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 24, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 21.

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POETICAL.

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

Oh! where shall the soul find relief from its woes?
A refuge of safety—a home of repose;
Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge no sin, no sorrow can assail?
No! no, there's no home, on this earth there's no home,
The soul has no home.

Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss, will a dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glories of heaven.
Yes, yes, there's home, a home in high heaven,
The soul has a home.

Oh! holy and sweet its rest shall be there,
Freed forever from sin, and from sorrow, and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.
Home, home, home of the soul. The bosom of God
Is the home of the soul.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

The Head is stately, calm, and wise,
And bears a princely part;
And down below, in secret, lies
The warm, impulsive Heart.

The lordly head that sits above,
The Heart that beats below,
Their several office plainly prove,
Their true relation show.

The Head erect, serene and cool,
Endowed with Reason's art,
Was set aloft to guide and rule
The throbbing, wayward Heart.

And from the Head, as from the higher,
Comes all-directing thought;
And in the Heart's transforming fire,
All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite
To make the man complete—
What were the heat without the light?
The light without the heat?

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gambling for a Wife.

BY ONE OF THE GREYS.

Readers, I am one of the survivors of the patriotic army that was called into the service of the Key Stone State by its worthy late Govenor, Joseph Ritner. The why and the wherefore of which call, was to crush what appeared to that patriotic, though not overwise functionary, an incipient rebellion which several thousand volunteers, "good men and true," were expected to put down instanter. I belonged to the Philadelphia Greys, commanded by Captain, now General C., and was also accounted a worthy member of the H——y fire company, located near the armory of the Greys. Several other members of Captain C.'s command were also members of the old S——x, as we usually called her, and at the time we received our marching orders, all or nearly all of us, were snugly laid out on the covers of our coal boxes, around a hot stove in the engine house. Pap S——— and Mack were discussing the last run of our engine on the Market street railroad, and P———d, Y———g, and a dozen or so more were busily engaged in trying how much smoke could be got out of a cigar in the mouth of each; while I for want of better employment was calculating how long it would take for all present to be on their feet ready for service, if an alarm of fire was rung. My calculation, as well as the discussion alluded to, was suddenly cut short by the entrance of Corporal B———s of the Grey's, who in the most soldier like manner imparted the *very pleasant* news that we were ordered to muster fully armed and equipped at the arsenal in Broad street, at five o'clock next morning, from whence, after receiving a certain number of ball cartridges, we were to proceed in the R. R. Cars to Harrisburgh, and in obedience to the proclamation of Governor Ritner, stand ready to put down rebellion against the State.

With a set of jovial, good-humored, dare-devils like the Grey's, a summons of this nature required but little consideration, and that not in the least of a serious cast, so that ere the worthy Corporal was fairly through his company orders every man present belonging to the Greys, was on the start for his home or the armory, to prepare for marching. On the next morning, at the hour ordered, but few of the whole command were absent. Our Captain was all activity, and although none anticipated while at Harrisburgh, more than "a mastely inactivity," so far as a civil war was concerned, yet all knew that strict discipline must be observed. Orders were given with soldier-like precision, and obeyed with alacrity, and in less than an hour from the time we had mustered, we were being whirled over the track of the Pennsylvania railroad at the rate of twenty miles per hour. I may as well mention here, that being no ordinary mortals, but considered as "whole teams," the animal cars were appropriated to our exclusive use. Whether the passenger cars were appropriated to the use of the animals I cannot say; it was whispered, however, that long cars were occasionally seen on that day sticking through the windows of them. What occurred on the way is not worthy of mention, and of the services of the troops while in Harrisburgh, the matter is so well known to most readers, that I need not repeat it here. So after relating a couple of incidents connected with our worthy Captain, I will continue the story:

Our company was quartered in the arsenal on the left of the Capitol, in a barn-like apartment, where through loose casements and broken panes of glass the cutting December winds had full sweep, and which particularly at night, when trying to get a little sleep was most uncomfortable. It was here that our worthy Captain was distinguished for his self-denial and humanity, for while the officers of other companies were enjoying themselves with good fires and warm beds at the hotels, our commander took up his quarters with his men, shared and fared as they did, and cheered them by his own soldierly example, in the observance of strict discipline.

One dreary morning, when all were probably thinking of what might be enjoyed, were we at home, and drawing comparisons between that and what we expected would be our Christmas fare in our military quarters, tough corned beef and hard bread, we were agreeably surprised by the Quartermaster informing us that we should dine sumptuously on roast turkey and mince pies.

