

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.

A Pungent Consideration.

MANY TRADES—TRADEING NONE BUT OUR OWN.

Of all the trades that men can call
Unpleasant and offensive,
The Editor's is worst of all,
For he is ever penning;
His leaders lead to nothing high—
His "columns" are unstable,
And though the Printers make him "pie,"
It does not suit his table.
The Carpenter, his course is "plane,"
His "bit" is always run him—
He "augurs" every hour of gain—
He "chisels" and he never fears him.
He "shaves"—yet is not close," they say,
The public pay his "board," sir,
Full of vice he swells his "boards" away,
And so he "saws" his hour, sir.

St. Crispin's son—the man of show,
Has "awl" things at control, sir,
He "waxes" wealthy in his views,
But ne'er neglects his "sole," sir,
His "heel" is indeed a "hoop" of trade,
And when we come to casting,
The "tootal" profits he has made,
We find his "ends" are "lasting."
The Tailor, too, gives "fits" to all,
Yet never goes to "make" his call,
His "cabages," however small,
Are most delicious tasting.
His "zeose," is heated, (happy prig!)—
Unstinted in his "measures,"
He always plays at "chimblezig,"
And "seems" a man of pleasure.

The Farmer "reaps" a fortune plump—
Though "harrowed," far from we, sir,
His spade forever proves a "trump,"
His book is "I've-an-ace," sir,
However "corned," he does not slip—
Though "choked" with "hoop" of "hoop," sir,
And in a plow-share partnership,
He gets his "share," of course, sir.
The Sailor on the giddy mast—
(Comparatively) master,
Has many a "howl" round him cast
To "brave" a navy disaster;
Even "shadows" to him are full of life,
His "main-stay" still is o'er him,
A gallant and "top-gallant" crew
Of "beave capris" before him.

The sturdy Irish laborer "picks"
And "climbs" to fame;—'tis funny,
He deals with none but "reglar bricks"
And so he pockets money.
One friend "sticks" to him, (mortar 'tis),
In "shodden gray," 'tis baffled,
He leaves behind a honest man,
When he ascends the "scaffold."
The Printer though his "case be hard,
Yet "aficks" not at his hap, sir,
The "his 's' "remains" a hard,
And trim a "Roman cap," sir,
Some go 2.40,—what of that?
He goes it by the thousand 't'
A man of "form," and found of "fat,"
He loves the song I now send.

The Engine driver, if we "track,"
His outward semblance deeper,
Has got some very "tender" traits—
He ne'er disturbs the "sleeper,"
And when you "switch" him as he goes,
He "whistles" all the louder;
And should you knock him on the wheel,
It only makes him prouder.
I launched this skiff of rhyme upon
The "Trade" winds of the muses,
Though pungent seas they've borne it on,
The best no ruder uses,
So "masticate" her meaning once,
And judge not "sternly" of it—
You'll find a freight of little puns,
And very little profit.

SABBATH READING.

Holy Life.

The beauty of a holy life constitutes the most eloquent and effective persuasive to religion which one human being can address to another. We have many ways of doing good to our fellow-creatures, but none so efficacious as leading a virtuous, upright, and well ordered life. There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen, but silent beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God, and duty, than the tongues of men and angels. Let parents remember this. The best inheritance a parent can bequeath a child is a virtuous example, a legacy of hallowed remembrances and associations. The beauty of holiness, beaming through the life of a loved relative or friend, is more effectual to strengthen such as do stand in virtue's way, and raise up those that are bowed down, than precept, command, entreaty, or warning. Christianity itself, I believe, owes far the greater part of its moral power, not to precepts or parables of Christ, but to his own character. The beauty of that holiness which is enshrined in the four brief biographies of the Man of Nazareth has done more, and will do more, to regenerate the world, and bring it to an everlasting righteousness, than all other agencies put together. It has done more to spread his religion in the world, than all that has ever been preached or written on the evidences of Christianity.

Silence may be the sullen mood of an evil temper, or the lofty endurance of a saint.

Drawing near to God.

Prayer is the very life breath of true religion. It is one of the first evidences that a man is born again. "Behold," said the Lord of Saul; "the day is sent Ananias to him; 'Behold he prayeth.' He had begun to pray, and that was proof enough.

Prayer was the distinguishing mark of the Lord's people in the day that there began to be a separation between them and the world. Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord.

