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 he 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.

☞ The above terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

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Will be charged at the following rates:

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Six lines or less,	$ 25	$ 37½	$ 50
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☞ All letters on business must be POST PAID to secure attention. ☜

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

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

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.*

4. *If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *Persons who continue to receive or take the paper from the office, are to be considered as subscribers and as such, equally responsible for subscriptions, as if they had ordered their names entered upon the publishers books.*

6. *The Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Post Master who neglects to perform his duty of giving reasonable notice as required by the regulations of the Post Office Department, of the neglect of a person to take from the office, newspapers addressed to him, renders the Post Master liable to the publisher for the subscription price.*

☞ 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 MENAGERIE.

Did you ever! No, I never!
Mercy on us what a smell!
Don't be frightened, Johnny, dear;
Gracious! how the jackalls yell!
Mother tell me, what's that man
Doing with that pole of his?
Bless your precious little heart,
He's stirring up the beastesses!

Children, don't you go so near,
Heavens! there's the Afric cowses!
What's the matter with the child?
Why, the monkey's tore his trowses!
Here's the monstrous elephant,
I'm all a-tremble at the sight;
See his mighty toothpick, boys,
Wonder if he's fastened tight?

There's the lion—see his tail!
How he drags it on the floor!
'Sakes alive! I'm awful scared
To hear the horrid critter roar!
Here's the monkeys in their cage,
Wide awake you are to see 'em:
Funny, ain't it? How would you
Like to have a tail, and be 'em?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
That tore the naughty boy to pieces;
Horned cattle!—only hear
How the dreadful camel wheezes!
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
Who stoops to hear the morning lark;
'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

There's the crane—the awkward bird!
Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
And his bill is full as long
As ever met one from a tailor's.
Look!—just see that zebra there,
Standing safe behind the bars;
Goodness me! how like a flag,
All except the corner stars.

There's the bell! The birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed,
So, my little darling, come,
It's time for you to be abed.
Mother, 'tisn't nine o'clock!
You said you need not go before;
Let us stay a little while—
Want to see the monkeys more.

Cries the showman—turn 'em out;
Dim the lights!—there, that will do;
Come again to-morrow, boys,
Bring your little sisters, too!
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering "bore!"
Exit children, blubbering still,
Want to see the monkeys more.

An urchin in a bad fix.—Little boys, when they come late to school, have to bring a written excuse explaining the cause of their tardiness. Some days since, an urchin, in a city school, came extremely late, but without the least fear or anxiety depicted on his countenance. He had a 'scuse. On handing it to the teacher, it was opened, and read thus: "Missus—*Whale the bearer* for running away."—The model 'scuse was accepted, and the little fellow was accordingly admonished in the region of his "sit-down-upons"—*Courier.*

Miscellaneous.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.
—OR—
THE DOUBLE BRIDAL.

A few years ago I made one of the seventy nine passengers on board of the fast steamer Emily Braton, bound up the Tennessee. A pleasant, intelligent go-ahead captain a good steward, and a social refined company made the trip of pleasure, indeed long shall I remember the saucy Emily Braton, and her superb living freight.

One lovely summer evening it was whispered that we were to have a wedding before the boat reached her destination,—said whisper started first low and near the stern, somewhere in the vicinity of the ladies' cabin, and speedily making its way to the hall, the boiler, the dock, and then to the main, like the the snow-ball rolling down the mountain, gathering size, from the momentum, as it rolled forward, until the principles in the interesting scene were not only pointed out, but the parson with some scraps of history of each fiction fact and surmise, all laughed up ingeniously, leaving one in that half pleasant half painful state of suspense and doubt, that opens the eyes so wide and strains the drum of the ear so light to all transpiring around you.

Well, we landed to wood at the magnificent beech bottom, the tall heavily leaved trees with silver gray trunks making a deep, cool shade, while the grassy river, so clear, so true, that invasion only pointed the false from the real; while cutting this charming spot in twain, came murmuring a crystal spring brook, scarcely four spans wide, to loose itself in the mass of Tennessee waters, they in return to be alike lost in the boundless sea.

