The Fun of the Thing.

THE MAN OF TYPE.

A PRINTER'S PLAINT PARODY.

BY N. QUAD.

'Tis the last line of matter,
Left *standing* alone;
All the rest of the *column*
Lies down by the *stone*.
No type will own it,
No *foreman* is nigh,
To talk to one kindly,
Who mourns over pi.

I'll not curse thee, vast rain,
But sadly deplore—
'Twas the work of the "*devil*,"
Who 'scaped through the door!
Now, cruelty, teach me
Some exquisite way
Of mayhem and torture,
The "*devil to pay*!"

Thus, thus 't is always—
Some damnable trick,
From that imp of destruction,
Meets *galley* and *stick*.
When *proofs are corrected*,
More *errors* have grown;
And now I'm determined
To let 'em alone!

An Illinois correspondent backs this: As late as 1837, when railroads were first talked about in this corn region, they were supposed to be identical with the "corduroy roads," where the rails are laid crosswise over the bottomless "bottoms!" In 1850, one county, it is said, gave nearly a unanimous vote for Gen. Jackson for President, under the full conviction that "the report of his death was a *Whig lie!*" When it was reported that Professor Morse had succeeded in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph, one old *savan*, who had been a schoolmaster and member of the Legislature, gave his opinion that the report was a "humbug." In fact, from his knowledge of "astronomy," he said he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'Reilley's men were seen setting the poles directly by the old man's dwelling. One day, he joined the crowd who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire.—Upon being asked what he thought of the matter then, he hesitated a moment—assuming an air of importance—and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, while in the Legislature, I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion, *that it may answer very well for small packages, but it will never do for large bundles—never!*"—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

A Doctor that was a Doctor.—A self-sufficient humbug, who took up the business of a physician, had a deep knowledge of the healing art, was once called to visit a young man afflicted with apoplexy. Bolus gazed long and hard, felt his pulse and pocket, looked at his tongue and his wife, and finally gave vent to the following opinion:

"I think he is a gone fellow."

"No, no!" exclaimed the sorrowful wife, "do not say that."

"Yes," returned Bolus, lifting up his hat and eyes heavenward at the same time, "yes, I do say so; there arn't no hope, not the leastest might; he's got an attack of nihilfit in his lost frontis—.

"Where?" cried the startled wife.

"In his lost frontis, and he can't be cured without some trouble and a great deal of pains. You see his whole planetory system is deranged; fustly, his vox populi is pressin' on his advalorum, secondly, his cata catacarpial cutaneous has swelled considerably, if not more; thirdly and lastly, his solar ribs are in a concussed state, and he ain't got any money, consequently he is bound to die.

Titles of Firms.—One of the best titles of a mercantile firm we have ever seen, is "Call and Settle," which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of our Eastern cities. Customers are reminded, every time they pass, of their outstanding accounts. "Neal & Pray" is the title of another firm. But the following "beats all." "Two attorneys," says an old newspaper, in "partnership in a town of the United States, had the name of the firm, which was "Catchum & Chetum," inscribed in the usual manner upon the office door; but as the singularity and ominous juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers-by, the men of law attempted to destroy in part the effect of the old association, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to be Issiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse—the inscription ran: "I. Catchum & U. Chetum."

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy and the father, not liking the appearance of it, forced is down the cat's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "no, we didn't give it to him."

"Good heavens!" said the doctor, is the child living?"

"Yes, but the old cat isn't; we gave it to her."

Mr. Jones, after having spent an evening over his bowl, went home a little "how come you so." He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration, he thought it would be policy to turn over, lest his breath might betray him, when Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world said, "Jones, you need not turn over you're drunk clear through."

Bites!—The following sell came off a few days since, not many miles from where we now sit:

Two gentlemen fishing—sharp boy appears—

Boy—"Well, sir, git any bites!"

Gent—(unconcerned) "lots of 'em."

