

# 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.]

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## PORTICAL.

### A Health to my Brother.

BY R. PENN SMITH.

Fill the bowl to the brim, there's no use in complaining;  
We'll down the dark dream, while a care is remaining;  
And though the sad tear may embitter the wine,  
Drink half, never fear, the remainder is mine.  
True, others may drink in the lightness of soul,  
But the pleasure I think is the tear in the bowl;  
Then fill up the bowl with the roseate wine,  
And the tears of my soul shall there mingle with thine.  
And that being done, we will quaff it, my brother;  
Who drinks of the one should partake of the other.  
Thy head is now gray, and I follow with pain—  
Pah! I think of our day, and were children again.

'Tis folly to grieve that our life's early vision  
Shone but to deceive, and then flit in derision.  
A fairy-like show, far too fragile to last;  
As bright as the rainbow and fading as fast.

'Tis folly to mourn that our hearts' foolish kindness  
Received in return but deceit for their blindness;  
And vain to regret that false friends have all flown;  
Since fortune hath set, we can buffet alone.

Then fill up the glass, there's no use in repining;  
That friends quickly leave us, when fortune's declining—  
Let each drop a tear in the roseate bowl;  
A tear that's sincere, and then pledge to the soul.

## INTERESTING SKETCH.

### THE SECRET CLOSET; OR, Let Well Enough Alone.

A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thompson called at the house of John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was readily granted, and the stranger, having taken some refreshments, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened betimes the following morning—When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose, he was found in his bed perfectly dead. On examining his body no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and enquiries were made as to who he was, and by what means he came to his death. Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village, about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end. And then, as to the matter of his death, so little could be discovered that the jury which were summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by a visitation of God." When this was done the stranger was buried.  
Days and weeks passed, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicion existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers that to effect were expressed, and in the minds of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man. The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagance, and at length being suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town. More than ten years, however, had now elapsed since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character. His former life, however, was now remembered, and suspicion after all, fastened upon him.  
At the expiration of two months, a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body itself was also taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him.—He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district, the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench. He charged the jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater; more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury, however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of only one. At length the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner, and to hear the trial. He himself appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his appearance or manner indicated guilt; and when the question was put to him by the clerk, "are you guilty or not guilty?" he answered with an unflinching tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, "not guilty."

The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. And it was apparent he had little expectation of being able to find the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property, he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found. Why then was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thompson, was a jeweller, residing in London and a man of wealth. He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. The trader he did meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thompson was known to have in his possession gold and jewels to a large amount.  
With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's, and the next morning he was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house, and it could be shown that he came to his death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.  
Now then, continued the counsel, it will be proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the deceased died by poison. But what was the poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced by distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and deprived one of life so immediately as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions to the features.  
But then the question was, by whom was it administered? One circumstance, a small one indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale, was that the stopper of a small bottle of very singular description had been found in the prisoner's house. The stopper had been examined, and said by medical men to have belonged to a German phial, containing the kind of poison which he had described. But then was that poison administered by Smith, or by his instigation? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a housekeeper and one man servant. The man servant slept in an out house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, the housekeeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

It would be proved that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thompson's death, a light had been seen moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the housekeeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thompson's room, the witness could not swear, but shortly after they were observed passing quite through the entry to Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.  
The witness would further state, that after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of a window itself, and which he described by saying it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light.  
Now in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed being at a distance beyond it. The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address, Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or disturbed, and equally unmoved was he while the witness testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them that in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and that if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him. Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.  
At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal, the prisoner arose and addressed the court. He said he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that the evidence was not sufficient to convict him. Did the jury mean that there was any evidence against him? Was he to go out of the court with suspicions resting upon him, after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and, if the judge would grant him the opportunity, he would prove it. He would call his housekeeper, who would confirm a statement which he would make.  
The housekeeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself or had been con-

