

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

Vol. XI, No. 10.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., MARCH 26, 1846.

Whole No. 630

Published by  
**JAMES CLARK.**

### TERMS.

The "Journal" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50.  
No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrears are paid.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

V. B. PALMER, Esq., is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, to procure subscriptions and advertisements in Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Boston.

### OFFICES:

Philadelphia—Number 59 Pine street.  
Baltimore—S. E. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets.  
New York—Number 160 Nassau street.  
Boston—Number 16 State street.

### Bargains! Bargains!! SELLING OFF AT COST!!

**WILLIAM STEWART,**  
HUNTINGDON, being desirous to retire from the mercantile business on account of the delicate state of his health, offers his large and entire stock for sale at cost and carriage! A reasonable credit will be given to those who will purchase over twenty dollars worth.

To any person or persons wishing to engage in the aforesaid business, the subscriber would prefer to dispose of his stock wholesale. He would also rent his store room, which is good and convenient a business stand as there is in the borough of Huntingdon. His stock is of entire fresh goods and the latest arrivals from the city, consisting of

### Dry Goods,

such as Cassimers, Satinets, road Cloths, Silks, Mouslin de Laines, Calicoes, Brown and Bleached Muslins, Woolen Shawls, Silk, Gingham and Linen handkerchiefs, of all different qualities. Also, an assortment of Hosiery and a very large assortment of

### Boots and Shoes.

of all kinds and quality. Also, a large assortment of  
**Quensware and Hardware,**  
of the newest and most approved styles. Also, a large and carefully selected assortment of all kinds of

### Groceries,

in short, the subscriber is supplied with all the variety belonging to store-keeping, the particulars of which are too tedious to mention.  
Horses, or any kind of grain or lumber, will be taken in exchange for goods, at cash prices. Any person wishing any further information, will please call upon the subscriber.  
Huntingdon, Jan. 7, 1845.

N. B.—A large lot of the best quality of LIQUORS, consisting of Brandy, Gin and Wine, and also a large lot of the same at other prices to suit purchasers, will be sold in exchange for country produce.

NOTICE.—Those who have unsettled accounts on the books of the subscriber, will please settle them soon, or they will find them in the hands of the proper officer for collection.  
WM STEWART,  
Jan. 7, 1845.

### WOOLLEN MANUFACTORY.

The subscriber respectfully inform his friends and the public in general, that he is prepared to manufacture cloths, satinetts, flannels, blankets, carpeting, &c., at the well known establishment, formerly occupied by Jeremiah Whitehead, situated in the town of Williamsburg, Huntingdon co. Pa. His machinery will be in good order, and having none but good workmen in his employ, he will assure all who may favor him with their custom that their orders will be executed in a satisfactory style on the shortest notice.

### TERMS:

He will card wool into rolls at the low price of 6 1/2 cents per pound; card and spin 12 cents per pound, 16 cents per pound; manufacture white flannel from fleece, 3 1/2 cents per yard; manufacture brown flannel from fleece, 40 cents per yard; he will find satinet warp and manufacture satinetts of all dark colors at 45 cents per yard; cloths 1/2 yard, 50 cents per yard; common broad cloth, \$1 25 per yard; blankets, \$3 per pair; plain girthing carpet, 50 cents per yard; he will card, spin, double and twist stocking yarn at 20 cents per pound; coloring carpet, coverlet and stocking yarn, from 15 to 31 cents per pound.

### Country Furling.

Cloths of all dark colors, 22 cents per yard; flannels, 8 1/2 cents per yard; blankets, 7 cents per yard; home dye flannels 6 1/2 cents per yard; home dye cloths, 16 cents per yard. Arrangements have been made at the following places, where cloths and wool will be taken and returned every two weeks.  
At the house of John Nail, Hartsgol Valley; Jacob M'Gahan, M'Connellstown; J. Entekin's store, Coffee Run; John Givin's store, Leonard Weaver, Jacob Cypress and Matthew Garner, Woodcock Valley; Gemmel & Porter's store, Alexandria; Walter Graham's store, Canoe Valley; Dysart's Mill, Sinking Valley; Davis Brook's Mill, Blair township; James Candron's store, Frankstown; Geo. Steiner's store, Water-street; James Saxton's store, Huntingdon.  
Persons wishing to exchange wool for manufactured stuffs can be accommodated.  
All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for work.  
WILLIAM BUCHANAN,  
127th Philadelphia Ave. 27, 1845.

### PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale at the Court House in the borough of Huntingdon, on Wednesday of the April Court, being the 15th day of April next—

A Debt and certificate thereof, of the Huntingdon, Cambria and Indiana turnpike Road Company, due to Christian Garber, dec'd, amounting to Seven thousand, One hundred and Nineteen Dollars and Eighty-five cents, with interest thereon from the 11th of January 1841. About one half of the interest has been paid yearly by John S. Isett, Esq., Sequestrator of said Road &c.

ALSO—A debt due by said company to Garber & Dorris, amounting to Nineteen hundred and Ninety-seven dollars and thirty-four cents, with interest thereon from the 10th day of January 1841, which interest has been paid in part, as above, &c.

There are several houses and lots of ground in the Borough of Hollidaysburg, and several lots of ground in Frankstown, belonging to the estate of Christian Garber, dec'd, which will be sold at private sale, as soon as a liberal offer is made for them. The lots in Frankstown front on the turnpike road on Main street, and extend across the canal, they adjoin each other and lay principally on the North and West of the lock, and are the only convenient lots in that town where wharves could be built on the Canal.

### WILLIAM DORRIS,

Ex'r. of C. Garber, dec'd.  
Huntingdon, Feb. 11, 1846.

### LEATHER, MOROCCO AND FINDING STORE.

No. 29, North 2nd street, Harrisburg.  
THE subscriber respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon and neighboring counties, that he still continues to carry on the above business in all its branches, all of the best quality, and as low as can be bought anywhere, for Cash.

His stock consists partly of Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calfskins, water proof, Harness, Bridle, &c. &c.  
Men's Morocco, Women's Straights, Kid, Bindings, Linings, &c. &c.

Shoe-thread, wholesale or retail, sparables, glass-paper, boot-cord, bristles, spot web, cork soles, lacers, awl blades, knives, hammers, awl hafts, brushes, colts, sick bones, files, rasps, instep leather, breaks and keys, jiggers, shoulder irons, shoe keys, seam sets, strip awls, welt keys, French wheels, heel slickers, shank wheels, collis, shoulder sticks, long sticks, measure straps, nippers, pickers, punches, peg floats, gouges, patent, peg hafts, size sticks, tacks, &c. &c., and everything else in his line of business. Call and see before buying elsewhere.  
WM. L. PEIPER,  
Feb. 11, 1846.

### PUBLIC SALE Of Valuable Real Estate.

WILL be sold at public sale as the property of Andrew Robeson, dec'd, on the premises, respectively,

On Friday the 20th day of March next, those two valuable adjoining farms situate in Tyrone and Warriorsmark townships, now in the occupancy of John Isett, lying and being on the little Juniata river. The farm in Warriorsmark has three dwelling houses thereon erected and a stone barn. The land is good limestone, about 200 acres, and about 100 acres of which is cleared and in a good state of cultivation, having a good apple orchard thereon. The balance is well timbered with white-oak, chestnut and pine.

The farm in Tyrone township contains 400 hundred acres, and has a dwelling house and stable thereon. On both these farms there is sufficient water power for turning any kind of machinery, and iron ore being abundant on the farms it affords very eligible sites for iron works or mills on both sides of the stream.

TERMS.—One third of the purchase money to be paid in hand and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest to be secured by the bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

The above two farms are separated by the little Juniata river, the mansion tract being in Warriorsmark and will be sold separately or together, as may suit purchasers.  
JACOB VAN TRIES, & Executors.  
DAVID ROBESON, & Executors.  
Holl. "Register" and "Standard" please insert ts. and charge advertisers.

### WHOLESALE AND RETAIL PREMIUM HAT STORE.

**BERTRAND ROSS,**  
No. 120 Chestnut St., south side, 4 doors below Fourth st.,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Respectfully informs the citizens of Huntingdon County, that he has refitted and opened the above establishment, where he is prepared at all times, to furnish Beaver, Nutria and Mole skin Hats, equal to any manufactured in this country. Also, a superior quality of Caps, for officers of the Army and Navy, together with Dress, Riding and Sporting Caps: a new and splendid style of Children's and Boys' Caps, with a great variety of Rich Fancy Furs for Ladies.

Just received, per Steam Ship Great Western, the approved style of LADIES' WESTING HATS; also, a beautiful assortment of Children's French Caps.  
I am determined that my hats, in point of beauty and quality, shall not be surpassed by those of any other Establishment in any City in the Union.  
Philadelphia, Dec. 24, 1845.

