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, NOVEMBER 1, 1854. VOL. 19. NO. 44.

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Select Poetry.

Beyond the River.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved one's o'er its tide;
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they aped, they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unrais'd for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes a list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our lov'd ones in their rest;
They've cross'd Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last;
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have pass'd,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

Miscellaneous.

Mrs. Partington in St. Louis.

We met here on the Levee. We recognized her immediately, by her large bonnet and blue umbrella, her iron spectacles and beaming smile. We raised our hand and took off our hat, for we felt that we were in queenly presence. 'Dear Mrs. Partington, said we, 'how do you do?'

'Why' Mister Editor,' cried she, while real delight flashed across her face, 'yew don't tell me—and so yew knew me, did ye? Yew're are jest the very man I wanted to see, for I've got a letter of intercession to you, from Mister Sillbear, who is one of the headsmen in the Boston Post Office, and he has gone and writ a dewdecimal volum all about me and my Ike. He's a very affluent writer, and adorns his productions with carparisons and troops, and cymbals and syllyogisms, and all sorts of mathematical figures, and besides he composes so many fugitive pieces, because, ye know, fugitives is very much liked in Boston, and'—

"Dear madam,' said we, getting impatient, 'please to show us the letter.'

'Oh yes,' said she, 'here it is—it is a beautiful sample of a piscatory correspondence.'

We read the letter, which was genial and impressive, commending to our care the good old lady.

'Mrs. Partington,' said we, 'we shall be happy to show you any attention in our power while you are in St. Louis.'

'Well now,' said she, 'I'm much obleeged to you; I thank you very kindly, for when I come to a strange and unsophisticated place I always like to have some one to shampoon all over.

We expressed ourselves delighted to chaperon her all over, and having taken her bandbox, we offered our arm with the deference which we would show to a duckess. We told her so.

'I am not a dutchess,' said; 'all my kin folks and my posterity for many generations back has been real Yankees; I never liked the Dutch since the oven that they made for me burnt all my cookies on the top.'

We asked her if she would go to the Planters' House:

'Yes,' said she 'it it's a good tavern. I am not much of an epicake, but still I am partial to good vittles. I make splendid doughnuts, and pies; and other perfections, myself.'

We got into a hack. We conversed about the weather and crops.

'Yes,' said she, thoughtfully and with a mournful accent, 'the crops—of Ike's chickens will be very small—there will be nothing to fill them, the corn has failed.'

We acknowledged' the last named article. We drew up at the Planters.' 'A fine building,' said she: 'but my taste in horticulture favors the Gothical, rather than the Ironical style. Besides, they ought to have a portfolio or some lizzarro of some sort to keep off the the combustible beams of the sun. It is a fragrant violation of belles lettres to be without one.'

We acknowledged the justness of her remarks, but hoped she would not be hypocritical.

'Me hypercritical! and with that she took snuff and looked daggers at us; but in a moment the cloud passed off her face, and the glorious light of glad kindness beamed forth again. 'You didn't mean that, Mr. Editur, I know you didn't. It was a hasty and ungirded expression of your local pride.'

She wished to pay the driver a sixpence, the Boston omnibus fee, but we magnanimously told her we would foot the bill. As she drew out her purse, knit by her own needles, we saw that it was well filled with silver. We asked if she was not afraid to carry such a weight of specie? She might be robbed.

'I am, really,' replied Mrs. Partington, 'and I should like to put it in some real nice shaving bank, if you've got any in this town.

We thought there were a good many, but we did not mention the fact aloud. We merely told her there was a savings bank under one corner of the hotel, where it would be safe, and the interest would be compounded quarterly.

'Yes,' said she, thoughtfully, they do confound things at some banks.'

We went in, Mrs. Partington and I, to the parlor. She spoke of the last election:

'Oh,' said she, 'I hear you had an orful time. Such riotous living! But then I believe in elections—our minister used to tell us we must believe in it, and he was a good man, I hope—and preached true geology.'

We mentioned the next Congressman, 'I must see him,' she cried, 'for I am told he will give me one of those great bureaux at Washington, and it will be nice to keep the linen in which my dear gran' mother spun with her own hands. And do tell me Mr. Editur, is Corporal Benton really such a pedagogue?'

