The Huntingdon Journal.

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

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Select Poetry.

Good News From Home.

Good news from home, good news for me,
Has come across the deep blue sea,
From friends that I have left in tears,
From friends that I've not seen for years;
And since we parted long ago
My life has been a scene of wo—
But now a joyful hour has come,
For I have heard good news from home.
Chorus—Good news from home, &c.

No Father's near to guide me now,
No Mother's tear to sooth my brow,
No Sister's voice falls on mine ear,
No Brother's smile to give me cheer,
But tho' I wander far away,
My heart is full of joy to-day,
For friends (across the ocean's foam)
Have sent to me good news from home.
Chorus—Good news from home, &c.

When shall I see that cottage door,
Where I've spent years of joy before,
'Twas then I knew no grief or care,
My heart was ever happy there;
Tho' I may never see it more,
Where'er on earth I chance to roam,
My heart will be with those at home.
Chorus—Good news from home, &c.

Select Miscellany.

The Sex Feminine.

A pleasant, cheerful, lively, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old.—Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by the ravages of passion and and feelings of an unsocial, an ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits, and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by suspicions, by uncharitable feelings; by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits; which, if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scriptures say, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is gray as the mountains. They are old women that have much of either. They are dry, dull, cold, indifferent. They want the well spring of youthful affections, which is always active, always engaged in labor of love which is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. Old woman, old lady, old grim face, or old gripe, or any other nickname with the epithet old prefixed to it, is as commonly applied by children to bad tempered mothers, or aunts, as pretty kind, sweet, dear, and other youthful epithets, are instinctively applied to the good humored grandam with her wrinkled face. There is an old age of the heart, which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is any thing old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a Love who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.

What Some Men and Women Are.

A London Review, in answer to the question, 'What is man?' says: 'Chemically speaking, a man is forty five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water."

In answer to the question, 'What is woman?' a bachelor wag says: 'Mechanically speaking, a woman is one hundred pounds of flesh and blood, two pounds of silk, ten pounds of cotton, and one pound of whalebone, with an indefinite amount of *fuss and feathers*.

Theodore Parker, the somewhat *unbelieving divine*, taking a vegetable view of man, maintains that his cultivation is as noble and praiseworthy a science as the cultivation of a cabbage!

And, taking an animal view of the matter, we may add that man is undoubtedly "the paragon of animals;" for he can do what no other animal can—that is, snuff tobacco, chew tobacco, and, after sufficient practice, swallow tobacco juice. We do not believe that even a polecat, by any amount of practice, could overcome its natural disgust for tobacco in any shape.—*Monthly Rainbow.*

A LADY IN COMMAND.—It will be remembered that Lieut. MONTGOMERY, of the United St ates army, not long since lost his life in the service, in Oregon. His death left his widow, formerly Miss. NORTHROP, of Akron, Ohio, and one child, in comparative penury, as is generally the case with those who devote their lives to their country's service. She returned, and Gen JESSUP, with the kindness of heart and chivalry which characterise a brave soldier, immediately gave to her, it is stated, the trust of Fort Gratiot, now occupied by a garrison, a duty which she can fulfil, and the pay of which is very fair.

☞ Rubies and babies are the emblems of love—especially the babies.

Fling Away the Razor.

Each hair is furnished with a distinct gland, elaborately and beautifully complete. Under the facial are innumerable nerves, immediately connected with various organs of the senses, ramifying in every direction and performing most important functions. This hair, when in full growth, forms a natural protector to the nerves, and also holds, as it were, in suspension, a quantity of warm air through which the cold air in breathing passes, and so becoming rarefied or tempered, enters the lungs without giving to their delicate texture that severe shock which arises from the sudden admission of cold, so often the forerunner of fatal disorders. Any one putting his fingers under the hair of his head will there feel warm air. The hair also wards off east winds and prolific sources of toothache and other pains, and so tends to preserve those useful and ornamental appendages, the teeth.

It is said that an intimate connection exists between the moustache and the nerves of the eye and that many diseases of the eye are traceable to shaving. Who has not felt his eyes smart under the application of a dull razor?

May not the shaving, by depriving the lungs of the male of their natural protection, and by exposing them to the uninterrupted action of cold air, tend to weaken the chest, and that weakness being transmitted in an increasing proportion from generation to generation, at length inducing consumption and consumptive tendency?