"Ye Gods," what a surprise it was, and could it be true? Was he humbugging us? Was he not preparing a masked battery from which would be poured into us the same slops called coffee, the same hard bread, and the same leather, disguised as beef? Surely not, thought, reasoned, and spoke the company. No, he would not dare thus to trifle with hungry mens feelings, and then a bright idea illumined the brain of one of us. It was that the Captain's Lady had ordered to be purchased, prepared and sent up to us, all these Christmas comforts, and such indeed turned out to be the case.—All honor to the ladies, or rather all honor to woman, for under whatever name, lady, wife, maid or woman, she is the same. The same kind traits—thoughtfulness for the sufferings of others—and the same active, practical benevolence prevades her nature.

A day of feasting and thanksgiving followed, and many a toast for the Captain's lady given with true heartfelt feeling. Our turkeys, which were neither few nor small, lasted us for two or three days, and more than one good mess found its way to the quarters of some of the other companies of the regiment, that were less fortunate than ourselves.

Having mentioned these incidents, which a grateful remembrance would not permit me to pass over, I will endeavor to resume the thread of what I had intended should be a story, but which constantly remembered occurrences has turned into a mere narrative.

CHAPTER II.

During our two weeks stay among the Dauphins, (not the Eleazer Williams Dauphins, but the Dauphin county people,) many amusing incidents occurred, and many were the inventions got up and resorted to, in order to kill time, lighten our hearts, and "drive dull care away," while absent from home and friends.—Our principal amusement was cards, which whenever our fingers were not too cold to handle them, were resorted to.

Occasionally a visit from members of some of the other corps, with a good story or joke, broke the monotony of our existence. Sometimes these visits were from the members of the country troops, whose homes were but a short distance from the Capitol, who in return would invite some one or more of us, who could obtain a furlough of a half day or an evening from the quarters, to pay them a visit at their farm homes.

These invitations were never declined, at least I never knew one to be, but I believe I was more fortunate than most of the others, both as regards the number of these invitations and privilege to accept them. My visits, however, were mostly confined to one family whom I shall call Gauff.

The head of the family it was who extended the invitation to me, was the first Lieutenant of a company of light horsemen, that mustered in the Borough, but whose members, when at home, were scattered for miles over the county. As the father of a family, he had among other specimens of parental blessings, a blooming daughter of eighteen, whose given name was Katrina, but in the family she was always called Katy. So celebrated were here charms, that already she had nearly turned the heads of half the Dutch beaux of the county, but as yet her heart was untouched by the tender passion. Cupid had not yet let fly the fatal dart that was to penetrate through the comfortable home-spun and home-woven cross-barred dress that covered the bosom of the Dutch beauty. Not but sundry attacks had been made on the citadel of her affections, but either they did not come from the right quarters, or were not vigorously prosecuted, and Katy was yet free to bestow (if not her hand) her love at least, on whom she would.

As I have already hinted, Katy was a Dutch beauty, with charming light-blue eyes, heavy flaxen ringlets, ruddy cheeks, rather thick, pouting lips, and a form that would rival in rotundity that of any three ordinary city belles united.

Whether she looked on me with more favor than she had on a dozen or so others who had vainly tried to win her love, I cannot say, but I will assert that an occasional roguish wink of the eye, and a pressure of the hand, when parting, greater than ordinary civility called for, made me think the rather passable phis I carried, added to the cross-belts and military buttons, had made an impression on the home-spun dress aforesaid, and was fast finding its way through the warp and filling, to a more congenial locality, usually denominated the heart.

I believe her father was of the same way of thinking, and what seemed a little strange to me (considering that I was, till within a few days, a total stranger to him) he rather encouraged the sudden intimacy that had sprung up between Katy and myself. What this object was, will appear in the sequel.