We assured her that we were on hand at politics, but asked her if she intended to see the lions of St. Louis.

'Oh, sartain, if you've got any here, and I should admire to see a grizzled bear and a hypothenuse too, if they are in the show.'

We mentioned the public works and improvements.

'Yes, I should like to see the Bellfounting Seminary. with its butiful æsophagusses and hecatombs. It always makes me feel sad and aromatic to go to a graveyard, for I think of my poor old mother and father that's decreased and gone.

And a true and womanly tear stood in one corner of the good old lady's eye, which she wiped away with her blue and spotted cotton handkerchief.

'Besides,' pursued Mrs. P., 'I must look at your academised roads, and your Costume House and the Medicine College. I hear that the Congress people have appropriated some money for the first building. I am very sorry to hear that they appropriated some of Uncle Ned's money to their own use."

We came away, and left the kind lady to take a little of what she called "Retired Nature's sweet destroyer palmy sleep."

The old lady contemplates making a stay of several weeks in our city, during which time she will visit the various objects of interest in our vicinity. We have proffered our services to show her the sights, and she has kindly accepted them.

We shall take full notes of the good old dames's impressions and observations of St. Louis, and lay them before our readers from time to time. As we took our leave of her, she graciously shook us by the hand, and exclaimed, AU RESERVOIR.—*St. Louis Republic.*

"A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS."—"Well, what of that? Who wants to be a mossy old stone, away in some damp corner of a pasture, where sunshine and fresh air never comes for the cows to rub themselves against, for snails and bugs to crawl over, and for toads to squat under among the poisonous weeds? It is far better to be a smooth and polished stone, rolling along in the brawling stream of life, wearing off the rough corners, bringing out the firm crystaline structure of the granite, or the delicate veins of the agate or chalcedony. It is this perpetual chafing and rubbing in the whirling current that shows what sort of a grit a man is made of, and what he is good for.—The sandstone and soapstone are ground down to mud—but the firm rock is selected for the towering fortress, and the diamond is cut and polished for the monarch's crown.

Family Jars.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince meats, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home-made,
Jars of cordial alder wine,
Jars of honey superfine;
Would the only jars were these,
Which occur in families!

We should choose to bear the hatred of evil men rather than deserve their just accusations after serving their base ends.

After the sitting of folly has made men wise they find it hard to concieve that others can be as foolish as they have been.

From the Independent Journal.

The Dead and their Dust.

The dust that flies in the air; the leaves that fade and fall; the grass that withers; the trees that decay and return, are the dust of the dead.

The dust of the scholar; the dust of the poet, whose genius was rare and noble; the dust of the historian who gathered the record of the past; the dust of the divine whose voice moved the hearts of thousands; the dust of the statesman, who counseled and guided the nation; the dust of the jurist, the expounder of the laws; the dust of the patriot, who lived to bless others; the dust of the hero, who died for liberty; the dust of the merchant, who enriched the nation; the dust of the prophets and apostles, who revealed the mysteries of heaven; the dust of the oppressor, who thrived on the tears and groans of others; the dust of the slave, whose life was sorrow and trial; the dust of the insolent king and haughty queen; the dust of the knave who lived by fraud; the dust of the philanthropist who sought out the objects of charity; the dust of the beggar, whose adversity drove him to alms; the dust of the hypocrite, whose pretention and creed were his religion; the dust of the inebriate, whose staggerings made him a jest and a criminal; the dust of the honest poor, whose integrity shone in darkness; the dust of the selfish, who lived for himself and cheated others; the dust of the pugnacious devoid of peace, and disturbed that of others; the dust of the defamer, who was impure in his character, and envious of the upwright; the dust of the gossip, who gathered and lived on scandal; the dust of the murderer, who laid in wait to shed innocent blood; the dust of the theif, who watched his moment to grab the purse; the dust of the liar, who kept no faith; the dust of the dandy, whose negatives and positives danced him on to the stage, and danced him off; the dust of the physician, who cured and saved others, then died himself; the dust of the just and of the unjust: of the noble and ignoble; of the rich and poor; of the white and black; the dust of all, all that flies in the air, and lives again in the green fields.