Persons who wear their hair under their chins, do not except in rare cases, suffer from sore throats.

There is in the crypt of Hyde Church a vast pile of bones, which were gathered many years after a battle fought upon the seashore, between the Danes and Saxons, about one thousand years since; and among them the skulls of aged warriors, finely developed the teeth in many of which are so perfect, so beautifully sound, and so firmly embeded in their sockets that you cannot move them. The owners of these teeth wore beards; and the writer remembers witnessing, several years ago some excavations on the site of the priory at Spalding when many stone coffins were dug out, whose inmates had, almost without exception, sound, entire and elegant sets of teeth. Did not beards grow on their chins?

Shaving occupies, on an average, fifteen minutes. A man who shaves every morning for 50 years, thus employs in that upwards of 380 days, 12 hours each. Is this a profitable application of our fleeting moments?

The face exposed to a miscroscope immediately after shaving presents a most unsightly appearance the stumps assuming the forms of marrow bone sawn transversely.

Did not teachers of the faculty approve of moustaches—and are they not of opinion that they play a most important part in the animal economy? Is it probable that by unduly stimulating the growth of hair by shaving, we draw too largely on, and so cause an unnatural action of the nerves, producing an injurious effect, no matter how slight on the brain?

Did not patriarchs and sages of old wear beards, and were they not remarkable for longevity, as well as for being exceedingly fine-looking fellows.

Is not shaving a bore—and does not a man, while undergoing the operation, look extremely ridiculous? And if it is right to rasp the chin, why not the eyebrows and the head also?

Does it not appear foolish to shave on a cold morning that which nature has provided to protect us against the cold? Do we not despite and hold too cheaply a beneficent arrangement, and infringe a natural law, when we cut off what Providence says so plainly shall grow? for the more a man shaves the more the hair grows, even to the hour of his death. The head shall become bald but the face will never!

In conclusion, when man was created he had given him a beard, and who will dare to say that it was not a good gift? Turn to the first chapter of Genesis, and you will find that God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.—*London Times.*

CHILDHOOD.—Oh how beautiful is childhood, how trusting in love, how pure in faith! Why, why must these early dreams so soon depart? Why must the earth stain fall upon the spirit, and rob it of its bright visions and confiding trust? Why must the care gloom settle upon the sunny brow, and bounding heart? Oh 'tis sad 'tis very sad to think how soon life's joyous hours are o'er, how soon its cares, and sorrows, and little disappointment, falls coldly on the enthusiastic spirit.

Prof. Julius Cæser Hannibal's Lectures.

SIXTH SERIES—NO. XXIV.

DEAR CONGREGASHUNALIS—

You will find de words from which I distract my discord dis ebening, in de piece ob newspaper dat come round de pound ob sassengers dat Anty Clawson fotched from market lass Saturday nite. It am de lass claws ob a poetical infusion by somebody, and sez—

"Den Spring comes tripping o'er the arf
And sweetly decks the plain."

