

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1856.

VOL. XXI. NO. 17.

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

Humorous Poetry.

Jonathan's Reply in Verse, to John Bull's Boasting in the London Times.

I wonder, John, if you forget, some sixty years ago,
When we were very young, John, your head was white as snow,
You didn't count us much, John, and thought to make us run,
But found out your mistake, John, one day at Lexington.
And when we asked you in, John, to take a cup of tea,
Made in Boston harbor, John, the teapot of the free,
You didn't like the party, John, it wasn't quite select;
There were some aboriginals you didn't quite expect.
You didn't like their manners, John, you could not stand their tea,
You thought it got too into their heads and made them quite too free;
But you got very tipsy, John, (you drink a little still),
The day you marched across the Neck, and ran down Bunker Hill.
You acted just like mad, John, and tumbled o'er and o'er,
By your stalwart Yankee son, John, who handled half a score;
But now I hope you are sober, John, you're too fat to run,
You haven't got the legs, John, you had at Bennington.
You had some corns upon your toes, Cornwallis that was one,
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you could not run,
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away your gun,
And gave your sword, you know, for shame, to one George Washington.
I do not think you'll ever forget the time you went to York,
And ate so like a beast, John, you raised the price of pork,
Then we had some to spare, John, our hooks with pork we baited,
And hung them out on Jersey shore, and you evacuated.
Another much loved spot, John, such sweet associations,
When you were going down to York to see your rich relations,
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, John, anxious to entertain,
Put up some "Gates" that stopped you, John on Saratoga's plain.
That hill you must remember, John, 'tis high and very green,
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to your Queen,
I know you love that hill, John, you dream of it o' nights,
The name it bore in '76, was simple Ben's Rights.
Your old friend, Ethan Allen, John, of Continental fame,
Who called you to surrender in "Great Jehovah's" name,
You recognized the "Congress" then, authority most high,
The morn he called so early, John, and took from you Fort Tilt.
I know you'll grieve to hear it, John, and feel quite sore and sad,
To learn that Ethan's dead, John, and yet there's many a lad
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns and noise,
And gets up just as early, John, those brave Green Mountain Boys.
Oh, no, we never "mention it," we never tho't it lucky,
The day you charged the cotton bags, and got into Kentucky;
I thought you knew geography, but misses in their teens
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Orleans.
The "beauty" it was there, John, beyond the cotton bags,
And did you get the "booty," John, somehow my memory flags;
I think you made a "swap," John, I've got it in my head,
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead.
The mistress of the ocean, John, she couldn't rule the lakes,
You had some rangers in your fleet, but John, you had no "Drakes";
Your choicest spirits too, were there, you took both hook and sherry,
But John, you couldn't stand our fare—you couldn't take our Perry.
We make them all just so, John, on land or on the sea,
We took this little continent on purpose to be free;
Our "Angle's" free, he loves to soar, he cannot bear a cage,
But, John, he loves to scratch, the bars, and make the lion rage.
Our glorious stars are sparkling bright, increasing year by year,
Supported by a thousand hearts that never knew a fear;
Our children leap it in their prayers, 'tis carried o'er the sea;
Dost hear it John? It thunders there, "We're children of the free."
Free as our sires of '76, as bold and brave and true,
To worship God, and keep the land, dear John, we took from you;
To keep our flag on the land, unsullied on the wave,
Until the last bright star shall set on the last freeman's grave.

Wit & Humor.

MAJOR JONES.

PINEVILLE, May 28th, 1842.

To Mr. TOMPSON:—Dear Sir—Ever sense you was down to Pineville, it's been on my mind to write you a letter, but the boys 'lowed I'd better not, 'case you mought take me off 'bout my spellin' and dictionary. But something happened to me 't'other night, so monstrous provokin', that I can't help tellin' you 'bout it, so you can put

other young chaps on their gard. It all cum of chewin' so much tobacco, and I reckon I've wished there was no sich plagy stuff, mor'n five hundred times sense it happened.

You know the Stallinses lives on the plantation in the summer and goes to town in the winter. Well, Miss Mary Stallins, who you know is the darlinest gal in the county, cum home 't'other day to see her folks. You know she's been to the Female College, down to Macon, for most a year now. Before she went, she used to go fishin' and huckleberryin' with us, with nothin' but a calico sun-bonnet on, and was the wildest thing you ever saw. Well, I always used to have a sort of a sneaking notion of Mary Stallins, and so when she cum, I brushed up and was 'termined to have a rite serious talk with her 'bout old matters; not knowin' but she mought be captivated by some of them Macon fellows.

