The Fun of the Thing.

BOXER TO JOHN DEAN.

BY THE OLD MAN.

It was a lifeless day, John, the day I hired you,
I took you for a *driver*, John, to drive my "coach and two."
The *steeds* you managed nicely, John, and proved a careful whip,
But you played the very devil, John, with your Irish face and "lip."

I never thought my daughter, John, would cast her eyes so low,
And marry with a coachman, John, it was a crushing blow.
I own it quite upset me, John,—I have not righted yet—
I never thought a coachman for a son-in-law to get.

The horses which you drove, John, they should have been your care;
You had no *force* to take, John, and yet you took the *fair*.
And you made the "best of time," John, as all the world has seen,
And the Dean, without my sanction, dared to make you one, John Dean.

Your eyes they should have been, John, directed to the road,
But I fear you often "looked behind" to watch your precious load.
And now, I recollect, John, I often wondered why
You helped my daughter "in and out," when I, her Pa, was by!

But now its "clear as mud," John, while one hand hold the reins,
The other held my daughter's, John, with half my golden gains;
And since you have been wedded, John, "the wheel's I'll have to grease,"
For your wife, my Coachman-Son-in-Law, must always live at ease!

But you must hence to college, John, and try and learn to read,
And forget you ever held a *whip* or *cleaned* your master's *steed*.
And when "time's fiery *courserre*," John, shall run the track once round,
I'll own that in my coachman, John, a son-in-law I've found!

Stealing Saw Logs Out West.

An Englishman traveling on the Mississipi river, told rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnatian, named Case, heard these stories with a silent but expressive humph! and then remarked that the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at the Des Moines Rapids, a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"*Worst!* Why, what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case.

"Children?"

"Yes, a nigger woman, who hadn't any of her own, abducted my youngest daughter and sloped and jined the Injins."

"Did you see her?"

"See her, yes; and she hadn't ten rods the start of me; but plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair, and called for another mug of "alf-and-'alf;" while Case smoked his cigar, and eyed his credulous friend at the same time most remorselessly.

"I—I shan't go any farther West—I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country."

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole the lumber?"

"Yes, and saw-logs too."

"Saw-logs?"

"Yes, whole dozens of the black walnut logs were carried away in a single night."

"Is it possible?"

"True upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it, had men hired to watch his logs, but it was all of no use. They would whip them all away as easy as if there had been no one there.—They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the railways!"

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," sending a sly wink to the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, one day my brother bought an all-fired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the butt and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demi-john of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the hill, above the mill, built a fire and then sat down on the log to play keerds, just to keep awake, you see.—'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keerds and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went to sleep a-straddle of the log.—About a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone."

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"*Sitting on the bark!* The thieves had drove an iron wedge in the butt end, which pointed down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out, leaving the shell, and the Scotchmen a-straddle of it fast asleep."

TAKING USURY.—On a certain occasion, a noted infidel borrowed a sum of money from the late Dr. Lathrop, of West Springfield, Mass. When he came to pay it, he thought to pose the Doctor with an argument from the Bible:

"You ought not to take the interest for this money, for the Jews were forbidden to take usury!"

"Oh, no," said the Doctor, "you forget; the Jews were indeed permitted to take it of the heathen."

The application was too direct to be mistaken, and the man was quite willing to drop the argument and pay the money.

SHORT RECKONINGS—LONG FRIENDS.—We asked a pretty girl the other day to give us a kiss, but she couldn't afford it; she said she would lend us one, provided we would return it. We borrowed the article, and returned it promptly.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN DUTCH.

A friend of ours relates a number of comical adventures which he met with a few months ago, while engaged in taking the census. The following might serve as a caution to future census-takers among the down-town population. The scene was in a little one story brick building, consisting of two rooms, one of which was used as the parlor, kitchen, and dining room, the other as a work-shop, dog kennel and hen roost. Entering the first, with his hat in hand and book under his arm, our friend repeated the bow that he had made to a score of other families that morning, accompanying it with the usual explanation and inquiry—"am taking the census. Will you be good enough to tell me the number of tenants there are in your house?" Nearly the whole family were at that time in the room. A bony, wrinkled up man sat by the fire mending a harness; a large ruddy faced *frau*, at a table, in the further end of the apartment, was working dough, and used a beer bottle as a roller, and five or six curly-headed urchins, *en chemise*, were running and tumbling about the floor.—At the appearance of stranger, there was a general suspension of operations, and to his question the only response was a long stare from every member of the family.

