

## BY S. B. ROW.

# CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1859.

## KIND HEARTS EVERYWHERE. Why should we call the path of life, A bleak and desert spot. When we ourselves but make it so? No, no-believe it not ; For though the ills we're doom'd to feel Are sometimes hard to bear, The world we live in teems with good And kind hearts everywhere.

A wish to calm each other's griof, To soothe each other's woes, In every bosom finds a place-And this all nature glows. Men of all climes abroad, at home His gen'rous feelings share : The world we live in teems with good And kind hearts everywhere.

And should misfortune's heavy hand On every side prevail, Or sorrow's overwhelming storm Our happy hours assail, To grieve is folly, wise men say,

Then why should we despair ? The world we live in teems with good And kind hearts everywhere.

> MY LAST BALL. BY PROFESSOR SNODGRASS.

Some people stand apart when they waltz, as if they were afraid that they had friction matches in their pockets, and might accidentally get up a blaze. Others come up to the work like martyrs, fully resolved to trust to Providence under desperate circumstances. Which of these modes is the most proper is not the question now, because the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has put his veto on waltzing of every description. The reverend gentleman says persons, when waltzing, are very liable to entertain unholy thoughts. Now, inasmuch as Mr. Spurgeon was telling his experience, it must be taken as reliable testimony. And I would add my testimoney to his, and warn the kingdom of New Jersey in general and the rest of the world in particular, against the practice of kicking up their heels in time with the vibrations of catgut music.

I wish to warn others, because I am competent to do so. I have partaken of the forbidben fruit, and know the consequences by awful experience. I was led into it-forced I may say-by women; those witching imps, who have had their fingurs in every pie, since the first apple dumpling was made in the garden of Eden. 1 will tell the reader how it happened :

I am a native of the United States, and when I first dumped my dunnage in this kingdom I was innocently ignorant of all such things as surprise parties. Well, soon after casting anchor in NewBrunswick, I was led into the mysteries of a conformance that seduced me from the path of propriety, and brought One dark rainy night, after I was snug in bed, a faint rapping was heard at the front door. My wife opened the door, and in rushed eight ladies, and as many gentlemen accompanied by a dancing master, with a fine fiddle under his arm, and without as much saying "how's the folks ?" galloped into the parlor and made themselves perfectly at home. On hearing that the man of the house was in hed, one of the ladies entered the bed-room door and benevolently informed me that if I wanted any assistance about dressing, I could have it on short notice. Being naturally of a modest disposition, I declined the assistance of her ladyship, and got up and dressed myself. When I entered the parlor I was filled with amazement ; there stood eight couple hugging each her on the floor, and in one corner stood the fiddler, with his bow in his hand and the butt end of his fiddle under his chin. I lifted up my voice and says I : "Ladies and gentlemen, I am a member of an orthodox church in good standing." What I said after that was lost, tor, just at that point in my exhortation, the blasphemons fiddler began to pull the music ont of his fiddle, and away went the whole party around the room in the polka. I sat down perfectly resigned to my fate, whatever it might be, and, after contemplating the scene before me for a few minutes, I became satisfied on two or three points.

-mine had got mislaid-in the hope of finding something to guide my future course. As the devil, or the dancing master, would have and power of self-control under circumstances cient Philosophy, assumed that the idea, often it, 1 opened and read how David danced the fandango before the Ark of the Covenant, in | to their nature, and beyond the endurance of the streets of Jerusalem, and kicked so high a delicate physical organization. A striking that his wife was scandalized. I closed the book, smoked a penny cigar, and felt better.

After smoking a good spell, and meditating a spell longer, I began a conversation with myself, and says I: "Professor Snodgrass, if you keep on this way you will soon be a miserable old cuss, and your latter end will be too awful to think of." And then I entered into an agreement with myself to reform immediately, and for this purpose it seemed advisable to attend to the next ball, and strengthen my moral constitution by acting as an indifferent spectator, abstaining from all participation in

the deviltries of the occasion. The next ball soon came, and early in the evening I washed my face uncommon clean, and turned my cutwater in the direction of the ball. A goodly company was assembled, presenting a glorious opportunity for a man of taste to study the various ramifications of human and woman nature.

