

The Huntingdon Journal.

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

WM. BREWSTER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.

TERMS

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We would remind the Advertising community and all others who wish to bring their business extensively before the public, that the *Journal* has the largest circulation of any paper in the county—that it is constantly increasing;—and that it goes into the hands of our wealthiest citizens.

We would also state that our facilities for executing all kinds of JOB PRINTING are equal to those of any other office in the county; and all Job Work entrusted to our hands will be done neatly, promptly, and at prices which will be satisfactory.

A YOUNG GIRL IN A TRANCE FOR EIGHT HOURS.

ANOTHER POUGHKEEPSIE SCENE.

About 10 o'clock, last Thursday night, a young girl named Isabella Ellison, aged 19, residing in Washington street, Poughkeepsie, while at the altar in a Methodist church, in that city, suddenly lifted up her hands, and fell backward apparently a corpse. Several members of the church immediately ran to her assistance, and raised her up, when to their horror they found that her eyes were glazed and set, her features pale as marble, lips colorless, her feet and hands cold; and the spectators thought that they were gazing upon the features of a corpse.

It was shortly discovered that she yet breathed, when she was conveyed to her residence, the preacher saying that she was in a trance, and when a member advised that medical assistance should be procured, the preacher objected, saying that Jesus Christ had thrown her into this mysterious state, and He will at his own time raise her to testify to His goodness. She remained in this state until Saturday evening, expecting a slight incident which occurred on Friday afternoon, when she suddenly lifted up her hand, and made three or four efforts to clutch at something, when the arm fell back over the headboard of the bed. Two or three of the women who were in the house attempted to replace the arm upon the bed, but were unable to bend or move it. On Saturday evening, a number of members were in the house, singing her favorite hymn, when she suddenly lifted up her hands, and cried out, "Glory Hallelujah!" She then turned to one of her friends, and calling her by name, said, "Repent, repent! Oh, if you had seen what I have you would not live another moment in your sins, but would pray to God to have mercy upon you. I have been in Heaven; Heaven is a tree; it is fit up with the glory of God, and around the throne were thousands of angels singing sweetly and praising the King of Heaven. Jesus came past and spoke to me. I also saw the great gulf, and could scarcely see the bottom of it." On Friday night a number of Christians were in the house, singing and praying all night. "She was very weak when she awoke from the trance, but was strong enough to attend church yesterday morning. This wonderful case was witnessed by scores in Poughkeepsie and considerable excitement is caused thereby in that city.

Select Poetry.

CININNATI SWINE.

This song of mine
Is a song of the swine
To be sung by the jolly members
Of pork-house clubs
That stand by the tubs
In the frosty, cold Decembers.

It is not a song
Of the bull-frog's gong
From wet and misty marshes,
Nor the lowing cow,
Nor the dog's bow wow.
That sound through the city arches.

Nor the ba-ing sheep
That jiggers keep
In the plains of old Kentucky,
And whose fleecy wool
The brambles pull
In a way that is unlucky.

For fattest and best
Are the swine of the West
That grow by the beautiful river,
And their rich perfume
Fills all the room
With a malfion on the giver.

And as hollow vats
Are the home of rats
Forever gnawing and stealing,
So this mighty pen
Is again and again [squealing,
Full of grunting and snoring and

Very good in their jigs
Are the Boston pigs,
And the Philadelphia porkers,
But Ohio swine
Have a taste more divine
Than even the big New Yorkers.

There grow no swine
With a fatter chine
Nor a more prodigious liver
Nor with flesh and lard
So thick and hard
As those by the beautiful river.

Many the dams
That greet the hams
Which come o'er the salt Atlantic,
And the ears and the feet
Are not so sweet,
And very much less romantic.

To the gutters and bogs
With all such hogs, [ties,
And the Old Scratch take the bris-
And scorch their skins
And burn their skins,
And of their tails make whistles.

While huge and tall
Are the glorious swine,
The fattest of the fatty,
That roll in droves
From the fields and the groves,
To the streets of Cincinnati.

And this song of the swine,
This grunting of mine,
The types and press shall deliver,
To the city of hogs
As she sits by the logs
That float on the beautiful river.

Historical Sketch.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

(Continued.)

