

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### A BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

BY LIZZIE CLARENDON.

Father, I leave thy dwelling,  
The shade of thy roof-tree;  
With grief my heart is swelling,  
To part from thee and thee.

Give me thy blessing, father,  
Thy blessing and thy prayer;  
For when at home I gather,  
No more will I be there.

Mother, thy arms enfold me,  
Thy tears are on my cheek;  
Close to thy bosom hold me,  
While I say farewell speak.

Where will I find another,  
Whom love will equal thee?  
Yet must I leave thee, mother,  
Another home to see.

Butter, thy heart is beating  
With throbbings glad and warm,  
While thou mine own "bride" meeting,  
As I leave thy form.

The fond affection, brother,  
Shall live on memory's page,  
Nor time remembrance smother,  
With years of growing age.

Sister, thy white gown round me,  
As on days of yore,  
With tender clasp have bound me—  
Oh! shall I ever more?

Shall I go more alone?  
Shall I go more alone?  
Shall I go more alone?  
Shall I go more alone?

See! now thy pale lips tremble,  
As my last parting kiss;  
Oh, when we all assemble,  
Think, think of my dear sister!

Think of the friends we leave,  
To whom we are so dear;  
My voice no more is heard,  
In evening song or prayer.

I leave you, gentle mother,  
And father, kind and true,  
Sweet sister, noble brother,  
And all whom I love!

This parting, dear, it gives thee  
Thy tears are flowing fast—  
My home, my home, I have, then,  
This farewell is the last!

And now to thee—fare thee,  
My faithful heart shall turn;  
Within its temple lonely,  
One light alone shall burn—  
One light, through joy and sorrow,  
Shall glow with steady beam,  
And with each coming morn,  
To gladden me with tears.

This portion have I taken  
From all the world can give,  
With heart and soul and mind,  
With thee, for thee to live!

Come then what will, come word or woe,  
Come joy or grief, or pain;  
Thou art my life and soul and love,  
I leave thee not again!

## Select Tale.

(From the Boston Olive Branch.)

### THE DIAMOND RING;

—OR—

### THE ASTROLOGER'S STRATAGEM.

A TALE OF BOSTON, IN 1775.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCOVERY.

Amelia Powell had passed a night of the most painful anxiety. The shaver of her heart's fondest emotions had been banished from her presence—had been treated with the most undisguised contempt. To her devoted heart this was most cause for anxiety. The future seemed robbed of its promised bliss, and only fraught with gloomy forebodings upon her brightest hopes.

Her father's gay and luxurious habits compelled her to mix with the light-hearted revellers in the saloons of fashion; but, deprived of her soul's ideal, it was distasteful in the extreme. Inheriting the temper and disposition of a meek and gentle mother, her happiness consisted in the most simple enjoyments of life. The peaceful heaven of the fireside of home was more desirable than the giddy mazes of the dance, or the light revels of the drawing-room. The routine of fashionable dissipation to which her father was devoted, was a momentous round of misery to her.

Her introduction to Robert Dewrie had been entirely accidental. She had met him scarcely a year before, in the hotel of poverty ministering to the wants of the suffering. Her heart sympathized with him in the mission of mercy. His manly form and handsome face, lighted by bright, intelligent eyes, now beaming with gentle sympathy; his modest, graceful demeanor and the respectful but earnest gaze of admiration he bestowed upon her—all had contributed to engage her heart.

She was the gentle god, had been invoked, she loved him. In her daily walks of charity she met him; occasionally he attended her home, and she learned more of his character and pursuits. The intelligence that he was one of the most devoted of the agitators of the day, which she had obtained through other sources, fell heavily upon her heart. This would exclude him from her father's sympathy, this would be the dividing line between them. With much sympathy for the injured colonies, she could not but esteem her friend more highly for his devotion to the welfare of his country. There was a Roman virtue in his composition which increased her admiration,

and appealed more strongly to her affections. Various opportunities for intercourse occurred, and at a sitting time, Robert Dewrie had unfolded his heart, and offered it on the shrine of her affections. The offering was not disdained, and the record of their devotion and their vows was witnessed above.

