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, JUNE 14, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 24.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Journal.

CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS.

BY M. E. H.

Oh, give me back my childhood's dreams,
Oh give them back to me,
And let me view the future now
As then it seemed to be;
I'd see again the flowers as fair,
And hear the birds sweet song
As clear as in those early days
They sung the woods among.

Oh, give me back my childhood's dreams,
Oh, give them back to me,
That for a space I may forget
The world's reality;
And be again a blithesome thing,
Without a cloud of care
To float across the holy calm,
The sunshine ever there.

Oh, give me back my childhood's dreams,
Oh, give them back to me;
Ambitious passion glow'd not there,
Nor love and jealousy;
And but a few short years have passed,
Yet now I look in vain
For those sweet dreams my childhood had—
They do not come again.

Sunny Side, June, 1854.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Chambers' Journal.

On a Delicate Subject.

A great deal has been sung and said by various writers upon the marriage ceremonies of different nations; and very interesting and amusing too, are some of the minor details which took place among semi-civilized people upon the important occasion of the solemnization of the bond of union between the sexes which lays the foundation of a new household. But we are not aware that any very practical, and therefore reliable writer has ever favored the world with the means of arriving at a distinct idea of the process by which that perfect agreement is established between the parties most interested, which, in a country like our own, at least must be established by some means or other before the marriage takes place. We never hear the banns "put up;" as it is called, in the parish church, or listen to the merry peal of the marriage-morning bells, without wondering in our secret heart, how the delicate but tremendously decisive contract between bachelor and spinster was definitely settled before such demonstrations were thought of. We know, of course, that the writers of romances and love stories of all descriptions settle the business early enough, but theirs is nothing better than guess-work, when it is not something worse—a mere stereotyped formula established for the general convenience of scribblers.

Everybody knows how Coleridge's minstrel won his Genevieve, and how Longfellow's hero in Hyperion endeavored to achieve similar success by similar means, and yet made a lamentable failure of it. But the world is not peopled exclusively by poets and poetesses, and, therefore, the method of "popping the question," covertly recommended by the authors above named, however excellent in its proper place, can have accomplished but little towards filling the parish register. Honest John Dumple and Polly Gubbs, who signed the conjugal record with his and her X, we may be sure, did not go such a roundabout way in order to bring the affair to a crisis; and we question whether among what are called the respectable classes, that species of poetical circumlocution is much more in vogue.

The whole business, however, lies involved in mystery, which we, being only a bachelor—and that neither of arts nor of hearts—must confess our inability to fathom; still we can do something towards the general enlightenment by the report of one or two individuals cases not to be found in the books; but which have come within our knowledge, and which may serve to show how the affair is really managed among certain plain folks, with plain understandings, who, having a difficulty to surmount, bring to the task such courage as they may chance to possess.

Gideon Robin was a farm laborer in a west country town of small note, where the labors of the inhabitants were divided between the cultivation of the land and the weaving of a particular kind of cloth for the London market. Gideon could either plough a field, reap a crop of corn, shear a sheep, or weave cloth at the loom, and besides this, bore an excellent character for industry and sobriety. He was a man of fewest words in the whole parish; and, indeed, he opened his mouth so seldom, that had all his utterances been reported verbatim by a penny-a-liner, and paid for at the established rate, it is very certain they would not have provided that worthy with shoe-leather. The man was not merely modest, but bashful beyond all recorded precedent—shrinking from the sound of his own voice as though it were something oppressively terrible.

Dumb Gideon, however, as he was called, was not proof against the shafts of Cupid, and, as fate would have it, fell in love with the only daughter of Tom Spinner. The girl was a plump, well favored lass, who wrought in her father's fields and dairy by day, and wove at the loom in the evenings, and, like Gideon himself, had a talent, though by no means so striking a one, for taciturnity. Gideon betrayed his first rising regard for the damsel by silently but suddenly seizing her pail of milk as it stood frothing with Brindle's creamy treasure, and lugging it off, together with the milking stool, to her father's cottage. As this freedom was not resented, he redoubled his attentions, and was ever at hand when his strong arm could be of service to the maiden.