No sooner was the staging out than there emerged from the ladies' cabin a fine manly looking fellow, dressed in faultless taste, intellect beaming in every feature, while over his face perfect happiness shone like Phorus on the sea. Leaning on his arm, was the most loveable woman it had ever been my lot to behold, her fine hazel eyes—tell tales that they were—speaking deep emotion and her expressive lip quivering with suppressed excitement, while her dress step and grace, was that of a queen.

"There they are! That's her! Oh, how beautiful!" burst from many a lip, as we instinctively made way to let them pass to the altar, and where that was we had about as clear an idea as a transcendalist generally has of what they are talking about. But one thing 'fun' ahead, and to follow in their wake was the way to see it. As the ladies passed, a gallant arm was offered to each, and thus we marched out of the cabin down stairs, across the staging, and up the sloping bank. Some fifty yards up the brook the pair stopped, and joining hands they stood with the clear water between them—bridged it was by the twinning fingers of love pure as itself. All was silent, still, until broken by the minister reading in an impressive manner: 'And of the rib the Lord took from man, made he woman and brought her to man. Adam said and this is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, she shall be called woman because she was taken out of man. Therefore shall a man cleave unto his wife and they shall be one flesh.' He then closed the good and holy book and offered a most touching and beautiful prayer,—not a heart but seemed to feel the earnest appeal to the throne of grace.—Then asking the usual questions he pronounced them husband and wife.

The bride slowly sinking on her knees, raised her beautiful face all covered with tears clasped her hands, and in the most touching sweet voice, tremulous with emotion, said:

"And now, oh, merciful Father, grant that our lives thus united may peacefully flow in one, even, as this rivulet, until we reach the river of death, undivided in faith and conduct, and be permitted to enjoy thine eternal smiles in the land of the pure and blessed."

Every pulse seemed stilled, hoping for more of this beautiful drama. Not a word not a movement from all that throng—all, all was happiness. Oh, lovely panorama, how thou art! The happy man was in the act of imprinting a kiss upon the smiling lips of his magnificent bride, when the clear tones of a manly voice started all from their pleasing reveries, and the universal gaze rested on a tall, handsome Tennessean, whose eagle eye spoke the man a fit representative of the State where sleeps a Jackson.

I can't stand it any longer. I can't by—pardon ladies, but I have a proposition to make on the good faith of a man who never lies or trifles. I must make it or die—so here goes; Now I will marry on this spot to any lady who has the nerve to face such music. Look at me, and if you can love me as she loves (pointing to the bride) I'll promise to be a husband to you, such a husband as a true hearted man will make a woman who comes trembling under his wing. I say further, that no spot of shame attaches to my name, or ever shall, and this arm support and protect the one that will trust it. Who'll take me? and his eye ran slowly and steadily over the crowd of handsome woman around him. His earnest manner and novel speech had aroused an intense excitement, all were surprised and deep sympathy with the fearless, excited orator when, to the astonishment and delight of every one, a fawn like, blue-eyed girl from the flowery banks of Alabama, stepped to his side and looked confidently up to his eyes with her hands on his arm, and said.—

"I am thine."

By this time his arm was around her waist, and parting her curls—black as the raven at midnight—looked steadfastly in her face for a moment and signed the contract with a kiss that all the married ladies afterwards pronounced to be of the genuine sort, perfectly satisfactory. Raising his flashing eyes with triumphant expression from the pleasant job, just mentioned, he said:

"Where is the parson? Send him here—on this spot we'll be made one. I never let such luck pass by writing a minute, so go ahead," and on that spot where they first met, were they solemnly united forever.

When the words 'what God had joined let no man put asunder,' died away a shout went up that awakened the echoes for miles, every hand extend to the happy, lucky venturesome fellow, and every lady in the crowd presented the lips of his trusting wife. For a moment I instantly recovered my self-possession; and thrust the weakness from me, (woman kissing each other always seemed a waste of sweetness but they know best.) and laughing, shouting and happy, we all returned on board.