The storm of war seemed to be rapidly gathering over the colonies, and Robert Dewrie found himself more and more alienated from the sympathies and views of Colonel Powell. It was a sad thought, but his soul was too elevated, his patriotism too noble, to be seduced from his duty even by the silken lure of love.

The young patriot's open heart could not conceal entirely the joys which animated it, and Waldeck was led to suspect the fact. By the adoption of a system of espionage, he had satisfied himself that Robert Dewrie was the rival most to be dreaded in his conquest of Amelia Powell's heart. On the preceding night, he had followed him to Queen Street, and revealed to the astonished father the disagreeable truth, which had enabled him to surprise the lovers.

Amelia, with a sad heart, had seated herself in the sitting-room. The book she held, received no share of her attention. Her mind was overshadowed with anxiety for her lover. As she was thus pondering her clouded prospects, her father, who had just returned from the goldsmith's shop, entered the apartment. From the events of the previous night, she expected to be treated with cold sternness; but to her surprise, he greeted her with even more than usual gentleness, and imprinted a fatherly kiss of affection on her cheek.

"You look pale this morning, Amelia; you are ill," said Colonel Powell, in a tone of solicitude; for whatever his faults, whatever the peculiarities of his nature, he loved his daughter, his only child, with an earnest devotion.

"No, father, I am quite well," replied Amelia, and the tears gathered in her eyes—her father's gentleness had melted her tender heart.

"What ails you, child? Why these tears?" and the fond father wiped away the reproaching drops.

"Forgive me, father; forgive me that I offended you last night."

"Nay, think no more of it, Amelia; forget him, he is unworthy your love."

"Do not say so, father; I love him fondly, truly."

Colonel Powell was distressed to find that the affair of the previous evening, which he had interrupted, was not an idle flirtation, as he had anxiously hoped. He saw with the deepest solicitude the inroads which a single night of sorrow had made. Whatever his own prejudices against the union of his daughter with a hot-headed rebel, the event was now rendered impossible by the infamy of the young patriot.

His experience of woman's heart clearly indicated the danger of crossing a fond and tender affection like that of his beloved daughter.

"I trust, my child, you have not irretrievably bestowed your affections upon this young man," said Colonel Powell, after a long pause, in which the painful realities of his daughter's position had rapidly flitted through his mind.

Amelia made no reply, but gazed with a look of inexpressible anxiety into the face of her father.

"You must forget him, Amelia, you must, indeed; he is utterly unworthy of you," said Colonel Powell, in a sorrowful tone.

"No, father, he is all that is manly, true and just. I love him for his virtues, for his pure and noble nature. You cannot know him, father; you are prejudiced against him," pleaded Amelia from the mine of tenderness in her heart.

"I grieve for you, my daughter; but recent events have disclosed his true character. If he were a different man, I might look with favor upon him."

"What do you mean, father? What recent events? Do you refer to the Battle of Lexington? His heart is true to his country; if he is at fault, it is because he has been misguided. Do not condemn him for that."

"Alas, my child, he is even worse than a traitor to his country."

"Do not wound me with these dark words. Tell me all; I know he is incapable of any baseness."

"Your heart deceives you, Amelia. The man you love is a murderer!"

"A murderer! no, father, no! I wrong him," and the devoted girl clasped with convulsive energy, the hand of her father.

"It is too true, my child—may God be merciful to you—basely and cruelly Robert Dewrie has taken the life of his own uncle!"

The cheek of the stricken daughter blanched, and her frame trembled with the violence of her emotions. With painful effort she maintained her composure, while Colonel Powell narrated the revolting particulars of the tragedy at the goldsmith's. The suspicious circumstances which had criminated her lover, were placed in the most heart-rending minutest detail before her. But she, still fond and true, refused to believe any ill of him, whose honor and happiness were all in all to her. With an inward determination to cling to him in his hour of peril, as she had when his sky had been comparatively bright, she heard the conclusion of the terrible relation. All this might be the invention of his enemies. They might have conspired to ruin him. Yet, with the evidence so palpably against

him, she could not but realize the danger of his position—could not but recognize the possibility of his guilt.