We pass now over two centuries and a half. About five years ago the Cavalier de Rossi found lying upon the ground, in a *vigna* bordering on the Apian Way, about two miles from Rome, a portion of a sepulchral stone on which were the letters NELLIUS MARIYR, the NE broken across. He immediately conjectured that this was a piece of the stone that had covered the grave of Pope Cornelius, [A. D. 250-253.] and on the truth of this conjecture important results depended. It was known that this pope had been buried in the Catacombs of St. Callixtus; and it was known also, from the itineraries and some other sources, that his grave was not in the same chamber with the graves of the other popes who were buried in those catacombs, but that it was not far away from it. It was further known, as we have seen, that the chapel in which St. Cecilia was buried was close to the Chamber of the Popes. But a tradition dating from a late period of the Middle Ages had given the name of Callixtus to the catacombs opening from the Church of St. Sebastian, at a little greater from Rome. In these catacombs the place supposed to be that of St. Cecilia's grave was pointed out, and an inscription set up to mark the spot by a French archbishop, in the year 1409, still exists. Many indications, however, led De Rossi to disbelieve tradition and to distrust this authority. It contradicted the brief indications of the itineraries, and could not be reconciled with other established facts. Not far from the place where the broken inscription was found was an accidental entrance into the catacombs which had been supposed to have been originally connected with those of St. Sebas-

tian, but were believed by De Rossi to be a portion of the veritable catacombs of St. Callixtus, and quite separate from the former. The paths in this part, however, were stopped up in so many directions, that it was impossible to get an entrance through them to such parts as might determine the question. Again, in the neighborhood of the discovery of the broken stone was an old building, used for a stable and for other mean purposes. On examination of it, De Rossi satisfied himself that it had been originally one of the churches erected in the fourth century at the entrance of the catacombs, and he had little doubt that he had now found the place of the main descent into the catacombs of St. Callixtus. The discovery was a great one; for near the main entrance had been the burial-place of the popes, and of St. Cecilia. De Rossi laid the results of his inductive process of archaeological reasoning before the pope, who immediately gave orders for the purchase of the vigna, and directions that excavations should at once be begun.

The work was scarcely begun, before an ancient stairway, long ago buried under accumulated earth and rubbish, was discovered, leading down to the second story of the catacombs. The passage into which it opened were filled with earth, but as this was cleared away, a series of chambers of unusual size, reaching almost to the surface of the soil, was entered upon. At the right a wide door led into a large chapel. The walls were covered with rudely scratched names and inscriptions, some in Greek and some in Latin. De Rossi, whose eyes were practiced in the work, undertook to decipher these often obscure scribbles. They were for the most part the inscriptions of the pilgrims who had visited these places, and their great number gave proof that this was a most important portion of the cemetery. The majority of these were simply names, or names accompanied with short expressions of piety. Many, for instance, were in such form as this,—Keep Elaphis in remembrance." Many were expressions of devotion, written by the pilgrims for the sake of those who were dear to them, as—*Vivat in Domino*, "May he live in the Lord"; *Pat[er] n[ost]er* at *Verus dominus meus bene naviget*, "Seek that Verendus with his companions may voyage prosperously." The character of the writing, the names and the style, indicate that these inscriptions belong to the third and fourth centuries. Among these writings on the wall were one or two which confirmed De Rossi in the opinion that this must be sepulchre in which the greater number of the popes of the third century had been buried. Carefully preserving all the mass of rubbish which was taken from the chamber, he set himself to its examination, picking out from it all the bits or fragments of marble, upon many of which letters or portions of letters were cut. Most of them were of that elaborate character which is well known to all readers of the inscriptions from the catacombs as that of Pope Damasus—for this Pope had devoted himself to putting up new inscriptions over celebrated graves and had used a peculiar and sharply cut letter, easy to be distinguished. It was known that he had put new inscriptions over the tombs of the popes buried in the cemetery of St. Callixtus. After most patient examination, De Rossi succeeded in finding and putting together the inscriptions of four of these early popes, and, with Cuvier-like sagacity, he reconstructed, out of a hundred and twelve separate, minute, and scattered pieces, the metrical inscription in which Damasus expressed his desire to be buried with them, but his fear of vexing their sacred ashes.