"Will you, sir," said the gentleman, after a short silence, addressing himself particularly to the man who sat near the fire, "will you tell me the number who lodge in this house?"

"Ich kan nicht English sprechen," the man muttered, and then he commenced to sew on his harness, just as if he had given the question the amplest satisfaction.

"Won't you, madam, be so kind as—"

"Nein, nein," exclaimed the woman, interrupting him, as she seized her bottle and commenced a furious course of rolling over the dough. "Ich kan nicht English sprechen."

In a calm fit of desperation, our friend closed the book, replaced it under his arm, and with in internal vision of a long and disagreeable walk in search of an interpreter, he proceeded towards the door—when, as he laid his hand upon the latch, one of the little brats pulled him back by his coat tail.

"John sprecht English," said the urchin, inspired no doubt by all the wisdom of the family.

Here was the means of overcoming the obstacle, and our friend turned back with brightened hopes.

"John speaks English—well, where is Jon? Go and call him. D—n it, can none of you understand me? *Go and kit Shon;*" and by a great many pantomimic gesticulations, with a rather lame dash at German, he managed to make himself understood. The boy ran out by the back door, and soon came back, leading in a stout, good natured looking lad, of about fourteen, all smiles and dirt. The conversation was carried on, from this time, in a rather summary manner.

"Can you speak English?" asked the gentleman.

"*Ya,*" answered the boy.

"Ask your father how many there are who live in this house."

After a translation of the question to the harness man, and after being instructed in his answer, the boy resumed—

"Mine fader says, vot for?"

Here the gentleman went on to give a long explanation of census taking, its causes, its object, and the probable benefits arising from it, which being explained in full to the couple, it started them off on a long and very animated discussion. At last, the boy received his orders, and answered—

"Mine fader says tere ish eight und *ein halben* in ter vamily."

There was a broad grin on the harness man's countenance, as he seized his awl and commenced operations on the harness with redoubled energy. The stout lady seized her bottle and started a fresh series of strong rollings, whilst the interpreter, with a very knowing smile, continued—

"You see, zur, tere ish six in ter vamily *now*—in two or tree weeks mine fader dinks tere will be *seven!*"

This *was* counting the chickens!—With a silent apostrophe to the enlightenment of the age, the gentleman opened his book and wrote:

"Peter Brockuhoss and Minnie, his wife, have *seven* children—three boys, three girls, and one *doubtful*."

A Stubborn Stripling.

Once upon a time a big, strapping, awkward youth, fresh from Vermont, entered the Dummer Academy at Byfield, Mass., for a little share of erudition, which is doled out at this Temple of Minerva at economical prices. At that time—we know not how it is at present—the boys and girls were kept in one apartment, only the middle aisle separating them. One day, this Vermont stripling, who had just been helping one of the girls through a hard sum—he was cute on ciphering—thought it not more than fair that he should take toll for his valuable services: accordingly he threw his stalwart arm around the rosy damsel, and gave her a sly but rousing smack, which startled the whole assembly.—"Jedediah Tower, come up here!" roared out the preceptor.

The delinquent appeared, his face glowing with blushes like a red-hot warming-pan—and looking as silly as a ninny.

"Hold out your hand, sir!" said the pedagogue. "I'll teach you not to act thus in this institution."

The huge paw was extended in a horizontal line toward the instructor, who surveyed its broad surface with a mathematical eye—calculating how many strokes of his small ferule it would take to cover the large number of square inches which it contained.

"Jedediah," at length he said, "this is the first time that you have been called up for any delinquency; now, sir, if you will say that you are sorry for what you have done, I will let you off this time without punishment."

"Sorry," exclaimed the youngster, striking an attitude of pride and indignation; "sorry! No, sir, I am not.—And I will do jest so agin if I hav a chance. So, put on, old feller, jest as hard as you like. By the jumpin' Jehoshiphat! I'd stand here and let you lick me till kingdom kum, afore I'd be sorry for that—by thunder, I would!"

For the Farmer.

Kentucky Blue Grass—Wood Pastures.

