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, OCTOBER 4, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 40.

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Select Poetry.

My Mother's Bible.

This book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start,
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart;
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd;
She dying gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose name these records bear
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who learn'd God's word to hear.
Her accent falls—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

A Choice Tale.

[*From the Dollar Newspaper.*]

A NEED THAT WOKE TOO LATE.

One of Bob Walter's Experiences.

BY FRANK LEE.

"The thorns I have reaped are of the tree
I planted; they have torn me and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed. [*Byron.*

I had a horrid dream last night—nightmare from those abominable oysters you insisted upon my eating and washing down with champagne, at an hour when decent people have crossed the stile to fairy-land. I heard men driving nails into my coffin, and some impudent devil was determined to array me in a shroud before it was time; it has given me a regular to-be-hung-next-morning sort of a feeling, I do assure you.

I dreamed of something else, too—of somebody else rather—and that was Sue Morris are you smiling, villain? I hope you may live to see the day when you'll smile out of the wrong corner of your mouth at such things, and hang me if I don't believe you will. "May I be there to see"

I feel old to-day—found a grey hair among the curls that Sue used to smooth ages ago—and the crow-feet under my eyes were made by sharp claws. There's no use denying it, I'm growing old; and, what is worse, I feel how I have wasted life; but it is too late to repent. They say the road to hell is paved with good intentions—I've gone on helping to lay its flags this long time. You look astonished—you needn't; I feel inclined to appear myself to-night! I am not asking sympathy—I don't want it—but want to talk, and talk I will, and you may laugh at my folly if you choose, only allow me to observe that a sneer is not becoming to your great mouth. I seem to have lived a century in these thirty-five years during which I have been slowly returning to dust—don't philosophers say our bodies begin to decay as soon as we are born? I have been thoroughly *blaze* ever since I was twenty—life has not a new sensation—the whole universe could not furnish a new idea. I am inclined to agree with Miss Landon's sentimental twaddle—

'Tis a weary world.
Heaven help us thro' it; we tread amid
The ashes of a happier time.

But I see by your eyes—cursed impudent eyess they are too—that you want me to get back to Sue Morris, for she is the hinge on which your thoughts are just now revolving.

Eh, bein! She was sixteen and I twenty; it is turning back a good many leaves in the book of memory to reach that time; I do not much like to look on the pages that intervene—there is not one written in a fair hand—all are blotted, torn, soiled with spots too deep for angels' tears to wash out, unless there is more efficacy in the drops than I have been wont to believe.

Sue was a sort of summer cousin—that is, our relationship was only a fancied one; but it was very delightful—it gave one such charming liberties—and though I'm a bashful creature to this day, I never was averse to kissing a cheek which blushed at my approach, or gazing into eyes that took their brightest sunlight from my presence.

Yes, Sue Morris loved me—love1 me as a thousand dreaming, high-souled girls have loved such like scamps, and will again—experience is the only teacher we ever heed. She was a heavenly creature to flirt with; she brought so much heart into the matter, and that lent a tenfold interest to the affair. It was the old story—it grew stale to me years since. We talked—rode—took long moonlight rambles—bent over the same book—looked all those unspeakable meanings which burst fresh from the soul, flashing like starbeams from entranced eyes.

We spent a long summer together, for I was visiting at a relative's where was her home.—Sunnydell was a lovely spot—the house stood in the midst of fine shrubbery—back from it swept the great park, with its grand old trees, where Sue and I wandered. I think the leaves must retain an echo of all the sweet things murmured under their shadow. I wonder if Sue's heart does! We were much alone, for our hostess was a quiet woman, who thought her duties all performed when she invited guests—they must look to themselves for entertainment. Sue and I were at no loss for amusement, and I do not recollect that time hung heavily on my hands, though I was not at all in love, but that gave me so much the more power over my pretty cousin.

I do believe that girl loved me as few women are capable of loving—she had both heart and soul, and the purest affections of either were flung with lavish prodigality at my feet. Oh, laugh as we will, there is something beautiful and holy in the first love of a pure, girlish creature. Jean Paul says, "Nigh unto heaven is the heart of a guileless maiden," and I, mocker, scoffer though I be, dare not dispute it. I look back on that season now, and curse myself for the fool I was—but, you know, I never repent until it is too late.