Ob corse, my ignumrent frens, dis poet speaks in metifor; metifor means dubble intender, as we say in French, and am a license 'lowed to poets, case dey aint all rite in de hed and can't spoke like common sense people no more den you can play a tune on a hand organ when you turn de crank backwards. I don't tink, my stingy hearers, dat dese lines was ritten dis season, kase Miss Spring aint been tripping long here yet. I'm afraid she and ole Winter hab had some diffaculty and de ole horey headed, icy-hearted ramscallion had tripped her up and smashed her nose, jis as she was ready for a start lass week; but she will recubber; de warm sun of April will open her wild lushus eyes, and she will smile like a tickled wench by de time May sets, and den de arf will team wid new life like a role ob ripe Dutch chese. Oh, how dis ole heart ob mine will lepe wid joy when I can again loose myself for an hour or two in the cantfines ob Bohoken and loaf upon de hills, and snuff de helf expiring air, and sup lager beer. I lub to git up ob a morning and go out to meet Miss Spring de poet talks 'bout. If you watch de course ob events, you will notice de strange fac dat nature, or Spring, or whoeber it am, don't work none while you am a looking at her, darfore I tink she works during de nite, for you can see from day to day what progress she makes. Fust she goes to work like a good housekeeper and lays down her carpet till all the arf look cubbered wid a fresh green baze; den she goes on to lay in her patterns like a fass rate artist, only better; and den you will see de fields cubbered wid butter cups, dandylions, clover, timothy and thistles; den she works—in her boarders of rich wild rosys, white red and pink; den de hollyhawks rears dar heads side by side wid de sunflower, and de geraniums and cock'scomb strut up like a new firm De 4 o'clocks came den and am de only flower dat keeps bank hours; den de trees break out wid a green rash, bud and leave, and creation goes on ober agin. It am amusing to watch de flowers while dey am growing. Dey all start jis alike from the ground, and if you plant a sunflower 'long side ob a Jonny-Jumper, for de fust few days you can't tell de tudder from which; putty soon de sunflower start up and lebe Jonny far behind, den Jonny stretch up he head and strain his legs, and swell up he body to try to catch up wid de sunflower, but in three days he sees it's no use; all de menure de gardener can lay around him dont make no difference; he can't cope with he nabor; he can look up at him and say "go on ole Mr. Sunflower! after you hab done growin what am you good for? You aint haff so beautiful as me; your big yaller seedy head wid only a few lebes around de edges, look like de bawld hed of Horace Greely, while I bear fifty lively, blue, yaller, purple and white flowers dat am considered a 'heart's ease' to those who will stoop to learn my worth." Now all dese facs, my discontented frens, teaches us a lesson. It shows dat we am all useful and putty, if we only tink so, and darfore when you see a man start in life under a ful headway and you hear on all sides of his wonderful success, don't envy him, don't feel unhappy bekase he outstrips you, wait and see what he turns out to be in de end, see if he turns out to be more useful or ornimental to society dan dose in humbler speres, who have not had haff his opportunity to do good, and from whom but little am expected.

Dere am anudder consolation to de lowly, dey don't feel de keen blast of adversity so bitterly, darfore de same wind dat blows down de sunflower nebber fazes de Jonny Jumper. Hence, ole Massa Barnum am de sunflower. His golden riches towered above de heads ob all his nabors, and he was marked out by his lofty position. He smiled and nodded to all who looked up and flattered him, until an *easterly* blast floored him and he fell like a dead cornstalk. *I'm* like de Jonny Jumper, berry lowly, berry beautiful and berry sassy. Nobody tinks enough ob me to seek me out or put more dan a tin sixpence in de sasser, and hence when I fall I won't hab far to go to find a landing place.

My frens, don't take me for a pattern by no manner ob means, but you loose nothin by being lowly; remember de delicious strawberry am found almost on the ground de watermilion and de mushmilion on the arf; peaches and oranges grow on low tres, darfore, nebber trample a lowly born ting till you larn its use and character. Go to work yourseffs! be up and washed wid de lark; be content wid your lot, and be honest in all tings and you will be jis as good as any man and a good deal better.

Somebody pass round dat sasser.

The Way Dennis McKan Proposed to Satisfy Widow Johnson.

A son of the emerald Isle, whom we shall call Dennis McKan, had long absented himself from the confessional, but a few days since he appeared before the Priest and confessed to sundry transgressions. But the Priest was not satisfied, and something like the following dialogue passed between them;

Priest—"Now Dennis, I fear you have not confessed all, so you had not better hold anything back but make a clean breast of it, and tell me all. Come, out with it.

Dennis—"Well then, yer worship, if I must be after tellin' ye all about it, I stole the widder Johnson's pig—an' that's a fact, yer worship."

Priest—"That's a mighty sin, Dennis, and you must make satisfaction to the widow."

Dennis—"And plase yer worship, I don't know him at all—an' that's a fact I don't."

Priest—"Make restitution, satisfy the widow Johnson."

Dennis—"An' faith I don't know him its meself that don't know him a bit, now, and that's true what I am tellin ye yer worship."

Priest—"Make her recompense: pay for the pig, Dennis; pay Mrs. Johnson for the pig."

Dennis—"Och! by me sowl, and is that you mane now? Sure, I can't do it, for I've ate him, and I have not a hap'orth for meself and the childer; so what will be the trouble about it, yer Riverence if I don't pay her."

Priest—"You will be before the judgement Dennis—I shall be there, too, to accuse you—the widow Johnson will also be there."