The babies of the living are from the dust; remain a brief time, and then return to their native earth, lifeless, icy cold, inert matter.—Still, they are a part of the material substance of the universe, and subjected in common with all other bodies to the laws of nature. Changes are wrought, and new forms are given, new modes of existence, in union with other matter; perhaps vegetable, perhaps animal, or as it may be of both.

This law of dominion, even the dust of the dead, is not something new, something that never had been before; it is but the continuance of the laws of affinity and cohesion, by which, at first the shapeless, lifeless earth was brought into elegant form, fine proportions and great beauty; and by which, coarse food was digested to renew the waste of bones, of muscles, of tissues, of nerves and of blood; and of exertions, throwing off hourly useless and dead particles back to earth, preventing overplus of bulk, preserving vigorous health.

That we live under this dominion of natural cause and effect, is obvious enough, from the fact, that atmospherical influences readily effects us, increasing their power, in proportion to the sudden violence of the change. Not even a very slight change of temperature from heat to chill, can occur, that does not immediately depress the nerves and circulation. None experience the difference sooner than the afflicted with disease; a gentle breeze passing over them, may revive from languor, or it may strike like the cold damps of death.

Without asking for the philosophy why, it is a common remark of the people, and equally so in all places, that the pulmonary will die when the leaves fall, or when the spring returns; they mark how accurately the change of the body changes pith the great chain of nature, Fall and Spring.

About once in seven years, the human body throws off its entire weight, and every particle of its substance; there is still the same person, but not the same identity. If the body live many years, it will several times renew its bulk from the earth, and as often give it back.

Thirty years is the estimate of time that death depopulates the globe, and returns "dust to dust and ashes to ashes." This is done three times and a third in one hundred years; thirty-three times and a third in one thousand years; sixty-six times and two-thirds in two thousand years; and one hundred times in three thousand years.

Though daily man is returning to earth, this estimate is the final upon him of the decree, "dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return."

We sometimes speak disdainfully of earth, and say some things we hate, they are as mean as dirt; when in fact the earth is our mother, the nourishment and strength of bodies; the source of what pleases and enriches us. The stately peony, the soft and fragrant lilly, the pink with the variegated tints, and the blushing rose, are earth; our fruits and grains and the dainty luxuries, and tarts and sweetmeats on the tables are earth; the beautiful form, the fine hues of complexion, the glossy and flowing dark auburn; glittering diamonds, costly jewels, the white satins, the ceruleau silks; the pomade, the cologne, rouge, and transparent soaps are all earth, black earth, in various transpositions.

There is not much in our natures on common origin, to inflate our pride. Much very much to chasten and subdue it. And there, the brevity of this sojourn, and even the date of it is unknown. We can laugh because mortality is dressed up in life, because the enchantment in our spirit dreams of no sad changes, because life is a glee and frolick is an amusement, because there is a whisper that comes like a spell, to-morrow shall be as to-day;" but you may without gloom, be serious, without covetousness be industrious, without parsimony accumulate, without haughty ambition be eminent, without degradation be humble, and rather be glad than mourn, that "the mortal shall put an immortality."

No.

No? That is a very short word. It has a very short meaning sometimes. If often blasts fond anticipations; it may change the whole tenor of a life. In matrimonial matters it would be better that it should be oftener said than it is, for many of that sex sometimes say No when they mean Yes, and should use the shorter word when they do not.

One Sunday evening, not many nights ago, the Rev. Mr. Thomson performed a marriage ceremony at the Tabernacle—both parties said Yes at the proper time, and the reverend gentleman said Amen.

"I want you to perform the same thing for me said a well-dressed youngish man, to Mr. Thompson.

"When?"

"Now—right off—to night."

"Can't you put it off a little? It will make it rather late."

"No—the lady says now or never, and I am rather anxious. Will you go?"

"Yes where is it?"

"Close by; only a few steps west of the Park. We are all ready and will not detain you but a few minutes on your way home."

Mr. T. went to the place, which was a respectable boarding-house, and everything evinced decorum. The lady—young and pretty, neatly dressed, and altogether a desirable partner for the gentleman—was presented, and, a short prayer, as usual upon such occasions, offered, and then hands joined.

