

The Fun of the Thing.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

"Blasphemy is that which is not true, but it is not blasphemy if it is not true."—*Blasphemy is that which is not true, but it is not blasphemy if it is not true.*

I saw him—his hair came from his first-ditch home, in the West.

A jingling brass he showed, And in the latest mode He was dressed.

His face was all a smile, And he looked all the while, How he took Such interest in the fact Election in his State, For Old Book.

He'd always felt the dire Of party—let it rise, Let it fall.

"Was not for a season, That he had worked as hard— He at all.

But office he could bear, As the bravest soldier's wear Epulettes,

Which at his rank, you know— And to the public show.

What he gets?

I saw him, when he came— He looks a likely lad, On his head;

His shoes were worn away, And his pockets seemed to say, "Nary red."

And he'll be declared, That for party man he cared Not a jot;

He scorned their dirty tricks, And as for politics, "Twas a joke.

Folk saw the sudden change, And thought it was a strange, At the best.

One friend I'd kept in sight, But took an early train, For the West.

SERENADING A YOUNG LADY.

In my young days, says the editor of an exchange paper, I was extravagantly fond of attending parties, and was somewhat celebrated for playing the flute; hence, it was generally expected, when an invitation was extended, that my flute would accompany me.

I visited a splendid party one evening, and was called upon to favor the company with a tune on the flute. I, of course, immediately complied with the request. The company appeared to be delighted, but more particularly so, was a young lady, who raised her hands, and exclaimed that it was beautiful, &c. I, of course, was highly flattered, and immediately formed a resolution to serenade the young lady the following night. Previous to leaving the party, I made inquiry respecting her residence. I started the next night, in company with several young friends, and arrived at the lady's residence, but made a most glorious mistake by getting under the window of an old Quaker.

"Now, boys," said I, "behold the sentimentality of this young lady the moment I strike up the Last Rose of Summer."

I struck up, but the window remained closed. The boys smiled.

"Oh!" said I, "that's nothing; it would not be in good taste to open the window on the first air."

I next struck up on "Old Robin Gray." Still the window remained closed. The boys snickered, and I felt somewhat flat.

"Once more boys," said I, "and she must come."

I struck up again—"My love is like the red, red rose." Still there was no demonstration.

"Boys," said I, "she's a humbug. Let us sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' and if that don't bring her, we will give her up."

We struck up, and as we finished the last line the window was raised.

"That's the ticket, boys," said I. "I knew we could fetch her."

But instead of the beautiful young lady it turned out to be the old Quaker, in his night-cap, and dressing-gown.

"Friend," said he, "these was singing of thy sweet home—and if I recollect right, these said there was no place like home—why don't thee go to thy home? There is not wanted here—there nor any of thy party. Farewell."

We and our hats went home.

The poet Waller tells a good story of courtly evasion and ecclesiastical wit. The poet went, on the day of the dissolution of Parliament, to see King James the II at dinner—Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Durham, were standing behind his Majesty's chair, when the King asked the Bishop:

"My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality of Parliament?"

The Bishop of Durham readily answered, "God forbid, Sir, but you should! You are the breath of our nostrils."

The King turned and said to the Bishop of Winchester, "Well, my lord, what say you?"

"Sir," replied the Bishop, "I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases."

The King replied, "No puts off, my lord; answer me presently."

"Then, Sir," said he, "I think it is lawful for you to take my brother Neal's money, for he offers it."

SPEAKING GRAMMATICALLY.—"Sal," exclaimed Ebenezer to his dearly beloved, when he arrived in Gotham with his bride, on a wedding tour, "Sal, get on your Sunday-go-to-meetin' dressings and things, and let's take a perpendicular promenade round the precincts of the principality."

"Well, Zeb," replied the fair one, "I'll do so, and nothing shorter. But can't you say 'your' any without talking grammar and college education? If you want me to take a slather round, and talk a trot with you, why in salted Jerusalem don't you say so?"

