The Huntingdon Journal.

"I SEE NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON, PROMISING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, BUT THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC, UNITED WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—[WEBSTER.

VOL. 18. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22, 1853. NO. 25.

TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following yearly rates:

If paid in advance.....$1,50

If paid within six months after the time of subscribing,.....1,75

If paid at the end of the year,.....2,00

And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the publisher, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square of sixteen lines or less

For 1 insertion $0,50, For 1 month $1,25,
" 2 " 0,75, " 3 " 2,75,
" 3 " 1,00, " 6 " 5,00,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS, not exceeding ten lines, and not changed during the year....$4,00,

Card and Journal, in advance,.....5,00,

BUSINESS CARDS of the same length, not changed,.....$3,00

Card and Journal in advance,.....4,00

☞ Short, transient advertisements will be admitted into our editorial columns at treble the usual rates.

On longer advertisements, whether yearly or transient, a reasonable deduction will be made and a liberal discount allowed for prompt payment.

POETICAL.

From the Flag of Our Union.

Time's Changes.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

I came when gentle Spring had trod
The garden and the dell,
I saw how her young fairy hand
Had formed the flower's bell!
Just waked to life its blossoms hung
Above the melting snow,
Sweet emblem of young innocence,
Unstained by sin or woe.
Arrayed in robes of brightest green,
The hyacinth was there,
Gazing on heaven with eyes of blue,
And beauty rich and rare.

Again I came—but they were not;
Those bright ones of a day,
Like human joy, had ceased to be.
And passed from earth away;
The spring had ripened into bloom,
And summer's kindling breath
Had summoned thousands of bright flowers
Up from the trance of death.

It whispered through the the garden walks,
And o'er the shady dell—
Then rose the swelling buds to life,
As if by magic spell!
The woods assumed their cheerful robes,
Beneath the sky of June,
And living melody gushed forth,
From birds of various tune.

I trod the deep woods in their maze—
I drank the wild birds' lay;
Again I came with autumn's breath,
But they had passed away:
The gentle flowers had faded from
The garden's scented bed,
The woods were sere, and from their boughs
The choristers had fled.

A blooming maiden trod the halls
Of mirth and reveiry—
Her hair was as the golden thread,
Her eyes of violet dye!
There came a change—those eyes grew dim;
Those sunny locks were gray:
For time had spread his viewless wings,
And youth had passed away.

I saw a lovely little child,
With cheeks of morning hue,
Like a young rose-bud opening fair,
To sip the silver dew.
A few short years had hurried by,
And on their restless wing
Wafted that bright boy's youth away,
Swift as the dawn of spring.

I stood where Europe's kingly pride
Sits on the golden throne;
I saw the knights of noble line,
Who rich in purple shone;
Anon, I saw the abbey's aisles
Another scene display;
Where; on the sculptured marble tomb,
The prostrate warrior lay.

Above, his empty armor hung,
His buckler dim with rust,
His idle sword was in its sheath;
Its master's hand was dust,
His castle walls were ivy-baund;
Their chambers, once so bright,
Were desolate and silent now,
Save to the birds of night.

The hands who reared—the bards who sung;
The ladies fair and gay,
The conquerors in the tournament,
All, all, had passed away.
I saw that universal change
The wide earth must endure;
I felt that glory, pride, and fame,
Alike are insecure!

The stream is passing to the sea—
The temple to decay;
Life is but hastening on to death—
The world shall pass away!
But the Great Spirit who did fling
Creation's flag abroad,
Hath changeless worlds where he will prove
Our Father and our God!

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

To Clean Combs and Brushes.

We have often wondered at the obviousness of certain simple recipes, which have in their discovery saved much trouble and annoyance, but which we never should have thought of, but for the kindness of some good natured friend with a treasury of these bits of household law. For instance the all important item of cleaning combs and brushes on which so, much of the neatness of a lady's toilett depends. Our correspondent, "Mrs. L. G." is wrong in saying, "For you know after one has given one's hair a thorough cleaning, the brushes need it as badly."