Dame Spinner having a respect for the young man's character, invited him on one occasion into the house, and from that time forth Gideon spent his evenings in the cottage, and took his seat in the ingle-nook, where he remained for hours, as dumb and almost motionless as the flitch of bacon which dangled above his head, rarely finding courage to speak ten words, and sometimes not speaking at all during the whole evening. He sat feasting his eyes upon Polly as she plied the shuttle, and his part was to attend to the wants of the fire as it crackled on the hearth in front of him. On Sunday and holidays he was seen at the side of his beloved, exhibiting at all times evidences of the truest devotion. Still, he never spoke a word, either to her or her parents, on the subject nearest to his heart. This silent homage went on for two years. In the estimation of all the neighborhood, the pair were booked man and wife; and as there was no impediment to their union, wondered why it had not come off long ago.

Whether any kind and considerate soul gave Gideon a hint to take courage and speak up, we cannot pretend to say, but it is certain that at length he found resolution to pop the question. The grand event took place in the following way, and as we were indebted for the account of it from the mother of the bride, we cannot be mistaken on the subject: Gideon came into the cottage on Christmas Eve, a little flustered, from his master's house, by a merry Christmas from the whole family. Dame Spinner saw an unusually manful expression on his countenance, and half expected what was going to happen. Father, mother, and daughter were assembled around the fire, having laid aside their work to enjoy a few hours holiday over a cup of elder wine. Gideon took his seat in the chimney-corner, and sat quietly for a few minutes with a significant smile upon his countenance; then he rose suddenly to his full height, and with his head half way up the chimney, little more than his corduroy continuations being visible to the company, delivered himself deliberately of the following mysterious declaration:

"If somebody loved somebody as well as somebody loves somebody, somebody would have somebody." It is most probable that a declaration of love was never made in such a form before. Gideon remained as mute as a statue, his head concealed in the chimney, for some minutes after the prodigious effort he made. When, at length, in compliance with the request of the damsel's mother, he brought his broad face into the light, it was the color of a livid coal, and was turned in any direction but towards her who was the cause of his confusion. But the ice was broken; the necessary preliminaries were soon after settled; and on the ensuing Easter Sunday the marriage-knot was tied which made Gideon Robin and Polly Spinner one flesh. Neither of them, so far as we have heard, ever regretted the step; and it is our firm conviction that, if Gideon could be prevailed upon to utter so many words, which is not likely, he would declare it was the best job he ever did in his life.

We were once intimate with a gentleman, who, after fifteen years of active and ceaseless exertions in business, having realized a competent fortune, built himself a house on a delightful site overlooking an arm of the sea, and sat down to enjoy the fruits of his labor.—Though surrounded with books and works of art, and the finest scenery he yet found something wanting. A friend suggested that his mansion could not be complete without a mistress.

'You mean a wife?' said he; 'I never thought of that. I'll see about it.' The next day he set off for Manchester, and upon his arrival knocked at the door of a merchant with whom he had often done business. He was shown into the library.

"Master is not at home," said the footman; "but he will return to dinner."

"I do not want your master," said the friend, "be so kind as to send the housekeeper to me." The young woman obeyed the summons in a few moments.

"Mary," said he, "they tell me I want a wife, and I think I do. You are the only woman I know of that I should like to have. I've known you a good many years, and you know me well enough; and if you have no objections, we will be married to-morrow. What do you say?" Mary might have suspected another man acting thus to be out of his mind, but knowing the habits of the speaker, she merely replied that she would prefer having some time to think the matter over.

"I'll give you a week," said he; "by that time you must make up your mind, as I want the affair settled, now I have taken it in hand. Be a good girl and consent, and I'll make you a good husband." On that day week he took her with him back to his new house as his wife, and never from that day to this has he found cause to repent his choice, which perhaps was not so unpremeditated as from the suddenness of the event, we might suppose.

Among civilized nations, it is almost the universal rule, that all advances towards matrimony are to be made solely by the male. It would be thought a violation of modesty for the lady in any case—unless, perhaps, she were a royal personage—to manifest any evidence of partiality toward a gentleman who had not first given decided tokens of his admiration.—There is no very philosophical ground for this rigid rule that we are aware of, either in nature or reason; and we are not justified in condemning those who choose to break through it—it being a custom perfectly conventional, and really of no moral importance whatever.—Among the natives of Paraguay, such a one sided reciprocite is utterly unknown. When a lass of Paraguay is smitten with the charms of a young Indian warrior, she applies to an elder of her tribe, or to the missionary of the station, to procure on her behalf his consent to the match. If the proposition is accepted, all is well, and the pair are married. If, on the other hand, it is declined, it becomes the office of her unsuccessful meditator to reconcile her to her disappointment, which is accomplished generally with no pining in secret, no wire drawing dailying circumlocutions, no painful suspense in the transaction of the business.