### REGISTER'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons concerned, that the following named persons have settled their accounts in the Register's Office at Huntingdon, and that the said accounts will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphan's Court to be held at Huntingdon, in and for the county of Huntingdon, on Wednesday the 15th day of April next, viz:

1. Esther Eeyer, William Beyer, and John Beyer, Administrators of John Beyer, late of Porter township, dec'd.
2. Robert McNeal and James McNeal, Adm'rs of James McNeal, late of Tell township, dec'd.
3. David H. Moore, Adm'r of William McKellip, late of Frankstown township, dec'd.
4. Jacob H. Stiffers, and Isaac Yinglin, Adm'rs of Peter Keath, late of Allegheny township, dec'd.
5. Caleb Swoope, Adm'r of Lawrence Swoope, late of Cass township, dec'd.
6. David Beyer, Adm'r of Samuel Utley, late of Snyder township, dec'd.
7. Andrew Wise, Adm'r of Catharine Louderslagle, late of Henderson township, dec'd.
8. Andrew Stewart, acting Adm'r of Daniel Stouffer, late of West township, dec'd.
9. Peter Hoffman, Adm'r of Peter Hoffman, late of Walker township, dec'd.
10. Thomas M. Owens, Adm'r of Timothy Hill, late of — township, dec'd.
11. Daniel McConnell, Adm'r of John Scullin, late of West township, dec'd.
12. Hiram Williamson and Samuel Miller, Adm'rs of Elizabeth Graffus, late of West township, dec'd.
13. Thomas Weston, Adm'r of Nathan Green, late of Warriorsmark township, dec'd.
14. Peter M. Bare and David Barke, Adm'rs of Benjamin Bare, late of Cromwell township, dec'd.
15. William Templeton, Adm'r of Mary Templeton, late of Tyrone township, dec'd.
16. Rebecca Heffner, Administratrix of Adam Heffner, late of Walker township, dec'd.
17. Peter C. Swoope, and John S. Patton Adm'rs of John Swoope, late of Walker township, dec'd.
18. James Carmont, acting Executor of John Carmont, late of Barree township, dec'd.
19. Daniel McConnell, acting Executor of Henry McConnell, late of Blair township, dec'd, and John McIlwaine, Executor of last Will and Testament of said dec'd.
20. Jacob Long, acting Executor of Peter Long, late of Allegheny township, dec'd.
21. Daniel Africa, Guardian of the minor Children of John Wright, late of Henderson township, dec'd.

JACOB MILLER, Register.  
Register's Office,  
Huntingdon, March 12, 1846.

### NOTICE.

To the heirs and legal Representatives of Nathan Green, late of Warriorsmark township, Huntingdon county, deceased.  
BY virtue of a writ of partition or valuation issued out of the Orphan's Court of said county, I will proceed on  
Thursday, 9th April next,  
by Jury of Inquest convened on the premises, to make partition or valuation of the real estate of said deceased, situate in said township.  
JOHN ARMITAGE, Sh'ff.  
Sheriff's Office, Hunting-  
don, March 4, 1846.

### GREAT BARGAINS!

Can be had at the Chair Shop of Thos. Adams, at his old stand, opposite Geo. Jackson's Hotel, where he intends keeping CHAIRS of different kinds and qualities, warranted good, and cheaper than ever has been sold in Huntingdon.

### Call and See!

THOMAS ADAMS,  
N.B. Wanted to learn the Chair Making business, a boy about 15 or 16 years of age, of good moral character, and to come on or before the 10th day of April next.  
Huntingdon, March 4, 1846.

### Notice to the heirs of David Johns, dec'd.

THE heirs of said dec'd will take notice, that the Orphan's Court of Huntingdon county, on the 16th day of January, A. D. 1846, granted a Rule on the heirs and legal representatives of the said David Johns, late of Shirley township, in said county, dec'd., to appear at the next Orphan's Court to be held at Huntingdon on the second Monday of April next, to show cause, if any they have, why the real estate of the said dec'd. should not be sold.  
JACOB MILLER, Clerk.  
Feb. 13, 1846.—6t.

### Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons interested are hereby notified that the account of Geo. Jackson, Assignee of John McComb, under a voluntary assignment, has been filed in my Office, and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas, of Huntingdon county, on the second Monday of April next, for confirmation, when and where the same will be confirmed and allowed, if no sufficient cause be shown to the contrary.  
JAMES STEEL, Pro'ly.  
Huntingdon, March 4 1846.

