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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POETICAL.

☞ The following lines, written some years ago, by that poet-son of Albino, J. C. Prince, are, we think, very beautiful:

The Pen and the Press.

Young Genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
Till the silent, the wayward, the wandering thing,
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing.
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new prize to his dwelling away;
He gazed for a while at its beauties and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a PEN.

But its magical use he discovered not yet,
Till he dipped its bright lips in a fountain of jet;
And O! what a glorious thing it became!
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame;
While its master wrote on, like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted and fired.
It came as a boon, and a blessing to men,
The peaceful, the pure, the victorious PEN.

Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more,
The vast sunless caverns of earth to explore;
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown which he brought from the ground.
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
As he melted the ore into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an engine uprose, and he called it a PRESS.

The pen and the press, (blest alliance!) combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind,
For *that* to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And *this* sent them forth to the ends of the earth.
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless;
Those invaluable brothers—the PEN and the PRESS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Knickerbocker.

A STORY About an Old Gentleman and a Wolf.

'EXIT, PURSUED BY A BEAR.'
Shakespeare: Winter Tale, Act III: Scene III.

I am about to relate a story concerning an old gentleman and a wolf, which I flatter myself will be found highly tragical and entertaining. I tell the story precisely as I heard it one winter evening about five years ago, in the kitchen of John Buck, a good and true farmer of one of the middle States. I was at that time eighteen years old, and followed during that particular winter the laudable occupation of teaching school. In the course of my 'boarding around peregrinations, I had at this time got billeted on John Buck, and I can testify with gratitude that they lived in the solidest fashion there, and used me as if I had been a prince. I was a prince, it is true, and having come to voting age, and now a king; an American king, a republican sovereign; but like a good many other princes of my time, who diverted themselves by teaching district school in the winter, my royal rations were too often sour shortened cake and dried apple-pie, more fit for an ostrich than for an heir-apparten; and so the steaming steaks, the fragrant coffee, and the noble pies which adorned Mrs. Buck's table are to this day glorious in my memory.

On the certain winter evening of which I spoke, I sat on one side of the spacious fire-place, with a closed book in my hand, which I had just been reading, and was contemplating the two family groups which occupied opposite sides of the room. On one side, and not far from myself, sat the farmer, a hale, ruddy, large framed man, reading the '*Weekly Bomb Shell*,' a sweet and cheerful political newspaper, the organ of his party in the county. His wife, a quiet woman, sat beside the same table, sewing; while Aunty Baldwin and grand-mother Buck, sitting in rocking chairs, plied their knitting needles and told stories of dreadful length, involving intricate genealogies, which are not to be made intelligent by me without a black-board. The farmer was a zealous politican, and occasionally broke out with some paragraphs of astounding purport from the columns of the '*Bomb Shell*,' as thus:

'Ha! thunder; wife; just hear this!' Special Telegraphic Dispatch to the New York Tribune from Washington.—Senator Sixshooter, of Arkansas, has just published a letter on River and Harbor Improvements, addressed to the Hon. Mr. Twopistols, of Kentucky, saying, that unless Congress immediately appropriates two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of clearing the snags and alligators out of the Chickochofee river, the inhabitants of Boknife county will secede, set up an independent government, and declare war. They have sent to St. Louis for a six-pounder and two tons of percussion caps.' There! those chaps want to scare Congress, and if Congress is scared by them, it ought to be spanked. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for snaking the alligators out of their creek! I could go there and pick 'em out of the mud with a pitch-fork. If I was President, I would make them sallow their two ton of percussion caps.—They're a queer nation out West.'

'Yes,' sighed Aunty Baldwin, 'they are a very peculiar kind of people. I am afraid that the Pope has got his eye on the West, and would like to have the inquisition going there, if he could. But I trust and pray that he will fail in all his designs as Dr. Jones said at the annual meeting of the American Board.'

'Ho! good!' the farmer again broke out; 'here is what Mr. Splinters, the editor of the '*Bomb Shell*,' says about the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Besides the miserable incapacity and flagrant corruption of this vental tool of the Administration, there are other crimes laid to his charge, which, in our opinion, render him a fit subject for the action of the High Court of Impeachment of the United States.'' But no matter what Mr. Splinters said about the poor Secretary; he wrote with a rattle-snake's fang; and it will do none of us any good to rehearse his congressional leaders.

