



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSENGER, LEWISTOWN, MIFFLIN COUNTY, PA.

Vol XXXVII.—Whole No. 1982.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 18, 1852.

New Series—Vol. 6—No. 35.

Terms of Subscription.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

IN ADVANCE.

For six months, 75 cents.

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Doctry.

Cheerily the Song Resounds.

FIRST VOICE.

Cheerily my song resounds, O'er hill, and vale, and tranquil lake; Merrily my bosom bounds, As each clear swell bids echo wake.

SECOND VOICE.

Cheerfully I join the lay, And swell each note so loud and clear; Joyously I speed my way, Toward the spot to me so dear.

BOTH VOICES.

Dearest to me are ever, These mountain valleys so wild and free; These crags and hills, never Re-echoed back such joy and glee. Sound, sound, sound, and joy, The merry, merry mountain lay, At morning's dawn and evening's twilight ray.

FIRST VOICE.

Fearlessly my footsteps roam, Through bush and brake and forest deep; Wand'ring from my quiet home, O'er craggy rock and dangerous steep.

SECOND VOICE.

Merrily the wild deer bounds, O'er mossy banks and verdant plains; Gaily here the wild-bird sounds, His sweetest notes in purest strains.

BOTH VOICES.

Dearest to me are ever, &c. (As in preceding stanza.)

Miscellaneous.

THE BASKET OF GRAPES.

Showing how Mrs. Jones was Cured of Pretensions and Petty Slander.

Mrs. Jones stood in the midst of cambrics, notions, linens, and calicoes. She was sorting this, cutting out that, and folding the other on a long table at her side, when in came a little woman with green spectacles, satin bonnet, and an extremely nice white muslin dress, and sat down looking fatigued and dusty.

'Glad to see you, Mrs. Gilly, take off your bonnet,' said little Mrs. Jones, bustling towards her, 'full of work you see as usual.'

'Thank you, I can't stop a minute—or least ways more than that,' returned Mrs. Gilly, fanning herself with her reticule. 'I declare what an industrious creature you are, Mrs. Jones; seems to me you are forever busy.'

'Well, so I am, especially at this season. You see there's Tommy Jefferson and Henry Clay, and George Washington, they've all got to have a fit out—trousers and jackets, jackets and trousers—what pests boys are; and there's Mary Antoinette and Julia Cesar, and Cleoparty, and little Victoria America—she's asleep now—most blessed child ever lived—she'll wake up by and by; you'd die a laughing to see some of her tricks—they've all got to be calicoed, and what not—oh, dear, how much one does have to do that brings up a family, what trials children are!'

'Don't say one word—don't say one word,' echoed Mrs. Gilly, putting up her hands and making a most indignant face, expressive of resignation and despair. 'I often think of that, especially when they're troublesome.'

'And they're seldom anything else,' sighed Mrs. Jones, mentally admiring a beautiful piece of French gingham, and thinking how much it would become Victoria America. 'But dear Mrs. Gilly,' she suddenly exclaimed, starting from her reverie, 'do you know where I can hire a sewing girl for love or money?'

'Why your neighbor has had one for two or three days, so my Angeline says,' replied Mrs. Gilly.

'My neighbor! oh! you mean Mrs. Elden; she's a proud piece; her husband is or was captain of a military company somewhere; only to think! not one grape has she sent us yet, and her vine bore bushels.'

'Do say! she might leastways have sent you a taste.'

'Not she; now, Mrs. Lane, that lived there last year, she used to send us a considerable sized plateful; but the vines never yielded as they have this year; they have had so much attention that they were literally loaded down; and they picked, for I saw Mr. Elden gathering them myself.'

'Well, there are some mean folks in the world, that's a fact; how delighted I should be to send such luxuries over the village; but there it is, then folks that's got the heart seldom have the wherewith.'

'Would you call on Mrs. Elden? no; on second thought I won't; she'll think maybe I want some grapes; and indeed I don't want

them. I'll write to her, and maybe her girl is disengaged.'