"You see, Amelia," continued Colonel Powell, congratulating himself on the apparent fortitude with which his daughter had listened to his narration—"you see that Robert Dewrie, even while he pressed you to his heart last night, was a murderer! that his hand was stained with his uncle's blood!"

"O, God! his bloody hand!" exclaimed she, as the terrible incident of the previous night, rushed with appalling force to her mind, conveying the irresistible conclusion that her heart's idol was indeed a fiend.

Her delicate nerves, already strained to their utmost tension, could endure no more, and she sunk fainting into the arms of her father.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INTERVIEW.

Notwithstanding the political excitement that pervaded the town, the murder of the goldsmith created a great sensation. The circumstantial evidence which criminated his nephew was deemed conclusive, even by the young man's most intimate friends. Of his present retirement, nothing was known, and his escape and subsequent absence, were regarded as but an admission of guilt. But as nothing further was ascertained in relation to the matter, the excitement among the townsmen gradually abated, and finally ceased altogether. Still there was one heart which yet bled with the wound it had caused. Amelia Powell refused to be comforted. Her affections were too deeply lacerated to be easily, or speedily healed. Her father, by all the ingenuity of tenderness, strove to mitigate her sorrow; but in spite of all his exertions, she rapidly declined in health and spirits.

Mr. Waldeck was a constant visitor at the mansion of Colonel Powell. His attentions to Amelia were more marked, and more persevering. Her father had gently intimated his wish that she should accept the hand of the indefatigable suitor, and the daughter with a desire to please him, had tolerated, rather than accepted his addresses. To her, the world and life seemed but a blank; she had nothing further to live for, but to make those happy around her. She had reluctantly resigned the hope of ever meeting Robert again. He had deceived her as to his true character, and her heart was broken, her affections were wrecked. Without any definite purpose of accepting his hand, Amelia had endeavored to regard without loathing, the man to whom her father wished to unite her. She was still true to the noble, beautiful ideal of truth and goodness which she had embodied in the character of her lover. The vessel was broken, but the ideal still existed in her heart.

About four weeks after the events related in the preceding chapters, Waldeck was seated in the parlor. It was evening, and a flickering light threw its faint rays on the haggard features of the goldsmith. He had grown paler and thinner than when he last saw him. He was uneasy and nervous, as he attempted with an unsteady hand to turn the leaves of an account book. Unable to fix his mind upon the business which claimed his attention, he rose and paced the room. But a vision of horror continually haunted him. At length, wearied with the torturing presence of his own thoughts, he took the candle and ascended the stairs. As he turned into his sleeping apartment, a rustling noise disturbed him.

"Who is there?" exclaimed he, in a sudden and nervous tone.

But no answer was returned. He searched the passage way without making any discovery. Ascribing it to the disordered state of the nerves, he entered his room and threw himself upon his bed. For an hour, or more he tossed about, but sleep came not to him, until, wearied beyond the endurance of nature, he sunk into an uneasy slumber. Even then the terrible vision haunted him. With muttering sounds on his lips, he occasionally started, as from fear, and then groaned deeply.

The candle still burned on the table, the sickly flame curling round the long wick, so that the room was but dimly lighted.

Noislessly the door was opened, and a man, closely enveloped in a black cloak, entered the chamber. Cautiously he advanced to the bed-side and bent over the slumberer.

"It is true, old man, my blow was sure," muttered the sleeper in disjointed phrases, and then turning on the bed he groaned heavily. For a time he lay in silence, as though his dream was ended. The stranger listened awhile, and then snuffed the candle which was flickering as if going out. Again he approached the bed-side, and again the slumberer turned into an uneasy posture.

