

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

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Select Poetry.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

We have been reading a new book entitled Mabel Ware, in which we find the following beautiful lines. They pleased us so well, and appeared so truthful that we have taken the liberty to transfer them to our columns, for the benefit of the *Journal's* patrons. Are they not singularly sweet, fresh, and poetical—
"When I am dead, the joyous earth
Will give in tones as blithe as now,
Its glad exultant voices forth
Whole clouds shall press my darkened brow.
Nor will the moon-sky be less bright,
Nor any singing bird less loud,
Nor will they sail away less light,
The phantom fleets of fleecy cloud.
No flower will wear a tint more sad,
No grasses fall a shade less green;
No rivulet will be less glad,
Singing, its pebbly banks between.
Above the russet autumn ground,
Each tree will fling a flag as brave,
As that which with a murmuring sound,
To-day the trees around me wave.
For what am I, that earth should wail,
Or birds be mute, that I am gone—
That days, and grass, and flowers should pale,
Or blithe-toned brooks should learn to moan?
Yet, oh! how'er I school my heart,
'Tis sad, as sad can be, to believe—
Nor any rules, nor any art,
Can ever teach me not to grieve,—
To believe, that sounds will rise and fall,
That odors will be wafted by—
That all fair sights will live, and all,
All shall abide, but I must die."

Select Miscellany.

GOOD ADVICE.

We are very sorry to say that every hour furnishes conclusive evidence that the foxes are not all dead yet, and that here and there a goose survives in all the glory of pristine verdancy. Let those who doubt the truth of our assertion read the astounding proclamations which sundry Irish "patriots" are emitting in various parts of the country. The history of every past effort to secure the independence of Ireland has been a history of weakness and of folly, of extravagance in plan and of feebleness in execution, of blood and bravery worse than wasted, of frantic and inconsiderate efforts, ending in complete failure. There was, we admit, in the self-sacrificing struggle of Fitzgerald, of Emmet, and of other unfortunate Irishmen something which touches the heart and awakens our pity for the untimely fate of deluded but earnest men. The wrongs under which their country was bending were unquestionable, and, while they grievously mistook her power to throw off the load, they attested, by the surrender of life and of fortune, the sincerity of their patriotism. They have gone to their account and in their place we have a class of windy and wordy men, who mistake talk for action, and who are seeking for their own purposes to stimulate an outbreak which can bring only shame and suffering upon Ireland. Already in their own land they have tried the experiment of revolution and have failed. We do not say that they had a fair chance of success but we do believe that they failed because a large majority of the best people of Ireland were unwilling to follow them, and shrank from converting the country into a pandemonium. They failed most certainly, whatever may have been the cause of the failure; and at this moment the land which they sought to revolutionize is growing quiet, contented and prosperous under the influence of stringent but beneficent measures. Ireland, rich and well rid of those who made agitation a mere profession, is engaged, not in monster meetings and murderous frays, but in vigorously developing her agricultural resources, and in securing that real independence which increased social comfort can alone achieve. But, while Ireland is thus minding her own business, a few of her children in the United States, calling themselves exiles, are engaged in schemes for her liberation from the British crown—in forming clubs and collecting coin for the sake of sending to her a donation of fire and slaughter. These moments insignificant as they really are, have excited the attention of the British Government, and one of their first evil effects has been to create feelings of jealousy between great Powers now fortunately at peace. We believe English apprehensions to be utterly unfounded. We do not believe that the first man or the first musket will ever be transmitted from America to aid any Irish rebellion. We have no reason to think that a dollar of the cash collected in that benevolent behalf will ever find its way into the chest of any army of liberation. The whole thing is a shallow sham, calculated to delude those who merely feel without thinking. But this does not lessen the moral responsibility of those who, to gratify their

own selfish purposes, embroiling a Government from which they have fled with another the protection of which has been liberally extended to them. Intelligent writers in England ought to understand the comparative unimportance of these projects, and distance ought not to render them so formidable. But we have waited in vain for any just estimate in England of American politics or society. Whatever floats upon the surface and makes a noise in the newspapers is eagerly seized upon, and unlimited and most unauthorized deductions are drawn from it. Ignorance magnifies mole-hills into mountains, multiplies a little gathering into an army, and gives the dignity of official documents to crude and hastily-written articles in the newspapers. In this way an infinite amount of mischief is effected. That which creates apprehension in England only occasions laughter here; but the misunderstanding has still its legitimate result in jealousy and hard feeling, which may in time ripen into positive hostility.