Mrs. Gilly's single minute had lengthened to an hour when she arose to depart. As soon as she had gone, Mrs. Jones hastily indited a note to her next door neighbor, and despatched it by Mary Antoinette, her oldest daughter.

Mrs. Elden read it, looked curiously at the child, read it again, and then a most mirthful expression came over her countenance; she raised her eyebrows slightly, laughed to herself, and mentally saying, 'I'll carry out the joke,' she answered Mrs. Jones by directing her to the squire's great house, where Miss Lizzie Holmes was at present engaged.

Now the squire's house was a fine old fashioned but aristocratic affair, very lofty, and located upon an imposing elevation, surrounded by gigantic trees, smooth walls, beautiful gardens and conservatories, that held within their grand space, the rarest, the brightest, the tenderest flowers, filling the air with their perfume.

That afternoon, Miss Lizzie Holmes, while sitting in the richly carpeted dressing room, received two little billets. When she read the first, she blushed, looked indignant, and laid it on the table; when she read the second, she laughed, threw back her curls, pushed by her work, and springing up, she indulged in one or two very graceful jumps. Then gathering up her sewing, with the notes, she bounded like a gazelle through the door.

The next day Mrs. Jones was up early in the morning, sweeping and dusting, throwing the windows open wide, now in the parlor, now in the kitchen, alternately scolding her children and her maid, and with a great deal of noise and bustle setting things to rights. She had just put the finishing touch on the parlor, when she heard a timid knock at the door, and shaking her dress a little, she hurried out, and came back immediately, followed by a neat looking girl, attired in a close fitting dress of black silk, with a white linen apron and collar, and a most timid air.

'Let's see, what's your name, Miss?' asked the good lady, as the young girl smoothed down her curling hair.

'Lizzie Holmes, ma'am,' she answered with a sweet simplicity.

'Lizzie—Lizzie Holmes—yes; come from the country, I suppose; well, I heard of you through my friend Mrs. Elden; as I've got any quantity of sewing, I thought I would patronize you.'

'Thank you,' said Lizzie, humbly.

'Now I hope you sew as fast as well as nice. I am willing to pay you a good price—I suppose you don't charge more than a quarter a day—and it's my way to invite company when I want a good batch of work done, for my friends think so much of me that they always will take hold and help, whether I want them to or no; so I humor them. You will please commence on these plain pants, and the table yonder with the red cloth on it, you can have undisturbed; I suppose you would prefer to sit alone.'

Lizzie seemed satisfied, took her seat, and plied her needle so rapidly that even Mrs. Jones, as she came and examined her work once in a while, (because she looked so young and experienced) was perfectly delighted.

Friends dropped in one by one till there was quite a room full, and such a clattering of tongues as might have been heard that day in the cosy parlor of the would be leading lady of the village, Mrs. Septimus Jones. Most of the good company preferred to keep the seamstress at a proper distance; but two or three of those rare people, who by some mistake sometimes find their way into gossiping villages, and almost redeem them, took more notice of our lonely Lizzie on that very account. They afterwards said they found a wonderful beauty in that quiet blue eye, and her tones and words were as sweet and well chosen as those of any lady to whom they ever listened.

We should do wrong if we were to deny that there was scandal afloat that afternoon; because Mrs. Jones narrated her opinion of Mrs. Elden—her new neighbor's parsimony at long detail, and all the ladies cried 'mean' and 'scandalous!' and then, after they had thought of everything they could say about her appearance, manner, &c., conversation turned on young Mr. Hazwell, the son of their old pastor, who had lately returned from abroad, such a gentleman, and was at present stopping at his father's. They expatiated on his extraordinary manly beauty, his princely form, his graceful carriage—and one and all united in considering him but less than a divinity, and wondered 'who he would have.'

At dinner and at supper there was unfortunately room for all but one; everybody looked significantly at Lizzie, who declared that she would rather wait than not; so on both occasions she ate with the children, who were so much occupied in staring at her, that they neglected to act in their usual boisterous manner.

