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.

WILLIAM BREWSTER, SAM. G. WHITTAKER, } EDITORS.

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TERMS:

The "HUNTINGDON JOURNAL" is published at the following rates:

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And two dollars and fifty cents if not paid till after the expiration of the year. No subscription will be taken for a less period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, until all arrearages are paid. Subscribers living in distant counties, or in other States, will be required to pay invariably in advance.

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1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.*

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3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.*

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☞ POSTMASTERS are required by law to notify publishers by letter when their publications are refused or not called for by persons to whom they are sent, and to give the reason of such refusal, if known. It is also their duty to frank all such letters. We will thank postmasters to keep us posted up in relation to this matter.

Select Poetry.

THE PUMPKIN PIE.

BY "SAM."

At festal board in Yankee-land,
We hail the Pumpkin Pie,
Where plenty crowns the frugal board,
And freedom's torches fly;
Delicious treat, with brown, burnt face,
New England's dish of yore,-
With thankful hearts, no stinted grace,
We sing its merits o'er.

Old Scotia's son, far famed in song,
For daring feat and deed,
May sing of Haggis loud and long,
And on its richness feed.
And England's bard, brave Saxon chief,
A noble piper old,
May chant in praise of Roasted Beef,
In swelling measures bold.

Saint Patrick's merry, roving child,
A guest in every land!
If Pratees yield, then Pat is wild,
With open heart and hand.
The Dutchman, with no fear of gout,
In quietude and ease,
Loves most his Pipe and dish of Krout,
His Buttermilk and Cheese.

But here, beneath bright freedom's sky,
A land that valor won,
We'll sing our famous Pumpkin Pie.
From morn 'till setting sun.
With bannock, pastry, pork, and greens,
On week days let us dine:
On Sundays bless the Pot o'Beans,
Nutritious, rich and fine.

"I AM PASSING AWAY."

I am fading away to "the land of the leal,"
Where the spirit of God shall his wonders reveal;
Where the glimpses of glory that fall round me now,
Shall illume like the sunbeams, my shadowless brow.

I am fading away to "the land of the leal,"
Where the angels the rivers of life shall unseal;
Where the pilgrim, all weary and fainting in this,
Shall rest in a world of unspeakable bliss!

My sandals are soiled by the dust on the way,
And my spirit hath flagg'd 'neath the heat of the day;
But weary, desponding, I've look'd to the home
That ever bears Bethlehem's star on its dome.

I am fading away to "the land of the leal."
Where the bloom from the heart there's no sorrow to steal—
Where, surrounded by pleasures and fountains of bliss,
I shall look back unmoved on the sorrows of this!

GOOD BUTTER.—Butter, produced from feeding corn fodder, cut when green, is harder, yellower, and worth more by the pound, than when the cows are fed on hay. Corn fodder, if cut when green, and well cured, is the best for milch cows except carrots. Corn for fodder should be drilled in at the rate of three and a half bushels to the acre.

A Select Tale.

A DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

'Poor woman! What a thousand pities it is for her!' said Mrs. Grimes, with feeling; 'I wonder how she stands it. If my husband were to act so, it would kill me.'

'I could never stand it in the world,' added Mrs. Pitts. 'It is a dreadful situation for a woman to be placed in. Mr. Larkin used to be one of the best men, and took the best possible care of his family. For years there was not a happier woman in the town than his wife, but now it makes one's heart ache to look at her.—Oh! it must be one of the most heart-rending things in the world to have a drunken husband.'

'Well, all I've got to say,' spoke up Mrs. Peters, with warmth, 'is, that I don't pity her much.'

'Why, Mrs. Peters! How can you talk so?'

'Well, I don't. Any woman who will live with a drunken husband, don't deserve pity. Why don't she leave him?'

'That is easier said than done, Mrs. Peters.'

'I should think it a great deal easier to leave than to live with a drunken brute, and have her life tormented out of her.—If my husband were to do so, I reckon he I would part before many hours.'

Now, Mrs. Peter's husband was a most excellent man—a sober man withal, and his wife tenderly attached to him. In regard to his ever becoming a drunkard, she had as little fear of his running off and leaving her. Still, when she made the last remark, she looked towards him (for he was present) with a stern and significant expression of her countenance. This was not really meant for him, but for the imaginary individual she supposed as bearing the relation towards her of a drunken husband.

'You would, would you?' Mr. Peters replied to this warmly expressed resolution uttered by his wife.

'Yes, that I would!' half laughingly and half seriously retorted Mrs. Peters.

'You don't know what you are talking about,' spoke Mrs. Grimes.

'Indeed, then, I do! I consider any woman a fool who will live with a drunken husband. For my part, I have not a speck of sympathy for the wives of drunkards—I mean those who beggar and abuse them. Mere disgusting brutes—the very sight of whom ought to turn a woman's stomach.'