I think we were there two months; to Sue they had been weeks such as she had never before known—it was her first glimpse into that Paradise for the wanderers in which should a new beatitude be written—"Blessed are the loving, for theirs is a foretaste of Heaven." To me the records of those days were only a new edition of an old tale—time without number had I uttered the same stories, sung the same songs, looked the same meaning nothings—and I began to grow weary. Just then our friend was filled with a sudden desire to fill her house with company. She invited a large party of gay fashionables, whereat Sue was sorry—I was not, for among the number was a certain dashing dame in whose train I was quite willing to follow.

They came, Madame St. Hilaire, the most accomplished coquette that New York and Paris united could produce—a young American who had wedded a Frenchman thrice her age; but then his rent-roll was like Dominie Sampson's exclamation—prodigious. She had not beauty enough to have given one women in a hundred any claims to enact the *role*, but she carried it off with a manner that was perfectly irresistible, and you never found yourself at leisure to criticise her features. She must have been the very soul of art, for every movement seemed unstudied and natural as that of a bird, but one had never time to inquire how little she owed to nature.

In two days I had quite forgotten the existence of Sue Morris' and heeded her no more than I should have done a child. I had only eyes for Madame. She bewitched me, that queenly creature! I could not pause to ask if I loved, for there was a glamour in her eyes that dazzled my sight. I had seen much of the world, but that acquaintance was turning over a new leaf in the book of the heart, or senses, if you will. I was her constant attendant—she could not sing unless I bent over her harp, feared to ride if I was not by her side, and so on through the catalogue. Her husband never interfered with her flirtations, so of course no one else had the right; the women abused her when absent, adored her when present, and she cared as little for their abuse as their admiration.

The party remained a month at Sunnydell, and everybody voted the visit charming, everybody except Sue Morris. Somehow she looked pale, grew very silent, and they all thought her "a stupid little thing" that had better go back to the nursery.

I left Sunnydell in that gay company. Madame St. Hilaire was bound for Paris. I found it indispensably necessary to visit Europe, and as I knew her and her party, naturally accompanied them. We had a brilliant winter in that dazzling capital, where time and reflection are forgotten; passed the spring in London, and whiled away the summer and autumn among the Ionian isles. There we parted, and and for a token of remembrance, I had a bullet put through my left shoulder by one of her ladyship's cousin's, a young fire-eater of a lieutenant. The illness which followed the duel cured my disease. I wandered about restless and pining. I visited the East; wandered wherever the spirit led; still after the old fashion; leading the same life of revels, rows and follies, (I won't say sins, those belong to the vulgar herd,) from habit, though all had ceased to please.

Six years had elapsed, and during another tedious illness, caused by a fall while riding a steeple chase, it occurred to me that I might as well return to America. On a sudden, my old thoughts started up like statues over which drapery had been flung for a season. Will you believe it, I grew to love Sue Morris! I had not thought of her since we parted, until I lay tossing on that fever couch. Her image rose before me like a vision of the angels the patriarchs beheld of old. Yes, I loved her, fondly, devotedly, not with the mad passion I had been wont to give the name, but with a quiet intensity that migh have purified my whole being, rendering it worthy of an affection such as never during my frenzied career had I felt for any woman. I called to mind every trifle which had escaped me; lived upon the recollections of that past I had so carelessly flung from my grasp. I was again a very boy, and it was no passing delirium, but the dawn of a new existence. I had reached the turning point in my destiny, and there had come upon me the revelations of another life hitherto unknown, grander and more glorious than aught of which I had ever dreamed, which was not for time only, but the sunshine and shadow, according to its fulfilment, through which I must pass to eternity.

Oh, believe me, there is such love, and it cometh into every human heart! I had been a bold, reckless boy, flung early into the world, with no guiding hand to restrain my course. I had been a bad, scoffing man, from impulse though, thank God, never from deliberate forethought; but upon my struggling spirit burst the new morning. The feverish unrest which had made me a homeless wanderer, drinking at every spring, slaking my thirst at muddy streams, a maddened wretch, seeking only for momentary excitement, and careless what lay beyond, was stilled. My tired heart beat more slowly, resting itself on that golden hope, and I came to realize what it was my spirit needed. The recollection of that loving girl purified my inmost being, as does a prayer to the Virgin sanctify the bosom of a dying sinner, and in that affection my better feelings, the heaven given aspirations, which had wept and striven in vain, found their crowning, their glorious apotheosis.

