

Raffsman's Journal.

FREE AS THE WIND, AND AMERICAN TO THE CORE.

BY H. BUCHER SWOOPE.

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BEAUTIFUL STANZAS.

In my bower so bright, as I lay last night,
The moon through the fresh leaves streaming,
There were sounds in the air, but I could not tell
Nor if it was thinking or dreaming.
Twas the sound of a lute, to a voice half mute,
That sank when I thought it was swelling,
And it came to my ears, as if drowned in the tears
Of the being whose woes it was telling.
The tones were so sweet, I thought it must meet
They should not be lost of gladness;
There are notes so fine, that were melody mine,
They should only belong to sadness.
And the air-creature sang, and the wild lute rang
Like a bell, when a cherub is dying;
I can tell no more, but the tale was of woe,
For the sounds were all lost in the sighing!
And still it rang on, till the stars were gone,
And the sun through the dew was peeping;
When I woke in my bower, every leaf every flower,
Every bud, every blossom was weeping!

Harp of a Thousand Strings.

We find the following in a New Orleans paper. Where they picked it up we should like to know. It is one of the most unique "sarcasms" we ever read, and it may be long before our readers are treated with another such. So "dip in," gentlemen. The scene is laid in the town of Waterproof:—

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one of 'em as believes that education is necessary for a Gospel preacher, for I believe the Lord educates his preachers just as he wants 'em to be educated; an' although I say it as oughtn't to say it, yet, in the State of Indiana, whar I live, there's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

There may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I must say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hard-Shell Baptist. That's some folks as don't like the Hard-Shell Baptists, but I'd rather have a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my brethering, dressed up in fine clothes; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud my brethering, and altho' I've been a preacher of the gospel for twenty-years, an' altho' I'm captaining of the flatboat that lies at your landing, I'm not proud my brethering.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the led of the Bible, and you'll find it somewhere between the first chapter of Generations, and the last chapter of the book of Revelations, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many other texts as will do you good to read, and my tex, when you shall find it, you shall find it to read thus:—

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits uv just men made perfect."

My tex, my brethering, leads me to speak of spirits. Now, there's a great many kinds of spirits in the world—in the firs place, thar's the spirits as some folks call goss, and thar's the spirits uv torpentine, and thar's the spirits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an article of them kind of spirits on my flatboat as ever was fished down the Mississippi river; but thar's a great many other kinds of spirits, for the tex says,

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv spirits as is ment in the tex, is FIRE. That's the kind uv spirits as is ment in the tex, my brethering. Now, thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the firs place there's the common sort of fire you fight your cigar or pipe with, and then thar's the foxfire, and camphire, fire before you're ready, and fire and fall back, and many other kinds of fire, for the tex says,

"He played on a harp of a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind of fire as is ment in the tex, my brethering—it's HELL FIRE! an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you will come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the firs place we have the "Piscapations," an' they are a high raffin' and highfalutin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey-buzzard, that flies up in to the air, and he goes up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the firs thing you know, he comes down, and down, and down, and he is a fillin' himself on the carcass of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and

"He played on the harp of a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodists, and they may be likened unto the squirrel running up into a tree, for the Methodists believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfection, and the squirrel goes up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb, and branch to branch, and the firs thing you know he chews kerfuntux, and that's like the Methodists, for they is allers fallen from grace, ah! and

"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Hard-Shell Baptists, ah! and they have been likened unto a possum on a simon tree, and thunders may roll and the earth may quake, but that possum clings thar still, ah! and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose an' he haps his tail around the limb, an' he clings, an' clings forever, for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings, spirits uv just men made perfect."

The Jugglers of India.

From the first of a series of articles entitled "Sketches of India," now publishing in the *Crayon*, we extract the following:—

One morning after I had passed some days at Madras, I went to the "garden house" of one of my English friends, to see an exhibition by some Jugglers who had been sent for the night before to come up from the Black Town. The Jugglers of Madras are famous as the best in India. They form a cast by themselves. Their skill is the result of the practice of successive generations, and their art is a hereditary one. It was about six o'clock in a clear September morning, and our party consisted of five or six spectators. Coffee having been served, we took our seat on the veranda on the shady side of the house, and the Jugglers, of whom there were fifteen or twenty, men, women and children, ranged themselves before us on the grass at the further side of the avenue, ten or twelve feet wide, that ran between us and them. Behind them was a green field, where, at some distance, grew a few trees and lowering shrubs. There was nothing near them that could afford hiding place or shelter. The men wore nothing but the dhoties or tight cloth about their loins; two of them were very old, with white beards lying upon their dark skins. The women were clothed in the common bright, loose dress of the lower classes, and the children were quite naked. The implements of their art, their musical instruments, and the flat, and circular baskets in which were their snakes, for the Jugglers are also snake charmers by profession, lay around about upon the grass.

