not essential that an actual felony is about to be committed to justify the killing. It is well to know these things.

Death of Presidents.

George Washington died at Mount Vernon on the 14th of December 1799, in the 68th year of his age. Death came suddenly to him—so suddenly that the tidings of his sickness and his decease simultaneously reached the halls of Congress.

John Adams came to "the end of living" at his residence in Quincy, Mass., on the 4th of July 1826, realizing what day it was and rejoicing in it. He gradually and quietly expired at the patriarchal age of four score years and ten.

Thomas Jefferson, by an extraordinary coincidence, breathed his last at Monticello, on the same day that his venerable compatriot, Adams died—the jubilee of American Independence. He had reached the age of 83 years.

James Madison, "the man of the Constitution," and one of the wisest statesmen our country has produced, peacefully closed his earthly career at Montpelier, Va., on the 28th of June, 1836, in his 86th year.

James Monroe died in the city of New York, on the 4th of July 1831, in his 80th year. He was a pure patriot, and the last of the Presidents who served in the eventful days of the Revolution—having been a Colonel in the Continental army. He particularly enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and the period of his wise and peaceful administration was characterized as "the era of good feeling."

John Quincy Adams expired in the capitol at Wasaington, on the 23d of February, 1848; literally dying in the service of his country, at the age of 81. To the last he was of the class of life's busy men; and identified as he had been from boyhood with the public service it was solemnly striking and appropriate that the halls of the national councils should hear his dying words. He was struck by paralysis while in his seat in the House of Representatives.

Andrew Jackson died at the Hermitage near Nashville, on the 8th of June, 1845, in his 79th year. He must have been a great man, indeed, who could cluster the affections of a whole people around him as this distinguished patriot and soldier did. His popularity had no parallel but that of Washington.

Martin Van Buren died at his birthplace, Kinderhook, Columbia county, N. Y., on the 24th of July 1862, in his 80th year. His administration, from 1837 to 1841, was a period marked by great financial distress throughout the country, which was charged by his political opponents upon the policy he pursued in managing the public finances through the agency of the independent treasury. He failed of re-nomination for a second term however, on account of his opposition to the annexation of Texas.

William Henry Harrison died on the 4th of April, 1841, exactly one month after his inauguration, aged 68. He was the first President who died in office and in the Executive mansion. He had gained a deep hold upon the people's heart, and no one living at the time can ever forget the profound and universal expressions of sympathy and sorrow which his death occasioned.

John Tyler, elected Vice President, and who succeeded Gen Harrison for the remainder of his term, renounced his allegiance to the United States in 1861, and died the following year in Richmond, Va., in his 72d year; being at the time a Senator from Virginia in the Confederate Congress, then in session at Richmond.

James Knox Polk died at his home in Tennessee, on the 15th of June, 1849, only three months after the expiration of his term of office, and in his 54th year. He was a man of unquestionable integrity and talent, and achieved the highest honor his country could bestow at a much earlier age than any of his predecessors.

Zachary Taylor's death, on the 9th of July, 1850, when he had been but sixteen months in office, called forth the deepest expressions of a nation's grief, and everywhere the full heart of the people was touched beyond what inadequate words can utter.—He died at the Presidential mansion in his 69th year.

Abraham Lincoln's death, on the 14th of April, 1865, (one month and ten days after his second inauguration) was one that shocked the country beyond anything that ever occurred in its history, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the world. All his predecessors had descended to the tomb in the ordinary course of nature, but it was reserved for him to fall by the foul hand of an assassin. His character and administration are too fresh in public recollection to need any comment. He died in his 57th year.

Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson and Lincoln were the only Presidents twice chosen to the high office.

The present Chief Magistrate of the United States is the 17th in succession. Of the sixteen former ones, but three now survive—Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan.

A STATEMENT of the amount of prize money distributed for naval captures made during the war shows that the sum paid to Rear Admiral Lee amounts to a little less than $100,000, while other rear admirals have been paid from $38,000 to $60,000, and one captain on the list has received the handsome sum of $4,518, and a commander $53,000.

The Resources of Our Country.

Natural history informs us that the dying notes of the swan are always its sweetest and strongest. As that pure and beautiful bird makes its final sweep on its wonted water, curving its arching neck in its noblest effort, it pours forth its choicest strains of melody and dies.