Gauff was very fond of cards, and at the game known as all fours, was a most excellent player, as several of us (the Greys) had had ample opportunities of finding out, as in his playing with us he generally came off winner. A day or two before we received our marching orders, to return to Philadelphia, Gauff came into a hotel where I was spending a little leisure with a friend at a sociable game of cards, and approaching me in an excited manner, said he would like to play me a two-handed game of all-fours, before we parted, and as we were very nearly matched, he would like to have something at stake to draw out our best playing, and that (to use his mode of expressit) "ash I was make love to his Katy he would play Katy for pe my wife against five tollars." The oddity of the proposal induced me, without waiting to consider it, to take up the gauntlet, and in about the time I have taken to tell it we were engaged in an interesting game of all-fours. Gauff for five dollars, I for a Dutch belle and a rich wife. We played, unheedful of observation or remark, amidst and surrounded on every side by mine host's whole household, including family, guests, hangers-on, ostlers; even a staid old Lutheran minister, the father of mine host's wife, hearing, while in the parlor of what was going on, came into the bar room, to witness "the game for a wife."

The first and second games were played with equal success, Gauff winning the first, and I the second. We were now on the last hand that was to make the rubber; diamonds were trumps. Gauff had already secured game.—I had played the duce (low) and upon the single cards we now held, depended the final issue of the game. I held my card flat on the face, awaiting his play; every eye was strained, and every face wore the utmost look of anxiety.—Gauff, for a few seconds hesitated, and tremblingly held his card aloft, then with an excited exclamation, brought it down upon the table with a force that startled the whole company. It was the trump Jack, and hardly had his knaveship touched the board before I covered it with the trump ace. Gauff had feared as much, and unwilling to marry his daughter to a poor soldier, he had not the most distant idea of being beaten. He attempted to grasp the cards, calling out foul play; in this he was prevented, and the cards given into the hands of a third party, who counted and examined the tricks, and decided that all was fair, and that Gauff had fairly lost, and I had fairly won his daughter; still he was not only unwilling, but determined that I should not have her, and proffered me five dollars, imagining, poor fool, that a pill so poorly gilded would be an equivalent for the loss of between two and three hundred weight of "Dutch beauty" to say nothing of highly cultivated lands, well-fed cattle, and barns plethoric of hay, grain and other commodities and conveniences for carrying on the business of life, in the perspective and prospective. I of course rejected his offer with perfect disdain, and vowed that nothing short of marrying Katy would satisfy me, and as I had fairly won her, and that in a manner first thought of and proposed by himself, I was determined to have her.

Gauff was now sorely puzzled as to the course he should pursue, but finding no honorable means of extricating himself from the disagreeable predicament in which his folly and cupidity had placed him, and determined to leave untried nothing that would free him from his self-imposed obligation, he urged rather exultingly that I must first get Katy's consent before I could have her, and that he knew I could n't, "for," said he "she mustt marry mit Jacob Brommer's pay Shon, wat's got two farms, for I makes de pargin mit Shon's fadder last pinkster day." "All right," I replied, "if Katy's consent is all that is wanting, I have it, for Katy and myself are already engaged, (I lied some,) and all that remains to be done is for me to take a wagon and bring her here, which I can do in an hour's time, and this good man (alluding to the Minister present) can marry us at once," to which the said good man immediately assented. Gauff swore I should not have her, he "pe tampt" if I should. When finding him so determined, one of the company then present proposed a compromise, namely, that I should give up my claim on Katy's hand and affection, and instead thereof Gauff should pay me forty dollars. To this proposition, after some show of apparent reluctance on my side, and a real reluctance on his, to part with so much money, we both assented, he fearing that he might loose his daughter, and I, that by prolonging it I might be confronted by Katy, who would doubtless have done as her "fader" wished and commanded. Fifteen dollars of the forty he paid me in cash, and give me his check for the remaining twenty-five. He then, with a most woe-begone look left the hotel, doubtless disgusted with Philadelphia Volunteers, and every thing else in the world, excepting his daughter Katy and the two farms that would belong to her family when she "married mit de poy Shon Brommer," according to the "pargain" he had made. For myself, I had nothing to regret. I had neither wounded nor received a wounded heart. I had taught the old man a lesson, which, though it cost the most, would probably be in the end the cheapest one he had ever taken. He, however, regretted the price he had paid, and the next morning, as I was leaving the counter of the bank, with the avails of my check in good gold he came rushing in, and ordered payment stopped on the check. It was too late, I had my money, and the bank officers on being told the whole transaction, decided that it was fair, and they would not meddle in the matter. Intending, as I had, from the time that I received his money, to return it to him, with the exception of five dollars, I now offered to do so, but either sudden streak of independence or a latent fear that he might again iavolve himself, made him refuse it, and he would not again even speak to me.

