

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 7.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

Select Poetry.

A POETICAL FUN.

Should you ask me whence this dunning,
Why these sad complaints and murmurs,
Murmurs loud about delinquents
Who have read the paper weekly.
Read what they have never paid for,
Read with pleasure and with profit,
Read of news both home and foreign,
Read the essays and the poems,
Full of widow and instruction:
Should you ask us why this dunning,
We should answer, we should tell you,
From the printer, from the mailer,
From the prompt old paper-maker,
From the landlord, from the carrier,
From the man who taxes letters
With a stamp from Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam, the rowdies call him—
From them all there comes a message,
Message kind, but firmly spoken,
"Please to pay us what you owe us."
Sad it is to hear such message
When our funds are all exhausted,
When the last bank-note has left us,
When the gold coin all has vanished,
Gone to pay the paper-maker,
Gone to pay the tolling printer,
Gone to pay the landlord tribute,
Gone to pay the active carrier,
Gone to pay the faithful mailer,
Gone to pay old Uncle Samuel—
Uncle Sam the rowdies call him—
Gone to pay the Western paper,
Three and twenty hundred dollars!
Sad it is to turn our ledger,
Turn the leaves of this old ledger,
Turn and see what sums are due us,
Due for volumes long since ended,
Due for years of pleasant reading,
Due despite our patient waiting,
Due despite our constant dunning,
Due in sums from two to twenty.
Would you lift a burden from us?
Would you drive a spectre from you?
Would you taste a pleasant slumber?
Would you have a quiet conscience?
Would you read a paper paid for?
Send us money, send us money,
Send us money, send us money,
SEND THE MONEY THAT YOU OWE US!

General News.

A Surplus of Doctors.

According to a correspondent of the Medical World, physicians have multiplied so rapidly in this country that newly fledged M. D.'s are puzzled to find a community which require their services. They are exceedingly numerous in the Eastern cities, while the West is actually overrun with the sons of Esculapius. The writer says he has recently made an extensive exploration to and over the far-off West, and finds the condition of things as stated. In all the thriving towns and settlements in Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska, there are more medical men than patients. One or two invariably monopolize all the business worth having, but even the most celebrated are poorly compensated, while the prospect is not bettering. The writer very wisely counsels his young brethren to become farmers.

The Usury Laws.

As usual, energetic efforts are being made in various quarters, to have the usury laws of this State repealed. The movement is urged with great energy in Philadelphia, where every appliance is brought to bear to remove all restrictions on the rate of interest. We hope that this proposition will not meet with favor in the Legislature. The repeal of the usury laws would, in our opinion, be injurious to business throughout the country generally, and no special advantage to solid business men everywhere.

A CURE FOR SCARLET FEVER.—As you have published some excellent articles on that scourge of youthful and infantile life, scarlet fever, permit me to give to the public through your columns, a very simple and efficacious remedy for the terrible soreness and ulceration of the mouth and throat in aggravated cases. Take equal quantities of honey and sweet oil—both should be pure—say one table spoonful of each, or one tea spoonful; heat it on a sheet of glazed letter-paper over a spirit or fluid lamp, and give the patient, at frequent intervals, small quantities, as cold as it can be taken. It can do no harm, and as in some cases, where the collection of mucus in the throat and mouth almost produced suffocation, saved the patient's life.—*New York Evening Post.*

BARE-FOOTED IN WINTER.—The Auburn Advertiser says that John Ford, one of the eccentric citizens of that town, declares he knows the weather is getting colder, because his feet are so much warmer than usual. For two winters now this man has gone bare-footed. He says his feet are never cold. He wears shoes in the summer, but nothing can induce him to do so in the winter.

It is said that the Cincinnati ladies "do up their curls" with hogs' tails, and when asked to marry, answer "oui, oui, oui!"

Miscellany.

DISEASE AND CRIME.

Light is daily coming in upon the world of mind, and by the help of clearly established facts, arguments may be adduced which will have a stronger tendency to compel men to take care of their health, than any which have arisen from conscience, money or duty; that is, the argument of *Shame*. Let men fully understand that certain bodily affections to crime, and that crime thus committed confines to the Penitentiary, then may the community wake up more fully to the sentiment,
HEALTH IS A DUTY.
and therefore, the neglect of its preservation, a sin, which in the natural progress of things, leads to loss of health, and life, and honor.