"Away, old man, away! What if I did kill thee?" groaned he. "Off, off, unhand me!" and Waldeck started with convulsive energy from the bed, and awoke.

He saw the form of the man, and it seemed the waking continuation of his dream.

"Off! off! man," screamed he, springing from the bed upon the form before him.

"Waldeck, the stranger, as he flung his assailant from him—"Waldeck, are you mad? Rouse yourself."

"Ah!" said the goldsmith, "Robert, is it possible you have dared to come here?"

"I have dared; I come in the dead watches of the night for justice—for justice at your hands; deny me at your peril," said Robert Dewrie, for it was he who had thus intruded into the chamber of the other.

"Why, Robert, I do not understand you."

"Understand me, villain! not a word of equivocation with me. Answer me this question. Where is the body of my uncle?"

"Robert Dewrie, you are mad; these sad events have taken away your senses."

"Your subtleties shall not avail you. Here I am, hunted down as a murderer, as a fiend; stigmatized wherever I go, and compelled to burrow in the woods, like a wild beast—and this for your crime."

"Do you mean to accuse me of the crime, Robert?" said Waldeck, with the manner of an injured man. "Would you accuse me?—when I have done everything to shield you from suspicion—and you owe me your present safety?"

"I do accuse you. Why did you deny our interview on the night of the murder? You are not only an assassin, but a base and dastardly one—a double murderer; for you have accused an innocent man. Where is the body? Tell me, ere I strangle you," and the exasperated young man, seized the goldsmith by the throat, with a fury which threatened the literal execution of the threat.

"Unhand me, scoundrel, unhand me," said Waldeck, choking under the pressure of the other's hand, as he drew from his pocket a short dagger. "Unhand me, Robert, or your blood be upon your own head."

A fierce struggle now ensued, in which Robert, kept at bay by the dagger, was forced to relinquish his hold, after having received several slight wounds.

"Now young man, if you have anght with me, say it quick, and leave the house, or I will consign you to the charge of the sentry," said Waldeck, when he had freed himself from the clutch of his desperate opponent.

"I came, Mr. Waldeck, for justice. I came to appeal to your sense of honor. As I entered this room, I discovered that your slumbers were uneasy and disturbed. I listened, and you confessed in your sleep the murder of your partner. My suspicions were confirmed, and I was overwhelmed with indignation at the baseness which could thus fasten the guilt of his own crime upon another. Mr. Waldeck, you are a murderer."

"I am ready to answer before a court of justice," replied Waldeck, trembling at the disagreeable intelligence. "But the words of a sleeper are not generally esteemed competent testimony."

"Before Heaven I will prove your crime."

"Why not before a more immediate tribunal?" said Waldeck with a labored sneer.

"It would not avail me after you have arranged every circumstance to my disadvantage. I leave you, Mr. Waldeck, in your guilt; but we shall meet again—as heaven is just, we shall meet again, where each shall appear as he is!" said Robert, with an energy and an eloquence which thrilled the blood of his listener, as he turned to depart.

"Stay, Robert, I have never borne you any ill-will; I have done all I could to relieve you from this foul charge. Let us be friends," added Waldeck, in a conciliatory tone.

"We never can be friends," answered Robert, sternly.

"But your patrimony is in the estate of your uncle; can I not make you some advances?"

"Not my patrimony shall be claimed in due time; and Robert Dewrie left the room."

On the stairs he paused to ascertain if he was followed. On satisfying himself that he was not, he descended to the back parlor, where he seated himself. Reflecting upon the gloomy prospects which surrounded him, he spent half an hour. Having thus assured himself that all was quiet in the house, he found the tinder box and lighted a candle. Proceeding through the shop, he raised the trap-door and descended to the cellar.

The object of his visit to the house of his late uncle, was to obtain, if possible, any clue which might lead to the discovery of the murderer. Everybody else had supposed him the assassin, and had taken no pains to look further into the matter. The unaccountable denial of Waldeck in relation to the interview on the night of the murder, had awakened his suspicions—had revealed to him the plan of the murderer. Armed with these suspicions, he had entered the house on the present occasion, to explore the premises and have an interview with Waldeck.