In the evening, after lamp light, those who had good eyesight sat down to sewing, and several other ladies took out their knitting work. Our heroine, the seamstress, turned her chair back towards the door, so that she might devote her attention more easily to her task; with swiftly flying fingers she had contrived stealthily to embroider a tiny pink rose, with two little green leaves, on the waist of a white frock; but these she kept hidden from the light. She looked pale and tired, but no one asked her to rest for a while—why should she?

The party had grown quite merry, when all at once the door opened, and Amy, the stout domestic, came trampling into the room, her arms spread wide apart, and between them a large basket heaped to the full, literally running over with glossy, lustrous grapes, in great clusters.

'Mrs. Elden's compliments, ma'am, and would you accept a few grapes from her choice vine? They were picked off to-day.'

Mrs. Jones rose, her face and neck sear; never was there a more self-conscious being than she at this moment. Some of the prudent guests smiled, and many of them looked as conscious almost as herself; but there was a long silence, broken only by some apologizing remark; so the feast of grapes was not altogether a merry one. It was observed that when the seamstress took a few as they were passed towards her, she gave a peculiarly

arch smile. Mrs. Jones noticed it, and curled her lip, but prudently said nothing.

There would have been a general and early breaking up, but for the appearance of a new comer—and that personage no other than the youthful Mr. Hazwell himself. The ladies were astonished; the three or four young maidens grew less stately and more interesting. Lizzie alone did not once turn her head, but a smile and blush spread over her delicate face.

Young Hazwell apologized for the intrusion, (the ladies cried out that he had not intruded a bit,) said that his father had not been able to accept their kind invitation, and so he had availed himself of the opportunity to get more acquainted. A dozen 'I'm very glad,' &c., &c., followed this little speech, and they all grew quite chatty again.

The young man was a delightful talker, and after a while, conversation turned upon the old squire, with whom none present were exactly on intimate, but then they professed to be well acquainted with him, oh! yes! He spoke of the squire's family, and particularly about a Miss Ainsly, his granddaughter, an heiress from the South, who had recently arrived, and was visiting at present in the village. He said he had met her in New Orleans, and spoke so warmly and admiringly, painting her virtues so vividly, that the young ladies present felt a kind of coldness creeping around their hearts. He was still in the full tide of description, when the seamstress, who had seemed unconsciously nervous for the last few moments, gathered her work all in her hands, and, her eyes bright as stars, her cheeks as softly blushing as a ripe peach, arose, walked timidly towards Mrs. Jones, and murmured, 'Does the stitching of this band suit you?'

There was a roguish smile in the corners of her pretty mouth, and still she tried to look demure. Young Hazwell glanced up, started, passed his hands over his eyes, moved delicately from his chair—then, while a bewitching smile broke like sunshine all over his face, he exclaimed, 'Miss Ainsly, have I indeed the honor?' and he held forth his hand. She loved gracefully and extended hers.

What a moment! sixty eye balls glaring, thirty mouths wide open, a dozen knitting needles transfixed with amazement, and shining savagely; twice as many arms stopped in their career, and awkwardly spread, as if their owners were delivering patriotic orations; twenty long necks strained from the perpendicular; all grace, circumspection, dignity, forgotten, gone, buried in the graves of wonder and curiosity.

'You—you—I—I—it—it—perhaps you are mistaken,' gasped Mrs. Jones, snatching at her self-possession as a drowning man will at a straw; 'this is Miss Lizzie Holmes—a— isn't it?' she continued, looking round in a most ludicrous agony at her dear friend Mrs. Gilly.

'Excuse me, madam, my name is Lizzie Holmes Ainsly; and though an heiress, I do not know as I am entitled to any more respect and attention than Lizzie Holmes, the seamstress—especially as the sewing girl has been very industrious; don't you think she has?' she added, looking archly up at her employer.

Poor Mrs. Jones was in real distress; the color flitted from her cheeks and came again, each time with intense crimson; the minister's son, just comprehending the affair, begged Miss Ainsly to be seated. Chattering on in a tone and with a manner as unaffected as before, Lizzie requested the ladies to consider her a seamstress till her sewing was finished. Some of them, with characteristic presence of mind, entered into the scene with considerable pleasantry; and a nimble handed matron caught up the grapes, the half of which had again been distributed, and passed them round again.

