

# M'KEAN COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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## M'kean County Democrat.

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## Business Directory.

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- B. F. WRIGHT,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Family Groceries, Pork, Flour, Salt, Food, Boots and Shoes, &c., &c. Store in the Astor House Block, Smethport, Pa.
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- POBES HOUSE,**  
Fronting the Public Square, Oleg. N. Y. James M. Miller, Proprietor. The Pobes House is entirely new and built of brick, and is furnished in modern style. The proprietor invites his accommodations are not surpassed by any hotel in Western New York. Carriages run to and from the New York and Erie Railroad. 35-47.
- BYRON D. HAMLIN,**  
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- GREEN'S HOTEL,**  
D. A. Watson, Proprietor, at Kinzua, Warren County, Pa. His Table will be supplied with the best of the country affords, and he opens no pains to accommodate his guests.
- E. BOUGHTON EDLED,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean County, Pa. Business entrusted to his care for the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk will be promptly attended to. Office in the Court House, second floor.
- DR. L. B. WISNER,**  
Physician and Surgeon, Smethport, Pa., will attend to all professional calls with promptness. Office in Sartwell Block, second floor.
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Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crochery, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.
- BENNETT HOUSE,**  
Smethport, M'Kean Co., Pa. D. R. BRANNETT, Proprietor, opposite the Court House. A new, large, commodious and well-furnished house.
- JOHN C. BACKUS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, M'Kean Co. Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession in the counties of M'Kean, Potter and Elk. Office over O. B. Sartwell & Brothers' Store.
- HACKNEY HOUSE,**  
Corner of Second and Liberty streets, Warren, Pa. R. A. Hanson, Proprietor. Travelers will find good accommodations and reasonable charges.
- E. S. MASON,**  
Dealer in Stoves, Iron Ware, Japanese Ware, &c., west side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa. Custom work done to order on the shortest notice, and in the most substantial manner.
- W. S. BROWNELL,**  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crochery, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Glass, Nails, Oils, &c., &c. East side of the Public Square, Smethport, Pa.
- A. J. OTTO,**  
Dealer in Provisions and Family Groceries generally, at Farmers Valley, M'Kean Co., Pa. Grain, Lumber, Shingles, &c., in exchange for Goods. Patent Medicines for sale.
- LARABEE'S HOTEL,**  
R. LARABEE, Proprietor, - Allegheny Bridge, M'Kean Co. Pa. This hotel is situated about nine miles from Smethport on the road to Olean, and will be found a convenient stopping-place.
- EMPORIUM HOUSE,**  
Shippin, M'Kean Co., Pa. LEONARD CONNOR, Proprietor. A commodious and well-furnished house. Strangers and travelers will find good accommodations.
- FARMERS' VALLEY HOTEL,**  
W. T. GOOSWORTHY, Proprietor. This hotel is situated about five miles from Smethport on the road to Olean. Pleasure parties and others can be accommodated on the shortest notice.
- ELDRID HALF-WAY HOUSE,**  
WAYNE DENNIS, Proprietor. This house is situated half-way between Smethport and Olean. If you want a good dinner this is the place to stop.
- GHORDIS CORWIN,**  
Proprietor of the Great Mill, at Mechanicsburg, M'Kean County Pa. Flour, Meal, and Feed, constantly on hand and for sale in large and small quantities.
- RAILROAD HOUSE,**  
O. OPERASSEN, Proprietor, Norwika, M'Kean Co. Pa. Good accommodations can be had there at all times.
- PORT ALLEGANY HOUSE,**  
EMORY B. DOLLEY, Proprietor, at Port Allegany, M'Kean County Pa. This Hotel is situated at the junction of the Smethport and Allegany River roads, nine miles east of Smethport.

## ASTOR HOUSE,

SMETHPORT, M'KEAN Co., Pa.  
**WM. HASKELL** Proprietor.  
The Proprietor having recently purchased and thoroughly repaired the Astor House, desires to inform his friends that he can furnish as good accommodations as any hotel in Western Pennsylvania.

## From Bur's Dictionary of Love. BONNIE BELL.

Like two roses crushed in snow  
Are the cheeks of Bonnie Bell;  
Like the violets that grow  
Among the daisies in the dell  
Are her eyes—the stars of night  
Ne'er a mortal heart did swell  
With such pure and fond delight  
As the eyes of Bonnie Bell.

Music trembles on the lip  
Of the fair Bonnie Bell;  
Oh! I'd give such sweets to slip,  
Wealth that Ceres ne'er could tell;  
I would coin my brain and soul,  
Could the mintage buy a spell  
That would waft me to my goal  
With and win me Bonnie Bell!