### JOHN WILLIAMSON

Having returned to Huntingdon county, has re-commenced the practice of LAW in the Borough of Huntingdon, where he will carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care.—He will be found at all times by those who may call upon him, at his office with Isaac Fisher, Esq., adjoining the store of Thos. Read & Son, near the Diamond.  
Huntingdon, April 30, 1845.

### POETRY.

Esom Morris's National Press.  
**THE STORY OF A LIFE.**

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Lean not on earth—'twill pierce thee to the heart;  
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear,  
On whose sharp point peace bleeds and hope expires."

The world smiled on me at my birth—  
Beneath a rose-hued sky,  
Rocked on the summer waves of love,  
My childhood glided by.

My boyhood passed in thrilling dreams,  
In longings for the strife,  
The glory and the pageantry,  
The tournament of life.

At manhood's age, a being proud  
And passionate, I stood—  
Gold, lands were mine, and through my veins  
Went leaping princely blood.

Then Pleasure held her goblet high,  
And called on me to drain  
The glowing wine quaffed by the gods—  
'Till madness fired my brain.

She mocked and tortured by delay—  
Then at my frenzied call,  
She offered to my burning lip  
The cup, and it was gall.

I won a friend by generous deeds;  
One with an open brow—  
He bled his very life to mine  
With many a holy vow.

Then fell the bolt—'I was betrayed!  
'Ey cool, insidious art,  
By words that, like barbed arrows, still  
Are quivering in my heart.

At last upon my bosom came,  
In gentlest guise, young Love;  
He crept into its resting place,  
A sweet and quiet dove.

I warmed it in my inmost heart,  
Closed from the world's chill air—  
Oh, 'twas a rapture caught from heaven,  
'To feel it nestling there!

But ah, one morn, from visions blest,  
I wakened with a moan,  
There was a culture at my breast,  
And that young dove had flown!

Then Fame held forth her laurel crown,  
From her proud height afar,  
I longed for it, as does a child  
At evening, for a star.

I toiled, I suffered—humble joys  
I careless dung aside,  
Saw peace take wing, and in the dust  
Bow down my manly pride.

At last, at last it bound my brow,  
That green immortal wreath!  
Exulting, glorying I stood,  
Defying time and death!

Yet soon I would have given worlds  
To fling it off again—  
For thorns were hid among the leaves,  
That pierced me to the brain!

Now is my life a storm-wrecked bark,  
Dashed by time's surges high  
Upon a bare, cold island rock,  
Beneath a northern sky.

There, in that realm where hearts congeal,  
The spirit's frozen zone,  
A joyless, cheerless, loveless age—  
I stand alone—alone.

[From the Harrisburg Telegraph, Extra, of the 16th inst.]

### GREAT FLOOD IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Destruction of the Harrisburg Bridges, the Bridge at Clark's Ferry over the Susquehanna, and the Bridge over the mouth of the Juniata—the Duncannon Iron Works, and the Bridge over Sherman's Creek, below Duncannon—stoppage of the Anthracite Furnace—probable destruction of the Public Works, &c. &c.

The rise of the water in the Susquehanna, which commenced on Friday last, has been the most destructive flood that has ever been witnessed since the first settlement of the country on its borders.—Harrisburg, at the time of writing, is approachable on the East, South and West, only by water communication, and, standing on an elevated place, it presents the appearance of a town sinking into the sea—the houses in the lower part of it being submerged in water, in some instances, nearly up to the second story. The grounds about it, lower than the main part of the town, are covered with water, generally so deep as to obliterate all traces of fences, bridges and streams.

Paxton creek is entirely lost in the mighty congregation of waters, and the Susquehanna, from shore to shore, covering entirely the large island which lay in its centre, which connected the two divisions of the old Harrisburg Bridge, presents a current of fierce turbulent water, bearing on its bosom an indescribable and innumerable mass of flood wood, timber, &c., that has been torn from its resting places, as trophies of its irresistible power.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, on Saturday evening the piers of the Old Harrisburg Bridge, (that celebrated structure, the first built over the Susquehanna—built by Burr on the Arch principle, at a cost of \$105,000, commenced in 1813 and completed in 1817.) which had buffeted many a raging flood, began to give way on this side of the island and to yield to the mighty current and its battering ram of ice, and on Sunday morning between three and four o'clock, two of the middle span of arches fell and were swept down the stream. These were soon followed by two others, leaving but a single span next to Harrisburg, which also fell about two o'clock, P. M., and floated majestically away.