She should as an invariable rule attend to this matter *first*, for in any other case the more she uses them the more she may. It is usually a disagreeable task, we know, with the splattering of soap and water; but we can give her a more simple rule:—To enough tepid water to cover the bristles, not the top of the brush, add a few drops of the spirits of hartshorne, an ounce of which may be had for sixpence, at any apothecary's; dip the brush several times, shaking out the water carefully, and the mixture will act like magic, leaving it clear and pure, needing only to be dried by a towel; no rubbing is needed. Combs may be done in the same way without injury.—*Lady's Book.*

☞ Cabbage contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

"Faithful Unto Death."

BY J. THORTON RANDOLPH.

At the dead of night there was a cry. "Fire, fire, fire!"

Even in a great city, where thousands are at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour. But on a lonely plantation how expressibly awful.

"Fire, fire, fire!" It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the negro quarter in every variety of tones of horror and alarm.

The mistress of the mansion, waking at the cry, sprang from bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent. She was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing with terrified gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us. The fire has caught the staircase. The blessed Lord hab mercy upon us." These, and similar exclamations, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious each minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the' crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the wood-work near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be instant. But they only huddled the closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.

"Fly," he cried, breathlessly, "this moment, or you'll be too late." And glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the rich cover from a centre-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles, and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "it will keep the fire from catching. Come."

The sight of his face had re-assured his mistress. Juba, who was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation, he was distinguished for a strict religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious, He was also shrewd and ready in every emergency, and Mrs. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her toward the staircase.—But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke toward them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate, so Juba snatched her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great stair-way.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, entirely escaped unhurt. But the table cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying "where is the baby! Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet." And she would have rushed toward the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought on her escape, had been to look for her darling: and but for this absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The servants, we say, looked at each other in dismay. The hall of the house was now all in a flame, the fire pouring out through the door-way as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress by that path was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the conflagration had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralyzed with terror, was still with the child, seemed out of the question entirely.

But there was one there who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sounds of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said, "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase, but the bough of an ornamental tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued. The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire within had reached the roof, and soon after the whole of them flashed into conflagration. Meantime the lured element poured out from the windows, ran upward, licking the combustible front, and streamed in a waving, dazzling pyramid high over the top of the mansion, far into the blue firmament. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud; and, to add to the horror there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mrs. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Each moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out, become intolerable.

"Oh! it is in vain," she cried, making a new effort to rush into the flames, "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself. For the love of God——"

But at that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already on fire, appeared the faithful Juba, holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him.—He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child towards them. He had, however, anticipated them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was hurried immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up toward the sky, from where the roof had been; and, as if propelled from a force pump, a gush of intense flame followed, leaping far up into the highest heaven.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long-drawn sigh. For the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed toward the building, and until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been latest visible. They had hoped to find him there. They had flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now plain this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving way, before he threw the child, and if so, this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other, as they fell back.

But there was little time for words. Scarcely had this thought been exchanged, before there was another crash, and, with a momentary waving motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, the sobbings, which had filled the air, but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle.—Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd, that Juba and the old nurse were burned in the ruins.

But suddenly from out the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands and knees. A human figure, yet crushed almost out of the shape of humanity, but still with life in it, for it moved.

And hark! a voice. A full, deep voice coming from that mangled body. What did it say?

Not words of pain, reader; but words of joy; words that you and I may bless God if we can say when dying.

They were words such as the martyrs used at the stake, or among the lions. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" Nothing more. But continually "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

For was not he a martyr too? He had died to save his master's child. Oh! he was both a hero and a martyr. And now that he had "fought the good fight," that the "goal was won," God gave him strength to forget the agony of his crisped and mangled body, and to remember only that he was going to bliss everlasting.

Thus, over the renewed sobbing of the spectators, over the wild shriek of his mistress as she rushed towards him, over the roar and crackling of the conflagration, there arose like a trumpet, the incessant cry, "Hallelujah!—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

One would not have thought that it was a poor, maimed, bleeding, dying sufferer that spoke, but the happiest and proudest of men.

They reached him, stooped over him, would have raised him. But, at that moment, he looked up at his mistress, a triumphant smile breaking over his face, and then fell lifeless back, a "Hallelujah" still trembling on his tongue.

And so he died. His grave has a marble tablet, with the words, "faithful unto death." What nobler motto could there be?