With the most minute attention he examined every part of the cellar. He saw the black stains of blood, but nothing else appeared to throw light upon the foul transaction. Who the murderer was he alone knew, but there was not a particle of evidence to criminate him. On the contrary, every circumstance, from the quarrel to the purse, tended to criminate himself.

The present visit had confirmed his suspicion of Waldeck; but as he had obtained nothing by which he could make it appear to others, he left the house disappointed, and in deep mental agony.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Miscellaneous.

### I'LL HANG MY HARP ON THE WILLOW TREE.

I'll hang my harp on the willow tree,  
And I'll off to the west again;  
My peaceful home has no charms for me,  
Nor the battle field no pain:  
The lady I love will soon be a bride,  
With a diamond on her brow—  
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride!  
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my work-a-day world,  
And she gave me a silver suit;  
I thought no more of my mother's sword,  
When I played on my lily's lute.  
She seemed to think me a boy above  
Her peers of low degree—  
Oh! had I loved with a boyish love,  
It would have been better for me.

I'll hide in my breast every selfish care,  
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine;  
And when smiles await the bridal pair,  
I'll hasten to give them mine.  
I'll dance and I'll sing, though my heart may bleed,  
I'll walk in the social train;  
And if I survive, I'll mount my steed,  
And I'll off to the west again.

One golden tress of her hair I'll treasure  
In my helmet's side-plume,  
And then on the fields of Palestine,  
I'll seek my an enemy's doom.  
And if the lance's hand I fall,  
'Tis the noble and the brave;  
One tear from my lady love is all  
I'll ask for the warrior's grave.

### DEMOCRATIC CREED—SHORT FORM OF CATECHISM.—Q. Do you believe in popular Sovereignty?

Ans.—I do.

Q. What is popular sovereignty?

Ans.—Its true definition is found in the Kansas Nebraska act as follows:—"And the true intent and meaning of this act, is not to legislate slavery into any State or Territory, or to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way."

Q. Do you believe in the Dred Scott decision?

Ans.—I do.

Q. What is the effect of the Dred Scott decision?

Ans.—It denies the right of both Congress and the people of the Territory to prohibit slavery in such Territory.

Q. Are popular sovereignty and the Dred Scott decision consistent with each other?

Ans.—They are. See proceedings of the Buchanan Convention.

### SPIRITED CONDUCT OF AN AMERICAN LADY.—The Havana correspondence of the N. Y. Herald writes:

In the case of the ship Clarendon it is worthy of note that the wife of Capt. Bartlett, being on board, was unflinching of occurrences which seemed threatening the safety of her husband. Anticipating the crisis and the final purpose of her husband just previous to the order of the English commander for his guard to come on board, the high spirited and proud little wife of the gallant Captain of the Clarendon slipped into the cabin and took from a locket a brace of revolvers, bringing them quietly to her husband, who placed them about his person convenient for action; and when the trial order was given, and Captain Bartlett had responded, perceiving that the commander was a little flustered, on finding himself check-mated in the boarding scene, the lady gently approached him, saying, "Don't be afraid, Captain; if you behave like a gentleman we won't hurt you."

### A NOTED COUNTY.—What Western Reserve Yankee is not familiar with the name of Litchfield County, Connecticut? Wm. V. Peck, the Republican candidate for Supreme Judge, and Christopher P. Wolcott, the candidate for Attorney General, are both natives of Litchfield County. Litchfield County has been the birthplace of thirteen U. S. Senators and twenty-two members of Congress, twenty-four Supreme Judges, ten Presidents and eight Professors of Colleges. In 1831, the Vice President and one-eighth of the U. S. Senators were natives of, or were educated in Litchfield County. In 1850, one-seventh of the whole number of the U. S. Senators were found to have been educated in that County. What County can equal old Litchfield?