"You, with a full sense of the obligations you assume, do promise here in the presence of God, and these witnesses, that you will take this woman, whose right hand you clasp in yours, to be your lawful, wedded wife, and as such you will and cherish her forever."

—"I do."

"And you," miss, on your part, will you take this man to be your lawful, wedded husband?"

"NO!"

We have heard in times past, when showers were fashionable, some pretty heavy claps of thunder; but none that ever rattled about the tympanum of that bridegroom was quite so loud as that stunning little monosylable,

"No, I never will!" said she, most emphatically, and walked away proudly to her seat, leaving her almost-husband looking and probably feeling just the least trifle in the world foolish.

Mr. Thompson remonstrated—not to induce her to change that No for Yes, but for trifling with him, in a solemn duty of his calling, and asked for an explanation,

"I meant no disrespect to you, sir; or to trifle with your duty, or the solemn obligation you were called upon to ratify; but I had no other way to vindicate my character. I came to the city a poor sewing. I worked for this man. He made proposals of marriage to me, but from other circumstances I doubted his sincerity, and left his employment and went back to the country for a while. When I returned, I found the door of my former boarding-house closed against me; and this lady, whom I esteemed as a kind friend, cold and quite indisposed to renew my acquaintance, and I insisted upon knowing the reason. I learned that this man had blackened my character denied his proposals of marriage, and said I was, no matter what. I said let me come back and I will prove my innocence.—Will you believe what I say, if he will now marry me,'

"Yes; I certainly will, and so will all who know you."

"I renewed the acquaintance—he renewed his proposals—I accepted and said, 'Yes, get the minister at once.' He slandered me—I deceived him. I proved my words true, and his false. It was the only way a poor, helpless girl had to avenge herself upon a man who had proved himself unworthy to be her husband. It was only, at the right time, to say one word—one little word. I have said it. I hope it will be a lesson to men, an example to other girls, and that in many other and different circumstances they will learn to say No."

"If I was angry for a single moment," said Mr. Thompson, "I carried none of it over the threshold. It was a lesson, but well applied. I went home pondering upon the value of that word—No."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Hard of Hearing.

"I have a small bill against you, said a pertinacious looking collector, as he entered the store of one who had acquired the character of a hard customer.

"Yes, sir, a very fine day indeed," was the reply.

"I am not speaking of the weather, but your bill," replied Peter in a loud key.

"It would be better if we had a little rain."

"Confound the rain," continued the collector, and raising his voice.—"Have you any money to pay on the bill?"

"Beg your pardon, I'm hard of hearing. I have made it a rule not to loan any funds to strangers, and I really do not recognize your face.

"I'm collector for the Philadelphia Daily Extinguisher, sir, and I have a bill against you," persisted the collector at the top of his voice, producing the bill and thrusting it into the face of his debtor.

"I've determined to endorse for no one; you may put the note back in your pocket-book.—I really can't endorse it."

"Confound your endorsement—will you pay it?"

"You'll pay it no doubt, sir, but there is always a risk about such matters, you, know, so I must decline it."

"The money must be mine to-day."

"O yes—ninety days, but I would not endorse for a week; so clear out of my store.—It's seldom that I'm pressed for an endorsement, even by my friends; on the part of a stranger, sir, your conduct is inexplicable.—Do not force me to put you out; leave the premises."

And the bill was returned to the Extinguisher office endorsed—"so confounded deaf that he couldn't understand."—*N. O. Picayune.*

Bathing Children in Cold Water.

But if parents will use cold water on their own persons, let me entreat them to have mercy on their helpless children. Do heed their cries and entreaties to warm it just a little.—Nothing is more heathenish and barbarous than to bathe children in cold, or nearly cold water. I believe it injurious to wash our hands and faces in cold winter water. Those who do it will find that they have rough and cracked skins.

The suffering of children while being washed is but small compared with the evil effects that often follow the application of cold water to the head, viz: congestion of the head or lungs, especially the latter. True, cold water, so applied, will make precocious children, and it will also fill the graveyard with the opening buds of infancy. I think it will be found that more children die with head diseases since the use of water has been in vogue than before, and for the reason already given.