On the other side of the blazing fire-place sat, first, Mag, a strapping two-fisted wench, chopping minced-meat in a wooden bowl. Not far distant sat John a hired man, a drawling, pork-fed mortal, with his feet on the rounds of his flat-bottomed chair, smoking a pipe, and addressing his remarks on men and things, cattle, politics, saw-mills, and hogfeed, to every person in the room by turns thus imparting his valuable experience and the result of his dissiminating observation in a manner well calculated to 'rest on the age.' Three boys sat on the broad hearth, with hatchet, hammer, nails, knives, sticks, and leather-straps, making a new-fangled quail-trap, supposed by them to be an invention of incalculable importance, and likely to revolutionize the whole science of catching quails in February. The first of these striplings was Dave Buck, a boy of thirteen, loud voiced and brown-haired, one of the sort known as 'staving fellows.' The second was his brother Mat., somewhat younger. Joe Kedge, a neighbor's boy, completed the trio. Joe was a long faced, mathematical genius, the master-architect of the new trap, which, under his skillful fingers, was gradually rising to pyramidal symmetry, curious to behold. Two children, twins, the one Will, an honest, courageous, open-eyed little fellow, and Nelly, a pretty and timid creature, stood by, watching the progress of Joe Kedge's trap with the intensest interest.

'Now, b-o-y-s,' said John, holding his pipe in his fingers, and scrutinizing the new snare with a skeptical eye, 'you won't ketch no quails in any such kind of a darned York trap as that, I can tell you. I've ketched quails in my time, and I reckon that I know quails about as well as the next man; and I just tell you once-t for all, that if you ketch the fust quail in that there trap, then I am a lawyer.

W-a-a-ll, J-o-h-n,' replied Joe Kedge, imitating the drawl of the hired man, 'pr'aps you couldn't ketch a Connecticut q-u-a-i-l in it, but I guess we can coax a Y-o-r-k quail to get into it. York quails have n't been to school so long as Connecticut quails, they have n't had so many 'advantages,' and consequently don't know so much about the steam-engine, and have n't got so much information generally.—Guess a fellow might ketch a Y-o-r-k quail Johnny.'

Dave Buck exploded at this, and so did Mat., and the two rolled over on the floor, shrieking with laughter; but Joe was straightening a crooked shingle-nail on an old flat iron, and did not move a muscle of his face.

'I would jest like to know, Joe Kedge, how you calc'late you can induce a quail to go inside of that there coop,' said John, a little tartly.

'Oh,' replied Joe, I would put some c-o-r-n and things on that there piece of shingle, and if that did n't in-d-u-c-e the quail, I would tell his mother on him.'

Dave and Mat., shrieked again at this true specimen of boy's humor, and keeled over on the floor. John stuck his pipe in his mouth, and said, 'You are getting' entirely too smart for your hide to hold you much longer, Mister Kedge; but I tell you that I know quails, and you can't ketch the fust quail in any such kind of a two story trap as that.'

'Why can't we John?—now I'd just like to know!' cried Dave Buck.

'Why!' said John; 'why—why, because it a'nt reas'nable.'

'Oh, you get out!' cried Dave.

'Why John I tell you that you can't keep quails out of it,' said Joe. 'I'll just tell you a little fact that happened down to our house last Saturday night, and then see what you will have to offer on the subject. I made just such a trap as this on Saturday afternoon, and when I got it done, father forked on it, and says he, 'Let this alone, young man, till Monday morning. I won't have you settin' traps on Saturday night, and fetchin' in a lot of live quails on the LORD's day. So he took it down that night, we heard something peckin' in the cellar, and no body in the house could guess what it was. But when we went down there in the morning, to see what was the fuss, we found a quail there, that had worn his bill off up to his wisdom-teeth, trying to make a hole in that tub, so as to get inside of it, and get catched in that there trap. No, Sir, you can't keep quails out of it. Mat, hand me that there awl.'