But Mrs. Jones could not get over her mortification; and how was it enhanced when young Hazwell innocently said, 'these grapes, Miss Ainsly, taste very much like some I had at your sister's last night.'

'I presume they are the same,' replied the young lady, demurely. 'I think sister Elden's grapes the best I have ever eaten.'

If you should ever happen to be intimate with Mrs. Jones, reader, which it is possible you may, she will, in some garrulous moment produce a pretty little frock, with a pink rose and two little green leaves worked upon its bosom; and then she will tell you that the Honorable Mrs. Hazwell, whose husband is a Senator, you know, worked that for her with her own hands. Whether she will farther commit herself is not known.

ANECDOTE.—A friend tells us the following anecdote, which we pronounce decidedly good.

One of the store keepers of this place, a few days since, purchased of an Irish woman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. 'Sure, it's yer own fault, if they are light,' said Biddy, in reply to the compliment of the buyer, 'it's yer own fault, sir—for wasn't it a pound of soap I bought here meself, that I had in the other end of the scales when I weighed 'em?'

The store keeper had nothing more to say on the subject.

A Georgia negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. 'I'll bet you a quarter,' said Jack, 'I'll make you go ober dis bridge,' and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. 'You take de bet den,' said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.

'I won dat quarter, anyhow,' said Jack. 'But how will you get de money?' said a man who had been by, unperceived. 'De-morrow,' said Jack, 'massa gib me a dollar to go oorn for de mule, and I takes de quarter out.'

'Bobby, what business did your father follow?'

'It was something connected with bank—but whether it was banier or bankrupt, blow me if I can tell.'

Bobby, we regret to say, is still in doubt.

Doctor Books.

The folly of dabbling in medicine is very pleasantly hit off in the following humorous piece.

'About four years ago I was very happily married to a very prudent lady, and being of the same disposition as myself, we made a very prudent couple. Some time after our marriage, my wife told me that doctor's bills were very high, and, as we could not always expect to be free from disease, she thought it best to purchase some doctor's books, and being thus,' said she with a smile, 'we can steal their trade at once.' This I agreed to, and made it my particular business to attend all auctions of books, in order to buy medical works at the lowest rate. In fine, in less than twelve months I had bought a couple of 'Dispensaries,' 'Buchanan's Family Physician,' two or three treatises on the art of preserving health, by different authors; seven treatises on the diseases of children, and divers others of the greatest note. My wife spent all the time she could spare from the economy of her household in studying them, and as soon as my store was shut up in the evening, I edified myself with a few receipts from my Dispensary.

'As soon as spring arrived, my wife informed me that she found it positively enjoined by some of our writers, that we must swallow a large dose of cream of tartar and bromstone, to be taken every evening for three weeks, in molasses; this the whole family complied with; I first, who, being the head of the family, I reckon first; my wife, my brother Dick, who lives with me, my son and my daughter, my negro boy and the servant maid. This cure we all went through to the entire satisfaction of my wife, who had the pleasure to find her medicine had the desired effect.

'Soon after this the contagion of reading medical books spread through all my family, and scarce a day passed but some of them made use of some medicine or other. My poor brother Dick, after he had permission to read my books, he acquired a dejected countenance, the cause of which I could not conceive. At last he broke silence: 'Brother,' said he, (supposing that I had read more than himself,) 'feel my pulse: I think I have too much blood; had I not better get bleed? you know that if too much blood gets into the head it produces apoplexy; the symptoms of its appearance, says Buchan, are remarkable redness in the face, and you see that is exactly the case with me.' I could not but laugh at him; he was indeed red in the face, but such redness as indicated the very offspring of health. Our maid, from an education at a country school, had learned to read; she earnestly requested her mistress to lend her a doctor book to read on Sunday afternoon. This reasonable request was granted; but poor creature, being not of the fairest complexion in the world, she in a little while became low spirited, and finding my wife and me alone one evening, she came in, and ventured to express herself thus: 'La! mistress, I am concerned and afraid I shall get the yellow jaundice, as I begin to look yellow in the face.' Decency prevented my smiling for a while, but when she had left the room I could not but enjoy a laugh. My negro boy is always eating roasted onions for a cold, but as he cannot read, he has luckily escaped every other disorder. One night as we were about going to bed, my wife desired me in the most serious manner that if she should ever be taken with the lock-jaw that I should rub her jaw with musk, as she was convinced from comparing the arguments of a variety of authors, that this was the best remedy. I told her there was no danger of such an event, as I had Dr. Cullen's word that it seldom attacked females; indeed, I am convinced that a lock-jawed lady is a *cara avis in terra*.