This grass, which constitutes the glory of Kentucky pastures, is regarded superior to all others for grazing, and what adds more to its great value, it grows with such luxuriance on lands necessarily retained for timber, which, without the grass, would yield no annual return beyond the value of the timber removed from them.

The system of converting these woodlands into productive pastures, was introduced into Kentucky, in the counties of Benton, Clark and Fayette, fifty years ago, by emigrants from the South branch of the Potomac. This system extended gradually, until it embraced a considerable portion of the State, and it is now beginning to constitute an important feature of farming in many other States. It is equally applicable to all the rich calcareous soils of the West; and we hope soon to see the undergrowth in the majestic forests of Missouri and other States removed, and the lands yielding rich returns from these unrivalled pastures.

PREPARING THE LAND AND SOWING THE SEED.—Where timber is an object, the important point to be considered is, to admit into the enclosure the greatest amount of sun, consistent with the preservation of the valuable portions of the timber. Various methods have been attempted in Kentucky, according to circumstances, in preparing these woodland pastures; some cut out the undergrowth and firewood, and then sow the seed; others belt the timber one season, and clear out the undergrowth, and then sow the ensuing winter; this latter method is the most expeditious, and requires the least labor. After the undergrowth is removed, the leaves should be gathered up, so that the seeds may come in contact with the moist soil; some gather and burn it, but we prefer to gather it into heaps, and let it lie upon the land. This may be done, and at the same time leave the ground in the best possible condition to receive the seed, by the use of a scraper. This is made in the following manner: take a piece of plank, five or six feet long, and about two feet wide; insert therein, at right angles, a common ox-tongue, and attach one yoke of oxen and one horse to it. With the aid of one man, six or eight acres can be scraped in a day, jumping the most of the logs with ease. The leaves are gathered into piles, leaving the surface of the ground clear and smooth, and ready for the reception of the seed. It is best to have the man follow, and sow the seed as fast as the ground is cleared. The seed may be sown at any time from November to April; but the best time for sowing is in January or February; and under the operation of the weather, the seed will penetrate the earth more readily, and it will vegetate the first season.

QUANTITY OF SEED.—From ten to fourteen pounds of cleaned seed should be put on an acre. Some farmers add to this three or four pounds of timothy seed.

Blue grass is very delicate the first year, and it should be sparingly pastured until it has gone to seed, or it is liable to be pulled up with the roots.

Blue grass is an excellent renovator for open, worn lands; when sown upon cleared land, a mixture of timothy and clover seed, in the proportion of three or four pounds of each, to ten or twelve pounds of cleaned blue grass seed, is preferred. The advantage resulting from this is, it secures at once a well covered pasture, that will bear a considerable grazing the first year; the blue grass will soon expel the clover and timothy, and take full possession of the ground.—Open grounds are usually sown in March, upon wheat, rye or oats.—*Valley Farmer.*

CORN AND HOGS.—From carefully conducted experiments by different persons, it has been ascertained that one bushel of corn will make a little over 10½ pounds of pork—gross. Taking this result as a basis, the following deductions are made which all our farmers would do well to lay by for convenient reference. That

When corn costs 11½c. per bushel, pork costs 1½c. per pound.

When corn costs 17c. per bushel, pork costs 2c. per pound.

When corn costs 26c. per bushel, pork costs 3c. per pound.

When corn costs 33c. per bushel, pork costs 4c. per pound.

When corn costs 50c. per bushel, pork costs 6c. per pound.

The following statements show what the farmer realizes for his corn when sold in the form of pork:

When pork sells for 3c. per lb, it brings 25c. per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 4c. per pound, it brings 33c. per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 5c. per pound, it brings 45c. per bushel in corn.

When pork sells for 6c. per pound, it brings 50c. per bushel in corn.

GROUND AND UNGROUND FEED.—Those experienced and skillful farmers, the Lebanon (N. H.) Shakers, state that more than thirty years' practice leads them to estimate ground corn at one third higher than unground, as food for cattle, and especially for fattening pork. The same experience also induces them to put a higher value upon cooked than upon raw meal; and for fattening animals, swine particularly, they consider three of cooked equal to four bushels of raw meal. Until within the last three or four years they have fattened annually, for thirty years, 40,000 to 50,00 pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and offal fat; and their constant habit has been to cook the meal.