Two days afterwards, while returning to our homes I entirely forgot, at least for a time, the Dutchman and his daughter, in the more pleasing anticipations of kindly greetings, that were to be enjoyed on my arrival in the "City of Brotherly Love," and fearful that my "chums" might construe the adventure into a disappointed love scrape, and thus have a rig on me, I never told them of it, but doubtless some of them will remember that on the last day of our sojourn at the Capitol, one of the H——y boys had lots of ready money, which was spent as freely as it came easy. MUSKET.

The Bachelor and the Baby.

BY OSCAR DUMAS.

Edward Thornton was one of that small class of bachelors, who are so not from necessity, but from inclination. He would as soon have been suspected of highway robbery, as of any intention of committing matrimony.

Still he was very polite and gallant to the ladies. I have observed that such is more likely to be the case with your thoroughgoing bachelors, than with married men. I will leave the philosophical reader to speculate on the cause of this singularity, if such it may be called, while I proceed with my story:

Business had called Mr. Thornton to a city some fifty miles distant from the place of his own residence. His business arrangements satisfactorily concluded, he had at the opening of this veracious narrative, seated himself in the cars which were to bear him back.

Opposite to him there sat a young woman, respectably attired, with a babe, perhaps three months old, in her lap. The baby was not remarkably pretty—no babies are at that age—and the expression of its countenance indicated about the same degree of intellect as you would expect to find in a week-old kitten. The mother, for such she evidently was, was encumbered with nothing else but a small carpet-bag, which doubtless contained a supply of clothing for the journey.

At the first way-station, the woman rose hurriedly and said to Mr. Thornton:

"Will you have the kindness, sir, to take charge of my baby and carpet-bag, for a moment? I have just caught a glimpse of a friend through the window, with whom I wish to speak for a moment."

"Certainly, ma'am," said our bachelor friend, and he took the baby awkwardly enough, and placed the carpet-bag at his feet.

The female, thus disencumbered, left the cars. Our friend not being used to such a change as he had undertaken, felt a little embarrassed; but consoled himself by the reflection that it would be but for a moment.

But to his consternation, the cars started without bringing back the owner of the baby.

"Good Heavens!" thought he, "she has been left. How distressed she will be about her child. Here," to the conductor, who was just passing through the cars, "you have left one of your passengers behind you—a woman who occupied the opposite seat."

"Oh," said the conductor, "she didn't intend to get in again. She walked away in a different direction. But here is a letter she told me to give to a gentleman with the baby."

Edward Thornton tore it open with a trembling hand, and read the following:

"Dear Sir:—Finding it no longer convenient to retain the charge of my baby, I have confided it to your charge, feeling confident from the benevolent expression of your countenance, that you will take good care of it. As it has no name, you might give it your own, if you like."

"P. S.—The valise contains the child's clothing. It is sufficiently supplied for the present."

"Good Heavens!" thought our now unhappy bachelor. "That's cool, and no mistake. With what face shall I meet my friends with such an encumbrance."

Just then the child began to cry. Here was a new perplexity.

"What *shall* I do?" thought Edward Thornton. "Let me see. I will trot it."

And forthwith he began to trot the child in the most violent manner. To his great astonishment, this only made it cry the more.

"Your child seems troublesone—" said a lady, who had entered the cars at the same place where the child's mother got on.

"Mine, ma'am! it isn't mine!"

"Excuse me," said the lady, "possibly it is a friend's."

"No, ma'am; it's—well, I don't know whose it is. I never saw it before in my life."

After a glance of surprise, she said, "I presume it is hungry. Poor child!"

The child continued to cry.

"Perhaps, ma'am, you could satisfy its hunger."

"*Sir!*" said the lady, drawing herself up.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything, ma'am, I assure you," said Edward Thornton, realizing the interpretation which might be put upon his words.

The lady looked as if she didn't believe it, and said no more.

At length, (after two hours of the slowest traveling as it seemed to Edward that he had ever experienced,) he arrived at the termination of his journey.

It was with a ludicrous air of embarrassment that Edward issued from the cars with the baby in his arms, and the carpet-bag in his hand. He had thought of leaving the child on one of the seats, but the conductor's eye was on him, and he could not get a chance.

To make the matter worse, three of his most intimate bachelor friends stood in the station-house as he issued from the cars.

"Good Heavens!" ejaculared one; "Thornton, where did you get the baby. You ain't married are you?"

"Married—no!"

"Oh, it's a friend's,"

"No!"

