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 21, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 25.

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POETICAL.

'GETTING THE MITTEN.'

BY TIMOTHY.

He passed from out the cottage-door
As one whom Fate had smitten,
Oh what can stay the heavy grief
Of one whose got the MITTEN?

He dashed along the village street
With frenzy in his eye,
So that with perfect recklesness
He made the gravel fly.

Alas for him! A cheerless bank
Was life's untrodden way,
And with the poet he exclaimed,
'I would not live alway.'

He rode away, unheeding all,
A cheerless man and lone,
As if stern grief that ne'er relents
Had marked him for her own.

He clenched his hand above his head—
His heart no pulse of joy stirs,
So he dashed into a neighboring shop,
AND CALLED FOR A BOWL OF OYSTERS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fighting Preacher.

The Western itinerants (who were the *legis fulminea* of the American ministry of their day) were usually brawny, athletic men, physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection. They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearers with their stout fists, as well as their stentorian lungs. "At a camp-meeting," says Mr. Finley, "a row was raised, on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort, who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave; but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them, and insult their wives and daughters. It did not take them long to decide.—They very soon placed themselves in attitude of defence. Brother Birkammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader who had struck the preacher, and, with one thrust of his brawny arm, crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but it was to meet the same; for no sooner did he come within reach of the Methodist, than with crushing force he felt himself ground on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in durance vile, till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession, and binding them with ten others, they were carried before a justice, who fined them heavily for the misdemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Ashbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice:

"You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them, they are the strongest men to fight and conquer in the world. I advise you, if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants—one to whom it was owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion in Illinois," he says:

At the camp-meeting held at Alton in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis, under the command of Mike Fink, a notorious bully, the triumphant bully of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal, or even second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all pious exercises; and yet such was the terror the name of their leader—Fink—inspired, that no one individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess. At last, one day, when Mr. ——— ascended the pulpit to hold forth, the desperadoes, on the outskirts of the encampment, raised a yell so deafening as to drown utterly every other sound. Mr. M———'s dark eyes shot lightning. He deposited his Bible, drew off his coat, and remarked aloud:

"Wait for a few minutes, my brethren, while I go and make the devil pray."

He then proceeded, with a smile on his lip, to the focus of the tumult, and addressed the chief bully thus:

"Mr. Fink, I have come to make you pray."

The desperado rolled back the tangled festoons of his blood-red hair, arched his huge brows with a comical expression, and replied:

"By golly! I'd like to see you do it, old snorter."

"Very well," said M———, "will these gentlemen, your courteous friends, agree not to show foul play?"

"In course they will; they're rale grit, and won't do nothin' but the clear thing, so they won't," rejoined Fink indignantly.

"Are you ready?" asked M———.

"Ready as a race horse with a light rider," squaring his ponderous person for the coming combat.

But the bully spoke too soon; for scarcely had the words left his lips, when M——— made a prodigious bound toward his antagonist, and accompanied it with a quick, shooting punch of his herculean fist, which fell crashing the other's chin, and hurried him to the earth like lead. Then even his intoxicated comrades, filled with involuntary admiration at the feat, gave a cheer. But Fink was up in a moment, and rushed upon his enemy, exclaiming:

"That wasn't fair, so it wasn't."

He aimed a ferocious stroke, which M——— parried with his left hand, and, grasping his throat with the right, crushed him down as if he had been an infant. Fink struggled, squirmed and writhed in the dust, but all to no purpose; for the strong muscular fingers held his windpipe as in the jaws of an iron vice.—When he began to turn purple in the face and ceased to resist, M——— slackened his hold, and inquired:

"Will you pray, now?"

"I doesn't know a word how," gasped Fink.

"Repeat after me," commanded M———.

"Well, if I must, I must," answered Fink, "because you're the devil himself."

The preacher then said over the Lord's Prayer, line by line; and the conquered bully responded in the same way, when the victor permitted him to rise. At the consummation, the rowdies roared three boisterous cheers.—Fink shook M———'s hand, declaring:

"By golly, you're some beans in a bar fight; I'd rather set-to with an old he bar in dog days. You can pass this 'ere crowd of nose smashers, with your pictur."

Afterwards, Fink's party behaved with the utmost decorum; and M——— resumed his seat in the pulpit.

A Perfect Wife.