The fact is the brain requires and receives more blood than any other organ of the system. The application of cold water to the head increases the amount; and hence it is no uncommon thing that children, especially "smart ones," die as above stated, with head disease.—Indeed it has become a proverb among our mothers at least, "that such children are too smart to live," and it is so. By such treatment the brain becomes too active and large for the body, and; like a powerful engine in a small boat, soon shatters it to pieces and sends it to the bottom. I cannot close my remarks without entreating mothers in the name of humanity not to attempt to toughen, as it is called, their children by half-clothing them in cold weather. My heart has ached as I have seen them thus exposed to the piercing winds of a northern winter. Many a mother has thus sown the seeds of permature death in her offspring, for which she solaced herself by calling it a "mysterious Providence."

If you will have healthy, robust children, see that they are warmly clad, especially their extremities. In connection with cold bathing, I would utter my disclaimer against the prevailing practice of rubbing the skin with coarse rough towels or horse-brushes. No error in the water treatment is more injurious.—A healthy skin is smooth, and velvet-like; and anything that irritates it and makes it rough, is injurious.

But few of the people understand the function of the skin, or the importance of a healthy skin to a healthy body. My limits will not allow of my discussing the matter here. At some future time I may take it up. I approve of gentle rubbing the skin with soft cloths; or, better, with the bare hand. But it should not be rubbed any way to produce unpleasant sensations.

If we credit the reports of patients who have taken treatment at our water-cure establishments, the heroic or cold treatment is too much in vogue in them for their good.—*Water Cure Journal.*

An Old Maid's Register.

At 15 years is anxious for coming out and obtaining the attention of men. 16, seems to have some idea of the tender passions. 17, talks of love in a cottage and disinterested affection. 18, fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her. 19, is a little more diffident in consequence of being noticed. 20, commences fashionable and has a taste for dashing. 21, acquires more confidence in her own attractions and expects a brilliant establishment. 22, refuses a good offer because the gentleman is not a man of fashion. 23, no objection to flirt with any well behaved gentlemen. 24, begins to wonder she is not married. 25, becomes rather more circumspect in her conduct. 26, begining to think a large fortune not quite so indispensible. 27, effects to prefer the company of rational men. 28 wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income. 29, almost despairs of entertaining the married state. 30, an additional attention to dress is now manifested. 31, professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners, 32, wonders how men neglect the society of sedate and amiable women to flirt with chits. 33, affects good humor in her conversation with men. 34, too jealous of the praises of other women, and more at this period than hitherto. 35, quarrels with a friend who has lately been married. 36, imagines herself slighted in society. 37, likes talking of her acquaintances who have married unfortunately, and finds consolation in their misfortunes. 38, ill-nature visibly on the increase. 39, becomes meddling and officious. 40, if rich, makes love to a young man of fortune.—41, not succeeding rails against the whole sex. 42, partiality for cards and scandal. 43, too severe on the manner of the age. 44, exhibits, a strong predilection for a methodist parson. 45, enraged at his desrtion and accuse the whole sex of inconsistency. 46, becomes desponding and takes snuff. 47, atones her insensibility to cats and dogs. 48, adopts a dependent relation to attend her menagerie.—49, becomes disgusted with the world and vents her ill humor on her unfortunate keeper of the animals.

A Lesson for the Girls.

My pretty little dears—you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more making puddings and less piano, more frankness and less mock-modesty, more breakfast and less bustle. I like the buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-brested bouncing-lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frocks, mend trowsers command a regiment of pots and kettles, milk the cows, feed the pigs, chop the wood, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duchess of Marlborough or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing room.—*Mrs. Ellis' Lectures.*

Borrowing Tools.