In a recent trial of a forger, who handled millions of dollars in a year's business, the defence was that he was insane. Among the evidence offered was that he could sleep only three or four hours out of the twenty-four. In a previous number we stated, that a growing inability to sleep was a clear indication of approaching insanity, and on the return of sleepfulness, the intellect became clear. There were other symptoms. There was the sound of trip-hammers in his ears; blacksmith's sparks before his eyes, and there was a pain in the head a large portion of the time. These symptoms, lasting so long, had at length so affected the brain, as to destroy all perception, or comprehension of the effects of crime; and when the organ of a man's perception is destroyed, he will plunge headlong, and with utter recklessness, into any kind of wrong-doing of which circumstances threw in his way—arson, robbery, murder, anything; and, if not detected or prevented, the crime, whatever it may be, will grow into a habit, and habit is second nature; consequently, he will revel in it, it becomes his meat and drink, and he would rather do it than not. Hence the prisoner declared without hesitation, that if he were released he would do it again; that he rather liked it, and nothing could prevent him but cutting off his hand, if it came in the way, to forge paper.

It was shown in the trial, that there was insanity on the father's and mother's side; but no indication of it on the part of either father or mother. It is well known however, that insanity, as well as personal features, overlaps a generation or two. Often a child bears a striking resemblance to a grand parent, without a lineament of parental feature.

The acts of the prisoner were admitted by his counsel, and the question of guilt or innocence, rested on this—was he insane or not?

The use which we wish to make of these developments is practical, and is of high importance. A wise and stern medical treatment would have deferred, if not prevented, the combination of events. And how?

The prisoner was under the habitual influence of constipation, and an anodyne, which intensified this constipation every hour, while the principle of the medical practice in this case, was to let the bowels take care of themselves—which they did not do. This individual was never seen by his business associates without a cigar in his mouth; he smoked fifteen or twenty a day. The immediate effect of smoking tobacco falls on the brain, excites it; during that excitement he could not sleep, and the reaction went so low that he could not sleep; only a troubled repose was possible during the brief transition from one to the other. During the excitement, the brain ran riot in the direction of the opportunity, and expended its energies in that direction, but during the reaction, power was not left to carry on the bodily functions.

The effect of constipation is to thicken the blood, to make it more impure; hence more unfit for healthful purposes. The more impure the blood is, the thicker does it become, the slower is its progress, and if nothing is done to alter this state of things stagnation and death take place. Stagnation means accumulation, for the moment the blood stops in any part of the body, the coming current flowing in, causes an accumulation, precisely as in the closing of a canal gate, or the damming up of a stream. This accumulation in the blood-vessels distends them, causes them to occupy more room than nature designed, consequently they must encroach on their neighbors.—The neighbors of the blood-vessels are the nerves; hence the nerves are pressed against; that pressure gives what we call "pain." As there are nerves everywhere, a point of a needle cannot be placed against the surface of the body without some pain, which shows the universality of nerve presence; hence, we may have

pain anywhere, and will have pain if there is pressure. This accounts for the steady pain in the head. The excitement of the day sent the blood to the brain too fast, the repose of the night was too short to allow of its removal; besides the energies of the system had been overtaxed, and there was not power left to remove a natural accumulation, let alone the extraordinary.

But there is a law of our body, whereby pressure from any cause not only gives pain, but may destroy the part pressed against, and consume it, by dissolving it into a gaseous and fluid substance, which in this condition will be conveyed out of the body. A hand put around an arm of a foot in circumference, will, if tightened every day, in a time not long, reduce the circumference to six inches. Constant pressure cannot be exerted against any portion of the human body without impairing its structure, or causing its diminution and final destruction. These are principles of universal admission. They are first truths in medicine. From some unknown cause, this accumulation and pressure was determined to a particular portion of the brain, where fearlessness of consequences is situated; and we believe, if the prisoner's brain could be examined this day, that portion of it, most probably small in the beginning, would be found almost wanting having been destroyed by long continued pressure, or to be of abnormal structure.

