

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1858.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 8.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

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If paid in advance.....\$1.50
If paid within six months after the time of publishing.....1.75
If paid before the expiration of the year, 2.00
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Select Poetry.

From the Boston Cultivator.
YANKEE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.
As thin as a hatchet I've grown,
As poor as Job's turkey, by golly;
I stand, like a scarecrow, alone,
Sad victim of love's melancholy!
I feel most confoundedly blue,
Life's rose is turned to a thistle;
My sweetheart has turned out untrue,
And sanded me as slick as a whistle!
Though lively and keen as a rat,
And playful as any young kitten,
She has got the sharp claws of a cat,
And has showed 'em to me thro' the mitten.
Of our village girl she is the belle,
And plump as a partridge she grows;
Her lips for two cherries would sell,
Her cheeks are as red as a rose!
Like two bran new dollars her eyes,
Her nose is turned neater than wax,
Her bosom with Venus' vices,
Her hair—it is finer than fax.
I courted her day after day,
In the hope her affections to win,
But my trouble is all thrown away—
Like a fool I have been taken in!
I am laughed at by all of our folks—
They expected a wedding to follow;
She has turned out a tarantula hoax—
Her heart, like a pumpkin, is hollow!
As thin as a bean-pole I grow,
And crabbled and cross as a bear,
My heart—it is love cracked, I hear—
I shall lie down and die in despair!

OH! SING AGAIN
BY FINLEY JOHNSON.
Oh! sing again that melting strain,
That love delights to hear;
For still my heart those sounds restrain,
Which are to me so dear.
And as I listen to its tones,
To distant years I fly—
When every hour was filled with joy,
Ere sorrow waiked a sigh.
Ah, me! ah, me! the happy
Can never come back again;
And though I often wish it back,
That wish, alas! is vain.
My sun is set, my hopes destroyed,
And garlands pale and dead,
Are wreathed around the blighted hopes
That are forever fled.

A good story is told of a young man out West, who, while passing by a fashionable house, saw a pretty girl at the window. He stopped and rang the bell, when the girl came to the door and wished to know his business. He took a dime from his pocket, saying that he would give her the piece for a kiss. She told him he might have one. She never having had a dime before, and did not know what to do with it. She therefore told him that she would give it back to him for another kiss. He gave it, and went on his way rejoicing.
A pawnbroker of Sacramento, has in pawn a gold watch, made in 1769, which was presented in 1784, by Washington to Lafayette. It bears inside of the case the following inscription:—G. Washington to Gilbert Montier de la Fayette, Lord Cornwallis capitulation. Yorktown, December 17, 1781.
Necessity has no law, but an unnumbered number of lawyers.

A Select Story.

RICH AND POOR.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

BY HELEN L. CHANDLER.

Oh! mine was but a perjured faith,
And mine a broken vow;
Else he I loved, and who loved me,
Were here beside me now!

Come hither, Hanne, my poor proud child!

There was a world of music in my mother's deep sorrowful voice, and I crossed the room in twilight, and threw myself on a low stool at her feet. The coal fire was smouldering in the grate. The carpet with its dark rich colors, looked warm and comfortable in the dim light, but outside the wind howled hurrying by, and quiet feet of the wild November rain paced a round the old house like a sentinel. I had a long time been loved by one good and noble and more than worthy. He was like some poet artist's conception of morning, with his calm high brow, his clear blue eyes, and golden tresses. There was an expression bold fearless truth in his handsome features, and a look of loving tenderness about his pleasant mouth. He was all sunshine, and he shone his way into my heart. I loved him though I hardly acknowledged it to myself. He was poor, and I—I had but my proud old name and the ruined mansion and the wasted patrimony of the race of Stuarts.