PARTICULARS.—We know some old maids who protest against vulgarity in the press, declare they would not read any thing of the kind, at the same time will steal away privately, and devour the offending articles. They put us in mind of a conversation between some ladies and Dr. Johnson, after he had revised his great dictionary. "Oh!" said they, "Doctor, we are so glad you have left all the bad words out of your new dictionary."

"Ah!" said the sentimental lexicographer, "you have been looking for these, have you?"

Natchez Under the Hill.

Many tough stories of this notorious place, as it existed in its palmy days, are told by the river men. An old stager narrated to us the following: "The town was at the height of its infamous notoriety. Almost its only inhabitants were gamblers, cut-throats and prostitutes. It was hardly considered safe for a stranger to go ashore unless armed to the teeth and accompanied by a squad of dare-devils. Robberies and assassinations were of daily occurrence. Many of the river captains were in league with the devils who milled it, while others were held in the most slavish fear.

A different man, however, was Capt. L., he feared neither man nor devil. His boat was one of the largest, and his crew the most hardy and fearless on the Mississippi. Brave, chivalrous, honorable and generous to a fault, he considered his boat a castle, and all on board, as under his patronage and protection. Was a passenger robbed; he gave himself no rest until the money was restored or the thief detected. Did a blackleg come aboard; he was put ashore the moment he evinced bad conduct.

During a downward trip the boat of Capt. L., had occasion to touch at "Natchez under the hill" to take in some freight. One of the passengers who lounged into one of the hells in the immediate vicinity of the shore, was robbed of a large sum of money. The moment he discovered his loss he rushed to the captain and told his story. The latter apparently paid no attention, but waited until the freight had been all transferred. He then coolly walked up to the door of the "hell" aforesaid, and demanded the delivery of the stolen money. Of course his demand was disregarded and himself threatened with a pistol if he didn't go about his business. Going on board his boat he ordered all hands to arm themselves and come ashore. At the same time he directed an immense cable chain used for anchoring and other purposes, to be carried ashore, and wound about the tenement in which the thieves were, and secured of course, at both ends, to the boat. This done, the captain armed to the teeth and accompanied by the crew, approached the door of the "hell," and once more demanded the stolen money; but was again denied. He then said he would give the robbers five minutes to make up their mind, and if at that time the money was not brought on board, he would drag the house into the river and take it to New Orleans with him. Accompanied by his men, he then went aboard and ordered up steam. Still the thieves did not appear; and as the time was expiring, the engine was put in motion—the cable made taut, and the thieves' tenement subjected to a strain that made every stick of timber in it groan. Another moment, it would have been dragged headlong into the river, blacklegs and all, when one of the fraternity rushed on board the boat with the money. The cable was unloosed, the captain wickedly touched his hat in adieu to the discomfited thieves, and the noble steamer disappeared behind the jutting bluffs with a triumphant snort.

Capt. L. often touched at "Natchez under the hill" after that, but the blacklegs always gave him a wide berth.

CALLS ON HANSE.

We give an account, on Tuesday, of a little census scene that came off in Canal street, between the marshal, and a lady of Milson extraction. We give to day a similar occurrence between one of the marshals and a gentleman from Germany, residing in Broad street:—

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What's your name?"

"Sharmay, on der Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for straw."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboat."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw—two barrels mit kront."

"How long have you resided in this house?"

"Two rooms under basements."

"Who owns the building?"

"I bays no'ting. Hans bay der same twice a month."

Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you come up mit der market in your rite hand, perhind der bump that belongs to der black-smid shops."

The marshal having entered all this, made up his mind that he would push ahead and examine Hans, who lives up stairs "mit der banisters." We shall note his success at an early day.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

ADVANTAGES OF AN AWSING.

A little boy about five years of age was sent to the grocery store at the corner, on some trifling errand, and while there his bright eye lighted upon a barrel of pippins exposed temptingly to view, just outside of the door. In going out, it appears he took one, and returned to his mother munching it.

"Where did you get that nice apple, Willie?" inquired his mother.

"Dot it at the drockery," replied Willie.

"Did the man give it to you?"

"No, I took it."

"Why, Willie, that was naughty; you should not take apples or anything else without permission."

