

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

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

Vol. XI, No. 60.

HUNTINGDON, Pa., August 12, 1846.

Whole No. 630

PUBLISHED BY  
**JAMES CLARK,**

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 arrearages 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.

STANTON'S EXTERNAL REMEDY  
CALLED  
**HUNT'S LINIMENT.**

IS NOW UNIVERSALLY ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE  
The Infallible Remedy.

For Rheumatism, Spinal Affections, Contractions of the Muscles, Sore Throat and Quinsy, Issues, Old Ulcers, Pains in the Breast and Chest, Ague in the Breast and Face, Tooth Ache, Sprains, Bruises, Sall Rheum, Burns, Frosted Feet, and all Nervous Diseases.

The following certificate of the restoration to health and the perfect cure of a deformed and crippled child, who was thought to be beyond the reach of hope, shows that, no matter how appalling the case may be, there is a remedy in HUNT'S LINIMENT, that will conquer the most desperate cases, and that, if the disease be curable, this celebrated external remedy will do it. It has never failed in giving immediate relief if timely applied, as proved by the abundance of high and unimpeachable testimony, the particulars of which are to be found in the pamphlets which are to be had of every agent.

Ossining, June 10, 1845.

GEORGE E. STANTON, Esq.—Sir—I feel called upon by the tie of gratitude, to offer the following testimony in favor of Hunt's Liniment. My grandson, Clarke E. Evans, who is now ten years of age, has been for the last eight years a cripple, caused by falling from a chair when he was two years old, and wrenching his spine. From the time of the occurrence, we have tried every means to restore him to his natural shape, but all without avail. We took him to New York and placed him under the care of a physician of skill, and after remaining there some time, we brought him home no better than when we took him there. For several days at times he was so helpless that he could only walk by placing his hands upon his knees for support, giving him the appearance of a deformed hunchback. He was also taken to Newburg and prescribed for without any better success. At times he would be strong enough to go out doors, but after playing an hour would come in perfectly exhausted, and for several days would be again perfectly helpless. We had lost all hope of ever again seeing him restored to his natural strength or shape—but a kind Providence placed your external remedy in my hands. I have used four bottles, and I am rejoiced to say that the boy is now as straight and strong as any boy of his age. Any of my neighbors will testify to the truth of this statement. I take sincere pleasure in stating these facts for the benefit of those who are suffering under the like calamity.

Yours, respectfully,  
RACHEAL SHUTE.

This is to certify, That I am personally acquainted with the subscriber, Mrs. Shute, as well as the boy alluded to, and frankly bear witness to the deformity of which he was seriously afflicted, apparently for life.—Dated Sing-Sing, June 9, 1845.

HENRY HARRIS,  
Justice of the Peace.

For particulars of cures, see the certificate accompanying each bottle.

HOADLY, PHELPS & CO., 142 Water street, wholesale Agents. Orders addressed to them, or to the proprietor, Sing-Sing, will be attended to.

GEORGE E. STANTON,  
Dated March 19, 1846.

For sale by Thomas Read & Son, Huntingdon, and the principal Stores and Druggists throughout the country.  
July 15, 1846.

DR. H. K. NEFF,  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Huntingdon, Pa.

JOHN SCOTT, JR.,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HUNTINGDON, PA.

Will attend with promptness and fidelity to all business with which he may be entrusted in Huntingdon or the adjoining counties.  
His office is the one formerly occupied by James Steel, Esq., nearly opposite Jackson's Hotel.  
Huntingdon March 11, 1846.

## POETRY.

### MY OWN BRIGHT HOME.

Give me the home of my childhood's hours,  
Where I wandered gay and free;  
Let others roam o'er the dancing foam,  
My home, my home for me.

I've wandered far from that much lov'd spot,  
'Mid stranger scenes to dwell,  
But how I love my native grove,  
Yet tears of absence tell.

'Tis there the robin builds her nest,  
'Tis there the wild fowls play,  
'Tis there I've oft retired to rest  
Fatigued, at the close of day.