'Hitherto our family medicines were used with confidence and satisfaction on all sides, till I considered one day that a family without a doctor, had consumed more medicine in one year than my father's family used to do with the advice of a physician in six years. But one day when my wife told me she thought it would be well enough to weigh our food before we eat it, lest we should eat too much or too little, and that *Sanctorius* advised it for good reasons, I got such a disgust to our scheme that I resolved gradually to abandon it. I am now convinced of the truth of a saying of a rational medical writer, 'one or more things must happen to every human body—to live temperately, to use exercise, to take physic, or be sick.' And I am pretty certain that if I and my family persevere in the two former courses, we need not be in danger of the two last.'

A VALUABLE BANK BILL.—What would be the sensation of an individual accustomed to handling one dollar relief notes, to receive a bank bill for one-million sterling? The Bank of England, it appears, issued four notes of that denomination, and after these four were engraved, the plates were destroyed. Of these impressions the Rothschilds have one, the late Mr. Cotts had another, the Bank of England, the third, and Mr. Samuel Rogers, the poet and banker, now decorates his parlor with the fourth, suspended in a gold frame.

An Indian chief once went to the office of the American Commissioner, at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a great friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey. The Commissioner gravely told him that they never gave whiskey to good Indians, who never wished for any such things—that it was only used by bad Indians.—'Then,' replied the Indian, quickly, 'me one d—n rasical!'

'Peter, my boy, does you understands de seventh commandments?'

'Yaw.'

'What is him den, den?'

'You shall not play te tseyfel mit your neighbor's ducks.'

'Have you ever broken a horse?'

'No, not exactly,' replied Simon, 'but I have broken three or four wigwags.'

Science Made Easy.

The following, which will pass without sugar-coating:

There was a lawsuit not long ago, and not far off, in which the value of an ox (lately deceased) was in question. A witness testified that the ox was very aged, and having no teeth, his hay was swallowed without being properly masticated; and that the rough unchewed hay, had in his opinion, worn a hole in the stomach of the ox, and caused his death.

W—, the defendant's attorney,—who by the way, was a thorough scholar, differed widely with this philosophical witness, and addressed the court thus:

'The stomach of an animal,' said he, 'is a membranous substance, composed of a great number of coats or layers, and though small in its natural state, is very flexible and tenacious, and capable of distention to an almost unlimited extent. It is therefore impossible that any substance should wear a hole in it, besides, the gastric juice would in a short time so soften the hay, that it could not possibly wear away the stomach.'

Col.—, the opposite attorney, who had introduced the witness, replied:

'If the court please,' said he, 'you have probably understood little that the gentleman has said, on account of the technical language he has used. I shall explain the matter, so that you can understand it, and then you will see that the gentleman is wrong. In order to do so, it is necessary to explain the meaning of these technical terms.

'The membranous coating of the stomach, which the gentleman speaks of, is nothing more than the hyperfermentation of the interregnum, this having collapsed into magnum bonum of the sternum perceptible, the geranium of the rhodumtium intersected the lower extremity of the peptecible, and proplacated the nucleus of the convention. This having produced a concentration of moral deficiency, the propulsion of the hay obstructed into the outer convexity of the pomatum, and floored the bovine exhilaration of the ox, and caused his death.'

Of course the Colonel won the case.

Items of News.