We believe that a medical treatment, which would have severely interdicted the use of the cigar materially at first, and gradually thereafter, until its final extinction, together with securing a natural condition of daily diet—and kept him there—would have saved him and all his from the subsequent calamities. Artificial excitement, whether from tobacco, opium, or alcohol, if largely persevered, will work ruin to mind, body and soul. It is right that it should be so. Omnipotence has ordained it. If a man is in a physical condition which impels him to do what is illegal, or if he be in a mental condition which impels him to do what is illegal, the question whether he is to be punished or not depends upon the manner in which he became subjected to that condition. If such condition be the result of birth, or by a fall or stroke, or other occurrence out of his control, he should go free of penal suffering; but if he placed himself in that condition by the unbridled indulgence of his appetites or his passions, he ought to be made to suffer a just penalty, whether he knew that such indulgences tended to such a result or not. It is a man's duty to inform himself of physiological as well as civil law. Ignorance of the former ought not to work his escape, any more than the latter does; otherwise a man has only to get drunk to secure impunity from any crime which may be committed in that condition; thus all penal statutes become a farce, and anarchy rides rampant through land.

So also, if a man perverts his moral sense, and by a course of vicious reasoning persuades himself that he ought to commit murder, and thinks of it so much as to feel impelled to murder some one, he is properly amenable to the law of the land.

It is no very difficult matter for ordinary minds to persuade themselves as to any desired course—that it is right; that there is no harm in it; and that, if they meant no harm by it, no blame could be attached; but if for such flimsy considerations, men are to be excused from penalties, there is an end at once to all law and all government.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this. Every man should be held responsible for his deeds, unless they are clearly proved to be the result of a physical, moral, or mental condition which he had no agency in originating, or exaggerating to the criminal point. Hence the prisoner was convicted.

"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language, "Shon mine Shon, come here, an' I will tell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it be a true story or makes believe?" "Oh true story of course!" answered John. "Ferry vell den—dere vas once a goat, nice old shelleman (shoot like me) and he had von dirty liddle poy (shoot like you.) Andt von day he heard him shwearng like a young fillian, and he vas. So he vent to der winkle (corner) andt dook out a cowhides, (shoot as I am toing now,) and he dook her dirty liddle packwad by der gollar, (dis vas you see!) andt voloped him, shoot so! And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears dis way, andt smack his face dat way—andt dell him to gait mitous his subber, shoot as you villt do dis efening."

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

The hero of the following thrilling story was embodied in the person of a stout blacksmith, eye, an humble blacksmith, but in his stout frame, hardened with toil, throbbled as generous an impulse of freedom as ever beat in the bosom of La Fayette, or around the heart of mad Anthony Wayne.

It was in the full tide of the retreat that a follower of the American camp, who had at least shouldered a cart whip in his country's service was dragging a baggage from the field of battle, while some short distance behind, a body of continentals were pushing forward with a body of British in pursuit.

The wagon had arrived at a narrow point of the by-road leading to the south, where on either side, affords just space sufficient for the passage or the baggage wagons, and not an inch more.

His eyes were arrested by the sight of a stout muscular man, apparently some forty years of age, extended at the foot of a tree at the very opening of the pass.—He was clad in the coarse attire of a mechanic. His coat had been flung aside, with his shirt sleeves rolled up from his muscular arm, he lay extended on the turf with his rifle in his grasp, while the blood poured in a torrent from his right leg which was broken at the knee by a cannon ball.

The wagoner's sympathies were arrested by the sight. He would have paused in the very instant of his flight, and placed the wounded blacksmith in his wagon, but the stout hearted man refused.

"I'll not go into your wagon," said he, in his rough way, "but I'll tell you what I will do. Do you see yonder cherry tree on the top of that rock that hangs over the road? Do you think you can lift a man of my build up there? For you see neighbor, he continued while the blood still flowed from his wound, 'I never meddled with the Britishers until they came tramping over this valley, and burned my house down. And now I'm all riddled to pieces and haint got more than 15 minutes to live but I've got three balls in my catridges box, and so just prep me up against that tree, and I'll give the whole three shots, and then,' exclaimed the blacksmith, 'I'll die.'