Dennis—"An' what will I do? will the pig be there too."

Priest—"Yes, Dennis, the pig will be there surely."

Dennis—"Och, murther! what will I do thin yer worship? Fiax, and I have it yer Riverence. I'll give her up the pig thin an there, yer worship, an' so I will and troth that sam'll be after satisfying her intirely."

A CHEAP HOT BED.—We commend the following plan of starting plants for early use to the attention of all farmers who are not provided with a hot bed. It is an excellent plan for starting cucumber and melon vines, whether late or early.—It is from a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker.

"After leveling down the top of the heap of horse stable manure, where it was heated and covered with rich turf taken from the edge of the barnyard, cut into squares of five or six inches, and placed grass side down. I planted my seeds in these pieces of turf so that each piece would make a hill; then when it was time to transplant, I just removed each piece of turf to a place prepared for it in the garden without disturbing the plants the least. I never saw plants grow so fast before, and not one of them was injured by the bugs, while some planted in the usual way were destroyed by them. For the convenience of transplanting, I should think that turf would be better than loose earth to put on any hot-bed,"

A SUM FOR TEACHERS.—'Sally Jones, have you done that sum I set you?'

'No thir, I can't do it.'

'Can't do it! I am ashamed of you.—Why, at your age I could do any sum set me.'

'I think, thir, I know a thum you can't thipher,'

'Well, Sally, let's hear it, and we'll see.'

'It ith thith, thir; if one apple cauthed the ruin of the whole human rathe, how many thuch will it take to make a barrel of thider?'

☞ The mingling of the races has undoubtedly materially aided the development of the American people. We have, in one common stock combined, the steadiness of the Englishman, the impulsiveness of the Irishman, the artistic talent of the Frenchman, and the profundity of the German. In short, we are "a great people," and growing.

☞ Quaint old Fuller says, "Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

FINNEY AND THE BOATMAN.—An anecdote is told of Finney, the revivalist, and a canaller, to the effect: He was "holding forth" in Rochester, and in walking along the canal one day, came across a boatman who was swearing furiously. Going up he confronted him, and abruptly asked—

'Sir, do you know where you are going?'

The unsuspecting boatman innocently replied that 'he was going up the canal on the boat 'Jonny Sands.'

'No, sir, you are not,' continued Finney, 'you are going to hell faster than a canal boat can convey you.'

The boatman looked at him in astonishment for a minute, and then returned the question.

'Sir, do you know where you are going?'

'I expect to go to heaven.'

'No sir, you are going into the canal!' And suiting the action to the word, took Finney in his arms and tossed him in the murky waters, where he would have been drowned had not the boatman relented and fished him out.

A DREADFUL EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.—The schooner "Page" which recently arrived at San Francisco from Japan, bro't truly distressing intelligence. It is reported that the city of Jeddo was destroyed by an earthquake on the 11th of November, and that one hundred thousand houses were demolished, and thirty thousend human beings were buried beneath the ruins. According to the best authorities Jeddo, the capital, had a population of one million. The entire empire of Japan is 600 miles long and 100 wide, and is composed of islands. The total population is estimated at 30,000,000. In the chief island, Niphon, there is said to be one of the richest gold mines in the world. There are also terrific volcanoes; the earthquakes therefore, are by no means of rare occurrance. It will be remembered that one took place a short time since by which a Russian frigate was destroyed.

LET CHILDREN SING.—All children can learn to sing if they commence in season. I do not say that all will have the same sweet voice of the nightingale—for some have naturally sweet, mild and soft voices when they talk, while others speak in loud strong and masculine tones. The same is true in regard to singing. In Germany, every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools, all join in singing as a regular exercise, as they attend to the study of geography; and in their singing in churches, it is not confined to a choir, who set apart from others, perhaps in the corner of the house; but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart, which can give utterance to this language from the soul, Children, sing! yes, sing with your whole hearts.—David sang before the Lord, and it is meet that you should do the same; and thus curb your angry feelings by singing sweet and cheerful songs.

☞ The subject of impressions at first sight was being talked over at the supper table, when the lady that presided "o'er the cups and tea," said she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and generally found it to be correct.

'Mamma,' said her youngest son in a shrill voice, that attracted the attention of all present.

'Well, my dear,' said the fond mother, 'what is it?'