There could no longer be any doubt; this was the Chapel of the Popes, and that of St. Cecilia must be near by. Proceeding with the excavations, a door leading to a neighboring crypt was opened. The crypt was filled with earth and debris, which appeared to have fallen into it thro' a *luminare*, now choked up with the growth and accumulated growth of centuries. In order to remove the mass of earth with the least risk of injury to the walls of the chamber, it was determined to take it out through the *luminare* from above. As the work advanced, there were discovered on the wall of the *luminare* itself paintings of the figures of three men, with a name inscribed at the side of each—Policanus, Sebastianus, and Cyrinus. These names inspired fresh zeal, for they were those of saints who were mentioned in one or more of the itineraries as having been buried in the same chapel with St. Cecilia. As the chapel was cleared, a large arcosolium was found, and near it a painting of a youthful woman, richly attired, adorned with necklaces and bracelets, and the dress altogether such as might befit a bride. Below on the same wall, was the figure of a pope in his robes, with the name "Ses Urbanus" painted at the side; and close to this figure, a large head of the Saviour, of the Byzantine type, with a glory in the form of a Greek cross. The character of the paintings showed that they were of comparatively late date, probably not earlier than the sixth century, and obviously executed at a time when the chapel was frequented by worshippers, and before the traditional knowledge of the exact site of St. Cecilia's sepulchre had been lost.

The discovery made by Paschal after the place had been deserted was thus repeated by De Rossi after a second, longer, and more obscure period of oblivion. The divine vision which had led the ancient Pope, according to his own account, to the right spot, was now replaced by scientific investigation. The statements of inspiration were confirmed, as in so many more conspicuous instances, by the discoveries of science. Cecilia had lain so near the sepulchre that she might, as she had said, o' Paschal, have spoken to him when he was in their chapel, *os ad os*, "mouth to mouth. But the questions naturally arose, Why was it that in Paschal's time, before this chapel was enumbered with earth, it had been so difficult to find her grave? and, Why had not the Lombards, who had sought for her sacred body, succeeded in finding it? De Rossi was able to furnish the solution. In several instances he had found walls carefully built up in front of tombs to conceal them. It was plain that this must have been done with some definite purpose; and it seems altogether likely that it was to hide these tombs from sacrilegious invaders. The walls had been built when the faithful were forced by the presence of their enemies to desert the catacombs and leave them unprotected. It was a striking illustration of the veneration in which these holy places had been held. Upon examination of the floor in front of the arcosolium of this of this chapel, traces of the foundation of a wall were discovered and thus the Lombard failure and Paschal's difficulty were explained.

So ends the story of St. Cecilia and her tomb. Within her church are the remains of the bath chamber in which she suffered death. The mosaics of the apse and the arch of triumph tell of the first finding of her body; Maderno's statue recalls the fact of its second discovery long after; and now this newly opened, long forgotten chapel shows where her precious body was first laid away in peace, brings the legend of her faithful death into clearer remembrance, and concludes the ancient story with dramatic and perfect completeness.

"The Lord discovereth deep things out of darkness, and bringeth out to light the shadow of death."
(To be continued.)

DIET AND DIGESTION.

Our good neighbors the French or rather the philosophers among them have asserted that the perfection of man and species depends upon attention to diet and digestion; and, in a material point of view, they are not far wrong; and, indeed, in a non-material point of view, it may be said that the spirit, without judgement, is very likely to be exposed to indigestion; and perhaps ignorance complete is to be preferred to an ill-digested erudition. With diet and patience Walpole thought all disease of man might be easily cured. Montesquieu, on the other hand, held that health purchased by rigorously watching over diet, was but a tedious disease. But Walpole was nearly correct while Montesquieu was not very far distant from the truth.—Dieting, like other things, must be undertaken on common sense principles; for, though there be multitudes of mad people in the world, society generally is not to be put upon the regime of Bedlam.

We live, not by what we eat, but by what we digest; and what one man may digest another would die of attempting.—Rules on this subject are almost useless. Each man may soon learn the powers of his stomach, in health or disease, in this respect and this ascertained, he has no more business to bring on indigestion than he has to get intoxicated or to fall into debt. He who offends on these points, deserves to forfeit stomach, head, and his electoral franchise!

Generally speaking, fat and spices resist the digestive power; and too much nutritious food is the next evil to too little. Good cookery, by developing flavor, increases the nutritiousness of food, which bad cookery would perhaps render indigestible. Hence a cook rises to the dignity of 'artist.' He may rank with the chemists if not with the physicians. Animal food, of mild quality, is more

digestible than vegetable and fresh meats are preferable to salted. In the latter, the salt is a different composition from that which is taken at meals, and which is indispensable to health. Fish fills rather than feeds; but there are no exceptions to this. Vegetables are accounted as doing little to maintain stamina, but there have been heroes and classes of men who have been born races upon bread, fruit and vegetables. The poor cannot live upon curry, it is true; but in England, with less drink and more vegetable food, they would be an improved race. Not that they could live like a Lazarus, on Macaroni and open air. Layard says the Bedouin owes his health and strength to his spare diet.—But even a Bedouin swallows lump of butter till he becomes bilious, and were he to live in England instead of the desert, he would not keep up his strength by living on dishes which supported him in Arabia Felix. The golden rule is 'moderation and regularity.' He who transgresses the rule, will pay for it by present suffering and a 'check after Christmas.'