SUGAR REFINING APPARATUS.—In some stages of sugar refining, and in Turkey-red dyeing, bullock's blood, in a natural state, is used, and in this condition it is difficult to carry and disagreeable to keep. To obviate these evils, a patent has been taken out for pressing the clotted blood of animals into cakes, then drying them with currents of hot air. It is afterwards ground to powder in a machine, and in that state is used by sugar refiners and buyers. The serous portion of the blood, which has been pressed out, is dried like the clotted parts, and is supplied to calico printers, for using with their colors.

Spare the Birds.

Mr. G. T. Glover lately read a highly interesting paper upon the subject of "entomology as applied to agriculture," before the United States Agricultural Society, in which the following paragraph occurs:

Here let me put in a special plea for insectiverous birds, which appear to have been seen to keep the "balance of power" in insect life, which insects would otherwise multiply to such a degree as to be perfectly unbearable, and render the agriculturist's toil entirely useless. A farmer keeps a watch dog to guard his premises, and cats to kill rats and mice in his granary and barn; yet he suffers any unfeathered biped to tear down his rails in order to get a chance shot at a robin, wren or blue bird, which may be unfortunate enough to be on his premises, and yet these very birds do him more good than either dog or cat, working diligently from morn till dark, killing and destroying insects injurious to the crops, which if not thus thinned out, would eventually multiply to such an extent as to leave him scarcely any crop whatsoever. Birds are accused of eating cherries and other fruits. True; but the poor birds merely take a tythe of the fruit to pay for the tree, which, but for their unceasing efforts, would otherwise have been killed in its infancy. To exemplify the utility of birds, I will give one or two instances that have occurred under my own observation:

Some years ago I took a fancy to keep bees; accordingly hives were procured and books red upon the subject. One day, a king bird or bee martin was observed to be very busy about the hives, apparently snapping up every straggling bee he could find. Indignant at such a breach of hospitality, as his nest was on the premises, I hastened to the house to procure a gun to shoot the murderer.—When I returned I perceived a greyish bird on the bushy top of a tree, and thinking it was the robber, I fired and down dropped a poor innocent little Phœbe bird. Hoping to find some consolation to my conscience for having committed this most foul murder, I inwardly accused the poor little Phœbe of having killed the bees; and having determined to ascertain the fact by dissecting the bird, it was opened, when much to my regret and astonishment, it was found to be full of the striped cucumber bugs, and not one single bee. Here I had killed the very bird which had been working for me the whole season, and perfectly innocent of the crime for which it had been sacrificed. After this circumstance I determined never to let a gun be fired upon the premises, excepting on special occasions; and at present the place is perfectly crowded during spring, summer and autumn, with the feathered songsters, which build their nests in my very porch, and bring up their young perfectly fearless of mankind; and although cherries, strawberries, &c., do suffer, yet the insects are not quarter as numerous and troublesome as they were formerly.

HOW TO GET RICH.—When you purchase an article look with confounded surprise at the seller, as much as to say, "is it possible you can put on a face to ask so much?" Think a moment, or appear to, and offer ten or fourteen per cent less, remarking that you can purchase the same, and know where, for the price you name. If you cannot get the article at your price by beating down and lying half an hour, you can at least get off a few cents. So much will be gained.

If you want to advertise in a newspaper, offer half its worth, and then make the publisher take the pay out of your shop, and be sure and charge him fifty per cent higher than you usually do.

When you sell your small articles, bite one end in two to make weight, so as not to give the purchaser more than he has paid for.

Befriend nobody. Never lend a sixpence even to your sick brother. Screw down every body you can to the lowest mill—when you make a purchase, never spend a dollar that will not yield four fold. Keep at it, work and dig from daylight to dark. Spend nothing for pleasure or amusement, and you will grow rich—there is no mistake about it.

THE CUCUMBER BUG.—A writer in the Bucks County Intelligencer, says that within the past twenty-five years I have not lost a single hill of vines. If I discover them in time, I take witewash made thin, and sprinkle it over the vines and they will leave then immediately. Don't be afraid, it will not injure your vines, but on the contrary make them grow better. I have put it on mine, and they would remain as white as a white washed wall for several days, without injuring them in the least. Pumpkin, Cucumber, Watermelon and Squash Vines will all bear the same treatment with the same result.