BOMB-SHELL EXPLOSION.—The Boston Traveller of Wednesday says:—A most terrible explosion, resulting in a serious accident, took place at the South Boston Iron Co's. Foundry, yesterday afternoon. Orders were given to melt a loaded bomb-shell, which had been lying in the yard for nearly two years. The powder was taken out of the bomb-shell, as it was supposed, and a wedge placed in the fuse hole for the purpose of splitting it. The head of the wedge was struck with a heavy sledge, when a terrific explosion took place, felling the striker, a German named Frank Keyser, to the ground, and throwing fragments of the shell in every direction. One piece flew across the channel, a distance of an eighth of a mile. Undoubtedly the explosion was caused by a small quantity of powder which remained attached to the interior of the shell, and was ignited by the stroke of the sledge. The concussion was tremendous.

DANGEROUS COUNTERFEIT.—A new counterfeit recently made its appearance in Philadelphia, which is thus described by the editor of Bicknell's Reporter:

Commercial Bank of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 5's, letter C. pay J. W. Dexan, April 7, 1851. The appearance of the body of the note is bad, and that of the ends good. The vignette is very imperfect and much blurred, and looks anything but like an engraving, or even a respectable lithograph. The names of the engravers are not distinguishable, while in the genuine they are quite distinct. In the good note the lower part of the "T" in "the," the upper corner of a "P" in "Pennsylvania," and "o" in "on," nearly touch the left margin. In the counterfeit they are more than 1/2 of an inch apart. The signatures are poor—they, as well as the filling up are in one hand writing.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG GIRL.—The Springfield Republican relates a painful case of deliberate suicide. Miss Laura A. Lull, of N. H., was run over, and instantly killed, near the East Brookfield station, by a train on the Western Railroad, on Tuesday evening.—About seven o'clock she went from her uncle's house in company with a cousin, 12 years old, until they came in sight of the train, when the woman stepped south of both tracks, and gave the child a purse, and a ring from her finger, and told her to stand back from the cars. When the engine was within a short distance, she stepped between the rails, crouched down, and drew her shawl over her head, and in this position was struck by the engine.

NEW LAW OF DESCENT IN INDIANA.—A bill introduced by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, has passed the Legislature of Indiana, and takes effect on the first of August next. This is said to be the most important act ever passed by the Legislature of that State, and will affect every property holder in it. The State Sentinel says:—It makes changes radical and sweeping: it abolishes the principles of law that have prevailed for the last six or eight centuries—since the days of William the Conqueror—and most of which still prevail over the Union, except in a few States, which lean to the Civil Law system.

NORTH BRANCH CANAL LOAN.—The proposals for the loan of \$850,000, were opened at Harrisburg, on Saturday afternoon. \$200,000 were awarded for 4 1/2 per cent bonds at par. \$550,000 were awarded for 5 per cent bonds at par. The bids were awarded to C. H. Fisher, of Philadelphia; Duncan, Shoe-maker, & Co., of New-York; and George Peabody, of London.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald, of the 27th ult., says: "The ravages of the Joint Worm on the wheat crop in this and the adjoining counties of Caroline, Orange, Culpeper, &c., is greater than for years past."

A fishing party recently captured three sharks off Castle Pinckney, Charleston, one of which measured nine feet six inches in length.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Samuel Stokely, of Ohio, to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the Territory of Utah, in the place of L. G. Brandebury, resigned. James H. Adams, of Massachusetts, to be Consul of the United States for the Island of Singapore, in the place of Joseph Balestier, resigned.

The Coast Survey Observatory, at Washington, was lately struck by lightning, by which the wires were destroyed. The transit instrument, the astronomical clock, and the building, were injured. The Capitol Hill Engine soon extinguished the fire. The shock was felt at the telegraph office, in Pennsylvania avenue, and communication interrupted.

Six gentlemen, during a hunt of twelve day's duration, in Orange county, Florida, succeeded in killing 112 deer, 8 wild turkeys, 5 raccoons, 2 wild cats, 1 wolf, 3 opossums, 51 quails, 33 ducks, and 20 alligators, the largest measuring 18 feet, and none under 12 feet.