The wagoner started his horses ahead, and then with a sudden effort dragged the wounded man along the sod to the foot of the tree. His face was to the advancing troopers, and while his shattered leg hung over the bank the wagoner rushed on his way, when the doomed blacksmith proceeded to load his rifle.

It was not long before a body of American soldiers rushed by with British in pursuit. The blacksmith greeted them with a shout, and raising his rifle to his shoulder he picked the foremost from his spirited steed with the exclamation: "That's for General Washington!"

In a moment the rifle was reloaded; and again it was fired, and the pursuing British rode over another of their fallen officers.

"That's for myself," cried the blacksmith and then with a hand strong with the feeling of approaching death, again loaded, raised his rifle fired his last shot, and another soldier kissed the sod! A tear quivered in the eye of the dying blacksmith.

"And that," he said, with a husky voice with strengthened almost into a shout, "is for mad Anthony Wayne!"

Long after the battle of Brandywine was past, the body was discovered against the tree with the features frozen in death smiling grimly, with his right hand still grasping the never-failing rifle.

And thus died one of the thousand brave mechanic heroes of the revolution; brave in the hour of battle, undaunted in the hour of retreat, and undismayed in the moment of death.

UNCLE TOBY AT A DISCOUNT.—A lady, whose kindness to animals amounts almost to a mania, was one day sadly annoyed by a blue bottle fly. Calling her maid she bade her catch the fly, and without hurting it, put it out of the window.—Seeing the girl hesitate to raise the sash, she inquired the cause. "Why, madam, it raps so very hard," answered the mischievous creature. "True," replied the mistress, "but the poor thing in the other room."

EDITING A PAPER OUT WEST.—The editor of a paper published at Lake Superior, after having been without a mail three weeks, says: "Should the mail not arrive this week, we shall make our regular issue next Tuesday; for this number was made up from an old magazine a religious almanac of last year; and so long as this material holds out, we shall be independent of the mails."

Aqua-fortis Operating on Old Joe.

In the pretty village of Haddonfield, New Jersey, some years ago there resided an old fellow who was familiarly known in the town and country around as "old Joe." He had no particular occupation, except doing "chores" or errands—nor any particular location. He ate where he could get a bite, and slept where he could find a lodging-place. Joe was a regular old toper, and Jersey lightning had no more effect on his insides than so much water. He generally made his headquarters at the lower tavern, for there were two in town. He would sleep and doze away the afternoon on an old bench in one corner of the bar-room, but was always awake when there was any drinking going on. When he was not asked to drink he would slip to the bar, and drain the glasses of the few drops left in them. One afternoon, Dr. Bolus, the village physician, was in the tavern, mixing up a preparation. He placed a tumbler half-full of aqua-fortis on the bar, and turned around to mix some other ingredients. A few moments afterwards he had occasion to use the poisonous drug, when, to his dismay, he found that the tumbler had been drained to the last drop.

"Mr Wiggins," exclaimed the Doctor, in affright to the landlord, "What has become of the aqua fortis I put on the bar a few moments ago?"

"I don't know," replied the landlord, "unless Old Joe slipped in and drank it."

In this suspicion they were both soon confirmed, for the hostler said he had seen Old Joe take the fatal draught. The Doctor knowing that he must certainly die, after such a dose, instituted a search at once. After some hours spent in looking through the barns, out-houses and wood for three or four miles around the village, he was abandoned to his fate. It was a cold night, and as the village toppers assembled around the blazing hickory fire of the bar-room, nothing was thought of or talked on but the unfortunate end of poor Old Joe. Some four days having elapsed and nothing having been heard from Old Joe, they all came to the conclusion that he was a goner. The Doctor, about this time, had to visit a patient some eight miles distant; what was his surprise when about five miles distant from the village, to see Old Joe in front of a farmer's house splitting wood.

"Why Joe," said the Doctor, riding up to the fence, "I thought you was dead and buried before this."

