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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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The Beautiful.

How beautiful, and bright, and fair
The impress that "God's" mercies bear!
His pencil paints the blooming flowers
That laugh beneath the summer hours:
It is his fragrance that the rose
Upon the wind so freely throws;
Alike beneath his powerful hand,
The hills and mountains at command,
Arose in majesty and height,
Memento's of his power and might.
The young moon shining upon high,
The snow-capp'd pillars of the sky,
The hopes that rise when troubles darkle,
The glow-worm lights that gleam and sparkle;
The Borealis, lovely light,
That crimsons o'er the northern night;
The ignafatuus of the fen
That dances o'er the lonely glen—
All tell the power of that high hand
That holds us in its great command.
To love all beauty, is a joy
That savors least of earth's alloy.
It seems a remnant of that state,
Ere sin, and wo, and strife had date;
A lingering memory of the light
That shone around man's birthright.
Oh! it with joy can gild the span
Of e'en the loneliest, loneliest man! EMILY.

(From the (Baltimore) Family Journal.]

A STORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

BY PERCY GARNETT.

In 1848 I was living in Paris, and being rather Bohemain in my habits and tastes, took up my abode in the Latin Quarter, where I met some excellent fellows. Students are not long in becoming acquainted and in a week I had made half a dozen firm friends. Among them was a young man named Ernest de Letoux, a law student. His father resided near Honfleur, one of the most picturesque villages of Normandy.

I had been passing a year in what was nominally called study, but which is better explained by the French word *flanerie*, when Ernest asked me to spend the vacation at his father's residence. I had a great wish to see a little of French rural life, and so eagerly accepted the invitation.

With light hearts we set out for our destination, and after a pleasant ride the gray walls of the old chateau rose up before us. It was a large massive building, containing many pointed spires, and with an extensive park surrounding it. The chateau was situated on an eminence which commanded a splendid view of the neighboring country. About a quarter of a mile distant as we drove up to the door we could see the Seine flashing in the light of the setting sun.

I was received with the greatest hospitality, and immediately felt quite at home. During the evening we amused the family by relating several of our Parisian adventures. M. de Letoux, Ernest's father, was a fine specimen of the old French Noblesse; he was full of anecdotes of the great French Revolution of 1789; having himself passed through all that stormy period. At the time of the fall of Robespierre he was a prisoner in the Abbaye, expecting every day to receive notice to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal, which was virtually being condemned to death. The old man was quite confidential, and entertained me with some very interesting anecdotes.

Among other stories told me by Mr. Letoux, was one which made a great impression on my mind. I cannot do better than relate it in his own words:

"In the year 1791 I was a lieutenant in the French army, and belonged to the company commanded by M. de Bouelle, which was stationed at Slenay to guard the king and cover his retreat on his escape from Paris. The king was arrested at Varrennes and conveyed back to Paris without being able to lift a hand in his defence. It was while on this duty that I first became acquainted with Juliette, daughter of the Marquis de Feydeau, and that acquaintance soon ripened into the most sincere love.—Poor Juliette! what happy days we passed together! The Revolution was surging on in Paris, but was almost unnoticed by us. We were entirely wrapt up in ourselves, forgetting, in the intoxication of our love, both king and country.

"One morning (I was at this time on a visit at the Chateau Feydeau) Juliette came down to breakfast, her eyes suffused with tears.

"'My beloved Juliette,' said I, when I saw her, 'what is the matter?'

"'Have you not heard the news?'

"'What news?'

"'The rabble have stormed the Tuileries, and the king and queen have been compelled to take refuge in the National Assembly.'

"'Is it possible that the wretches have gone so far as that? My darling Juliette,' I continued, scarcely able to restrain my emotion, 'I must leave you; my king is in danger, and demands every loyal arm to support him. I must leave for Paris immediately.'

"'Go, dear Leon,' replied Juliette, 'your duty calls you—go!' and the poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break.

"I pressed her frantically to my breast and in another hour was on the road to Paris. After a long and weary journey I reached the great metropolis, and found a frightful state of anarchy prevailing. The king was a prisoner in the Temple, and beyond all reach of his friends. The only thing I could do was to hire a room which overlooked the garden in which the royal captives were accustomed to walk daily.—From a window I was accustomed to make known my sympathy with the fallen monarch, and was rewarded by a smile from the illustrious captives.