"Got me There."

An examination committee, about to test the capacities of an individual for school teaching, put the following questions to him:—

"At what time did France produce her greatest general?"

"At what period?" pausing and scratching his head—"at what—ah! you've got me there!"

"Well, was it before or after Christ?"

"Be-fore or after Christ. Before or after—well old hoss, you've got me *again!*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

Franklin Fund.

DR. FRANKLIN, in his will, gave to the inhabitants of the town of Boston one thousand pounds sterling, to be managed under the direction of the Selectmen, united with the ministers of the oldest Episcopalian and Presbyterian churches in that town, who are to let out the same upon interest at five per cent. per annum, to such young artificers, under the age of twenty-five years, as have served an apprenticeship in said town, and faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures, so as to obtain a good moral character from at least two respectable citizens who are willing to become their sureties in a bond for the repayment of the money.

He directs that the sum loaned to one applicant shall not exceed sixty pounds sterling nor be less than £15, and be repaid in annual instalments of ten per cent. with annual interest at five per cent.; that the money returned to the fund should be reloaned; and, not anticipating any losses, he calculates that the £1000 would increase in the course of one hundred years to £131,000, of which he would have the managers lay out £1000,000 in public works which may be judged to be of the most general utility to the inhabitants of Boston, and the remaining £31,000 he would have continued to be let out on interest, in the manner above described, for another term of one hundred years, at the end of which time he calculates the fund will be four millions sixty-one thousand pounds, of which he gives one million sixty-one thousand to the disposition of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, and three millions to the government of the State.

The legacy was paid to the Selectmen of Boston in the year 1791, and the loan of £60 sterling was made to Daniel Tuttle, bricklayer, on the 3d of May, 1791. This was the usual sum loaned until 1795, when the amount was reduced to $200, and has so continued ever since. The whole number of loans has been about two hundred and seventy, of which more than two-thirds have been paid in whole or in part by sureties.

During the first twenty years after the money was received by the town, the whole amount was not at all times loaned, and a part of it lay unemployed without interest. There have been numerous losses, by the failure of the principals and sureties on the bonds, so that the Doctor's calculations of the increase of the fund have signally failed, and it is feared that his benevolent intention of benefitting young married mechanics has rarely been realized.

During the last fifteen or twenty years the applications for loans have been comparatively few, owing probably to the difficulty of obtaining sureties, and to the well-known fact that they are frequently called to make up the delinquencies of their principals. It is about sixty-two years since the first loan was made. In the first third part of that term there were 159 loans; during the second, 90, and during the third part only 21 loans.

The number of bonds supposed to be good now belonging to the fund is only six, on which is due about $800. The total amount of the fund is $54,280 55, of which $53,463 is deposited on interest, in the office of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, and in the Savings Bank of this city.

It is estimated that in 1891, which will be 100 years from the time the bequest was made, or 38 years from the present time, the fund will accumulate to about $400,000, (say four hundred thousand dollars,) predicating the rate of interest the same as it has averaged the past twenty years.

It seems that it was Dr. Franklin's opinion that the $1000 sterling would produce, at the expiration of one hundred years, one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds sterling currency, equal to 581,640 dollars, valuing the pound sterling at par; making a difference between the Doctor's calculation and that of the Committees as to the probable result at the termination of one hundred years, $181,630—*Boston Transcript.*

Farming as a Pursuit.

Every rational and reflecting man must appreciate the dignified and honorable avocation of the tiller of the soil. He who would look with contempt upon the farmer's pursuits is not worthy the name of man. Agriculture is receiving more attention, perhaps, at the present time than at any former period. Societies for its promotion are found in all parts of our country. Science is being called in to aid the development of this great pursuit. Men of talent and great practical knowledge are using their time and influence in spreading information in regard to the cultivation of the soil. The necessity of farmers having an education is also beginning to be felt to a considerable extent throughout our land. This important point numbers have written upon, but it is of so much interest that there is need of much more being said.