Another lover came, and this one was noble. The gold lay yellow and deep and shining in his iron coffers, and the broad lands that called him master, were green and fair. If Morgan Phillips was radiant with the beauty of morning, this other one, Hunt Hennessey, was the personification of some stormy night, not wet with rain of tears, but black, darkened and terrible with heavy tempest clouds, with now and then a star flashing through them like the gleam of a giant's burnished armor. I loved Morgan Phillips, but Hunt Hennessey's wilder nature possessed a strange charm for my adventurous imagination. With him, I could realize every dream of my so dreaming youth—I could cross the Eastern desert, bivouac among the Bedouins, and stand among the ruins of Jerusalem, and weep over the grandeur of Greece and Rome—with him I could float down the castled Rhine, look out on the stormy Hebrides, and follow the track of the old Horsaen across the Northern sea. With Morgan Phillips what should I share?

"Love," answered tremblingly the low voice in my heart, and I saw a vision of a peaceful home, where my presence would make sunshine. I twined the roses over the cottage walls and rocked the blue-eyed children, bright with the golden hair of my lover husband, but the cosy tea table with its fresh biscuit and clotted cream, brought visions of washing dishes and scouring knives: the blue-eyed ones of my rocking, however fast the cradle jogged, would cry, and ardent fancy turned with a sigh of relief to the other picture—the lullaby of the peaceful Mediterranean—the summer isles upon her breast. Unconsciously I said aloud:

"I shall be Hunt Hennessey's," and then my mother called me to her side.
I thought as I sat down at her feet how beautiful she had been in years past, how beautiful she still was, with her great sorrowful black eyes. She looked steadfastly at me for a moment and she said half sorrowfully:

"My child, have you promised to be Morgan Phillips' wife?"
"No, mamma, I am young yet."
"Yes, very young; but if you have not promised, you have let him see for these many months that you loved him—that his presence at your side was welcome. Now, Hanne, if you did not mean to wed him, was this right?"
I blushed and was silent, and she continued:

"I know Hunt Hennessey loves you, also, and I will not counsel you. Your own heart will be your safest guard, if you will follow it; only Hanne Stuart, my child, do not let ambition, power, luxury, anything tempt you to marry without love. The retribution will be terrible," and my mother drew her shawl about her and shuddered; albeit the room was warm. Her voice was husky when she said:

"I will tell you, my poor girl, a story of my own youth. I had not thought to confess your father's faults or mine, and God knows which were the heaviest, but you need the lesson and you shall have it. I was motherless. I have seen the picture of the beautiful being who died that I might live, but she passed from each eye

she had clasped me to her breast. I was my father's idol, but at fifteen, he died and left me poor. He had been wealthy, but after my mother's death he had trusted his fortune to a faithless steward, and I was scarcely above want."

"I was beautiful, the world said and I knew it well. The face that met my gaze as I stood before my mirror, was bright and bewilderingly lovely. I had been educated in conventional retirement, and my heart was fresh and pure. I loved! Hanne you have never known such a passion. It was worship—it was idolatry—it was the life of my life. And he I loved was poor Allen Greame was fatherless like myself, but I was an inmate of his mother's cottage. Very tenderly they cherished the orphan committed to their care. I knew that Allen loved me. I read it in every act; in the appealing tenderness with which his blue eyes rested upon my face; in the care with which he anticipated my wishes, and in the very intonations of his voice as he addressed me."

"But another suitor came. Allen Greame had never asked my love, and I had never promised in so many words to be his bride, but for many months he had believed me all his own, and yet when your father visited the cottage, his eyes sought my face with a kind of questioning sadness. Time passed on and seven weeks beheld me Percy Stuart's betrothed. Looking back, I cannot see by what circumstance this change was brought about. I worshipped Allen Greame as madly as ever—His smile was the sunshine of my existence. Your father loved me, at least he idolized my beauty, and he was a noble, generous man. Still his presence had no power to awaken a single heart thrill. But he was rich and noble born. I coveted the proud rank of his wealth—the stately mansion and the old name. It was a long struggle between love and ambition, but at length I laid my hand in his. Scorn me, hate me, Hanne, I deserve it. I sinned willfully. I knew I did not love him—the heart and soul were long ago yielded up in adoration of another—and yet I became his bride."

