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.

BY WM. BREWSTER. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 19.

TERMS:

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POETICAL.

SWEET LUCY MAY.

A long time since, when I was young,
Afore dis wool got gray;
I used to court a colored gal,
Her name was Lucy May.
She lived near by across de creek,
And dar at de close of day,
I'd go at least eight nights a week,
To see sweet Lucy May.

CHORUS.—Oh Lucy! dear Lucy! dem days am passed away;
But I'll neber forget thee, my own sweet Lucy May.

Oh! dis heart would palpitate
Wid lub as I grew near,
De place where she would always wait
For dis chile to appear.
And den, wid gentle words and kind,
I'd coax her for to say
Dat she'd be mine, and only mine,
My own sweet Lucy May.

She promised me dat she'd be my true
And eber lubbin wife;
And den us bofe looked forward to
A long and happy life,
I fixed my little cot up nice,
Made ebry ting look gay,
And only waited to be spliced
To my sweet Lucy May.

But jist afore dat day came round,
Deff snatched her right away,
And left me all alone to mourn
My own sweet Lucy May.
Now ebery day I cross de creek,
To kneel upon de clay
Dat covers all I loved on earth,
My own sweet Lucy May.

AGRICULTURAL.

☞ A correspondent of the Lewistown Gazette says:—

"I have often been surprised in looking over the numerous articles on fruit raising, orchard culture, etc., which have appeared from time to time, to find so little said respecting the proper time and manner of pruning. Next to grafting, I consider that pruning, when done at the proper time and manner, has the greatest tendency to improve not only the quality, but also the quantity, of fruit produced, and the manner in which this important operation is often performed, it is not only of but little benefit to the tree, but in a majority of cases a downright injury; and when you see a man at his orchard cutting off the branches with a large unwieldly axe, (such as he uses for splitting wood,) and as a natural consequence leaving the wounds rough and uneven, depend upon it, it would be much better for him to let nature take its own way. For pruning make use of a fine toothed saw, (those made use of by butchers being the best,) a thin bladed hatchet and a good pruning knife. These are all the tools necessary, and pruning cannot be done well without *all* of them. Use the hatchet for removing the small shoots and branches, always being careful to cut upward if gossible, and on no account leave the wound rough and uncovered. Cut it smooth with the pruning knife, and it will heal over in less than half the time it would otherwise take. When large branches are removed, it is an excellent plan to give the wounded part a good coating of gum arabic, which will soon become dry and hard, and thus effectually prevent the action of the weather from rotting the injured part.—This, at first thought, seems to be quite an undertaking, but when you consider that it is necessary to apply to the large scars only, that one person could soon go over a large number of trees in that way, the time consumed is not so material. Apple trees should be pruned at least every other year, and not so closely as many persons are accustomed to do. Cherry, Pear, and other kinds of fruit trees do not require pruning so often—Pear, say every three years, and Cherry, Quince and Plum, every four. As for the time of pruning, I have found that Apple trees, when operated upon when the blossoms are just beginning to show themselves, are less injured, and heal up more readily than when it is done either before or after that time, for the reason, that there is at that time a sufficient quantity of sap ascending to form a bark over the wounded part, and thus protects it from injury. If pruning is deferred until after that time, the tree is injured by the sap leaking too much. Another reason is, that at that time you have every opportunity for distinguishing between the fruit bearing and the comparatively barren branches, and your labor will be of course more beneficial. If pruned too early, the action of the sun and frost so effectually dries up the wood, that when the sap does ascend, it has no effect upon it whatever, and it soon gets that black decayed appearance so often observed on apple trees after being pruned. If orchards were well attended to in this way, and manured regularly, it is probable we would not hear so many complaints of worthless trees, barren orchards, etc., and ere long farmers would find that a few acres planted with *choice* fruit trees, would be quite as profitible as the same number of acres cropped in wheat, corn, barley, or anything of the kind; and where is the man, woman or child, that does not relish a fine luscious apple? To make Cherry trees productive, they should be pruned when they are in blossom, and as is the case with the apple, gum arabic should be freely applied to the large wounds, and I think its application is of more benefit to the Cherry than almost any other of the fruit species, as the wood of this tree decays so readily when exposed to the atmosphere—much sooner than either Apple or Pear. Some species of this tree require more, and different pruning than others—for instance, the English black requires to be trimmed very often, and well headed in to prevent it from becoming too large topped, while the common red Cherry requires but little attention after the tree has become well shaped and commences bearing. Rub off the rough bark every year or two, manure it occasionally, and that is all that is necessary. The Plum should be trimmed or pruned in mid winter, for the reason, that if done in the spring, or summer, the sap will ooze out, and form a kind of gum, in which, or rather in the place it oozes out of, insects will deposit their larvæ and thus injure the tree, while if pruned in mid winter, it becomes dry and hard, and thus renders it impossible for insects to injure it in that manner. At present, Plum trees are rather unprofitable, owing to the devastations of some insect that stings the tree and deposits its eggs under the bark, and ere long the tree becomes covered with black knots. A writer in the 'Farm Journal' says, that to prevent the insect from injuring the tree it is only necessary to wrap a quantity of flax well covered with tar around the body of the tree, that the insect cannot fly, and its only way of ascending is by clambering up the trunk. I would advise all persons to try it; it will not do any harm to try it; should it prove to be a protection it will amply repay them for all their trouble."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Thirty-Nine Dollar Mare.