The first French Methodist Church in the United States, it is said, is to be built in the city of Detroit, the coming fall.

Agricultural, &c.

Bones as Manure.

Many of our farmers do not yet comprehend the great value of bones as a fertilizer, and therefore, still neglect the application of them to their fields. This should not, and never will be tolerated by those who are thoroughly intelligent on the subject of agriculture. The predominant ingredient in bones, (phosphate of lime,) is essential to every nutritive vegetable, for it is only from these that grazing animal, the ox, the horse, the sheep, &c., can draw the supplies of their massive frame work, the skeleton on which to hang their sinews, muscles, and other fleshy integuments of the body.

Phosphate of lime does not, like lime, potash, and some of the other inorganic parts of plants, abound in most soils, but the available supplies naturally existing in most soils, are speedily exhausted by large crops, and we must look then to furnishing the soil with materials for the formation of bone, or vegetation must dwindle. Every other ingredient necessary for the perfection of the plants may exist there, but if phosphate of lime be wanting, the crop cannot mature, and therefore fails. The addition of a few bushels of finely ground bone to the acre, would often secure an abundant crop, where otherwise there would be a total failure. The extensive grazing fields of Cheshire England, had become exhausted of this ingredient, from its having been carried off for a century or more, in the milk of the cows feeding upon them. Where there is a deficiency in the soil, the effect is sometimes shown by a less proportion in the forage grown upon it, and the animals are not therefore capable of extracting their full proportion of bone-constituting material, and the animal becomes diseased. This evil is said to be remedied by administering bone meal, (fine, freshly ground bones,) to the animals; and where the bones have been abundantly applied to the fields, the disease vanishes from herds feeding from them, where it had before existed. Whether this is true of animals or not, we know enough with entire certainty, of its effect on vegetation, to induce every considerate man to furnish an adequate supply of bones on earth whenever it is needed.

—The Plough.

The best Breed of Swine for the Farmer.

I am perfectly satisfied from long experience, and have publicly advocated it for upwards of ten years, that the best and most profitable swine for the farmer, is that breed which will nearly mature at eight to twelve months old, and then weigh, well fattened and dressed, from 250 to 350 pounds. A pig that has to be wintered and kept till 16 to 19 months old, before fully fattened, rarely pays for itself at the ordinary price of pork; and the average weight of those, in the United States, even a year and a half old, I do not believe exceeds 300 pounds.

Now what the farmers want is a large breed with fine points and great growth.—Such a breed as can be made fat at any age, invariably matures quick. But recollect they must have fine points; by this I mean fine or small heads, ears, legs, feet and tail, a wide deep chest, and a round full body, like a barrel. These constitute what are technically called fine points. None of your big heads, lop-ears, coarse bristles and hair, long leg, great feet, and flabby, thin, slabsided bodies, after the alligator or landpike order. Of the large breeds, I prefer the Lincoln.

In order to get pigs to weigh well, they must come early. February in the Southern, March in the Middle, and April in the Northern States, are the best months to drop pigs. Feed them from the start, all they will eat, and they will be ready to kill from October to January, and thus you dispense with wintering any, except those reserved for breeding.

For hams, particularly, and sometimes for bacon, especially for the English market, lean tender meat is most desirable. A particular breed like the Berkshire, is best adapted to this purpose; and these may be kept from a year to eighteen months old before they are ready to be dressed. When it is desired to fatten and improve swine of coarse points, it is best to use the Suffolk for a cross upon them; but these of themselves are too small and not of sufficient growth to suit the general purposes of the farmer. They do very well for those who wish fine and delicate pork for their own family use.—The Plow.

Lemon Batter.

5 eggs, 1 lb. pulverized sugar, 1/2 lb. butter, 2 large lemons. Beat the eggs and mix the sugar. Melt the butter and mix with the beaten eggs and sugar. Grate the rind of the lemons and add the juice to the previous compound. Let it come to a boil—afterwards pour into glass dishes for use.

A strong decoction of Rue is an infallible remedy for tetter-worm. It is as simple as it is efficacious.