Dave and Mat, went into convulsions once more. John grinned, and said, 'I'm afeerd your funeral will be attended before you git of age, young man. But I say just what I said all along, that you can't ketch any thing in that trap, or else I'm a lawyer. Jest remember now that I told you before-hand.'

'Oh you get out, John!' cried Dave. 'You don't know any thing. Here we put the corn, and here comes the quail. Now, how in Sam Hill do you suppose he is going to go by that there crib without stopping to fodder?—and then, you see, he's a gone sucker at once.'

'Wa-ll, you'll see—you'll see,' said John, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and stretching out his legs.

Little Will, who had been earnestly watching the operations of the trap-builders, heard with consternation the verdict of John on the merits of the new engine, and ran across the room to his mother, with his large, honest eyes starting from his head, and said:

'Mother! mother! John says that Joe Kedge's trap won't ketch no quails!'

'Hush, child! hush! said the mother; 'your father is reading to us. Go and ask John to tell you and Nelly a story.' And truth, Will had interrupted his father in the midst of one of Mr. Splinters's pungent commentaries on the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury: 'Another proposition of this profligate and dastardly idiot is, to saddle the groaning millions of this broad Republic with an additional duty of one-and a-half per cent, on cut-nails; a proposition which makes our blood boil with indignation:' and so on. Mrs. Buck, innocent woman, could not see why Mr. Splinters should suffer so much anguish on account of the duty on cut-nails, but, like a model wife, listened with due attention to whatever her husband was pleased to read for her illumination; while Grand-mother Buck and Aunty Baldwin continued to unravel tangled genealogies.

'John,' said little Will, returning to the tripod of the kitchen-oracle, will you please to tell Nelly and me a story?'

'Oh, do tell us a story, good John Robbins' cried Nelly.

'Well, little folks,' said John 'I don't care if I do. What shall it be about?'

'Oh, tell us about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf!' cried Will.

'Oh, do, good John!' Nelly said; 'but it makes me so 'fraid!'

'Well,' said John, having filled his pipe, 'I don't care if I do tell you the story about Grand-father Robbins and the wolf. Let me get my pipe agoin' first, though. Mat., just light-that pine sliver in the fire place, and hand it to me. There, you Ingen, look out! you needn't mind setting me on fire.'

'Get out, you scamp bawled Mag, as the urchin passed behind her chair with his little torch.

'Matty, said Grand-mother, look, 'what are you doing?'

'Noth'n—noth'n at all,' said Mat; 'only help-in, John light his pipe.'

'Only settin' me a fire!' cried Mag; 'he ought to be licked. And I'll do it, too, if he don't behave himself.'

'Martin' said the boy's mother, 'go away, and don't bother Margaret.'

'Yes'm,' Mat, said, and resumed his seat by the quail-trap.

'Now, little folks,' John said, 'it seems that Margaret ain't going to burn up just now, and so I'll tell you the story. Fifty-three year ago, on the twenty-fourth day of last November, Grand-father Robbins came into Howlin' Holler for to make a settlement. It was a new country then, and there wasn't a neighbor within three miles of him and he was quite an old man, too. But he got a few taters and a chunk of pork, and reckoned he could make a live on't till Spring, though it was a pooty small chance. There was wolves in the Holler—an unaccountable mess of 'em; and painters—the wust kind of painters. There was one of 'em killed a man in the Holler in the year 1799.—There was a pedlar came along a good many years after that had l'arnin, and he made some po'try about it. It went so:

"Now listen, all ye lumber-men,
Both ye that have and have not sin,
And I will quickly you inform
How JONAS BROWN a painter torn.

He went out to the hemlock woods;
His frock was made of checkered goods;
He had his provisions in a pale,
And there occurred this dreadful tale."

'There's twenty-seven verses of it. I've got it in my chist up stairs, and some time I'll bring it down and read it to you. Squire Johnston took it down to the Corners, and had it printed on sheets of paper, with edging all around the sides.

'There was Ingens down to the Holler, too—great, big red Ingens, that skilped folks in the war, and carried on monstrous ugly when they was drunk.'

'John,' said Will, 'tell us what the Ingens used to say to Grand-father Robbins.'

'Oh, John! cried Nelly, 'do tell, but it makes me so 'afraid.'