So, sure enough, off I started unbeknowin' to anybody, and rode rite over to the plantation—you know our rite jinin the widdler Stallinses. Well, when I got thar, I felt a little sort o' sheepish, but I soon soon got over that, when Miss Caroline said (but she didn't mean me to hear her), "There Pinney, (hats Miss Mary's nickname, you know,) there's your bo' come." Miss Mary looked mighty sort o' redish when I shuck her hand and told her howdy; and she made a sort of a stoop over and a dodge back, like the little gals does to the school-marm, and said "Good evenin', Mr. Jones," (she used to call me jest Joe.)

"Take a chair, Joseph," said Miss Caroline; and we set down in the parlor, and I begun to talk to Miss Mary 'bout Macon, and the long ride she had, the bad roads, and the monstrous hot weather, and the like.

She didn't say much, but was in a mighty good humor and laughed a heap. I told her I never seen such a change on anybody. Nor never I did. Why, she didn't look like the same gal—good gracious! she looked so nice and trim—just like some of them pictures in Mr. Graham's Magazine with her hair all komed down longlike. Her face, as slick and shiney as a moghany burrow. When she laughed she didn't open her mouth like she used to; and set up straight and still in her chair, and looked so different, but so monstrous pretty! I ax'd her a heap of questions, 'bout how she liked Macon, and the Female College, and so forth; and she told me a heap 'bout 'em. But old M. Stallins and Miss Caroline and Miss Kessab, and all of 'em kept all the time interruptin' us, axin' 'bout me, if she was well, and it was gwine to Spring Church next Sunday, and what luck she had with her soap, and all sich stuff, and I do believe I told the old woman's old turkey-hen was settin' 'on fourteen eggs.

Well, I wasn't to be backed out in that a-way, so I kept it a goin' the best way I could, 'till bimby or old Mrs. Stallins let her knoutin' fall three or four times, and then begun to nod and snap like a fishin' pole that was all the time gittin' bites. I see the gals looking at one another and pinchin' one another's elbows, and Miss Mary said she wondred what time it was and said that the College disciplines, or something like that, didn't 'low late hours. I see how the game was gwine—but howsomever, I kept talkin' to her like a cottogin in packin' time, as I could clip it, till bimby the old lady went to bed, and arter a bit the gals all cleared and left Miss Mary to herself. That was jest the thing I wanted.

Well, she set on one side of the fire-place and I set on 't'other. So I could spit on the hearth, 'war their nothin' but a lightered chunk burnin' to give light. Well, we talked and talked, and I know you'd like to hear all we talked about, but that would be too long. When I'm very interested in anything, or get bother'd about anything, I can't help chawin' a heap of tobacco, and then I spits unintentionable, 'specially if I'm talkin'. Well, we set thar and talked and the way I spit, was larmen to crickets! I axed her if she had any boes down to Macon.

"Oh, yes," she said, and then she went on and named over Mathew Matix, Nat. Filosofy, Al. Geber, Retric Stonomy, and a whole heap of fellers, that she'd been keepin' company with most all her time.

"Well," sez I, 'I s'pose they're mazin popular with you, ain't they, Miss Mary?' for I felt mighty oneasy, and began to spit a great deal worse.

"Yes," sez she, they're the most interesting companions I ever had, and I am anxious to resume their pleasant society."

I tell you what, that sort o' stumped me and I rite pit on the chunk and made it "flicker and flare" like the mischief; it was a good thing it did, for I blushed as blue as a Ginney squash.

I turned my tobacco round in my mouth and spit two or three times, and the old chunk kept a most bominable fryin'.

"Then I spose you're gwine to forget old acquaintances," sez I, sense you's been to Macon, 'mong them lawyers and doctors; is you, Miss Mary? You thinks more of them than you does any body else, I s'pose."

"Oh," sez she, 'I'm devoted to them—I think of them day and night!'