Our generous captain set a splendid supper, the clerk made out two certificates they were signed by the parson and seventy-four witnesses—five more made nine you know, men and woman all told everybody signed.

Then we danced, we laughed, we made children of ourselves. Be that as it may when the watch was changed at solemn noon at night, the bluffs on the dark shores of the river returned only the echo of the real hoarse caughing of the engine of the Emily Braton, for we all slept, and our dreams vainly tried to vie with the lovely reality of the evening.

Singular Scene—A Magician Among the Lunatics.

BLITZ, the magician, performed some of his antics in the presence of the Lunatics, in the South Boston Hospital, on Friday last, and the impression produced on the spectators, in some cases was very curious and interesting. The females were the most attracted by the performances, and nearly all of them paid the most marked attention. The men were generally grave—even melancholy, and showed small signs of mirthful appreciation. One of the females watched every motion of the conjurer with a most wonderful expression of countenance, never smiling, and giving her belief that Blitz was the old one himself. Others were eager and curious: others were smiling and pleasant; and one fat round faced woman laughed boisterously in her happiness. The signor's egg bag trick was full of marvel to them. As the signor was displaying its wonderful qualities, one of the male inmates gravely asked to see one of the eggs, and having as gravely given his opinion that it was sound, told the audience that the bag belonged to Mary Queen of Scots.

At the close of the above entertainment (says the Boston Post,) we asked the grave gentleman of the eggs how he liked the performances. "I like nothing but holy things," said he, holding up a little black, well worn Bible. We told him that he smiled during the entertainment as if he enjoyed it. "Yes," said he, quickly. "William did." William who? was asked. "William, the king of Rome—William of Orange." A deferential bow acknowledged his title, and he proceeded to inform his hearers that the New Englanders were a set of pirates, but that there was no chance of escaping divine wrath, as he was assured by the books of Revelations. He was one of the incurable class, a religious lunatic.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Upon each loving, happy, sorrowing, human heart is laid, what the poet has expressed to be the "burden of mortality." To be subject to the infirmities of the flesh, to feel the spirit's wings borne down by petty cares and annoyances, to do that from which all natural qualifications are averse, these are a part of that burden which all must bear.

Love, which is the essence of all happiness, wears also on earth the shadow of mortality. It is a subject to continual wounds, and would oftimes die of them if its own prayer availed; it is subject to misconception; it is rarely fathomed; it finds itself in a desert with only a few husks to feed upon, and would fain in its despair go back and forget the irrevocable past. Its burden is too great, and heart and flesh fail.

The happiness which comes sometimes over the spirit like the joyous rush of the mountain waterfall, and sometimes like the smoothly gliding rivulet, has ever blended with it the taint of mortality. Our eyes revel in the beauty of the summer landscape, and its sweet influences quiet and hallow the thoughts, but there steal in saddening memories of those whose clear eyes once rejoined with ours over nature's loveliness, and we yearn to hear again the chastened melody of voices long since hushed into silence. To the heart once irreparably wounded, the brightest sunlight has ever after a tinge of sadness.

The face of life is begun with energy, hope and determination. Fate is advers, but the soul resolves that it shall not yield and pride and ambition come in to add strength to resolve. Years roll away, and the honest endeavor is unblessed, the overtasked energies are listless, hope itself recedes into the bosom of portentous cloud, and flesh and heart fail. To toil on, the victim of a stern necessity, without change and without anticipation is the only life bereft of all its value. It is the slave's cheerless toil, looking only to a grave.

And can it be that among the varied allotments of God's providence, there can be one destiny wholly dark, that He has left Himself in one human heart without a witness? No! if upon all He has laid the burden of mortality so unto all He offered a hope in heaven.

Dost thou sorrow here for those unto whom thy heart had grown so lovingly? They are with Him who will receive thee also, if thou wilt but keep thy feet in the narrow way of His appointing.