A young artist who painted tolerable landscapes, at which he wrought dismally hard for the benefit of the dealers, lodged on the second floor of a tradesman's house, in the neighborhood of Oxford street. He had a hard struggle to maintain a respectable appearance, and to save enough to enable him to make the annual summed sketching trip, which was indispensible to furnish him subjects for his easel. His landlord, who had a thriving business, drank himself into delirium tremens, and died at the age of thirty-five, leaving a young widow without incumbrances in possession of the concern. From causes we need not specify, the artist, a year after, fell into difficulties and debt, and of course into arrears with his rent. Hopeless at length of extricating himself, and resolving to retrench, he sent for his landlady, and laid frankly before her the sad case of his exchequer, offering either to quit or to move to less expensive quarters in the attic above, and concluded by asking her advice. The advice she gave him there and then was that he should take her to church and wipe out the debt at the altar. We know nothing of the precise terms in which the advice was conveyed, but that was the sense of it, and in another moment the astonished artist was of her mind. The result has been already suggested. The wedding came off in a month. The business was advantageously sold, and with the means at command of procuring valuable instruction and to complete his studies by travel, the artist in a few years took high rank in his profession, and has since realized both independence and reputation.

Although the above is the only instance of a match of the kind we can personally vouch for, we can yet record another upon the responsibility of a friend, who guarantees its truth. A young Norfolk farmer on beginning life with a limited capital, found that two things were wanted to do justice to the large farm which he rented on a long lease—namely, a wife to rule the house at home, and an additional thousand pounds to invest upon the land. Like a sagacious man, he conceived that the two might be found combined, and he began to look about for a cheerful lass with a dowry to the desired amount. Accident threw him one day in company with the parson of a neighboring parish, with whom, as he rode home, while returning from market, he fell into conversation. Encouraged by the divine, the youth unburdened himself of his cares and his plans, and mentioned the design he had formed of marrying as soon as he could find an agreeable lass with a moderate dowry.

"I'll tell you what," said the parson, "I've got three daughters, and very nice girls they are, I assure you. Suppose you come and dine with me next market day; you will meet them at the table, and if any of them should prove the "inevitable she," you are in search of, I shall not be backward to do my part as fast as I can."

"Agreed," said the youth. "I'll come, as sure as you're alive, if you'll say nothing about it to the young ladies."

"That shall be a bargain. On Saturday next, then, we shall see you at dinner, at five." And here, their roads diverging, the gentlemen seperated.

At the appointed hour on the following Saturday, the young farmer, in handsome trim, descended from his galloway at the parson's door. Dinner was served a few minutes after, and the young ladies, with their mother, graced the table with their presence. All three fully justified the encomiums of the father; but the youngest, a rosy-faced, roguish, cheerful lass, just escaped from her teens, alone made a vivid impression on the young farmer. The repast progressed agreeably enough; and when it was ended, the ladies withdrew, leaving the gentlemen to chat over their wine.

"Well," said the host, "what do you think of my girls?"

"I think them charming," said the youth; "but the youngest—you call her Nelly—is really most bewitching, and clever too; and if I am to have the honor of being allied to you, you must give me her."

"That is against all rule," returned the host, "to take the youngest first; but of course I cannot control your choice. What dowry do you expect?"

"My capital," said the wooer, "is three thousand pounds and I want a thousand more—and I must have it."

"I will give you a thousand with the eldest girl."

"No; charming Nelly and the thousand, or I'm off."

"That cannot be; five hundred and Nelly, if you like. The others are not half so handsome, and must have a good fortune, or I shall never get them off."

"No, my resolution is fixed," said the youth, "and I shall not alter it."

"Nor I mine," said the parson, "and the affair is at end; but we will be good friends notwithstanding."

The conversation, which each person supposed to be strictly private, now fell into another channel. The ladies returned with the tea-urn, and chatted unreservedly with the farmer.—Evening came on, and toward sunset, the girls having strolled into the garden, the youth rose to take his leave. He found his nag in the stable, and having bade farewell to his host, took his way through the shrubbery that led into the road. He was about alighting to open the gate, when the rosy-faced Nelly darted forward to save him the trouble. As she lifted the latch she lookrd archly up into his face and said:—

"Can't you take my father's money?"