I returned to the States. It was autumn—quite late, and New York was crowded with the lovers of pleasure. She was must have changed greatly, for she was a famed belle, still unmarried, my heart was at no loss for the reason. The day I landed I met an old friend, who entertained me with all the gossip of the week, and insisted upon dragging me off to a grand soiree that night.

It was late when we entered the thronged rooms, and among that sea of faces I looked anxiously for Sue's. A lady was bending over a harp, her voice ringing out a gush of bird-music, but with a deep undertone which told of past suffering. Her gorgeous robes might have befitted a queen to wear; her billowy hair was drawn back from her magnificent forehead, and the long eye-lashes swept a pale but healthful tinted cheek. She rose, her face was turned toward me, I recognized Sue Morris!

She knew me instantly, greeted me with the utmost kindness while for once I was so embarrassed that I could hardly put two words together. We danced and talked, she was gay, but so dignified that had I wished, I should not have dared to whisper the flatteries I did to others. She was not beautiful, but her countenance was so full of soul, and there was that in the glance of her calm eye which stilled my spirit like the murmuring of a spell.

A week passed; I saw her every day, and each successive day increased my thraldom. They told me she had become an heiress, but I swear to Heaven I never thought of her fortune, I asked only her love.

I could bear suspense no longer: it was killing me by inches. I must know if she loved me still; from her manner I could judge nothing, kind, attentive, but unembarrassed as was possible.

I rose one morning with a settled purpose in my mind—hurried to her house although it was not reception day. I scribbled on a card "I must see you," and sent it up. I was admitted, shown into the library, in a moment Sue entered.

I must have made a fool of myself, but I managed to speak at lengtht She listened calmly, not a shade of emotion altered her features, then she said slowly—

"My dear cousin, that is an old story; you told it to me years ago, a little time after you repeated it to Madame St. Hilaire, then to others, it is stale now. I will acknowledge that I loved you once, or loved what I deemed you were. I woke as from a dream, and now look back on its suffering as on a fever-vision, for the wing of an eagle is not freer from thrall than my soul from love for you, I was poor then; now I am a great heiress, and American gold would pay Parisian debts. See here, I knew what your errand would be, and have made out a check for twenty thousand: take it. Do not blush; it was my money you wanted; accept so much without any incumbrance."

I could not speak, and with the tread of an empress, a look of scorn which burned into my soul like lightning, Sue Morris swept from the apartment—leaving me alone with my misery, alone with my shame.

A Judge's Charge.

Judge Jonah Joles recently delivered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elim Crunch for stealing:

"Jury, you kin go out ,and don't show your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict—if you can't find one of your own, git the one the last jury used."

The jury retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes, returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse."

Then Judge Jonah Joles pronounced upon Elim Crunch this sentence: "Elim Crunch stan' up and face the music. You are found guilty of suicide for stealing. Now this court sentence you to pay a fine of two shilling, to shave your head with a bagganet, in the barracks, and if you try to cave in the heads of any of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all. Your fate will be a warning to others; and in conclusion, may the Lord have mercy on your soul. Sheriff, get me a pint of red eye; I am awful thirsty.

Theory of Pruning.

Mr. Lawrence Young, of Louisville, Kentucky, closes a series of interesting articles upon this subject, which have appeared in the Horticulturist, by summing up with a few moments upon certain of the processes in the art of pruning and training, which in a former number he styled debiliants of the wood producing force. These processes are;

1. Stinting supplies of food.
2. Neglected cultivation.
2. Retarding the circulation.
4. Breaking the circuit of circulation.