'You were never placed in such a situation, and therefore are not competent to decide how far a woman who continues to live with a husband is or is not to blame.—For my part, I am inclined to think that, in most cases, to live with a husband under these circumstances is the least of the two evils.'

This was said by Mrs. Pitts.

'I think you are right there,' resumed Mr. Peters. 'A woman feels towards her own husband, the father of her children, and the man who in life's spring time won her best and purest affections, very differently from what she does towards another man. She knows all his good qualities, and remembers how tenderly he has loved her, and he would still love her, but for the mad infatuation from which he feels it impossible to break away. The hope that he will reform never leaves her. When she looks at her children, though abused and neglected, she cannot but hope for their father. And this keeps her up.'

'Any woman is a fool to feed herself up with such fancies. There is only one true remedy, and that is separation.—That's what I would do. Don't tell me about the hope of reforming. It's all nonsense. You would not catch me breaking my heart after that fashion for any man.—Not I!' said Mrs. Peters.

The more Mrs. Grimes and Mrs. Pitts, and others present, argued their side of the question, the more pertinaciously did she maintain the proposition she assumed, until Mr. Peters could not help feeling some little hurt—he being her husband, and the only one who could possibly hold the relation towards whom all her indignation was directed—under the imaginary possibility of his becoming a tippler.

After a while the subject was dropped, and at the close of the evening, the friends separated and went to their homes.

It was, perhaps, two months from the period at which this conversation occurred, that Mr. Peters left home early in the evening, to attend a political meeting. Politics at the time running high, and hard cider flowing as freely as water. He was in the habit of attending such meetings, and of partaking of his portion of the cider, and at times something stronger, but as he was a sober man of strong good sense and firm principle, the thought of his ever partaking too freely, never crossed the mind of his wife.

Regular in his habits, he was rarely out after ten o'clock, on any occasion. But this time ten came, and eleven, but he was still away. This was a circumstance so unusual, that his wife could not help feeling a degree of uneasiness. She went to the door and listened for him, after the clock struck eleven, and stood there for some time, expecting every moment to hear the sound of his footsteps in the distance. But she waited in vain, and at last re entered the house with a troubled feeling.

At last the clock struck twelve, and almost at the same time she heard her husband at the door, endeavoring to open it with a dead latch key. In this he was not successful, for some cause, and thinking she might have turned the key on him, she went to the door and trying the key, she found she had not locked it.

As she lifted the latch, the door was thrown suddenly against her, and her husband came staggering in. As he passed her, he struck against the wall of the passage—rebounded—struck the other side, and then fell heavily upon the floor.

The dreadful truth instantly flashed upon her. He was drunk. For a moment her heart ceased to beat, her head reeled, and she had to lean against the wall to keep from falling. Then all the tender emotions of her heart rushed into activity.

With almost superhuman strength she raised him up, although a large man, and supported him with her arm until she got him up stairs, and laid him upon the bed. By this time he seemed perfectly stupid, and only mumbled incoherent replies to the frequent and tender importunities of his wife.

After some time she got him undressed and in bed. But he grew more and more stupid every moment.

'Oh! what if he should die!' the poor wife moaned anxiously, while the tears that had at first gushed out still continued to flow freely. She also washed his face with cold water, and tried various means to arouse him from the lethargy of drunkenness. But all to no purpose.

At last, despairing of success, she laid down beside him in tears, threw her arms around his neck, and laid her face tenderly against his. She had laid thus for about five minutes, when her husband called her name in a whisper.

'Oh, how eagerly did she listen, after her response to his call.

'If my husband were to do so.'

As he said this in a whisper, but a very impressive one, he looked her steadily in the face, with a roguish twinkle of the eyes, and a quivering of the lips, the muscles of which could with difficulty be restrained from wreathing those expressive organs into a merry smile.

Mrs. Peters understood the whole scene in a moment, and boxed her husband's ears soundly on the spot, for joy, while he laughed until his sides ached as bad as his ears.

In all after discussion upon the various unfortunate relations of man and wife, Mrs. Peters was very careful how she declared her course of action, were she placed under similar circumstances. If in any case, she was led unthinkingly to do so, the remark of her husband, made with a peculiar inflection of the voice, 'Oh, yes! If my husband were to do so,"—had the happiest effect imaginable, and instantly put an end to the unprofitable discussion.

Instructive.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS.

I was a witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather to my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum* but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely I watched a couple that were locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perhaps he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operation near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to a shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less is the difference. And certainly there is no fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots, side, and Luther Blanchard wounded? Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake fire!—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast-plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferers eyes shone with ferocity such as war only can excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and their still living bodies were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle bow, still apparently, as firmly fastened as ever and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length after half an hour or more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.—*Thoreau's Life in the Woods.*

☞ The life of man is a continued battle.