Prayer is the peculiarity of all real Christians now. They pray; for they all tell God their wants, their feelings, their desires, their fears, and mean what they say. The nominal Christian may repeat prayers, and good prayers, too, but he goes no farther.

Prayer is the turning point in man's soul—our ministry is unprofitable, and our labor is in vain, till you are brought to your knees—Till then we have no hope about you.

Prayer is one great secret of spiritual prosperity. When there is much private communion with God, your soul will grow like grass after rain; when there is a little, all at a stand still, you will barely keep your soul alive—Show me a growing Christian, a going-forth Christian, a strong Christian, a flourishing Christian, and sure I am he is one that speaks often of the Lord. He asks much, and he has much. He tells Jesus everything, and so he always knows how to act.

Prayer is the mightiest engine that God has placed in our hands. It is the best weapon to use in every difficulty, and the surest remedy in every trouble. It is the key that unlocks the treasury of promises, and the hand that draws forth grace and help in time of need—It is the silver trumpet God commands us to sound in all our necessities, and it is the cry he has promised always to attend to, even as a loving mother to the voice of her child.

Prayer is the simplest means that a man can use in coming to God. It is within reach of all—the sick, the aged, the infirm, the paralytic, the blind, the poor, the unlearned—all can pray. It avails you nothing to plead want of memory, and want of scholarship in this matter. So long as you have a tongue to tell your soul's state, you may and ought to pray. These words, "Ye have not because you ask not," will be a fearful condemnation to many in the day of judgement.

Christian Intercourse.

When Christians make their own progress in the divine life, the spread of Christ's Kingdom, and the glories to be revealed in eternity, the subject of frequent conversation with one another, we may expect a higher state of piety in the church and more signal displays of divine grace.

When they do this, they will be looking more to things eternal, than things temporal; their thoughts will have more of the Saviour in them than now. From the general conversation of many Christians, we cannot refrain from the inference, that God is not in their thoughts continually, or much while on their business or mingling with their fellow-men.

They talk about their farms and their merchandise—the weather and the news—while the great theme remains untouched. And when Christians are among themselves their discourse too often savors almost altogether of the earthly. How rarely do they open their hearts to one another, and unfold the experience of the inner life! They inquire kindly about the health of each—how rarely do they ask of the soul's health! In affliction, how rarely do they seek to pour out their griefs to the ear of the sympathizing Brother. True consolation can come only from Jesus; but the word from the mouth of a fellow Christian, pointing us unto the balm of our sorrow, is sweet and comforting to the soul. How cheerily the little caravan goes on over the desert! They unite together to defend themselves against enemies, and when accident happens to one, all readily give aid to the sufferer—How they beguile the tediousness of the journey, by narration of the dangers through which they have escaped and by anticipation of their enjoyments in the city which is their journey's end! When they pass through the village of the stranger, what is then there that could induce them to remain? Are they not pilgrims? Are not pilgrims fellow Christians? Should we not keep in mind "our pilgrimage," and act as though we were sojourners? And should our converse be upon the city toward which we are hastening? And should we not, by our frequent conversations upon our journey strengthen the heart of all our fellow travellers, and strive to enlarge our own caravan, and rejoice to hear that other companions are travelling like us, for a city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Carlisle "Herald."

A Day at Laurel Hill.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23, 1853.

Dear S.—Having procured a ticket that would admit me to Laurel Hill Cemetery, I started, about 8 o'clock in the morning, to visit that interesting spot. The walk (about four miles) was delightful. It was refreshing to get into the country once more, especially at this season of the year, when the trees are putting on the rich livery of Autumn. It is, at the same time, the most appropriate season in which to visit the resting place of the dead—Thoughtful Autumn! The fields are shorn of their verdure—the feathered songsters no more delight the ear; nor the bright flowers, the eye—the sighing wind, as it strips the trees of their foliage, wails a sad requiem for the fall of the leaf, and the withered leaf itself speaks volumes to the reflective mind. A little while ago, it was attached to the parent stem, full of life, and vibrating with every zephyr that played around it, now—dead, discolored, and trodden under foot; a fit memento of life.