A false hunger ought not to be soothed, nor a false thirst to be satisfied; for satisfaction here is only adding fuel to the fire that would otherwise go out. On the other hand the bilious and sedentary man need not be afraid of beer; it is a better than wine. For him and all the lords of that heritage of woe, a weak stomach, the common sense system of cookery, as it is called, is most required. It is something between the hard, crude system of the English, and the juice exciting method of the French; while leaning however, towards the latter, (with whom it is common to reduce food to a condition of pulp) by uniting with it so much of the English custom as allows the gelatinous matter be retained, especially in the meats. Pesti pa lente, is Latin de custime, for 'Eat slow, and it is of first value. He who does so, gives best chance for healthy chyle; and that wanting, I should like to know where the post prandial enjoyments would be. Without it digestion is not, and when digestion is away, Death is always peering about to profit by his absence. See to it! as the Chinese 'chop' says.

There are upwards of seventeen hundred works extant on the subject of diet and digestion. Sufferers may study the question till they are driven mad by doubt and dyspepsia, and difference of opinions among the doctors. Fordyce saw no use in the salvia, and Paris maintains that without it digestion is not. Quot homines tot sententiae, is as applicable here as in every other vexed question. But Paris' book on Diet is the safest guide I know for a man who, being dyspeptic wants to cure himself, or simply to discover the defacement of his degree of suffering. On the other hand, every man may find comfort in reflection, that with early hours, abundant exercise, generous diet, but not to much of it, occupation—without which a worse devil than the former enters on possession of the victim—dyspepsia can not assume a chronic form. It may be a casual visitor, but it will be the easiest thing possible to get rid of him. But philosophy has said as much from the beginning, and yet dyspepsia prevails and physicians ride in carriages. Exactly! and why? Because philosophers themselves, like the Stoic gentleman in Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down, with the suicidal remark, the 'de luxe est une jolly choose.'

We must neither act unreservedly on the dictum of books, nor copy slavishly the examples of others, if we would have the digestion is a self-monitor that may be consulted. Of his existence there can be no doubt; for every man who wakes with a headache, most ungratefully blames the same monitor 'self.'—Dr. Doran.

"I am thy father's spirit," as the bottle said to the boy, when he found it hid in the woodpile, and wondered what it was.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because, having eyes they see not, and having ears they hear not.

The strongest kind of a hint—A young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

How to Bind the Wildest Horse for Shoeing and the Wildest Cow for Milking.—The way to do it is simply this:—Put around them, just back of the fore legs, a strong rope, or chain; into this twist a stick, so that at every turn the rope will be drawn tighter, until the animal will submit to being handled at your pleasure. The most unmanageable animals can be subdued in a few minutes in this manner.

Moral Miniatures.

NO. 5.

PRIDE.

Every one makes some little figure in his own eyes, because pride is often mistaken for greatness of soul, while it is in reality the offspring of weakness, or ignorance. Humility is a certain mark of a bright mind which cleared from the mists of passion; is capable of considering, and valuing the immense power of God. Titles, and riches help no more toward improving mankind, than a fine saddle to the making of a better horse. The paltry advantages temporarily gained by pride serve only in this world—for God hath said the pride of life is *not* of the Father.' Ep. St. John 2d ch., 16 v.—but 'He shall save the humble person.' Job 22 ch., 29 v.

"Of all the causes which conspire to blind, Man's erring reason, and misguide the mind; What the weak head with strongest bias rules, Is pride, the never-falling vice of fools. Whatever Nature has in worth denied, She gives in large recruits of needful pride; For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find, What wants in blood, and spirits, swell'd with wind. Pride where wit fails, steps in, to our defence And fills up all the mighty void of sense. If once right reason drives that cloud away, Truth breaks upon us with resistless day, Trust not yourselves—but your defects to know Make use of every friend, and every foe.