The flowery fields, the forest dell,  
The cave, and the old oak tree;  
The little brook, the time-worn well,  
Are all my dear to me.

I've walked the palace of pride,  
Where the beams of beauty shine,  
Have sought in pleasure my grief to hide,  
And quaffed the ruddy wine.

But I never have gazed on a scene so dear,  
As the home my youth can be,  
From all I turn as gloomy and drear,  
When compared to my home to me.

'Tis there my father dwelt of yore,  
'Tis there my friends remain,  
'Tis there they are buried who once I loved,  
And never shall see again.

Give me the home of my childhood's hours,  
The forest, the meadows, the dale,  
Tho' others may roam o'er the dancing foam,  
My own bright home for me.

From the Ohio Casket.

### TWILIGHT.

Twilight serene, I love thy hour  
Of calm repose, of tranquil rest,  
When no dark cloud is seen to lower  
Around the bright horizon's crest.

I love to watch the first faint gleam  
Of other stars, although less bright,  
As one by one they faintly seem  
To eclipse that one, with lesser light.

I love the hour when Nature seems  
So sweetly to embrace repose,  
When life with sunny brightness beams,  
And naught reminds me of its woes.

I love to sit alone and gaze  
'Till the last ray of light's extinct,  
'Till long have fled the Sun's bright rays—  
It is the hour I love to think.

'Tis then, on other days and years,  
On scenes and visions long since flown,  
Fond Memory lingers—e'en though tears  
Burst forth at thought of hopes o'erthrown.

HELEN.

### THE ELECTION OF POPE.

Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Atlas.  
Rome, June 19, 1846.

The nine days' funeral honors rendered to the deceased Pope were concluded on the 13th by a Latin eulogy, delivered by Bishop Rosani. Four days previous, the body had been removed to the vault, and a magnificent temporary mausoleum erected in the centre of St. Peter's directly under the dome. It was at least forty feet high, and on different gradations were scores of lighted wax candles, paintings representing the principal events of his life, and statues emblematical of what it should have been, for Temperance and Justice had prominent places. On the sides were Latin inscriptions, that towards the door reading thus:

GREGORIO XVI. POST MAX.  
PARVITI PUBLICO  
ISTA TVNEDRA.  
CVM FACRYMIS.

Meanwhile a large body of workmen had put up a board fence, at least fifteen feet high, around the apartments in the Quirinal Palace, to be occupied by the Electoral College of Cardinals, and built up the outside windows with bricks and mortar, so as to effectually prevent all communication. The 14th was cold and rainy, yet a large concourse assembled at the church of St. Sylvester to see fifty-one Cardinals start in procession, preceded by the papal cross, and escorted by a large military force, all the clergy chanting the anthem *Veni, Creator*. After they had taken possession of the apartments destined to be their prison until after the election was consummated, the diplomatic corps were admitted to make their final communications, and it is said that Count Rossi declared, in the name of his master Louis Philippe, that the French Government would in no case use their veto, for they were powerful enough not to require it; but at the same time he impressed upon the minds of the Cardinals the troubled state of Italy, and warned them that an unwise choice might call in the Austrian and French troops. At ten o'clock a bell was rung as a signal of departure; at half past ten the master of ceremonies walked through the corridors, warning all of who remained, with *corru omnes*, and at eleven the door was closed, the keys being in the possession of the marshal of the conclave, commanding a guard of 2,000 men.

The provisions of the imprisoned Electors were carried to the door, and passed in by a revolving drawer after having been thoroughly examined, for fear they might contain some information. All anticipated a sitting of at least a fortnight; but on the evening of Monday a signal was given within, to the guard and loungers in the ante-room, signifying that an election had been completed, while the revolving drawer brought out a suit of the fortunate candidate's clothes, that his pontifical robes might be prepared. Now, as all the Cardinals wore the same dress, the only clue was the size; the shoe was very small—it was recollected that Cardinal Gizzi had a tiny foot, and in an hour all Rome knew that he was Pope, while couriers left to carry the news to his family.