Boy—"Y-a-a-s—*under your hat!*"

A Grave Charge.—A Western editor enumerates a long list of annoyances and grievances, and winds up as follows:

"I was vexed too by a painter, who had been paid in advance to paint me a sign; but he must go a sailing in the bay on Sunday and get drowned—just like as not on my money—anyhow, *he died* and made no sign."

Evidence of friendship—kissing a married lady out of pure love for her husband!

A Coon Hunt in a Fency Country.

Really 'tis astonishin' what a monstrous sight of mischief there is in a pint of rum! If one of 'em was to be submitted to analyzation, as the great doctors call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the head of man, from cussin' and stealin' up to murder and whippin' his own mother, and nonsense enough to turn all the men in the world out of their senses. If a man's got a badness in him, it will bring it out, just as sassafras tea does the measles; and if he's a good for nothin' sort of a fellow, without no bad traits in petikler, it'll bring out all his greatness. It affects different people in different ways—some it makes rich and happy, and some poor and miserable; and it has a different affect on different peoples's eyes—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blind that they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum foolery that I've heard of for a long time, tuk place in Pineville last fall.

Bill Sweeny and Tom Culpepper is the two greatest old coveys in our settlement for coon huntin'. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else, and when *they* can't catch nothin' you may depend on't coons is scarce. Well, one night they had everything ready for a regular bust, but owin' to some extra good fortin', Tom had got a pocket pistol, as he called it, of reg'lar old Jimmakey, to keep off the rumatics. After takin' a good startin' horn, they went out on their hunt, with their light-wood torch a blazin' and the dogs a barkin' and yelpin' like forty thousand. Every now and then stoppin' to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's health, till they began to feel very comfortable, and chatted away 'bout one thing and another, without mindin' which way they was g'wine. Bimeby they cum to a fence. Well, over they got, without much difficulty.

"Who's fence is this?" said Bill.

"'Tain't no matter," sez Tom, "let's take somethin' to drink."

After takin' a drink they went on wonderin' what on airth had cum of the dogs. Next thing they cum to was a terrible muddy branch. After pullin' thro' the briars and gettin' on t'other side, they tuk another drink, and after g'wine a little ways, they cum to another fence, a monstrous high one this time.

"Whar upon airth is we got to, Culpepper?" sez Bill. "I never seed sich a heap of branches and fences in these parts."

"Why," sez Tom, "it's all old Sturlid's doins—you know he's always buildin' fences and makin' infernal improvements, as he calls 'em. But, never mind, we's through 'em now."

"Reckon we isn't," sez Bill, "here's the all-firedest fence yet."

Sure enough, thar they was, right agin another fence. By this time they begun to be considerable high fence. Tom dropped the last piece of the torch, and thar they was in the dark.

"Now you is done it!" sez Bill.

Tom know'd he had, but he thought it was no use to grieve over spilt milk, so says he, "Never mind, old hoss, cum ahead, and I'll take you out," and the next minnit, kerslash, he went in the water.

Bill hung on the fence with both hands like he tho't he was slewin' round to throw him off.

"Hello, Tom!" sez he, "whar in the world is you got to?"

"Here I is," sez Tom, spoutin' the water out of his mouth, and coughin' like he'd swallowed somethin'—"look out there's another branch here."

"Name-o'sense whar is we?" sez Bill. "If this isn't a fency country, dad fetch my buttons."

"Yes, and a branchy one, too," sez Tom, "and the highest and deepest and thickest that I ever seed in all my born days."

"Which way is you?"

"Here, right over the branch."

"Cum ahead," sez Tom, "let's go home."

"Cum thunder, I never was in such a place as this, whar a man 'aint got his coat tail unhitched from a fence, 'fore he's over head and ears in water."

After gettin' out and feelin' about in the dark, they got together agin. After taking another drink, they sot out for home, denouncin' the fences and branches, and helpin' one another up now and then; but they hadn't gone more'n twenty yards 'fore they brung to a halt by another fence.

"Dad blame my picter," sez Bill, "if I don't think we is bewitched. Who upon airth would build fences all over creation this way?"