"But nobody saw me."

"Oh, yes, Willie, there was one who saw you."

"Who saw me?"

"Why, God saw you."

Willie stopped a moment to consider, and then with a good deal of satisfaction expressed in his face, replied, "no he didn't see me; there was an awning over the door!"

For the Farmer.

Different Manures.

The dung of horses, sheep and cattle generally, act as fertilizers only in proportion as they are combined with certain soils. On sandy, calcareous soils, they are very profitable—such soils being deprived of the silicate of potash, and of the phosphate; while on a dry soil, rich in potash, or on a soil formed of the rains of granite, or porphyry, or clings, these manures are of little value. On the contrary, poultre is an excellent fertilizer of such soils.

The efficacy of urine as manure is well known in Flanders. In China, the people are prohibited by law from that and the excrement away. China is the country of experiment; ages have given to the people discoveries of all sorts, which Europe achieved but could not initiate. For the Chinese books give no scientific accounts, they give mere recipes for their operations. The last half century has, however given us not only the knowledge which enables us to equal them in many arts, but to surpass them; and this advance among us is due to the judicious application of chemistry. But how far in the rear is our agriculture still, when compared with the Chinese. They are admirable gardeners; they know how to give each plant its proper education; to prepare for its appropriate soil. Among them agriculture has attained the highest degree of perfection. In that country, which differs from ours in natural fertility of soil, they attach very little importance to the dung of animals. Among us, we have written huge volumes, but made few experiments. In China, they never manure their grain crops, except with human excrements—while we scatter over our land the dung of animals, full of all manner of weeds, the seeds of which are undigested by the animals, and which spring up with great power among our useful plants. We need not be astonished, then, that in spite of all efforts, the noxious weeds cannot be extirpated from our fields. A celebrated botanist (Igenhouse,) who visited China with the Dutch embassy, states that it was impossible to find in a Chinese field of grain, one single weed.

In agriculture, the grand maxim is to give back to the soil in full measure (no matter in what form) all that is taken from it by the crop; and to regulate that by the wants of each particular plant.—The time will soon come, when we shall no longer manure our lands with solid manures, but with solutions, exactly suited to the crop desired.

On dry horse dung, upwards of 70 per cent. is mere water. The dung of a horse well fed with chopped straw, oats and hay, I found to contain, when dry, only 20 per cent. of the solid parts of the substances. Therefore, in carrying upon your farms two thousand pounds of horse dung, you carry on to it fifteen hundred pounds of water, about four hundred pounds of vegetable matter, and only about one hundred pounds of the salt necessary for another crop of hay, straw and oats; which your horses have eaten.

These salts are essentially composed of phosphate of lime and of magnesia, and silicate of potash; the latter salt should predominate in the soil while the phosphates abound in the grain.

EVIDENCES OF GOOD FARMING.

The requisites and evidence of good farming have thus been enumerated by good authority:—"A good soil, well tilled, and kept from various weeds; lots well fenced, and suited in number to the size of the farm; substantial and convenient barns and stables of sufficient dimensions to contain the produce of the farm, and to comfortably house the cattle kept on it; a judiciously arranged dwelling, in a neat condition, with a well, and filtering cistern; convenient buildings to facilitate the economical management of the farm—such as a work-house, a wagon and tool house, a woodshop, granary and corn house, a convenient piggery, an ice house, ash and smoke house—all secured against decay by being well raised from the ground and neatly painted or whitewashed; convenient yards attached to the barns and stables, so arranged as to prevent waste of the liquid manure, well sheltered from the blasts of winter, and provided with water for the cattle; doors and sheds laid with grass and flower beds, and shaded by ornamental trees, indicating the dwelling of taste, health and comfort; a kitchen garden highly cultivated, and containing the various species of vegetables raised in our climate, with strawberry and asparagus beds; a fruit garden or orchard, where choice apples, cherries, plums, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, &c., are found."

CLOVER HAY FOR HORSES.