A WOMAN SWIMMING THE MISSISSIPPI.—Lloyd's Steamboat Directory gives a thrilling instance for the necessity of women knowing how to swim. When the ill-fated Ben Sherrod was in flame on the Mississipi river, and the lady passengers had thrown themselves into the water, and were drowning around the boat, the wife of Capt. Castleman, jumped into the river, with her infant in her arms, and swam ashore, a distance of half a mile, being the only woman saved out of the sixteen. She had learned to swim when a girl.

MANGE IN CATTLE.—The Boston Cultivator says—"The disorder termed the Mange arises from the excitement of the skin, probably brought on by disarrangement of the organs of digestion in consequence of poverty engendered by hunger and want of shelter. After these are supplied, a wash made of gun powder and water—charcoal, nitre, and sulphur—will be found a valuable application.—Mange is an infectious disorder; remove therefore the sick beast from the rest of the herd."

TO KEEP FRESH MEAT IN SUMMER.—Put the meat into a stone jar, and cover it with sour milk. By changing the milk once or twice, it will keep a week or more. Before cooking, wash the milk from the meat, and lay it in a little soda water a few minutes. It will make it very tender.

The crushed worm will writhe, so will those who are oppressed.

Our Scrap Book.

THE LAND OF WASHINGTON.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I glory in the sages
Who, in the days of yore,
I combat met the foeman,
And drove them from our shore;
Who flung our banner's stripy field
In triumph to the breeze,
And spread land maps of cities where
Once waved the forest trees.

I glory in the spirit
Which goaded them to rise,
And found a mighty nation
Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
As that where sets the sun;
No land so fertile, fair and free,
As that of Washington!

THE "WEEPING WATER."—We are often asked who named that beautiful and romantic stream the Weeping Water. We know not the man, nor the written history, which can tell; but there is a tradition concerning it, as follows: Many years ago, two armies of red warriors met upon the prairie where this stream now has its rise. A fierce and sanguinary battle followed, in which very many were slain. And the wives and maidens of the braves who were killed, wept here; and then began, and from that day has ever continued the plaintive murmurs of the Weeping Water. And the old Indian legend tells us that its waters are all tears, and its murmurs all sighs, for the many braves who fell upon that day, upon the prairie where it rises.

And this is all that we know of the waters that ween, and the way they were named. May be that same ancient Indian Lady, who had outlived her generation, can tell the reader something more.

But to-day the tears of those tawny maidens are engaged in the unpoetical occupation of turning mills, grinding corn and sawing lumber. Alas, that rough-handed reality should so destroy the beauty of rosy romance.

But so it is the wide world over—reality is chasing romance out of existence.—Lumber is preferred to legends, as well in other places as in Nebraska, and the trader prefers selling poor calico to the Indian rather than listen to his mysterious traditions. But by-and-bye some Nebraska Longfellow may write a 'pome' on the Weeping Water, which will 'jump' Hiawatha's 'claim' to a 160 acres of immortality.

SPEAK KINDLY TO THY MOTHER.—Young man, speak kindly to your mother, and courteously, of her. But a little time and you shall see her no more forever. Her eye is dim, and her form is bent, and her shadow falls toward the grave. Others may love you fondly; but never again while time is yours, shall any one's love be to you as that of your old, trembling, weakened mother has been.

Through helpless infancy her throbbing breast was your safe protection and support; in wayward, testy boyhood, she bore patiently with your thoughtless rudeness; she nursed you safely through a legion of ills and maladies.

Her hand bathed your burning brow, or moistened your parched lips; her eye lighted up the darkness of nightly vigils, watching sleepless by your side as none but her could watch. Oh, speak not her name lightly, for you cannot live so many years as would suffice to thank her fully. Through reckless and impatient youth, she is your counsellor and solace. To a bright manhood she guides your steps for improvement; nor even then forsakes or forgets.

Speak gently then, and reverently, of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree, lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

IN A FIX.—Jemmy Downer had been out all day training—the first time since he was chosen Captain of the Tuckertown Guards—and being pretty well filled with libations of punch and so forth, got somewhat bewildered as he plodded along toward his home. Meeting a boy on the road, he accosted him with,

"Well, my boy, can you tell me where Captain Downer l—ives?"

"Why, sir, you are Captain Downer, ain't you?"

"Yes, I know t—hat, boy. But where the d—evil do I live? Can you tell me t—hat?"