He who considers no man above him, but for his increase in virtue, and judges no man though evident criminality place *some* below him, can never be far wrong. It is a mean pride that measures worth by the gifts of fortune for wealth is often in the hands of those least deserving of it. Of many who now live as it were—upon outward show, knew how despicable they appear to those of refined intellect, they would in mortification, and shame scatter their superfluities to the world, and thereby fulfil the wishes of the Saviour by feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked.' As regards business prosperity humility and confidence will always gain friends, while pride will constantly require new fields to practice upon. 'Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abas'd, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.' St. Matthew 23 ch., 12 v.

God of my life—Father Divine,
Give me a meek, and lowly mind;
In modest worth Oh let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has denied
Or aught thy goodness lent.

LETTER OF A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband, was found by him some months after her death, between leaves of a religious volume, which she was very fond of perusing. The letter was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall hide forever from your sight the dust of one who has often nestled close to your warm heart. For many long and sleepless nights, when all besides my thoughts were at rest, I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has formed itself upon my mind; and although to you, to others it might, now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George it is so!—Many weary hours have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leave you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on so patiently and alone with the sure conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! 'But I know in whom I have believed,' and leaning on His arm, 'I fear no evil.'

Do not blame me for keeping even all this from you. How could I subject you of all others, to such a sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will soon make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow, and usher your departing spirit into the Maker's presence

embalmed in woman's holiest prayer. But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long and dreary nights for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom! And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glazed by death; and our spirits shall hold one last communion until gently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpses of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me; often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sun-set as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnished the grassy mounds around us with the stripes of burnished gold, each perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and which ever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot, and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sun light linger and play among the grass that grows over young Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches—'I am not lost but gone before.'

Farmers' Column.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

Fruit List for 1858.

The following list of Fruits for this locality was adopted last week by the Pittsburg Horticultural Society, and will be found invaluable as a guide to persons planting orchards or setting out fruit trees. Cut it out and preserve it for reference.

APPLES ADOPTED.—Summer—Early Harvest, Sweet Bough, Red Astrachan, William's Favorite. Fall—Maiden's Blush, Holland Pippin, Fall Pippin, Lovell, or orange, Gravenstein, Fall Harvey, English Codlin, Sweet Russet, or (Canada Reineette.) Recommended for trial—Ohio Nonpareil, Republican Pippin. Winter—Rambs, (early); Rome Beauty; Fallwater, Roxbury Russet, Peck's Pleasant, Rhode Island Greening; Green or White Bellefleur, Bethlehemite, Newton Pippin, (for limestone and high culture); Witch Willow, (as a great bearer and long keeper.) Recommended for trial—Northern Spy; Norton's Melon, Wall's (Domine) Hawley; Talman's Sweet, Smith's Cider, Snakehouse.

PEACHES ADOPTED.—Serrate Early York, Cole's Early Red, Crawford's Early, Early Montague, Large Early York, Old Milton, Morris' White, Druid Hill, Grosse Mignonne Griffith, Belle Chevreuse, Coolidge's Favorite Crawford's Late, Ward's Late Free, Large White Cling. Recommended for trial—Scott's Nonpareil, Rodman's Red, Carter's Large, Cheries ADOPTED.—May Duke, Carnation, Elton, Gov. Wood, Elk Horn or Trade cent, Black Heart, Black Eagle, Tartarian, Yellow Spanish, Napoleon Bigtrau.

GRAPES ADOPTED.—Isabella Catapha, Concord, Rebecca, Dianna. Recommended for trial—Delaware.

RASBERRIES ADOPTED.—Brinkide's Orange, Red Antwerp, White Antwerp, Fasoell, Franconia, Catawissa, Hudson River Antwerp. Recommended for trial, Belle de Fontenay, Paragon, Merveille de Quatre Saisons

The Strawberry List will be published in time for summer planting.

BLACKBERRIES ADOPTED.—New Rochelle, Large Upright, Dorchester, or Iowa. Recommended for trial—Newman's Thornless.

CURRENTS ADOPTED.—Cherry, White Grape, Red Grape, Victoria, or Houghton Castle.

A RECIPE FOR MAKING BROWN BREAD.—I will give you my recipe for making brown bread, which I have adopted of late and find it very good. Take two quarts of corn meal, two do. of shorts, one tablespoonful of salt, one tea cup of molasses. Stew a squash or a good pumpkin, in water sufficient to wet this mass; pour it on boiling hot. When cool enough, add a pint of yeast and two quarts of wheat flour, and this will make four loaves. When light, bake three hours. *Lady Reader.*

An editor, in talking of poetry and matrimony, says: "Who would indite sonnets to a woman, whom he saw every morning in her night-cap, and every day at dinner swallowing meat and mustard!"