"Yes, by Jove, I will, if you wish it?"

"Then, come over to church to-morrow morning, and tell him so after service," and the speaker vanished like an elfine spirit anong the greenery.

Musing on that proverb which says "walls have ears," the young farmer rode slowly home. He did not fail—how could he?—of attending attending at the church next morning, and after sermon declared to the parson his altered resolution. He married the fair Nelly three months afterwards; and she brought him in due course of years, a row of goodly sons, than whom there are few at the present hour, wiser in their generation, or more wealthy, in the whole of broad England.

Dr. Mellen's Lecture on the Human Complexion.

Dr. G. W. F. Mellen, of Boston, delivered his first of a course of lectures on the Colored Race, in Hope Chapel, last evening, in which he gave his theory of "the cause of color as it appears in the different races of men." The term Adam, he said, meant red clay, and it was probable that our first parent was created of a redish color; but as the race spread North and South, the color of the skin changed by the action of light and heat—those entering cold latitudes becoming white, while those who settled in warmer climates grew of a darker hue, until under the influence of a torrid zono, they become black and assumed the other characteristics of the negro. This change was occasioned by the action of light and heat upon the carbon in the human system.

All chemical experiments prove that black substances transmitted heat quicker than white ones. Now, the temperature of the body was greater than that of the atmosphere around, and the system required constantly to throw off this heat which was being generated, and which if prevented escaping for one hour, would become twice as hot as iron at a white heat. In warm temperatures the body generated heat more quickly, but by a wise provision, the skin became proportionably dark, and consequently transmitted the heat with greater freedom. As an evidence of this we never saw the colored man's skin blistered under the sun's rays, he was not attacked by COUP DESOLEIL, nor was he subjected to fevers; while the white man, on being exposed for a single day, became blistered or tanned under the influence of the sun. To the objections raised by some that the colored man did not become white in in the North, he replied, that the action of cold did not effect a change so quickly as the action of heat. Yet there were instances of colored men becoming white, and he doubted not, after a few generations, the change would be complete: while white laborers, if placed at the South would, in like manner, after a few generations, become black. That difference of color, then, which was wisely provided for by Providence, should not be made a reason for contempt and oppression.—*Times.*

"Dicky" and "Susy."

Dicky was poor—Susy had a rich mother—Dicky loved Susy, and *vice versa*—Dicky wanted to marry Susy—Susy's mother was "down on" that measure—Dicky was forbid the premises—notes were exchanged through a knot-hole in the high board fence that enclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out "calling;" and Dicky was duly informed of the fact—called on Susy—remained a little too long—old lady was close at hand—no chance of escape without detection—at the instance of Susy, Dicky popped into a closet—old lady saw that Susy looked confused—guessed that Dicky had been about, but supposed, of course, he had rendered good his escape—thought perhaps the young couple had agreed to elope together—determined to be *too smart* for them—accordingly shut Susy up in the same closet where Dicky was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night—did'nt see Dicky—next morning went to the closet to let Susy out—

"Oh, Lord!"—(a scream)—couldn't get breath for a minute. Finally—

"Ahem! Dicky, is that you?"

"Yes, mam."

"Ahem! ahem! —well, Dicky———"

"Susy, dear, go and see about the breakfast."

[*Exit Susy.*

"Well, Dicky."

"Well, ma'am."

"Dicky, you must *stay to breakfast!*"

"Couldn't ma'am."

"Oh, but you must, Dicky!"

Dicky concluded to stay.

Breakfast table—"Dicky, I've been thinking about you a good deal lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am—*very lately.*"

"You are industrious and honest, I believe, Dicky!"

"I never *brag*, ma'am."

"Well, now, on the whole, Dicky, *I think you and Susy had better get married!*"

☞ People can be simple and not foolish.

A Night in the Life of a Physician.

I was sitting dozing in my chair, when a tremendous knocking was heard at my door.—The servant opened it, when a man rushed in, in the wildest disorder.

"For God's sake, doctor," said he, "come with me! it's a case of life and death. A young girl has stabbed herself; she is bleeding to death. One thousand dollars if you save her! Come, oh, do not delay!" and he rushed toward me, as if to drag me along.