"Ah! I understand," and the friend looked particularly knowing.

Edward grew desperate. "No," said he, hurriedly, "you are wrong. It isn't so—you may be sure."

"Isn't how?"

"Why, as you understand," stammered Edward.

His friends looked politely incredulous, and left Edward Thornton more wretched than ever. What was to be done?

The reader must be informed that our bachelor kept house, and employed a housekeeper, a staid maiden of forty, who for a consideration sewed the buttons on his shirts, darned his stockings, and kept the house in order.

With a nervous hand Edward pulled the bell. Martha opened the door.

"Goodness gracious me!" shrieked the astonished handmaiden; "a baby! what is the world coming to!"

"It isn't mine, Martha: it ain't mine," said the bachelor, in a distressed tone. "You may be sure it isn't mine; I don't know whose it is, but here's the carpet-bag that it belongs to—I mean that came with it. You can open it and see what's in it; I believe it's clothes."

The housekeeper wasn't generally troubled with a cough, but she coughed here very significantly.

"And just get dinner ready as quick as you can; the child's hungry and so am I."

"What shall I get?"

"Well, you may cook me some beefsteak.—Let me see—I suppose the baby can't go beefsteak yet; you may bring it some bread and butter and cake, or pies, if you have got any."

"What does the man mean?" ejaculated Martha, in astonishment; "a baby like that eat bread and butter and pies!"

"Well, get what you like; I don't know anything about such matters."

Luckily it was found that the child would drink milk.

"Well," said the house-keeper, after a pause, "what do you intend to do with your child—I beg pardon, the child?"

"Why," said Edward, "I've been thinking perhaps you had better adopt it."

"I adopt it?" ejaculated Martha; "I would not do it for the world."

"But something must be done with it."

"You ought to have thought of that beforehand."

"Well, how could I tell that the woman was going to put it into my hands, and then leave?"

"O!"

It was a small word, but there was a sentence full of meaning in it.

Without stopping to detail the confusion, inconvenience, and embarrassments, which this new-comer introduced into the bachelor's household, it will be sufficient to state that a family was found who were willing to adopt it. It was joyfully resigned by its transient proprietor, who is more confirmed in his bachelor habits than ever. He has come to the conclusion, from sad experience, that no two beings are more unsuited to each other than a "*Bachelor and a baby.*"

☞ Is it not singular that the name of God should be spelled with *four* letters, in so many languages?

In Latin it is Deus.
In French it is Dieu.
In Old Greek it is Zius.
In German it is Gott.
In Old German it is Odin.
In Swedish it is Godd.
In Hebrew it is Adon.
In Dutch it is Heer.
In Syrian it is Adad.
In Persian it is Syra.
In Tartarian it is Idga.
In Sclavonian it is Bolg or Boog.
In Italian it is Idio.
In Spanish it is Dias.
In East Indian it is Esgi or Zeni.
In Turkish it is Abdi.
In Egyptian it is Aumu or Zent.
In Japanese it is Zain.
In Peruvian it is Lian.
In Wallachian it is Zene.
In Etrurian it is Chur.
In Tyrrhenian it is Eher.
In Irish it is Dich.
In Croatian it is Doga.
In Margarian it is Oese.
In Arabian it is Alla.
In Dalmatian it is Bogt.

There are several other languages in which the word is marked with the same peculiarity.

AN INGENIOUS RIDDLE.—"It was done when it was begun; it was done when it was half done; and yet it wasn't done when it was finished". Now, what was it? Of course you can't guess. Will this do?

Timothy Johnstone courts Susannah Dunn. It was Dunn when it was begun; it was Dunn when it was half done; and yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it was Johnstone.

"A Subscriber" will please send in his name and his subscription will be returned to him. We can't stand any more of that kind of thing.

☞ 'Keep your dog away from me,' said a dandy to a bucher boy.'

'Darn the dog,' said the boy, 'he will be after puppies.

Bronze.

ANTIQUE BRONZE.—The following composition is said to produce the effect rapidly. 1 pt. salammoniac, 3pts. powdered argal, and 3 pts. common salt, are dissolved in 12 pts. hot water, and 8 pts. of a solution of nitrate of copper added. (The strength of this solution is not given.—Elsner.) Newly made articles of bronze are coated several times with the above solution. A large proportion of commin salt gives a yellowish, and less gives a more bluish tint.