It was about an hour's job to get over this one; but after they got on the top they found the ground on the other side without much trouble. This time the bottle was broke, and they cum monstrous near having a fight over the catastrophe. But it was a very good thing, it was; for, after crossin' two or three branches, and climbin' as many more fences, it got to be daylight, and they found that *they hod been climbin' the same fence all night*, not more'n a hundred yards from whar they first cum to it.

Bill Sweeney sez he can't account for it in no other way but that the licker sort o' turned their heads; and he sez he does raaly believe if it hadn't gin out, they'd been climbin' the same fence and wadin' the same branch till now. Bill promised his wife to jine the Temperance Society, if she wouldn't never say no more about that 'coon hunt.

For Two Days Only.—Wishing to see the occupant, we looked into a shop, and inquired of the boy present, for Mr. S——.

He replied, "he's at home."

"Will he be down soon?"

"No," said he, "he's sick."

"Sick!—is he very sick?"

"Not very, he is only going to be sick to-day and to morrow."

A gentleman recently went into the newspaper depot under the Astor House, in New York, and inquired if they kept Philadelphia papers.

"No."

"Do you keep the Boston papers?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the youth, "we don't keep any *village* papers."

A shoemaker being enamored of a young girl, while urging his suit, assured her that he loved her as he did his own sole, and that she would find him true to the last.

For the Farmer.

Culture of the Cucumber.—I will state a fact relating to the planting of cucumbers, which came under my observation, and which is worthy of being known. I shall at least give a further trial myself of its reality, though I cannot conceive there is a doubt remaining on the subject. Last spring, myself and a friend of mine were planting cucumbers at the same time. I was planting mine, as is usual, in gardens, by mixing a small portion of stable manure with the earth, and raising the hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he jocosely remarked," "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed to his proposition. He commenced by making holes in the earth, at the distance intended for the hills, that would hold about a peck—he then filled them with dry leached ashes, covering the ashes with a very small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation of anything but a loss of seed, labor and soil. But imagine my astonishment, (notwithstanding a drier season was never known, and almost a universal failure of garden vegetables,) when I beheld vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one could wish to raise, and they continued to bear for an unusually long time.—I will not philosophize on the subject—but say to all, try it, and instead of throwing your ashes away, apply it where it will be of use, and you will reap a rich reward.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Preservation of Wheat from Weevil.—Numerous remedies have been proposed to protect wheat from the ravages of weevil, but the most of them have been impracticable or too expensive. Mr. Gailat in France, recommends the use of tar, as a certain and economical agent for their destruction. He says:

"The efficacy of tar in driving away the weevil and preserving the grain, is an incontestable fact. My father had, a long time ago, his granaries, barns, and the whole house infested with these insects; so much so that they penetrated into all the chests among the linen. He placed an open cask, impregnated with tar, in the barn, and then in the granaries—at the end of some hours the weevils were seen climbing along the wall by myriads, and flying in all directions from the cask. On moving the tarred vessel from place so place, the premises were in a few days completely cleared of these troublesome and pernicious guests. The agriculturist who wants to get rid of weevils, may, as soon as he perceives their presence, impregnate the surface of some old planks with tar, and then place them as required in his granaries. Care must be taken to renew the tar from time to time in the course of the year, to prevent the return of the insects.

A Useful Hint to Horticulturists.—If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter but the earthly salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth, and that, too, exactly in the proportion required by the very plant from which they fell—nay more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forest; it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether.

A wise horticulturist will diligently collect every week the leaves that fall under each tree, and, by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich that soil, prove in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season.

Hams can be secured and sweetly preserved through summer by packing them in cobs; first, a layer of cobs in the bottom of the cask; then hams and cobs, until you finish the whole. Be particular that they do not come in contact with each other.

Unbroken cobs I would prefer, but broken ones selected will answer. It would be necessary to take them out once in summer, and give them a dry rubbing. Your cask should stand upon a bench, in a dry, cool cellar.