Laurel Hill, is north of Philadelphia, between the Ridge Road and the Schuylkill river. The entrance to the Cemetery is by a gateway in the Doric style, with Lodges on each side. Ascending the first flight of steps, immediately opposite the entrance, you find Thom's statues of Sir Walter Scott, Old Mortality and his Poney grouped together, under an ornamental Temple. Old Mortality is seated on a tomb stone, looking up from his work, conversing with Sir Walter, who is seated on an upright headstone; the patient looking Poney is leaning, as it were, against another tombstone, on which is inscribed—John King, 1662. The monument of the slaughtered Presbyterians, on which Old Mortality is at work, has on it several names, one of which is, "Richard Cameron, minister of the Gospel." The artist, has successfully embodied in stone, a description of the group which you will find in Scott's novel of "Old Mortality," which, by the way, I advise you to read, and his triumph is still more complete when we know the fact, that a sculptor

to he was self-taught. After contemplating Old Mortality, I turned to the right, and came to the Godfrey monument. It is an obelisk, ornamented by a ship and a quadrant, and marks the grave of Thomas Godfrey, the inventor of the mariner's quadrant. He was born 1704 and died 1770. Near the chapel, is the monument of Gen. Hugh Mercer, who was killed in the battle of Princeton. He was buried in Christ Church graveyard, in Second street, from whence his remains were removed in 1840, and reinterred in this cemetery.

As a contrast, close by was the grave of an infant, inscribed:—"Not here, but risen and gone." Taking a path to the right, I found a broken column, erected to the memory of one "So late in bridal robes arrayed:—
"So soon appared for the bier!"

On the side is sculptured a basket of flowers, inscribed:—"Our Kate. 'Is it well with thee and she answered, it is well." On the south side of the Cemetery, I found a noble monument, raised to the memory of three sisters, who had died in the bloom of early life:

"Gone, ere one soul was on their hearts—
"While Heaven was round them like a dream;
"Ere they had felt the spell depart,
"That breathed on flower, and sky, and stream."

It is an exquisite specimen of the Gothic style of architecture—a miniature representation of a chapel; the ground is tastefully laid out, and the tomb is shaded by Cedars of Lebanon. In the same portion of the Cemetery, a granite obelisk has been erected to the memory of Friedlander, the founder of the institution of the blind. He was born in Upper Silesia, in 1803, and died in 1839, at the early age of 36. In the same enclosure, a richly carved monument is erected to the memory of the chief of the benefactor of the Institution, William Young Birch, who bequeathed a large estate for the benefit of the blind. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1764, and died in 1837.

Here, side by side, lie two voluntary exiles, from their "father-land," who united together to carry out the noblest enterprise that ever pure philanthropy suggested, and one such example is enough to refute all the slanders that were ever put forth by all the Native American demagogues of the country.

From a beautifully ornamented enclosure, rises a graceful shaft of marble, from which I copied the following:—Igi repose: Emelie Stevens, 'Epoque de James Stevens, et mere des chers enfans, nee le 5 Mars, 1816, Decede le Janvier 1845:

"There's not an hour of day, or dream by night,
"There's not a wind, but whispers of thy name,
"There's not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
"But in his hues or fragrance tells a tale of thee."

One of the most striking monuments is erected to the memory of an infant. It is a temple, supported by four columns, within which is the figure of a lovely child, of life size, said to have been done by the celebrated Italian Sculptor, Petrich, and in a portrait taken after death. The little innocent face looks so simple and confiding amidst the terrors of death. Fearless the little mortal has passed alone, under the shadow, into the presence of his Heavenly Father: "for such is the kingdom of Heaven." The inscription reads:—In memory of Alfred Theodore Miller, son of Matthew T. and Caroline Miller—born February 7, 1840; died Sept. 8, 1840.

"A bud of beauty, nipped by Death
"Oh, no! up-borne to milder skies,
"Where no rude wind with icy breath
"May blight a flower of Paradise."