It is often thus with the best endeavors of man. Hence we, as Americans, love to call to mind the farewell address of Washington. The great and good man had done many great and good things for our country. All his eminent services for America, in the field and in the State, had endeared him to the hearts of his countrymen and to all the lovers of liberty throughout the civilized world.—But there is something in those parting words of counsel that comes home with peculiar force and significance to the bosom of every true American. We can never forget them. Their influence has been felt in America ever since their utterance, and will continue to be felt for all generations.

It is a remarkable circumstance in our history that the last public appeal of Lincoln was made with reference to the development of the resources of the United States. Surrounded, as he knew himself to be, by imminent dangers, aware that at any unforeseen moment he might be called to lay down his life for his country, his last words in this regard possess an extraordinary interest and paramount importance. Lincoln loved his country as few men have ever loved it, and when he had been carried along as one of the chief exponents of her destiny to that period when the wicked attempt of slavery to destroy the nation was effectually put down, his whole heart turned, with all its fondness and with all its strength, to the noble and patriotic purpose of preparing to meet the enhanced liabilities of the nation.—He fixed his patriotic eye on the nation's resources, and firmly resolved that he would do all that was lawfully in his power to bring them out and apply them severally to the gradual and certain liquidation of the nation's debt. In a parting interview with Speaker Colfax, just before that gentleman left Washington on a tour of personal inspection of the Western mines, and just before his own sudden death, he said:—

"Mr. Colfax, I want you to take a message from me to the miners of the West. I have very large faith I believe it practically inexhaustible. We shall prove, in a very few years, that we are indeed the *treasury of the world.*"

These are the wise words of counsel uttered by a departed patriot.—They are especially applicable and instructive at the present moment.—All eyes are again being turned to Washington; not to hear news from the War and Navy Departments; not to receive telegrams from Congress as to new measures for the overthrow of a gigantic revolt against the very existence of the nation. Those hours of peril and sacrifice are passed; we have good reason to believe passed forever. But we look to Washington now, that the measure so patriotically plead for by the martyr Lincoln may neither be forgotton nor overlooked. It is, however, for the people to bear in mind that the development of their own resources is in their own hands. The Government of the United States is but the servant of the people; and in this respect, as in every other, the people should remember that the servant is not above his master. If the country does not show its interest in developing its own resources, it cannot expect its Government will show any. It is beyond dispute that the quartz ledges of Nevada are richer than those of Ural, and more enduring in the riches than those of Ophir. In one of his messages to Congress President Lincoln says:—"It is believed that the product of the mines of precious metals in that region has, during the year 1863, reached if not exceeded, *one hundred millions of dollars.*"

In these mountains lie at this moment abundant means for more than paying, in a few years, every dollar of our national debt. Will the people go to work and bring them out?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

FRANKLIN AND HIS GIG.—It is now more than a century since Benjamin Franklin, Postmaster General of the American Colonies, by appointment of the Crown, set out in his old gig to make an official inspection of the principal routes. It is about ninety years since he held the same office under the authority of Congress, when a small folio (still preserved in the department at Washington,) containing but three quires of paper, listed as his account book for two years.—If a Postmaster General now were to undertake to pass over all the established routes, it would require six years of incessant railroad travel at the rate of 125 miles daily, while if he were to undertake the job in an "old gig," he would require a life time for its performance. Instead of a small folio, with its three quires of paper, the post office accounts consume every two years 3,000 of the largest sized legers, keeping upwards of a hundred clerks constantly employed in recording transactions with more than 30,000 contractors and other persons.

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The past history of the families of Louis Napoleon, and the Sultan of Turkey is full of interesting and marvellous incidents, some of which are probably not generally known.

These two monarchs, a few years ago, so cordially united in the struggle to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, are both descendants of American ladies, the one a grandson and the other a great grandson. The ladies were born in the same neighborhood, on the island of Martinique, one of the West Indies. They were of French origin and companions and intimate friends in childhood and youth. They were Josephine de Tascher and Miss S——. The history of Josephine is generally known. She went to France and was married to M. de Beauharnais, by whom she had one son, Eugene, and a daughter, Hortense. Some time after the death of Beauharnais Josephine was married to Napoleon Bonaparte, and became Empress of France. Her daughter, Hortense, was married to Louis Bonaparte, then King of Holland; and the present Emperor of France is her son by this marriage.