Having them packed in this way, the cobs absorb the heat and air sufficient to keep them fresh and fine. It has been my practice more than ten years to treat my hams in this way, and I never lost one. You take them out perfectly clean, not plastered, not ashed, not greased; neither is there any chaff to be swept off. Cask to be covered.

One Way to Keep Eggs.—During a long voyage to South America, it was noticed how fresh the eggs continued to be. The steward was called on for his secret. He said that as he purchased his stock, he packed it down in small boxes—rasin boxes—and afterwards, about once a week, turned over every box but the one out of which he was using. This was all. The reason of his success is, that by turning the eggs over, he kept the yolks about the middle of the albumen. If still the yolk will after a while find its way through the white to the shell, and when it does so, the egg will spoil.—Hens understand this fact, for they, as is well known, turn over the eggs on which they set at least daily.

Parsnips.—Some gardeners recommend sowing parsnips as early in the season as the condition of the ground will admit. We have, however, seen excellent crops raised from seed sown after most other vegetables were up, and when the roots are intended for winter use, we are decidedly of opinion that late sowing is, on the whole, much the best. The parsnip, like the beet, requires a rich, deep, mellow, and rather dry soil to insure the complete perfection of all its many admirable qualities; and where the circumstances combine, it will, if assisted by a systematic cultivation, prove a remunerating and higly valuable product on the farm.

How to Preserve Grapes.—A correspondent of the Newark Daily Advertiser, says:

"For several years past I have succeeded in preserving Isabella grapes till March. We have had the luxury of having fresh grapes all thro' the winter; and have found them very useful and refreshing to the sick, especially to consumptive people. We pick our grapes to preserve for the winter as we can, and save them from the frost; gathering them when they are perfectly dry, say in the middle of a sunny day. We take a dry box—a common candle box is very convenient for the purpose—first cover the bottom with cotton batting. We then put down a layer of grapes, one cluster after another, as thick as they can well lay. Care should be taken no broken or green ones are in the clusters. If there are, they will cause the others to mould and decay. We then put down a layer of cotton, till the box is full."

Change of Feed for Horses.—The kind of food for animals should be changed frequently. A horse long kept on shorts, will be effected by a fever in his legs and feet, producing a result similar to founder. Shorts, corn meal, or cob meal, should never be given except in a mixture with cut hay or straw. This will require them to eat slower and the food is better prepared for digestion. If given alone it ferments rapidly in the stomach, produces a general fever, injures the digestive powers, and finally produces a stiffness throughout the limbs.—When these results are discovered, the remedy is a change of food. Continued feeding on oats alone, will produce the same results as shorts, or meal, and many a founder is caused by it, as by feeding and drinking when the horse is warm. If necessity compels a person to feed a horse on shorts, corn meal or cob meal, a supply of salt should be added to prevent fermentation in the stomach.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Subsoiling vs. Draining.—There is no doubt but a soil made deep and mellow, will resist both drouth and deluge better than a thin, hard soil. The reason is obvious. If you have two inches of soil on a board or in a box, half an hour's rain makes it complete mud, and a half a day's sunshine will convert that mud into hard lumps, especially if the soil is clay, or any considerable part clay. But if instead of two inches it is two feet, it will take a long rain to wet it through, and no part of it will be mud, until there is water enough to make it all mud, and then in drying, no part will be very dry until the whole is dry. A deep mellow soil will bear a large amount of rain without destroying its loose porous character to such a degree as to exclude the air.—So far as we have observed, a piece of dry, gravelly soil, if plowed deeply, will stand a drouth better than wet clay soil if plowed shallow, and underlaid by clay or hard pan.—*Culturist and Gazette.*

Soap for Killing Borers in Trees.—S. S. Green, Esq., of East Cambridge, has made an experiment with this article. He has in his garden a fine white ash tree, which was full of these worms, so fatal to our fruit and ornamental trees.—He covered every place on the tree which appeared to be wounded by them, with common hard soap, nicely rubbed into the places where the borers seemed to have entered. During the late rains the soap dissolved and penetrated to the worms, and forced them out by scores causing their death. We think this the best remedy yet discovered for destroying these nuisances to gardens and orchards.