"Allen never reproached me, but the stony, hopeless sorrow in his blue eyes was more bitter than the most terrible words. His mother was kind as ever. But I could see the hot tears fall upon the bridal garments she was making. And I Oh, Hanne, shudder, looking back thro' all these years, at the bare thought of my silent agony. I believe that I was more beautiful than ever. My eyes were wildly bright, and my cheek flushed like wine an hundred years old, mantling over a silver goblet. My bridegroom looked the impressive coldness of my manners. I do not think he ever dreamed that I did not love him, and my staidness accorded well with the lofty pride of himself and all his haughty race."

"I married him. The ceremony was over. He turned to kiss his wife for the first time, when a shriek rang through the church, a piercing, terrible shriek. Then there was a heavy fall. Allen was borne senseless through the crowd. My husband might have suspected when he saw my anguish, that he was more than the brother I called him, but said nothing. He even acceded to my wild prayer that our bridal journey might be postponed until he was better, and permitted me to be a constant watcher at his bedside. He had not long to wait. My beloved had broken a blood vessel in his fall, and the fourth day he died. I held his hand as he faded silently away."

"Katherine," he said, looking mournfully into my eyes. "Katherine it is very sweet to die thus with you beside me. I am dying for your love. I shall be happy dearest, for an angel whispers you will be mine in Heaven. You have never said you loved me, but I know it. I know that my dying love is more to you than all this bright living world, and I am going where no shadows fall. Kiss me, Katherine, and then sing me one of our dear old songs."

"I had kissed him many times before as a sister might; the free, innocent kisses of childhood, but now,—I kissed womanhood's deathless love; and then drawing his head to my bosom I sang. It was a ballad we had sung many times together, when the stars were climbing up into the quiet sky. And I sang it now to the soul which was soon to climb above the stars, above the sky, even to the footstool of the great white throne. He looked at me with floods of light swelling into his large blue eyes. Every moment he grew more and more beautiful, till I was frightened at his unutterable glory. I ceased, and his low voice whispered—"Katherine—Heaven!"

"The lids closed over those earnest eyes peacefully as a child lies down to dream, and the golden head grew cold upon my bosom. I was alone with my dead!"
My mother paused, and clasped me wildly to her heart, then releasing me, she continued:
"Hanne I know in those early days your father loved me, as he could love. Not with the worship of the dead, but he was proud of me and tried to make me happy. He suffered much. The wife whose head rested on his bosom slept in her dreams upon another's heart, mixed with grave mould. When he clasped his arms around me, ever between their folding and my slender waist, were those cold arms of the dead. I pitied him, but my very soul was sick unto death: I could not feign a love my heart could never feel. It was two years, Hanne, before you were born. He had of late sought his happiness otherwise. I did not trouble myself to inquire into the nature of his pursuits. I was grateful to be left alone. When you were put into my arms, I rained tears of blessing over you, thanking God that my heart could not love still."
"As I lay there in silence with my eyes shut, holding you on my heart, I heard him say:
"Perhaps this child will win her love for me. God grant it; we may be happier!"
"It was a vain hope, Hanne; I was colder to him than ever. We both loved, I would hold you in my arms hour after hour, raving madly over the head who should have been your father. One night as I held you thus my husband entered."
"Katherine," said he, "I shall die tonight die by my own hand. I have bet my all at the gaming table whether your coldness has driven me. I am sorry for the sake of our innocent child, but oh you deserve little else, woman, who could sell yourself for station, when your being was another's!"
"I knew his reproaches were just, and sat still in defiant silence, holding you to my heart. For five minutes he stood silently looking on us. Then he spoke again, with a softened tone:
"Katherine forgive me. Perhaps you did not know your own heart until too late. Let not our parting be in anger. I have done you many wrongs, but I have suffered terribly. God will judge me, and he is merciful. Katherine, kiss me once before I die. Once let me hold you to my heart! You are my wife. Your hatred cannot be to rouse me this my last request!"
"Hanne, I know not what demon called me, but I sprang up from my seat. I held you aloft from my arms, and cried:
"Go! do not touch me! I loathe you! I have you! But for you my darling would not have died. Before your coming I was happy. Go! You cannot suffer as I have suffered, ever since your hateful lips called me wife!"
"Then holding you still, I sank down upon the floor, weak, helpless in a position of sobbing. I can remember nothing distinctly but I have a faint instinctive memory of a kiss of fire upon my forehead; of seeing your baby face covered with passionate caresses, and of being aroused from the darkness of my long faint by the report of a pistol. Your father was dead. Hanne, do not quite hate me. I have loved you, suffered for you, lived in your life. If my crime was great, the punishment of my life long remorse is terrible!"
I clasped her bowed figure in my arms, and pressed my lips again and again to her flushed brow shuddering the while at the thought that as terrible had been mine, but for the story and its warning. Oh, how much dearer my heart acknowledged her in the utter hopelessness of her fearful sorrow, than she had ever been, in what I had supposed, the cold perfectness of character."