Five little graves are now grouped together in the enclosure, and five chaplets are suspended within the temple, each bearing the name of one of the children. A little further on, was a tomb, with the "pitcher broken at the fountain," and close by was a pedestal erected to several children of one family, having a representation of a large Bible on the top, opened at the "Family Register," with a record of the births and deaths. But time and ability would both fail me, in attempting to give you even a faint outline of the beauties of this, to me, delightful spot, though to many, calling up sad reminiscences of those once fondly loved. There are so many beautiful and appropriate ideas embodied in stone, that it would require a volume to describe them. I have only given a few of the most prominent. I could have lingered for hours around the place, and mused on the many weary ones, who have at length found that rest which the world denied them. Like children tired at play, they have sunk to the melody of the viol, nor reveal any longer at the banquet of wine." How many bright hopes have been quenched in this "field of Golgotha." How many airy castles have fallen to ruins in the grave! How many warm hearts have been chilled by the cold marble! Awe may overcast us when we look on Death, but we have this consolation—we are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. We may mourn for those who have gone before us, yet "Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal," and that rainbow of promise will never fade away.

Sadly, I took one last look, over the wide expanse of graves—but not sorrowfully; for I stood, a stranger, in that "city of the dead," yet, a humble, quiet, graveyard, soon rose up before me, in which I had friends and kindred to claim all my sympathies. No costly cenotaph or carved mausoleum marks the spot which covers their remains—but there are "tombstones in the Cemetery of the heart, sacred to their memory, until some friendly hand shall write me *memoria mori* over me. W. M. P.

Maine Oxen.
A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph thus compliments the Maine Oxen. He calls them "native oxen." In one sense they are natives, because they are "born and brought" in Maine; but they are, generally speaking, grade animals, of Durham or Hereford or Devon blood.

The native oxen of the North,—especially those of Maine,—are spoken of by travellers, who have seen them on the farms, and in the vast lumber forests of that State, as a superior race. They often measure seven and a half feet, and teams of three and four yokes each, are frequently met with, not an ox in which gives less than seven. The amount of labor which these noble animals perform, is to be accounted for only by the very kind and almost paternal attention they habitually receive from their drivers. In the lumber swamps, this attention is perhaps greater than on the farms; and in all cases they receive unalloyed kindness and when once systematically "broke" to the draught, are never severely whipped.

Letter from an Office-Seeker.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, October, 1853.

As you have admitted into your columns a letter from a Beggar, and as many people have undoubtedly imagined that he was the most miserable man in this community, I ask permission to correct this erroneous impression—We have, indeed, followed the same trade, and "been friends together;" but while he has, after an independent manner, begged for bread, I have been a servile beggar for office. He wrote you because he thought it probable that he could not long survive, but I do the same because I have actually numbered my own days. The corner must not fail in his duty. I have dispatched a messenger, with my last shilling, after a bit of that famous opiate which I have appointed to be the bane to all better feelings of my nature, and at the same time the antidote which shall release me from my present sufferings, and the intervening time I will devote to the revelation or confession following.

Seven years ago I was in the prime and vigor of my life, and the most successful lawyer in one of the pleasantest and most thriving villages in the Western Reserve of Ohio. I had a wife, devoted and accomplished, and two sweet children, a boy and a girl. Though by no means rich, I was surrounded by comfort, and had every reason to be a happy man. The war with Mexico was then progressing, and I became fired with a martial spirit. The tears of my wife availed nothing, and I departed at the head of a company of volunteers. I acquitted myself respectably, and the war ending I returned to Ohio. As a matter of course I found that my place in the courts had been filled, and my successor a formidable rival. The glories of Buena Vista had fascinated me, and with the multitude I thought that Gen. TAYLOR ought to be the next President. I bought out, with the help of friends, the village newspaper, and became its editor. I wrote myself almost to death in his behalf, and was every where applauded for the good service I had rendered. He was elected, and in due time I was numbered with the countless throng who visited the political Mecca for a smile from Mahomet. A printing office and three hundred doubtful subscribers now constituted my chief dependence, and, deeming myself a fit subject for a little Government patronage, I left my paper in charge of a friend, and my family to the care of Providence, and here I am a citizen of Washington.