My eyes rested first on the splendid form and expressive face of Mary Fitzgerald. She was belle of the ball, beyond a peradventure. It was difficult to decide which fitted the best -her dress to her person, or her person to her dress. Each seemed made for the other. And I felt a throbbing sensation in the region of the gizzard when she moved through the cotillion with the graceful dignity and elegant ease of an eastern queen. Thinks I to myself : "What a shame it is that that magnificent girl is destined, in after life, to be burdened with the little cares and sorrows, and the little babies of this lower world. Next on the list stood Maria Oram, the fai-

ry humming bird of that galaxy of beauty. Her little feet, as they played on the floor, sent forth a soft melody that fell on my heart like drops of honey on a hot rock. The band played a waitz, and my friend Jake,

the dancing-master, disappeared in a cloud of imported muslin. While exploring for his whereabouts, I became mentally abstracted, and, while in a state of half-way-betweenity, I tumbled from the tower of moral rectitude into the middle of a "cheat and jig." I was somewhat oblivious till a young lady planted herself right before me and come the double pigeon wing. I held out my hands and she just touched them with the tips of her fingers -threw her body forward to an angle of forty-five degrees-and trotted around me in a circle of fifteen feet in diameter.

Before long another living specimen of the teminine gender appeared in front of my corporosity, and when I held out my hands to swing her, she just lifted her left cloow to a horizontal position, leaving her belt ribband exposed as much as to say: "The coast is clear, old hoss, if you want a genuine hug, wade in." into a hay-stack ? If you did, you can gather a feint idea of how I walked into the exposed territory of that lady's physical department. My arm circumnavigated her waist in the twinkling of a lamb's lateral appendage, and may be her skirts didn't crack before I restored her to the perpendicular. I am not responsible for what occurred after that, for I was as powerless to resist the current as a bobtailed gander going over Niagara Falls. I began to feel salubrious, and imagined myself at a carnival of the graces. Art and beauty joined hands in the nuptial ceremony and love and melody tumbled promiscuously in the frying-pan of delight. For three agonizing hours I drifted through a wilderness of flashing eyes, floating ringlets and fluttering netticoats. When the company went to supper, I found myself scattered all over the room. Hastily picking myself up, I went home-went to bed -- but didn't went to rest; for before I was half asleep I dreamed that I was on the other side of Jordan, doomed to waltz through purgatory with 'a partner four feet through the waist, and four feet six inches high. Nothing daunted I went on, and commenced kicking the bed clothes up to the ceiling, and the footboard out of the bedstead. Let the curtain fall, time rolled onward into eternity since that awful night, and many who drifted with me through the whirlpool of excitement have "gone home." That was my last ball; I have never been | preside at this extraordinary revel. to one since. I am older now than I was then ; there are frosty spots in the under-jaw department of time to study, in her quiet way, the figures my whiskers ; but to my everlasting weakness | and voices of the whole set. be it said, that if one of those institutions called woman, should look sweetly at me, within sound of an all-fired fiddle, I should fly off the handle. Perhaps the oldest inhabitants of New Brunswick have not forgotten Mary Fitzgerald, the belle of the ball. There were many others who flew over the floor of my last ball, who, perchance ere this, have suffered penance for the sin of dancing, while scouring dinner pots and spanking babies. I have written this veritable story neither in sorrow nor anger. And I recommend its course obliged to assent, and then they inperusal to all who have any relish for quiet rest and pleasant dreams. If any man has the hardihood to enter a ball room after reading this warning, let him bear in mind that the consequences, are on his own head ; my skirts are clear. That's all.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Females often possess presence of mind, of imminent peril, which seems almost foreign instarce of self command, by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexation of domestic cares, is Proetus and Scopus in architecture, Homer in given in Chamber's Journal of last month. We copy the adventure, presuming by way of explanation that the lady was the daughter of a rector residing in a quiet English country