But now for the romance of the affair. Josephine's bosom friend quitted the island of Martinique some time before she did. But the vessel that was carrying her to France was attacked and taken by Algerine corsairs, and the crew and passengers made prisoners, but the corsair ship was, in turn, attacked and pillaged by Turkish pirates, and Miss S. was carried by them to Constantinople, and offered for sale as a slave. Her extraordinary beauty and accomplishments found her a purchaser in the Sultan himself, and she soon became the chief lady in his seraglio, and Sultana of Turkey. Mahmoud II was her son; Abdul Medjid was the son of Mahmoud, and the present Sultan, Abdul Azuz Kahn, is the grandson of Mahmoud.

Thus the two sovereigns, who occupy so large a space in the world's eye, are descended from two American Creole girls, who were playmates in their youth, and as remarkable for their beauty and excellent dispositions as for their varied and singular fortunes. Both these women, in the height of their power, remembered the friends of their youth, and provided munificently for their welfare. Many of the relatives of the Sultaness left the island of Martinique and settled, descendants of whom still enjoy the favor of the Sultan.

The Sultaness died in 1811, the Empress Josephine in 1814.

WHAT A RUM-SELLER CONTRIBUTES TO SOCIETY.—We find the following in an exchange, without any indication to its origin. It presents the business of the liquor dealer in striking contrast with trades which are useful and honorable:

Every individual in society is expected to contribute something to his advancement and interest. We remember to have read, years ago, of a company of tradesmen who had united themselves together in a mutual benefit society, and each one to relate what he could contribute to its support.

First the blacksmith came forward and said: "Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can iron your carriages, shoe your horses, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well; come in, Mr. Blacksmith."

The mason applied for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in; we cannot do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says: "I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well what can you do?"

"I can made boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr Shoemaker, we must have you."

In turn all the different trades and professions applied; lastly an individual came in who wanted to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a rum-seller."

"A rum-seller! And what can you do?"

"I can build jails, and prisons, and poor houses."

"And is that all?"

"No, I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts, and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow; I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill the land with more than the ten plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cried the rum-seller; "is not that enough?"

GENERAL SHERIDAN, in reply to a letter in the New York *News* from General Early, contradicting the United States official reports of the rebel forces and losses in the Shenandoah valley, published a letter in the New Orleans *Crescent*, showing that he captured as prisoners more men than Early states to have been his entire force.

Cause of Failure.

We seldom look clear through a man's career. We seldom follow him in his course, from beginning to end. We seldom commence at the point where he began to let down conscience, and trace its decline through its various stages till his character is undermined. Why, two-thirds of the men that break down are not crushed by pressure. There is a pressure that will break almost any timber. Oak will bear so many tons, ash so many, and hickory so many; but take a piece of timber that has been eaten out by dry rot, or worms, and put pressure upon it, and the moment it is called to bear a pressure of twenty-five lbs. it snaps. And in many cases where men break down, the reason why they break down is that they are worm-eaten. There are thousands of men that are deceived in bargains who would not be if they had the head that honesty and morality gives. There are thousands of men that place their trust on things that are not to be relied upon, and that are continually stumbling, who would do well enough if they were conscientious and upright. Some are weak-minded, some are short sighted, some go into business for which they are not adapted; some undertake more than they have the capacity to do, and there are many failures from these causes; but I declare to you that there are more failures among men from moral delinquencies, from ten thousand little flaws that take away the stamina, the robustness of character and the soundness of judgment, which are indispensible to success. And it is very desirable that young men should know these things.—*H. W. Beecher.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.—It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow and you know the girl's song by heart than in a club, tavern, or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull preceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure.—Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a man from another, but as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sancey, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man derives from woman's is that he is bound to be respectful. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it.—Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world.—We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease, and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

IMPROVED BRICK MACHINE.—A gentleman of Cincinnati has finished and secured a patent for an improved brick making machine. The clay is taken from the ground by means of elevating cups attached to India rubber belts, and is emptied into two large wooden tanks at the top of the machine where it is ground and tempered by means of steam, which is let in through small apertures in the cylinder. It then passes into moulds on the large cylinders, where, after receiving a pressure estimated at eight tons, the bricks drop out into an India-rubber belting, and are carried away to dry and be burnt. The large cylinders make twenty-five revolutions a minute, at each one discharge eight bricks, or two hundred per minute. The capacity of the machine it will be seen, is twelve thousand per hour, or one hundred and twenty thousand per day of ten hours' work. The brick, on leaving the mould, require very little drying, from the fact that the immense pressure put upon them drives almost the entire moisture out.