Some years ago, while traveling in the State of Maine, I chanced to stop at an out-of-the-way tavern in those parts—in the bar-room of which, during the evening, I heard the substance of the following story related. It may divert a portion of your readers, good "Spirit," and so I write it out for you.

"Speaking of horses"—remarked the leading talker of the evening—"Speaking of horses reminds me of a mare I knew a long time ago, "three minute nags" weren't as we hear tell about now-a-days."

There was a blacksmith in the town where I then lived who was a very fair judge of a horse, and who generally owned a 'rusher," for the times—altho' almost his entire fortune was ordinarily invested on his 'crab.' He sold his old mare one day, and kept his eye open for another beast, when the right kind of an animal might fall in his way.

It chanced soon afterward, that there came to the door of his little shop, one day a grey mare—a long, lean bodied wench, the owner of which desired to have her shod. The blacksmith looked at her mouth (as horsemen sometimes will,) and then he tried her dock. He stood in front of her, and then beside her, and then examined her feet—and then went to work to shoe her.

"How old is she?" he asked quietly, as he proceeded to pare and trim her hoofs.

"Nine years come Spring,' said her owner.

The blacksmith looked in her mouth again and said—"Yes, you can warrant that."

"Warrant! well, she's a good beast anyhow,' responded the other.

"Is she sound?"

"As a fresh hick'ry nut."

"Kind?"

"As a cosset sheep,"

"Maybe you'd sell her?" continued the blacksmith, slowly, as he finished her last foot.

"Yes," replied the owner, handing the blacksmith a dollar for his job. "Yes, I'll sell her."

"How much money—cash down."

"Forty-five dollars."

"Five and forty. She must be a good 'un then."

"She is a good one."

"Say forty, stranger, and I'll venture to take her."

The bargain was closed, the stranger walked away with his old saddle on his arm, and the grey mare walked into the blacksmith's little shed stable. It was a heap of money for him to put into a single horse, but he thought she had good points in her making-up, notwithstanding the fact that she had'nt been over-fed of late, or too carefully groomed.

A little care and grooming very soon developed her more satisfactorily, and the purchaser chancing to be a dozen miles from home one night, 'hurried up her cakes' on her way back and led a noted three minute pelter straight into town like open and shut!

"Well done! Well done, old thirty-nine," said the blacksmith, enthusiastically, as he applied two huge straw wisps to her reeking sides—nor left her while a single hair was turned upon her body.

'Well done, old 'oman! I'll take you round Walnut hill, and see about this.'

And he did take her there—once, twice, thrice—fifty times; but he said nothing, only that 'the mare was a good creature to draw and he was content with her.'

At the end of four or five months, the old man took a leather pouch, shut up shop, and rode into Boston—halting at the Eastern Stage House, in Ann street. Here he remained, quietly, for three or four days, scarcely showing himself, and never speaking of his mare.

One evening he overheard some of the 'boys' in the bar room 'talking horses' and he listening earnestly.

'Go?' said one of them, 'I rather think he can—in two-fifty, sure!'