village, and was upon the eve of marriage. The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding ; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late, long after all the hosehold had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, &c. She was consequently still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old She heard nothing but the singing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. Housebreakers were more myths in primitive Thyndon, and the bride-elect, without a caused by the fabled Basilisk, and that the thought of fear resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing

before her. She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper: "You are come," she said, "to rob us. My tions, were regarded as only fit for slaves, father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him .--Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly." Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels-not without a pang, for they were pre- middle ages, down to Kepler and Bacor cions love-gifts, remarking at the same time, time, while such men as Turner of England that two more masked ruffians stood at the Did you ever see a half-starved jackass walk and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go in- the rope ?" and others disputed long as to how to her father's room. She received a surly affirmative, "he wasn't a going to run a risk and leave half the tin behind !" She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying - 41 will bring you whatever you wish, and play false to you." The fellow consulted his to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage, and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied. The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below, but that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dinning room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows-eight in number when assembled-seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to They ate, drank, laughed and joked ; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had thus When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together, and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave away, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved. The leader approaching her, told that they did not wish to harm her-that she was "a jolly wench, reg'lar game," and they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give an alarm till nine or ten next day, when they should be off all safe. To this she was of sisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand. Alone, in the room, Adelaide, faint and exhansted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined : and Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid descriptions of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in indentifying and swearing to-the "three fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared-and with truth-that he owed his lifeto the self-possession and judgment of his eldest daughter. The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposion, on the part of the young heroine, to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams ; but time and change of residence soon effected its cure. A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asking him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that a lady when she asked him whether he believ-"he wouldn't be greedy-he'd take the smal-lest." There was "method in his madness." too many to believe in them."

### ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

Prof. Youmans, in a recent lecture on Anadvanced and entertained by many, that the ancients were wiser than the moderns, is unfounded and untrue. In literature, the fine arts, and speculative philosophy, it may be admitted, the ancients excelled. Appelles and Phidias in art, Demosthenes in oratory, Pericles in statesmanship, Euclid in mathematics, poetry, were stars of the first magnitude in the galaxy of genius; but in natural philosophy and useful arts, the ancients were deficient, ignorant, visionary, in the dark. Man, we may say, has two natures-an outward nature, by his association through the senses with the outward world, and the inward, ideal nature in the realm of mind. The earliest ancient philosophers, as mental children, were curious about the cause and origin of all things, and being without experience, continuously theorized upon such subjects. Thales insisted that water was the primary cause of all created things ; Anaximenes, that air was the original element of creation ; Heraclitus and Pythagoras, that all matter sprang into form and substance by fire; Empedocles and others maintained that there were four primary elements -earth, water, air, and fire. Some insisted that metals grew in mines as plants grow; they also argued that lightning was a bolt from Jupiter, to be prevented by prayers and sacrifices; that water rose in a tube void of air, because nature abhors a vacuum; with Empedocles and Plato, they thought that light proceeds originally from the eyes, and then is reflected back to them by the objects lighted ; they taught that eclipses are caused by a dragon swallowing the moon ; that death by carbonic acid gas, in deep wells or cells, was stars moved with the sun in separate spheres or epicycles, to the "music of the spheres. Thus the ancients continuously sought an elu-

cidation of the phenomena of the outer world by conjectures of their inner world of mind. Plato and others insisted that all outward objects, and observations or exercises of the senses, were positive obstructions to the growth and happiness of the soul, and that the body of man was a prison or dungeon to the mind. This doctrine led to the detestation, among philosophers, of material appliances, while discussions of verbal theories, syllogisms, and disputes and asceticism were alone worthy of philosophical considerations. This ideal philosophy, with its abhorrence of the flesh and the world, blended with the first espousal of Christianity and Paganism, and extended through the scholastic periods of the USE OF PORK AS FOOD.