"That was too much—it shot me right up, and I sot as still as could be for mor'n a minute. I never felt so warm behind the ears afore in all my life. 'Thunder! how my blood did bile up alllover me, and I felt like I could knock Mathew Matix into a grease-spot, if he'd only been thar. Miss Mary sot with her hankercher up to her face, and I looked rite into the fire-place. The blue blaze was runnin' round over the old chunk, ketchin' hold here and letin go thar, sometimes gwine most out, and then blazin up a little—couldn't speak—I was makin up my mind for tellin her the situation of my hart—I was jest gwine to tell her my feelins, but my mouth was full of tobacco, so I had to spit, and slap it went, right on the light wood chunk, and out it went, spang!

I swear, I never did feel so in all my born days. I didn't know what to do. 'My Lord, Miss Mary,' sez I, 'I didn't go to do it—jest tell me the way to the kitchen and I'll go and get a light.' But she never said nothin', so I sot down agin, thinkin she'd gone to get one herself, for it was pich dark, and I couldn't see my hand afore my face.

Well, I sot thar and ruminated, and waited a long time, but she didn't come, so I begun to think may be she wasn't gone.

I couldn't hear nothin, nor I couldn't see nothin; so bimby sez I, very low, for I didn't want to wake up the family, sez I, 'Miss Mary! Miss Mary! but nobody answered.

'Thinks I what's to be done? I tried agin.

'Miss Mary! Miss Mary! but it was no use.

Then I heard the gals snickerin and laughing in the next room, and I begun to see how I was; Miss Mary was gone and left me thar alone.

I begun to feel about the room, and the fust thing I knew, spang! goes my head, rite agin the edge of a dore that was standin 'open. The fire flew, and I couldn't help but swear a little, 'd— n the dore,' sez I, 'whar's my hat?' But nobody said nothin, so I begun to think it was best for me to leave, and never mind my hat. Well, I got through the parlor dore after rakin my shins three or four times agin the chairs, and was feelin along through the entry for the front dore; but somehow I was so frustrated that I tuck the rong way, and bimby kerslah I went, rite over old Mrs. Stallinses spinin-wheel, onto the floor! I hurt myself a good deal; but that didn't make me half so mad as to hear them confounded gals a gigglin and laughin at me.

"Oh," said one of 'em (it was Miss Kessab, for I knowed her voice,) "there goes mothers wheel! My Lord!"

I tried to set the cursed thing up, but it seemed to have mor'n twenty legs, and wouldn't stand up no how,—maybe it was broke, I went out of the dore, but hadn't got mor'n down the steps, when bow! wow! wow comes four or five infernal great big coon dogs, rite at me. Git out! git out! Cato! call off your dogs! sez I, as loud as I could. But Cato was sound asleep, and if I hadn't run back into the hall, and got out the front way as quick as I could, them devils o'chawed my bones for true.

When I got to my horse, I felt like a fellow jest out of a hornet's nest; and I reckon I went home a little of the quickest. Next mornin old Mrs. Stallins sent my hat by a little nigger; but I haint seed Mary Stallins sense. Now you folk'es see what comes of chawin tobacco! No more from your friend, till death,

Jos. Jones.

P. S. I believe Miss Mary's gone to the Female College agin. If you see her, I wish you would say a good word to her for me, and tell her I forgit her ally, and I hope she will do the same by me. Don't you think I'd better rite her a letter, and explaine matters to her?

NOTABENY.—This letter was rite to my particular friend Mr. Thompson, when he was editen the Family Companion Magazine, down in Macon. I had no notion of turnin author then: but when it come out with my name to it, and thar want no use denyin it, and especially as the rite me a letter beggin I would go on and rite for the Miscellany, I felt a obligation restin on me to continue my correspondence to that paper. All my other letters was rite to Mr. Thompson, in Madison.

Pro. Julius Caesar Hannibal's Lecture.

NO. XXVI.

TREMENDOUS TUPSIKORRANS.—When you cast your P's (der winders ob de sole, as an orpher ob extinction hab expressed it.) Wen you cast your P's ober de face of nacher, you, no doubt, hab observed dat dancing am a berry extensive ingredient in de composition ob creation. De young lebes ob de trees fall ob de green blood ob youth, dance to de music ob de wind. De ripe old fruit dances its red self to de ground in de fall. De white clouds dance thre de circumambus heabens.—De little pigs dance ober de portier prettins and refuge ob de dinner table dat are put in der styte for der nourishment. De wavericks ob de oshun, and de riplecks ob de streamlicks, dance in de sunbeams. De lams drnce in de fields by de side ob der d—s. Little niggers dance wen dey git coched for hooking trifling articles ob sockerine nourishment. Life am a great dance and a pretty dance it am too sumtimes, an' I tink we am all familiar wid de expression ob de dance ob death. But taint 'bout no dance ob death I'm gwine to 'dress you dis ebenin. It's about a berry ginteel and distongy ball, to which de company ob you venible shephard was respectfully invited to attend, at Colored People's Hall No. 1, owned by Massa Banks.