GIVE US BALTIMORE.—Of all the cities in the Union, on this side of the New Jerusalem, we prefer the city of Baltimore! Baltimore is the first city in the United States that was lighted with gas. It was the first city in the Union that erected a monument to George Washington—the first to commence a magnificent telegraph—and the first city in the world that introduced and put in successful operation, a passenger railroad. It is worthy of notice, moreover, that Baltimore was the first city in which Know Nothingism originated, and there the first "Dark Lantern" was lighted up. On the first "Council" was convened. True to her faith, she is under American rule, and swears that she will "put none on guard but Americans."—Baltimore.

COST OF A MESSAGE TO LONDON.—The Boston Traveller of Friday says: "Two business messages from New York merchants to their correspondents in England, passed through the American Telegraph Office, Traveller Buildings, from New York, en route for London, yesterday, at 5 P. M. One of them containing fifty-seven words, paid through, fifty-seven dollars, and the other twenty-seven words, for which twenty-seven dollars were paid."

## Calhoun's Resolutions.

John C. Calhoun, an ultra, disunion Pro-Slaveryite, introduced into the Senate of the United States the following resolutions. They were then stigmatized by all Democrats and Whigs of the North and most of the Democrats of the South as *fire brand, disunion and sectional* resolves, and without coming to a vote they were smothered by the patriots of both parties. Mr. Benton so states in his second volume of the Thirty Years View, on page 696.

Our readers will be struck with the remarkable similarity between them and the present Pro-Slavery doctrines of the Pro-Slavery Democratic party. But, to the resolutions:

Resolved, That the Territories of the United States belong to the several States comprising this Union, and are held by them as their joint and common property.

Resolved, That Congress, as the joint agent and representative of the States of this Union, has no right to make any law, or do any act whatever, that shall directly or by its effects, make any discrimination between the States of the Union by which any of them shall be deprived of its full and equal right in any Territory of the United States acquired or to be acquired.

Resolved, That the enactment of any law which should directly, or by its effects, deprive the citizens of any of the States of the Union from emigrating, with their property, into any of the Territories of the United States, will make such discrimination, and would, therefore, be a violation of the Constitution, and the rights of the States from which such citizens emigrated, and in derogation of that perfect equality which belongs to them as members of this Union, and would tend directly to subvert the Union itself.

HENRY CLAY ON EMANCIPATION.—The St. Louis Democrat publishes an address by Henry Clay on Slavery extinction in Kentucky, delivered at Frankfort, in that State, on the 17th of December, '29. After expressing his opinion in favor of the colonization of the blacks, he says:

The several States of the Union were sensible of the responsibility which accrued to them on the establishment of the independence of the United States, in regard to the subject of Slavery. And many of them beginning at a period prior to the termination of the Revolutionary war, by successive and distinct acts of legislation, have effectually provided for the abolition of Slavery within their respective jurisdictions. More than thirty years ago an attempt was made in this Commonwealth, to adopt a system of gradual emancipation, similar to that which the illustrious Franklin had maintained, introduced in the year 1779, in the State founded by the benevolent Penn. And, among the acts of my life which I look back to with most satisfaction, is that of having co-operated with other zealous and intelligent friends to procure the establishment of that system in this State.

A story about the "Dauphin" Williams appears in the Buffalo Commercial, to the effect that, many years ago, the reverend gentleman applied to an Onondaga Soothsayer, to know whether his claims would be acknowledged, and when. The prophet told him that the time would come when they would be admitted, should Williams live long enough. "You will live long," said the prophet, "as long as this house shall stand; but that you will live until the day and the hour shall come, I cannot say." The teacher glanced at the solid timbers of his house with exultation, asking no longer time for life than should be accorded to the solid walls that encompassed him. It is said that this house was torn down on the day of Williams' death. He had not lived long enough to solve the mystery.