cealed by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him. But he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she should testify, but knowing the excitement he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact.  
But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew; she might then be called and be examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story, let me be condemned.  
The request of the prisoner seemed reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.  
The prisoner went on with his statement.—He said he wished to go out of the court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it nor the effect of it, nor even the existence of it, until made known by the counsel. He called God to witness the truth of what he said.  
And then, as to Mr. Thompson, he was a perfect stranger to him. How should he know what articles of value he had with him? He did not know. If he had such articles at Hull he might have lost them on the road, or which was more probable, have otherwise disposed of them. And if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself.  
He begged the jury to remember that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched and not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered in his possession. The stopper of a phial had been found—but of this he could only say he had no knowledge, and had never seen it before it was produced in court.  
One fact had been proven, and only one.—That he would explain, and his housekeeper would confirm his statement.  
A witness testified that some one had gone to the bed room of the housekeeper on the night in question. He was ready to admit that it was he himself. He had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to her to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes. This would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, finding himself better, he had dismissed her and retired to bed, from which he had not risen, when informed of the death of his guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive tone, and from the simple and earnest manner of the man, perhaps not one present doubted his entire innocence. The housekeeper was now introduced and examined by counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial.  
To this succeeded her cross examination by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. Yet the witness is positive that something like a door did, for a moment come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The housekeeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions; and among others where the candle stood while she was in Smith's room?  
"In the centre of the room," she replied.  
"Well, and was the closet or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened once or twice while it stood there?"  
She made no reply.  
"It will help your recollection," said the counsel. "After Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door, or did it remain open?"  
"He shut it."  
"And when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again, did he?"  
"He did."  
"And how long was it open the last time?"  
"Not above a minute."  
"Well, and when open, would the door be exactly between the light and the window?"  
"It would."  
"I forget," said the counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right hand or the left hand side of the window?"  
"On the left hand side."  
"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"  
"None."  
"Are you certain?"  
"I am."  
"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?"  
"I never opened it myself."  
"Did you never keep the key?"  
"Never."  
"Who did?"  
"Mr. Smith, always."

At this moment the housekeeper chanced to cast her eyes towards Smith, the prisoner. A cold, damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared as if living in agony of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequences of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he seemed to attach to her statements, that she had been led by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know.  
She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician who was present was requested to attend to her. At this time the solicitor for

the prosecution left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently the Physician came into court and stated that it would be impossible for the housekeeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was about twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned court two hours. The prisoner in the meantime was remanded to jail.  
It was between four and five o'clock when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench.—The prisoner was again placed at the bar and the court room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place.  
The cross-examining counsel again addressed the housekeeper.  
"I have but a few more questions to ask you," said he; "take heed how you answer, for your own life hangs upon a thread. Do you know this stopper?"  
"I do."  
"To whom does it belong?"  
"To Mr. Smith."  
"When did you last see it?"  
"On the night of Mr. Thompson's death."  
At this moment the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him, on a tray, a watch, two money bags, a jewel case, a pocket book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table, in sight of the prisoner and the witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy scene to a close. The house where the murder was committed was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback, with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the identical poison which had caused the death of Thompson. The result was too obvious to need explanation. Smith was convicted and executed.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Home's Bright Star.

A correspondent of the "Knickerbocker" thus writes:—"Though helpless and dependent, a little child has enough brightness in its eye, and gaiety in its prattle, to fill a household with joy. When he awakes first at the 'peep of day' and imprints kisses on his parents' lips, his fragrance is sweeter than that of the morn. The music of his voice is like the song of birds at the approach of light; his smiles more sunny than the first entrance of sun-beams into the room. His little arm-chair, on high stilts, is scrupulously placed when the fast is broken, and he is no unimportant member at the family board. During the day, how pleasant the pattering of his feet on the stair-case, his voice in the court-yard, his frequent bursting into the room with some new tale! At night he kneels down, clad in white, as before some holy altar, at his mother's knees, and his little prayers go straight to heaven from a child's heart. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained praise. Not unfrequently, when he sleeps, are the mother's pilgrimages to his couch, while under his long lashes and sealed-up lids the spirit of a cherub seems to dwell.—But oh, if God, in His wise providence, should change that repose into the sleep of death, and the white flowers are placed upon his breast, in his little clasped hands, the tears which sparkle on his brow are bright, but perhaps the bitterest ever shed. Dear little C— is dead!"  
I remember the last time I saw him was on a beautiful evening in autumn. We all sat in the summer-house. The moon rose and the stars twinkled, and were reflected in the waves which beat below the cliffs. The child looked up to the brightest star of all, and said:  
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky."  
His seemed like a prophetic voice. But a few moons have waned, and little C— is now a star in Heaven. Before he died, he sang the very strains which had delighted him, and he now sleeps in peace near the river's bank, where, in spring-time, the flowers shall bloom above him which he so much loved, and where they will not cease to be watered by a parent's tears. How many a bereaved heart will be touched by this!"