One of the young men began the exhibition with some common tricks of slight of hand, remarkable only from the fact that his dress and the ground afforded him no aids. Then another came forward and throwing four brass balls into the air, kept them in constant motion, now making them circle round his head, now throwing them in opposite directions under his arms and over his shoulders, now chasing one with another, never missing the instantaneous chance, with incredible quickness of eye and quickness of hand, with incomprehensible delicacy making them wheel about him as if they were the obedient servants of his will. Such exquisite skill makes one's own hands seem utterly clumsy and insufficient. All the while that this juggler was playing so beautifully with the glittering brass balls, one of his companions beat upon a dull drum, while the others looked on, and now and then, at some peculiarly successful or long sustained flight, broke out with a murmur of encouraging applause. Then followed in quick succession other not less remarkable feats of strength, agility and skill—leaps on poles, with swords, with stones, with ribands—leaps, indeed, of all sorts, and all done with an apparent ease that made them not less pleasant than wonderful to see. The Jugglers seemed staid and lithe as spirits.

Not tied or manacled with joint or limb. Nor founded on the brittle strength of bone. Like cumbrous flesh.

But the most wonderful performance that we saw this morning, was a feat of pure juggling, of which I have never been able to find any solution. One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag net made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth fastening it with knotted intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely woven wicker basket that narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a most cramped position, he put the cover upon it and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net quite untied, and disentangled. He then took a long straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were for this, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other Jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had rattled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, raised the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet.

Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the hard earth, and so much beneath the veranda on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all

around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who had seen it ever gave me a clue to the manner in which it was performed.

Pantalettes vs. Pantaloon—Further Fluttering of the Petticoats.

Last Wednesday there was another grand petticoat pow-wow, at Cincinnati. The espousers and advocates of the Woman's Rights Movement, held their sixth annual Convention in that city.

The attendance was not large, but the assembly presented a somewhat unlike appearance. Many of the ladies wore bloomers, and the gentlemen shawls. On the platform were Mrs. Hannah W. Tracy Cutler, Mrs. Martha C. Wright, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Mrs. Adeline Swift, Mrs. Lucetia Mott, Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell Mr. Joseph Barker, and Henry B. Blackwell.

After the election of officers the speeches commenced. Lucy Stone Blackwell said: In education, in marriage, in religion—in every thing disappointment was the lot of woman. It should be the business of her life to deepen this disappointment in every woman's heart, until she could bow down to it no longer.

She could wish that her sex, instead of being walking show cases—instead of asking from their fathers or brothers the last new gay bonnet, would ask their rights. (Applause.)

Mr. Wise, of North Carolina, read an address which was long and learned.

It treated principally of geology and women. He seemed to claim for woman more even than she does. He said "women are generally, more competent to vote than their husbands and sisters better fitted to judge than their brothers." . . . the mother more capable of exercising the elective franchise judiciously than her booby son."

Mr. Denton became loftily magniloquent, and seemed to rise with the occasion. He had often heard his sister say, "Would that I had been made a man!" Why? Because men had prescribed their sphere to women. He would not permit anything in Heaven above or in the earth beneath, much less any man, to prescribe his sphere to him. He concluded with saying that the time had come for all men and women "to stand on the shin bones of our own manhood and grow up to the infinite Heaven."

Mr. Boyce, a Hungarian Jew, took an agricultural view of the question.

He said it had been repeatedly urged that woman's province was to be a mother. He would cry shame on such a statement, and he hoped to rebuke it now into silence. "Was woman nothing but a rich soil on which to raise a crop?"

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose delivered her views on marriage, courtship, cradles, buttons and stockings. She said—"Among the poorer classes, the female was taught a little house-keeping, and oh, how little!—to darn stockings, sew on buttons, and, if necessity should require, to rock the cradle. Among the better classes, a little music, a little dancing, a little bad French, to paint a little—just enough to practice on her own face."

She would not undertake housekeeping. It would, in time, no doubt, rank as one of the arts and sciences. It had been degraded because it had been left in the hands of woman. She then discoursed on the happy period of courtship. It was happy, because, during it, man let himself down to the capacity of woman; but disappointment followed, because he supposed he was marrying a woman, but discovered she was only a child, a poor, weak, feeble being, with hands too small to use a broom; and with a false delicacy that caused her to faint away at the mention of a leg of a table. (Applause and shouting.)—All the men and women made "remarks" on the subject, and, on the whole, had a "good time of it."

Short Sermon on Money.