For our own part, having at all times defended to the best of our ability their rights, we must now beg our adopted citizens in the most kindly spirit to keep clear of Irish Emigrant Aid Societies, and of all societies of a kindred character. Much as they may desire the independence of Ireland, let them rest assured that those associations will be found utterly powerless to effect this object. They can only serve to engender a clamorous spirit, at war with our social condition and contrary to the spirit of our institutions. When an Irishman has made up his mind to live in the United States, to become an American citizen, to abide here during his life, and to leave here a heritage for his children, the best thing he can do is to forget Ireland as soon as possible. There may not be much poetry in this advice, but there is something better—there is sound, practical common sense. No alien is obliged to take upon himself the obligations of an American citizen, but when he has done so, with the solemnity of an oath, he should begin at once to assimilate himself as much as possible to the society about him. He cannot owe a divided allegiance. Let him cease wholly to be an Irishman when he becomes in the eye of the law an American. In this way, and only, can he disarm those who are endeavoring to make his position uncomfortable. * * * * * Let him keep his money for his wife and children; let him expend it in the purchase of potatoes and pork; let him be sure that bad luck will befall every sixpence paid into the treasury of revolutionary societies. They have commenced with bluster and they will end in smoke. The duties of an American citizen are close about his feet, and there is a field broad enough for the most intense patriotism at home, although it may be merely an adopted home, without sending our specie and our sympathy across the ocean.

THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The work in progress through Missouri, of which we have made frequent notices, is intended as the first link of a great road to the Pacific through what may be termed the central route. Its advocates have heretofore set forth its prospective advantages and look forward to great results. There is another scheme which is also pressed upon the public attention, and for aid to which an application is to be made to Congress at the coming session. The Hon. Thomas Butler King has addressed to some New York capitalists an elaborate letter going somewhat into detail upon what he deems the advantages of the southern route through Texas. We transcribe from the New Orleans Picayune, a synopsis of Mr. King's views, omitting some passages not essential to an understanding of the subject:

Mr. King condemns as unwise and impracticable, from their utter unwieldiness, the propositions which seemed to find favor in the last Congress for undertaking three roads at a time. One is sufficient for all wants of the country for many years; and what is more decisive, three could not be built. It is an undertaking beyond our capacity, and would be a waste if it could be accomplished. The building of one road is as much as the next Congress can hope for under the most judicious counsels and with the most liberal disposition on the part of Government and capitalists, and facts have reduced the choice of routes to two, the extreme northern and the extreme southern of the lines surveyed.

The extreme northern route is that which extends from Chicago, through the States of Illinois and Iowa, around the Great Bend of the Missouri, and, crossing the depression in the rocky Mountains at or near the point of the Hudson Bay Company's portage, to the waters of the Co-

lumbia river; thence, across the great basin and the Cascade Mountains, to Puget's Sound, or descending the gorges of the Columbia river for many hundred miles through the territory of Oregon to the mouth of that river.

The line of 32 deg. he considers geographically a better central line for the free States or Northern than the line of 48 deg. without taking into consideration at all the claims of the South. But he proceeds to maintain that the line through Texas and across the country recently acquired from Mexico by the Gadsden treaty is practical central, and absolutely the best and the only one really and speedily practicable. The point of commencement for the single road he places on the eastern line of Texas, which affords the greatest facilities for connecting it with the railways which are extending in that direction from St. Louis, Cairo and Memphis, through Arkansas, by way of Little Rock and Fulton, from Vicksburg, Louisiana, to Shreveport, and from New Orleans by the Opelousas railroad, thus bringing the system of railways throughout the Union, North and South, by converging lines, to that point on the eastern border of Texas, and connecting them with the line under consideration to the Pacific. These railroads are all in a state of progress, and their ultimate completion cannot be delayed beyond a very few years. Connecting as they do with the railways in the Southern, Middle, and Northern States, their completion will open a railway communication from New York and all other Atlantic cities and New Orleans, more than half the distance across the continent from the Atlantic.