C. Hoffmann produces a beautiful chrome-green brown, by first touching (not brushing) the surface of the bronze with a very dilute solution of nitrate of copper, containing a little common salt, brushing it off then touching it with a solution of 1 pt. binoxalate of pottassa, 4½ pts. salammoniac, and 94¾ pts. vinegar, and again brushing it off. This operation is repeated several times. In the course of a week the article has a greenish-brown hue, with a bluish-green one in the depressions, and withstands the weather.

Elsner produced a method, some years since; which produced an antique, almost identical with that produced naturally, on bronzes. The bronze article, with a clean surface, was dipped into dilute vinegar, and exposed for several weeks to a moist atmosphere of carbonic acid. The operation is economical; and easily executed.

BRONZING AND BRASSING.—Brunnel, Bisson, and Gaugain, have given a new process for brassing articles of iron, steel, lead, zinc, and their alloys with each other and with bismuth and antimony, by means of the following bath: 500 pts. carbonate of pottassa, 20 pts. chloride of copper, 40 pts. sulphate of zinc, 250 pts. nitrate of ammonia. For bronzing, the zinc-salt is to be replaced by one of tin. The object to be plated, after being brightened by scouring, is connected with the negative pole of a Bunsen battery—a brass plate being the positive or decomposing pole. For large articles, the number, and not the size of the pairs must be incaeased. A coating of varnish is necessary to protect the plated surfaces from oxydation by exposure.—*Scientific American.*

Weighing Cattle by Measure.

The only instrument necessary is a measure, with feet and inch marks upon it. The girth is the circumference of the animal just behind the shoulder blades. The length is the distance from the shoulder blade to the rear of the buttock. The superficial feet are obtained by multiplying the girth and length. The following table contains the rule to ascertain the weight of the animal:

If less than one foot in girth, multiply superficial feet by eight.

If less than three and more than one, multiply superficial feet by eleven.

If less than five and more than three, multiply superficial feet by sixteen.

If less than seven and more than five, multiply superficial feet by twenty-three.

If less than nine and more than seven, multiply superficial feet by thirty-three.

If less than eleven and more than nine, multiply superficial feet by forty-two.

Example.—Suppose the girth of a bullock to be six feet three ihches: length five feet six inches; superficial area will then be thirty-four, and in accordance with the above table, the weight will be seven hundred and eighty-two.

Example.—Suppose a pig to measure in girth, two feet, and length one foot nine inches. There would then be three and a dalf feet, which, multiplyed by eleven, gives thirty-eight and a half pounds as the weight of the animal when dressed. In this way, the weight of the four quarters can be substancially ascertained during life.

The new Gudgeons.

The followihg dialogue which actually took place some years since between an old lady, who had much confidence in professionals, and a learned but eccentric clergyman, goes to strengthen a conviction already strong in many minds, viz: that human nature is gullible.

"Now, parson, as you are a man of much learning, I want to ask you what became of the eleven days, when old style was altered to new?"

"Well, well, madam, you know this world is hung on two great gudgeons—"

"Indeed, sir! well what then?"

"Well, it had been turning round on the two gudgeons a great while, and they got worn out and it broke down."

"Do tell me if it did?"

'Yes marm. Well, after the world broke down, all the people turned to and put in new gudgeons, and set it going again; and it took 'em just eleven days."

The old lady was abundantly satisfied, and would have given to the learned gentleman the degree of bachelor of science without further examination.—*Lynn News.*

Soldering Cast Steel.

Put one pint of muriatic acid in an earthen vessel that will hold at least one quart, into this drop small bits of zinc until it will dissolve no more; then add half an ounce of muriate of ammonia, and boil the whole about three minutes. Apply a little of this solution to the intended juncture of cast steel, and soft solder will flow over the parts as readily as on tinplate, providing always that the metal has been previously well cleaned of oxyd. I believe this is commonly known among tinsmiths, though not generally with other individuals, whom it would no doubt benefit much. Cast-steel, cast-iron, or any other metal in common use is readily soldered with this mixture.—*Scientific Amer.*

Horse and Cattle Condition Powder.

¼ lb. powdered gum guaiac; 6 oz. flour sulphur; ½ lb. powdered fenugreek seed; 6 oz. of black antimony; 4 oz. salt petre; 1 lb. bole armenia. To be well mixed and powdered together.

Dose, about one ounce, three times a day, for three days, in cut feed. For heaves, one dose a day until cured.

