

# The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1856.

VOL. XXI. NO. 11.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,  
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## Select Poetry.

### A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And all things are what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not said unto the soul.

No! enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end and way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us further than to-day.

Life's not long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though young and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,  
Let the dead Past bury its dead;  
Act—act in the living Present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er life's final main,  
A hero and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for every fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## A Select Tale.

### A SLEIGH RIDE STORY.

#### Fred Baltic's Last Race.

Clear and brightly shone the moon, and millions of stars that spangled the blue canopy of Heaven, shed their soft rays upon the white and glittering mantle with which the earth was robed. It was mid-winter, cold, bitter cold; and the slight breeze, as it swept past, seemed to chill one almost to the bone; and the rapid motion through the pure atmosphere caused it to be most keenly felt by two young men who, seated in a sleigh and enveloped in thick coats and buffalo robes, were dashing over the glittering surface of the snow.

The roads were in excellent condition; never was the sleighing better. Their horse, a powerful iron gray, sped along the beaten track, and the merry sleigh bells rang out their joyous peal upon the frosty air. The country around presented to view a calm, pure, unbroken sheet of white, far as the eye could reach, save here and there, occasionally, the red gleam from some far off cottage window, betokened the warmth and comfort within, while the smoke circled slowly up from its chimney in thin blue wreaths. The trees by the roadside stood like grim sentinels incased in their glittering armor of ice; while the wind sighed mournfully through the dark forest in the distance. It was near midnight, and the two individuals above mentioned were yet some dozen miles from the city. Having rode some distance in silence the cold air not being at all very conducive to conversation, the one who held the reins drew the buffalo robe about his person, and said to his companion:

"By Jove! Harry, this is really rather a cool evening?"

"Cool!" ejaculated the other, who had on an immense fur cap, and his neck covered with a large gray muffler, while the upturned collar of his coat almost entirely concealed his face; "Cool you may call it, Seymour; this keen air cuts like a razor's edge."

"Best thing in the world for you my boy," said Seymour; "this bracing air carries health with every inspiration."

"Ah, you scamp," replied the other with a shiver, "not the eloquence even of woman could have persuaded me to have taken this ride with you had I known the state of the thermometer."

"The eloquence of woman! ha, ha, my dear fellow, one would almost fancy that you had but the delicacy of woman, instead of the sterner stuff that men are made of. I'll wager something you're thinking of the warm fire, the great chair, soft carpet, and slippers, and the like, which you left at home; while I say give me a smooth road and a fleet horse, and I laugh at the cold weather—a fig for the cold, says I."

"Ah," said his companion, "your ruby visage and tearful eye tell a different tale from your boasting tongue."

"Oh, Harry, thou admirer of a bright blaze, thou butterfly of summer, tell me, was there ever a more glorious enjoyment than to drive a steed like this, with the merry music of the bells ringing in your ears, while you speed over the surface of the snow like to an arrow shot from an ar-

chers' bow?—and he slightly touched his horse with the long whip which he held, and the spirited animal sped on with startling rapidity.

"Enough, Seymour, and thank the last glass of mulled wine that loosed that tongue of yours and made it poetize your thoughts. But why ride at this speed? there is no cause that we should urge the horse to his headlong pace."

"Ah, he's a noble fellow," said Seymour, slightly drawing the rein, while he looked admiringly at the steed: "cost me a cool thousand, Harry; but I am satisfied he is the fastest animal on the road."

"Indeed!" was the reply; you forgot Fred Baltic and his horse Chain Lightning, as he called him."

"What, mad Fred Baltic? not I; I will put my gray hero against the black fiend that he drives in harness. I'll test his speed—they do say, Harry, that none but mad Fred can drive that black horse of his."

"So I have heard; but 'twill be many a day ere Fred can handle the ribbons again himself, the fever has made sad work with him."

"Over it," Seymour, "not dead yet—'t would take the cholera and two fevers to kill Fred Baltic. I saw him yesterday," he continued, "looking from his parlor window at the throngs of sleighs that dashed past in the crowded thoroughfare. Poor fellow! how he must have envied the sleigh-riders their pleasures! He looked thin and pale, but he recovers health rapid I'm told. I hope he will be out ere the sleighing season is gone, for mad Fred is a whi; but this is the steed that will pass him. Jove! I'd almost give a fortune to have a trial with Chain Lightning as he calls his horse."