Edmund Burke, the distinguished orator, presented to his wife on the anniversary of their marriage, his idea of a "perfect wife," which is supposed to be a true portrait of Mrs. Burke. It is certainly a lovely picture, worthy of the pen of the author of "The Essays on the Sublime and Beautiful." The following are extracts:—

The character of ——

She is handsome, but it is beauty not arising from the features, from complexion, or from shape. She has all three in a high degree, but it is not by these that she touches the heart; it is all that sweetness of temper, benevolence, innocence, and sensibility, which a face can express, that forms her beauty. She has a face that just arises your attention at first sight; it grows on you every moment, and you wonder it did not more than raise your attention at first.

Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe when she pleases; they command like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue.

Her stature is not tall, she is not made to be the admiration of every one, but the happiness of one.

She has all the firmness that does not exclude delicacy.

She has all the softness that does not imply weakness.

Her voice is soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd; it has its advantage, you must come close to her to hear it.

To describe her body, describe her mind; one is the transcript of the other; her understanding is not shown in the variety of matter it exerts itself on, but the goodness of the choice she makes.

She does not display it so much in saving or doing, striking things, as in avoiding such as she ought not to say or do.

No person of so few years can know the world better; no person was ever less corrupted by the knowledge.

Her politeness flows rather from a natural disposition to oblige, than any rules on that subject, and, therefore, never fails to strike those who understand good breeding, and those who do not.

She has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the solidity of the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre. She has such virtues as make us value the truly great of our own sex. She has all the winning graces that makes us love even the faults we see in the weak and beautiful in her.

Gems of Eloquence.

The following are reported amongst the after-dinner toasts, at a late Irish festival. The humor of them may be well relished without localizing them.

THE LADIES:—May the rosy dreams of sweet hope always embrace them with the bland breeze of virtuous sleep, and may their candid slumbers never cease to propitiate the gifts of a favorable heaven. Here's the man that owned the land, that raised the corn, that fed the goose, that bore the quill, that made the pen, that wrote the Declaration of Independence.—IRELAND:—Would that all her oppressors had but one reservoir of blood—that I might perforate that hatred receptacle with a single dagger, and let the fluid wash over and fertilize my native land.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

A Romantic Match.

We have just learned of some romantic adventures, which took place at Cynthinia, Ky., a few days ago. It appears that a very clever, fine looking young gentleman from Philadelphia, had occasion to visit Cynthinia, on business during the past winter, and while there, became acquainted with a young lady, Miss B———, somewhat celebrated for her charms. Mr. S———, the Philadelphian, was not proof against the bright eyes of the Kentucky maiden. He had never seen such a glorious, liquid, sparkling pair of orbs among the daughters of the Old Keystone. He was ravished, intoxicated, and finally proposed to the bright eyes and was accepted. With a light heart he started back to the Quaker City to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration of his nuptials, the day for which having already been agreed upon.

The winter rolled on, and spring and its flowers came again, as did also the particular day for the lover's return; but he came not. In two days more the marriage was to come off. The fair one was restive and mortified. With her bright eyes full of tears, she denounced the faithlessness of her lover, and trembled at the open mortification which would overwhelm her if he came not. At this favorable juncture an old and discarded lover, whom no unkindness could divest of hope or lessen the fervency of his first affection, presented himself. He renewed his suit. He spoke of his undying love; the holy happiness of the wedded state of a cottage somewhere in the deep bosom of an umbrageous grove, with the honey-suckle and the jasamine creeping over the windows and along the latticed porch. The trembling fair one was charmed at the picture. Love in a cottage—the quintessence of human bliss in the estimation of a girl of "sweet sixteen." She blushed and smiled, but yet hesitated. The lover was in exstacies at the favorable symptoms. With renewed ardor he urged his suit. He was prolific in tears and promises, and trimmed the cottage with a few more honey-suckles and the thing was done. The Philadelphia gallant was given up. He was a "laggard in love," and deserved no consideration. Her faith was pledged to another, and the same day fixed for the marriage which was to have witnessed her union with Mr. ———.

But the end was not yet. During the same day a third lover presented himself and declared his passion. The fair maiden frankly told him she had just engaged herself to another, and invited him to the wedding as a guest, instead of a groom. On the same evening, (Sunday) Mr. S——— arrived from Philadelphia. He was not long in finding out how matters stood, and was aghast at the intelligence that Miss B——— was to be married to another instead of himself, on the following Tuesday.—He at once took his way to her house and had an interview, with the result of which he seemed particularly well pleased. He then stepped into the principal livery stable in the place, and asked to hire the very best carriage and horses to go to Maysville. The proprietor informed him that it would be impossible to accommodate him. That he was to be married on the following Tuesday, and would have use for all his carriages to go on a little bridal tour which he purposed. "May I ask to whom?" said Mr. S———, with some misgivings. "To Miss B———," was the reply. Mr. S——— preserved his temper, and simply remarked that it was highly important he should be at Maysville at the earliest possible moment, and that he was prepared to give any reasonable price for a carriage. The liberality of this indirect offer had a sensible effect on the proprietor. He got out his best hack and pair, and charged the young stranger the sum of $30 for the trip. In a very short time afterwards, Miss B——— found herself sitting beside the young Philadelphian, in the above mentioned carriage, and going towards Maysville at the rate of about ten miles an hour.