Is the frail temple of thy spirit tortured with pain? He has a heavenly body that can know no suffering, prepared for those who bear patiently. Art thou o'erwerried with thine almost fruitless toil, and dost thou long for rest, even though it be in the repose of the grave. There is rest prepared for the people of God, and thou canst become one of that blessed company if thou wilt strive for the boon.

"My heart and my flesh fail," said the kingly Psalmist, "but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." He is then the only tower of strength amid this surging sea of earthly griefs and trials. Love may die, friendship grow cold, fortune frown less rarely than smiles, age dark and unlovely, may find us poor, and forsaken: but the Friend that clinge th closer than a brother, can give all love in one, can make us rich in His grace, and afford that blessed companionship that admits none nearer or dearer.

Is there one human heart that needs not this refuge bearing at times its deep weight of agony, striving in vain to still its wild throbs, and breaking under the burden of its unshed tears? Who but God can measure its capacity for joy or sorrow? Who but Him can deal with it tenderly, accorto its needs, and heal while he probes?

Serve Him and trust in Him on earth, though flesh and heart may fail, for the burden of mortality will soon be rolled off the spirit, and it shall doubt and sorrow and grow weary never more.

A RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.—A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which a young lady, for whom he had conceived a sudden and violent passion, and was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting formal declaration the exigency of the case suggested the following plan. He politely handed the fair lady the bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—2d epistle of John 5th—"And now I beseech thee, fair lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to Ruth. ii, 10th—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou should take knowledge of me seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the 11th verse of the epistle of John—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come and speak face to face." From this interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

A Romance of Bohemia.

The following poetic incident is told of a young painter, who was one of the moneyless adventures known in Paris as Bohemians:

"This hero had remained in a hotel in Naples, living one day on a great-coat, the next on a pair of pantaloons," sold to a Jew.

"One morning the landlord, who saw that the whole wardrobe must, at this rate very soon vanish, appeared before his guest, and said to him."

"Here are a hundred frances, go back to France; you can remit the money when you get to Paris."

"The young Bohemian, who was a painter would not accept the money so liberally offered to him, till he had legitimately earned it."

"The landlord had a wife and two daughters; the Bohemian immortalized the whole family on canvas, and included a scullion into the bargain."

"This accomplished, he took his way to the steamboat accompanied by the landlord, now loth to lose him. Happy youth! The charm that it spreads around is so great that it melts the heart of Neapolitan landlords!

"On the packet, our Bohemian met a handsome young woman, to whom he did not dare to speak, she appeared so much of a lady, such a noble creature!

"Nevertheless he picked up courage gradually, and introduced himself to the proud beauty as a young gentleman traveling for instruction but who had unfortunately left his tutor in the crater of Vesuvius.

"The bait took, and the passage of Marseiles was delightful. But bad luck would have it—the horrible custom house officers began to examine the luggage!

"Our Bohemian tried to steal off; but he was kept back, his keys were forced from him and his box opened!

It contained three paving stones!

"The trunk of the beautiful traveler was next opened."

"Oh, happiness! It contained nothing but oranges."

"The great lady is herself nothing but a Bohemian! Delicious mistake! exquisite discovery!"

"They started together for Paris and lived there happily, for an eternity of fifteen days."

"Take Good Care of Mother."

These words fell upon my ears while seated in the cars, a few days since, just ready to start on their swift passage from Fall River to Boston.

I looked up as the speaker entered the door, and at the same moment heard a response from a fresh young voice outside—

'O yes, I will."

The person who had first spoken passed to her seat, some way behind me, and I saw her no more.

There was nothing in her appearance to interest one at a glance, and I doubt whether a more lengthened observation would have given any impression beyond that of a good, honest, common-sense sort of face, yet my thoughts were busy with her all that two hours's ride. Those simple, but earnest words, bespoke a heart of love—a sense of her duty as a child. My heart warmed to her, and I wondered if she had learned to love HIM, who in his dying agony said:

"Son, behold thy mother."

To the holy John it was enough to say, "Receive her and treat her as you would your own mother." That would insure all that love could think of, or reverence command—but would it have been sufficient for all?