"See Harry!" said the other with an exclamation of astonishment, "see your wish is gratified—for I am a living man, there rides Fred before us."

Both bent forward to look. About a dozen rods in advance of them, rode the subject of their conversation. He was habited in a drab overcoat, and a sort of council fur cap. His horse of jet black color, and with slender yet swiftness limbs, that betokened speed and endurance, seemed to draw the light, ornamented sleigh, to which he was attached, over the smooth road almost without an effort.

"By Jove! 'tis he sure enough; wait till we get to the top of your hill, and I'll give him a trial. There's a clear road for a mile—the very road for a race."

"Seymour," said his companion, "there are two of us in this sleigh, which itself is heavier than his; besides, we have already ridden some distance, while his horse must be quite fresh; for see, he draws reins as he ascends the hill."

The two sleighs were now but a few yards apart. Baltic steed was easily trotting up the ascent, although he sat with arms extended, and evidently keeping a tight rein.

"I wonder he does not turn his head," said Harry to his companion; "he must lead our sleigh bells, we are so near him."

"Ah," said Seymour, "let Fred alone; do you know, my boy, there's an old proverb, that 'there's none so deaf as those who won't hear?'"

"By this time, both sleighs had reached the summit of the hill; a broad, white and well-beaten road, of nearly a mile and a half, stretched out before them, the frosty particles glistening in the moonlight.

"Hurra, hip, hurra!" cried Seymour, giving his horse a smart cut with the whip and intending to pass his rival. This he nearly accomplished; for Baltic still sat seemingly indifferent at the endeavor of his opponent. But his steed taking this cue evidently from the efforts made to pass pricked up his ears, and was off like the wind.

"Ah, ha! awake at last my friend—here for your Chain Lightning."

The two horses flew over the frozen surface as though life was depending on the issue. Trees, fences, and objects by the roadside seemed to flit by them as they dashed along at that headlong speed.

"Stop, Seymour, your horse has too much weight; there are two of us, and we cannot pass him," said Harry.

"By Heaven, I will," was the reply of Seymour;—and he frantically applied the lash to his horse, but in vain. Although scarce six feet space separated the two yet he could not lessen the distance one inch, although he held the position.

"Seymour, 'tis cruel; for shame, we can never pass," said his companion. See Fred has not used his whip at all, and he pointed to the Baltic, who still sat upright in his sleigh, with his reins apparently with just power enough to keep them from the horse's body. "Have a care," he added, as they drew near what was apparent-

ly a branch from the main road, and where it became more narrow and uneven—we are near the hill now; rein in, Seymour; for Heaven's sake do not drive down hill at this fearful speed!

Scarce had he uttered these words, when Baltic's horse suddenly stumbled and fell, throwing the sleigh to which he was attached almost directly across the road.—There was a shout, a crash, and the occupants of both sleighs were thrown into a heap, and their vehicles smashed to splinters; while the horse of Seymour forced from the sleigh, with naught but the shafts attached to him, careered wildly off at an increased speed, the sharp jingle of his bells sounding upon the stillness of the night fainter and fainter, till it lost in the distance.

"Who's hurt?" ejaculated Seymour, disengaging himself from the wreck and rubbing his shoulder.

"Not I," said his friend, crawling from a deep gulley by the roadside, where he had been thrown. "How is it with Fred? and so saying, the two turned their attention to the scene before them.

Stretched upon the road, lay that matchless steed, Chain Lightning, but his days were over—a broken leg prevented him from rising, while the blood which flowed from a deep wound inflicted by the runner of Seymour's sleigh. But Fred, mad Fred, where was he?

"Ah, game to the last," laughed Harry, as he pointed out to his companion the figure of Baltic partially imbedded in a slight snow drift, but a short distance from his horse. He appeared to be in a sort of half sitting posture, and still held with extended arms the reins, as when they had first overtaken him.

"There's no danger of his running away now, old boy," said Seymour, giving way to a laugh; "so loose your reins."