If is an old saying "he that goes borrowing goes sorrowing!" and a still older one, "the borrower is a servant to the lender." But so far as applies to farm tools, yankee ingenuity seems to have reversed these sayings, for one of the greatest annoyances of some neighborhoods is the necessity of lending tools.—"Won't you lend me your cart to-day?" "I want to borrow your crowbar." "Can't you let us have your drag?" "Are you going to use your old mare to-day?" "Father wants to get your oxen." "I want half a dozen of your new bags," &c., are usually followed by long searches for lost bags, half day spent in getting carts and harrows repaired, &c. "Why father, Mr. Dumplin said he would pay for that cart, if you would get it mended." "He would indeed would he,— this would cost him about one-fourth of my loss of time in going to him for it, and taking it to and returning from the blacksmith shop, to say nothing of three days delay in getting my work done!" But father you know that's a great deal better than Mr. Sugarplum did when he borrowed your cultivator, for when he broke it, he swore at you behind your back, for lending him such a 'rotten machine,' and wouldn't never pay a cent.

"John wher's the crow-bar?" "I don't know, sir, I hunted for it a good deal for two or three days." "Have you looked in the barn?"—"Yes, I hunted all through the barn, and the corn house." "Have you asked Jim?" "Jim, havn't you seen the crow-bar nowhere?"—"Why, yes, I saw it at Squire Noodle's; he borrowed it one day when you was gone away to pry up a bar-post, and it has been stickin' there ever since."

Every farmer should have a full set of implements and tools, *and have a place for everything, and everything in its place.* If he has not the means, let him sell off a corner of his farm to procure them.—*Alb. Cultivator.*

A Sly Youth.

"Everything is arranged for your wedding with Susan Tomkins," said a father to his only son: "I hope you will behave yourself like a man, Thomas."

The individual addressed was a young man seated in a chair: despatching a piece of bread and molasses. His only answer was a sigh accompanied with a flood of tears.

The parent started, and in an angry voice demanded:

"What objections can you have? Susan is handsome and wealthy, and married you must be some time or other. Your mother and I were married, and it is my command that you prepare yourself for your nuptials."

"Yes," finally sobbed Thomas, "that's a different thing—you married mother, but I'm sent to *marry a strange gal!*"

WITY PHILANTHROPHY.—An Irishman on trial pleaded not guilty, and the prosecuting, attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkison as a witness. With the utmost innocence, Patrick turned his face to the Court and said, "Do I understand your honor that Furkinson is to be witnessed fornist me again?" The judge saaid it seemed so, "Well thin yer honor, I plade guilty, not because I am guilty, for I am as innocent as your honor's sucking-babes at the brest but jist on account of saving Eister Furkison's sowl."

ENTHUSIASTIC, VERY.—An enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, gives vent to the following eloquent strain:—

"A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings that no art can mend; and leave a portion of her soul upon the upper leather of her affections. She will sometimes see something to love, where others can see nothing to admire and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair."

KNOW NOTHINGS.—The following illustrates pretty well how most people are obliged to answer questious about the know nothings:

"Hauns, what do you tink der know nothing?"

"Isch not know,"

"Vel, vot dosh you tink?"

"I tink nutting."

"By, tam, dat is shust vot I tinks."

EPITHALAMIUM.—The Boston Post is responsible for the following; On the marriage of Thomas Hawk, of Mansfield, to Miss Sarah J. Dove. By our Jim:—

I isn't often that you see
So queer a kind of love;
Oh, what a savage he must be.
To Tommy Hawk a Dove!

ONE OF THE GALS.—The Toledo Republican says that a German woman went into Scott's hardware store, a few mornings since, bought a cooking stove, and placing it on her head, deliberately marched off with it. If she's not married, there's a woman for you, boys.

☞ Why is a lady walking in front of a gentleman like the latest news? Because she is in advance of the male.

☞ A person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself

☞ A sawyer, after sawing with a very dull saw, exclaimed, "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as that saw saws."

A VETERN SHIPMASTER.— On the last trip of the Atlantic, Capt. West completed his two hundred and thirty-fifth voyage.

☞ Scandal, like a kite, to fly well, depends greatly on the length of the tail it has to carry

☞ You have no business to have any business with other people's business.

Those who possess the most real excellence say the least about it.

☞ Hundreds of initerate beggars now infest Washington city.

For the Farmer.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

How much Pork will a Bushel of Corn Make.