The lad piloted the inebriated officer to his domicile, and then left him to take care of himself. The pillar of the country's pride and glory tried the door; it was locked. He then drew out his night key, but could not find the keyhole.

"By gosh," he exclaimed, after trying in vain to find the in ision in the door, "if this isn't a good 'un. Here the old l—ady has l—ocked the d—oor, and by g—racious she has b—uttoned up the k—ey hole besides!"

Abridgment of a sermon which took up an hour in delivering, from these words: "Man is born to trouble."

My friends, the subject falls naturally to be divided into four heads:

1. Man's entrance into the world.
2. His progress through the world.
3. His exit from the world; and
4. Practical reflections from what may be said.

First, then:

1. Man came into the world naked and bare.
2. His progress through is trouble and care.
3. His exit from it none can tell where.
4. But if he does well here he'll be well there.

Now I can say no more, my brethern dear,

Should I preach on this subject from this time to next year. Amen.

Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach a sermon from the text, "Remember Lot's Wife," and made a failure. Afterward remarking to Dr. Bond, that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable Doctor replied that he "had better let other people's wives alone."

Don't you remember old Towser, dear Kate; old Towser so shaggy and kind; how he used to play, day and night by the gate, and seize interlopers behind!

Facts in Railroad Management.

The following facts regarding eight of the principal railroads of Massachusetts are developed by the reports to the Legislature, and furnished by a non-stockholder:

1. The cost of passenger transportation is 1.062 cents per passenger per mile.

2. The cost of merchandise transportation is 3.095 cents per ton per mile.

3. In passenger transportation $41.98 per cent. of the receipts therefrom are absorbed in excuses.

4. In merchandise transportation $89.52 per cent. of the receipts therefrom are absorbed in expenses.

5. The expenses of railroads are almost invariably determined by the weight carried over the rails. For instance—the Eastern road, upon which passenger traffic predominates, is operated at an expense of $3370 per mile of the length of the road; whilst the Lowell, upon which merchandise traffic predominates, is operated at an expense of $12,478.

6. The cost of renewals of iron upon railroads is an infallible index of the magnitude of expenses. For the preceding reasons, the cost of that item on the Eastern road is but $390 per mile of the length of the road, while upon the Western it is $1390.

7. Of the expenses of railroads, thirty per cent. are absorbed in maintenance of way, or road bed; twenty per cent. in fuel and oil; twenty per cent. in repair of engines, tenders and cars; ten per cent. in special freight expenses, and the remainder in passenger, incidental and miscellaneous expenses.

8. The weight of the engines, tenders and cars upon passenger trains is nine fold reater than the weight of the passengers.

9. The weight of the engines, tenders and cars upon the freight trains, is scarcely one fold greater than the weight of the merchandise.

10. For cheapness, railroads cannot compete with canals, in transportation of heavy descriptions of merchandise; the cost of carrying merchandise upon the Erie canal ranges from two to sixteen mills per ton per mile; whilst upon sixteen of the principal railways of New York and Massachusetts the cost of carrying merchandise ranges from thirteen to sixty-five mills per ton per mile.—*Boston Post.*

The following passage of singular splendor is from a late oration by Hon. Edward Everett:

What is it that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day, but the world wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean, of the soil, the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art and untiring industry, are brought by the agencies of commerce into the universal market of demand and supply? No matter in what region a desirable product is bestowed on man by a liberal Providence or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage—it may glitter in the golden sands of California—it may ripen and whiten in the fertile plains of the sunny Sunny South—it may spring forth from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America—the great world magnet of commerce attracts it alike, and gathers it all up for the service of man.

PRINTING OFFICE RULES.—Here are the latest. They should be observed:

1. Enter softly.
2. Sit down quietly.
3. Subscribe for the paper.
4. Don't touch the poker.
5. Say nothing interesting.
6. Engage in no controversy.
7. Don't smoke.
8. Keep six feet from the table.
9. Don't talk to the printers.
10. Eyes off the manuscript.

If you will observe these rules when you go into a printing office, you will greatly oblige the printer, and need have no fear of the *devil.*

An Irishman was asked at dinner wether he would have some apple pie.

"Is it houbsome?" inquired Teddy.

"To be sure it is; why, isn't it?"

"Because," said Teddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed wit appleplexy, and sure enough I thought it was something of the same sort."