"The hideous massacre of the prisoners followed; and then the wretches, not yet satiated with blood, brought their king to trial. He was condemned and executed; from that moment I lost all hope of the regeneration of France. Domiciliary visits were paid, the Revolutionary tribunal established, and I was compelled to assume a variety of disguises to avoid being arrested. I was virtually a prisoner in Paris, for such a strict watch was kept up that it was impossible to leave that God-forsaken city. Months passed, and the Reign of Terror was established. My means became exhausted, and I was frequently unable to procure a piece of bread to satisfy my hunger.

"At this time I had my lodgings in the old Cite in an obscure street, from which I did not dare to emerge until after nightfall. One day I lay tossing about on my couch, when I fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed that my adored angel Juliette was being interrogated by the Revolutionary Tribunal. This dream was so vivid that I awoke with a start of horror, bathed in perspiration. For some time I could not persuade myself that it was only a dream.—The next day I dreamed again; this time I thought I saw Juliette in the fatal tumbril, being conveyed to execution. Again I awoke in terror and it was only by calling all my common sense to my aid that I could persuade myself that Juliette was safe in Austria, where I heard the Marquis and his family had fled.

"I had never heard directly from Juliette since the day I had left her; but she was never absent from my thoughts. This holy love was, in fact, the only thing that sustained me in all the fearful privations to which I was exposed.

"Days passed on, hundreds of victims were daily sent to the gullotine, and the Place Louis XV was actually deluged with the blood of the unfortunates. I had never seen a public execution—my soul revolted from the thought, and I perused with horror the details in the public prints.

"One morning however a strange fancy seized me. Some irresistible power, against which I seemed to struggle in vain impelled me to go and witness the terrible sight. It was a cold winter's morning in January. Snow had fallen during the night which had been followed by a sharp frost. I left my lodgings at an early hour, disguised in a huge cloak which I wrapped round me, partially concealing my face in the folds. Although it was but seven o'clock thousands of persons were wending their way to witness the carnival of blood. The throng was thickest in the Rue St Honore for it was here that most of the pedestrians waited to see the fatal carts pass which convey the victims to the place of execution. I stayed with the rest, and for two hours listened to the ribaldry and jests of the demons around me. When I recall this scene to my mind I blush for human nature, and am satisfied that the people were insane, or drunk with blood.

"At last a rumbling sound was heard and in the distance I could see the huge tumbril coming up the street. It advanced so slowly that at first I could not distinguish who was in it. At last to my horror I found the vehicle contained twenty young girls, who were accused of having danced at Verdun, at a ball given by the King of Prussia* They were all clothed in white, but instead of obtaining any sympathy from the brutal crowd assembled, they were received with gibes, derisions and insults.

"At last the cart came opposite to me, and my eyes filled with tears when I gazed on all those beautiful creatures whose existence in this bright world was destined to be so short.

"One of the young girls had her back turned towards me; but I fancied her form was familiar to me, when she suddenly turned round, I uttered a shriek of agony for she revealed to me the features of my Juliette. Red hot iron pierced my brain, and I should have fallen if some man, more humane than the rest, had not supported me.

"'Hush!' said he, 'not a word of sympathy, or it will be all up with you.'

"But I paid no heed to the words addressed to me, but making a strong effort over myself, I burst through the crowd, and forced my way up to the cart.

"'Juliette! Juliette!' I exclaimed.

My beloved turned round, and the moment she saw me, a flush mounted to her cheek, and a celestial smile moved her lips.

"'Leon!'" she cried. 'Thank God I have seen the, now I can die happy.'"

"'No, Juliette, they shall not murder you,' I screamed, and endeavored to scale the cart, but the human butchers held me back.

"Juliette approached the side of the cart, and in a voice of heavenly sweetness exclaimed:

"'Farewell, dear Leon, pray for me.'

"I remember nothing further, I became insensible. When I recovered I found myself confined in a dugeon in the Abbave. I could not even then believe the evidence of my senses; but it was too true, the fiends the demons, had actually murdered that poor sinless girl. Her love for me brought her to the scaffold, for I afterwards learned she was arrested in Paris whither she had repaired in search of me.

"I wanted to die. I begged and prayed the jailor every morning when he came for his victims to take me. I offered any of the prisoners to exchange with them, but fate willed it otherwise. One morning we were informed that Robespierre had fallen and that we were all at liberty."