As the sound of silver fine,  
Is the voice of Bonnie Bell;  
With like bubbles on the wine,  
Pure as pearls in ocean shell,  
Sparkle through her golden theme;  
Joyful as a marriage bell!  
I could give adown life's stream  
In one boat with Bonnie Bell.

## THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

John Taylor was licensed when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar of ——. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed of extraordinary genius. The graces of his person, combined with the superiority of his intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty.

Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of that city, to go on a mission as land agent to the West. As a heavy salary was offered, he bade farewell to his wife and son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed, when the husband received a letter from his employer that explained all.

Shortly after his departure from the West the wife and her father returned to Mississippi. Then she immediately obtained a divorce by act of the Legislature, married again forthwith and to complete the climax of her cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to that of Marks—that of her second matrimonial partner.

This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that moment became eccentric in the first degree—sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar, until at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

The following is an account of one of his efforts at the bar.

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. Save in the war times, there had never been witnessed so large a gathering in the Red River country, while the strong feeling apparent in every face will sufficiently explain the matter following:

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men in Northern Texas, off red a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his principal overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellison's house, and shot him in his own door.

The murderer was arrested, and hailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which was first violently against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character and standing of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrongs at his hands.

She brought suit for slander. And thus two cases—one criminal and the other civil, and both out of the same tragedy, were pending at the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, each by enormous fees, had been retained by Hopkins for defense.

The trial of indictment for murder concluded on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might have been well foreseen, comparing the talents of the counsel engaged on either side.

The Texas lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the arguments and eloquence of their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement. And what seemed strange, the current of public opinion now run decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. Indeed so triumphant had been the success on the previous day that, when the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney.—All had withdrawn.

The pigmy pettifoggers dare not brave the sharp wit of Pike, and the scathing thunder of Prentiss.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest of the crowd and situated behind the bar.

At the tone of that voice many started half from their seats, and perhaps there was not a heart in the intense throng that did not beat somewhat quicker—it was so unearthly sweet, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure that no person present remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar.

His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphynx itself. His high, pale brow, and his small, nervously twitching face seemed active with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looking dim, dreamy, almost unconscious, and his clothing was so shabby that the court almost hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on your rolls," answered the stranger, his thin lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed by the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment.

The trial immediately went on. In the examination of the witnesses the stranger evinced very little ingenuity as commonly thought.—He suffered each one to tell their own story, without interruption, though he generally managed to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross questions, which with keen witnesses only served to correct mistakes, and he made no notes, which, in mighty memories only tend to embarrass.

The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff, he had a right to the opening as well as the closing speech; but to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former, and allowed the defense to lead off.

Then a shadow might have been seen to fit across the features of Pike, and to darken the bright eyes of Prentiss. They saw that they had "caught a Tartar," but who it was or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a diabolical dose of dry logic which years afterward rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike, followed with a vein of wit, and a half torrent of ridicule, in which neither the plaintiff nor her ragged attorney were forgotten or spared.

The great Prentiss concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words, brilliant as a shower of falling stars, and with bursts of oratory that brought the house down in cheers, in which even the sworn jury themselves joined notwithstanding the stern order of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the Southern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still, and straight, and motionless in his seat, his pale, smooth forehead shooting high like a mountain cone of snow, and but for that continued twitch that came and went perpetually in his face, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim, dreary eyes were invisible beneath those gray shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony fingers. With eyes half shut, and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curled as if in measureless scorn, slightly apart, and the sound came forth.

At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself into the brain, as an artless tune winding its way into the deepest recesses of the heart like the melody of a magic incantation, while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least signal of excitement, to tear to pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away at his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once brief, and so luminously clear, the rudest peasant could comprehend it without an effort.

Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lips grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open—dim and dreary no longer; but vivid as lightning; red as fire globes, as glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eye, the full heart streamed out of his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed like foam of folly, and his finest satire horrible profanity when compared with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasm of the stranger, interspersed with jests and anecdotes that filled the forum with laughter.

Then, without so much as bestowing an allusion upon either of the eminent names of the juried witnesses of Hopkins; tore their testimony into atoms, and buried into their faces invectives that made them all tremble as with ague, and two of them actually fled from the Court House.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger. He inspired them with the power of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was the sun and sea of

all thought and emotion, which rose and fell, and toiled in the billow as he chose. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance furitively at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off hope of escape.

He piled up large bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug between the murderer and slanderer's feet, ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no secrets of ingenuity evade; and thus having, as one might say, impounded his victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision most glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions before graceful as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane.

His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools; deafening the air with the crashes of power, and yet intermingling all the while with a sweet undertone of the softest cadence. His face was as red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunder bolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noon-day, when shining on such an accursed monster, and then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, he fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till all wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He advised the panel after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God.