Every woman was made for a mother, consequently babies are as necessary to their "peace of mind" as health. If you would see melancholy personified, look at an old maid or a childless wife. If you would take a peep at sunshine, look in the face of a young mother.

Envelopes and stamps to the large sum of ten thousand dollars a month are sold at the Boston Post Office! A room has been fitted up for this especial purpose, and a number of clerks give their whole time to this branch of the business of the office.

The less a man knows, the more noise he makes. Attend a public meeting, and you will always see that the man who contrives to upset the stove is some ignoramus, who thinks the more you swear at a horse, the better he will draw.

The tragic element in poetry is like Saturn in alchemy—the Malevolent, the Destroyer of Nature—but without it no true Aurum Potabile, or Elixir of Life, can be made.—*Longfellow.*

"Bridget, who broke those barrels that were in the wood-shed?" asked a gentleman of his servant.

"Missis told Jem to break them up and—save her the hoops!"

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me, or you will set me afire." "No danger of that," was the answer, "you are too green to burn."

A person was boasting that he had sprung from a high family in Ireland. "Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

Chief Justice Taney has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan.

Pretenders should be put to the test.

Useful and Curious.

South American Snakes.

In this part of the Orinoco we repeatedly saw water snakes swimming from one island to another; and in some instances they passed over the boats, to the great alarm of the passengers, but without attempting to do any mischief.—They are of a light green color, six or eight feet long, and swim with about a third of their body raised out of the water, propelling themselves rapidly along by the undulating motion of their tail. We were informed by the boatmen that their prey consisted chiefly of water rats and young birds.

The steersmen of the launches always endeavor to avoid sailing under the trees that overhang the river, lest the mast might detach some of the snakes from the branches.

We frequently saw numbers of them, exhibiting the most brilliant colors, while basking in the sun or trees. An European traveler who visited the parts in 1838, lay down to sleep upon the bank of the Orinoco, and was presently awakened by cries of alarm and horror.—What was his dismay when he found himself encircled in the folds of innumerable snakes? The native boatmen, whose cries had aroused him, proceeded to deliver him from the hideous coils in which he was enwreathed; but the traveler never completely recovered the shock which he had received. His nerves were completely unstrung, and he died delirious about four years afterward, at Porto Rico.—*Venezuela.*

Statistics of Muscular Power.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, sixty-seven in his trunk. He has, also, 414 muscles. His heart makes sixty four pulsations in a minute, and therefore, 2,940 in an hour—29,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the space of an hour.—In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings, and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to loose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can only travel fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile in seven minutes. An antelope can run a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours.

THE SHAKERS.—The number of Shaker Societies now in this country is eighteen, located in seven different States.—There are none in any foreign country. The denomination was founded through the instrumentality of a female, Ann Lee, who was born in 1736. She was introduced, as she believed, into the spirit world, and received communications from Christ and Moses from whom she received instruction in regard to the principles of the dispensation which they ushered in. The Shakers hold that there have been four dispensations of God to man. The first begining with Adam and extending to Abraham; the second extending from Abraham to Jesus; the third from Jesus to Ann Lee; and the fourth from Ann Lee onward. The first society was established in 1792, near Albany.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT FROM THE USE OF ETHER.—The Detroit Tribune states that a young lady, a member of one of the first families of that city, recently, while suffering from neuralgia in her face, in her agony threw herself upon her bed and attempted by the use of ether to alleviate her suffering. While applying that remedy, by accident she dropped the vial and spilled the ether upon her shoulder and the pillow. The strong fumes of it soon rendered her helpless and powerless, and only by mere accident was she discovered. All her powers were prostrated, and notwithstanding all medical assistance, her life is despaired of.

TO REMOVE INK STAINS.—Many of the preparations for removing ink spots take out the color as well—the following is a perfectly harmless one: To half an ounce of oxalic acid put a fluid ounce of distilled water, when nearly dissolved add half an ounce of citric acid; this will be a saturated solution, and will take out ink without injuring or discoloring the substance, whether it be cloth, silk, &c.—*Post.*

FLEAS, BEDBUGS, &c.—Put a few drops of the Oil of Wormwood on a handkerchief or piece of folded muslin, and place it in a bed haunted by the enemy. Neither of these tribes can endure the odor of Wormwood.

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