It was soon noised through the town that Miss B——— had run away with her Philadelphia lover. Her guardian, who was opposed to the match, at once mounted a fleet horse, and started in hot pursuit. About half-way to Maysville, he overtook the fugitives and attempted to seize the young lady. The young Philadelphian waived him off, and spake in this wise: "Sir, you can't have her; and you must do one of three things—you must go back and leave us to pursue our journey, or you must kill me, or I'll kill you." This talk brought guardy up standing. It was entirely unexpected. And not wishing to kill, and particularly not to be killed, he accepted the first proposition, turned tail, and took the back track. The lovers pursued their way to Maysville, crossed over to Aberdeen, were married, drove back to Cynthinia, and put up at the principal hotel.

A crowd at once surrounded the house and threatened vengeance on the Philadelphian for carrying away the prettiest girl in the town, and who was the promised wife of an esteemed citizen. The young man, nothing daunted, placed his wife safely in her chamber, and then came boldly down to the steps of the hotel and began to address the mob. If our phonographic notes are correct, his speech was exactly in these words: "Gentlemen: You ought not to blame me for what I have done. Most of you would have done the same thing, had you been in my place. Instead of threats and reproaches, you ought to offer me a complimentary supper. Still, if you are not satisfied, I am ready to give you satisfaction. I will fight you all, one at a time, and if that don't do. I'm ready to put all through at once, and then clean out the balance of the town."

This show of chivalry was too much for a Kentucky audience. The sympathy of the crowd, at once changed sides. They gave him three deafening cheers, and then rushed in and congratulated him with all the heartiness of the Kentucky character. The landlord was ordered to bring out his best bourbon, and plenty of it, and the crowd with great good will and sincerity, gave and drank to the happy groom the noble sentiment—"None but the brave deserve the fair."

A Sailor's Tough Yarn about Foxes.

When I was on the Greenland fishing ground (said Jack) I came very near being eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of the ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning, we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another "fall," cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off, but as the cub could not get over the rough ice as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict.—I shall never forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and she was then at an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock in Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in dispatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow-storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast; for I knew, if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow-storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, it it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing; instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the beast, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manœuvre no doubt saved my life; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, and getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, I had not lain there over half an hour, when I knew, by sundry jerks and tugs at my new-invented hurricane house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would, of course, oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half-a-dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men, hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. We were very sorry to lose the skins of the bears, but we took fourteen foxes, which was as many as we could conveniently carry aboard ship.

SONG.

AIR—QUICK STEP.

I digs, I hoes,
I plows, I mows,
I gets up wood for winter,
I reaps, I sows,
I taters grows,
And for all I knows,
I'm 'debted to the printer.

I do suppose,
All knowledge flows
Right from the printing press,
So, off I goes,
In these 'ere clo's
And settle up—I guess.

Reflections of Methuselah,

IN HIS YOUTH, IN MIDDLE AGE, AND IN OLD AGE.

To day I am a hundred years old. How blushing are the feelings of boyhood! My senses are acute as the tree with the shrinking leaf. My blood bounds through my veins as the river pours through the valley rejoicing in its strength. Life lies before me like another plain of Shinar—vast, unoccupied, inviting—I will fill it with achievements and pleasure! In about sixty years it will be time for me to think about marrying; my kins-woman Zillah, will by that time have emerged from girlhood; she already gives promise, I hear, of comeliness and discretion—twenty years hence I will pay a visit to her father, that I may see how she grows; meanwhile, I will build a city to receive her when she becomes my wife.