This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury rendered a verdict of twenty thousand dollars, and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers, and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the public with the announcement—John Taylor will preach this evening at early candle light.

The crowd all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled if it did not surpass the splendor of his forensic effort. This is not exaggerated. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng and Bacon—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain—and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And that is the opinion of all who have heard this marvellous man.

## From the Scientific American. IMPORTANT HINTS ON VENTILATION.

BY E. M. RICHARDS, G. E.

Having glanced at the prevalence of bad air and the evil consequences that always follow its habitual inhalation, the means whereby we may protect ourselves from it are now to be considered. The theory of the whole thing is simple enough: the vitiated air must be removed as fast as produced, and pure air introduced (without intermixture) to supply its place.—The practice, however, requires some little care. It may be here stated that winter is the season in which people suffer most from defective ventilation, as the external cold makes them carefully close all apertures in their rooms; while, on the contrary, in the summer the heat obliges them to open them all. But ventilation is more easily effected during cold weather. We must be careful not to confound pure air with cold, or warm air with foul; this is a very common mistake, and a very dangerous one too, for warm air may be quite pure, and cold air just the reverse.

To obtain proper reliable ventilation, it will not do to trust to the doors, windows, or fireplaces (should these latter exist) of our apartments; the first are for ingress and egress, the second to transmit light, and the last to pass the products of combustion from the fire into the open air. No doubt, in the absence of any better means, the rooms may be kept in a tolerably wholesome condition by the free use of doors and windows, but not in such a perfect, pleasant or economical manner as when proper apparatus is used to secure the result. As before stated, the breath exhaled from the lungs, being heated, rises rapidly to the highest portion of the room, where, if means for its exit are provided, it will at once (in most conditions of the atmosphere) pass out into the open air; but if, as is the case in most buildings, public or private, there is no foul air escape near the ceiling, the heated portion of air under consideration remains a short time suspended aloft; then, as it becomes cooler, it descends lower and lower, still at last it mingles with the air near the level of the mouths of the occupants of the apartment. Should there be an open fireplace, the foul air, having descended from the ceiling, generally escapes in great part up the chimney; having first come below the level of the mouth, even of a seated person. This fact is especially to be noted, as showing that an open fire-place very indifferently supplies the place of a regular foul air escape. Some of it may also in certain states of the external atmosphere, pass out at the crevices under the tops of the windows and the top of the door, supposing them to be closed, as they generally are in winter; but if they are open, of course the case is not so bad. Now, to supply the place of this out-passing vitiated air, fresh air usually comes in through any cracks or openings that it can find at or near the level of the floor; and in cold weather, if there is a fire burning in the apartment, the external air will pour in at any opening it can find, high or low. It is evident, that, under these circumstances, the incoming fresh and out-going foul air become more or less intermingled; and that it is impossible for the inmates to breathe any but a partially impure element. Opening the windows in winter, though preferable to being poisoned with noxious gases, is objectionable, as it causes sudden drafts of very cold air, and thus may injure invalids; besides being unpleasant to those in robust health; and, moreover, it only somewhat remedies the evil. In cases where there are no fire-places, if it were possible to construct rooms perfectly air-tight (and the best mechanics always leave their work the freest from flaws and cracks); there could be no incoming or out-going draft in a chamber of this kind; in a very little time it would be impossible to exist, so rapidly would the noxious gases accumulate. It thus appears that, for the ability to remain in such a room without absolute and immediate danger to life, we have to thank the bad joints, crevices and holes left about windows and doors by the defective work of the house-carpenter. Certainly, we of the nineteenth century have not much reason to boast of our advances in the art of house-building, when we thus construct our dwellings. It is not many centuries since there was no chimney to the abodes of the great and wealthy; a huge fire was kindled in the middle of the large room where the baron and his family lived, the smoke and soot from which fire was allowed to make its escape in the best way it could through an aperture contrived in the roof.—The discomforts of an apartment thus warmed can hardly be over-rated. We may perhaps laugh at the rude habits, and the little knowledge of "household science" that could tolerate such a state of things; quite forgetting that we are just as far behind, in not providing for the exit of the poisonous products of respiration. If we have improved on our forefathers in one respect, we have gone back in another; for the aforementioned opening in the roof, though inferior to the modern chimney for passing the smoke, provided a much better outlet for the other exhalations of the spacious hall below.

ROSTROMOUS PRACTICE.—Old Mr. Scudge dies, and after his lamented decease a will is found in his strong box, bequeathing to Emily Woodbine, the belle of the village, beloved by Harry Honeyuckle, and loving him in return, an annuity of thirty thousand a year during her life, so long as she shall remain single and unmarried; the whole legacy, principal and interest, in the event of her marriage, to go to the Asylum of Idiots.