Now, my frens, I ain't much ob a dancer myself, do sumbody else may be. No, I'm what dey call in de uppertenternoodle language, a conversational man, and your old Gagner was never more incensed in his creation dan wen he saw himself put down on dat Mr. Whitybrown's list at less dan a cent a nite. Now my frens, p'raps you dunno who Mr. Whitybrown is, and as you ain't in good 'society, I'll jis splain de matter to you if you'll excuse me making a short exersesence.

Whitybrown am dat same fellar as keeps de seller next to Anty Clawson's. He's in de blacking boots professhun, and adds to his odder bizness de general gittin up ob parties. Wen pussons a're gwine to gib a grand sworce, and dunno nobody dat is 'spectable to invite, dey pay Whitybrown so much per head to tell 'em who to ax.—Darfor, any pussan as wants to get invitations to, or tickets for clam soup, gibs Whitybrown twenty five cents, or an old hat or pair ob boots, to be put on his list, so he make money out ob boff of 'em. But I was gwine to tell you what it was dat hurt my feelinks. I see de list and prospectus of de man, and here it am:

Gentlemen ob de finest quality, and ob ebery color, supplied to parties and warranted washed, at de following rates:

Dancing men,	25 cts. a nite.
" wid black pants,	28 "
" gloves complete,	35 "
Gentlemen wid good conduct,	10 "
Talking men,	6 cts a week.
Thinking men,	2 "
Poofsolours,	1 "
Old Poofsols,	0 "

And dar, my frens, was de name ob you venible pasture under de las head. I felt mity bad 'bout it for sum time, finally I cum to der conclusion dat if I look around an behold de solar fundment and de great works ob nacher, de broad Mississippi and de Atlantic oshun, dat a solitary nigger am a small fish arter all, and so I cooled down to my nacheral temature, and went to de ball, whar I glooted my I'ae on de graceful forms which floated like beatificated pollywoggles trew de amazes ob de dance. De grace which suffused eberythink called to mind de perfect omnipresence ob de sublimite ob beauty. Miss Clara Chinn, whose complexion mite vie wid de picture by Mistur Kummer in de Exhibition, was 'tired in a broche circelone ob exquisite texture, looped up wid coupons ob yaller bombazine, wid a demivel ob red ponnons a' P' Enginy, wid a delicate twille composed of green barouche, to match; altogether, her circumfrance was one ob de most exquisite displays of gorgus splendor on rekord. Anty Clawson was dar wid de shoes I gub her, and looked fifty years younger, but she looked mity ole for all dat. Dere was also sebral ladies ob great personal beauty, and de supper was one of de most rechurich tings I hab ever witness; and one ting I notice wid great satisfaction dat dar was no mortifying inscriphuns on de wall to de effect, dat gentlemen was requested to pocket noffin, and sich like.—De ebenin entertainment konkluded wid a speech from your respected pasture, which was received with obstropolus aplaws.

Anybody hand round de sasser, 'cept de fellar dat did it last time, whoever he was; I'm afraid he's not poplar.

A late Illinois paper contains the announcement of the marriage of R. W. Wolf to Mary L. Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them"—atter awhile.

Select Miscellany.

Putnam as a Spy.

Among the officers of the revolutionary army none probably possessed more originality than Gen. Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier, with the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lispin, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At that time a stronghold called Horse-neck, some miles from New York; was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity bent on driving them from the place. Tired of laying in ambush, the men became impatient, and imperturbed the general with a question as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe.—One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them something was in the wind:

"Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going to Bush's at Horse-neck, in an hour, with an ox team and a load of corn. If I come back I will let you know the particulars; if I should not let them have it by hokey."

He shortly afterwards mounted his ox cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts and finding him a complete simpleton, as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize the corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For mercy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clothopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word. Leave us the team and pro-vender with us, and we won't require bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and scampered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men, and told them of the foe, and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands; and when they surrendered to Gen. Putnam, the cloth-hopper, he sarcastically remarked:

"Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

Nebuchednezzar Exhumed.