My hearers—this is not only a great but a mysterious world that we live and pay rent for. All discord is harmony; all evil is good; all despotism is liberty; and all wrong is right—for as Alexander Pope says: "Whatever is, is right," except the left boot, and wanting to borrow money. You may want sense and the world won't blame you for it. It would gladly furnish you with the article, had it any to spare, but unluckily it has hardly enough for home consumption. However, if you lack sense you are well enough off after all; for if you commit a *faux pas*, as the French say, you are let go with the compliment, poor fool he does not know any better. The truth is, a great deal of brains is a great botheration.—An empty skull is bound to shine in company, because the proprietor of it has not wit enough to know that there is a possibility of making a nincompoop of himself, and therefore he dashes ahead, hit or miss, or generally succeeds beyond expectation. Let a man be minus brains and plus brass and he is sure to pass through the world as if he was greased from ear to ankle; but rig up for him a complete machinery of thought, and it is as much as he can do to attend to it. He goes to the grave, ruffled and tumbled, curses life for its cares and moans into eternity pack-saddled with mental misery. Oh for the happiness of fools.

How to be Happy.

I will give you two or three good rules which will help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven. The first is, "try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart." My second rule is, "be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little; we require but little; and "better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented. My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

Look up with hopeful eyes, Though all things seem forelorn; The sun that sets to-night will rise Again to-morrow morn.

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and on the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

SIGNS FOR MARRIAGEABLE LADIES.—If a man winks his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man in snuffing the candles, snuff them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts his handkerchief on his knees while taking his tea, you may be sure he will be a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast of Sally Lunn, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch. It is not unlikely he will make a greedy, selfish, husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man my dears who wears gold-shoes, and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband, that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted by slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his married state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill-treats the cat, takes snuff and stands with his back to the fire, is a brute, whom I would not advise you my dears to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money, but decidedly not for love. But the man who when the tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make the best husband. Patience like his, deserves being rewarded with the best of wives and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man, do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

TALKERS.—Undoubtedly the highest personal accomplishment in the world is to be a good talker. With this charm alone John Wilkes, though a prodigy of personal ugliness was the most attractive man of his time. "It takes me," he said to Lord Sandwich, "just fifteen minutes to take my face off." It was this power, and not his poems, nor his dictionary, nor his heavy letters from the Hebrews, that made Dr. Johnson the auto-crit of his day among men of culture, and will keep his memory green while the English language remains to prove that, in spite of his boorishness and insolence, and absurd prejudices, he was the most charming talker the world has seen. It was this power, more than all others, that made the friends of Coleridge forget that he was deficient in manly honor (the most fatal of defects), that he was a slave to one of the worst vices, and won for him not merely the admiration, but the love and esteem of all who listened to his wonderful utterances. In our own country there have not been as yet many notable conversationalists. We are a nation of speech-makers, but good talkers are exceedingly rare. We talk enough, (God knows,) but good talkers require more culture, more leisure, more repose, than we shall know for many years to come.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.—If there is any thing comes nearer to the imprecation of Ruth to Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it: "Lord bless and preserve that dear person whom thou has chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and a comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever.

HIGHER!

Higher! is a word of noble meaning, the inspiration of all great deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to the zenith of glory, and still holds its mysterious object standing and glittering among the stars.

Higher! lifts the infant on its parent's knees, and makes its feeble essay to rise from the floor—it is the first aspiration of childhood to burst the narrow confines of the cradle in which its sweet moments have been passed for ever.

Higher! laughs the proud school boy on his swing; or, as he climbs the tallest tree of the forest, that he may look down on his less adventurous companion with a flush of exultation and over the broad fields of his native village. He never saw so extended a prospect before.

Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals, but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil in his lamp burns dim, but he finds knowledge in the lamps of Heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid behind the curtains of the morning.

And Higher! his voice thunders forth when the dignity of manhood has invested his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oratory burning with eloquence and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and right.

And when time has changed his locks to silver, and when the world wide renown is his;—when the maiden gathering flowers by the wayside as he passes; and the peasant looks to him with honor—can he breathe forth from his heart the fond wish of the past.

HIGHER yet! he has reached the apex of all earthly honors, yet his spirit burns as warm as in youth, though with a steadier and paler light, and it would borrow wings and soar up to high heaven, leaving its fencement to moulder among the laurels he has wound around it, for the never ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High!

Beauty of the Dutch Women.

Colman, in his "European Life and manners," gives the following description of the Dutch women:

"I think some of them are the fairest and handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of unmixt porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen—I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dew drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming blended tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of this gold helmet, fitting close to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold extending across the forehead; at the ends of this some rich and elegantly-wrought filigree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold, or of diamonds, set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace."