Nearly three centuries have passed since my marriage. Can it be? It seemed but yesterday since I sported like a young antelope round my father's tent, or clinging to the dark ceders nestled like a bird among the thick boughs—and now I am a man in authority, as well as in prime of life. I lead out my trained servants to the fight, and sit head of the council, beneath the very tree where, as an infant, my mother laid me down to sleep. Jazəd, my youngest born, a lovely boy of thirty summers, is dead, but I have four goodly sons remaining. And my three daughters are fair as their mother when I first met her in the acacia grove, where now stands one of my city watch-towers. They are the pride of the plain, no less for their acquirements than their beauty. No damsel carries the pitcher from the fountain with the grace of Adah—none can dry the summer fruit like Azubah—and none can fashion a robe of skins with the skill of Milach. When their cousin Mahaleel has seen another half century, he shall take the choice of the three.

My eight hundredth birth day! And now I feel the approach of ageand infirmity. My beard has become white as the blossoms of the almond tree. I am constrained to use a staff when I journey, the stars look less bright than formerly; the flowers smell less odorous; I have laid Zillah in the tomb of the rock; Milach is gone to the dwelling of Mahaleel; my son takes my place at the council and in the field; all is changed; The long future has become a short past. The earth is full of violence; the ancient and the honorable are sinking beneath the youth and the vicious. The giants stalk through the length and breadth of the land. where once dwelt a quiet people; all is changed. The beast of the field and the monster of the deep growl and press on us with unwonted fury; traditions, visions and threatenings are abroad.

What fearful doom hangs over the fair world I know not; it is enough that I am leaving it; yet another five or eight score years, and the tale will be complete. But havd I, in every deed, trod this earth nearly a thousand years? It is false, I am yet a boy. I have had a dream—a long, long busy dream of buying and selling, marrying and giving in marriage; of building and planting; feasting and warring; sorrowing and rejoicing; loving and hating; but it is all false to call it a life. Go to—it has been a vision of the night; "Lamech, my son, how long is it since we planted the garden of oaks beside the river? Was it not yesterday?" "My father, dost thou forget? Those oaks cast a broad shadow when my sister carried me beneath them in her arms, and wove me chaplets of the leaves."

Thou art right, my son, and I am old. Lead me to my mother's tomb, and there leave me to mediate. What am I the better for my past length and being? Where will be its records when I am gone? They are yonder—on all sides. Will those massy towers fall? Will those golden plants become desolate? Will the children that call me father forget? The seers utter dark sayings on their harps, and they sing of the future; they say our descendants shall be men of dwindling stature; that the years of their life shall be contracted to the span of boyhood; but—I have listened to the tales of Paradise—nay, in the blue distance I have seen the dark tops of its cedars. I have heard the solemn melodies of Jubal when he sat on the seashore, and the sound on the waters, mingled with his harping. I have seen angels the visitants of men—have seen the end of all perfection—what is the future to me?

Titles in the Turkish Empire.

The frequent use of the words 'sultan,' 'porte,' &c., in the newspapers publishing accounts of affairs in Turkey at the present time, is erroneously understood by many persons.

The sublime porte is the official title of the government of the Ottoman empire, and not the title of any officer of the government, as many suppose it to be.

The Ottoman emperor is called sultan, or grand sultan, or grand seignor, according to the fancy of the person speaking or writing.—They all mean the same thing.

Pacha is the governor of a province, and according to the importance of his province he is distinguished by one, two or three tails. Every pacha has his own army in his province, distinct from the grand army of the empire. A pacha with three tails has the power to punish any agent who seems to threaten the general safety.

Bey is the sub governor under the pacha.

The divan is the council of the state, and consists of the principal ministers.

The reis effendi is high chancellor of the empire, and stands at the head of all the body of attorneys—which body is thought to contain the best informed men of the nation.

Cadi is a sort of judge or justice of the peace. To order the bastinado on common people, to impose a fine on a rich Greek or European, to condemn a thief to be hanged, is about all the duty of an ordinary Cadi.

☞ "Pa," said a little seven year old fellow, "I guess our man Ralph is a good Christian." "How so, my boy?" "Why, pa, I just read in the Bible that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and Ralph says he has lived out ever since he was a little boy."

A New Jersey Magistrate.

A distinguished member of the New York bar was retained on one occasion by a friend, also a new Yorker, to attend a complaint made against him before a New Jersey Dutch justice, an alleged assault and battery upon one of the residents of the 'old Jersey State.'

"I appear for the prisoner," said the counsellor to the modern Dogberry.

"You appear for de bris'ner, do you? and who den be you?" interrupted the justice, eyeing him from head to foot with marked curiosity; "I don't knows you; vair be's you come from and vot's your name?"

The counsellor modestly gave his name, and said:

"I am a member of the New York bar."

"Vel, den," replied the justice, "you gan't bractis in dis here gort."