SCENE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—A patron of a village newspaper once said to a publisher:

"Mr. Printer, how is it that you have never called on me for the pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied his patron, "then how do you manage to get along when they don't pay?"

"Why," said the editor, "after a certain length of time we concluded that a man who fails to pay for his paper is not a gentleman, and then we ask him!"

"Oh, ah, yes! I see Mr. Printer; please give me a receipt (hands him two dollars) and please make my name all right on your books."

IT is said that Governor Pierpont, of Virginia, intends to resign on account of difficulties with the Legislature.

THE higher an ass holds his head, the plainer we see his ears.

AN ARMY OF GENERALS.—One hundred and twenty-two generals have been honorably mustered out of the service of the United States by an order of the War Department. Such a figure may serve to give an idea of the mighty host commanded by these officers in the great war through which we have passed. There are still generals enough in the service to command a clever army, and to do a considerable amount of fighting if it be necessary.

GOLD IN LANCASTER COUNTY.—The Elizabethtown *Trumpet* says:

"We have been informed that certain parties have leased the farm of John Good, Sr., in West Donegal township, about three miles from this place, for the purpose of digging for gold. Small quantities of the precious metal have already been found, and there is every prospect of a yield of the yellow stuff."

THAT was a beautiful idea in the mind of a little girl who on beholding a rosebush, where on the topmost stem the oldest rose was fading whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother: "See, Willie, these little buds have just awakened in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

A PHYSICIAN, who is truly a pious man, was speaking in a prayer meeting recently, of impressing the idea of salvation upon those near death, and of a physician's opportunities in this way, and made use of the following language: "For my own part, I am never called upon to see a patient without feeling delighted to learn that he is prepared to die."

TWO YOUNG MEN.—Two young men commenced the sail-making business at Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit, and a friend had engaged to endorse for them. Each caught a roll and was carrying it off, when Girard remarked,

"Had you not better get a dray?"

"No; it is not far, and we can carry it ourselves."

"Tell your friend he needn't endorse your note. I'll take it without."

Railroad was attacked at Lee's Summit, 22 miles east of Kansas City, recently, by bushwhackers, because the locomotive carried the national flag. Failing in this instance, they have subsequently vented their spite upon other trains, to the great annoyance of passengers.

A YOUNG MAN named Garrett was stabbed by young Dalton Yancey, son of the notorious Wm. L. Yancey, a short time since, at a dancing academy in Montgomery, Alabama. Garrett has since died. Yancey has delivered himself to the civil authorities. The difficulty was of a private nature.

A CIVIL court in Houston, Texas, recently fined a restaurant keeper fifty dollars and bound him over in one thousand dollars, for flogging a negro waiter. The judge, in passing sentence, said he could make no distinction on account of color, and that all must now be treated alike before the law.

HERE is the pithiest sermon ever preached: "Our ingress to life is naked and bare; our progress through this life is trouble and care; our egress out of it we know not where; but doing well here we shall do well there; I could not tell more by preaching a year."

THE Washington Literary Society of Washington College, Lexington, the oldest college in Virginia, is lamenting the loss of letter from Gen. Washington to the trustees of the college, taken away during the war and never returned.

MILTON was asked: "How is it that in some countries a king is allowed to take his place on the throne at fourteen years of age, but may not marry until he is eighteen?" "Because," said the poet, "it is easier to govern a kingdom than a woman."

GEN. BARNES, who won his star by his bravery in twenty pitched battles and sieges, has worked as a journeyman printer since his return in Boston. Recently, however, he has been given a place in the Boston custom-house.

IT is estimated that two million dollars will be required to re-establish the light houses on the southern coast destroyed by the Confederate forces during the war.

FOUR millions of bricks are required for the new Galt House, at Louisville, Kentucky, and these will not equal the number its guests will carry off in their hats in the course of a few years.

THE Springfield Republican says that in the winter of 1855 there were eight carrier boys employed to distribute that paper in Springfield. Three of these boys are now cashiers of banks in or near Springfield.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1 per square, each insertion, twenty-five 50 cents. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers, and on long advertisements.