I hurried away with him, snatching my instruments from the table as I passed it. I think I never saw before such convulsive grief as this man's face expressed. He was a handsome man, with one of those faces the ladies so greatly admire—jet black hair, clustering in waving curls over a white forehead. The lower part of his otherwise feminine features was relieved by a deep jet black beard.

I asked him for the particulars of the case.

"Doctor," said he, "make haste. I shall go mad. Why, I would give every drop of blood in this body to save one of hers. Oh, God!" said he, "preserve my reason. She stabbed herself before I could prevent her. Make haste, doctor—oh, my God! my God!"

We reached the house. On a satin couch, in a splendid room—the rich Turkey carpet covered with her blood—lay a young girl. I think I never saw so beautiful a creature. Even with pallid countenance and bloodless lips, she was more of heaven than of earth. What she was when the roses played on her downy cheeks I could only fancy.

There was a deep wound over her heart, and it was quite evident that the blow had been given with right good will. On the floor, covered with blood, lay the weapon—a slight damascene dagger, the handle richly set with pearls, strongly lit up with the reflection from the blood stained ivory.

I was too late. Alas the life-blood was slowly dropping away. That master-piece of creation was soon to be cold and inanimate. She slowly opened her eyes and fixed them with dying love upon the young man who had summoned me to the scene of death.

"Sidney," said she, "Sidney, I am dying.—My own Sidney, I could not live neglected. I told you I would love you to death. Kiss me, Sidney. She sank back, and death closed upon his victim.

My companion sat for some time strangely staring at the lifeless form upon the couch. I could perceive that reason was tottering on its foundation. I was fascinated by his strange look. At last I went up to him. "Sir," I said, "she is no more. Death has released her from her troubles."

"Dead! did you say she is dead, doctor?" said he, with a strange and curious stare at me. "Ah, you have murdered her," yelled the mad man—for such he was now. "You have murdered her, and I—I—shall murder you. Ah! ah! it will be rare sport."

Before I could prevent him he had picked up the dagger.

"Yes," said he with a yell, "I will murder you with her dagger. Oh, it will be rare sport to see you groan and struggle like she did. Ah, ah!" and he made a bound at me.

Now, this was far from pleasant. In fact, it was a very awkward fix to be in. I did not know how to act. The madman made a grab at me, but fortunately I eluded his grasp, and thinking it better to fight in the dark I seized the lamp and cast it on the floor. The room was now dark. The madman set up a terrific yelling, and I could hear him lock the door and put the key in his pocket, while he kept muttering, "I will kill him; I will kill him. Oh, it will be rare sport to see him die as she did." I felt my courage rise with the emergency. I half determined to try a struggle with him, but I knew the increased strength that the insane possess, and I thought it scarcely prudent.—What should I do? I must do something. I would again be in his power. I felt for some weapon with which to defend myself, and as luck would have it, found a heavy dumb-bell in the corner where I lay concealed. Presently, I heard the madman slowly searching for me. I raised the dumb-bell; "may God forgive me," I said; it descended, and I was free, the madman lay stunned on the floor. I rushed to the door, smashed in the lock with the heavy metal, and rushed down stairs. Presently the house was all in commotion. Oh! what a scene—the girl dead in a pool of blood—the man insensible with the dagger firmly clutched in his hand! I bled him and he slowly recovered. But reason never returned. He is a madman to this day. I never heard the history of my patients of that night. They were strangers in the house. I will never forget that night's adventure.

A SHORT STORY.

DICKENS tells the following story of an American sea captain:—On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attraction—a phrase I use as being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was intensely beloved by five young gentlemen, passengers, and in turn she was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend the captain. The captain being of an original turn of mind, says to the young lady, "Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you." The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing, especially in warm weather, as it then was, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident.—Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking very devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain,—"What am I to do with them now, they are so wet?" Says the captain, "Take the dry one!" And the young lady did, and married him.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is the fulfilling of the Law. God is Love. Love encompasses all that concerns men or angels or glorified saints. All good consists in love. All that is wrong arises from impure love. Jealousy; hatred, revenge, covetousness, fraud, and all the impure lusts and inordinate demonstrations of passional desire arise from self-love, or self-preferment. All the gentle emotions and affinities of the soul—benevolence, gratitude, generosity, pity, kindness, and all those sweet instincts, which mark the higher and nobler man, arise from the love of God and mankind, or the love of our neighbor as distinguished from ourselves.