'Well,' John said, 'I don't justly remember the expressions Grandfather said they used, though I've heard him tell more'n a hundred times; but it was something like this: '*Tommy wommy! whoop! whoop! ca-whoop!*'

'Oh-o-o! it makes me 'fraid!' cried poor Nelly, hiding her face in her apron.

'How big—when? John, did you ever see an Ingen?' Will said.

'Yes, a good many, and some time I'll tell you about old Captain Wild Turkey, the Chief of 'em; but now I'll tell you how Grand-father encountered a pesky wolf one day, the first one he ever seen. He went out into the woods one morning a-choppin'. Well, after he had chopped all day, it came on dusk; and while he was a-choppin', all at once't he 'spied a wolf comin' toward him, and the wolf he 'spied Grandfather Robbins a-choppin'. So Grand-father he stopped choppin', and the wolf he stopped comin'. Then the wolf he crooked up his back and heowled, and then Grand-father he crooked up his back and heowled. Grand-father he was skeert, and he reckoned that the wolf was skeert, and so they stood there quite a spell. The wolf he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at Grandfather Robbins, and Grandfather Robbins he h-e-o-w-l-e-d at the wolf!'

Here poor little Nelly, though she had heard twenty times before, the legend of Grandfather Robbins and the wolf, was so terror-stricken at the dreadful peril of the good old man—her apprehensions being aided not a little perhaps by the tragic emphasis with which John uttered the fearful word h-e-o-w-l-e-d that she ran away crying, and buried her face in her mother's lap, but Will stood his ground bravely, though faltering slightly at first, and stared in the face of John with wide eyes and mouth half open.

'I'd just liked to been in Grandfather Robbin's place about two minutes,' said Dave, flourishing his hatchet; I'd a made that there wolf sing *Mear!* I'd a cracked his snout with a chunk of wood till he would have thought day was breaking!'

'No you wouldn't, Dave Buck,' said little Will, kindling with earnestness; 'no you wouldnt You wouldn't dared to did it. The wolf would have *swallered* ye.'

'A great many times that wolf would have swallered ME! cried Mat. 'I'd have fixed him out so that his aunt wouldn't have known him!'

'About how long by the clock did Grandfather Robbins stand there *a-heowlin'*, John?' inquired Joe Kedge.

'Well,' said John, 'he never could tell precisely how long. Folks ideas about time differs. Some folks ha'nt no judgement about it at all, and others again have. Grandfather used to judge that he might have stood there about five minutes, and then the wolf he turned around and slid one way, and Grandfather Robbins he turned around and slid another way.'

'Is that the end of the story about Grandfather Robbins and the wolf?' said Joseph.

'Yes, that's the end of it,' John said.

'Got any more such? continued Joe.

'Not that I now recollect of,' said John, innocently.

'Well, then, John,' the youth proceeded, 'I guess you had better go up to bed. There's the school-master been harking.' (This he said lowering his voice, and speaking for the benefit only of the circle around him.) 'Who knows John, but what he'll put it in the papers one of these days?'

Kentucky Regard for Fair Play.

In the year 1838 I was traveling with a strolling theatrical company, and arriving at a small town in Kentucky, it was resolved to treat the inhabitants to a bit of the legitimate. A suitable place having been secured, notices were stuck up informing the public that on that evening would be performed, by one of the best theatrical companies in the Union, the admired and popular drama of "William Tell, the heroic Swiss."

Night came, and the room was crowded by an anxious audience, many of whom had never witnessed a theatrical performance. The piece passed off very well, eliciting much applause, and enlisting the sympathies of the audience in behalf of Tell, as they took several occasions to cheer the patriot on. When the shooting scene came, great excitement was manifested among the group of the hardy sons of Kentuckey—they began to think that the thing was real.—At that moment when Tell remonstrates with Gesler for having picked out the smallest apple, and the tyrant says:

"Take it as it is: thy skill be greater if thou hittest it."

To which Tell replies.

"True, true, I did not think of that! Give me some chance to save my boy!"

One of the group I have mentioned—a hardy sapling who would measure full six feet two inches in his stockings—sprung upon the stage confronting Gesler, and shouted;

"Give him a fair chance! I vow to snakes it's too mean to make him shoot his son! 'spose I let him shoot one of my niggers; or if that won't do I'll let him have a crack at me provided he puts a pint cup on my head instead of that cussed little apple.