### Goodness not the Growth of a Day.

The mushroom may shoot up and be perfect in a night. The green grass may rise and fall twice in a season beneath the summer sun. But the strong and beautiful diamond must mature in its secret caverns, while the generations of the forest, alike with those of flesh and blood, pass away. The star that glitters like God's signet, sparkling too brilliant in the clear evening for the eye to fix its shape, sprang not into instantaneous being, but, as astronomy would teach, began to form, innumerable ages by-gone, in dim and dark mist; revolving and condensing and gathering pale light, ray after ray, as century after century rolled along, till what fell, perhaps, on the eye of Adam as a pearly cloud in the profound remote heavens, shoots a fiery radiance now over land and sea. Even so dimly and darkly forms human virtue or goodness, revolving amid unshaped elements in the spiritual firmament, condensing—if a moral truthfulness to God be the prevailing law—ever into more consistent and substantial brightness, and preparing, by the grace of God, and under the influence of His Gospel, to shine, as those stars now shine, for ever in the heavens, when their flames may be extinguished in endless night.

## The Potato Rot—Its Cause and its Remedy.

An important work on the prevention of the potato rot, has just been published at St. Petersburg. The author is Professor Bellman, a Russian Councillor of State, and we find an interesting notice of the publication in a late number of the Boston Courier. Mr. Bellman asserts from actual experience, that thoroughly dried potatoes will always produce a crop free from disease. This discovery he made by accident, but confirmed it by repeated subsequent trials. He had contrived a potato sifter, which had the bad quality of destroying any sprouts that might be on the sets, and even of tearing away the rind. To harden the potatoes, so as to protect them against this accident, he resolved to dry them. In the spring of 1850, he placed the lot in a very hot room, and at the end of three weeks they were dry enough to plant. The potatoes came up well and had no disease.

This, it is added, was looked upon as a mere accident; but his seed-potatoes having been dried again the next year, and again producing a perfectly sound crop, while the neighboring crops were all diseased, the Professor's attention was drawn to the phenomena, and he made a third trial in 1852. This time all his own stock of potatoes being exhausted, he was obliged to purchase his seed, which bore unmistakable marks of having formed part of a crop that had been severely diseased; some being quite rotten. After keeping them for about a month in a hot room, as before he cut the largest potatoes into quarters, and the smallest into halves, and left them to dry another week. Accidentally the drying was carried so far that apprehensions were entertained of a very bad crop, if any. Contrary to expectation, however, the sets pushed promptly, and grew so fast that excellent young potatoes were dug three weeks earlier than usual.

This singular result, obtained in three successive years, led to inquiry as to whether any similar case were on record. In the course of the investigation, two other facts were elicited. It was discovered that Mr. Losovsky, of Witebsk, had for four years adopted the plan of drying his seed potatoes, and that during that time there had been no disease on his estate. It was again an accident which led to the practice of this gentleman. Five years ago while his potatoes were digging he put one in his pocket, and on returning home threw it on his stove, where it remained forgotten till the spring. Having then chanced to observe it, he had the curiosity to plant it, all dried up as it was, and obtained an abundant, healthy crop; since that time the practice of drying has been continued, and always with great success.—Professor Bellman remarks that it is usual in Russia, in many places, to smoke-dry flax, wheat and rye, and in the west of Russia, experienced proprietors prefer, for seed, onions that have been kept over winter in cottages without a chimney.

The second fact is this:—Mr. Wasilefsky, of Mohileff, is in the habit of keeping potatoes all the year round, by storing them in the place where his hams are smoked. It happened that, in the spring of 1852, his seed potatoes, kept in the usual manner, was insufficient; and he made up the requisite quantity with some of those which had been for a month in the smoking place. These potatoes produced a capital crop, very little diseased, while at the same time the crop from the sets which were not smoke-dried was extensively attacked by disease. Prof. Bellman is of opinion that there would have been no disease at all if the sets had been better dried. The temperature required to produce the desired result is not very clearly made out. Mr. Bellman's room, in which his first potatoes were dried, was heated to about 72°, and much higher. By way of experiment he placed others in the chamber of the stove itself, where the thermometer stood at 136° and more. He also ascertained that the vitality of the potato is not effected, even if the rind is charred.