Industry arises from love—the love of the objects which industry produces, or the ends that can be attained by their use.

Ambition arises from love—the love of preferment.

Slothfulness is love—love of ease, repose, quiet, docility.

Hatred is love—produced by the supreme love of self.

So we might go on and ultimate this article, and make it cover all the interests of men, angels, God, the universal whole.—*Spiritualist.*

A Good Hit for a Youth.

An old chap in Connecticut, who was one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively, and, as is generally the case in that State, boarded all his own hands. And to show how he envied the men what they ate, he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool, while that of the hands was set before them boiling hot. One of the boys was rather unlucky among the hot irons, frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him severely one day, for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if they are hot, unless they are red?"

"Never touch anything again until you spit on it, and if it don't hiss it won't burn."

In a day or two the old man sent the boy to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl; of course the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss all was right.

"Dinner!" cried he.

All hands ran; down sat the old man at the head of the table, and in went a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup to his mouth.

"Good heavens!" cried the man, in a rage. "What did you tell me that lie, for, you young rascal?"

"I did not lie, sir," said the boy. "You told me I should spit on anything to try if it was hot; I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

Judge of the effect on the journeymen. That boy was never in want of a friend among the journeymen.

UNIVERSALISM.

"I am a Universalist," said a boasting fellow, "and you orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is *inconsistent with reason!*" as he addressed one who held an opposite system. "But I will prove the irrationality of your system" said his friend: "You believe that Christ died for all men?" "Yes." "You believe that all for whom He died will be saved?" "Yes." "You do not believe there is a hell?" "No." 'No punishment hereafter? No; men are punished for their sins in this life." "Now put your *rational* system together, if you can: It is just this—that Christ died to save all men from *nothing at all*—not from hell, for there is none; not from punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is a maniac effort of seeing a man on dry land, in no danger of being drowned, and at an immense expense, throwing to him ropes and life preservers.—What glaring absurdity! Your boasted religion is stark *infidelity!* If you believed the Bible, you would believe as I do."

☞ In India, when a horse can, and will not draw, instead of whipping, spurring or *burning* him, as is practiced in most civilized countries, they quietly get a rope and attaching it to one of the fore feet, one or two men take hold of it, and advancing a few paces ahead of the horse, pull their beat. No matter how stubborn the animal may be, a few doses of such treatment effect a perfect cure.—

☞ An interesting foreigner transmitted a charming bouquet to a young damsel of this city recently, with the following:—

"Deer—I send u bi the boy a bucket of flours. They is like my luv for u. The nite shaid menes kepe dark. The dog fenil menes I am ure slave.

"Rosis red and posis pail
My luv for u shall never fail."

☞ The following, *verbatim et literatim*, was lately received by an undertaker, from an afflicted widower:

"Mr. Genimery mi weif is dede, an wants to be berried. Dig a Graiv for hir an shee shal cum to be berred tomorrer at wonner cloke—yu knoes ware to dig it bi mi too uther wifes; lit it be deap."

HOW TO MEND BROKEN CHINA OR GLASSWARE.—Take unslaked lime, made fine by pounding or grinding, which mix with the white of an egg to the consistence of starch or paint; thoroughly cleanse and dry the edges to be united, then apply the mixture to the parts to be cemented, place them together firmly, and let them become perfectly dry. Articles thus mended can be handled or washed without injury.

NEBRASKA.—The following good one is from a Western exchange:—

When Satan couldn't climb the wall
Of Paradise, to peep in,
He got a snake with forked tongue
Beneath the gate to creep in.
So when Nebraska's virgin soil
His scaly track he'd leave in,
"Who'll be my reptile now?" he cries:
"Lo! here am I," says Steven.

☞ Types of mankind—trables.

Curing Clover Hay.

MR. EDITOR:—Inclosed I send you a sample of linen yarn, spun by machinery in the North of Ireland, 22 dozen to the pound. You will also find a few grains of what the Irish call "whin seed." It is evergreen, and makes a beautiful hedge.