But the subject of his mirth making neither motion or reply, he stepped to his side, and striving him a slight blow upon the shoulder, said:

"Come, Fred, 'tis a joke, but it's a cold night, and the tavern's but a rod distant, and a glass of hot punch and—"

when suddenly he started back with an exclamation of horror and amazement, that drew his friend to his side. The slight blow given upon the shoulder of Baltic caused him to roll heavily upon his side, and the cap falling from his head, showed his ghastly features, cold, rigid and hard as adamant; his arms outstretched, and hands still grasping the reins, but stiff, unbending, and immovable. Seymour knelt beside the prostrate man, and brushing back the long black hair from his face, placed his hand upon his forehead; but it was cold as marble. He bent his ear to the pallid lips, but not a breath escaped them. He started to his feet, and the terrible truth burst upon him like a thunderbolt. He had been racing with a corpse!

The two young men aroused the inmates of a public house near by, who rendered them every available assistance, but it restored not mad Fred Baltic. His racing days were ended. The unfortunate man had evidently impelled by his ruling passion, left the chamber of convalescence too soon; and weak from his recent illness perished from the effects of cold, long ere he was overtaken by Seymour.

## Select Miscellany.

### THE SCHOOLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The annual report of the superintendent of Common Schools is a volume of 350 pages, mostly taken up by the reports of the county superintendents, with about 100 pages of statistical matter. Only some eleven pages are occupied by the remarks of Mr. Curtin, the state superintendent, from which we learn that during the last year the whole number of school districts was 1,632; of schools, 10,469; number of schools yet required, 659; average number of months taught, 54; number of male teachers, 8,003; number of female teachers, 4,140; average salaries of male teachers per month, \$22.29; average salaries of females per month, \$14.89; whole number of male scholars, 293,889; whole number of female scholars, 233,120; total number of scholars, 529,009; number of scholars learning German, 10,015; average number of scholars attending school 361,316; average cost of teaching for one scholar per month, 68 cents; whole number of teachers, 12,143; whole amount of tax levied for school purposes, \$1,242,223.70; amount of tax levied for building purposes, \$159,076.45; total amount of tax levied for the system, \$1,354,937.04; amount received from the State appropriations, \$159,554.17; amount received from collectors of school tax, \$1,187,992.61;

cost of construction, \$1,041,571.96; cost of fuel and contingencies, \$110,333.19; cost of school houses, purchasing, building, renting, repairing, &c., \$266,198.76.—These figures exhibit a large increase over previous years. The totals do not include the public schools of Philadelphia, which are organized under an independent system and make no report to the Superintendent.

From another source we learn that the Board of Control of the first district of the city of Philadelphia, estimate the expenses of the year 1855 at \$616,609. The number of teachers employed in the public schools of Philadelphia is 965; number of pupils in the schools, 62,933; the number seeking admittance is 2,359. If we add these figures to those of the State at large, we shall find that the number of teachers in the public schools of Pennsylvania is 13,108; the number of scholars 592,007. Here is quite an army of youth profiting by the excellent system of education so wisely adopted twenty years ago, through the philanthropic public spirit, perseverance and influence of Gov. Wolf, T. Stevens and others.

The State Superintendent speaks encouragingly of the working of the system, but points out what he considers as numerous defects. He says that the new school law has infused new life into the system. It has been found highly salutary and beneficial in requiring better security, and more rigid accountability from treasurers and collectors, and insuring the services of more capable men as Secretaries of the Boards of Directors. There has been a marked improvement in the Common Schools over the State during the past year and Normal Schools for the education of teachers, established in several localities, which will have the tendency to raise the standard of qualification and elevate the character of the schools. Still there is opposition and a very deficient and ineffective system to contend against in certain localities; and it is uniformly found that where the people are most ignorant the opposition to common schools is the strongest.

The intelligence of the people, in a republican government, is considered its main pillar of strength, while ignorance is the foundation on which despotism rests.

When the Common School system of Pennsylvania shall have been brought into perfect operation—when it shall have unfolded its vast powers—when a corps of trained and educated teachers, to supply all its demands shall have taken the field—when the text books used in the schools shall be wisely selected, and the school-house built on the most approved model; when its protection and progress shall be the first object of the government—then will all its mighty agencies to do good, be felt, the public mind refined and enlightened, labor elevated, patriotism purified, our republican form of government fixed on an immutable basis, and the people be crowned with its benefits and blessings.