The Scientific American having endorsed the opinion that "A fat hog is the very quintessence of scrofula and carbonic acid gas, and that fat pork was never designed for human food, making no red meat or muscle," etc., Dr. Holston, of Zanesville, who is one of the most intelligent physicians of Ohio, wrote to the Courier as follows :

A fat hog is truly the quintessence of scrot-ula, for scrofula in Greek is hog, and the derivative scrofulous means hogish. The disease scrofula was so called when medical science was in its infancy, from its supposed resemblance to some disease of the hog, and then the inference was easy, that eating the hog (scrofa) produced the hog-disease (scrofula.) It is well known, however, that our American Indians and the Hindoos, who never use pork, are liable to this disease ; and that in Europe it prevails chiefly among the lil-fed poor, who

hardly taste meat of any kind. Ou the other hand, the Chinaman and our own pioneers, who hardly eat any other flesh, are remarkably healthy and exempt from scrofula-a disease we have much more reason to suspect as originating long ago from hereditary taint of an unmentionable disease, favored by irregular living and poor diet.

In the South, from their sleek appearance and exemption from scrotula, you can at once distinguish the bacon-fed negro.

These examples may suffice on that head. Fat pork is not in any sense carbonic acid, but hydro-carbon, a combination of hydrogen and carbon. It becomes carbonic acid and water by combining with oxygen in the act of being burned or digested, which is much the same thing-giving off during those processes large amounts of heat and light.

It is true the fat of fat pork does not make blood or red flesh, though the lean which is always eaten also, does. It is as your article says truly, material for breath. Well, that is a good deal. It is supposed that if the wri-ter's breath had stopped five minutes before he took his pen, we should never have seen his article on fat pork.

But it does more. All the fat that goes into the stomach, and thence into the blood, does not undergo slow burning in the lungs by the process of breathing, but is deposited in the body as human fat. Now a certain amount of fat is so necessary for the proper play of all the parts, muscles included, that without it, the body, like an ungreased engine, wears itself out by its own friction. In consumption, the waste of fat is one alarming and most dangerous symptom, and the far famed cod-liver oil acts perhaps chiefly by supplying the blood with fat.

I am satisfied by experience that fat porkwhen the stomach will receive it-does just as scene without, he knew nothing. Moreover, few of those delicate sons that have so great an aversion to pork or other fat, ever live to see forty years. They die young of consumption. Butter, sugar, starch, vegetable oils, act to some extent as animal fat, and in tropical climates are used as substitutes. But go to the Arctic regions and see the refined Dr. Kane and his men deyour raw walrus blubber with gusto, as we would take a dish of ice cream, and you will conclude that "fat pork," particularly in our Arctic winters, is not so had an institution. We could not live on fat pork alone-nor on sugar and starch-though we could on bread. Bread, the staff of life, contains the materials both for breathing and making blood and red flesh (muscle) in a supereminent degree, greater even than lean beef or any other single article of food, and this, or some substitute, such as beans, peas, potatoes, etc., is always eaten with fat pork, so that there is a sufficient supply of blood and flesh-making material. However, excess is bad, and the fat pork must not constitute the bulk of a meal. Chemical analysis is a poor substitute for the observation of facts in the living body, nor can we even base very much on experiments made on Mr. Martin, the man with the road; the wonder was that agitated limbs hole in his stomach. by which food can he in- could move so fast, and here-there was the troduced and digestion observed, for that is child, living, unharmed, not a bone broken, not nature's way of getting it there, and a not quite recovered from its astonishment at stomach with such an unnatural opening is much like a leaky dinner-pot with a hole in the bottom stuffed with a rag. Extended experience alone can settle such a question. The Greeks and Romans esteemed pork as a luxury, and a most wholesome diet. Their athleta and gladiators (prize-fighters) were fed on pork. Our own Saxon (Teutonic Scandinavian) ancestors esteemed it so highly that they, even in their heaven, provided a great hog with golden bristles, called Gulliborstli, of whose bacon the heroes of Walhalla dined every day, when at night the picked bones again united and became covered with a fresh supply of fat pork. In this estimate of the hog the mass of mankind, not of the Shemitic race, (Jews, Turks, Arabs, &c.,) who follow Moses' law that had a spiritual and representative meaning, have in all ages agreed, and will agree, as long as man has canine teeth, and lives by drawing his breath. Whenever the Scientific American or Prof. Liebig will discover a new process of living without breathing, we may be guided by their opinion ; till then, I opine, "good corn-fed pork," (and no other is good) will rule the roast, of which they will themselves not be slow to partake. My remarks are of course only applicable to men, women and children with comparatively healthy stomachs, who have sufficient exer-

### THE BRAVE ENGINEER.

At the station in Syracuse, N. Y., there is assigned to Mr. Glenn the duty of arranging each day to which of the engines the several tra ins are to be assigned, so that as the hour of departure for each comes, the engine will be in readiness to take its burthen.