I have frequently heard it observed, that horses fed for any considerable length of time on clover hay, are liable to be attacked by cough. It is also asserted that it does not occasion the heaves. Now, there are two remedies for this, either of which, if applied judiciously, will prove entirely effectual. One is to feed from a manger, the common method of curing clover hay, renders the foliage so dry and crisp, that it crumbles in being forcibly drawn through the slats or rounds of the rack, occasioning a fine, almost impalpable dust, which, on being inhaled, irritates the lungs, and occasions coughs, &c.—Another and more economical method is to cure clover hay in the proper way. By curing it in the cock, its foliage will wilt and dry without being deprived of its sweetness or elasticity, and will not crumble. This is held to be the most economical, as it not only enables us to save much trouble in the busy season of haying, but obviates the serious loss from the breaking and falling off of the finest and most valuable parts.—*Germanstown Telegraph.*

IMPORTANT FACT.

The American Agricultural Journal says that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be raised for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork. Sheep can be kept in fine growing order where other domestic animals will scarcely exist, and thousands of acres in the State, under an enlightened system of sheep husbandry, may be made to pay a good interest, where now they are nearly dead property in the hands of their present owners.

Value of Sheep to the Farmer.

It is more important to the farmer than is generally supposed, that a certain proportion of his farm stock should consist of sheep. Speaking on this point, R. S. Fay, of Lynn, recently remarked at an Agricultural meeting in Boston (as reported in the N. E. Farmer,) "sheep are gleaners after other stock, and will help keep the cattle pastures in good condition by being turned into these occasionally, to eat the chaser plants which have been left. They will enrich the land. There is no manure so fertilizing as that of sheep, and it does not so readily waste by exposure as that of other animals. Sheep may be made exceedingly useful in helping to prepare land for a crop. A German agriculturalist has calculated that the droppings from one thousand sheep during a single night would manure an acre sufficiently. By that rule a farmer may determine how long to keep any given number of sheep on a particular piece of land. Mr. Fay said he was accustomed to fold his sheep upon land which he designed for corn and other crops; and in so doing he shut them upon half an acre at a time, keeping them there by a wire fence, which was easily moved from place to place. In this way his land was well manured without the labor of shoveling and carting." These ideas are worth reading by the farmer.—

We believe any farm will bear a certain number of sheep, in proportion to the other stock, not only without loss to the amount of grazing which it will yield to the cattle and horses, but to increase of the same. Mr. Fay, by his management, makes the lambs and manure pay for keeping the sheep, and the wool is clear profit.

Hints to Farmers.

The farmer's life is shunned by many because it seems one of mindless drudgery. It ought not to be so. If half our farmers would study and reflect more, they might do less hard labor, and yet accomplish more in the course of an year. Ten hours work a day in summer, and eight in winter, ought, with good management, to give any man a good living. He who works so hard that he cannot read or reflect after the labor of the day is over, does not plan wisely. Let no man shun work when work should be done—dwell forever, is not the end of man's life. The farmer's evenings should be devoted to mental acquisition and rational enjoyment.

To sup and tumble into bed is a hog's fashion; and highly injurious to health. But let a farmer have about him the choicest works on his own auxiliary avocations; let there form the subject of study and conversation at least two evenings in a week, while the newspaper, the newest and oldest volumes, each have their allotted season. Two or three dollars, contributed by each family in a neighborhood or school district, would go a great way in the purchase of standard books at modern prices. These are but hints which each reader will modify as his judgment shall suggest. I plead only for the essential thing of making home pleasant, and his hours of relaxation, hours of instruction also.

TAKING CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Every farmer should have a house for keeping his implements. It should be tight and dry; and adapted for repairing, altering, cleaning and sharpening them. Every implement, when not required for use, should have its proper place, and before it is laid past for winter, all the bright metal belonging to it should be carefully dried and well greased to prevent rusting. Rust is a viper which poisons the farmer's purse; many farmers allow their plows, harrows and cultivators to rust and rot in the corners of open damp sheds, during six months of the year, and they seem surprised that their implements do not last longer. All farm implements, after having been used during the spring, summer and fall, should have their wood-work painted, and their coarse metal work; and every bolt and nut should be oiled. The loss of an ounce of iron by rust is equal to the loss of an ounce of gold. Carefulness in all things is economy, and a little extra trouble saves extra expense.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.