How many men, (both farmers and others,) live a long life and go to their graves with very little more knowledge than they had when they came into the world. The exhaustless field of knowledge surrounds them on all sides, but they never taste of its delicious feast. The pleasures which the cultivation of the mind confers on them they know nothing of. They behold our mighty republic stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and look with wonder and admiration upon our institutions and the workings of our government, but of its history they may be entirely ignorant, or, at most, have but an imperfect knowledge. This should not be. The immortal mind was not framed for naught. The "noblest work of God" was certainly not designed to live as the beasts of the field, to eat and sleep only, but for a higher and more exalted sphere.

The mind, as well as the body, was designed to be exercised and to be cultivated. It is every man's duty to do this. We owe it not only to our Creator, but to our country. In a land like ours, where every man is a freeman, and has his part to perform in making the laws by which his country is governed, how important it is that he should possess the requisite amount of knowledge for the faithful performance of such an important duty. How vastly important is it that the farmers who compose the mass of our people, should more generally possess this knowledge? And what opportunities and advantages they have for intellectual improvement. Their occupation necessarily tends to the development of the physical powers, and the mental faculties should be exercised and cultivated in connection. None can plead the want of time. Who does not know that many of our most learned and illustrious men might have excused themselves in the same manner, for they were farmers and labormen the same as us. Much time is wasted during the year, which might be employed in storing the mind with useful information. Besides, that which is of most importance should be attended to first. This subject should receive the attention of every reformer and friend of his country. It seems that the existence of our free institutions is dependent upon the ability of each citizen to discharge faithfully his duty. We hope that much more may be said and written on this subject, until every man will feel it his duty to fit himself for the responsible position which he occupies as a freeman and an accountable being.—*Exchange.*

Our Father.

Often in the morning when we awaken, we hear a little childish voice, saying "come Bobby, let's say our prayer," and then together both little voices offer up that most beautiful of all petitions.

"Our Father who art in Heaven."

All over the world, in castle and hall, by the prince and the peasant, is that most beautiful prayer repeated—but above all, it sounds sweetest when lisped by the sunny-haired child at its mother's knee. Mark the little bending form—the hair put softly back, the tiny white hands folded, the reverent glance bent towards her, as though it saw a Saviour in its mother's eyes.

Blessed little children! What a dreary waste, what a wide and fruitless wilderness would this be without them! How often the toiling mother wakes almost despairing—there is no food in the house—her ceasless labor will hardly buy bread.

As she looks upon the red sun—rising with sad forebodings, and knows not how she shall procure a meal for her little ones—sweetly steal upon her senses the murmuring of infant voices. She listens. Her very babes are looking trustingly towards heaven. They have hushed their sports, and kneeling together by their poor couch they say,

"Give us this our daily bread."

Her soul grows strong within her; she knows God will never forsake her—and with tears she thanked him that she had ever taught them to pray.

And are there little children who never say "Our Father!" Are there mothers so lost to all that is holy and beautiful in Heaven and on earth, that they put their babes to sleep without teaching them upon whose arm they rest?

When night folds her starry curtains about them, and the moon looks down, silvering the meadows and spankling the trees, do they not tell them who in his goodness made all this beauty? and how with sweet confidence they should trust in him.

Eloquent Extract.

The following beautiful comparison is from the lecture recently delivered by T. F. Meagher, on Australia:—

One fair morning towards the close of the summer, I stood in a field that overlooked the Hudson. I was struck with the glowing ripeness of the fruit which waved around me and broke into an expression of delight. It seemed to me the most glorious the earth could bring forth.

"That seed," said one who stood by, "came *from Egypt.*"

It had been buried in the tombs of Kings—had lain with the dead three thousand years. But though wrapped in the shroud, and locked within the pyramids, it died not. It lived in the silence—lived in the darkness—lived under the mighty mass of stone—lived with death itself—and that the dust of kings had been distributed—that they have been called and moved not—that the bandages have been removed, and they opened not their eyes—behold the seed gives forth life and the fields rejoice in its glory.

And thus it is that the energies, the instincts, the faith, all the vitalities which have been crushed else where, have been entombed elsewhere, in these virgin soils revive, and that which seems mortal becomes imperishable.—And thus it is that reviving here, the seed will multiply, and borne back to the ancient lands, will people the places that are desolate; and with the song of the harvest, the wilderness shall be made glad.

Children of the old world, be of good cheer!