Food and Pasture for Cows.—In the same animal, says Johnston in his Lectures, the quantity of milk is known to be greatly influenced by the kind of food. This is best understood in the neighborhood of large towns, where the profit of the dairyman is dependent upon the quantity, rather than upon the quality of his milk. Hence the value of high succulent foods—of the grass of irrigated meadows—of mashed and steamed food—of brewer's grain—of turnips, potatoes, and beets—and of other similar vegetable productions, which contain much water, intimately mixed with nutritive matter, and thus tend both to aid in the production of milk, and to increase its quantity.

Pass it Round.—Every "merciful man" who works a horse during the hot months, can promote its comfort by the use of the following simple shield against the teeming of flies. Take two or three handfulls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole, next morning, into a kettle, and boil for a quarter of an hour; when it is cold it is fit for use. Moisten a sponge with it, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts that are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor. Try it.

Potatoes Among Corn—The Rot.—All experiment in planting potatoes among corn which has met our eye, was attended with good results, and acted, it appears, as a preventive to the rot. In 1850, a Massachusetts farmer planted corn and potatoes in alternate rows, so that after the 1st of July the potatoes were constantly shaded by the corn. In most other fields in the neighborhood they decayed, and in his own where they were not shaded; but here he had sound potatoes, and a good crop. This fact is worth remembrance.

Important Facts.—All metals are good conductors of electricity. Oil is a non-conductor. The electric fluid, in passing a conductor, is confined almost entirely to its surface. Where that surface is covered with oil paint, or any non-conducting substance, the passage of the fluid is obstructed—it accumulates upon the rod, and is very liable to leave it and strike into the building, or some other object which may present a better conducting surface.

Dried Strawberries.—A London paper states an experiment in drying strawberries, by attaching threads to their stalks after a little over ripe, hanging them up to dry. The result is stated to be entirely satisfactory: "that sweet refreshing acid peculiar to the strawberry being in full perfection, the flavor of the fruit without any watery taste, delicious, and dissolving in the mouth as slowly as a lozenge."

Pinch off all superflous sprouts on choice fruit trees.

Our Scrap Book.

MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

Round the meadow am a ringing
The darkies' mournful song,
While the mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as the day am long;
Where the ivy am a creeping
O'er the grassy mound,
There old Massa lies a sleeping,
Sleeping in the cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in the corn-field,
Hear that mournful sound;
All the darkies am a weeping,
Massa's in the cold, cold ground.

When the Autumn leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
Kase he was so weak and old.
But now the orange tree am blooming,
On the sandy shore;
Now the Summer time am coming,
Massa never calls no more.

CHORUS—Down in the corn-field, &c.

Massa made the darkies love him,
Kase he always was so kind;
But now they sadly weep above him,
Mourning, for he left them behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
So fast the tear-drops flow;
I'll try to drive away my sorrow,
Picking on the old banjo.

CHORUS—Down in the corn-field, &c.

The Blessed Home.

Home! To see home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tented field. Where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy, a far away home lies on his heart; and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair haired boy brother, with light foot and childhood's glee chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home, his own sinless home, a home with his Father above that starry sky, will be the wish of every christian man. He looks around him—the world is full of suffering; he is distressed by its sorrows and vexed with its sins. He looks within him—he finds much in his own corruptions to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, vexed, he often turns his eye upwards, saying, "I would not live here always. No; not for all the gold of the world's mines—not for all the pearls of her seas—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here always." Like a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows, or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be pluming his wing for the hour of flight to glory.—*Guthrie.*

Newspaper By-Laws.—A cotemporary lays down the following pithy code of newspaper by-laws. They are the best we have seen drawn up:

1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography.

2. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it.

3. State facts but don't stop to moralize; it's a drowsy subject. Let the reader do his own dreaming.

4. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject, like swimming in cold water.

5. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine, draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.

6. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible time. We want thoughts in their quintessence.