The first of these processes comprises the two very common expedients now practised to superinduce a state of fruitfulness—root pruning and dwarf working. Every tree at the extreme points of its rootlets receives its supplies of food, which enter into the circulation by reason of the mysterious attraction of the thicker sap within the thinner fluid without, by (by *endosmose,*) and nothing is plainer than the fact that, other things being equal, the size and vigor of the trees and plants are to each other in proportion to their number of spongioles and the space they pervade. It is impossible, therefore, to diminish the number of these rootlets or the area over which they range, without lessoning also the amount of food carried into their general circulation, and by consequence the share of each bud. The effect of this operation is very generally understood and appreciated, and also its application as a means of superinducing fruitfulness. Mutilation of the roots (and root pruning is only mutilation, nothing more or less) lies at the foundation of that very salutary rule, heading back the branches when large trees are transplanted. In this case the demand for food is reduced until the enfeebled condition of the rootlets can meet the requisition.

Most fruit trees and many plants are liable to a catastrophe which might be termed, not inaptly, accidental pruning. I refer to that strangulation or suffocation of the rootlets resulting from scething and baking rains, experienced in hot seasons. A visitation of this kind often seems to arrest the circulation and to bring on a premature decline and fall of the leaf. The cherry, apricot, and plum are most liable to this affliction. Sometimes however, the apple and pear are not exempt. I have myself witnessed instances in which the Rousseclette de Rheims after making shoots four to six feet in length the early part of the season, and losing its leaves in July and August, has formed sessile fruit buds through the whole extent of such branches, producing thereon a wreath of fruits in the following season. I do not mean to say the fruitlets would be without pendacles, but the clusters without spurs which is their usual appendage.

Dwarfing fruit trees by propagating them upon small growing stocks, is only another method of stinting supplies of food. In this case we avoid the necessity of resorting to artificial means to diminish the roots, by making choice of stock whose roots are naturally small; and it appears to me, that the whole claim to this practice to favorable regard rests upon the following consideration only, and not upon any mysterious agency exerted by the stock upon the habits of the graft: 1st. It enables the ameteur to cultivate a large number of varieties within a small compass. 2d. Fruits upon dwarf trees, like clusters of the grape upon branches from which the wood producing force has been removed by amputation, have control of the circulation, and are for this reason larger and finer than trees where the wood growth is more active. 3d. Dwarfing simplifies fruit culture; the whole business of cultivation is to stimulate; the balance of power is at all times against wood growth. One must cultivate and manure thin and shorten-in. An ordinary fruit tree, when inserted upon a dwarf stock, it is not unlike the fox in the fable, at the feast of the storks—its food has to be reached through such diminutive tubes, ("such long narrow-necked vessels") that there is no danger of growing to excess.

Neglected cultivation, although enumerated in the books, as a means of inducing fruitfulness, does not deserve favor, and should always give place in the orchard culture of standards upon their own stocks, to the retarding the circulation by bending down the branches. I believe, with Jeffries, that precocity should not be encouraged, but believe this method of hastening the bearing state to be attended with fewer evil consequences than almost any other. Suppose the top of a young tree to consist of a few straight switches; these, if bent to a horrizontal position, will form fruit buds at the points in a year or two, whilst dormant or adventitious ends will put forth at the base of such switches, and refill the centre with upright wood growth, the tree forming a head as rapidly and often with more symetry than though the branches had not been bent.

Breaking the circuit of circulation is effected by ringing the branches. This ringing, when not so thorough as to produce the death of the parts cut off by the ring, not only induces fruitfulness, but very often adds brilliancy to the hues of colored fruits. Pinching or cutting off tender shoots and heading back branches in full leaf are operations of a nature very similar to ringing. In many such cases the circuit of circulation is interrupted for a time, and the after undergoing the labor of sending up the material which has formed the amputated branches, never can receive an equivalent since by the act of amputation the organs which should have digested this equivalent of food are destroyed. It is this debilitating tendendency in the practice of stripping off the leaves and growing branches which renders the operation of shortening-in, in the month of August, conductive to fruitfulness, a result exactly opposite to that of the same co-operation if applied in Febuary or March.

☞ 'Tween women and wine sir,
Man's lot is to smart,
For wine makes his head ache,
And woman his heart.

Yankee Doodle.