Are there not many who seem to have no thought of the respect and love due to "Mother"—men possessed of thousands, put away from their homes that poor, feeble parent, whose life has been consumed in labor for them, to end the weary remnant of her days in the parish poor-house. Daughters even speak too often only of the *care*, and nothing of the pleasure of 'taking care of mother.' Children, did you ever think it possible that you might some day become so cold and changed as to neglect the dear mother you now caress so fondly?

You may—these unkind sons and daughters once loved their mother too. *Little by little* have they grown so cold, and so may you unless you try to avoid it. Shall I tell you how this may be done? You must *think* about it, *pray* about it, *act* about it.

When you are alone at night, try to recollect the many times *that* day your mother has cared for your comfort, and your heart will swell with gratitude and love; and then ask God to help you to try and return her kindness, and keep you from disobeying her commands.

A Battle field.

The grouping of falling men and horses; the many heaped up masses of dead, moved strangely by the living maimed among them, showing the points where the deadly strife had been most severe; the commingling of uniforms, of friends and foes, as both lie scattered on the ground on which they fell, the groups surrounding this and that individual sufferer, hearing his last words, giving to him the last drops of water which will ever moisten his lips upon earth; the strechers borne from various points, each carrying some officer or private soldier, who has now the startling feeling forced upon him, "it has come to this, and yet there may be hope of life;" his excited but overworn spirit, half fainting as it is, yet dreaming a mixed feverish dream of the charge in which he met his wound, the thoughts of home that fished upon the hearts as it seemed to commit that hearts to a moment oblivion of all else. Then comes the first dawn of the hope that life may be spared; the view of horrid objects passed, seen with dia mond eye; hope of life growing stronger, but with it now a dread of some operation to be undergone the sound of guns still heard, begetting a feverish, impatient desire to know the result of the battle. Again a partial waking up at the voice of the surgeon; he and his attendants seen as thro' a mist; the defended feelings of utter weakness causing all to seem as though they spoke in whispers; the still further rousing of the mind as the cordial administered begins to take effect; the voice of a comrade or friend laying close by himself wounded, yet speaking to cheer; the operations borne bravely, and felt the less as it gives promise of a life just now seemingly lost to hope; through it all fresh news ever arriving from amidst the din of strife yet raging; all this has a life and motion and spirit in it which mocks the real grave horror of the scene.—[REV. S. G. OSBORNE.

"Tongues in Trees."

Nice observers of nature have remarked the variety of tones yielded by trees when played upon by the wind. Mrs. Hemans once asked Sir Walter Scott if he had noticed that every tree gives out its peculiar sound? "Yes," said he, "I have; and I think something might be done by the union of poetry and music to imitate those voices, giving a different measure to the oak, the pine, the willow, etc. There is a Highland air of somewhat similar character, called the "Notes of the Sea Birds." In Aery Taylor's drama, Edwin the Fair, there are some pleasing lines, where the wind is feigned to feel the want of a voice, and to woo the trees to give him one.—He applied to several; but the wanderer rested with the pine, because her voice was constant, soft and lowly deep; and he welcomed in her a mild memorial of the ocean wave, his birth place. There is a fine description of the storm in Goningsby, where a sylvan language is made to swell in the disapasion of the tempest. "The wind howled; the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. Soon might be distinguished the various voices of the mighty trees, as they expressed their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its long, deep groan while ever and anon, amid a momentary pause, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.

HUMEROUS INCIDENT.—A laughable incident occurred in this country some time since, the circumstances of which we got from one acquainted with the transaction. An old gentleman farmer who had two handsome daughters, was so cautious of his charge, that he would not permit them to keep the company of young men; however they adopted the following expedient to enjoy the company of their lovers. After the old man retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and the beau would seize hold of the sheet, and with the assistance of his lady love, who tugged lustily above, would thus gain an entrance; but it so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet too early, for the old gentleman, by some ill-wind, was accidentally around the corner, and spying the sheet, could not conjecture the meaning of its being there; so he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down; the girls above supposing it to be one of their beaux, began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the old man's head was level with the window sill when one of them exclaimed. "Oh Lord 'tis dad!" and letting go the sheet sous came down the old man on the hard ground, dislocating one shoulder, which convinced him that to make 'old maids' out of his daughters was a matter not so easily accomplished, and withdrawing all further opposition to their keeping company he was soon a father-in-law.