It is almost useless to add that this caused a scene—especially as three or four of the Kentuckian's friends jumped upon the stage to back him and side with Tell.

It took some time to pacify and assure them that it was a play.

"Well, stranger, we won't stand any foul play in these diggins, and seein' as how it's only a show, why we'll step out," and the valiant Kentuckian as well as his friends, resumed their seats.

To Make Light Bread.

Take a pint of milk; and let it come to a boil put in enough cold water to make it a little more than milk warm; put in one large teaspoonful of salt; two large tea-spoonsful of corn meal, and enough flour to make it as thick as you can conveniently stir it. Keep about milk warm: if water rises to the surface stir your yeast up, and if it does not begin to rise in four or five hours, stir in a little more meal. When your yeast rises, sift your flour, put in a little salt and a piece of butter half as big as a hen's egg; mix up with warm water; grease your pans and warm them and fill them half full, and when the dough rises to the top of the pan, put it to bake. Bake to a light brown, then take it out of the pan and wrap it up.—Bread ought not to be cut under twelve hours after baking.

A Pointed Sermon.

Many a discourse of an hour's length is not half as impressive as this from an eccentric English Divine:—

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—*Titus i.* 8.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:—

1. Your wife.
2. Your stomach.
3. Your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:—

1. Domestic misery.
2. Premature death.
3. Infidelity.

To make these points clear, I refer you:

1. To the Newgate Calender.
2. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work houses.
3. To the past experience of having seen, read and suffered, in mind, body and estate.

☞ An Irishman in distress asked a gentleman for relief. He was repulsed with a 'go to h-ll.' Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied:

"God bless yer honor for your civility, for yer the first gintleman that's invited me to his father's house since I came til Ameriky!"

Galileo.

Reading the other day how poor old Galileo was made to repent of teaching that the earth revolves upon its axis and around the sun, our pen unconsciously slid into the enormity of rhyme, and produced the following homely sort of sonnet, which is cordially dedicated to all who believe that there is no salvation out of the church that took so much pains to save the heretical astronomer:

O church infallible! 'twas well for thee
To make old Galileo bend the knee;
Not that the doctrine hurt thee which he taught,
But thy great enemy is human thought:
And how could men believe this mighty world
Around the solar orb is yearly whirled,
And not plunge into such tremendous thinking
As soon to make thy dearest tenets ———?
Let others joke thee for this tilt at truth:
Of all the thousands since thy harmless youth,
Which thou hast tried, with more or less success,
This was the most triumphant, I confess.
If not the Sun, through heaven's eternal cope,
It whirled a son of science round a blockhead Pope.

Preserving Peaches.

The following recipe for preserving peaches was obtained from the wife of an experienced fruit grower.

To twelve pounds of peaches, take six pounds of clean brown sugar, and one pint best cider vinegar. Simmer the sugar and vinegar together, which will make a clear syrup. Pour boiling water upon the peaches, and remove them in two minutes from the water, and wipe them dry without breaking the skin. Put them into the syrup, and boil gently until the fruit is cooked to the stone. Keep the preserves in jars, which must be closely covered and in a cool place. They should be inspected occasionally, and if a white mould appears upon the surface of the syrup, it must be carefully skimed off, and the syrup scalded and returned to the peaches. The peach tried last fall were a seedling variety, ripened the last of October.—They were acid, but preserved the peach flavor in a high degree, which was retained by this method in a perfect manner. This is the most economical, and, to our taste, the very best preserver we know of.

A Wery Remarkable Diskivery.

A certain deacon in one of our Massachusetts towns, who was a very zealous advocate for the cause of temperance, some years since, one hot summer's day, employed a carpenter to make some alterations in his parlor. In repairing a corner of the mop-board near the fire place, it was found necessary to remove the fire-board; when lo! a "mare's nest" was brought to light, which astonished the workman most marvellously. A brace of decanters, sundry junk bottles—all containing "something to take," a pitcher and tumblers, were reposing cozily there in snug quarters. The carpenter, with wonder stricken countenance, ran to the proprietor with the intelligence.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed the deacon, "that is c-u-r-i-o-u-s, surely. It must be that old Capt. B. left those things there when he occupied the premises, thirty years ago.