A space of 20 lines or less constitutes a square.

Special notices 25 per cent. advance on regular rates.

Business cards, $5 cents a line, per year.

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

Farm, House, &c.

WINTER FARM WORK.—The good farmer's work is never done; that is, he can always find profitable employment, no matter what the season may be or whether the sun shines or storms beat.

The barn should be kept warm in every respect—so that the cattle may lie upon clean litter, and breathe pure air. See that no cracks let in a stream of cold air directly upon a cow or an ox while it is tied up and cannot get away from it.

The cellar should be so tight as to prevent cold drafts from coming up under the stock as it is lying down at night, and also to prevent manure from freezing, so that it may be overhauled or carted out during the winter.

Give the horses a few carrots at noon, and they will soon show you a sleek coat. Cover them with blankets for an hour or two when they return from work in a sweat.

Let the hogs and store pigs have warm and dry sleeping rooms, if you mean to find a profit in them.

Feed the poultry with a variety of food; boiled potatoes, mashed and mixed with cob meal, corn, oats, barley, scraps or bits of fresh meat, gravel, or pounded oyster or clam shells; these, with a warm, sunny shelter will please them so highly that they will yield you an abundance of excellent eggs.

Feed out the roots daily to all the stock; to milk cows immediately after being milked in the morning; to young cattle, dry cows, horses, and sheep, whenever it is convenient. But if you have no roots, make up your mind that you will have them next year.

Those of you who are blessed with plenty of wood, and can enjoy the luxury of a good, cheerful wood fire, gleaming upon your hearthstone, throwing its ruddy light into the glad faces of your healthy and happy children, will need no suggestion of ours, perhaps, to prepare it in season, and never to make the wife anxious and unhappy by attempting to burn it in an unseasoned state.—*New Eng. Farmer.*

A NEW WAY TO MAKE BUTTER.—A Berlin paper gives an account of a new way of preparing butter, which is said to be much better than the old way. The cream is put into a tube as a bag, and buried in the ground to the depth of about a foot and a half. At the end of twenty four hours it is taken out, and found to be quite firm.—It is then only necessary to beat it up with a glass of water to get rid of the buttermilk. To prevent any admixture of earth it is better to enclose the first bag in a second. A very large quantity of cream requires a rather longer time. This method is said never to fail, and the butter to be of a particularly fine quality.

WEEVIL IN BARNS.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says: "I have been plagued with weevil, more or less, for fifteen years, in my grain bins, and have tried every remedy I could hear of—lime, whitewash, elderberries, etc., but all to no purpose; so I determined to try something else.—In July, 1864, my barn being empty of grain, but occupied by millions of weevils, I took a bucketful of salt and sowed in the barn as a farmer would sow grain broadcast, about the granaries, mows, and every nook and corner which had had grain in it.—Ever since threshing time last year, I have had grain in the barn, but not one weevil has been seen."

A NEW FOWL.—A barn yard fowl has been introduced into Scotland from Central India, called the "Begum Gauyea," a cut of which is given in the *American Agriculturist.* The male is thirty inches high, and appears like the Shanghae, except that on the head two minute horns rise, instead of a comb, from a heavy base which projects some distance along the upper side of the bill. The wattles are also larger and fuller. The chicken of this kind of fowl, it is reported, grow to the weight of eight pounds at seven and eight months old, limbs of course, included.

REMEDY FOR HOG CHOLERA.—Take a peck of ashes, four pounds of salt, one of black antimony, seven pounds of copperas, one pound of sulphur, one-fourth pound saltpetre. Pound the ingredients fine, and mix well together, and keep it constantly in a trough by itself. If the hogs get low, pour down them, or induce them in such cases to drink, in slops one gill of the coal oil per day, until they die or recover, or take of copperas one spoonful, dissolve in warm water and pour down them.

THE HOOF OF A GOOD COW.—A correspondent says: "For a good dairy cow, choose one with a striped hoof; she will never fail. A cow with dark hoofs may be good for a large quantity of milk, but it will not be rich. For a medium cow choose one with part of the hoof striped, or any other color except dark."

A strange disease has broken out among the poultry in Ohio. The chicken's comb and gills turn black, it gapes, sneezes and falls dead in a few minutes.