'Go! I'd like to match him against something that can trot. Your wiglers and rackers and runners are not the thing. Give me a square trotter, and I can just leave him! that's all.'

'Ken you?' asked a voice near by, modestly. The company turned about, and saw an unshorn, rough visiged man sitting in his shirt sleeves, to whom the young buck did not reply at all. Our blacksmith (for it was he) continued to smoke his pipe. The boys put their heads together for hark, and the foremost asked:

'Perhaps you've got a horse that you would like to exercise a little?'

'Yaas,' responded the rude-dressed stranger, 'I don't mind a little exercise for the old mare but you don't bate nothing on it, I take it.'

'Why yes. Just for the name of the thing we'll go five hundred or so.'

'Five hundred what? exclaimed the green 'un jumping from his chair and smashing his pipe at the same moment.'

'Five hundred dollars to be sure.'

'Oh, git out you're jokin.'

'No—we can't trot Tim short of that; it would'nt pay.'

'Wal, now, look here, nabur, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll trot hoss agin hoss—yourn agin mine—in harness.'

'No sir, that won't do.'

'But five hundred! Come, say fifty, that's enough railly.'

But there was no other way, and the blacksmith placed his money at last in the landlord's hands which the sharpers instantly covered.

'Do you know him?' they asked, as the old fellow moved off.

'No,' said the host. 'He has just come in from Salem, he says.'

The preliminaries were quickly arranged and the afternoon but one following was agreed for the trot—over the upper Mill Dam road. Every body had heard of the queer bet before the next evening, and the road was lined with pedestrians and carriages. The challenging party lived in Charlestown, and the horse they had named was the crack of the time; and they cared nothing about what was to trot against him and asked no questions.

The day was clear and cool, and the blacksmith had been upon the ground full two hours. His grey mare stood by the roadside in a wretched harness and worse gig (though the latter was light and strong) and several times, as the company gathered, she had been moved and buffeted for being in the way of gentlemen. She bore her persecution meekly, however, and the blacksmith in his shirt sleeves said nothing.

'Where's your horse?' asked the confident jockey, who was to drive his competiter.

'She'll be here in time, now. Don't go to givin' yerself any extra trouble about her now, cause you'll hev your hands full, I'm thinkin' bye the bye. Wat'd yer give for that ere skillit you've got on your head?'

'That's my riding cap, Sawney.'

'Edsacly. And them silk fixins—ar'nt them rather costly?'

'Wher's your horse? Time's up.

'Out of the way there, with that old crowbait, shouted one of the fast boys, hauling up at this moment, and seeking to get the place occupied by the blacksmith's team.

But there stood the mare with her head drooping almost to her feet, seemingly jaded and woe-be-gone, when the blacksmith hopped into the gig, looked at his watch and said—

'Ere we are, then, Mister.'

'But wher's the horse that you are going to trot?'

'Here she is.'

'Well I don't trot with such a skeleton as that, mind you,' said his opponent, 'not by a long chalk.'

And a furious roar of merriment went up from the crowd, who were in extacies.

The blacksmith insisted, however. He'd trot his mare or claim the money. And the animals were duly called to the start, mile heats, from the crossing, best two in three.

At the word, away they went; the horse fairly leading the way. The mare kept behind up to the half-mile post, fell away on the third quarter, and the horse came in to the post a splendid winner, in 2,40, the mare barely saving her distance, coming home at a half gallop and a half trot; amid the yelis of the crowd.

The blacksmith had a 'friend' in the congregation who had a 'pile of the ready!'

To be sure no one knew this, and he was evidently a rich man. He took all the side bets he could master at big odds against the mare. She blowed badly at the stand, and the blacksmith looked haggard and earnest. The crowd roared again, at the second start, but the roar was brief this time.

'Now go, thirty-nine! screamed the blacksmith, as they went away on this heat. And she did go. Instantly taking the pole, she stretched right along, passed the half-mile mark finished the third quarter without a misstep, and come home five lengths ahead in 2 40.

Money began to change hands again! But the horse came up for the third heat, and at the word, 'now go, thirty-nine,' the mare made an awful gap between herself and her competitor. The mare led the way, aye, every foot of it! from the start; and distancing her rival, passed the winning post, well in hand, clear down in the thirties. 'She was a good 'un,' added our narrator.

'And what became of the beast?' we asked.