He was for a number of years an engineer in active service, distinguished for courage and prompt resolution. There are some instances of this, which by their incidents ought not to be omitted from the roll of the truly brave deeds done by men.

He was at his bar, his engine careering on with the speed that only steam's strength can give, the road was clear, the busy wheels kept their regular roll, the huge drivers beneath his seat made swift circling, and they who in the cars were borne onward, knew no obstacle in their journey. Everything moved on according to the card, and they who were by the roadside found the cat marking by its passage fhe moment as accurately as if it was the hand of a great dial. Suddenly he discovered a small object near the rail. The human vision grows sharp beyond the optician's art in such an instant. The object moved, assumed form, became only too apparent. It was a little girl

playing with the dirt between the ralls. One may in the race pull the blooded horse to his haunches and in a brief space control his movement; that springing muscle has but a light weight to control; the backward paddle soon changes the course of the steamer ; but this huge engine, with its rather rush than roll, ponderous, powerful, in earnest in its motion that it must have great space of change, how shall this stop before it shall crush out of all form of life the feeble child ? The play with the soil is of such importance that the little one does not hear the roar of the wheels, or if it does, it is the child of a cabin proximate to the rail, and the sound is a familian one-it continues its play, and nearer by an advance that is the very step of death, the train comes toward it. Mr. Glenn determined in a test accuracy of judgment that his train could not stop in time ! What if it was checked, and the speed that was measuring the mile by the very few minutes, diminished, the deathblow by the swifter would be the more mercifuldestruction was certain-the little one must meet the force that would crush it from the record of the living, and its play went on as if it were at its mother's feet.

The brave man read the realities of the scene in an instant! He left his bar! The fireman's heart forgot to beat; as for the passengers, they were acting out the every day scenes of a common-place peaceable journey ; perhaps the checked speed caused somebody to lay down his newspaper; of the intense

He left his bar, and walked firmly over the

First, I was satisfied that the fiddler was a very good player.

Secondly, I was satisfied that the dancers kept very good time.

Thirdly and lastly, I was satisfied that those eight young ladies, in beauty and gracefulness could not be surpassed by any equal number that ever rattled crinoline over the floor of a dancing room.

And there I sat exposed to the fire of a battery that was demolishing the ramparts behind which I had found protection thro' a long and very exemplary life. When I was sufficiently fascinated by the artistic evolutions of the dance, one of the ladies walked up to me with, "Dance in the polka, sir ?" at the same time extending a hand that was too tempting to be let alone.

I shall never blame Adam again for eating that apple that upset all creation, for I believe that Mrs. Eve danced the polka or the Highland Fling just before she offered it to him. And I appeal to the masculine reader to know what he would have done it he had been Adam or Professor Snodgrass. Only think of it. There stood a lady right before me, looking at me with a pair of black eyes that must have seen the wall right through me, and asking me to dance. It's no use to tell me what I should have done. It's too late for that; but I ask any man who aspires to the politeness of a baboon what he would have done in my case.

I remember well what I did ; I got up and " sailed out." Sometimes I trod on my partner's toes, and sometimes I didn't; when she was hopping up I was hopping down; but if I tried to stop she declared I was a first rate polker, and away we went again. Before midnight every lady in the party had thrashed out a flooring with me, and after they had departed my wife put on her spectacles and took a long look at me, before she could believe that I was the chap that used to wear such a long face at sermon time.

Such was the beginning of troubles that would have set Job to swearing like a pirate.

I have been within half an inch of fifty cowhidings for dancing with other men's partners without leave, which is contrary to the rules of this kingdom, women being considered a chattel at public dancing parties.