"Why, what made you think that, Doctor?" said Joe, leaning on his axe handle.

"Didn't you drink that dose I left on old Wiggins' bar, a few days since?"

"Yes," replied Joe, half ashamed to own it.

"Do you know what it was?" asked the Doctor.

"No," returned Joe.

"Why, it was aqua-fortis—enough to kill a dozen men."

"Well, now, Doctor, do you know that I thought there was something queer about that darned stuff, for after I drank it, every time I blowed my nose I turned a hole in my pocket handkerchief!"

Milking Machinery.

A New Hampshire Yankee has recently applied for a patent for a milking machine, arranged by attaching four long flexible tubes to an air tight-pail, upon the side of which is a small air-pump. The tubes are applied to the teats by means of India rubber sheaths or sacs. "The working of the air produces a vacuum, and the milk runs out into the pail. The inventor is quite sanguine of success, but if our theory be correct that the cow will not continue a full secretion of milk without mechanical manipulations on the bag and teat this machine will also prove a failure. Experiment will be the only safe test of their value.

If these machines are brought into market, let them be tried by milking a number of cows alternately, with and without them. Thus, three or four cows may be milked with the machine for two weeks, and two weeks without them, and the amount of milk be carefully measured and noted down each day. At the same time an equal number of cows should be milked without the machines while the others are milked with them, and vice versa. This will show whether any increase or diminution is to be attributed to the manner of drawing the milk, or to other circumstances, such as vibration in kind, quality or amount of food.

A story writer says "Florabelle clasped her wide white brow with her two hands as if to still the thunder of thought booming through her brain!" How her head must have ached with such a noise in it. Florabelle must be the young lady whose "eyes omit lightning flashes."

Rascality Abounding.

The Gospel is preached to the people regularly, all over our country—religious papers and magazines are circulated in families, and many valuable persons set good examples before the world—but notwithstanding all this, and more observation teaches us, that rascality abounds in all classes of society. Petty thefts are daily committed—such as robbing money drawers, stealing clothes, and dry goods, chickens, ducks, corn, and other eatables, strolling vagabonds, dealing in counterfeit money, and diseased horses, are all over the country. Gamblers, travelling and local, and resident rogues, are all on the alert. Pious villains, with faces as sanctified as the moral law, are keeping false accounts and swearing to them, for the sake of gain. Whiskey shops are selling by the small, in violation of the law.—Drug Stores are training up drunkards in high life, and affording facilities for Sabbath drinking, which can be had nowhere else. The rich are oppressing the poor, and the poor are content to live in rags and idleness. Country dealers in produce come to town and exact two prices for all they have to sell, and the owners of real estate in towns, are asking double rates, to the injury of business, and the growth of towns. Banks and Corporations, intended for the public good, have their favorites, and are partial in the distribution of favors. Families persecute and envy each other.—Individuals slander their betters. Persons of low origin put on airs, and falsely pretend to be more than they are. Cheating and misrepresentation, are the order of the day, generally. In politics, there is very little patriotism or love of country, while demagogues seek to be misled, and build up their own fortunes at the hazard of ruining the country. In religion there is more hypocrisy than grace, and the biggest scoundrels living crowd into the Church, with a view to cloak their rascally designs, and more effectually to serve the Devil!

In a word, rascality abounds, among all classes, and in all countries. The Devil is striking abroad in open day light, without the precaution to dress himself! And if the present generation of men, could see themselves in the Gospel Gears, they are as black as Hell!—*Parson Brownlow.*

The Boomerang.

This curious weapon, peculiar to the Australian, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is as singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to let it fall at his feet, and away it goes full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground, when all at once it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve and finally dropping at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people have invented so singular a weapon, which sets the laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may strike himself. In a native's hands it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which is killed by it with certainty.

An Imaginative Scene.