You may make a horse follow you in ten minutes. Go to the horse, rub his face, jaw, and chin, leading him about, saying to him, come along; a constant tone is necessary. By taking him away from other persons and horses, repeat the rubbing, leading and stopping. Sometimes turn him around all ways, and keep his attention by saying, come along. With some horses it is important to whisper to them, as it hides the secret and gentles the horse; you may use any word you please, but be constant in your tone of voice. The same will cause all horses to follow.

SCYTHES.

A complaint is often made by workmen of their scythes not acting well, of the edge not cutting uniformly, and the form being wrong, &c.; now the farm best suited to each mower may be tested by a very simple experiment. Let a man with a piece of chalk in his hand, walk up to a high wall, or a barn door, and raising it as high as he can, strike a curve from right to left; the line so traced is the exact form that his scythe should be; and if he applies the edge of it, and finds it to correspond, it will cut uniformly from point to heel, and save himself much trouble and labor.

PROTECT YOUR FRUIT TREES FROM INSECTS.

Mix powdered sulphur and copper in equal quantities, and apply it to the roots of apples, peaches, plums, or any other kind of trees. First dig away the earth and sprinkle in from four to sixteen ounces, and replace the dirt. You may scatter a little in the crotches or rough bark to advantage.

MANURING GRASS LANDS.

Is autumn the best time for manuring grass lands? An experienced farmer says that a dressing of fine manure applied in October will start a good coat of grass, and prove the best preparation for corn the next season which can be given. It has been thought that manure thus applied would be subject to large losses from exposure to the weather.

NEW MODE OF PROPAGATING PLANTS.

Mr. E. J. Lowe, F. R. A., has tried, with success, the plan of sealing the cutting of a plant at the base, so as to exclude the moisture of the soil from ascending the stem in injurious quantities.

Our Scrap Book.

When I Saw Sweet Nelly Home.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell;
Hushed the sound of daylight's bells,
Closed the pink-eyed slumberer's cell.
As above the moss-grown wood-path—
Where the cattle love to roam—
From Aunt Patty's quilting-party,
I was seeing Nelly home.

Jelly dangles softly dattered,
O'er a lawn as white as snow;
And her cheek—the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow.
Mid her parted lips vermillion,
White teeth shined like oyster's foam:
All I needed with pulse throbbing,
At I saw sweet Nelly home.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
Turning all the leaves to gold,
In the breeze by silver shaded,
I lay low to Nelly told.
As we stood together, gazing
On the state-banquered dome,
How I missed the August evening,
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

White hair mingle with my tresses,
Purposes steal upon my brow;
But a love smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now.
Mine is a sunny kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come—
Tell me, dost thou still remember,
When I saw sweet Nelly home!

A FRAGMENT.

Swiftly glide our years—
They follow each other like the waves
Of the ocean. Memory calls up the persons
we once knew—the scenes in which we
were once the actors; they appear before
the mind like phantoms of a night vision.
Behold the boy rejoicing in the
giddy of his soul—the wheels of Time
cannot roll too rapidly for him—the light
of hope dances in his eye—the smile of
expectation plays upon his lip—he looks
forward for long years of joy to come—
his spirit burns within him when he hears
of great men and mighty deeds—he longs
to mount the hill of ambition, to tread
the path of honor, to bear the shout of
applause. Look at him again—he is now
in the meridian of life—care has stamped
wrinkles upon his brow—disappointment
has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow
has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—
he looks back upon the waking
dreams of youth, and sighs for their
futility—each revolving year seems to
diminish something from his stock of hap-
piness—and he discovers that the season of
youth—when the pulse of anticipation
beats high—is the only season of enjoyment.
Who is he of the aged looks?
His form is bent and totters—his footsteps
move more rapidly towards the tomb—
he looks back upon the past—his days
appear to have been but few, and he con-
fesses they were evil—the magnificence
of the world fades from his view, and he
sinks down into the silence of the grave.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican writing from Washington, says: "We met Col. Sam. Stambaugh to-day in the rotunda of the Capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the doorways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the Capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grizzly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, 'There, Ingen give white man corn; and to the north, representing Penn's treaty; there, Ingen give white man land; and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, 'There, Ingen save our life; and lastly to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the heart of a red man, while his foot is planted on the dead body of another, 'And there, white man kill Ingen.' Alas! said we, it is true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

"CHAW THIS."