"Perhaps he did," returned the discoverer; "but, deacon, that ice in the pitcher must have been well congealed, to have remained solid so long a time!"—*Boston Post.*

☞ "Judge, you say if I punch a man, even in fun, he can take me up for assault and battery?"

"Yes, sir, I said that, and what I said I repeat. If you punch a man, you are guilty of a breach of the peace, and can be arrested for it."

"Ain't there no exceptions?"

"No, sir; no exceptions whatever."

"Judge, I think you are mistaken. Suppose, for instance, I should brandy-punch him; then what?"

"No levity in court, sir! Sheriff, expose this man to the atmosphere. Call the next case."

WE ALL HAD TO DO IT.—A half score of young urchins were gathered around a companion whose pallied face indicated that he was very sick, the result of some juvinile indiscretion. The little fellows were busy offering their sympathy in various phrases. The truth was, he had taken a "chaw" of tobacco for the first time in his life, and having swallowed a portion of the weed grew deadly sick. One little fellow, who seemed to understand more fully his companion's situation than any of the others, gently placed upon the sick boy's shoulder his hand, and said in a voice of deep condolence—

"Never mind, Jimmy, we had all to go through this very severe trial!"

☞ "Julius, suppose there are six chickens in a coop, and the man sells three, how many are they left?

"What time ob day was it?"

"What time ob day was it?" "Why, what de debble has dat to do with it?"

"A good deal, honey. If it was dark, dar wouldn't be none left, that is if you happened to come along that way."

"Look here, nigger, just stop them pesonalities. If you don't, I'll explode your head wid a pump handle, I will, sartain as Moses."

☞ A lady had taken her morning bath, when to her surprise she found her invalid husband standing at the door. She exclaimed—

"What are you here for? I thought you were asleep."

He replied—

"I heard an angel troubling the water, and thought I would step in and get healed."

☞ 'I hav'nt seen your wife lately,' said a gentleman to another in an omnibus. 'No,' was the reply; 'she has retired for a while from society, for the purpose of attending to one of those little affairs which add to the duties of the census taker.'

☞ "Mien Got! vot vill de Yankee make next?" as the Dutchman said the first time he saw a monkey."

The Bewitched Clock.

A YANKEE STORY.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue broadcloth, "might have been seen" entering Deacon Cephas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his doors again?" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, ef there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sally 'll come down? The critter promised me. I'm afeard to move about here, 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beauteous maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow-candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she made up a rousing fire in the cooking-stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:—"Sally! What are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib!" said Sally.

"Til make it a truth, then," said Joe; and, running to the huge, old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five, by the clock," answered Sally; and corroborating her words, the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak. "Goody gracious! It's father," exclaimed Sally.

"The deacon! by thunder!" cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally.

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock-case." And, without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and closed the door.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking-stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly. "Five o'clock, eh?" said he.—"Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters fust, sir," suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up," replied the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

Burr-r-r-r—whizz—ding! ding! ding! ding! went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove; "what'n creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five!" said Sally, tremulously.

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock furiously.

"Powers of marcy!" cried the deacon.—"Strikin' five! it's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what is the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so afore."

Whizz! ding! ding! ding! went the clock again.

"It'll bust itself!" cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be nothin' left of it."

"It's bewitched!" said the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's got into it."

"Oh, don't," cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat-tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't!" chorussed both the women together.

"Let go my raiment," shouted the old deacon. "I ain't afeard of the powers of darkness."

But the women would not let go; so the deacon slipped out of his coat, and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily on the floor, he darted forward, and laid his hand upon the clock-case. But no human power could open it. Joe was holding it inside with a death-grasp. The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock-case, pitched head-foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady, and Sally, fled up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the consent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Farm Journal.