"Hanne, my beloved, I dare not ask you to be mine, but I will not stay and see you given to another. I leave you to your bright destiny!"
"There wasn't much pride left my heart, and I said in a whisper so low that only eyes of love could catch the sound:
"Morgan stay, for my sake, stay!"
"Oh, what an expression of beautiful light and eagerness of morning sunshine broke over his face then. But the rest is my secret. I am Mrs. Morgan Phillips now. I hear of Hunt Hennessey sometimes standing among the proudest and the noblest of the land, but his name brings with it no regrets. Dearest than the brightest skies of far off Italy, are the blue eyes that meet my own so lovingly; sweeter than the whole world's homage, the tones which murmur, as I stand among my idols—My wife, my beloved!"

Printer's Language.
In the following illustration of a printing office dialogue there is decidedly more truth than poetry:
Foreman—You fellow with the big mouth what are you at now?
Compositor—I'm setting 'a house on fire!' nearly done.
Foreman—What's Sterling about?
Compositor—He's engaged on a "Horrible Murder."
Foreman—Finish it up quick as you can, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Mullen what are you trying to get up?
Mullen—'A Panic in the Money Market.'
Foreman—Bowden, what are you distributing?
Bowden—Prizes in Perham's Gift Enterprise."
Foreman—Stop that, and take hold of this "Runaway Horse."
Foreman—Wilson, what are you doing with the "Principles of Democracy?"
Wilson—Trying to justify them.
Foreman—You can't do that; so correct the errors in the "Course of Straightcuts."
Jack, what in the thunder have you been at at the last half hour?
Jack—Justifying the "Compromise Measures," which my sub set.
Foreman—You chap on the stool, what are you on?
Compositor—On the "Table" you gave me.
Foreman—Lay it on the table for the present—have no room for it.
Mullen—Shall I lead these "Men of Delaware County?"
Foreman—No. They're solid, of course.
Compositor—Do you want a bold faced head to Jenny Lind's Family?"
Foreman—No; such things go in small cuts. Devil Jack, have you got up that "Capital Joke?"
Jack—No, sir—I'm out of sorts.
Foreman—Well, throw in this "Million of California Gold," and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more. Wilson have you finished the "Coalition?"
Wilson—Yes, sir, the "Coalition" was up, but it is now knocked into pi.
Foreman—Justify it if you can. Bowden, what have you got?
Bowden—"Nothing to wear."
Foreman—Well, never mind that—take this "Clothing for the Poor."
Foreman to the Editor—Sir, we want more copy.
Editor—Go to the "devil!"
And he went, but found the "devil" had gone to Solomon's after a cent's worth of gold-dust to carry to the office, and yonder he is—(looks out at the window) confound his ugly picture—playing marbles in the street. Exit the foreman down stairs, talking to himself.
A printer's necessarily a punster.