Whilst in the homes—by the Rhine, the Seine, the Danube and the Arno, the Shannon and the Suir, in the homes you have left the wicked seem to prosper, and spurious Senates provide for the offspring of the tyrant, even to the third and fourth generations. Freedom strengthens herself in these lands, and in the midst of countless hosts, concentrates the power by which the captive shall be redeemed, and the evil lord dethroned.

This shall be the glory of Australia!—this shall be the glory of America.

Parting with Emmet.

The evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailor. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke little; but as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long-past day of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant, the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound! and as he felt that this was the last time he should ever hear its dismal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart, and bent over her sinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnhey entered at the moment;—ashamed of his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overpowered by his feelings, he could make no resistance; but he gloomily released his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and with his parting token of attachment imprinted the last kiss of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door, she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eye as she retired; it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back again upon its hinges, and as it closed after her, informed her too surely, that they had met for the last time on earth.

Danger of Taking Things for Granted.

It was objected to the system of Copernicus, when first brought forward, that if the earth turned on its axis, as he represented, a stone dropped from the summit of a tower would not fall at the foot of it, but a great distance to the west; in the same manner as a stone dropped from the mast-head of a ship in full sail does not fall at the foot of the mast, but at the stern of the ship. To this it was answered that a stone, being a part of the earth, obeys the same laws and moves with it; whereas it is no part of the ship, of which consequently its motion is independent. This solution was admitted by some, but opposed by others: and the controversy went on with spirit; nor was it till one hundred years after the death of Copernicus that the experiment being tried, it was ascertained that the stone thus dropped from the head of the mast *does* fall at the foot of it.—*Archbishop Whateley.*

☞ "Hello, I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?"

"Oh! it'll cure everything—heal anything."

"Ah! well, I'll take a bottle. Maybe it'll heel my boots; they need it bad enough!"

A French Breakfast.

Mr. Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, who is investigating the qualities of sheep and wool in the rural districts of France, in a recent letter thus describes a breakfast at Rambouilet:

"I was extremely fortunate, on leaving the cars, to fall in with a noisy Englishman, half agent, who knew every wool-grower in the vicinity, and every thing in relation to the government flock as well. He knew, moreover the best breakfast house in the place—an important matter one has risen at 6 o'clock in the morning, and journeyed half a hundred miles, with an empty stomach—and we accordingly made the best of our way to the Hotel de Lion d'Or. (why should all hotel lions be golden, in France and elsewhere?) to find comfort and sustenance for the inner man. I do not just now recollect—cannot immediately call to mind—when or where I ever sat down to a breakfast I enjoyed more than this one at Rambouillet. It was sumptuous and most bountiful. There were fourteen of us who partook; all, with the exception of our English friend and a single companion of mine, French farmers, from the vicinity—jolly, ruddy, substantial men, of a class I had never met before in the country—and courteous men withal—some of them fair drinkers desides. I saw this because I counted the empty bottles after the repast, and there were twenty-two of them. Yet it was a light, ordinary, although pleasant wine, and served rather to make our French friends good natured and gurralous than intoxicated.

"I must give you our bill of fare from memory; promising by saying that I may have left out many things; first we had a large pork pie, cold, well seasoned, and cooked to a turn: next came veal cutlets, mutton chops, and stewed kidneys; this course was followed (the French stow away fish almost anywhere) by fat and delicious shad; after this I shut down on the shad) came I do not exactly recollect what kind of roasts; these in turn were followed by a regular course of vegetables; then came pies, cakes, and pastry doings generally; next an abundance of apples, raisins, figs, and what not of kindred nature; and the performance concluded with rich coffee and delicious French cream, (they call the latter brandy in some parts of the States.) And what do you suppose our bill was for all this wine, coffee, brandy and service included? Three francs, or not quite sixty cents of our money! Thinking there was some mistake, I told the *dame de comptoir* that I had gone the entire breakfast, from pork pie to brandy; but she said it was all right—three francs was the only charge. I would not have sold out my *right* to the shad for three times the money, and shall never think that I paid the woman enough."

Indian Fun.

One of the earliest setlers around Lake Champlain, was Col. Edward Raymond. He understood the character and disposition of the natives of the forest and lived with them in harmony; frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake as he had occasion.