I will also take the liberty of asking for some information on curing clover hay, so that it will be free from dust when we feed it in winter. I sowed one bushel of cloverseed and one of timothy to every ten acres, which produced very fine crops; and as they did not ripen at the same time I was governed in cutting by the appearance of the clover. I commenced cutting when three-quarters of the clover heads had turned brown. I made the hay the next day after it was cut, and put it in the barn. In the winter it was so dusty that it could not be fed to horses. Last summer I commenced cutting when the heads of the clover were about one-third turned brown, cured the hay as before stated, and put about six quarts of salt to every ton of hay. I found but little improvement in the quality of the hay when I commenced feeding it. If you will be so good as to give your opinion or some advice as to the time when it should be cut, and the proper method of curing it, you will confer a favor on

Your humble servant, H. MCELROY.

Sidney, Shelby Co., Ohio.

Mr. McElroy has our thanks for the specimen of exceedingly fine and beautiful linen thread, and seeds of a hedge plant; and we will do what we can to aid him in curing clover hay. We spent much of our youth on a farm that annually produced from fifty to one hundred bushels of clean clover seed, and have since had considerable experience in the curing of clover in all stages of its growth. The dustiness complained of accrues from putting clover hay into a stack or mow before the large green stem is sufficiently dried, and the difficulty in drying these arises mainly from the loss of the valuable leaves of the clover, if it be exposed to the sun long enough to cure its large stems. To obviate the inconveniences named, we cut clover for hay pretty early (when the earliest heads begin to turn and go out of blossom, wilt the leaves and small stems, and finish the curing process in small cocks, by turning them with a fork. In this way, raking, whether performed by hand or horse power, does not shatter and waste the leaves and heads of clover, both of which break off easily when dry, while the thick, juicy stems of the plant are readily cured by turning and opening small stacks. If from any cause we cannot haul in hay as soon as it is ready, we put 3 or 4 small stacks into one, and take pains to put them up so as to shed rain. Clover, however, is peculiarly bad for stacking, for water runs through it very easily unless protected by a covering of fine hay or straw or what is better, a painted cloth like cotton sheeting.

The science of procuring any plant for hay is precisely like that of curing medicinal herbs—the less sun and more shade the better, but both need to be well cured. About three parts in four of clover, when cut at the right time for hay, are *water*, four-fifths of which ought to be expelled by drying. It is a common mistake in farmers to put hay into barns and stacks for winter use with too much moisture in the plants. This moisture induces fermentation, heating, mow-burning, and involves a serious loss of nutritive matter. We know scores of otherwise excellent husbandmen, and large stock growers and dairy-men, who follow a bad tradition in curing and failing to cure their annual crops of corn-fodder, and grass cut for hay. This defect gives them moldy corn-stalks, dusty hay, and horses subject to the heaves and sore eyes. A wise farmer will be careful not to leave too much of the natural juices of forage plants, undried in their stems, heads or foliage. Young corn plants, when from twenty to thirty inches in height, contain ninety per cent of their weight of pure water; and up to the time of ripening their seeds, the amount of water is not below seventy-five per cent. Hence in growing corn for soiling cows, we always evaporate a part of the water even in August and September, before feeding it to stock.

Cattle like forage plants of all kinds partly cured better than when quite green, or quite dry; but such plants heat and sour, and sometimes rot, if put up too green or too wet. We have often thought that where labor is not very expensive, it will pay not only to cure hay and corn-stalks well, and cut them before feeding, but to moisten them thoroughly again, to facilitate the extraction of all nutritive elements in such food, as it passes through the digestive and alimentary organs of domestic animals.—Very dry forage does not yield up to the blood all its nutritive properties; much is found in the dung. Some have seen whole corn, oats, and other seeds that have been voided by the bowels; and a chemist can detect starch and the protein elements, in the fresh droppings of cattle, horses and swine.

Hay making and hay feeding, and we will add, the economical production of hay, present many points of deep interest to the thoughtful farmer. We have had far more difficulty in making good crops of clover than in curing them so as to prevent the annoyance of dusty hay. On soils of a medium quality, gypsom rarely fails to bring forward a fair yield of clover, but it sometimes fails. Ashes and manure never fail, so far as our observations have extended. Lime sometimes works wonders on meadows and pastures, but that too disappoints one occasionally. Warping and irrigation with muddy water, fertilize grass lands about as cheaply as any way known to the writer.—*Genesee Farmer.*

WASH FOR THE HEAD.—The following wash, applied with a small piece of flannel to the roots of the hair, will be found excellent for removing dandruff;—Three parts of oil of almonds; one part of lime water; to be shaken up well, and can be procured of any chemist.

☞ A "stretch" of the imagination is dreaming you are being hanged.