Under this head B. J. Harvey makes some sensible observations in the Michigan Farmer; which, although better calculated for Michigan than Pennsylvania, may be read with profit by some of our farmers. He says:

Perhaps there is no class of people in the world, who work so much without system, and labor so much at random—none that know so little, about their expenses and their incomes—none that make use of arithmetic so little, as those who till the soil for a subsistence. There is certainly a want of a due exercise of the organ of calculation among this class. The farmer plows, sows and cultivates his crops—harvests, threshes and makes sale of them, or feeds them to his stock,—but how rarely does he keep an accurate account of the entire cost of production, so as to know whether he gains or loses by the operation.

I have been led to make this communication from seeing the question asked, at the head of this article—"how much pork will a bushel of corn make"—in one instance the answer is 15 pounds. This result was obtained, as in some similar ones, from first weighing partly grown hogs, and then feeding for a time, and then again weighing: when the only true way to ascertain the actual cost of making a pound of pork, would be to take into account the entire amount of food consumed from the time the animal commences to eat, up to the time of slaughtering. I have not instituted any perfectly accurate experiments, but sufficient to induce me to believe that reckoning as above, an ordinary hog will consume on an average five pounds per day or about thirty bushels in one year. Now it is an extra good hog that will weigh 365 pounds at that age; but this estimate gives only about eleven pounds of pork, to the bushel of corn consumed. The average price of corn for this State, may be estimated at 50 cents per bushel, which makes the cost of production $4,11 per hundred. But the actual average of hogs at one year old does not exceed 250 pounds per head, or less than eight pounds to the bushel of corn; or at an actual cost of six dollars per hundred to the producer, when fed wholly on corn.

Now it will be seen that if the above estimate is anything like an approximation to the, truth, pork cannot be profitably raised in Michigan from corn alone. And I have no doubt that if this question was put to every farmer in the State, it would be answered by nine tenths of them on the negative. Yet the most of our pork is made almost wholly from corn. Why is it persevered in from year to year? Will not the answer be found in the first paragraph of this communication.

I do not mean to say that pork cannot be profitably grown at all. No doubt with the right kind of food and management, it may be make at a cost of three or four dollars per hundred. Boiled potatoes and pumpkins, mixed with a portion of corn meal, will make hogs thrive faster than corn alone—changing the kind of food often is advantageous. Hogs will do well in summer in good clover pasture, with little else. Try it, you who are in the habit of keeping your hogs in the highway. Apples are good.

In conclusion I will say farmers, if you have nothing but corn and the highway, to make pork of, take your corn on the highway to market, and buy your pork.—*Farm Journal.*

Plaster on Wheat in the Winter.

From frequent conversations with practical farmers, we are all convinced that plaster on wheat at the time of sowing, or put in with the seed, deserves more attention than it has hitherto received. Those who have used it aver that the increase of the crop is not only sufficient to repay the expenses and labor, but has in addition been found to return a good per cent of profit. The plaster has the effect of bringing forward the timothy or clover seed sown with wheat, thus insuring a better after crop of grass for fall feed.

Plaster, by some means, we shall not undertake to say what, acts to absorb and retain much of the moisture of the atmosphere, or brings it up from "its hidden depths" in the soil, enabling young planets to obtain a larger growth through its genial influence, especially if the earth be more than usually dry. The effect of this will be to produce a better growth of wheat in the fall, and thus enable it more successfully to stand the winter, and withstand the ruinous effects of the early spring frosts.—So, also, it may promote an earlier spring growth, and thus render the crop more remunerating. We think plaster will pay the farmer nearly as well at what it costs, as will guano at the present exhorbitant price, or even "Improved Super-phosphate of Lime," with all its boasted virtues.

How to get rid of Rats.

Prof. Bascom, of Oberlin, in a letter to the *Ohio Farmer*, says:

"Would it not be well to call the attention of your readers to the ease and certainty with which they may be relieved from the annoyance of the large brown rat. This impudent intruder often visits my labratory and other premises. As they come singly, I take off, each, the night after I discover signs of his presence, in this wise: I take half a tea spoonful of dry flour or indian meal on a plate or piece of board, and sprinkle over it the fraction of a grain of strychnine. This is set in a convenient place, and I invariably find the culprit near the spot dead in the morning. The peculiar advantage of this poison is, it produces muscular spasms, which prevent the animal from reaching his hole to die and decompose. It is needless to add that such a violent poison should be used with care.