"I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the State of New York," reiterated the attorney.

"Dat makes noting tifferent," said the inveterate justice.

"Well, then, suppose I show to your honor that I am a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the U. S.," said the baffled lawyer.

"It ton't make a pit petter," replied the ermine; "you ain't a gounsellor von de State of New Jarsey, and you gan't bractis in dish gort."

On another occasion, the same dignitary said to a jury, who had been listening to a 'trial' before him of an unfortunate fellow, for for some offence against the State:

"Shendlemens of der shoory, sthand up; dis here vellow, der bris'ner at de par, says he ish von New York: now I dinks he be's a pucher-boy, he trives pigs troo de shtreets, ven he trives de pigs, he gits odder beeple's pigs mit dem vot he had pefore, dat's vot I call pig stealin'. Now shentlemens, if de vellow shteal a gow in Jersey, and derefore, I tink he be a gow tief; and your shudgement shall be kilty. Vot you shall say, shentlemen of de shoory?—ish he kilty, oder not kilty? If you say he is kilty, I sends him to de shtate brison mit two years." And he did send him!

Dow Jr's Faith.

I believe that kicking against custom, and spitting in the face of fashion, is a futile and foolish endeavor. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that if the devil be the father of liars, he has a plaguy large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe that girls are like kittens—gently smoothe them the right way, and they rub and purr most affectionately, but give them the contrary brush, and their back is up in the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but sham a delicacy about the operation.

I believe that human flesh is hard to digest. Jonah didn't sit easy on the stomach of the whale.

I believe that simple honesty, the naked truth, pure virtue, and straight up and down way of dealing with the world, have as much advantage over the vices, tricks and stratagems, in the long run, as a good square trotting horse has over a prancing poney, or a racky that goes his mile or two like the mischief, and is done for the rest of the journey.

A Fish Story.

Four clergymen, a Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic, met by agreement to dine on fish. Soon as grace was said the Catholic rose, armed with knife and fork, and taking about one-third of the fish, comprehending the head, removed it to his plate, exclaiming as he sat down, with great self-satisfaction, "Papa est caput ecclesiæ" (the Pope is the head of the Church.) Immediately the Methodist minister arose, and helping himself to about one-third, embracing the tail, seated himself, exclaiming, "Finis coronat opus" (the end crowns the work.) The Presbyterian now thought it was time for him to move, and taking the remainder of the fish to his plate, exclaiming, "In media est veritas" (truth lies between the two extremes.) Our Baptist brother had nothing before him but an empty plate and the prospects of a slim dinner, and snatching up the bowl of drawn (melted) butter, he dushed it over them all, exclaiming, "Ego baptizo vas." (I baptize you all.)

Problem.

Five boys went into a wood to gather chesnuts; having procured what they wanted, they started home, when climbing a fence, A dropped half his nuts. Here commenced a regular 'grab game.' B got 1-3; C, 3-10; D, 1-10; E; ¼; and A, the remainder. In the scuffle, C's basket turned over and spilled all he had picked up, and 2-5 of his original number. At it they went again, and setting down his basket, D resolved to get an equal share with the rest this time, at the same time grabbing ¼ of the booty, and leaving the others in possession of equal shares of the other half; but looking up he found that A and B had robbed his basket of 1-5 of its contents—A having taken 3-20 and 1,20. Enraged at this, he pushed B backwards against E, who fell and scattered his nuts, (original stock) in every direction. Here began another scramble, at the close of which A had secured ⅓; B; 1-5; C, 1-10; D, 1-14; and E, the remainder. Congratulating himself on his good luck, B began to boast of loosing none, when a blow from D, knocked 1-3 of his whole stock out of his basket, of which he got 1-5; A, 1-5 and E, 3-5. Tired of scuffling, they now proceeded to count their nuts, and found that A had gained 1893; B, 613, and D, 2000, and that C had lost 2055, and E, 2456, during the scuffle. Required each one's original number.

Puzzle.

T heyt elL mei a Mh a Nd som eye T,
A Nda LLT hela die ss Ay;
"Dolo OK a thim, t he Dea Rol D ma N,
G row sYo U N ge Rev ER Yd ay."
An Dwhe n ea Chft I end a sks A tyou raGe
'Ho wca Me y out Reef rom iL LS?'
Ial wa Y sans we Rinm yre U Th
I pa I Dmypr I nto R'S bi L ls.

☞ The first step to greatness is to be honest.

Milch Cows.