In the Summer of 1775, the British army under command of Abercromby, lay encamped on the east side of the Hudson River, awaiting reinforcements of militia from the Eastern States, previous to the marching upon Ticonderoga.—During the month of June these raw levies poured into camp, company after company, each man differently armed, equipped, and accoutred, from his neighbor, and the whole presenting such a spectable as was never equalled, unless by the celebrated regiment of the merry Jack Falstaff. Their *outre* appearance furnisded great amusement for the British officers.—One Dr. Shackburg, an English surgeon, composed the tune of Yankee Doodle and arranged it to words, which were gravely dedicated to the new recruits. The joke took, and the tune has come down to this day. The original words, which we take from *Farmer and Moore's Historical Collections*, published in 1824, we have not, however, met with before in many a year.

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Good'in,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as Hasty-pudding.

There was Captain Washington
Upon a strapping stallion,
A giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal fine
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they had a swampin gun
As large as a log o' maple,
On a deuced little cart—
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself,
As Jacob's underpinnin,
And father went as near again—
I thought the deuce was in him.

And there I see a little keg,
Its head was made of leather—
They knock'd upon 't with little sticks,
To call the folks together.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood,
All round about their middles.

The troopers too, would gallop up
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Ola Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For lasses cakes to carry home,
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They keep up such a smother;
So I took my hat off—made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

☞ The "PROVIDENCE JOURNAL" thus happily hits off the great victories the Turks are always winning (if the veracious correspondents of the London newspapers may be credited,) over the Russians.—

"A good old lady was sick, one time, and her grand daughter forwarded daily accounts of her health to the members of the family in a neighboring town. The notes generally ran, "Grandmother feels a little better to day," and sometimes it would be "Grandmother feels decidedly better," but the tenor of the advices were always "favorable." Still the old lady did not get well. At last a reply came to the pretty author of all these favorable bulletins—"I think your grandmother must be, by this time, in the enjoyment of such health as no other mortal woman was ever blessed with, for she has been, every day, 'a little better than she was the day before; and my wonder is that with such an accumulation in health, she should still persist in keeping her bed.

"It seems to us that the accounts from the seat of war in the East are not unlike those that were sent from the good old lady's sick-chamber. Every arrival notifies us of a battle, great or small, and every battle is a defeat of the Russians, who in the aggregate must have lost, on paper, twice as many men as they have really brought into the field; and yet, with this army reduced considerably below nothing, they maintain themselves very well, retreating, it is tru, from the line of the Danube, but only to occupy a better position in a strategetic point of view, and to advance again at a better opportunity. * * * * *

It is plain enough now to the least intelligen observer, that although the Turks have fought better than anybody supposed they would, and worthy of their ancient fame, the accounts of Turkish victories have been greatly exaggerated. The western powers have it pretty much their own way over the telegraph and in the newspapers; but in the field the Czar has carried off his full share of the prizes and the honours. It is true that every arrival brings a new victory for the Turks, but it generally demolishes the report of an old one, leaving the books balansed as before, with a considerable doubt as to correctness of some of the items passed to the credit of the allies.

Touching and Romantic.

After whirling for some time in the ecstatic gazes of a delightful waltz, Cornelia and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony to enjoy a few of those moments of solitude so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night—the air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely; the full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person giving her almost angelic appearance, and imparting to her flowing curls a still more golden hue.—One of her soft, fair hands rested in mine, and ever and anon she met my ardent gaze with one of pure confiding love. Suddenly a change came over her soft features, her full red lip trembled as if with suppressed emotion, a tear seated on her long drooping lashes, the muscles around her faultless mouth became convulsed, she gasped for breath, and snatching her hand from the warm pressure of my own, she turned suddenly away, buried her face in her fine cambric handkerchief, and—sneezed!

Death.

How awful, how solemn is death! Standing upon the portals of the grave, what arm is not palsied, what eye does not grow dim, and what heart does not quail in the presence of the King of Terrors! Mortality shrinks back and is confounded. O, how terrible is the approach of death!

The destroying angel stretches out his arm and the cords of life are loosened; at his touch man becomes cold and lifeless—to be re-animated only by the trumpet of God. Strength, innocence and and beauty are consigned to the tomb; fearful destruction follows in his course, and dismay seizes the minds of men.