### The American Convention.

The American National Nominating Convention, at Philadelphia, brought its labors to a close on Tuesday, by the choice of Millard Fillmore, of New York, and Andrew J. Donelson, of Tennessee, as the candidates of the party for President and Vice President of the United States. The Convention having previously rejected a resolution in favor of the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, most of the delegates from New England and the North Western States and some of those from Pennsylvania, seceded from the Convention.

The vote for President was declared by the Secretary, as follows:

Number of votes cast,	243.
Necessary for a choice,	122.
For Millard Fillmore,	179.
George Law,	24.
Garret Davis,	10.
Judge McLean,	13.
Samuel Houston,	3.
Kenneth Raynor,	14.

After it was ascertained that Mr. Fillmore had obtained the nomination, a number of delegates changed their votes from George Law, Commodore Stockton, and Garret Davis, to the successful candidate, making the declared vote as above. The nomination was afterwards made unanimous.

The following is the vote for Vice President:

And. J. Donelson,	181.
J. Gardner,	12.
Percy Walker,	8.
A. H. H. Stuart,	2.
Kenneth Raynor,	8.

Mr. Donelson, who was present, accepted the nomination in a brief address. Speeches were made by Parson Brownlow and General Pickett, of Tennessee, and by Mr. McCune, of Virginia, when the Convention adjourned sine die.

### Public Schools in the South.

By the census of 1850, the whole population of the Slave States was then 6,222,418; and according to the proportions of age is found in other parts of the Union, some two millions of these must have been in their minority, and about three fourths of them of proper age to be instructed at school. Yet how are they educated?—Where are the public schools of the South? Who has ever heard of a system of public schools established in any Slave State, by which the children of poor parents could be educated on an equality of the rich? Is it not a remarkable fact, calculated most strikingly to show the ever bearing away of the slave power, that while there were in 1850 but 347,525 slave owners in a white population of 6,222,418, or only about one to seventeen, yet the influence of the slaveocracy in such that it keeps sixteen seventeenths of the white population in subjection, and deprives them of the rights and privileges enjoyed by all classes of the free states! If the abolitionists wish to overthrow the institution of slavery, they should direct their efforts towards enlightening the ignorant and down-trodden whites in the slave states, and arouse them to a sense of their degradation and of the rights enjoyed in the free states when a conflict is certain to ensue in which the aristocracy of numbers would be sure to overthrow the democracy of slavery, and dissolve the spell by which it now rules as with a rod of iron, not only the non-slaveholding whites of the slave states but assumes to overawe and control those of the free. If the thousands that have been expended by the abolitionists in the advocacy of their views had been directed towards enlightening the non-slaveholding whites of the South, in concentrating public opinion, and in producing corresponding action, the pillars of slavery would have been shaken at their foundations, and the frown of defiance that threatens to plant the black banner of slavery over the free territory of the North, would have been turned to supplication, and a call upon the magnanimity of the North to save them from the progressive spirit of liberty that is certain to follow the spread of intelligence amongst the masses.

### A QUAKER IN COURT.

An amusing story is told of a scene in Court in our city. An old Quaker gentleman, named Levi Coffin was standing in the audience, when a policeman rushed up to him and said "take off your hat." "What harm is my hat doing," said the Friend. "I command you to take it off," replied the officer. "I intend no disrespect but it is the custom of our people not to make obeisance to men," said the friend, "and I have stood before the President of the United States uncovered—our people are allowed to stand thus before King—art thou any?" "I have authority," said the policeman. "Well, friend was the quiet response, "if thou hast authority, thou must take it off," and the Quaker resumed a conversation sotto voce with a friend. The officer snatched off the offending hat, and holding it in his hand, offered it to the Quaker, but the latter would not take it. For several minutes the officer, looking like a fool, held out the hat, and then walking back amid the tittering of those who stood about, set it on the bench. The Quaker unmoved, chatted with his friend. An altercation arose among the police relative to the affair, and one or two who had more sense, and knew the rights of Friends objected to the assault. One finally bro't the hat to Levi, and offered it to him, saying it would be stolen. "I did not place it there," said the Friend. The officer finally placed the hat on his head and walked away. In a moment after, Calvert flourished his big stick, and hollered, "Take off your hat." The policeman again rushed to Levi, and said, "I command you to take off your hat!" "What harm is my hat doing?" again queried the Friend. The officer asserted his authority, and snatching off the hat, walked off the bench; but again some wiser or more gentlemanly deputy, took the hat and replying the snatcher, placed it on the Friend's head, where it remained until Court adjourned. The fellow who committed the outrage muttered something about knowing friend Levi, and his being an Abolitionist. He is described as having a brutal face and bull eyes, but we could not learn his name, and this description would suit more than one of the temporary deputies.—*Cin. Sun.*