A method so simple, rational and cheap, as is suggested above, cannot fail to recommend itself to the attention of every American farmer. If the remedy is inefficacious in Russia, there seems no reason why it should fail in this country. We have ample proof in experience that the source of the disease is in the root itself, and not in any noxious quality of the soil or atmosphere from which it derives its nutriment.

### Sympathy for the Fallen.

For my part, I confess I have not the heart to take an offending man from the general crowd of sinful erring men, and judge him harshly. The little I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed—the brief pulsations of joy—the feverish inquietude of hope and fear—the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose—the pressure of want—the desertion of friends—the scorn of the world that has but little charity—the desolation of the soul's sanctuary—and threatening voice within—health gone—even hope that stays longest with us—gone—I have little heart for aught else but thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.  
"Even as a little child,  
Weeping and laughing in its childish sport."

The editor of the *Elmira Gazette*, in a late number of his paper, made the following severe but truthful announcement:  
"When you see a man in business, who will not advertise, or take a newspaper, look out for a mean penurious skin-flint, too tight to enjoy good health, and who holds a penny so near his eyes that he can't see a dollar."

If a man could only look at himself with a sober eye when he is drunk, he never would drink again.

## Wonderful Trees.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following, of which we have compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious:  
**The Brazil-Nut Tree.**—The Brazil-nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from 50 to 80 feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit in its natural position, resembles a cocoon, being extremely hard, and about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from 15 to 20 of these three-cornered nuts, nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.  
**The Cannon-ball Tree.**—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of 60 feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, exhaling a rich perfume.—The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls; hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise the balls make in bursting. From the shell domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the materials for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

**The Great Chestnut Tree.**—On the one side of Mt. Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be 196 feet in circumference, just above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space, formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.  
**The Dwarf Tree.**—Captains King and Fitzroy, who were on a voyage to the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out four or five feet along the ground.

**The Ivory-nut Tree.**—The ivory-nut tree is popularly called the Tague plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of plants, but belonging to the order designated as screw-pine tribe. The natives use their leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons and various other articles. In an early state, the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which afterward assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as ivory-nut, or vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.  
**The Sorrowful Tree.**—At Gen, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree—so called because it flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen, and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them than some of them fall off, and other closes up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

**The Sack Tree.**—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the sack tree, because from it may be stripped very singular natural sacks, which resemble "fells" in appearance.—*Christain Ing.*

## A Good One.

Speaking of poor-houses, reminds us of what happened at a poor-house in Massachusetts, on the occasion of a parochial visit paid by a very worthy minister of our acquaintance. There were several persons in the room when the minister called, one of whom was a very talkative, pious old lady, and another a half-witted young woman. Of course the old woman at once entered into conversation with the minister, the half-witted one sitting by disheveling her hair, and now and then venturing a remark. The old woman commenced in the usual way, by stating her exceeding sinfulness, and her conscious need of repentance. After lamenting at considerable length the evils that were tempting and the sins that were besetting her, she very suddenly changed the current of her words, "But then," said she, "Mr.—, the Lord is merciful, and knows our weakness; he has begun a good work." "Ah," said the half-witted girl, discontinuing her employment for a moment, "Ah, He don't know what He's undertook!" Of course the talk was over, and the minister left the premises instantaneously.—*Concord Democrat.*

**Spiritual Facts.**  
That Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.  
That Brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.  
That Wine causes many to take a winding way home.  
That Pauch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.  
That Ale causes many ailments, while Beer brings many to the bier.  
That Champagne is the source of many real pains.  
That Gin slings have 'slewed' more than the slings of old.  
That the reputation of being fond of cock tails, is not a feather in any man's cap.  
That the money spent for Port supported by portlygenets would support many a poor family.

Jones says courting is done on the printing principle; there being a good deal of hand press about it.