7. When your article is completed, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives.—The English is a strong language, but won't bear much reducing.

8. Avoid all high flown language.—The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts when legs will do as well.

9. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile stone, at which the reader may stop and rest himself.

10. Write legibly. Don't let your manuscript look like the tracks of a spider half drowned in ink. We shan't mistake anybody for a genius, though he write as crabbed as Napoleon.

A Norwegian Marriage.—The following is Mr. Metcalf's account of a Norwegian marriage, which he describes as a marriage in high life:

"Betrothal is a very important affair in this country. The custom is for a young lady, when she becomes engaged, to exchange rings with her lover. These rings are retained ever afterwards, no additional ring being placed on the finger of the bride after marriage, as with us. The bridal *cortege* crossed the water. A fiddler sat in the boat playing lively airs in great state while cannon resounded from the shore, and the church bells rang out merrily over the water. On landing, the bride walked to the priest, and was then arrayed in her wedding garments.—She wore a dress of white silk, and on her head a wreath of flowers; while a veil descended over her shoulders almost to her feet, the face being left uncovered. Three o'clock P. M., was the time for performing the ceremony. The priest afterwards made an oration, and received for it a fee of twenty dollars. He is equally eloquent at funerals, provided he is paid for it. The honeymoon in this country is called "Hyede Brod-Dagen," white bread days—a name indicating the scarcity of that delicacy. The happy pair never dream of posting off, as they do in England, to spend they honeymoon out of sight of their friends."

Be True to Yourself.—The story of the world, as well as the biography of those who have played the prominent part in its concern, teach one great lesson, worthy of everlasting remembrance. It assures us that it matters not what form of danger may assail a man if he be true to himself. Poverty may lay his chilling hand upon him, and freeze up the fountain of his brightest hopes, disappointment may meet at every step; affliction may strike down those who are dear to his heart; the breath of slander may attempt to sully his name and tarnish his reputation; still let him be true to himself—let him maintain a stout heart and clean breast, and he will eventually outride the storm.

Life.

The following beautiful illustration of life, is by the celebrated Bishop Heber:

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides gently down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of the grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries us on, and still, our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent—we are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us—we are excited by some short lived disappointment. But our energy and dependence are in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth the river hastens to its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our heels—the lands lessen from our eyes—and the floods are lifted up around us—and the earth loses sight of us and we take our last leave of its inhabitants; and of our further voyage there is no witness but the eternal!

And do we still take so much anxious thought for our future days; when they that have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived? Can we so still set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience that the Creator only is permanent? And shall we not rather lay aside every weight, and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have not abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world; and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for the Lord Jesus Christ and the interest we have obtained in his mercy.

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels other things being equal, more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of the inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home! but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof that shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand.—He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the villiage school of earlier days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his father to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*E. Everett.*

The Hammer.—The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the plowshare of peaceful agriculture. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the place which it formed. The hammer is the wealth of the nations. By it are formed the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry; it is a domestic deity presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, nor a house is raised, a ship floats, or a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or a flag waves without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defeceless brutes; but in skillful hands, directed by wisdom, is an instrument of power, of greatness, and of true glory.

How to do Good.—Good is not done by dragging religion head and shoulders into common conversation. Wisdom, and prudence, and good sense are as necessary in what regards the next world as in what regards this. Careful thought and earnestness are necessary in the great work of being our brother's keeper, and a judicious activity is the condition of a real success in this way.

Mr.—do you keep—anything—good to t-a-k-e—here?

"Yes, we have excellent cold water—the best thing in the world."

"Well, I know it," was the reply, "there is no thing that's done so much for navigation as that. And even as a beverage, it's capital, mixed with a little brandy."

Mechanical.—A chap stepped into a store Down East, where liquor was kept for "medicinal and mechanical" purposes, and produced a large bottle which he desired to have filled. Upon being asked for what purpose he wanted it, he said "mechanical—he was going to make an ox-yoke in the afternoon!"