'I want to know,' said Young America, 'what was your opinion of me when you first saw me?'

☞ 'Class in middle-aged geography; stand up. What is a pyramid?'

'A pile of men in a circus, one a top of the other.'

'Where is Egypt?'

'Where it allers was.'

'Where's that young vagabone?'

'Dunno, sir.'

'Go down foot. Next. What is a bay?'

"Abayissirisavastbodyofstillwaterbound bynumerouscapeshighlands,promenterries, withonlyoneoutlettothesesir."

'Good! go up head, and stop shooting wads at your sister's face.'

Hon. Thomas Benton has written a letter, in which he states his intention of retiring from public life.

☞ Lorenzo Dow's prediction as to the flood on the 27th, has proven a failure. Postponed, on account of the weather, perhaps.

It is said that the grand jury of Wash ington city have ignored the bill against Mr. Rust, of the House, for assaulting Mr. Greely of the New York Tribune.

At Pittsburg, the ice on the Ohio river broke up on Saturday, without damage to the shipping. Navigation is now open, with ten feet of water in the channel.

Unknown Tongues—the Bird.

The best known of animal tongues, are, of course, the most perfect among them—those of birds It would be a long list, were we to mention but half of the curious literature, that of old and of late has been written on this subject. Pallas Athene herself gave the knowledge of the language of birds of Tiresias, to console him for the loss of his eyes. Helenus of Troy, Thales and Melampus claimed to possess it. Solomon, who had wisdom exceeding much, and spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes, it is reported to have understood the meaning of every bird's song. Pliny even gives, in his Natural History, an unfailing receipt for the obtaining of such wonderful knowledge; and King Dag, who was a master of the science, kept sparrows, which brought him the news of the world from every country on earth.—Gerbert of Seville, the great christian master of the Black Art, learned to explain the flight and notes of birds; and Benedict IX., who rose to the Holy See at the early age of twelve years, knew their voice, and could tell from it what had happened to-day, yesterday and the day before, anywhere through the wide range of Chistendom. It is not long since a German scholar studied the language of geese and issued proposals for the directory of their idiom. Two adventurous Frenchman Dupont de Nemours and Pirerquin de Gembleux, carried out the unfinished plan, and actually published works on the language of animals. It has been a favorite task of many authors to set the songs of birds to music, and to give their meaning—a scheme which Thos. Gardener, in his music of Nature, has more fully developed,

THE PRESIDENCY.—Horace Greely, in a late letter from Washington to the *Tribune* says:—"Douglass is openly announced as a candidate in the Presidential election, and he says himself that his name will be before the Cincinnati Convention. Fremont is not a Catholic as reported, but is of Huguenot descent, and was long since confirmed as a member of the Episcopal Church. Letters favoring his nomination are flowing in from all quarters. His friends urge four points in his favor: he is a new man, fresh from the people; his past life shows him to be possessed of backbone; he is opposed to slavery aggression and is in favor of Free Territories; and he favors the Pacific Railroad.—Banks declines the nomination. Seward is earnestly advocated by many persons but it is doubtful whether he will accept. McLean, Chase; Hale and Wilmot all have warm friends and supporters. But the motto with every one is, "success to principles rather than men."

Farmer's Column.

WORK IN THE GARDEN.

In the Middle States, during this month we think, notwithstanding the severe winter we have passed through, garden operations may be undertaken as soon as the frost is out of the ground and the soil can be wrought advantageously. The following hints are good and seasonable.

CABBAGE—*Plants in Glasses*—See that your gardener raises the glass of your hot-beds containing cabbage plants every fair day, to harden and inure the plants to the open air, the better to prepare them for transplantation as soon as the weather becomes mild and settled enough, which in ordinary seasons is from the middle to the 20th of the month in the middle States.

PLANTING OUT.—If you have been fortunate enough to have raised cabbage plants in hot-beds, under glass, make your arrangements to manure, dig and pulverize your beds preparatory to their reception, as soon as the weather becomes sufficiently settled and warm. Recollect that the cabbage is a hearty feeder, and therefore manure the ground with a liberal hand. If the manure be barnyard manure, a covering of three or four inches in depth will be gratefully appropriated by the plants, while in product and size you will be amply remunerated for such generous feeding. If you intend to manure with Peruvian guano—and that is the only kind for garden culture we would recommend—you should at least apply a quantity equal to 400 lbs. But let whatever manure that may be used the bed should be top-dressed with a mixture composed of five parts leach ashes, one part salt and one part plaster. In digging in the manure, the person should turn in full spade deep and thoroughly rake whenever he has spaded up three feet of ground, to save the necessity of treading on it while raking.