## Hints About Harness.

For several years past, we have adopted the following plan of treating carriage harness, with so much comfort and success, that we have concluded to recommend it to you for working and carriage harness.  
The whole thing may be comprised in a few words. With hot water, soap, brushes, and scrapers make your harness perfectly clean.—Next saturate with oil; lastly, a weather-proof elastic polish and blackening.  
For your information, we detail to you how to go about accomplishing these results. Select some afternoon with a prospect of a fair day following. Take your harness and take it to pieces, as far as you can unbuckle it. Put them into a tub or barrel, and pour boiling soap suds over them and let them stand all night. In the morning, take a stiff brush, or corn cobb, or something else of the same sort, and with a smooth board in place of a wash-board, wash your water and soap, rub the coat of grease and dirt off each side of the leather. Sometimes it is necessary to use a dull old knife to scrape with. Pass each strap through a second clean water, and hang up on a line, exposed to the sun.—Neatsfoot oil is the best, but fish oil will do very well. Make a brush by rubbing some flannel round a stick, and tying it with thread, dip this in the oil, and pass over both sides. As it dries in, go over them again and again, until they will absorb no more oil. Let them stay out over night.  
In the morning, if they are all soft and pliable, you may proceed to apply varnish. If not, put on more oil until they do get soft and pliable.  
The polish is made as follows:—Take a pint of fish or neatsfoot oil, add four ounces of bees-wax, four ounces of clean tallow, one ounce rosin, and one ounce of lampblack; melt—when melted, add about two table-spoonsful of turpentine, and with flannel cloths commence rubbing the harness both sides, draw the straps through and through the flannel. The polish must be applied warm as the hands can bear it. Let your harness hang out one night. Take warm water and soap wash all the black off, which will come off with sponge or cloths.—Hang up, in an hour or so, you can buckle together again, and it is fit for use. You will now have soft harness, with a dull shiny jet black surface which will keep for a whole year, if you put oil enough on them to render them as soft as woolen cloth. They will retain this dull shiny black all summer, and mud will never stay on longer after it is dry.  
Any person who will treat his harness so, once a year, will never regret the trouble.  
If they need repairing either do it yourself, or have it done before the spring work comes on.—*Exchange.*

**Courting in Style.**  
"Get out you nasty puppy—let me alone or I'll tell your ma!" exclaimed Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her pulling dirt out of the jam.  
"I ain't techen' you, Sal," responded Jake.  
"Well, perdunn' you don't mean to suffer, do yer?"  
"No, I don't."  
"Cause you're too tarna' scarry, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, lagged-legged owl, you haint got a tarna' bit o'sense; get along home with you."  
"Now, Sal, I love you, and you can't help it, and of you don't let me stay and court you, my daddy will sue you for that cow he sold him 't'other day. By jingo! he said he'd do it!"  
"Well, look here, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set off there as if you thort I was pizen."  
"How on airth is that Sal?"  
"Why, aidd' right up here and hug and kiss me as if you really had some of the bone and sinner of a man about you. Do you 'spose a woman's only made to look at, you fool you.—No; they're made for 'practical results,' as Kosstuh says—to hug and kiss, and such like."  
"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, for I do love you Sal"—and so Jake commenced sliding up to her like a maple pucker going to lodge. Laying his arm gently on Sal's shoulders, we thought we heard Sal say—  
"Now you begin to please me, old boss; that's acting like a white man orter."  
"Oh, Jerusalem and panekes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple sass ever marm made, a darn sight. Crackles!—buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks and lasses ain't nowhere 'long side of you, Sal—Oh how I love you!"  
Here their lips came together, and the report that followed, was like pulling a horse's foot out of the mire.

**Bluffing a Witness.**  
In a justice's court down East a trial was under way for trespass, in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony went clearly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel, a blustering man of brass, after the most approved fashion of country puff-blowers, thought to weaken the force of his evidence by proving idleness to be a trait of his family. He therefore interrogated him thus:  
"Mr.—, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Does he know any thing?"  
"Very little."  
"How much does he know?"  
"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do."

The witness was allowed to retire without further questioning, amidst the most uproarious screams of laughter.

"Ma," said a young lady to her mother the other day, "what is immigration?"  
"Emigrating, my dear, is a young lady going to Australia."  
"What is colonizing?"  
"Colonizing my dear is marrying there and having a family!"  
"Ma, I should like to go to Australia."

**The smallest Song in the World.**  
We three  
Brothers be,  
In one cause—  
Bill puffs,  
I snuffs,  
John chaws.  
"Will you take a pinch of snuff, Mr. Scroggins?"  
"No, I thank you; if my nose was intended for a dust-hole, it would have been turned the other side up."