But there were other Cardinals who had small feet, and one of them, the Bishop of Imola, had received a majority, after several ballotings. The heads of the various orders went to his seat, and the oldest asked, "*acceptantne electionem de te can-*

*onic factum in summum pontificem?"* "I accept!" was the reply, and instantaneously the canopies over the chairs of the other Cardinals fell by machinery, that of the Pope alone remaining. He selected the name of Pius IX, and was the youngest Cardinal in the college, having been born in 1792, at Singalila, near Ancona, where he was christened *Johan Maria Mastai Ferretti*. Inheriting the title of Count with a handsome fortune, he was one of the most fashionable young men at Rome; but, when about twenty-one, was disappointed in a love affair and took orders. He was placed over the *Tata Giovanni*, a charitable hospital founded by a master mason for the destitute members of his craft, and in the reign of Pius VII. sent as auditor of the Papal Legation to Chili, being the only Cardinal living who has been on the American continent. Returning, he was placed at the head of the largest hospital in Rome, in 1817, received the mitre, and in 1832 was transferred to the Bishopric of Imola. He was named Cardinal in 1840, and I must say that I have not heard a whisper against his character.

On the morning of the 16th the place of the Quirinal was literally packed with people, watching the centre walled-up window which looked out upon the balcony. About half past nine it was knocked down from within, and Cardinal RIASO SROZZA, coming to the front of the balcony, said in a loud voice:—"*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: Papam habemus eminentissimum ac reverendissimum dominum MASTAI, qui sibi imposuit nomen Pius NOVEM.*" Stepping one side, the Pope appeared in his pontifical robes, resplendent with embroidery, borne in a chair on men's shoulders. The tiara was on his head, and behind him two ditendants, carrying the *fiabelli*, or pea-cock-feather fans. When he had arrived at the front of the balcony, he rose up, stretched forth his arms, which until then were crossed upon his breast, and uttered a prayer, of which the following translation was made by an American prelate:

"May the holy apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we place confidence, intercede for us with the Lord. We ask, through the prayers and merits of the blessed Mary, ever virgin, of the blessed John the Baptist, of the blessed apostles, and all the saints, that the Almighty God may have mercy upon you, and that, all your sins being forgiven, Jesus Christ would bring you to eternal life. May the almighty and merciful Lord bestow upon you indulgence, absolution, and remission of all your sins, opportunity of true and faithful repentance, hearts ever penitent and amendment of life, grace, and consolation of the Holy Ghost, and final perseverance of good works."

He then extended his right hand in front and on either side, making the sign of the cross, after the mention of each of the Trinity, as he continued:

"And may the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain forever. Amen."

The kneeling crowd received this benediction with a reverential awe that actually imparted itself to the spectators, and, take it altogether, it was as solemn a sight as I recollect to have witnessed.

Correspondence of the Daily Chronicle.  
MURDER IN THE THEATRE AT CINCINNATI.—A correspondent at Cincinnati furnishes us with the following particulars of this cold blooded murder:—

CINCINNATI, Ohio, July 29th 1846.

*Col. Alexander*.—The Peoples' Theatre last night was the scene of one of the most bloody and premeditated murders on record. Jack Reeves, the prompter, was stabbed through the heart by young Cook, who married Miss Carnahan, the danseuse. It appears Miss Carnahan, or rather Mrs. Cook, (who is considered as accessory to the murder) had interfered with Mr. Reeves several times at night by crowding the "prompt side of the stage." Reeves repeatedly requested her to leave, and lastly he said that if she did not, he would slap her face. She complained to her husband, and yesterday Cook told the managers they must get another prompter in Reeves' place, as they would not have him tomorrow, for, by G—d he intended to kill him that night. This remark was not noticed, and last night when the first piece was over, Cook went from the box office into the Theatre and made the attack on Reeves with a large knife. Reeves in defending himself had his hand severely cut; finally Cook stabbed him through the heart; Reeves exclaiming "I am murdered," the only words he uttered after the blow. Some one told Mrs. Cook her husband had killed Reeves—she screamed "fire," which alarmed the audience. Cook rushed into the box office, where Smith and Masteyer were counting the money. Smith said, "Cook, what's the matter?" Cook replied, "fire!" Smith gathered up all the paper money and left the office; Cook collected all the specie, left the office and ran home, changed all his clothes, his bloody shirt he placed inside of a pillow slip, which as he went out he dropped into a tub of water in the yard. He is not apprehended as yet. The Mayor's Proclamation is issued, and the police are in pursuit. Great excitement prevails this morning. What effect it will have on the Theatre is not known. The body of the unfortunate Reeves is laid out on the stage, and will be removed into Store's dwelling when it is placed in the coffin, to be interred at 3 o'clock this afternoon, in the Catholic ground. No performance at the garden to-night.