A German writer, Bœrne, compares the different stages in the lives of women, to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three may be excellent in their kind."

The gratitude of the world is but the expectation of future favors; its happiness a hard heart and a good digestion.

Useful and Curious.

Recipes.

Washington Cake.—This cake derives its name from the fact that it was a great favorite at the table of General Washington; the last two years of his life, it always formed one of the delicacies of his breakfast table, and is considered one of the standing dishes of a Virginian dejeune.

Take two pounds of flour, one quart of milk, with an ounce of butter, heated together; put the milk and butter into the flour when it is about lukewarm, add a penny's worth of yeast, three eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, place it in pans over night, and bake it in the morning in a quick oven for three quarters of an hour.

American Plum Pudding.—Take one quart and a pint of whortle berries, wash them and let them drain through a seive; to this put a pint and a half of molasses, dissolve a teaspoonful of pearl ash in warm water, and stir it in the molasses until it foams, then stir in flour till it becomes of the consistence of pound cake before it is baked; add spice to your taste. Tie the batter in a bag and let it boil three hours; serve it up with sauce to your liking.

Another.—Take two-thirds of a teacup of butter, four cups of flour, five eggs, half a table spoonful of saleratus, half a cup of sugar, and three cups of sour milk. Rub the butter and flour together, add the fruit after the other ingredients are well mixed; bake one and a half hours. Serve with sweet sauce. The quantity of fruit from half a pint to a pint.

To Preserve Currants.—Gather currants when green, separate them from the stems, and put them in bottles, which cork closely, and put them in a cool part of the cellar. Currants may be kept fresh and green in this manner ten months or more, and will make excellent pies in the winter and spring.

Corn Pudding.—Cooks, attention!—Take four ears of green corn, boil them till half done, cut off the corn as fine as convenient, mix it with two heaping spoonfuls of flour, one pint of sweet milk, salt and peper to season, bake it well, and you will have the most ecstatic dish ever invented.

The Progress of the Present Age.—It is wonderful to reflect upon the progress made in every department of the arts, sciences and mechanics during the past fifty years. At a breakfast given on board the new steamship Persia, before she sailed, the Dean of Ripon reminded the company that it was now forty-eight years since he accompanied Robert Fulton on the trial trip of the first steamer that ever sailed in the world, and when he considered that, within the short period of a man's life, he had witnessed the trial trip of Fulton's steamer and the trial trip of the Persia, and that he was still able to make his voice heard in that spacious cabin, his hope and trust was that they might be enabled to make progress still more with security, and backed by the sound principles of science; and he truly hoped that when this glorious vessel crossed over to America with intelligence, the same cordial good feeling might be witnessed at New York, as marked its departure from the Clyde.—*English Paper.*

Dysentery.—As the season is at hand when all classes of citizens are liable to be afflicted with Dysentery, Diarrhœa, &c., (says the Farmer's Gazette) we deem it our duty to make public the following simple and efficacious remedy, which has been known to us for several years, and which we have repeatedly used with complete success. It is simply to take a tumbler of water, thicken it with wheat flour to about the consistency of thick cream, and drink it. This is to be repeated several times in the course of the day, or as often as you are thirsty; and it is not very likely you will need to try it on the second day. We have not only used it in our case, but we have recommended it to our friends in many instances, and we never knew it to fail of effecting a speedy cure, even in the worst stages of dysentery. It is a simple remedy, and costs nothing. Try it, all who need it.

Trees at the Side of Railways.—The Austrian Government requests the directors of the railways in the empire to plant young trees of a description indicated, at convenient distances along the lines, intending them to replace eventually the posts upon which the telegraphic wires are at present affixed. If this plan should be adopted in the United States, a graceful tree would take the place and perform the service of the unsightly poles which are to be seen along our railways and public roads.

Sun Flowers.—The seed of the Sun Flower is valuable for making oil, as well as for feeding fowls, &c. Who has grown any the past year? Please write and tell us, how, when, where, &c.

Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on laws, was a printer.

The Kansas Chief,

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