The route from this point to the Pacific, as surveyed by Col. A. B. Gray, is 1,521 miles long, through a mild and salubrious climate, free from snow and ice, and practicable throughout the whole year. Mr. K. gives a glowing description of the fertility and mineral riches of the country through which it passes, and his calculations of the business of the road and its profits as an investment are very large and sanguine.

A round estimate of the cost of the road is \$45,000,000 to \$50,000,000 from the eastern point designated to the Pacific at San Diego, and \$55,000,000 to San Francisco, with a gross annual receipt for freight and passengers of 26,000,000. These, however, will bear a great deal of scrutiny before they are taken to be certain.

The basis of the credit to raise these moneys is thus stated: First, the grant from Texas of ten thousand two hundred and forty acres of land for every mile of road constructed within her limits, or for the supposed distance on the route indicated in the law, from the eastern line of the State, opposite the town of Shreveport in Louisiana, to El Paso—seven hundred and eighty-three miles of road; 7,017,920 acres, at five dollars an acre, would be \$35,089,600; a contract to be made on the part of the United States to pay for a term of at least fifteen years five millions per annum for the transportation of mails, troops, and munitions of war, together with an appropriation of land through that portion of New Mexico acquired under the Gadsden treaty, of at least twenty sections to the mile, for a distance of 578 miles, or 7,398,400 acres; and a grant to be obtained from Congress to the State of California of thirty sections, or 19,200 acres of land per mile, for the distance the road may be constructed in that State.

It will be seen that the work is designed to be under the management of a private company; but the basis of the credits upon which it relies is to be found in grants of land already made in Texas, grants expected from the United States, and appropriations to the extent of five millions per annum from the treasury as advance payments on services to be rendered after the road is completed.

A HAPPY MAN.

In several of yesterday's papers appeared the following advertisement extraordinary, which we doubt not created some excitement throughout the city:

BIRMINGHAM, New Orleans, Oct. 8, 1855.—The Hon. Mrs. Marcelline Aubran gave birth to a fine daughter this morning at 7 o'clock—mother and child doing finely."

Yesterday we found out all about it, and as none of the parties concerned can read, and in consequence will not have their feelings lacerated by seeing themselves in print, we shall tell our readers all about it.

Mr. Aubran, the husband of the honorable lady and mother above advertised, is an eccentric old Frenchman, who keeps a grocery on Enterpe street. Some years ago the wife of his bosom, not being able to present him with an heir, became disgusted with him and ran off. After a while she returned and opened negotia-

tions with him for a divorce. He being willing, the knot hymenal was severed by due course of law, and each returned to a life of single blessedness. After a lapse of time, however, their blessedness degenerated into misery, their affinities brought them together, again, and after a brief courtship they agreed to get spliced again, and every thing was got in readiness for the event, Justice Galeme being selected as the officiating priest. On the day preceding the wedding, however, the intended bride gave way to her former fickleness, and ran off to Mobile with another man, who married her there. This made Aubran so 'pizen' mad, that after a courtship of forty-eight hours, he married his housekeeper, Miss Kate. Being Spunky, without, he published his marriage in some of the city papers, the notice being preceded by one announcing his first marriage and subsequent divorce. This was two years ago. A year having passed after the last marriage, without offering the husband any promise, or even a ray of hope, that the one wish of his heart might be fulfilled, his divorced wife, who had returned to the city with her husband, maliciously circulated stories throughout the neighborhood that he was nothing but old dry bones, who was never intended by nature to be a father; telling this as one who had a good right to know. Aubran, though considerably nettled at heart by this, made belief that he didn't care, and threw the taunt back by telling her not to brag until she had presented her second husband with an heir, a thing which she had not done yet.

Within the past year, the neighbors became aware of a great change in Aubran. He became frisky, good-humored, and somewhat younger in appearance; and, as months rolled on, he became more and more so—all which was rather wonderful, he being in his fifty-fifth year. Within the last month he has been, to a certain extent, wild. On Wednesday morning the grand event came off, and he "drew off the handle," entirely. He flew around the neighborhood as if his house were afire, greeting his friends with hand-writings and exclamations of "All right, old fellow—all right, all right!" The first outbreak of enthusiasm over, he reflected awhile, and determined to publish the glorious news to the world. Being unable to write English, he got a friend to act as amanuensis, and dictated to him the unique notice which heads this article.—The prefix "Hon." to his wife's name, is a speciality, intended to compliment her and at the same time to crush forever the satanic glee and the tattlings of his divorced wife.