To Prevent Fly in Wheat.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

The wheat crop, in many parts of our country having been more or less injured by the fly, permit me through the medium of your useful Journal, to recommend brining the seed for the ensuing crop.—The benefit of this preparation has been accounted for by some on the hypothesis of the insect egg being deposited in the grain, and consequently destroyed by the soaking. Others assert the egg is deposited in the shoot, and if this be the case, the soaking of the seed can only deter the fly by the earlier and more vigerous start of the plant. But however operating; certain I am, from *experience*, that this preparation of the seed, has the desired effect. I gave this preparation of seed a trial many years back, when the fly had been very injurious for three or four years is succession. and my crops escaped, while those around, although in every other respect as carefully farmed and manured, were injured exceedingly. And, in a recent conversation with an old farmer from a distance, he observed, the wheat crop in his vicinity was much injured and straggled, but that his stood all erect, and had produced a full crop. This difference he attributed entirely to having thus prepared his seed, and added, he had never known it fail to prevent the fly injuring the wheat crop.

Farmers disposed to try the experiment, will accept the following hints.

I proceeded thus:—Having bored and inch and a half augur hole on one side the bottom of an open hogshead, I placed it on trussels on the barn floor, high enough to put buckets under to receive the brine when drawn off. Then from below, drive in a spile, and place over its point in the hogshead, an old tin cup, perforated with awl holes—then half fill with water and a half bushel of salt. This done in the forenoon, toward evening the salt (frequently stirred) will be dissolved, when the wheat is poured in, filling to six inches of the rim, as this will admit of brine sufficient over the grain to supply the sinking of the brine by absorption. Early next morning the brine is drawn off, the grain spread on the floor, and pulverized lime (two or three pecks) spread over and mixed with it. This absorbs the moisture, and prevents the grains sticking together.

As seed prepared thus swells considerable, there is of course not so many grains in proportion to bulk, and this makes it necessary in sowing the soaked seed, to grasp larger handfuls than when sowing dry seed, otherwise the seeding may be thinner than intended.

E.

Chester Co., Aug. 10, '53.

The Thriftless Farmer.

The Fort Wayne *Times*, gives the following life-like portrait of a "thriftless farmer."

The thriftless farmer, then, provides no shelter for his cattle; during the inclemency of the winter; but permits them to stand shivering by the side of a fence, or lie in the snow, as best suits them.

He throws their fodder on the ground, or in the mud, and not unfrequently in the highway; by which a large portion of it, and all the manure is wasted.

He grazes his meadows in the fall and spring, by which they are gradually exhausted and finally ruined.

His fences are old and poor—just such as to let his neighbor's cattle break into his fields and teach his own to be unruly, and spoil his crops.

He neglects to keep the manure from around the sills of his barn—if he has one—by which they are permaturely rotted, and his barn destroyed.

He tills, or skims over the surface of his land, until it is exhausted; but never thinks it worth while to manure or clover it. For the first he has no time, for the last, he "is not able."

He has a place for nothing, and nothing in its place. He, consequently, wants a hoe or a rake, or a hammer, or an augur, but knows not where to find them, and loses much time.

He loiters away stormy days and evenings when he should be repairing his utensils, or improving his mind by reading useful books, or newspapers.

He spends much time in town, at the corner of the street, or in the snake holes, complaining of 'hard times,' and goes home in the evening, pretty well '*fore*.'

He has no shed for his fire-wood—consequently his wife is out of humor, and his meals out of season.

He plants a few fruit trees, and his cattle forthwith destroy them. He 'has no *luck* in raising fruit.'

One-half of the little he raises is destroyed by his own or his neighbor's cattle.

His plow, dray, and other implements, lie all winter in the field where last used; and just as he is getting in a hurry, the next season, his plow breaks, because it was not housed and properly cared for.

Somebody's hogs break in, and destroy his garden, because he had not stopped a hole in the fence, that he had been intending to stop for a week.

He is often in a great hurry, but will stop and talk as long as he can find any one to talk with.

He has, of course, little money, and when he must raise some to pay his taxes, &c., he raises it at a great sacrifice, in some way or other, by paying an enormous shave, or by selling his scanty crop when prices are low.

He is a year behind, instead of being a year ahead of his business—and always will be.

When he pays a debt, it is at the end of an execution; consequently, his credit is at a low ebb.

If the Printer wants a quarter of beef, or a few bushels of oats or potatoes, on his bill, our farmer "has none to spare."