Yes, gentlemen, for nearly seven long years have I been hoping against hope, and experiencing vicissitudes which have well-nigh broken my heart, and made me, as I believe, the most miserable man upon earth. For a few weeks after my arrival here my prospects were bright, while matters at home were as well as could be expected. All my ready money I had been obliged to bring with me to defray my expenses, so that the support of my family was obtained upon credit, and the tradesmen in my village were very liberal and very kind. Confident of success, I lived at one of the big hotels, and was as intimate with members of Congress, letter-writers, and kindred office-seekers, as if I had been a relative of one of the new Cabinet. They enjoyed my dinners, and as a matter of course their beautifully-written names figured extensively among my credentials and recommendations. Two months elapsed, and I could count up almost half a hundred promises which I had received from the Departments, but still no appointment came—

The first position that I had fixed my mind upon was given to a judge in my county, and as he was a highly respectable man I could not complain; my second selection amounted to nothing, because the fortunate incumbent was not to be removed; and thus, one after the other, died the places I sought elude my grasp. Three months were now flown, and my purse was getting light, and trouble was staring me steadily in the face. I thought of my family, read over the affectionate and hopeful letters from my wife, and determined to be an independent man, and return immediately to Ohio; but then a foolish pride interposed; I smothered my feelings, and resolved to continue my efforts. Promises from the Departments were now few and far between, and there was a kind of horror in the tones of the post office clerk who daily said to me, when I called upon him, in the mad belief that I would receive an official communication, "nothing for you to-day, sir." Whenever these repeated disappointments were accompanied with a letter from my wife, the sword that pierced my spirit seemed to have two edges. And, oh, the agony that I nightly endured as I lay upon my bed, and thought of the past and the future—of the here and there!

During this period my dress was genteel, and, as I had resolved to "hope on, hope ever," I tried to find peace of mind by going into society. I did so, through the instrumentality of the Representatives of my own and neighboring States—for they, you know, are always honorable men, by virtue of their position—and became well acquainted with the fashionable circles of the metropolis. Night after night I attended large parties, and, though surprised to find myself in such splendid company, I was more surprised to see the strange conglomeration of characters with which I came in contact. High and low, Whigs and Democrats, Senators and letter-writers, clergymen and gamblers, men of intelligence and simpletons, (myself included among the latter), were always assembled upon the same platform, and I could only account for the strange mixture by remembering that every man hailed from some particular "district," and that every district had a Representative. And yet, good Sir, I would not have you understand me as doubting the existence of any high-toned society in Washington. Better and more genteel society, I verily believe, does not exist in any land, but it is not that addicted to large parties, and especially large dinners, where are everlastingly endured the same French dishes, cooked by the same man. (who lives in a large brick house and keeps his carriage), served by the same

set of polite waiters that have for many years past done so much to give character to fashionable life at the seat of Government. If, therefore, you should imagine that I found consolation by going into society, I can only say that to my taste its manifold attractions were as insipid as dust and ashes.

Time flew on, and I was compelled to change my lodgings from the first-rate hotel to an obscure boarding-house. To my pride this was a severe blow, but another and a far more terrible one came suddenly upon me, bringing mildew and blight and despair over my spirit, and adding to the desolations of my home—it was the death of my forsaken wife. The letters which communicated this sorrowful news were friendly and minute. They told me that she had long been drooping like one under a heavy cloud; that her thoughts hung ever to the absent and loved with the devotion of woman's holy nature and the strong desires of a saint; and that, with her children almost in her arms, she died perfectly resigned and happy in the prospect of a life where want is never known, and the good can never die. What were my feelings you can better imagine than I can describe. I would have attended her burial, but it was too late, and besides I had not the money to bear my expenses home. Strange as it may seem in one so foolish and unworthy, I did my best to provide for my children; but when informed that my house had been closed, and those dear little ones taken into the kindly keeping of charitable friends, I became in feeling more an exile from home than ever; and, as I sometimes profanely fancied that the curse of Heaven was resting upon me, I desperately and sullenly resolved to continue in the very city where so many of my hopes had been wrecked or blasted.