'Oh, he sold her for a thousand dollars, before he left Boston. She went South but died soon afterward. She cost him, (with her new set of shoes; valued at one dollar) forty dollars. He called her 'thirty-nine.'

'Bed-time,' said our host. And I left.

ARRIVAL OF THE PACIFIC.

Four Days Later from Europe.

No Tidings of the City of Glasgow—Cotton and Flour Advanced—Corn Declined—The East Quiet—The British Capturing Russian Prizes—Affairs in the East, &c., &c., &c.

The United States mail steamship Pacific, arrived at New York on Monday morning. She sailed from Liverpool on Wednesday, the 19th of April. Her advices are thus four days later than were received by the Arabia.

The Africa arrived at Liverpool on the 17th.

The Pacific brings no news of the missing steamship City of Glasgow.

The War.

There had been no fighting of any consequence on the Danube since the last advices. Sir Charles Napier, the British Admiral in command of the Baltic fleet, had captured several vessels laden with articles contraband of war. The French and English troops arrived in Gallipoli in Turkey. A telegraphic despatch dated Copenhagen, states that an English frigate had arrived there with several Russian prizes and a number of prisoners.

The Queen of England has issued a proclamation appointing a day of general humiliation and prayer, that the arms of Great Britain and France may be blessed in the war.

A permanent camp of 10,000 men, at Toulon, has been decided on by the French government.

The combined fleets were seen off Odessa on the 1st. The inhabitants were greatly terrified and fled the city.

An army of 20,000 Russians was stationed about Odessa, which was otherwise well fortified and prepared for defence.

Omer Pacha had been instructed to undertake nothing until the arrival of the British and French auxiliaries.

The British troops were landed at Varna, on the 24th of March, and the vessels bearing them were said to have proceeded to the blockade of Sebastopol.

The Russian troops were still crossing the Danube in great numbers.

It is stated that the object of the Russians in crossing the Danube is to push in the direction in which the English and French army is probably looked for, and it is their intention to fortify all the positions that may obstruct the advance of the allied army.

The Turks effected the passage of the Danube in grand style on the 27th of March, at Simnitza. Most of the inhabitants of the place fled to Bucharest.

The Czar had ordered that all pilots and men capable of bearing arms should remove from the islands to the main land of Finland; also that they should remove or burn all their ships and boats. A similar system of defence has been adopted all along the shore of the Black Sea.

The Emperor of Austria persists, in his negotiations with Prussia, on having full liberty of action against the Russians, if circumstances render it necessary.

The King of Prussia refuses his assent to the treaty, unless Austria will agree not to make any movement without first consulting and obtaining his assent.

The Greek Revolution.

The Greek insurgents have been defeated at Amiro, with a loss of three hundred. The utmost confusion prevails among their leaders, who begin to cry "treason!"

The expulsion of the Greeks from Constantinople has been determined on, but Roman Catholic Greek subjects will be allowed to remain.

The Russian vessels captured by the British frigate Tribune were five in number. They were from Lubec, bound for a Russian port, and had on board lead and sulphur.

The Russians in the Drobudscha were maintaining their position.

The main force of the Turks under Mustapha Pasha was at Karrassa. He likewise held Czernavoda and Kustendje.

The Circassians, early in March, obtained a great victory over the Russians. The slaughter of the latter wrs terrible. They had been compelled to evacuate several posts and take refuge in ships.

The recall of Chevalier Bunser, the Prussian Minister at London, had no reference to the war. It was a mere personal matter.

The City of Glasgow.

Messrs. Richardson & Brothers, of Liverpool, announce their inability to obtain a steamer to take the place of the City of Glasgow, which steamer they suppose to be detained by the ice.

THE LATEST NEWS.

No pitched battle had occurred on the Danube up to the 9th of April; but much fighting and cannonading had been going on from March 30th to April 7th.

Several arrests were made in Paris on the 13th of April, and there was a rumor that the garrison was under arms.

The Grand Duke of Constantine has assumed the command of the Russian fleet.

The report of the entrance of Austrian troops into Servia is still believed, though nothing further has been heard respecting it.

Lord Raglan, the commander of the British land forces, left Paris on Tuesday for Marseilles, where he will embark for the East.

The Sulina mouth of the Danube was still blocked up.