Yours, G.

THE LAST MILLER STORY.—The following anecdote from the Knickerbocker will do immediately after dinner:

A matter of fact old gentleman in New England, whose wife was a thorough "Destructionist," was awakened out of his sleep by his possessed rhy, one stormy March night, with—  
"Husband! Did you hear that noise? It's Gabriel a coming! it's the sound of his chariot wheels!"  
"Oh, psaw, you old fool!" replied the good man, "do you 'pose Gabriel is such an ass as to come on wheels in such good sleighing as this? I tell you that it's the wind—turn over and go to sleep!"

### Bill Dean—An Army Story.

Kendall of the Picayune, who has recently joined the Texas Rangers, writes the following "good one" from Matamoros:—

MATAMOROS, June 13, 1846.  
Racé nags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevalier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven up players" in all Texas. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out in the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande: yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk and accosting us. His speech or harangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible. "Oh, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye, "oh yes, all goin' down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times you'll have over the left. I've been there myself, and done what a good many of you won't do—I come back; but if I didn't see natural h—ll—in August at that—I am a tea pot. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation.—The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out and broke down, plump out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick in sight big enough to tickle a rattle snake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he would have died a natural death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor long to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods, but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and set it on fire, but it flashed up like powder and went as quick.

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse meat after that?"  
"How?"  
"Yes how?"  
"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by and the wind carried the flames streaking across the prairie. I followed up the fire holding my chunk of meat directly over the hottest part of the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to any thing short of a locomotive's doin's. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and tuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."  
"Very well," we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?"  
"Not bad I didn't. I chased the d—d fire a mile and a half, the almightyest hard race you ever heerd tell on, and never gave it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh: there the fire and chunk of horse meat come out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."  
"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.  
"Cooked! no!—just crusted over a little. You don't cook broken down horse-flesh very easily, no how; but when it comes to chasin' up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is toughest, the meat or the job. You would have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me a brushin' up on her agin, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of these big ten mile an hour Gildersleeves in the old States.—But I'm a going over to Jack Haynes' to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."

And so saying, Bill Dean stalked off. I saw the chap this morning in front of a Mexican *fonda*, trying to talk Spanish with a *Creosor*, and endeavoring to convince him that he was a "d—d robber." Such is one of Bill Dean's stories—if I could only make it as effective on paper as he did telling, it would draw a laugh from those fond of the ludicrous.

FOURTH OF JULY IN DOVER, N. H.—The Dover Enquirer, in a notice of the festivities of the Fourth of July, in that town, has the following:

"The exercises at the grove closed at about three o'clock and we then thought that the people would be content to rest till the time for the display of fireworks should arrive. Not so, however, for some lovers of fun had advertised that a *greased pig* would be let into a ring on Franklin Square, and that if any man would catch the pig, shoulder him, and carry him from the ring he should have the porker, and the thanks of a generous community for his pains. Of course we went to the pig race, and found the Square densely crowded with people, and every window commanding a view of the street was filled with rosy faces. In a few minutes the pig was led forth—not a young, sucking pig, as we in our ignorance had supposed, but an ancient hog of the feminine gender, apparently "the mother of many children." Many attempted to shoulder her but nearly all gave up the attempt after being well covered with grease. Piggy trotted round in triumph for an hour or so, but at last a man making a desperate effort, shouldered her and left the ring covered with pork grease and glory."