I look back now at the exciting scenes thro' which I have passed, and wonder that I am alive. Fifty times I vowed never to lift a foot again to the music of an infernal fiddle, and yet I attended no less than two hundred balls and soirces in two years. One night I went to a revival, and the words of the minister had such an effect on me that I borrowed a Bible

A BALD EAGLE FROZEN TO THE ICE .--- Several days ago a large Bald Eagle caught a Wild Duck in the river Susquehanna, opposite Duncannon, carried it to a cake of ice which had lodged on a rock, and commenced a feast. During the operation, ft is supposed that being wet, his feet and feathers, from the intense cold, froze fast to the ice; and being unable to extricate himself, perished. He was seen flapping his wings until dark. There was a desire to capture the great "American," but he could not be approached on account of the great mass of floating ice between him and the shore.

A few days ago two little girls, Lucy Long, a white child six years old, and Maria, a slave, ten years old, were playing together at Hickman, Ky., when a brother of the white child whipped the colored girl, who, in revenge, struck Lucy with a billet of wood. Of this blow Lucy subsequently died, and Maria, the littl · slave, has been convicted of involuntary manslaughter, but recommended to the clemency of the Governor, in consequence of being only 10 years old.

Cabbage contains more muscle sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever-

(or Thomas Aquinas ?) inquired "if a hog is half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case led to market with a rope round his neck, and a man holding it, is the hog or the man led by many angels could dance on the point of a needle without crowding. This theoretic, ideal, mystic system of philosophy even prevailed, in some departments, to about the middle of the eighteenth century, up to which you may guard me thither, and kill me if I time the people and even the physicians themselves, believed that scrofula or the "King's comrades, and after a short parley they agreed | Evil" could be cured only by the touch of a

king on the patient.

HOW CAN HENS BEST BE KEPT SO AS TO PRO-CURE EGGS IN WINTER ?-Build a commodious hen-house upon some plan, only that there be a roosting apartment, a place for feeding, with boxes for nests. A good plan is to build in the shape of a parrellelogram, with the roosting place across one end. The central portion can be used for feeding, the boxes for nests being placed around the sides of the building. with a small place between them and the wall that the hens may enter the nests on that side. Baild the house either of stone, wood or oth-

er material, as may be thought best ; but let it be warm and comfortable in the coldest weather, and so made that it can be well ventilated. Procure some of the large Asiatic breeds, as they will lay in winter when the common varieties will not, with the same treatment. But the person who expects his hens to lay much in summer, after laying all winter, will be disappointed. Give them as great a variety of food as possible, such as corn, buckwheat, oats, barley, &c., with pure water daily. Give them fresh meat once or twice a week, or oftener, if convenient, with an occasional feed of boiled potatoes or apples. In short, make their feed as near as possible what it is in summer, and don't forget to give them a free supply of oyster shells pounded fine, or lime and sand. Mix lime and sand as for plastering a house, let it dry and place a box filled with it in one corner of the

hen-house, and it is surprising how fast it will disappear. Hens will lay some in winter without being to all this trouble; but they must have good, comfortable quarters. There are other advantages from having a good henhouse aside from hens laying in winter. Two or three wagon loads of good home-made guano, every year, will soon pay the expense and help to raise corn to feed them. And then, again, fresh meat cannot always be procured. They will lay if they have plenty of corn ; and as this contains a large portion of oil or fat, it may perhaps be substituted for

meat to some extent.-Lor. Genesee Farmer.

LAMB ON THE LIVER .- Charles Lamb, tho not holding a physician's credentials has given a better bit of medical advice on the liver complaint than is to be found in the whole range of professional books on the subject-Hear him : "You are too apprehensive of your complaint. The best way in these cases is to keep yourself as ignorant as the world was before Galen of the entire construction of the animal man; not to be conscions of a midriff; to hold kidneys to be an agreeable fiction ; to account the circulation of the blood an idle whim of Harvey's; to acknowledge no mechanism not visible. For, once fix the seat of your disorder, and your fancies flux into it like bad humors. Above all, take exercise, and avoid tampering with the hard terms of art. Desks are not deadly. It is the mind,

and not the limbs that taints by long sitting. Think of the patience of the tailors ; think how long the Lord Chancellor sits : think of the brooding hen."