Tobacco
It is one of the most powerful poisons in the vegetable world. It belongs to the same list of drugs with prussic acid, arsenic, and hellebore. Many a man is chewing or smoking enough every day to kill out-right three or four of the stoutest men, using it in the way for the first time. Its deadly action is first felt upon the nerve power. When enough is taken at once to destroy life, its nicotine principle suddenly kills the electro-vital fluid circulating in the nervous system. Various experiments on dumb animals exhibit its shocking power to agonize and kill. A single drop of its concentrated essence would take the life of the bravest man accustomed to its use. Its next fearful work is seen in the blood. It reaches the circulation by the absorbents of the mouth. It reaches it also by the process of respiration. As the blood arrives at the lungs to exchange gases with the air, the particles of tobacco-oil floating in the smoke of the cigar or pipe are inhaled into the circulation, and deposited in every part of the system. But a victim of this habit into a hot bath; let full and free perspiration arise; then drop a fly into that water, and it dies at the instant of contact.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 1.

SABBATH READING.

It should be the aim of all true Christians to make the hours of the Sabbath day, a source of especial improvement; and in what better way can we spend this time—when not engaged in public devotion—than by reading books which tend to elevate, and enlarge our moral nature. Of the bodily exercise necessary to health on this as well as other days I say nothing but refer to the leisure hours so often trifled away, or spent in perusing books having no moral utility. I was once in company with a friend who when I came in, was engaged in reading a lively description of startling scenes of every day life which seemed evidently fictitious, and upon my objecting to it, he replied, Mr—our pastor read it, and liked it, and surely 'tis not wrong for me to follow his example, even in small matters. Ah, thought I, example clashes with precept when we are taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" yet shown an example of levity even by our preceptors. Let us now consider the effect of such reading upon ourselves. In the case of the Rev. spoken of I thought it a poor preparation for the duty he soon would be called to perform—in delivering God's message" of peace upon earth, and goodwill to man"—and in the other instance—like the waste of time in worldly conversation it consumes the hours intended for better purposes. Being such slaves to the vanities of the world, our minds are in constant danger of being led away from the contemplation of eternal realities. Though we may watch our thoughts with vigilance on this day they will not at all times be mindful of the Saviour but this may be forgiven if we by constant prayer, endeavor to lessen the fault. When we voluntarily break the 4th commandment we are not only accountable for the sin as regards ourself, but for the effect of our example upon those around us. Children are committed to our care to be "trained in the way they should go" and in the "nurture, and admonition of the Lord" and how can we expect them so to live, except we—as parents or guardians—do so likewise? While no merely secular book is suitable for Sabbath reading therefore, however good, or instructive it may be—in a worldly sense—we should cast it aside on Sunday because our children—who cannot so well discriminate between good, and evil—may imitate our deeds, and fall into error. The consequences we cannot foresee. Let us then avoid as we are commanded to—every "appearance of evil."

EDUCATOR.

HOW TO LOAD A GUN.—According to Mr Sutherland, the Richmond (Va.) gun maker, you ought to try it repeatedly with charges consisting of equal bulks of powder and shot, till you come to a quantity with which the gun will not recoil, or but slightly. This will give you the proper quantity of shot. With this load however, the gun will scatter in all directions. To correct this, reduce the quantity of powder until you find that the shot is carried as close as you desire. A gun loaded thus will never burst. To make it carry farther use shot of a larger size. No gun should be fired more than twenty times without being wiped out. When in the field, it is much safer to carry the piece always at a half cock.

TO DESTROY WEEVIL IN GRAIN.—Soak linen cloths in water, wring them, and cover your grain with. In two hours' time you will find all the weevils on the cloth, which must be carefully gathered off that none of the insects may escape, and then immerse in water to destroy them.—*Domestic Encyclopedia.*

WEEVIL.—These troublesome pests may be kept out of grain by using salt. Sprinkle a little fine salt on the bottom and round the sides of the bin as you fill up, and over the top when full. Wheat kept in old salt barrels will never be destroyed by the weevil.

Why is a thief a 'jail-bird'? Ans. Because he hen a 'robbing.'
Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Ans.—Because he's a thin cur (thinker).
Would you rather die by the guillotine or be roasted to death?
By the latter process; because a hot steak, (stake) is better than a cold chop.

Farmers' Column.

American Institute Farmers' Club.