THE EFFECT IN FRANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE VICTORIES.—Mr. Walsh, the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, speaking of the effect of Gen. Taylor's victories, says:

"Before the end of the sitting of the Deputies on the 17th inst., two eminent members of the Chamber (of the opposition) went to Versailles, where I then was, to congratulate me on the *Rio Grande* occurrence, and to describe the effect of the intelligence on the Chamber. Lively satisfaction prevailed the assembly; most of the Conservatives even betrayed that feeling; Mr. Guizot, two of the colleagues, and a few of his party, the nearest and most devoted, were alone chap-fallen; their disconcertion served to amuse the rest. It was added by my visitors that should war between the U. States and England ensue, twenty thousand French volunteers, under the command of experienced officers, would at once endeavor to reach your shores for the purpose of joining in the intervention of Canada. This does not pass from me as an intendment to war, which I deprecate as much as any, under the proper reserves of honor and right; but it is meant as evidence of the disposition of the French in general. They are far from being reconciled to the British. With a few exceptions, I have not, in my long and various intercourse with Frenchmen encountered any one entertaining for the British, as a nation, other sentiments. Veteran officers of the garrison of Versailles, with whom I have chatted at the reading room, which I frequent there, on the operations of Gen. Taylor, pronounce the most flattering judgment in respect to boldness, skill, and the entire professional process."

A GOOD ONE.—Some time since, two or three young gentlemen of —, called upon a Mr. D., who prepared an Egg Nog for his friends, and they all drank pretty freely. Mrs. D., a very amiable lady, becoming somewhat displeased retired.

At length Mr. D. lighted his friends to bed—he was, however, unwilling to go to bed himself for he felt a little uneasy, and recollecting that some one had said, "to drink sweet milk will destroy the effect of spirits," he stepped to the room door, and inquired of his wife if there was any milk in the house.

"There is some on the table," she replied.

He examined, but could find none; returning to the door, he said,

"Mary, oh, Mary, didn't you say there was some milk here?"

"Yes, there is some on the table."

After a second unsuccessful search he went to the room door and said,

"Mary, my dear, is that milk in any thing, or is it just lying loose?"

Humble Life.

There is a happiness in humble life—who can doubt it? The man who owns but a few acres of land and raises an abundance to supply the necessary wants of his family need ask for nothing more. If he is satisfied with his condition (and there are thousands so situated who are), then no man is more happy. No political movement disturbs his repose, no speculating mania chases the calm serenity from his mind—no schisms in the Church throw shadows beneath the golden sky. His family is the world to him. Who sighs not for such a life of calmness and serenity? Amid the cares and anxiety of business, who would not exchange his prospects and his honors for the repose of him who is happy and contented on his spot of ground far from the noise and bustle of a city life? If there is a situation congenial to the true spirit of man, and the growth of virtue, it is amid the rejoicings of nature—in the calm retirement of rural life.

Portland Tribune.

Death of Seventy-five Oregon Emigrants.—We learn from the St. Louis Republican, that the St. Joseph's party of emigrants for Oregon, who left in 1845, endured great hardship on their tedious journey, being out forty days more than usual. They lost 75 of their number by death. They were often for days without water, and short of provisions, which brought on what is called the "camp fever."

Mrs. JUDOK LYNN.—On the 10th inst. about forty ladies of the village of Utica, Michigan, secretly assembled, proceeded to a bowling alley, armed with axes, hatchets, hammers, &c., and completely demolished it. They had viewed this insidious foe to their domestic peace for some time, with an anxious and jealous eye; and having waited in vain for some legal proceedings against it, determined for once to take the law into their own hands. They went at it with much spirit and energy—hacked the bed of the alley—tore down the walls—raised the roof to the ground, and finished with tramping upon and breaking to pieces the roof. The building was eight feet long, and this work of destruction was accomplished in little less than an hour! We wonder if the husbands of these ladies knew they were out.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

Dentists.—A letter writer from Matamoros suggests, that Dentists visit the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, for the very fine teeth of the Mexican dead. Who but a Yankee would have ever thought of such a speculation?