Varna, which was only defended by 6000 men, has asked for reinforcements from the fleet.

The English and French troops which have arrived at Gallipoli, will, it is said, be ordered there.

The recent combat at Matschin was sanguinary. Three Russian and three Egyptian battallions remained dead on the field.

The Czar has highly complimented Prince Gortschakoff on having effected the passage of the Danube.

The Sardinian Government had forbidden any privateers under the Russian flag from being armed or provisioned, or harbored with their prizes in Sardinian ports.

At St. Petersburg, government paper was at 12 per cent. discount. At Riga, a commercial house in the oil and tallow trade, had failed for four hundred thousand dollars.

It is stated that a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, has positively been exchanged between England and France, and that copies are circulating in Paris.

The Russians are constructing two forts which will command the entrance of the southernmost mouth of the Danube.

Admiral Napier's fleet of twenty-two ships passed in front of Bornholm on the 15th April.

The ministerial crisis in Denmark still continues.

The state of siege was to be raised in Hungary, Servia, Gallicia and Cracow, (?) on the 1st of May.

Lord Howden has addressed a note to the Spanish government, requiring that it shall close its ports against Russian privateers, if Russia issues letters of marque.

Arrival of the Santa Fe Mail---Battle with the Indians.

INDEPENDENCE, April 24.

The Santa Fe mail arrived yesterday, bringing intelligence of a fight on the 5th of March, between a detachment of twenty-six men, under the command of Lieut. D. Bell, of the second dragoons, and a party of Jicarilla Apache Indians, number unknown. The loss of the United States Troops was two killed and four wounded. The Indian loss nine killed and twenty-one wounded. The celebrated Apache Chief, Lobos, was among the killed.

On the 30th March another fight took place, twelve miles from Loar, between a company of sixty dragoons, commanded by Lieut. J. W. Davidson, First Dragoons, and a party of nearly three hundred Jicarilla Apache and Utah Indians. The soldiers suffered severely, being twenty-one killed and eighteen wounded. The Indian loss is unknown, but supposed to be very great. Another report gives the number of soldiers killed at forty. A strong force, under command of Col. Cook, are in pursuit of the Indians.

Twenty U. S. soldiers deserted their post at Fort Albuquerque on the 27th ult., taking forty of the best horses, and all the Colt pistols belonging to their company.

California emigrants are leaving daily—all in good health.

Mr. Jas. Milligen, one of the Fremont party, reached Westport yesterday.

Gov. Merriwether passed here yesterday, for Louisville.

Late and Important from Mexico.

Great Battle between Santa Anna and Alvarez —The Law Muskets Again.

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.

The steamer Texas, from Vera Cruz, with dates from the City of Mexico to the 18th, has arrived here. She brings intelligence of a great engagement having taken place between Santa Anna and Alvarez, in which the latter was routed.

It is also reported that fifty-one persons recently arrested in the schooner Anita, near San Blas, for landing without passports, were carried, heavily chained, to the capitol.

The barque Grape Shot, before reported, with the Law muskets on board, is below this city. Her destination is a mystery.

[SECOND DESPATCH.]

NEW ORLEANS, April 25.

Among the prisoners taken at San Blas, 20 were native Americans, twelve adopted citizens, and four English.

The reported victory of Santa Anna was celebrated at the capital with great rejoicing and a general illumination. Other accounts of the victory make the official report a very ridiculous exaggeration.

The Long Nose.

People may talk of the horrors of bashfulness, the inconvenience of being exclusively tall, or the equal awkwardness of being doomed to a stature not exceeding four feet six. In my opinion, a long nose is one of the greatest afflictions which can befall any man.

I speak from bitter experience, for, if I may trust to family tradition, the first exclamation of the nurse, at first seeing me, was, "Good Heavens, what a long nose this child has got!"

When I first went to school, those of my school fellows who were disposed to be tyrannical, would seize me by the nose, and hold me equally angry and powerless.

When I advanced from boyhood to youth, and thoughts of gallantry first entered my head, I was at a party one evening, and a game of forfeits being introduced, it fell on me to kiss one of the prettiest girls in the room. I advanced towards her, but alas! my attempt was vain. On account of my long nose, I was unable to approach my lips to her cheek, and was obliged to retire from the field in a confusion which was increased by the half-suppressed mirth of the fair maiden I had attempted to salute.