One fellow by the name of Bigbear had his wigwam at no great distance from the Col. dwelling, and was often there. The Col. having occasion to visit some distant shore of the Lake employed Bigbear to row him in his canoe. On their return they passed near a high, yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattle-snakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look and then inquired:

"Raymun love fun?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then Raymun have fun; mind Indian and hole a gun."

So he rowed along silent and slow and cut a crotch stick from a bunch of hazle upon the bank.

'Steady now, hole a gun, Raymun,' as he clapped the crotch astride a serpent that was asleep close to the edge of the water. "Take 'um now, Raymun, hold fast."

The Colonel took hold of the stick keeping the serpent down while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein.

He then made it fast to the smake's tail, and then touching fire to the match gave orders to "let 'um go" at the same time pushing off from the shore; the snake liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately stood up and clapped his hands, making as loud moise as possible, and thus rousing the serpent who all in a moment disappeared.

'Now look, Raymun, now for fun,' said he and in about a moment the powder exploded and there was to be sure, fun alive. The snakes in thousands covered the rocks, hissing, rattling, twirling and jumping in every way imaginable. Col. Raymun burst into a loud laugh that echoed across the lake, pleased alike at the success of the trick and the ingenuity of the savage's invention.

An Old Bachelor's Epitaph.

A lady had been teaching the summer school in a certain town, and a young sprig of the law paid her some attention, so much that he was joked about her. He replied, "I shall look higher for a wife." It came to the lady's ears, and she meditated a little bit of revenge. An opportunity soon offered. They were at a party together, and to redeem her forfeit, she was to make his epitaph. She gave the following:

Here lies a man who looked so high,
He passed all common damsels by,
And they who looked as high as he,
Declared his bride they would not be;
So 'twixt them both he died a bach,
And now has gone to the old scratch.

Pretty Good.

The Western Times tells a story of a "distressed agriculturist." A farmer popped in here on Wednesday last to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house he said that times being so hard, he couldn't raise the money at all, and dashing a bundle of bank notes on the table, "there," said he, "that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by Mr. N., the landlord, who said, why this is twice as much as you owe me!" "Dang'ee, give it to me again." said the farmer. "I'm dashed if I ain't took it out of the wrong pocket!"

A WONDERFUL GOOSE.—The Snow Hill Shield gives the following description of a great goose belonging to a gentleman living near that town. In the first place, he has three perfect legs and four feet, two of which are placed in the natural positions, but the third one is where the fundament is to be found in other geese, and on the end of it there are two perfect feet, making it a four-footed goose. The next curious fact is, that it possesses two fundaments on each side of its third leg, and uses each alternately without the least apparent inconvenience. It is fourteen months old, and its body, neck and head are much larger than those of our geese.

CABBAGE, says the Edinburgh *Review*, "contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever. Boiled cabbage and corned beef make fifty-two as good dinners in 12 months as a man can eat.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cows and Calves.

In some districts it may be best economy to cut the throats of calves as soon as they are born, the milk being more valuable converted into cheese and butter than into veal. Such, however, is not the case, when veal sells as it does here, at from 5 to 8 cents per pound, unless fresh butter commands an unusually high price. The relative prices of the veal and butter determine the advantage of one or the other of the courses, and any intelligent farmer can easily calculate which is best economy for him.

In fatting calves for the butcher, they should be suckeled regularly, have as much milk as they can take, after they are ten days old; they should be tied up in a dark, clean stable, and have a little fresh, clean straw given them every day. Much depends on their being kept clean and quiet. If they are kept clean they will not be troubled with lice. If they should be, give them a little sulphur, it will both purify the blood and rid the lice. In suckling them, let the strap remain round their necks, and take them away from the cow as soon as they have their fill, and do not let them run about. The rate of increase of a calf depends a good deal on the breed, and on the food of the mother; when a calf is more than six weeks old it seldom gets as much milk as it would take, unless the cow is very well kept. As a general thing, therefore, it is not profitable to keep fatting calves after they are six weeks old.