ORIGIN OF THE SUB-TREASURY SCHEME.—In noticing the death of Wm. F. Gordon, of Albemarle County, Virginia, (which happened on the 21st inst.), the New York Tribune adds the following interesting contribution to political history:

"Gen. Gordon was of old a Whig of the State Rights school, and as such was elected to Congress, where he was the first (in 1834) proposer of the Sub-Treasury system of keeping the Public Monies received if our recollection is correct, but thirty-four votes, hardly one of them from professed Democrats. Three years afterward, on the collapse of the Pet Bank system, Mr. Van Buren met with little better success at first, but ultimately carried the project through in 1840."

TROUBLESOME DATES.—Now, dates are troublesome things. The French Monitor, of the 4th June last, announced that the Empress Eugenie had attained her thirty-second year on the preceding day, and had received the congratulations of her friends on the occasion. According to the official Monitor, therefore, the Empress Eugenie was born on the third of June, 1825, and according to the undisputed testimony of Registers and other documentary evidence, her father died on October 30th, 1825, the effects of a fall from his horse. These things doubtless admit of an explanation, but none has been given.—French Letter in an English paper.

The good book says "the merciful man is merciful to his beast," but Douglas shows no mercy to that great beast, Lymarr Town-bull.—New Albany Ledger.

The terrible horns of this Bull are about the only kind of horns the Little Giant objects to taking.—Louisville Journal.

## Useful and Curious.

ABOUT WASHING.—The American Agriculturist says the following recipe is being sold about the country for fifty cents.

RECIPE FOR MAKING ONE BARREL OF SOAP.—Let Cut in slices 25 pounds of bar soap of good quality, and dissolve the same in about 15 gallons of boiling water, and let it get cold, when it will be thick. 2d. Dissolve 13 lbs. of soda in 15 gallons more of boiling water, then add to the same water 2 1-2 lbs. of unslacked lime. Let these articles boil together 15 minutes, and when cold, turn on this fluid and mix it gradually with the soap, not disturbing the sediment; then add 2 pints of alcohol and half pint of camphine; stir up together and it will be fit for use.

The Agriculturist, however, does not recommend the above, particularly, not having tried it, but gives another which he has used for years, and which thousands, he says, have tried and speak well of. It is as follows:

To each pound of common hard soap add from one-half to three-quarters of an ounce of common borax, with one quart of water. Put the water in any convenient vessel upon the stove, add the borax, somewhat pulverized, and then put in the soap cut up in thin pieces. Keep them hot—but not boiling—for two or three hours, or until the whole is well dissolved, and then set it aside to cool, when a solid mass will be formed. If the vessel is set upon the warm stove at night, the operation will be completed in the morning, though we think it better to stir the mass just before it is cooled.

The night before washing, rub the clothes where most soiled, with the soap, and soak in water till morning. This soap, which has been more than doubled in quantity, will go quite as far, bulk for bulk, as the original, thus saving at least one-half. The boiling and washing are to be performed in the usual manner; but it will be found that the labor of rubbing is diminished three-fourths, while the usual caustic or eating effect of the soap, is greatly lessened; and the hands will retain a peculiarly soft and silky feeling, even after a large washing. The preparation is adapted to all kinds of fabrics, colored or uncolored, including flannels, and is thought to increase their whiteness.

A SURE CURE.—A correspondent at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, sends the Burlington Hawkeye the following cure for snake-bites:

Take equal quantities by measure of Sweet Milk and Hog's Lard, warm them together, and the patient, if an adult, take from a gill to a half pint at a dose—two doses is sufficient, two to three hours apart. No quantity will do any hurt. Animals from a quart to a half-gallon. It will be sure to stop the effect of the poison immediately. I have seen, it tried in three cases successfully.

I have noticed several deaths by bites of snakes in your paper, and if they will try the above it will relieve immediately.

FOUNDER IN HORSES.—Take a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, pull the horse's tongue out of his mouth as far as possible, and throw the alum down his throat. Let go his tongue and hold up his head till he swallows. In six hours, time—no matter how bad the founder—he will be fit for moderate service. I have seen this remedy