In the advertisement the mother and child are announced as doing well. We are gratified to add that the father is getting along splendidly. He is at last in the honeymoon of his existence.—N. O. Crescent, Oct. 11.

Effects of Heat upon Meat.

A well cooked piece of meat should be full of its own juice or natural gravy,—in roasting, therefore, it should be exposed to a quick fire, that the external surface may be made to contract at once, and the albumen to coagulate, before the juice has had time to escape from within.—And so in boiling water, the outer part contracts, the internal juice is prevented either from escaping into the water by which it is surrounded, or from being diluted or weakened by the admission of water among it. When cut up therefore, the meat yields much gravy, and is rich in flavor. Hence a beef-steak or a mutton chop is done quickly, and over a quick fire that the natural juices may be retained. On the other hand, if the meat be exposed to a slow fire its pores remain open the juice continues to flow from within, as it has dried from the surface, and the flesh pines, and becomes dry, hard, and unwholesome. Or if it be put into cold or tepid water, which is afterwards gradually bro't to a boil, much of albumen is extracted before it coagulates, the natural juices for the most part flow out, and the meat served in a nearly tasteless state. Hence to prepare good boiled meat, it should be put at once into water already brought to a boil. But to make beef tea, mutton broth, and other meat soups, the flesh should be put into cold water, and this afterwards very slowly warmed and finally boiled. The advantage derived from simmering, a term not un-frequently in cookery books, depends very much upon the effects of slow boiling as above explained.—*Chemistry of Common Life.*

Would you be happy? Then do good. Remember that the Great God will repay whatever you loan him, and that with usury. He asks no man to work for nothing.—Strodenberg.

GRANDEUR OF GOD.

BY U. H. J. JUDAH.

Go abroad Upon the paths of nature, and, when all its voices whisper, and its silent things Are breathing the deep beauty of the world, Kneel at its simple altar, and the God Who hath the living waters shall be there.

Of, when plowing the mighty deep, I've beheld His grandeur in the placid ruffling of the waves—in the gentle breeze of heaven that wafted me to a far off clime—in the fury of the tempest—in loud sounding bursts of thunder, amid vivid flashes of lightning—aye! at a time when fancy pictured to my imagination the jewelry of the ocean as my tomb, and my dirge the eternal music of its roar. Then, again, I've viewed it in the abatement of the storm—in the ceasing of his anger—in the renovated splendor of the sky—in the returning brilliancy of the stars—in the unparalleled beauty of the luminary of light—and in the tranquility of the unruly winds.

Reader! Dost thou think that man can adequately portray the grandeur of his Maker? Dost thou suppose that he can dilate on that which is beyond the ken of mortality? The student, in the solitude of his little chamber, may trim and replenish his midnight lamp, and out watch the slow-paced eve; the poet may call into requisition his breathing thoughts, and array them in the all-powerful garb of burning eloquence: the orator may summon to his aid the force of that mighty mind with which He endowed him; and the learned divine, in the hallowed temple, may extend his hands, uplift his eyes, and bend his knees in the solemn attitude of prayer, and in accents of thanksgiving and praise. But 'tis all in vain to correctly discuss a theme which is *ad infinitum*, sublime and magnificent.

Grandeur of God! Ye can witness it in the glorious gift of intellect to man—read it in the pure language of his brow—in the splendor of thought—in that victory of mind which causes the mighty of the earth to recognize the magnificent brightness of his name, and the beautiful to hail the brilliancy of his talents as a talisman of love.

Contemplate it in the mechanism of the human heart—in the construction of the casket by which it is enclosed—in that immortality therein which will flourish in eternal youth, long after the encircling dust has crumbled to that from which it emanated.

Behold it in the pleasing melody of the birds as they tune to heaven their songs—in the placid harmony of the air—in the lovely flowers as they throw around their richest perfume—in the rivulets as they leap on their courses—in the glowing loveliness and unmasked beauty of nature—

"In every stream his beauty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his spirit blows—
The breath of life and health."