The west part of the Harrisburg Bridge, extending from the island to the Cumberland side is still standing—but whether it has sustained injury is yet unknown.

Of the new Railroad Bridge, which was being constructed by Mr. Kirkbride, all the piers were finished and four spans of the frame work were erected on them. Two spans of this went just before the Harrisburg Bridge, and the other two spans were swept off by the Duncan's Island Bridge floating against them in its descent. Thus the Harrisburg side of the river is entirely stripped of all bridges, or vestige of them, the piers being only discernible by the whirl of the water as it passes over where they were.

Two spans of the eastern end of the bridge at Duncannon, erected in 1837—one of the finest structures in our country, have also been carried away. Also, the bridge over the mouth of the Juniata, from Duncan's Island to the Perry county shore; and the bridge over Sherman's creek in the village of Duncannon. The dam across the same stream, with the extensive nail factory and rolling mill, at the same place, has also been carried away, and the works of Fisher & Co., are reported as having suffered greatly, in the destruction of buildings, machinery, etc. The nail factory is said to be entirely destroyed. The loss at this place can scarcely be estimated.

From the high water of the Juniata, as well as the Susquehanna, and a knowledge of its effects in former floods, it is feared that the entire Main Line of the Canal will be rendered un navigable for a great part, if not for the whole of the opening season; and if the destruction by the flood has extended up the North and West Branches of the Susquehanna, these canals may be so damaged as to be irreparable the present year. It is a sad day for the hopes of Pennsylvania, and one that we fear may be felt by those who have placed dependence on her ability to do justice to all.

All communication between Harrisburg and the West side of the Susquehanna is entirely cut off, and must remain so until the waters subside and a ferry is opened. The trains of the Cumberland Valley Railroad arrived yesterday morning and afternoon, on the West side, and blew their whistles, but after finding that all communication was cut off, they moved West again with their loads of passengers.

The casting house of the Anthracite furnace of Ex-Gov. Porter, was covered with water, which rose as high as the hearth, and into the furnaces of the boilers. The furnace was stopped; but it is supposed that the blast will be resumed to-morrow. Parts of buildings, water wheels, canal boats, rafts, lumber, logs, etc. have passed down on the bosom of the flood. One canal boat was brought to shore a short distance below town, in which were upwards of one hundred barrels of flour.—The loss to individuals as well as to the State, and to companies, will in many instances be severe; and it is not unlikely that hundreds who have been toiling for months in preparing lumber for market, have been stripped and left destitute. At present the losses can only be conjectured, and we hope that they will not equal the present expectations of our community.

It is feared that great damage has also been done to the Wisconsin Canal—but nothing certain known. A great portion of the town of Portsmouth, nine miles below Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, at the junction of the Swatara, is said to be under water, and the houses secured from floating away by cables.

The following is a statement of the rise of the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, which contained more water than the terrible ice flood in the winter of 1785, or the memorable pumpkin flood of 1787: At 3 o'clock P. M., on Friday the 13th inst., the water in the Susquehanna was 5 feet above low water mark. On Saturday, the 14th at 7 o'clock A. M. it was 11 feet; at 11 o'clock it was 13 1/2 feet; at 2 o'clock P. M. it was fifteen feet; at 5 o'clock it was 16 1/2 feet; at 6 1/2 o'clock it was 17 1/2 feet; at 8 o'clock it was 18 1/2 feet; at 10 o'clock it was 18 feet 11 inches; on Sunday morning the 15th, at 4 o'clock A. M. the water had risen to 20 feet 1 inch; at 3 o'clock to 20 feet 3 inches; and at 9 o'clock to 20 feet 4 inches; at 10 o'clock it stood at the same; at 12 o'clock M. it had fallen three fourths of an inch; at 1 o'clock P. M. an inch and a half; at 2 o'clock two inches and a quarter; at 5 o'clock it had fallen 5 1/2 inches; and at 6 o'clock it had fallen 7 inches. It has since continued to fall gradually.

We should fail to do justice to the fearlessness and resolution of woman did we not mention that two ladies from New England, who arrived here on Saturday last, on their way to Missouri, unaccompanied by any gentleman, summoned the resolution this morning to get into a skiff into which the mail was planned to cross over to the island, (a risk of their lives that few of our citizens could have been induced to run) which they reached in safety, and from thence to the Cumberland side by the western division of the bridge. The bank of the river was lined with spectators to witness the result of the perilous enterprise.

### The Flood at Duncannon.

Mr. Russell Woodward has just come down from Duncannon Iron Works, and states the freshest there to have been most terrific; far exceeding any thing that has ever occurred for the last half century.