Instead of months, years had now elapsed, and I was still in pursuit of the phoanix office. As my clothes became thread-bare, I was excluded from the society in which I had temporarily moved; and as I picked up an occasional dollar by performing unworthy employments for the keepers of the common eating houses, I formed an extensive acquaintance with the profligate and the dissipated. A mah—a kind of fashionable Mephistopheles—to whom I had been introduced in my BETTER days (Heaven save the mark!) by a member of Congress, now crossed my path; told me he was following his old vocation, that of inviting strangers into the gaming saloons, and intimated that there was good luck in store for me in that direction. I yielded to the temptations, pledged my last few dollars, and for six consecutive nights was fortunate. I paid my little debts, clothed myself anew, and returned to the gaming table. Fortune for three months smiled upon me, just enough to lure me onward to my ruin. I became intimate with gamblers and accomplished in the secrets of the "dreadful trade." The brilliant lights, the rich wines, and sumptuous tables, added to my new-born passion, absorbed my entire mind, and my character and my children were alike forgotten. At the time, I could not realize that I was on the road to ruin. I drank to excess, and seldom made my appearance in the light of day. I was possessed with frenzy, and could not reason; and when in my lucid intervals I did reason, it was only to say, "if I am in the 'bonds of inquiry,' then are there many, well known to fame, in the same condition." Now and then I remember one who had recommended me for appointment to office, and in one instance a person at whose feet I had been a beggar for a place. As a matter of course the lower deep of my downward career was soon attained, and for more than a year past I have led the life, not of a respectable and independent beggar, but of an outcast, gathering my sustenance from the back doors and kitchens of the hotels, sleeping no two nights in the same place, and wandering about, with my all of health and comfort tied up in a cotton pocket and handkerchief, which, with my staff, I carry with me in my hands wherever I go. The man who, not long since, threw himself from the Washington Monument, and he who hanged himself on the Virginia side of the Potomac, have both set me an example which despair has compelled me to follow. Their histories are unknown, but the lesson of my life is now presented to the world. I dare not think of my own fate hereafter, but, if God will forgive me, I pray that He will protect my children from evil ways and evil men, and teach them not only to believe, but to act upon these precepts of the Bible which I have neglected from my youth, viz: "Put not your trust in Princes; trust in God, his wisdom, promises, and power; as for the way of the ungodly he turneth it upside down." Truer words than these never fell from the lips of inspiration. And here I end the record of my bitter experience. I commend my body to the coroner and my soul to its Creator.

Wonderful Mechanism in the Eyes of Birds.
A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean—for wiping the glass of the instrument; as it were, and also for protecting it while rapidly flying through the air and through the thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are for these purposes furnished with a bird eye-lid—membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eye ball, by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward. If you wish to draw a thing towards any place with the least force, you must pull directly in the line between the thing and the place; but if you wish to draw it as quickly as possible, and with the most convenience, and do not regard the loss of force, you must pull it obliquely, by drawing it in two directions at once—Tie a string to a stone, and draw it towards you with one hand; then make a loop in another string, and, running the first through it, draw one string in one hand, not towards you, but sideways, till both strings are in a straight line; you will see how much more easily the stone moves quickly than it did before, when pulled straight forward.—Brougham's *Miscellaneous*.

Hollow Horn Disease.
Seeing in your paper of the 2d ult., an enquiry respecting a disease called hollow horn, the cause and cure; perhaps, as no description of the disease is given, it may be something I am not acquainted with; yet we have a disease called the horn ail; the symptoms are, dropping of the head and ears, lying down, turning the head over the back, towards the shoulders, as if in pain in the head. This I think is a spinal disease affecting the brain and horns. Cure—Take a large table spoonful of sulphur, and lard sufficient when warm to make it soft like paste, pour it on top of the head at the root of the horns; take a shovel or flat piece of iron, heat it, and hold it over the head so as to heat the paste and warm the top of the head as much as the beef will bear; repeat once in two or three days, and, bore the horns on the under side, two or three inches from the head, so as to let in fresh air—and let the putrid matter out if any is collected. I have never known this fail, if taken before too far gone—I have cured one cow when the top of the head was so full of matter that I opened a place above the ear which discharged more than a half pint. This was in the summer; the cow was fattened in the fall and killed; the head was all right, excepting a place at the root of the horns about as large as a small open bowl.—Boston Cultivator.

Hints to Farmers.

HORACE GREELEY, Esq., delivered the Annual Address at the Agricultural Fair in Indiana, which occupies seven columns of the Tribune. Speaking of the Farmers, he says:

"But let us pause at that word Industry. 'By Industry we thrive,' is an old saw, which is very well in its place, but the truth contained in proverb is so curiously expressed that it often misleads more than it directs. Industry is indeed essential to thrift, and farmers, like other men, often need to be reminded of it. When I note and am overwhelmed with 'business which calls him away from home two or three days in each week, and keeps him hanging about the tavern or store while his boys are at play and his potatoes crying for the hoe, I know whether that farmer is tending, and can guess about how long he will have any land to mismanage. And I think that, in the average, farmers waste more hours than mechanics. They have more idle time—not necessarily; but quite commonly so regarded—through bad weather, severe cold, too much wet &c. than falls to the lot of almost any other class, and it is very easy to allure many of them away to shoot at other man's ticks when they should be growing food for their own. But while many waste precious hours, quite as much through heedlessness and want of system, and indolence, I know another class who slave themselves out of comfort and out of thought by incessant, excessive drudgery—who are so absorbed in obtaining the means of living that they never find time to live—who drive through the day so that their bones ache and their minds are foggy at night, and are so overworked through the week that they can never worship God nor enjoy the society of their families on the Sabbath. These men will often tell you they have no time to read, which is just as rational for the captain of a steamboat to plead a want of time to consult his compass and chart or keep a reckoning of his ship's progress. No time to read? Do they not find time to plant and sow, to reap and mow, and even to eat and sleep? If they do, then they may find time, if they will, to learn how to apply their labor to the best advantage as well as to qualify themselves by rest and refreshment for working at all. I venture the assertion that there are twenty thousand farmers in Indiana who would have been wealthier as well as more useful, more respected and happier men this day, if they had abstracted ten hours per week from labor during all their adult life, and devoted those hours to reading and thought, in part with a view to improvement in their own vocation, but in part also looking to higher and nobler ends than even this. Some men waste the better part of their lives in dissipation and idleness; but this does not excuse in others the waste of time equally precious in mere animal effort to heap up goods and comforts which we must leave behind so soon and forever.

I read very few old books—I can hardly find time to master the best new ones; but I have no doubt that those who do read the very oldest treatises on Agriculture which have survived the ravages of time, will find Cato, or Seneca, or Columella, and whoever may be the author in hand, talking to the farmers of his day very much as our farmers are now generally talked to, and inculcating substantially the same truths. "Plow deeper, fertilize more thoroughly, cultivate less land, and 'cultivate it better'—such, I have no doubt has been the burden of Agricultural admonition and exhortation from the days of Homer and Moses. It seems incredible to modern skepticism that millions of Hebrews could have for ages inhabited the narrow and rocky land of Judea; and it would be hard to believe, if we were ignorant of the Agrarian law of Moses, under which, as population increased, the inalienable patrimony of each family became smaller and smaller, and the cultivation of course better and better—Very few of us are at all aware of the average capacity of an arable acre, if subjected to thorough scientific culture. Many a family of four or five persons has derived a generous subsistence for year after year from a single acre—The story of a farmer who was compelled to sell off half his little estate of eight or ten acres, and was most agreeably surprised by finding the reward of his labor quite as large as when it was restricted to the remaining half as when it was bestowed on the whole, was very current in Roman literature two thousand years ago. Why it is that men persist in running over much land, instead of thoroughly cultivating a little defying not only Science, but Experience, the wisdom of the fireside as well as that of the laboratory, can be accounted for by supposing that men have a natural passion for annexation of pride in extended dominion, or else a natural repugnance to following good advice. Surely, if Wisdom ever cried in the streets, she has been bawling herself hoarse these twenty-five centuries against the folly of maintaining fences and paying taxes on a hundred acres of land in order to grow a crop that might have been produced from ten.

Hollow Horn Disease.
Seeing in your paper of the 2d ult., an enquiry respecting a disease called hollow horn, the cause and cure; perhaps, as no description of the disease is given, it may be something I am not acquainted with; yet we have a disease called the horn ail; the symptoms are, dropping of the head and ears, lying down, turning the head over the back, towards the shoulders, as if in pain in the head. This I think is a spinal disease affecting the brain and horns. Cure—Take a large table spoonful of sulphur, and lard sufficient when warm to make it soft like paste, pour it on top of the head at the root of the horns; take a shovel or flat piece of iron, heat it, and hold it over the head so as to heat the paste and warm the top of the head as much as the beef will bear; repeat once in two or three days, and, bore the horns on the under side, two or three inches from the head, so as to let in fresh air—and let the putrid matter out if any is collected. I have never known this fail, if taken before too far gone—I have cured one cow when the top of the head was so full of matter that I opened a place above the ear which discharged more than a half pint. This was in the summer; the cow was fattened in the fall and killed; the head was all right, excepting a place at the root of the horns about as large as a small open bowl.—Boston Cultivator.