COMPOSITION CAKE.—Two and a quarter pounds of flour, one and three-quarter pounds of sugar, one and a half pounds of butter, three pounds of fruit, six eggs, one pint of milk, one cup of molasses, two glasses of wine, two glasses of brandy, two tea-spoon saleratus. Cloves cinnamon, nutmeg, &c.

### SPARE THE BIRDS.

Mr. T. Glover lately read a highly interesting paper upon the subject of Entomology as applied to agriculture, before U. S. Agricultural society, in which is the following paragraph:

Here let me put in a special plea for insectivorous birds, which appear to have been sent to keep the 'balance of power' in insect life, which insects would otherwise multiply to such a degree as to be perfectly unbearable, and render the agriculturists' toil entirely useless. A farmer keeps a watch-dog to guard his premises, and cats to kill rats and mice in his granary and barn; yet he suffers any 'unfeathered biped' to tear down his rails in order to get a chance shot at a robin, wren or bluebird, which may be unfortunate enough to be on his premises: and yet these birds do him more good than either dog or cat, working diligently from morn till dark killing and destroying insects injurious to his crops, which, if not thus thinned out, would eventually multiply to such an extent as to leave him scarcely any crop whatsoever. Birds are accused of eating cherries and other fruits. True; but the birds merely take a tythe of the fruit to pay for the tree, which, but for their unceasing efforts, would have otherwise been killed in its infancy. To exemplify the utility of birds, I will give one or two instances that have occurred under my own observation:

Some years ago I took a fancy to keep bees; accordingly hives were procured and books read upon the subject. One day a king-bird or a bee martin was observed to be very busy about the hives, apparently snapping up every straggling bee he could find. Indignant as such a breach of hospitality, as his nest was on the premises, I hastened to the house to procure a gun to dispatch the marauder. When I returned I perceived a grayish bird on the bushy top of a tree, and thinking it was the robber, I fired, and down dropped a poor, innocent Phebe bird. Hoping to find some consolation to my conscience for having committed this most foul murder, I inwardly accused the poor little Phebe bird of having also killed the bees; and having determined to ascertain the fact by dissecting the bird, it was opened, when, much to my regret and astonishment, it was found to be full of the striped cucumber bugs, and not one single bee. Here I had killed the very bird which had been working for me the whole season, and perfectly innocent of the crime for which it had been sacrificed. After this circumstance I determined never to let a gun be fired upon the premises, excepting upon special occasions; and at present the place is perfectly crowded during spring; summer and autumn with the feathered songsters, which build their nests even in my porch, and bring up their young perfectly fearless of mankind; and although cherries, strawberries, &c., do suffer, yet the insects are not quarter as numerous and troublesome as they were formerly.

### Neglected Trees.

Of native fruits we have neglected to prove the value of the wild Virginia plum, which the Abbe Correa said, if cultivated, would equal that unknown article "the nectar of the gods." The custard Apple, *Anono tribala*, is rarely included in any list for public or private cultivation, and yet it is one of the most remarkable of our fruits—the only tropical looking tree product that we have, highly ornamental and every way worthy of attention and care.

The Persimmon, *Diopyros Virginiana*, too, is a beautiful tree, and the fruit eaten at the happy moment is worthy more attention than it has yet received. The fruit of the Persimmon varies much even in the wild state. Some are so exceedingly astringent that it takes a very severe frost to render them palatable even to an opossum; others are so accommodating as to afford a *glout morcean* long before winter pears are ripe. The Persimmon has a fine green foliage, extremely grateful to eye, and it should be employed occasionally in ornamental planting.

The Buffalaw Berry, *Shepherdia argentea*, among the smaller trees, may also be mentioned as one of our too long lost natives. No plant with which we are acquainted has berries which so universally please—rich in their deep scarlet color, and almost transparent in their pure waxy hue—the most unsusceptible to the pleasures of an aboriginist could not pass it without loitering to admire. Its scarcity is perhaps owing as much to the difficulty of obtaining good seeds as from any other cause. Bearing separate sexual organs in different plants, the berries are worthless unless grown in the vicinity of a male tree. It may, however, be readily increased from layers.