The bridge over the Juniata gone; two spans of the Susquehanna bridge also gone; the lower part of Duncan's Island under water—houses deserted

by the inhabitants both there and at the town of Petersburg. At Pio the Saw Mill swept away and the dam broken. At Duncannon a breach was made in the dam, and four out of fourteen furnaces were undermined and destroyed. The Rolling Mill and Nail Factory escaped without material injury, but one half of the Puddling mill is destroyed and the other half injured; and two hundred workmen thrown out of employ. The estimated damage at Duncannon is 20,000 dollars.

The bridge at the mouth of Sherman's creek is destroyed; and the Susquehanna division Canal above Duncan's Island as far as is known is destroyed, if not entirely obliterated. The Acqueduct over the Juniata was standing. It was thought that the Juniata division was not seriously injured, as the water in the Juniata was not as high as it was in 1845—the damage being done by the back-water from the Susquehanna. There was no ice on the Juniata and but little drift wood came down it.

### Too Many Lovers will Puzzle a Maid.

Young Susan had lovers so many, that she hardly knew on which to decide; They all spoke sincerely, and promised to be All worthy of such a sweet bride. In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then The noon would be spent with young Harry, The evening with Femi; so amongst all the men, She never could tell which to marry.

High ho! I'm afraid  
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

Now William grew jealous, and so went away;  
Harry got tired of waiting;  
And Tom having teased her to fix on the day,  
Received but a frown for so doing;  
So 'mongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,  
She grieved every night on her pillow,  
And meeting one day a pair going to church,  
Turned away, and died under a willow.

High ho! I'm afraid  
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

### Eloquent Extract.

"Generation after generation," says an eloquent writer, "have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as we now are. They passed away like vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they are now around our paths. The world will have the same attraction for our offspring yet unborn that she had, once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind on its way, and the prayers will be said, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and the worm. And it may be for some short time that we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the place in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lip our names."

### New Agricultural Wrinkle.

A funny story is told of an old friend of ours—one who, sick and tired of the care and bustle of city life, has retired into the country, and "gone to farming," as the saying is. His land, albeit well situated, and commanding sundry romantic prospects, is not so particularly fertile as some we have seen, and requires scientific culture and liberal manuring, to induce an abundant yield. So much by way of explanation.

Once upon a time, as the story books say, our friend, being on a short visit to this city, attended an auction sale down town, and it so happened that they were selling damaged sausages at the time. There were some 8 or 10 barrels of them, and they were "just going at fifty cents a barrel," when the auctioneer, with all apparent seriousness, remarked that they were worth more than that to *manure land with*.—Here was an idea for our farmer friend. "Sixty-two and a half," said our friend, "Sixty-two and a half,—going at sixty-two and a half—gone!"

Our friend got there—and how to get them to his country seat as quickly as possible was his first movement, for it was then planting time and the sausages, to use a common expression, were "getting no better fast," and it was desirable to have them under ground as soon as possible.

He was about to plant a field of several acres of corn—the soil of the pine wood species, and where here was just the place for this new experiment in agriculture, this new wrinkle in the science of geonopics.

One "link" of sausage being deemed amply sufficient, that amount was placed in each hill, accompanied by the usual number of kernels of corn; an occasional pumpkin seed, and all were nicely covered over in the usual style.

Now, premising that several days had elapsed since the corn was planted, the sequel of the story shall be told in a dialogue between our friend and one of his neighbors.

Neighbor. Well friend, have you planted your corn?

Friend.—Yes, several days since.

Neighbor.—Is it up yet?

Friend.—Up! yes, up and gone, the most of it.

Neighbor.—How is that?

Friend.—Well, you see I bought a lot of damaged sausages in Orleans, the other day, the auctioneer saying they would make excellent manure if nothing else. Well, when I planted my corn, put a sausage in each hill. Some days afterward I went out to the field to see how my corn was coming on, and a pretty piece of business I have made of trying agricultural experiments.

Neighbor.—Why, what is the matter?

Friend.—Matter! why the first thing I saw upon reaching the field, was the ——— lot of dog digging and scratching all over it! There were my dogs, and your dogs, and all the neighbors' dog besides about three hundred strange dogs I never set my eyes on before, and every one hard at it eating the buried sausages. Some how or other they rascally whelps had scented out the business, and they have dug up every hill by this time. It could set every one of them on that auctioneer, I be satisfied. — N. O. Truynone.