The demerits of nature are changed; the trembling breeze whispers a dirge of woe, and pools of water exhale destroying influences.—The sun rises in the morning—is dark at noon, and sets in anguish. And night, death's emblem is more dreadful—for who shall see the dawn appear? Who shall stay the sworn of the avenger? Who shall stand between the living and the dead? Alas! it is not in man to arrest the monster. Human wisdom, and strength and cunning present no obstacle to the onward progress of the great scourge of the nation. Desolation follows in his train, and the hopes and aspirations of man are buried in the dust.

This is no vain picture, or fancy sketch of the terrible. We point to our beautiful sister village, where, but a few days ago all was life, animation, gaity, prosperity, health and peace. She is now clad in mourning and sits obsorbed in deep, inexpressible and silent grief. Schools and seminaries, store houses and home domicils are left without an occupant. The song of joy or the voice of jovial salutation is no longer heard. Hundreds have gone to seek a retreat in some more favored spot: the hearth-stone is forsaken because of the presence of the dire and awful malady. These who remain, meet and see in each other's faces sorrow and doubt. Gloom hangs o'er Columbia, for the plague hath been visible and scattered the shafts of death. The gray-haired sire, the strong man, the youth and the maiden, the mother and the tender infant have fallen. The strongest and most endearing of all earthly ties have been hastily sundered, and beneath the clods of the valley now lies the mortal remains of many who but yesterday mingled in the associations of life and diffused happiness in the midst of kindred circles. But they are gone, and to their memory we owe a tribute of respect. In obedience to to the dictates of humanity and our own feelings, we at once acknowledge it.

But Columbia may again rejoice; for although memory will cling to those who have so suddenly been snatched away—yet a happier day will dawn, the gloom will be dispelled, a brighter sun will rise, and peace dwell within her borders.

Effect of Imagination.

Many years ago a celebrated physician, author of an excellent work on the effect of imagination, wished to combine theory with practice, in order to confirm the truth of his proposition. To this end he begged the minister of justice to allow him to try experiments on a man condemned to death. The minister consented and delivered to him an assassin of distinguished rank. Our *savant* sought the culprit, and addressed:—"Sir, several persons who are interested in your family have prevailed on the judge not to require of you to mount the scaffold, and expose yourself to the gaze of the populace. He has therefore, commuted your sentence, and sanctions your, being bled to death within the precints of your prison; your dissolution will be gradual and free from pain.

The criminal submitted to his fate; thought his family would be less disgraced, and considered it a favor not to be compelled to walk to the place of execution. He was conducted to the appointed room, where every preparation was made beforehand; his eyes were bandaged; he was strapped to the table, and, at a preconcerted signal, four of his veins were gently picked with the point of a pin. At each corner of the table was a small fountain of water so contrived as to flow gently into a basin placed to receive it. The patient, believing that it was blood he heard flowing, gradually became weak, and the conversation of the doctors in an undertone, confirmed him this opinion.

"What fine blood!" said one. "What a pity this man should be condemned to die! he would have lived a long time."

"Hush!" said the other, then approaching the first, he asked him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by the criminal, "how many pounds of blood are there in the human body?"

"Twenty-four. You see already about ten pounds extracted; that man is now in a hope less state?"

The physicians then receded by degrees and continued to lower their voices. The stillness which reigned in the apartment, broke only by the dripping fountains, the sound which was also gradually lessened, so affected the brain of the poor patient, that, although a man of very strong constitution, he fainted, and died without losing a drop of blood.—*N. Y. Trib.*

Wonders of Chemistry.

The rapid strides which the science of Chemistry has made in the last few years, cannot be otherwise than surprising to those unaccustomed to reading scientific papers.

Presuming that but few of our readers are practical chemists, or even acquainted with the results that have been obtained, we give them a few items.

Candles resembling the finest wax, are now made from coal, and from the Peatbogs of Ireland.

Beautiful white paper, is made from straw and pine shavings.

Water can be frozen in a red-hot crucible.

Gutta Percha, and India Rubber, can be made as hard as steel.

The offal of the streets, and the washings of coal gas, re-appear carefully preserved in the ladies' smelling bottle; or are used by her to flavor *blanck-manges* for her friends.