Consumers of the weed will please "chaw" the following from the Worcester, Mass., Transcript: "We noticed a man about our streets, collecting into a bag, old stamps of cigars. In our large cities, the collecting of old cigars is made a lucrative business, as they are readily purchased by tobacconists, and manufactured into fine chewing tobacco."

SPECIE IN THE WORLD.

Bicknell's Reporter, Countreft Detector, and Prices Current, says: "It is supposed that the specie in Europe and America is at least \$4,500,000,000, and that the United States are entitled to \$257,000,000,—being about \$16 per head for every inhabitant of the whole country."

GINGER BEER.

One pint of molasses and two spoonfuls of ginger put into a pail, to be half filled with boiling water; when well stirred together, fill the pail with cold water, leaving room for one pint of yeast, which must not be put in until lukewarm. Place it on a warm hearth for the night, and bottle it in the morning.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "O yes, massa, fust rate farmer—he makes two crops in de year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make de money once; den, in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for de want ob de hay, and make money twice."

HOW TO FATTEN FOWLS.

Confine your fowls in a large airy enclosure, and feed them on broken Indian corn, Indian meal, or mush, with raw potatoes cut into small pieces, not larger than a filbert, placing within their reach a quantity of charcoal broken into small pieces. Boiled rice is also good.

It's the trouble that wears the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of one dollar each, will cause you more trouble and donning than one big one of a thousand.

A philosopher who is fond of diving to the bottom of things, thinks that when a young lady is offended with a kiss, the only remedy is to give her another, according to the theory, similia similibus curantur!

A Yankee has just invented a suspender that contracts on your approach to water, so that the moment you come to a puddle it lifts you over and drops you on the other side.

Antiquity of the I. O. of O. F.

We find the following in an old English paper, from a speech delivered by Mr. Cooper, at a meeting of the Order of Greenock, Scotland. Mr. Cooper said: "The origin of the Order of Odd Fellows is of very great antiquity. It was established by the Roman soldiers, in the camp, during the reign of Nero, in the year 55. At that time they were called 'fellow citizens.' The present name was given them by Titus Caesar, in the year 79, from the singularity of their meeting, and from their knowing each other by night or day, and by their fidelity to him and their country. And he not only gave them the name of Odd Fellows, but at the same time, as a pledge of friendship, presented them with a dispensation, engraven on a plate of gold, bearing different emblems, such as the sun, moon and stars, the lamb, the lion, and the dove, and other emblems of morality. The first account of the Order being spread in other countries is in the fifteenth century, when it was established in the Spanish dominions, and in the sixteenth century by King Henry, in Portugal, and in the eleventh century it was established in France, and afterwards by John D. Noville, in England, attended by five Knights from France, who formed a Loyal Grand Lodge of Honor in London, which order remained until the twelfth century, when a part of them began to form themselves into a union, and a portion of them remain up to this day—the Lodges which are now very numerous throughout the world, and call themselves the Loyal Ancient Odd Fellows, being a portion of the original body. The Manchester Unity is of a more recent date, although there is no doubt of its emanating from the same source. Its first introduction into Manchester was about the year 1800, by a few individuals from the Union in London, formed themselves into a Lodge, and continued in connexion with them for some time, when some difference caused them to declare themselves independent, and thus have kept their work independent.

AMAZONS.