So 'tis said!—It is stated that Colonel Rawlinson, who is at present engaged in prosecuting the discoveries commenced by Layard and Botta and in exhuming from the mounds of the long lost rival cities of Nineveh and Babylon, the instructive remains of his once gigantic power, has lately discovered in a state of preservation, what is believed to be the mummy of Nebuchednezzar. The face of a rebellious monarch of Babylon, covered by one of those golden masks usually found in Assyrian tombs, is described as very handsome—the forehead high and commanding, the features marked and regular. This interesting relic of remote antiquity is for the present preserved in the museum in the East India Company.

Of all the mighty empires which have left a lasting impression on the memory, none has so completely perished as that of Assyria. More than two thousand years have gone by, since the two "great cities," renowned for their strength, their luxury and their magnificence, have crumbled in to dust, leaving no visible trace of their existence, there very sites being forgotten. A chance traveler, Layard riding through the Mesopotamian valley, discovered the buried city, and with a success that will immortalize his name, has commenced to unroll the book of Assyrian history and civilization, which of all the histories of the first period of the world, is most clearly connected with the subsequent destinies of the human race. The discoveries already made, furnish ample testimony to refute the sceptic and unbeliever of scripture truth.

OATS—Get in your Oat-crop as early as practicable, and take our word for it that a large crop of oats can only be grown on a naturally fertile, well prepared soil, or where the quality of the soil, when not good, is assisted by manure.

HOME! SWEET HOME!

That wide, open, friendly fireplace, with its lively, crackling mirth, or its sweet twilight embers, always appears to me the meet emblem of a contented, great heart, answering back to your own joy, and lighting up your shadows. And sometimes, surrounded by strangers, the subject of dull remark, or cold criticism, or ignorant condemnation, how have I pictured to myself a world of warmth like unto the great fireplace at home, where every man should be greeted with, "Welcome! welcome, brother!" and a comfortable, snug corner of his own; and where all answer to each other with the sympathy and cheer of shining faces over the glowing hearth. Look kindly on the stranger, gentle friend, thy looks are either so many sweet, sunny beams, that betoken the common fellowship of true humanity, or so many icy rays that chill him to the heart—that freezes little by little the fountains of love—that fill him with distrust of the world and hatred of his species. No man knows for how much of others' wickedness and wretchedness he may be held accountable. A look of thine may breed sorrow in thy brother, though a stranger. A look of thine may do a good deed, may shine from thy face to his face, and be reflected, like a ray of the sun, over half the globe.

Live, ye gentle scenes of home! Light up, ye bright fires of the domestic hearth! Glow, ye pleasant fancies of a wood fire! Smile ever, ye dimpled portraits on the wall of childhood! Come in, ye sweet lilac breezes that rustle through the cozy curtains, the blossoms of youth and the airy old cobwebs of memory are shimmering in your light! Place may change, friends come and go, hearts grow cold or wear away beneath the drops of care till they crumble and moulder beneath the clod of the valley, but a pleasant home, where childhood lived and loved, never dies.—The memory thereof is a fortune, an indestructible faculty of self-renewing joy.

What is heaven itself but the renewal of the fresh hearts and delightful pleasures of childhood's home? A happy child looks forward to a happy home above. The hireling intimated but too early in guilt and misery, or in misery without guilt, he seldom hopes for better accommodation at the journey's end; and the shadow of his childhood descends before him to the grave.

SUICIDE IN FULTON COUNTY.—The Fulton Republican states that Mr. Henry Mathias, residing in Taylor township in that County, committed suicide, by hanging, on last Sunday morning. The particulars as far as we have been able to learn them, are as follows:—Mr. M. arose in the morning apparently in as good spirits as usual attended to his necessary duties about the house, went to the barn and feed his stock, after which he ascended the mow and attempted to hang himself with a line or strap. The strap, it appears, broke with his weight, when he returned to the house procured a piece of new bed-cord, went to the barn again and succeeded this time in putting an end to his life. The cause of this rash act is not fully known, but from language used in conversation to a neighbor some time previous, it is supposed to have been committed under a depression of spirits produced by his becoming slightly involved by the erection of some improvements on his property. The dec'd was a respectable farmer, about thirty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and six children to mourn his untimely end.