Miscellaneous.

Sermon on "De Sheep."

BY REV. JULIUS CÆSAR HANIBAL, D. D.

"De lubly anamile, de sheep, spoken ob in de tex am konsidered won ob de mos inosent an' abused fellers seen in de spellin's book. He am a full-bludded wully hed, an' allers sticks to de party. In fack, you seldom see dem seperated de wun from do odder, for de poet says dat

"Sheep of a wool
All flock to one skool,"

An' dats a fack; for I nebber seed eny class ob de kommunity stick togedder so klose as dese fellers, not even de Quackers or de Jews, an' dey allers does foller dere leeders wid de same blind dewotion dat de polytishuas do dere different leeders; an' to splain pis kuharity, I'll tell you little anickote dat happened to okkur to me a berry long time ago: One day, when I was yunger dan I am now, and libbed on my good old massa's plantashun, afore de great lebbeler, Deff, kum long an' karrid him off to de berrin ground, I war a gwane to hoe corn in de feeld, an' I trowd my hoe ober my sholder, an' started. In gettin' to de kornfeeld I had to cross a paster lot whar a hole flock ob sheep war a grazin.' When I jumped ober de fence dey set up a terable blattin', dat sound like a kamp-meetin,' an' dey all run to de oder side ob de lot, jis whar I a-gwane. Well, de sun had got up a good while afore brexfuss dat mornin' an' he make my shadder on de groun' look twice as big as me, an' my hoe-handle's shadder look as long as a well-sweep. Well, when dese foolish sheep seed me a kummin' towards 'em, de ole ue-ram rushed past me, an' when kum to de shadder ob de hoe-handel he jumped four feet high to git ober it, an' ef ebery sheep in de hole flock war'nt fool enuf to do de same ting, I hope I may nebber hab my sallery raised to a libbin' pint. I laff'd tull I swet like a race hoss to see de sheep jump, and den I tort dar am odder fools in dis world 'sides dem, dat mistake de shadder for de substance, ebery day.

"De oldest ram am ginerly de leeder ob de flock, an' he allers looks in de face like a man newly shabed an' powdered. You will know Mr. RAM by his horn, aldo he can't conwediently blow it. He wares it more for ornament dan use. He moss allers hab too, an' dey am sitewated on de hed, jis like dey am on a good many sheep's heds found 'mong mankind.'

Serenading a Young Lady.

In my young days, says the editor of an exchange paper, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence, it was generally expected when an invitation was extended, that my flute was to accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request.—The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands, and exclaimed that it was beautiful, &c. I, of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady on the following night. Previous to leaving the party, I made inquiry respecting her residence. I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived at the lady's residence but made a most glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

'Now, boys,' said I, 'behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the Last Rose of Summer."

I struck up, but the window remained closed. The boys smiled.

'Oh!' said I, 'that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to open the window on the first air.'

I next struck up on "Old Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

'Once more, boys,' said I, 'and she must come.'

I struck up again—'My love is like the red, red rose.' Still there was no demonstration.

'Boys,' said I, she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, we will give her up.'

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

'That's the ticket, boys,' said I, I knew we could fetch her.'

But instead of the beautiful young lady, it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night cap and dressing gown.

'Friend,' said he, thee was singing of thy sweet home—and if I recollect right, thee said there was no place like home;—why don't thee go to thy home? Thee is not wanted here—thee nor any thy party. Farewell!'

We and our hats went home?

The Shadow of Death.

We have rarely met with anything more beautiful than the following, which we find in an exchange paper:

"All that live must die,
Passing through Nature to Eternity."

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the faces of the loved one whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb, is the skeleton at all our feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley altho' its passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed fellows. But the fact of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the law that dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest: and the fairest flower that blooms and withers in a day, has not a frailer hold on life than the mightiest monarch that has ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day will to-morrow disappear like the foot-print on the shore.

"Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Each trace will vanish from the sand."

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asked if they shall not meet again, to which he replies:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon their living face, I feel there's something in the love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

The Love of a True Woman.

Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather around, and even the gaunt form of poverty menaces with skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Time cannot mar the brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the home morsel that appeases his hunger, and in the silence of midnight it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, though the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of a loved one, is soft to the weary limbs of the sick sufferer, and the potion administered by the hand of a loved one loses half its bitterness.—The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement revive the sinking spirit. It would almost seem that God, compassionating woman's first frailty, had planted this jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like influence should cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the Fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

Pockets.