### Improve Your Fruit.

Budding.—This is an important, though very simple operation in the business of tree growing. It is much less understood, throughout the country, than grafting, though easier performed. Every person engaged, more or less, in the culture of trees for fruit or ornament, should know how to insert a bud. It is more applicable to the propagation of all stone fruits than grafting; it can be performed too, on smaller stocks, and as a general thing, makes finer trees.

Buds of rare, scarce trees, can be more easily procured than grafts, and can be as easily transmitted from one place to another, and particularly now that Expresses are in operation in every direction. For the benefit of those who have yet to learn, we give the following directions and illustrations from "Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America."

The proper season for budding fruit trees, in this country, is from the first of July to the first of September; the different trees coming into season as follows: Plums, Cherries, Apricots, on Blums, Apricots, Pears, Apples, Quinces, Nectarines and Peaches. Trees of considerable size will require budding earlier than young seedling stocks. But the operation is always and only, performed *when the bark of the stock parts freely from the wood*, and when the buds of the current year's growth are somewhat plump, and the young wood is growing firm. Young stocks in the nursery, if thrifty, are usually planted out in rows in the spring, and budded in the same summer or autumn.

Before commencing, you should provide yourself with a budding knife about 4 1/2 inches long having a rounded blade at one end, and an ivory handle terminating in a thin rounded edge called the *haft*, at the other.

In choosing your buds, select thrifty shoots that have nearly done growing, and prepare what is called a *stick of buds* by cutting off a few of the imperfect buds at the lower end, and such as may yet be too soft at the upper ends, leaving only smooth, well-developed single buds; double buds being fruit buds. Cut off the leaves allowing about half an inch of the *foot-stalks* to remain for conveniently inserting the buds. Some strands of bass matting about 12 or 14 inches long, previously soaked in water to render them soft and pliable, (or in the absence of these soft woollen yarn) must also be at hand for tying the buds.

Shield or T budding is the most approved mode in all countries. A new variety of this method now generally practiced in this country, we shall describe first, as being the simplest and best mode for fruit trees.

American Shield Budding.—Having your stick of buds ready, choose a smooth portion of the stock. When the latter is small, let it be near the ground, and if equally convenient, select also the north side of the stock, as less exposed to the sun. Make an upright incision in the bark from an inch to an inch and a half long, and at the top of this make a cross cut, so that the whole shall form a T. From the stick of buds, your knife being very sharp, cut a thin, smooth slice of wood and bark containing a bud. With the ivory haft of your budding knife now raise the bark on each side of the incision just wide enough to admit easily the prepared bud. Taking hold of the foot stalk of the leaf, insert the bud under the bark, pushing it gently down to the bottom of the incision. If the upper portion of the bud projects above the horizontal part of the T cut it smoothly off now so that it may completely fit. A bandage of the soft matting is now tied pretty firmly over the whole wound, commencing at the bottom, and leaving the bud and the foot stalk of the leaf only exposed to the light and air.

After treatment.—In two weeks after the operation you will be able to see whether the bud has taken by its plumpness and freshness. If it has failed, you may, if the bark still parts readily, make another trial; a clever budder will not lose over six or eight per cent. If it has succeeded, after a fortnight or more has elapsed the bandage must be loosened, or if the stock has swelled much, it should be removed altogether. When budding has been performed very late, we have occasionally found it an advantage to leave the bandage on during the winter.

COOL FORETHOUGHT.—The most admirable instance of prudential forethought we ever heard of occurred in Boston a few days since. Three Irishmen were engaged in taking down a wall in Mount Vernon Street. The wall fell upon and buried them. A lady from the opposite side of the street, rushed out, and calling to those who were rescuing the poor fellows, said—"Bring them in here. Bring them in here. I have every thing ready. I have been expecting this all day." The men were carried into her house, and true enough, she had "every thing ready," bandages, lint, laudanum, and all. If this be not an instance of cool forethought, we know not what it is.—*N. Y. Sun.*