For the Farmer.

When to Bud Trees.

In the month of August, or when the fall sap flows most freely, depends much upon the season being early or late. With a sharp knife cut a perpendicular incision, about an inch long, in the shoot intended to be budded, which must (or is best to) be of the present summer's growth; then, at the base of the incision, cut a horizontal gash about three-eighths of an inch in length; raise or loosen the bark on each side carefully; then take a bud off a twig of this summer's growth, by cutting across the twig one fourth of an inch below the bud, of such a length as to fit in the incision prepared for its reception, slip it in carefully under the raised bark; press it carefully together, and bind it with a coarse woollen string above and below the bud, to hold the raised sides firmly down upon the bud; let it remain so for seven or eight days, then cut the string. The next spring cut the top off the twig about an inch above where it was budded. The advantages of budding over grafting are many and obvious—first, if it does not grow it will not injure trees. It grows faster than grafts, and is much quicker and more easily done. I have always had the best success in budding as described above.

BUCKEYE.

Wayne county, Ohio, 1855.

A Curious Fact.

The Magazine of Horticulture, says what is in common language termed a bulbons root is by Linnæus, termed the Hybernacle or Winter Lodge of the young plant. These bulbs in every respect, resemble buds, except in being produced under ground, and include the leaves and flower in miniature, which are to be expanded in the ensuing spring. By cautiously cutting, in the early spring, through the concentric coats of a tulip root, longitudinally from the top to the base, and taking them off successively the whole flower of the next summer's tulip is beautifully seen by the naked eye, with its petals, pistil, and stamens; the flowers exist in other bulbs, in the same manner, but the individual flowers of others being less they are not so easily dissected, or so conspicuous to the naked eye.—In the buds of the Daphne Mezron, and in those of the Hepatica, and at the base of the Osmunda lunaria, a perfect plant of the future year may be found, complete in all its parts.

COLOR OF HORSES.—A proverb says, "A good horse cannot be of a bad color." Domestication appears to have the effect of multiplying the colors of animals. The prevailing color of the wild species is the bay; but Foster says that among the troops he saw in Central Asia, the dun and grayish brown colors were most frequent. Bell judges the chestnut to be the most common in Tartarian districts. Sir Francis Head states that many of the horses of the Pampas are piebald. The black is rarely found among the Arabians. The leopard-spotted is said to be frequent in China. With us (England) it ranges from milk-white to coal black. Some persons are inclined to give the preference to the darker colors from the fact that among animals generally the lighter the skin the weaker the energy. Load Bacon seems to have entertained the same idea, when he asserted white to be the color of defect.

HOGS.—Give them occasionally a tablespoonful of a compound, three parts ashes and one of salt, for each hog, mixed with their food, and it will destroy the kidney worms. For costiveness, with which they are often afflicted, take copperas, pulverised and put in a skillet, and put it over a quick fire; it will soon boil; then stir it till well mixed, and take it off to cool; then pulverize it, and give to each hog a tablespoonful as often as the excrement shows them to be costive. It can be mixed with milk or other food.

LIMESTONE—Consists of 56½ parts of lime and 43½ parts of carbonic acid making 100.

In burning, the acid and water escape in the form of steam; it it then quicklime. On exposure to the atmosphere, it absorbs water, slacks, and dissolves in a dry powder—it is then hydrate of lime. In this state, it should be used in farming to decompose vegetation, and neutralize acids in the soil.

LICE ON FOWLS.—A teaspoonful of turpentine, to three or four of sweet oil (the turpentine, would probably take the feathers off the poor birds,)—grease them freely with this, and let the rural readers know if the vermin do not "vamose." I have no doubt the free use of turpentine in henhouses would rid them and their inmates of these pests.