TUESDAY, Feb. 16. Robert L. Pell, President of the Institute, in his chair. Judge Meigs, the Secretary, read extracts from foreign journals, one of which describes a

A New Grafting Wax.—Take two ounces of common rosin, melt it slow over a fire, being careful not to heat it so much as to make it throw off its spirit of turpentine. When it becomes clear as syrup, add a little less than one ounce of alcohol, and mix well, and put in a bottle at once and cork tight. Alcohol is to be added sufficient to make the mixture liquid and keep it so, and when applied to trees it hardens at once and forms an air tight covering.

Cut Feed for Cattle.—Solon Robinson read a letter from John Manross of Hillsdale, Mich., upon the subject of cut feed for cattle, which after speaking of the discussion held by the Club some weeks since upon the subject, in which it was stated that portions of the straw and corn stalks were found to have passed undigested into the lower intestines, the writer says:

"This may be true in part, and yet the practice may be good to a certain extent. Corn in the ear may make very good beef, though part of it may pass through the animal undigested, to be devoured by some other animal less fastidious; and the practice may not be very economical, but that depends somewhat on the price and ripeness of the grain, and the convenience of grinding. Whether corn is 75 cents or 15 cents per bushel is an important question in disposing of the crop. It was further said in the discussion alluded to that woody fibre contains no nutriment, that nothing but worms can live on it. The fact that worms and grubs do live and get fat, wood might seem to admonish us that it does contain nutriment. Our corn-stalks here were cut rather green, and our little Wolverine children are frequently seen sucking the saccharine matter out of them. Our pigs, though in good condition, do the same. Feed is plenty here; meal and buckwheat flour can be bought for 7 cent a pound, and beef and pork four cents a pound.

But molasses is 50 to 62 cents per gallon, and sugar in proportion, and so the children extract it from the corn-stalks, which are said to be unfit for food for stock. It is true that very fine stalks, of straw or hay, contain less nutriment than when cut green; yet all contain some nutriment, if well preserved. Much depends on the particular objects in feeding. If we wish to make a very large or fat animal in the shortest time, he should have the best of stalling and the best feed. But in all circumstances, will not pay. The Hon. Judge Spence of Maryland used to ride through his circuit with a pair of very small horses. He said that their progenitors were good-sized horses; but when they were one year old he placed them on an island in Chesapeake Bay, and kept them there two years without any food or shelter, except what nature provided. This might have been salt marsh and sedge and brush. He said that they were very fleet, very hardy, and easily kept. The wild Indian turns his ponies into the thicket in time of deep snows and some of them come out in very good condition. We do not advise the provident farmer to imitate him in every case. A finer feed and good stabling is no doubt the better way in general, but circumstances alter cases. The horses of Judge Spence might not be highly esteemed by a New York drayman but they answered his purpose better than some of the pampered teams of the city. The first settlers in timbered lands frequently winter their cattle on tree tops. The buds and bark may form more nutriment than the wood, yet altogether very good food for cattle in time of scarcity has been often obtained from forest trees.

Upon this, Mr. Robinson said that so far as he was concerned he had never intended to advance the idea that corn cobs or corn stalks, or other woody fibrous food might not be beneficial to cattle, in which term he included all kinds of stock; but that grinding cobs and cutting coarse dry butts of corn stalks for feed won't pay; and it even depends upon circumstances whether cutting straw and hay will pay; but it does not depend upon any circumstance, because it is a certain fact that an animal may be induced to eat such undue quantities of cut stalks and straw, by coating them with meal and seasoning with salt, as to prove injurious. It would require some very nice experiments to prove when and where chaffing stalks and straw as well as grinding corn, will pay certainly not where it is worth only 15 cents a bushel.

WM. LAWTON.—In reference to feeding out hay, I have proved that a bushel of cut hay weighs five and a half pounds, if well pressed down, and that fed to a cow three times a day. I find amply sufficient, and the cows thrive upon it. That is my present practice.
The President—A cow will eat wet hay ten times faster than dry hay, and so will an animal eat moistened cut feed mixed with meal, and it may be owing to swallowing with too much rapidity, that a portion of it passes downward undigested.