I have never kept more than from twelve to fourteen cows, and so far as my experience extends, I have come to the conclusion that it is best to keep good ones, and no more than I can keep *well*. When they come to the barn in the fall, I am careful to give them a change of feed as much as possible. To those that do not give milk, I give the poorer hay, and occasionally corn husks, stalks, &c., until about six weeks before calving, when I give them better hay, and some grain. By this way of managing, the flesh that the cow puts on by her own industry in the summer, is easily kept on thro' the winter, with a little extra care, which enables her to bring us a good, strong, healthy calf, worth at least five dollars when four weeks old. To the cows that I milk through the winter, I give good hay, giving them for a change a foddering of clover, husks and *rowen* (if we have it) almost every day. The clover I always intend to use up before the first of March. I feed them on the chop twice a day, mixing a few hours before feeding, giving them about four quarts of shorts and two quarts of cob-meal a day, with about half a bushel of cut hay of poor quality, with a table-spoonful of salt at each time of feeding. This I think produces more milk than the same quantity of grain given in any other way. Great care should be taken not to excite the cow when driving to water or the pasture. If the boys must drive them, do not let more than one drive at a time. Kindness pours out the milk and lays on the fat. Kicking cows are always plenty where there are kicking milkers. *I know it by experience.* It is an old and true saying, that "good pastures make fat calves," and it is equally true, that much feed makes much milk. As to the different breeds of cows I have not had much experience. I have one that is called the cream-pot breed, which is one of the best I have ever owned for milk. There are quite a number of half blooded Ayrshires in the neighborhood, which have the name and appearance of being good milkers. I am rather partial to the old *native* breed for milkers, when I can get the right pattern; that is, I want a cow of good size, one that will make five and a half or six hundred of beef when fatted, wide between the eyes, small horns, long slender neck, head inclining downward, rather a thin skin, broad across the kidneys, small tail, small flatish leg, the udder large, running well forward and back, equally quartered, and the teats well apart, thin thighs, and last, though not least, a large crooked milk vein running well forward, with a large hole at the end.—One thing more should be taken into consideration, and that is the disposition, which can almost always be told by the countenance.—Tameness and docility of temper greatly enhance the value. One that feeds at ease and does not break over fences, and is kind to her associates, will always yield more milk than one of the opposite disposition. When I buy a cow of the above description, I am pretty sure I have got a good one, and think the above marks are a very safe guide to purchase by.—*N. Eng. Farmer.*

The Height of a Colt.

R. Martin, of Kingston, Kentucky, gives out the following on this point, which is certainly novel, and perhaps it may be true:

"I can tell you how a man may know within half an inch, the height a colt will attain when full grown. The rule may not hold good in every instance, but nine out of ten it will.—When the colt gets to be three weeks old, or as soon as it is perfectly straightened in its limbs, measure from the edge of the hoofs to the middle of the first joint, and for every inch it will grow to the height of a hand or four inches when its growth is matured. Thus: if this distance be found sixteen inches, it will make a horse sixteen hands high. By this means a man may know something what sort of a horse, with proper care, he is to expect from his colt. Three years ago I bought two very shabby looking colts for twenty dollars each, and sold them recently for three hundred dollars. So much for knowledge how to guess properly at a colt."

Largest Sheep in the World.

Francis J. Gray, of Cynthiana, Kentucky, has presented the editor of the Kentucky *News* with some specimens of wool. Mr. G. has been engaged in raising sheep about five years, and we doubt not is among the most successful in Kentucky, and has never failed to take the premium wherever shown. Some of the specimens shown us of his wool are seventeen inches long, the finest quality measures five inches. His imported buck, two years old, sheared 24 lbs. 3 oz. of wool, and a ewe that sheared 18 lbs. He has a Kentucky raised buck that weighs about 300, and measures around the girth five feet two inches, fresh sheared. The last named buck took the first premium at the Paris Fair last fall.

A VOUCHER.—A man once went to purchase a horse from a Quaker.

"Will he draw well?" asked the buyer.

"Thee will be pleased to see him draw."

The bargain was concluded, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not stir a step.—Hr returned and said:—

"That horse will not draw an inch."

"I did not tell thee he would draw, friend.—I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw; and so it would me, but he never gratified me in that respect."

☞ A husband, residing in a small village in the interior, thus announces the departure from "his bed and board" of his dearly beloved: "My wife, Anna Maria, has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her gets his head broke. As for trusting her anybody can do so who sees fit—as I never pay my own debts, it is not at all likely that I will lay awake o' nights thinking about other people's.

☞ A young Irish student at the Veterinary College being asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise," promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."