No Mother.—"She has no mother!"

What a volume of sorrowful truth is compressed in that single utterance—no mother. Deal gently with the child. Let not the cup of her sorrows be overflowed by the harshness of your bearing, or your unsympathizing coldness. Is she heedless of her doing?—forgetful of her duty? Is she careless in her movements? Remember, oh, remember, "she has no mother!"

Wit & Humor.

The Man that Kissed the Three Girls.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country where several coy damsels, who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one day accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies with whom he boarded. He replied that they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so that no gentleman can get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That may be," said the boarder quickly, "but I will stake a million that I can kiss them, all three, without any trouble."

"That you cannot do," cried his friend, "it is an achievement which neither you nor any other man can accomplish."

The other was positive, and invited his friend to the house to witness his triumph. They entered the room together, and the three girls were at home, sitting beside their mother, and they looked prim and demure as John Rogers at the stake.

Our hero assumed a very grave aspect even to dejection, and looking wistfully at the clock, breathed a sigh as deep as algebra and as long as a female dialogue at

the street door. His singular deportment now attracted the attention of the girls, who cast their slow opening eyes upward to his countenance. Perceiving the impression he had made, he turned to his companion, and said in a doleful voice:

"It wants three minutes of the time!"
"Do you speak of dinner?" said the old lady, laying down her sewing work.

"Dinner!" said he, with a bewildered aspect, and pointing, as if unconsciously, with curled forefinger at the clock.

A silence ensued during which the female part of the household glared at the young man with irrepressible curiosity.

"You will see me decently interred," he said, turning away to his friend.

His friend was as much puzzled as any body present, and his embarrassment added to the intended effect; but the old lady being no longer able to contain herself, cried:

"Mr. C—, pray what do you speak of?"
"Nothing," answered he in a lugubrious tone, "but last night a spirit appeared unto me,—(here the girls rose to their feet and drew near,) and the spirit gave me warning that I should die exactly at 12 o'clock to-day, and you see it wants but half a minute of the time!"
The girls turned pale, and their hidden sympathies were at once awakened for the doomed and departed one. They stood chained at the spot, looking alternately at the clock, and the unfortunate youth; he then walked to the oldest of the girls, and taking her by the hand, bade her a solemn farewell. He also imprinted a kiss upon her trembling lips, which she did not attempt to resist. He then bade the second and third farewell in the same manner.—His object was achieved, and that moment the clock struck twelve. Hereupon he looked around and ejaculated: "Who would have believed that an apparition would tell such a lie!" It was probably the ghost of Ananias and Sapphira.

Somebody who doesn't understand the joke, and when they did, they evinced no resentment.

Invasion of Ireland!

Something "sure" has grown out of the recent meeting of the Irish Emigrant Aid Association. The Boston Courier gave an account on Monday, of the departure in four jolly boats, of a mysterious locking crew from Long Wharf, on Sunday night. The following letter from one of the soldiers to his wife in this city, gives an inkling of the business of the expedition:

OFF HULL AMERIKA, in the first boat.
Monday night November 12th, 1855. }
Me dear honey—The expedition that sailed to take Ireland last night, had 'wet five ov it. We hadn't a tosse of an umbrella, and nothing to keep the drhowning rain out. Cols Doheene and O'Meara, who promised to meet uz at Hull, with their sashes and sords on, sent word that it was "rainin' too heavy," and that they wouldn't be able for to come 'till the storm was over." This was agraw disappointing to the boys; but they ar'n't to be turned from their purpos. They'll take Ireland, anyhow, and annex her to the States. That's part av the plan of the expedition. Ireland, when jined to the Union, is to be called the "big producer," which is the latin for man-maker. We have whiskey galore in the cuddy; but the bags of powder, which were put in the bottom of the boats, got as wet as say-water itself. We're going to dry it the first fair day. The army is full of spirits—if I can judge anything from the amount that they have drunk since they set sail. I wish you'd send me an umbrella; send it through the Hull post office. It will git to me be the time that the colonels arrive.

Hurrah for the strippis, hurrah for the sthers. Wid powder and steel
We'll make the lion squeal,
And give back to Ireland her nationality.
From your devoted and darlin' cudeen.