What about a youngster's dress is he more proud of than his pockets? Does his mother forget to insert a pocket in his apron she is quickly reminded of it and obtains no peace until the omission is supplied. What mother ever finished her boy's first pantaloons without a pocket on either side? And with his legs encased in the little cloth tubes, as he struts off, where are his hands? Has his mother lost her thimble, where can she find it?—Is anything ever suffered to lie loose on the floor, small enough to go in his pocket? And at a later stage of life, when the world's goods begin to attract his attention, and that decidedly human nature commences stealing over him, and his pockets are larger, and he has more of them, are they less used? Let the following exposition answer: A mother in a neighboring village says she emptied her hopeful son's pockets the other day, and the following articles were brought to light: Sixteen marbles, one top, an oyster shell, two pieces of brick, one doughnut, a piece of curry comb, one paint brush, three wax ends, a handful of corks, a chisel, two broken knives, a skate strap, three buckles, two primers, five hen's eggs and a bird's nest.

For the Farmer.

BUCKWHEAT.—Few crops can be turned to better account on a poor, light, gravelly soil, than buckwheat. It possesses a chemaction on the soil by which the coarse particle are disintegrated, rendered finer, and the soil is thereby improved. Pure inorganic earth—that is, earth unmixed with animal or vegetable matter—is produced by the disintegration, or pulverizing of rocks. Silex, or sand, is the oxide, or rust of cilicum; or to make it more familiar, it is pulverized quartz. Clay is produced by the decomposition of feldspar. Now all the quartz and feldspar in the world, while existing in the form of rocks, will not produce a blade of grass; it is only decomposed, or pulverized; and the finer the particles, the better the soil.

If a soil, then, is coarse, the object of the farmer should be to pulverize it which can only be done by some chemical application, or the growing of some crop which has that chemical power. Buckwheat, by a process yet undiscovered, has that power, and the longer it is cultivated, on a given piece of ground, the finer will be the particles of the soil. It injures land for corn, but leaves it in fine order for potatoes, and is the best crop to kill out bushes, wild grass, and mellow greensward.—To fit the land for the next succeeding crop, in rotation, blow in a crop of buckwheat in blossoms.

As a food for man, except in small quantities, we could not recommend it, as cakes made from it though light when hot, and heavy as cold liver when cold. A constant use of it has a tendency also, to produce cutaneous diseases; but boiled potatoes apples or pumpkins, it is first rate for hogs. When ground, it is excellent for milk cows. Fed raw, or left standing in the field, it is great for Shanghais (they being allowed to harvest for themselves.) The blossoms afford material for the very best honey, and at a season of the year when other flowers are gone.

It should never be given, in any form, to horses, as it bloats rather than fattens them.—*Ohio Farmer.*

HOME-MADE GUANO.—S. B. Halliday, of Providence, Rhode Island, has a process by which he can convert the fish that swarm our coast every season into an article like Guano, at less than half the cost of the Peruvian article, and Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, thinks it equally as valuable. Mr. Halliday says.

"I am able to say very confidently that this product can be afforded at $25 per ton and pay the manufacturer more than 50 per cent. The oil (according to Drs Jackson and Hare) being almost valueless for fertilizing purposes, it is first taken from the fish, and then converted into Guano. The first cost of the fish is about $2 per ton, and containing nearly 3 per cent of oil; the oil will pay for the fish and nearly for the labor in manufacturing. By my own experiments I thoroughly demonstrated rendering of fish into guano. I then consulted Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, who, I ascertained, had experimented extensively and successfully. I obtained from him his processes, and have received considerable instruction from him on the subject.—I have also consulted Dr. Jackson more recently. These gentlemen, and all with whom I have consulted, agree as to the great value of this great fertilizer."

LIME FOR THE WHEAT MIDGE.—It is reported among the weevil doctors, that slaked lime, sown upon the standing grain, will prove a sure remedy for this great modern enemy of our wheat crops. We have a good deal more faith in this than in the chloroform remedy lately proposed and tried with so much ridiculous gravity by some of our scientific magnates at Washington. The test with lime is easily tried, and in view of the importance of the subject, we hope farmers will give it a fair trial, at the time the wheat is most exposed to the attacks of the midge, which will be about the time the grain is ready to *set*, and while the berry is coming in milk.—Let us have the experiments. A bushel of slaked lime is said to be sufficient for an acre.

THE DIFFERENCE.—A black man once came to Philadelphia and attended church. He went into a good pew, and the next neighbor asked the man who owned it, why he put a nigger into his pew.

'Why, sir, he's a Haytien.'

'Can't help that; he's black.'

'Why, sir, he's a correspondent of mine.'

'Can't help that; he's black.'

'He's worth a million of dollars!'

'Introduce me.'

☞ Make hay while the sun shine.