The above recipe, is superior to any sold.—*Peoples' Journal.*

Daniel, A Model to Men of Business.

Daniel was a busy statesman. Darius had made him chief minister. He had charge of the royal revenue, and was virtually ruler of the empire. But, amidst all the cares of office, he maintained his wonted practice of praying thrice a day. For these prayers nothing was neglected. The administration of justice was not standing still; the accounts did not run into confusion. There was no mutiny in the army, no rebellion in the provinces, from any mismanagement of his. And though disappointed rivals were ready to found an impeachment on the slightest flaw, so wise, and prompt, and impartial was his procedure, that they at last concluded, "we shall find no occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God." He found leisure to rule the realm of Babylon, and leisure to pray three times a day. Some would say that he must have been a firstrate business man to find so much time for prayer. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was his taking so much time to pray which made him so diligent and successful in business. It was from God that Daniel got his knowledge his wisdom, and his skill. In the composure and serenity which these frequent approaches to God imparted in his spirit, as well as in the supernatural sagacity and forethought, and power of arrangement, which God gave in direct answer to his prayers, he had a decided advantage over those men who, refusing to acknowledge God in their callings, vexing themselves in vain, and who, when the fret, and worry, and sweltering of their jaded day is done, find that they have accomplished less, and that little far more painfully, than their wiser brethern, who took time to pray. The man must be busier than Daniel who has not time to pray, and wiser than Daniel who can do what Daniel did without prayer to help him. Daniel was in a place where prayer was eminently needful. He was in Babylon, a place of luxury and revelry, and, from his position in society, he was peculiarly exposed to the idolatrous and voluptuous temptations around him. It was difficult, and ere long it was dangerous, to maintain his singularity. But, so far as there was any seduction in the pleasures of that luxurious and wicked city, prayer kept him seperate; and. so far as there was any danger in withholding countenance from the idle orgies, prayer made him bold. Though the clash of cymbals and the shouts of the revelers were coming in at the window, they did not disturb his devotion; and, though he had not forgotten the King's decree and his lions' den, he did not choose the lattice, nor try to conceal his faith and his worship, and, secure alike from spiritual detriment and personal danger, the Lord hid his praying servant in the hollow of his hand.

How to Avoid a Bad Husband.

1. Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesseth.

2. Never marry a fop, nor one who struts about, dandy-like, in his silk gloves and ruffles, with silvered cane, and rings on his fingers.—Beware! there is a trap.

3. Never marry a niggard, a close-fisted, mean, sordid wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death.

4. Never marry a stranger, or one whose character is not known or tested. Some females jump right into the fire with their eyes wide open.

5. Never marry a mope or a drone, one who drawls and draggles through life, one foot after another, and lets things take their own course.

6. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man.

7. Never, on any account, marry a gambler, a profane person, or one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man can never make a good husband.

8. Never marry a sloven, a man who is negligent of his person or his dress, and is filthy in his habits. The external appearance is an index to the house.

9. Shun a rake as a snake, a viper, a very demon.

10. Finally, never marry a man who is addicted to the use of ardent spirits. Depend upon it, you are better off alone than you would be were you tied to a man whose breath is polluted and whose vitals are being gnawed out by alcohol.

DIRECT PRAYING.—A Maine correspondent of the Green Mountain Herald gives the following as the form of prayer by a class of people called "New Lights," and who believe both in direct preaching and direct praying:—"Lord, have mercy on sister Kelly, who gets up, cuffs the cat, kicks the dog, scolds her husband all the morning, and then goes to meeting, and gets up and talks right on top of it."

Welding Powder.

To melted borax, 1-10 salammoniac is added, the mixture poured on an iron plate, and an equal weight of quick-lime ground up with it. Iron or steel to be welded is first heated to redness, the mixture laid on the welding surfaces, and the metal again heated, but far below the usual welding heat. The pieces unite firmly by hammering.—*Scientific American.*

☞ "Dad, if I was to see a duck on the wing, and was to shoot it, would you lick me?"

"O no, my son; it shows you are a good marksman, and I would feel proud of you."

"Well, then, dad, I plumped our old drake as he was flyin' over the fence to-day, and it would have done you good to see him drop."

Measurement of Hay in Bulk.

Multiply the length, breadth and height of the hay into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards will weigh a ton. Clover will take eleven or twelve yards to a ton.

☞ The remains of the bachelor who burst into tears on reading the description of married life, have been found.