The night after the election of Hon. Simon Cameron, must have been one full of incidents the most ludicrous. In our mind's eye we can see John W. Forney braving the Mt. Joy, like a "whipped spaniel, with his tail between his legs!"—Montgomery, the Congressman from Greene, taking Charley Black by one arm and Shesh. Bentley by the other, and hurrying to the Editorial sanctum of the *Patriot and Union*, to notify Hopkins, Jr., that he had better make a speedy sale of the lumber purchased for the erection of a gallows in the Hall of the House, upon which to suspend recalcitrant Democrats! The train for the West contained Hopkins, Sr., in despondent mood—contemplating from the car window well-defined "moccasin tracks" in the snow! Some fifteen or twenty other Senatorial aspirants breaking for their respective hotels for their carpet bags—some for home—others for "Wheatland!" Hopkins, Jr., absent from sanctum—upon examination of premises by "printer's devil," found in cellar, hid under aforesaid lumber! Simon Cameron down at depot chartering train of burthen cars to transport oysters, champagne, &c. Good time that night!—*Ex.*

Never contradict an angry woman. Never do it.

An Indian Story.

Speaking of Indians, we have an old chap here who has lived a number of years on the frontier, and whom we shall call Capt. Perry. He occasionally takes rather too much of the 'inspiring fluid,' and, like others who have passed through an eventful life is fond, when in this state, of relating his 'hair breadth escapes,' and also, like most others, magnifies them to a somewhat unwarrantable extent. Being in the 'Grocery,' the other day, while the captain was relating one of his adventures which happened near some lake, the name of which I do not remember, he stated that it occurred on the Fourth of July,—after performing unheard of prodigies of valor, he was finally forced to run. This he did, and shortly afterwards found himself on the bank of the lake, which was 'frozen solid all the way across.' Without a moment's hesitation he started over, followed closely by the Indians, three in number. When about a mile from the shore, he perceived the Indians were becoming scattered; and, stooping down he picked up a hoop pole and killed them, one at a time, as they came up.

"Why, Captain," asked a bystander, how could the river be frozen over on the Fourth of July—and how came a hoop pole that far from the shore?"

"Um! Um!" grunted the old man, (with a hic!) "what do you know about Indians?"

MODERN DISCOVERIES CONFIRMING SCRIPTURE.—At the recent meeting held in London for the purpose of establishing a museum for the illustration of the Holy Scriptures, Sir Henry Rawlinson, distinguished for his researches at Ninevah, said that he had been enabled to trace Oriental records by means of the monumental inscriptions now in the British museum; from the time of Abraham's departure from Ur of the Chaldees, down to that of Alexander the Great, a period of two thousand years; and that whenever the course of the history came in contact with that of the Jewish people, there was an absolute coincidence between these records and the details of Scripture—the same names, the same succession of Kings the same acts.

JUDICIAL DECISION OF A BAD DINNER.

The late Judge Dooly, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit:

"At one place where he attended court, he was not well pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the court, a hog, under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole and laid upon the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day and the next, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the court adjourned. As the boarders finished their dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the clerk. "Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss the hog until the first day of next court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

A NOBLE DEED.—Some months since, a poor German neighbor of Gerrit Smith was charged with murder. A singular combination of unfavorable circumstances induced a general belief that he was guilty, and the public excitement against him was very strong. Mr. Smith visited the suspected man in the jail, and became convinced that he was innocent. In the face of a hostile public sentiment he volunteered his services as counsel for the German, spent nearly a thousand dollars from his own purse in collecting evidence, and argued his case before the jury. By his untrudging exertions the very dark cloud of unfavorable circumstances was cleared up, and the innocence of his client made manifest, not only to the court and jury, but to the public. Mr. Smith, with characteristic beneficence, crowned his magnanimity by giving the poor German a small farm and five hundred dollars in money. Nobleness like this is its own praise and its own reward. We wish that it was less rare.

PRESERVING EGGS.—Take a sieve and cover the bottom with eggs; then pour boiling water upon them sufficient to give them a thorough wetting, permitting the water to pass over through the sieve.—Take them out and dry them in bran, the small end down and your eggs will keep for ever.

Recently, a negro, the property of Mr. Hatcher, of Laurens County, Georgia, told his master of a singular bank of deposit, in which he invested his spare change. He confessed that he had, during three days, swallowed twenty-five gold dollars, which he had stolen.