MICHAEL MULLADON,
an American boy.

P. S. You might send the umbrella by John Smith telegraph. Mister Smith is a friend of the expedition, and for the sake of Ireland wud send it on the wire to Hull.

P. S. Agin. If the cornels don't come in the mornin the invather's will go on without em. Who d'y think will be oomander thin? Be gorra t'is myself.—Stur Maryann in the cradle, and whisper to her that her dadda is a ginneral.

In America they boast that an old shirt, thrown in at one end of a paper-mill came out at the other "Robinson Crusoe." They also drive a monster trade in pigs; The animals walk up an inclined plane in Cincinnati, and come down the other side tolerably pickled and cured.

Farmer's Column.

Indications of a Good Cow.

To the marks furnished by the veins and the escutcheons, says Magne, are to be added the following:—A homogenous, very voluminous, but yielding udder, sinking much by milking, covered with a thin skin and fine hair; a good constitution, an ample chest, regular appetite, and great inclination to drink; flesh rather lean than fat; a slender supple skin; soft short hair, a small head, fine horns, quick eye, gentle look, feminine air, and fine neck.

How to Plow under Tall Weeds.

Where weeds have not been kept down by other crops, or by close pasturing, they have, as might be expected, made a most luxuriant growth, and as many such fields will have to be plowed for wheat and tall crops, it becomes a matter of much importance to know how we best can turn them under with the plow, so as to be completely out of the harrow and drill.—An excellent way to do this, is to fasten one end of a heavy log chain to the end of a double-tree to which the furrow, or off horse is attached, bringing the other under the beam of the plow, just before the share, and confining it there. The chain should lag enough to touch the ground, or nearly so. A little practice will teach how tight it should be. By this plan the weeds are drawn into the furrow and completely covered by the furrow-slice falling on them while there. Will somebody tell us of a better way?

Tansy and Peaches.

A writer in the N. Y. Tribune, recommends the sowing of tansy about the roots of peach trees, as a means of preserving them. He says that he once knew a large peach tree, which was more than forty-seven years old, while several generations of similar trees in the same

plantation, and a bed of tansy was discovered about the trunk. It was naturally informed that the preservation of this tree to such a green old age was attributable to the presence of that plant. It was decided to try the experiment on others, and accordingly, a few roots were placed about each of the other trees planted on the premises some of which gave signs of decay. Not only has it preserved for several years but renovated these that were unsound. The order of this plant, he says, doubtless keeps off the insect enemies of this kind of tree and it would have the same effect on others, as the plum apple and pear, as well as the elm, sycamore, and other ornamental trees.

Water in Barn-Yards.

Such is the solvent power of water, that if admitted in large quantities into barnyards it will dissolve into the earth, if the soil be porous, or into streams and ponds, a large share of fertilizing salts of manure. The manure of stalls should if possible be housed. It should be kept moist with the urine of animals, and sufficient litter should be used to absorb the whole of this, unless it be preserved in a tank or used as liquid manure, the policy of which is perhaps doubtful in this country, where labor is high, though it may be well in Europe where labor is plenty. The true proceeding for barn-yard manure, is to keep it as far as possible moist but not to suffer it to be drenched. If dry and hot, it gives its nutritious gasses to the winds; if drenched, it loses its most fertilizing salts: when neither scorched nor drenched it is decomposed more gradually, and it retains in itself a large portion of its enriching properties.—*The Farmer*, Amherst Massachusetts.

New Mode of Grafting.

The New Philadelphia (Ohio) Advocate says:—"A new mode of propagating choice varieties of fruit trees, superior to the ordinary mode of grafting, was presented, to us the other day, by our friend Joseph Winspor, an intelligent farmer of Goshen township. It is very easy of application, and should be known by all amateur in the fruit line. Take one of the long twigs of the willow, split it every few inches, and therein insert your scion at right angles with the willow branch; then cover it with earth, that a few inches of the scion may present above the surface of the ground. The sap of this willow branch induces an abundant crop of roots in a short time, and your new tree, root and branch, is soon in vigorous growth. Much ado has been made recently about a French discovery—sticking the scion in a potato and thus planting it—but friend W. pronounces it not so certain a method as his. We suppose anything else with abundant sap, will answer as well as willow."