The distance of plants apart should be governed by variety. If the small kind, they may be from 2 to 2½ feet apart in the rows; if the large kind, not less than 3 ft. The rows of either large or small cabbage should stand three feet apart. If the plants be intended to be used as coleworts, and not suffered to head, they may stand 18 inches apart in the row; or where intended to be used both as coleworts and head cabbages, the plants may be 12 inches apart, using every alternate for coleworts, and permitting the other to run into head cabbage.

SOWING LETTUCE SEED—*Planting Out*—As soon as the weather is settled and the ground can be got in good order, prepare a part of your border facing the south as recommended for cabbage seed. Any plants which may be of sufficient size may be set out to head about the 20th of this month. Lettuce seeds should be sown at intervals of two weeks apart throughout the season. By such arrangement a continued supply of crisp-heads may be secured.

TOMATOES—*Egg Plants—Red Peppers.*—Sow seeds of each of these in boxes and place the boxes in warm southern exposed windows to produce plants to be set out when all danger from frosts are over for early crops. If placed in pots an oyster shell or piece of broken crockery should be put over the hole in the bottom to insure drainage, as stagnant mixture is apt to injure, if not destroy the health of plants, If a box be used, bore a hole in the bottom about one inch in diameter, and cover as recommended for the pots. The earth used to fill the pots or boxes, to produce the plants, should be a rich mould fertilized with organic manure of some kind, so as to secure an early and vigorous growth of plants. The fertilizatton of the soil may be effected by dissolving half an ounce of guano in water to each large sized pot or box, if the latter does not contain over 200 square inches. The solution to be poured over the surface—or the same effect may be produced by making a decoction of 7 parts of fresh horse dung and 1 part soot, and watering three or four times with it.

POTATOES.—As soon as the weather is open and the frost is entirely out of the ground is the time to prepare the ground for and to plant potatoes for an early crop. Select the driest and most exposed bed in your garden—a light and sandy mould if possible. Manure it broadcast, with half the manure you intend to apply, dig that in to the depth of the spade, rake finely; then lay off rows 4 inches deep, 3 feet apart, then strew the residue of the manure along the rows and cover. Then give the bed a broadcast dressing of a mixture composed of 6 parts ashes, 1 part plaster, and 1 part salt; taking care to give the drills a full dusting. The vines, when they first come up, should receive another dusting, as also at each working, and once after being laid by, until the vines go out of bloom.

As to the working of potatoes, it is sufficient to say that they must be kept clean of weeds and grass and the earth open from the time that the plants are 3 or 5 inches high till laid by. The dusting of the prescribed mixtures must be done in the morning, while the vines are wet, so that portions of the mixture may adhere to them.

With regard to sets, they should be cut so as to have two eyes each. As each cut is cut it should have the wound rubbed in plaster or ashes, and put away in a cool dry place, where they could not be subjected to freezing. If cut two or three days before planting, so much the better.

Preservation of Wheat from Weevil.

Numerous remedies have been proposed to protect wheat from the ravages of the weevil, but most of them have been impracticable or too expensive. M. Cailat, in France, recommends the use of tar as a certain and economical agent for their destruction. He says:

"The efficacy of tar in driving away the weevil and preserving the grain, is an incontestable fact. My father had, a long, time ago, his granaries, barns, and the whole house infested with these insects so much so that they penetrated into all the chests and among the linen. He did place an open bask, impregnated with tar in the barn, and then in the granaries—at the end of some hours the weevils were seen climbing along the wall by myriads, and flying in all directions from the cask. On moving the tarred vessel from place to place, the premises were in a few days completely cleared of these troublesome and pernicious guests. The agriculturist who wants to get rid of weevils, may, as soon as he perceives their presence, impregnate the surface of some old planks with tar, and then place them as required in his granaries. Care must be taken to renew the tar from time to time in the course of the year to prevent the return of the insects.