There is more meaning and philosophy than at first sight appears in Coleridge's answer to

## cise, with pure air and pure water.

A whistling match lately came off at Mokeumne hill. Two whistlers commenced at half past nine o'clock in the evening, and kept it up till ten minutes of two the next morn ing, when one of them caved in, and was forced to stretch his mouth into all sorts of shapes to get the pucker taken out of it. He allowed his lips folt like as if they was the toe of an old boot with a hole it.

#### "He is a very unfortunate man," said Dr. Spooner, speaking of a gentleman whose illluck is proverbial; "and I really believe, if he should fail on his back, that he would break

When Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal King of the Jews in Palestine-"Oh, no," said he, "I would rather be Jew of the Kings than King of the Jews."

#### The oyster trade of Baltimore last year amounted to \$1,000,000, and employed 750 persons. Over 3,000,000 bushels were received in the city.

The lady whose heart swelled with indignation has reduced it with poultices.

top of the locomotive over the boiler, past the smoke stack, he climbed over the front and down the step like framework of the pilot, and grasping that with a desperate strength, he leaned over ! the bars of iron seemed to glide dizzily away beneath him, and now the struggle for the child was one between death and bravery, and as ever in this mortal time, the King of Terrors seemed to have all the might in his skeleton hand. He leaned over ! be reached forward !--- and at that instant, at that period of time, (moment is too long a word to express this) as the cruel edges of the pilot was about to crush the little one, he, not the locomotive, struck the child; if ever there was a bold love touch this was one; and the child laid between the ties !-- and on the fast train daried. Then down went the brakes, the strong arm of the brakesman strained the wheel lever to crowd the delaying surface against the speed ; then passengers aroused to find the train coming to a balt, while neither station nor tank was near; then this brave man trod his locomotive top back again, and as soon as the power of the advance could be subdued, jumped from his fron step and ran down the the lifegiving blow which had turned aside the dart of death.

Restored to its parents, who thronged around its deliverer, the little one too young to realize that it had quivered on the very verge of another world, was taken home, Mr. Glenn returned to his engine, and the locomo tive careered to its grand progress with not a stain of blood upon its burnished metal.

And is not this the record of the deed of the highest order of bravery, the courage that saves life ?

GENERAL JACKSON'S DUEL .- The following is General Jackson's own account of the duel between Dickenson and himself.

Jackson settled at Nashville between the years 1790 and 1800, and began the practice of law. Dickenson was already there following the same profession. He was a great duelist, having killed several in duels, and almost cer tain to kill at the first fire. His mode of firing was uncommon. Instead of raising his pistol from his side to fire at the word, he would bring it down from shove until he got it to the proper level, and then fire. Ail the merchants in Nashville had Dickenson retained in their behalf, and he being the only lawyer there until Jackson came, no redress could be obtained by the opposite side. General Jackson refused to be retained by these merchants to the exclusion of all other parties. The consequence was that he issued sixty writs for the irst term of the Court in Nashville.

"He issued writs against the merchants who ntil then, had gone scot free. This irritated them, and they being desirons of getting Gen. Jackson out of the way, incited Dickenson to provoke a duel. He began by acting on trials, flensive to the General. He remonstrated with Dickenson, and plainly told him that he would not submit to such disrespectful treatment. Dickenson persisted and Gen. Jackson challenged him. The time and place for the combat was fixed upon, and the news spread for miles around. There were at least two thousand persons on the ground, and bets were made as if it were a horse race.

Dickenson himself bet he would kill Jack son at the first fire. Dickenson fired first, and his ball hit Jackson on the right pap and peal ed his breast. He had a callous lump there until the day of his death. As soon as the smoke of Dickenson's pistol blew sway, he saw General Jackson standing, and exclaimed "Havn't I killed the d-d rascal yet ?" Gen. Jackson told Gen. Eaton that until then he meant to give him his life, but on hearing these words, he raised his pistol, fired, and kill led Dickenson instantiv.

his nose." Shouldn't wonder if he did.