For rearing calves, of course, a different treatment is necessary. You must have an eye to health and the development of muscle, and not, as in the other case, to the accumulation of fat. They should be allowed more light and exercise. If fed by hand, after the first two or three weeks a little fresh skim milk and linseed tea, might be economically be substituted for a part of the fresh milk. A dairyman will be paid for a little extra feed and care to his cows in the spring. It often happens that cows are very costive a week or two preceding parturition. A feed of mangel wurtzel, or two pounds of oil cake per day, will be found of great advantage in such a case. The increase of milk will pay for the oil cake, while the increased health and strength of the cow will be pure gain, and will tell well in the milk pail during summer.

We need scarce say that it is very important that a cow be milked at all times, but especially immediately after calving. As soon as the cow has calved, we like to take all the milk out of the udder we can get, previous to letting the calf suck, and if the udder gets hard or is inflamed, as is often the case, rub it well with cold soft water buttermilk, and take out the milk before the calf is to suck. The calf will then draw it clear and bunt it well, speedily effecting a cure. An eminent writer has said: For my part I never saw a man milk a cow without being impressed with the idea that he is usurping an office which does not benefit him. Certainly there are few men that are fit to milk, or have any thing at all to do with a cow. We have known cows that would not suffer a man to milk them without their legs were tied, yet they would be as quiet as a lamb while a woman with her soft hands, kind words, and pacifying manners, performed the operation.—However unruly and ugly a cow may be, never beat or kick her; harsh treatment only makes the temper worse, while kindness will tame a Tartar.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Curculio---A Remedy.

I propose to introduce the reader to a new and distinct mode of warfare upon that mischevious insect, the curculio; all former warfare, so far as I know, has been predicated upon false opinions concerning its nature and habits. It comes out of the ground about the commencement of warm weather, when the plum trees are in blossom or soon after. They are at this time about the size and nearly the appearance of a common louse, are unable to fly, and invariably crawl up the tree during the fore part of the day, or at any time sufficiently warm. Here they remain mature, and do their work of destruction before they are able to fly.

I am of the opinion that the benefits arising from white-wash of lime, is owing to its caustic properties, in retarding their progress up the trunk of the tree, and destroying them when quite young and tender. I propose to make a ring of tar around the body of the tree, and by strict attention destroy them as they crawl up. Last spring (though too late,) I killed in this manner upwards of 600 on one tree. Gathered fallen plums every day and destroyed them. I intend to give them especial attention this season, and report. Let every one who owns a plum tree do likewise,

I am well satisfied that the curculio migrates slowly; that they increase in favorable situations with a rapidity proportionate to the amount of fruit within their range. That they are adverse to using their wings, any one may convince himself by shaking them from the tree when full grown; in a short time they will be seen making their way up the trunk of the tree. By removing a tree to where no plums have ever been grown, a plentiful crop will be had for two or three years. The tar should be stirred and renewed every day.—*O. T. Hobbs.*

Harvesting.

Let us beseech each grower of wheat, and other small grains, to be timely in their preparation for harvest. They should carefully examine all their implements, see that they have a full supply, and have them put in the best possble order. If their supply is not sufficient, lose no time in procuring new ones to make up their deficiency, and while they may be making their purchases, be sure to buy none, that is not of first quality, for there are agricultural implements thrust into every market that would be *dear* at any price, being made like Pindar's razors, for sale, without the least regard to service or intrinsic value.

Time of Harvesting.

Wheat should always be harvested *before it is dead ripe.* When the stock has turned yellow, and become arid three or four inches below the head, is in our opinion, the proper time for cutting wheat, barley, rye or oats; for from that time the supply of nutriment from the earth is arrested in its progress.

Cutting Grasses and Clover for Hay.

Let each be cut when in *bloom*—after permitting it to lie in swarth 5 or 6 hours complete the curing in cocks. Grass or clover thus cut and cured, makes the best hay, while the exhaustion of the soil is not nearly so grate as when cutting is delayed until after the formation of the seed.

Salting Stock.

Do not omit to salt your stock. A mixture of equal parts of oyster-shell lime, ashes and salt, is better than salt alone, is cheaper and more beneficial in its effects. 1 or 2 oz. thrice a week will go far to preserve your stock in good health.

For your Sheep, you should provide a trough, under cover; on the bottom of this spread tar, over the tar, sprinkle salt freely—repeat this at least twice or thrice a week.