Marble which rivals the finest Egyptian, is manufactured by a chemibal process.

Copper and iron have been detected in the blood of human beings.

The action of Nitric and Sulphuric acid on Cotton, produces a substance more destructive in its effects than gunpowder.

Diamonds and Pearls, are made by a chemical process.—*Farm and Shop.*

God is Love.

There never was a man yet reclaimed from evil by hate. There never was a man yet saved but by love. Criminals, long hardened by vice, have been known to exhibit feeling for the first time; when thoroughly convinced that they were regarded with kindness by others, and from the rough and rugged crevices of their granite nature flowers of purity and joy have peeped forth to greet the sunlight of affection. "God is Love," is the secret of all human and all celestial happiness. That great and beautiful truth is proclaimed in every breeze that fans the cheek; in every star that twinkles in the blue sky; in every rose that perfumes the air with its fragrance; in the joyous laugh of the cradle child; as the morning crimsons the drapery of his couch, and in the swelling chant of the mighty arch-angel as he bathes his pinions in a flood of golden radiance from the Sun of Righteousness. And it well becomes those who would "hate" men out of society to reflect where all mankind would be if eternal hate instead of eternal love ruled the counsels of the skies. Not one man lives who would be willing to open the secret chamber of his heart during his whole life the eye of man as it is seen by the eye of God, and abide by the decision which society, on the hating principle, would be bound to apply. Should not this reflection teach charity and forbearance to the most intolerant? Should they not recollect that the Almighty, who knows them, has not "hated" them out of the earth, and should they not extend to others that mercy which they have received?

Imported Cattle for Kentucky.

The ship Arctic, arrived at New York, brought a lot of imported cattle, consisting of the following animals, owned by the Kentucky Stock Importing Company, formed by about a dozen gentlemen of Fayette, Scott and Bourbon counties: five bulls, two of them three years old, and one of them costsng 200 guineas.—Six cows and a calf; one of the cows nearly ready to drop another. Eight heifers, one and two years old; one of the yearling heifers cost $500, and is remarkable for her size and beauty. She is nearly all red. Fifty-four Cotswold sheep; some of the bucks being unusually large. Eighteen swine, one pair of which is large enough to suit the breeders of monsters in Kentucky. One Cleveland bay stallion that cost $1,100, and which is a very fine horse of that excellent breed. Another lot belonging to Col. Wm. Alexander, of Woodford county, consists of three bulls, one of them three years old, and two ond year; four cows; eight heifers. The horned cattle are all of the Short horn Durham variety, and some of them are of superior quality, and the whole stock have made the voyage in the first condition. Twenty thousand dollars were invested by the Company in the purchase and importation of the cattle.

Planting Potatoes in the Fall.

A writer in the Maine Farmer says, "I left potatoes in the ground last fall, and found in July they were more than as big again as the others planted in the spring." I have seen this season, others planted last fall, and they were excellent, very large, sound and handsome, and indeed better than I ever saw. To plant them, plow deep, and then furrow; drop in the potatoes whole; cover with strong manure, and then the whole with rich earth. By doing so, you may have handsome, large and early potatoes.—If this is the result in Maine, it will certainly do in Ohio. Try it.

EDUCATION OF DOGS.—A writer in the London Examiner, lately saw a blind man looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window.

"Why, my friend," said we, "it seems you are not blind?"

"Blind! no, thank God, your honor," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another."

"Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we.

"Why, because I hedicates dogs for blind men."

☞ A Southern Planter discovered one of his servants leading along a fine looking horse.

"Well, Mingo," said he, "how did you come by that horse?"

"Oh! massa, I buy him, and gib him ten dollars."

"But where did you get the money to pay for him?"

"Oh! massa, me trade; me gib him right down note ob hand tree months."

"But, Mingo, when your three months are out, what then?

"Den, massa—den I take dat note and gib him another.

☞ "Miss, can I have the exquisite pleasure of rolling the wheel of conversation round the axletree of your understanding a few minutes this evening?" The lady fainted.

☞ The celebrated preacher, Rev. Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, says the southern negroes can no more be made fellow citizens than pine trees can be turned into maple sugar.

☞ To fill out the column.