Now that I am a man, I cannot walk thro'gh the street without becoming an object of general attention. I heard a mischievous boy whisper yesterday—"Here comes a nose, with a man behind it." I didn't inquire who he meant. I never dare to take a baby in my arms. They always cry. No wonder.

I am a bachelor, not by choice, however, I proposed, some months since, to an estimable young lady with whom I might have been happy.

She looked embarrassed.

"I esteem you," she said, "but there is an insuperable obstacle in the way of our union."

That obstacle was my nose. I had no hesitation on that point.

Will you remember, friendly reader, with a sentiment of compassion, the victim of *a long nose?—Yankee Blade.*

About the Letter J.

Many people in writing the capital J, make no distinction in form from that of I, or if they do it is so slight that most people would be at a loss to distinguish the two unless the letter is accompanied by the whole word. Such indistincness often occasions mistakes; mistakes that might at times result in something serious, always in that which is unpleasant. Every letter should have a characteristic form that will distinguish, it from all others at a glance. And why J has come to be written so much like I, is hard to be told. The fault must lie in the teacher, or him who leads the hand to the use of the pen.

J should always, when designed as a capital, be made with its lower half below the line, while I should only come to the line; there can be no mistake, and if the renowned "John Doe" should take the notion to write his first name with only its initial, the printer would never transform him to I. Doe.

Every one who instructs penmanship, should bear in mind, and teach the pupil the difference in constructing these two letters; and those who have acquired the habit, should at once break it, and so write their J's that they may be "known of all men."

☞ An Englishman, boasting of the superiority of the horses in this country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. "My good fellow," exclaimed an American present, "that is rather less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town, of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the store to find me, from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as fast as I possibly could, several times around a large factory—just to take old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before me, *and was twice in danger of riding over myself.*"

Comical Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Brahamans the marriage ceremony is one of the *most* singular of their many singular customs. It is in this wise:—The man and woman go into the water with a cow and calf and an old priest. The man doth hold his hand by the old man's hand and the wife's hand by the husband's. and all have the cow by the tail; and they pour water out of a brass pot on the cow's tail, and then the old man ties him and her together by their clothes; then they give to the Brahamane the cow and calf. Then they go to divers other idols and and give money, and then go their way. It is deedless to add that the money given to the idols at the conclusion of this marriage ceremony is "taken by the priest."

To Compute Interest.

A Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun communicates the following simple plan for computing interest at six per cent per annum for any number of days, which he learned, he says, twelve years ago:

"Divide the number of days by six, and multiply the dollars by the dividend, the result is the interest in decimals; cut off the right hand figure, and you have it dollars or cents—thus: What is the interest on $100 for twenty-one days? 21 divided by six is 3½; 100 multiplied by 3½ is 350, or 35 cents. Again: what is the interest on $378 for ninety-three days? 93—6—15½; 379 x 15½—5,859 or $5 85 9-10. Let book keepers try this rule, and they will find that it is no humbug.

Remedy for Chilblains.

Take a sufficient quantity of hot water in a tub to bathe the feet in, and add a lye made of wood ashes or potash, until the water feels quite soft and slippery. Soak the feet which are troubled with chilblains thoroughly in this, then rub them with a towel until they are perfectly dry. After this rub them over lightly with the spirits of turpentine, and it will at once stay the disagreeable sensations arising from the chilblains. Follow up this operation for a few evenings, and a cure will assuredly be effected, as I have proved by experience.

Irvine, Pa. J. M. T.

☞ A chemist in Albany, a few days ago, expatiating on the late discoveries in chemical science, observed that snow had been found to possess a considerable degree of heat. An Irishman present at this remark observed, "that truly chemistry was a valuable science," and, anxious that the discover might be made profitable, inquired of the orator when number of snow-balls would be sufficient to boil a teakettle.

Tartar on the Teeth.

M. L. Baum, says the Medical Times, ascertained that vinegar and a brush will, in a few days, remove the tartar; thus obviating the necessity for filing or scraping them, which so often injures the enamel. He recommends the use of powdered charcoal and tincture of rhatalfy afterwards, which effectually in his opinion, prevent its formation.