SENSIBLE.—High-topped and thick-soled boots are worn by fashionable ladies this winter. A sensible fashion, and one whose universal adoption would show a gratifying decrease in the list of deaths from consumption.

EXALTATION OF THE GALLOW.—There seems to be no limit to the moral obliquity with which Republicanism is disposed to regard Brown's Virginia massacre. From Gray to Fred Douglas—black spirits and white; blue spirits and gray—all are in full scribble; trying to prove an assassin better fitted for Heaven than any man who has died in "eighteen centuries."

According to their interpretation, the Christian world has been wrong for a very long time; and recent discoveries warrant the belief, that the shortest and surest way to eternal happiness, is to commit murder, and step from the gallows into "the embrace of angels."

Let the argument be backed by quotations from the columns of the New York Tribune:—"While the responsive heart of the North has been substantially sympathizing with the one whom they admire, and venerate, and love, the great soul itself has passed away into eternal heavens. During the eighteen centuries which have passed, no such character has appeared among men. The galleries of the resounding ages echo with no foot-fall mightier than the martyr of to-day. He has gone. Efforts to save him were fruitless. Prayers were unavailing. He stood before his murderers defiantly, asking no mercy."

"Bewildered not, and daunted not, the shifting scenes of life's drama, at last, brought to him neither regrets nor forebodings. Having finished the work which God had given him to do, this apostle of a new dispensation, in imitation of the Divine, received with fortitude his baptism of blood. And thus, beholding the heavens opened and Jesus standing at the right hand of the throne of God, this last of Christian Martyrs stepped proudly and calmly upon the scaffold, and thence appeared into the embrace of Angels, and into the general Assembly and church at the first bar, whose names are written in heaven."

"How delightful the vision of Immortality, when tinged with the blood of a sinner of victims! And the gallow! what a fine idea is conveyed—encouraging to minor culprits, in making that a final stepping stone to future rewards! Charming! It is to be hoped that competition for death on the gallows will not make that article 'higher' in the market, notwithstanding its merits are so widely advertised in Republican papers.—Albany Atlas & Argus."

FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and a-half pounds of good salt, one half pound of sugar, and half an ounce saltpeter to be increased in this ratio to any quantity to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold, cut the hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the ham. It will be necessary, perhaps, to add a little salt on top of the ham sometimes, if they are very large, they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much, as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, and but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top, and the ham should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never failed to keep hams sweet.

VARIETY IN THE FOOD OF ANIMALS.—No man is contented with the same dish for dinner every day, neither will he thrive as well for confining himself to one article of diet, however wholesome it may be. The Creator has provided a constant variety of ripening fruit and grain to correspond with man's desire for change. Animals have the same want and to some extent the same provision. The ox ranges over the field to find out different varieties of grass. Animals in the yard will never refuse their pick to pick out something different from their accustomed food. The pig turns from his regular meal of corn to root for nuts, bulbs, and other fit-bits. These facts should be kept in mind in the winter care of stock.

An alternation of roots, cut feed, oil meal, etc., with an occasional treat of green and shorts, will please their palates, keep up their appetite, promote digestion and general thrift. Hogs as well as other animals need such a change. The sweepings of the barn, with clover heads, seeds, bits of hay, straw, etc., should be thrown into the pen, where they will be eagerly devoured, and will contribute not a little to the health as well as the comfort of the animals.

A GOOD FARMER IN A NEIGHBORHOOD.—In looking over some recent remarks by Hon. Z. Pratt, on taking the chair at the formation of the Prattville Farmers' Club, we find the following suggestive paragraph:—"A good farmer in a neighborhood is a great blessing, and let him go to what mill or meeting he likes, his mode of farming and his improvements will be adopted." This is very true, and it is encouraging to every one who is trying to bring about a better husbandry on his own farm, and about those who are, and are to be, his neighbors and companions. Whatever may be a man's political opinion, or his personal preferences, if his example be good, if he show on his own farm better tillage, better crops, better animals, and better profits, his methods will be looked into by those who know him, and will be imitated; and thus improvement will go forth.

An old clock was knocked down at an auction in Brooklyn last Friday for fifty cents. The purchaser vanished it, up and afterward sold it for ten dollars. The second purchaser took it apart, to put it in running order, when he noticed that a looking glass inside was cracked, and on removing it for the purpose of putting a new glass, he was astonished to find behind it the sum of \$3,000 in British money. It is expected there will be a great demand for old clocks in future.

An Irish paragon recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should be applied to all ships and vessels about, except steamers and men of war.