## Humorous Poetry.

### THE RICH COUNTRY GIRL AND THE WICKED CITY CHAP.

The following which appears in the Buffalo Republic, completely "combs down" Villikens and his Dinah. We commend it to all lovers of "centimental poetry."

EAST HAMBURG, December 2d, 1855.  
Master eddytur the following sad verse was rit for another newspaper. But as the owner of the paper is a cousin of the unfortunate female mentioned belo He dont want to insert it. If you print it you will hear from me agin the verse is literally True:

its all of a Rich country Gal that I know she plays the Accordion and Melojun also With cheeks red as roses & Teeth like the snows she looks like an angel as a milkin she goes ri tu ra li lu ra li lu.

thar was a Young fellow from the city he cum he tried to outise her to Leave her wesev he hum he gave her a Lockit he gave her a Ring And Black nigger Mellowdys tried for to Sing ri tu ra li lu ra li lu.

On one Sunday Eveningn her father says he I want you to leve off this yuths company of them counter Jampers I pray you beware you will find them deseafel i vow & declare ri tu ra li lu ra li lu.

toon the Damsel she cried and the damsel she wept she took to rolling novels when she ought to have slept She left her Melojun and Accordion also & a little while after she crazy did go ri tu ra li lu ra li lu.

MORRIL.

now all you pretty Madens that a lesson would lurn beware of those Dandy's and there company spurn if you would not git ravin & crazy also when they come out to lumbag just tell them to go ri tu ra li lu ra li lu.

## Facts and Fancies.

### MRS. PARTINGTON VISITS A FACTORY.

"You see none of the squaler here, ma'am," said the agent, as Mrs. Partington was picking her way through the intricacy of the Amoskeag Mills, with benevolence on her face and spectacles on her nose, looking at the pretty and neat looking operatives. "You see none of the squaler here that has been represented." She smiled. "But," said she, at the top of her lungs, like one at the top of a ladder, endeavoring to overcome the noise of the looms, "they all have th be squallers, I should think, in order to have a conscientiousness of what they are saying to each other." "The agent said, 'I mean their wretchedness, ma'am.' She comprehended. 'O,' replied she, with reflection, like sunrise on a lake, beaming on her brow, 'but wretchedness don't come from no condition. It's all in ourselves, eter all. It isn't the nature of such as these to be miserable, and so wretchedness can't come in. Ain't they sometimes lateral in the morning?"

The agent seemed as puzzled as the doctor war to know how the milk came in the cocoonut, and couldn't answer. "I mean," screamed she, as if she was scolding him, do they, never come late in the morning?" He kindly explained. "Well," said she, and there was a great depth in the well, this is nettermost! such order and neatness; and the dear souls look as contented as if they were making shirts and trousers, or cleaning house at home, with a pack of young ones round 'em, and a cross husband." A cry from Ike arrested her, as if it were a warrant, whose finger had got hit by a shuttle, which he said had hopped right up and struck him, and he didn't put his finger in the shuttle box, at all, no; he; and he knew nothing of the thread which was tied to Mrs. Partington's rucicle, not he, the other end of which was miles away in the interior of a robbin; and he knew nothing, no he, of the flakes of cotton that dotted like snow patches the agent's coat! But didn't the lady that harnessed the web, laugh, when Ike droily asked her if it was kind in harness and would stand without tying?"

KEEPING EGGS.—Eggs can be kept for years in lime water, made like common whitewash. A pine barrel or tub is the best thing to put them in. First make your whitewash, which must stand two or three weeks before using, or it will cook the eggs; then put the eggs into a barrel, and pour on the lime-water. The lime settles around the eggs, and the water should stand over them three or four inches deep. Always keep water on the top and they will keep for years, if desired,

WEDDING CAKE PUDDING.—Two-thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of molasses, two cups of milk, two tea-spoons of saleratus, four eggs, two pounds of raisins stoned and chopped, one pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of citron. Flour to make a batter as thick as pound-cake; salt and all sorts of spices. Boil or steam five hours. To be eaten with wine sauce.