TAKE, EVERY WORD OF IT.—How distinctly and prominently the letters it o o 'stick out' on some men's faces; yea, all over them—head, limbs, trunk, and heels! Your Man Swine—whether in rags or in broadcloth—is the most disagreeable thing on the face of the earth. He is so utterly conceited and selfish that the thought that the world was created for anybody or anything but himself, probably never entered his head. He may be seen at all seasons and at all places—in the street and in public houses, and in social circles; in theatres, and in concert rooms; in churches (of every denomination) and in lecture halls. The Man Swine is Mephistophelean; and whether he assume the garb and manners of a Moyamensing Jakey, or those of a Chestnut street dandy, he is a reproach to manhood and an object of loathing and disgust to every one with whom he comes in contact. Snakes and toads were undoubtedly created for some wise purpose; and so, we suppose, was the Man Swine.

PLANTING CORN.—The early pitched crop, in a majority of cases, succeeds best and that if you desire a large crop, it is absolutely necessary that you manure the ground liberally and prepare it thoroughly.

Farmer's Column.

Potatoes—Butt Ends vs. Seed Ends. John Brown, of Long Island, Communicates the following to the Granite Farmer.

"Several years ago I made some experiments to satisfy myself concerning the disputed point as to which is the best portion of a potato to plant in order to obtain the largest and best yield. The exact result has been lost, and as I have often since heard and read assertions directly contrary to the conclusions which I then deduced, I resolved to repeat the experiments. Last spring I planted four rows of equal length, side by side, with two varieties of potatoes. In one row I planted none but the seed ends, so called, including about one-third of the potatoes and in the next row I planted the butt end of the same potatoes. I had one row of butt ends of a variety called Peach Blows. The yield of these four rows was as follows.

Pink eyes, butt ends,	217 pounds.
" seed ends,	179 "
Peach blows, butt ends,	225 "
" seed ends,	170 "

The potatoes raised from the butt ends were much larger than those from the seed ends, and appeared to be from a week to ten days earlier. This result corresponds with that of my former experiment. Had the whole field been planted with butt ends the yield would have been more than 500 bushels to the acre. I had also planted two rows next to the above, in one of which I put only large potatoes, half a tuber in each hill, out lengthwise so as to divide the eyes equally, and in the other row I put only small potatoes, one in each hill. From the former I dug 181, pounds and from the latter 134 pounds. I should add that the average yield of the field was about 180 pounds to the row; and that large (not the very largest) potatoes were used for seed cut lengthwise with a half of a tuber in each hill.

ANALYSIS OF CROPS.—It would be well for our farmers if they could analyze their crops, and 'so the soils in which they are produced. Few however, are competent to this, and much, therefore, remains uncertain and unexplained. But as time advances, and science diffuses its light over earth, these mysteries will gradually pass away; and the farmer will then discover that when he gathers in the rich fruits of his laborious industry in the fall, he collects together a portion of what was his soil, at seed time. In his wheat he will detect lime, flint, and a portion of clay.—His Indian crop, a crop in which the justly glorious, contains also the same materials, though differently modified in combination and so do most of the grains he cultivates. All vegetables must have a certain porportion of mineral matter to perfect them, and it is consequently important that he should understand how he can best supply them by animal manures, or mineral applications where there is a deficiency of power to supply them in the soil itself. Animal manures contain these mineral ingredients soluble state, and consequently in a condition the more perfectly adapted for immediate approbation. No particle of matter can enter into, or be assimilated by the vegetable organism, until its texture has been broken and modified by the solvent action of water.

TO DESTROY INSECTS ON PLANTS.—The London Gardiner's Chronicle publishes the following description of a plan pursued by a correspondent for effectually and easily destroying insects on low growing plants:

"He has four slight wooden boxes, without bottoms, about twenty inches deep, made to fit just within the edging of the divisions of his parterre, all the divisions being precisely of the same size and pattern, so as to admit of a box fitting either one. He places a box upon each, presses down the edge, and through a hole in the end introduces a spout of his fumigator, and having filled one box he with smoke, plugs up the hole and proceeds to another. He uses dried snuff, with a mixture of tobacco, and fills four boxes with each charge of his fumigator. The smoke being injected cool, he is able to remove the box after four or five hours, taking care to admit the air gradually; and he continues to smoke three times, or twelve divisions in the twenty fours hours, without causing the bloom to droop, as it would do and does in fact, when he uses tobacco paper, or ignites within."

HUMAN GLORY.—There are two things which ought to teach us to think but meanly of human glory—the very best have had their calculators, the very worst their panegyrist.