☞ For hoven, or bloat in cows, caused by eating clover, give a tea-cup half full of saleratus dissolved in a pint of warm water, and turned down a cow from a junk bottle. Perhaps an ox might need a larger dose. A few spoonfulls of tar. put in the throat by the aid of a smooth stick, will also give relief.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Two Irishman one day went a hunting; on seeing a deer start up at some distance before them, Pat, raising his gun, took after the animal.

"Pat," said Jemmy, 'yer gun's not lowded.'

"Faith, be jabers, the wild bastes don't know it."

BIBLE BURNING.—Some excitement has been created at York, Pennsylvania, by the discovery that a priest, recently from Austria, has been burning some bibles furnished by the Society there.

A Good One.

Riding over the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, the other day, under the charge of Dr. John Van Dusen (the gentlemanly conductor, pro tem.) he told us the following incident, which we thought worth making note of:

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars, from one of the up-country, stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, en route for this city. She was alone, so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable, and so talkative, I lingered, and we had quite a pleasant chat. Afterwards, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard, in the country; and I began to think that I had not met with such a charming lady passenger for many a day. Well, we arrived at the depot—there I attended her to a carriage, handed her up the carpet bag, and after all, what do you think she said?"

Now, we thought of course, that the lady would say very politely, "thank you, sir," smile like a gleam of sunshine, the carriage would roll off, our friend John would bow an adieu, and with a sigh, perhaps, turn away and forget the matter. So we stated that as our supposition.

"No," said John, "she did no such thing; but just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we chance to meet anywhere else," and John drew a long breath.

"What did you say?" we asked.

"Why, I thought that very uncivil at least, so I replied very quickly—

"Certainly not, madam, I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere but on the cars—for, really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintances."

"And the lady?" said we.

"She looked quite silly as she drove off," replied John.

Welsh Triads.

There are three things which never become rusty—the money of the benevolent, the shoes of the butcher's horse, and a woman's tongue.

Three things not easily done—to allay thirst with fire, to dry wet with water, to please all in every thing that is done.

Three things that are as good as the best—brown bread in famine, well water in thirst, and a gray coat in cold.

Three things as good as their better—dirty water to extinguish fire, a homely wife to a blind man, and a wooden sword to a coward.

Three warnings from the grave—"thou knowest what I was; thould seest what I am; remember what thou art to be."

Three things of short continuance—a lady's love, a chip fire, and a brook's flood.

Three things that ought never to be from home—the cat, the chimney, and the housewife.

Three things in the peacock—the garb of an angel, the walk of a thief, and voice of the devil.

Three things it is unwise to boast of—the flavor of thy ale, the beauty of thy wife, and the contents of thy purse.

Three miseries of a man's house—a smoky chimney, a dripping roof, and a scolding wife.

☞ A Yankee, boasting inveterate hatred to everything British, is living in a neighboring city with a colonist's family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the conlonist does what he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

"You are arguing," says the colonist, "against your ancestors."

"No, I am not."

"Who, was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by thunder!"

Negro Preaching.

The Knickerbocker Magazine gives the following as a specimen of Negro Preaching at Baltimore.

On one occasion, when striving his utmost to bring about a revival, he elevated his flock several pegs in importance. He said:

"Now, if any ob you niggers tink dat 'cause you'se black, and poor, and miserable, you'se ob no great consikence in de Lord's eyes, you'se vastly 'staken, I 'spect, as I could prove by many pints ob de divine word; but one will be 'ficient for your dull komprehenshuns. De Lord says, in one place, 'God will not let even a sparrer fall to de ground widout His notice;' and in a 'nudder place He says, 'Are not two sparrers sold for a farden?' A farden, I would inform you, is s'posed to be 'bout as much as a cent. Well, den; now, if de Lord takes so much care of a sparrer, worth only haff a cent, ob how much 'portance my dear bredren, in His eyes, are you five and six hundred dollar niggers!"

You ask me, love, how many times
I think of you a day;
I frankly answer, only once,
And mean just what I say,
You seem perplexed and somewhat hurt,
But wait and hear the ryme:
Pray, how can one do more than once
What one does all the time?

To Make good Paste.

Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream, then stew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistence, stirring all the time. It will keep for twelve months, and when dry, may be sottened by water.

☞ Alinelooksbadwithoutspaces.