Mr. Colman is right. Fifteen years ago a Dutch woman behind a counter handed "the writer" a glass of beer, and an ostrich egg to look at, and he has never forgotten her, "from that day to this." She was all that Mr. Colman paints above.—*Boston Post.*

"FAST" TIMES AND A "FAST" PARTY.—One of the most striking evidences of the peculiar "velocity" of the times we live in, is the writing and publishing obituaries of people before they are dead—in fact while they are in excellent health and growing in strength every day. The foreign press is just now teeming with long and lachrymose notices of the death of "Sam," when in fact that gigantic young fellow was never more "alive and kicking" than at this very moment. "The wish is father to the thought" with these elegiac writers. So far from being dead, "Sam" has no idea of ever dying. He belongs to the glorious list of immortals. He couldn't die if he would, for he has a great mission to perform.—You may outnumber him for the present, but you cannot kill him any more than you can kill truth. He cannot even by annihilation die. Our fast friends of the "Society for the Propagation of Humbug" may as well let "Sam" alone.—*Memphis Eagle.*

ADVICE TO YOUTH GRATIS.—In climbing a ladder, always look up—never down—for in doing the latter a fall is imminent. So in life; aim to keep company with those above you rather than with those beneath you in intellectual capacity and acquirement. Emulate your superiors. If you can't find them you are not fitted for their society, and better at once turn attention to the dimensions of your ears, and immerse your muddy faculties in the mysteries of poudrette, or putty making.

Crispen says there's no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is *soul'd*, before it can be got ready for market.

A Cheerful Heart.

I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "Your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look. A merry or cheerful countenance was one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies and persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives if shut up in a dungeon. Everything is made gloomy and forbidding. They go mourning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious, lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side, and can never enjoy the good. They do not follow the example of the industrious bee, who does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition.

BAKED BEETS.—A good housewife assures us that the mode of cooking beets herein described, is preferable to all others:—

"Beet root cannot be too much recommended to the notice of mankind, as a cheap and salubrious substitute for the now failing and diseased potato. Hitherto the red kind has been only used in England as a pickle, or a garnish for salad; even the few who dress it, generally boil it, by which process the rich saccharine juice is lost, and the root consequently rendered less nutritious by the quantity of water it imbibes, as well as by parting with the native syrup, of which it is thus forcibly deprived; it is, therefore, strongly recommended to bake instead of boiling them, when they will be found to afford a delicious and wholesome food. This is not an untried novelty, for both red and white beet root are extensively used on the continent; in Italy, particularly, they are carried about hot from the oven twice a day, and sold publicly in the streets; thus they are purchased by all classes of people, and give to thousands, with bread, salt, pepper and butter, a satisfactory meal.—There are few purposes for which baked, or even roasted or fried beet root, would not be found preferable to boiled."—*Ag. Exchange.*

CHEAP FLOUR THE BEST.—The New York Times has recently been discussing a question of very great importance to the consumers of flour, and the facts it has elicited should be universally known. It alleges that little reliance is to be placed upon the brands found on the barrels sold in the market, and that the words "extra Genesee" do not always indicate that the barrel bearing them contains the best quality of flour. It bases its assertions on certain results elicited by chemists, viz., that the whiter the flour the less nutriment it possesses, and the less digestible it is. Dyspeptic people have to use bread about one-fourth bran, which proves that the dark part of the grain is the most healthful. The flour which can be bought now for seven and eight dollars per barrel is stronger and sweeter than the "extra Genesee," but as it is less white it is generally rejected in favor of the dearer article. It is time that housekeepers understood this fact, and that they bought flour not to please the eye, but to gratify the stomach, and at the same time have respectful reference to the capacity of one's pocket.

NEW KIND OF SUGAR.—A correspondent of the Detroit News gives the following account of the discovery of a new kind of sugar at Provo city:—"Last week a sweet substance was discovered on the leaves of the trees. A few began to gather it by stripping off the leaves and soaking them in water; in this way Dr. A. Daniels made eleven pounds of sugar one day; it looks and tastes like maple sugar. Many scores of men, women and children, are now engaged in gathering it. When it was first discovered some said it was honey-suckle, others said that it proceeded from the cotton-wood leaves, but it is found on all kinds of leaves and on the rocks. My children have gathered and brought in a quantity of it, which they have taken from the leaves, as it is deposited; many of the leaves have scales of this sweet substance as thick as window glass, and some a great deal thicker."

EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTIONS.—The extraordinary effects of the application of Peruvian guano to certain soils are widely known and appreciated. But occasionally the results are startling. On Saturday, Mr. John Dorrance brought to the room of the Corn Exchange Association some ears of corn, averaging from 1000 to 1200 grains to the ear, the grains being four or five times the size of ordinary corn. He also exhibited some large Mercer potatoes, weighing a pound each, and pumpkins, growing six on a vine, weighing each 106 pounds. These remarkable vegetable productions were grown on the farm of Mr. Dorrance, at Bell Mead, Bucks county, the guano used as manure being that imported by Mr. Samuel J. Christian.—*North American.*

English papers express the opinion, founded on careful examination, that Great Britain will only require an importation of 30,000,000 bushels of wheat to supply every possible deficiency.