In a paper read before the London Geographical Society, at its last meeting, an account is given of a visit to the King of Dahomey, in Guinea, by Mr. John Duncan. On the day after his arrival, he reviewed, in compliment to Mr. Duncan, a body of 9,000 of his troops, all females. Their arms, accoutrements and equipments are described as having been truly surprising. Mr. Duncan travelled through the King's dominions, escorted by 100 men. Mr. Duncan visited a large town named Adafodan, in the interior, in lat. 12° N., and lon. 1° E., where he learned that Mungo Park was killed by the natives, in consequence of having discharged one of his native attendants, without paying him. His books were cut up and sold as amulets.

SLOW POISON.

To prove the assertion of Doctors Graham, Faustus, and Fowler, that smoking is a slow poison, Grant Thorburn, in a letter to the Home Journal, Nov. 22, states that, in 1794, there was an old burgomaster, who resided in his mansion on a farm in New York, on the corner of Pine and Nassau Streets, in his ninety-sixth year, on whom he used to call, and smoke a pipe. "This," says Mr. Thorburn, "was sixty-two years ago, and I have smoked six pipes, on an average, every day since." The doctors have here a very obstinate patient in the person of "Lauree Todd."

GOLDBEN YELLOW.

M. Guimet gives the following recipe for making a yellow color, of a golden tint, much more intense than the well known Naples yellow: "Take of antimoniate of potash (carefully washed) one part, and of minium two parts; grind and mix them well into a paste; then dry the paste and reduce it to a powder; and lastly, expose the powder for four or five hours to a red heat, taking care not to raise the temperature so high as to disengage the oxygen from the lead and antimony.

A FAIR OFFER.

Dr. Franklin made the following offer to a young man—"Make," said he, "a full estimate of all you owe, and of what is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you can collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regular every Sunday; and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else in your power for them cheerfully, but if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for seven years, and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent in your circumstances, come to me, and I will pay your debts. Young people, try it."

A SINGULAR FACT.

An English butcher asserts, as a singular fact, that he has invariably found the shoulder of a sheep to be exactly one-tenth of the weight of the whole body, and will buy or sell by that criterion.

SNAKES.

A piece of common indigo made into a paste with spirits of camphor, and applied to the wound, will neutralize the poison arising from a bite from snakes of any kind.

MUCH SHORTER.

Doctor Charles Wilson has written a volume of some hundred pages to explain the Pathology of drunkenness. We could define it in two syllables—*Zio Zag.*

Levenhook reckoned 17,000 divisions in the corner (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which, he thought, possessed a crystalline lens.

The spring of a watch weighs .015 of a grain; a pound of iron makes 50,000. The pound of steel costs 2s; a single spring 2d; so that 50,000 produces \$416.

Two thousand three hundred silk-worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 27,600 spiders, all females, to produce one pound of web.

Captain Beaufort saw near Smyrna, in 1811, a cloud of locusts 40 miles long and 300 yards deep, containing, as he calculated, 169 billions.

No man can be provident of his time, that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

Knowledge will soon become folly, when good sense ceases to be its guardian.

Why is a hen walking, like a conspiracy? Because it is a fowl proceeding.

Useful and Curious.

NOVEL METEOROLOGICAL THEORY.

The late fearful inundations in France, have set the philosophers and savans of Paris to speculating upon the probable causes of a calamity which, with more or less violence, afflicts the country periodically. At a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences, an essay was read on the subject, in which the idea was advanced, that the overflows of the rivers are chiefly occasioned by the sirocco from Africa. It is conjectured that the hot blast, in its course over the sea, causes a rapid and copious evaporation, and that the vapors are carried by it, and finally condensed amid the cold atmosphere of the mountains in the centre, east and south of France, where they descend and flow into the plains and valleys in fierce torrents, whose volume is swollen by the waters of the melting snows. This is at least an ingenious and plausible theory, whatever may be its practical value.

IS THE SUN INHAIBITED?

Sir David Brewster states that so strong has been the belief that the sun cannot be a habitable world, that a scientific gentleman was pronounced by his medical attendant insane, because he sent a paper to the Royal Society, in which he maintained that the light of the sun proceeded from a dense and universal aura, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft, as not to be among them; that there may be water and land there, hills and dales, rain and fair weather, and that as the light and the seasons must be eternal, the sun may easily be conceived