The old gentleman here finished his story, and as it was late we retired to bed.—I spent the happiest month I have ever passed in my life at that chateau and returned to Paris with renewed energies and spirits.

*Forty young girls who danced at a ball at Verdun given by the King of Prussia were guillotined, the eldest of whom was only eighteen years of age.—Lamartine's History of the Girondists.

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking, "just to see what he would say," to give them one or both of his pets. One day he told a gentleman he might have his colt—reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother.

"Why, Jacky, why didn't you give him the dog?"

"Say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him!"

A Thrilling Incident.

In returning to Philadelphia about the middle of August, 1858, the cars were very much crowded, and my companion in the same seat with me I found out to be a locomotive engineer, and in the course of our conversation he made the remark that he hoped he had run his last trip upon a locomotive.

Upon making bold to ask the reason, he gave me the following story, and since then I have found it out to be strictly true:

"Five years since I was running upon the New York Central Railroad. My run was from B—— to R——. It was the "lightning express train," and it was what its name denotes for it was fast—a very fast run; and, if I do say it, the old "Tornado" could go. I have seen her throw her six feet driver so as to be a most invisible to the eye. And let me here remark, it is supposed by many that railroad engineers are a hard-hearted set of men. Their lives are hard, it is true, but I do claim to have as fine feelings, and a heart that sympathizes as much with the unfortunate as any man that breathes. But to my story:

"About half a mile from the village of B——there is a nice little cottage but a few feet from the track. At that time a young married couple lived there. They had one child, a little boy about four years old—a bright, black eyed, curly-headed little chap as you ever saw. I had taken a great interest in the little fellow, and had thrown candy and oranges to him from the train, and I was sure to see him peeping through the fence when my train passed.

"One fine sunny afternoon we were behind time and running fast, and did not stop at B——, and I was to make up one hour before reaching R——. We came up a tremendous speed, and when sweeping around the curve, my eye following the track, not over two hundred feet ahead sat the little fellow playing with a kitten which he held in his lap. At the sound of our approach he looked up and laughed, clapping his little hands in high glee at the affrighted kitten as it ran from the track. Quicker than the lightning that blasts the tall pine upon the mountain top, I whistled 'down brakes,' and reversed my engine, but knew it was impossible to stop. Nobly did the old engine try to save. The awful straining and writhing of its iron drivers told but too plainly of the terrific velocity we had attained. I was out of the car window and down to the cowcatcher in a flash. The little fellow stood still. I motioned him off and shouted; his little black eyes opened wide with astonishment and a merry smile was upon his lips. I held my breath as we rushed upon him, made a desperate attempt to catch him, but missed, and as his little body passed I heard the feeble cry of mother!' and the forward trucks crushed him to atoms.

"O God, that moment! I may live, sir, to be an old man, but the agony of that moment can never be erased from my memory. The cars stopped some rods from the spot, and I ran back as soon as possible.—His mother saw the train stop, and a fearful foreboding flashed upon her at once.—She came rushing frantically to the spot where we stood. Never shall I forget that look she gave me as she saw her first born a shapeless mass. I would have given my whole existence to have avoided that moment. I have seen death in all its forms upon railroads: I have seen men, women and children mangled and killed; I have seen all this, but that little innocent boy, as he looked up in my face, and was killed almost in my arms—it unnerved me, and from that day I made a solemn vow never to run a locomotive more.

"That young mother is now in the Utica Lunatic Asylum. From the hour her boy was killed reason had left its throne." He stopped and wiped tears from his eyes, and said, "You may think it weak of me to shed tears, but I cannot help it."

"No," I replied, "but think it noble; and sir, would to God every man had a heart as large as yours."

I have often thought since how few are those who give one passing though to the man of strong nerve and a stout arm who guides them through darkness and storms, with the speed of the wind, safely to their journey's end. They do not for a moment turn their attention to the iron monster that is dragging them forward, with fearful velocity, to meet friends or relatives. They do not realize that the man who guides the fiery monster holds all their precious lives at his command, and that the least negligence upon his part would cause sorrow and mourning in a thousand homes that are waiting the return of the absent loved ones.

A GREAT TRAVELER'S EXPERIENCE OF WOMAN.—I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that, wherever found they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.—*Ledyard's Letters.*

A Lawyer among Cows.

Squire Wick, a lawyer who fancies that what he don't know "ain't worth pumpkins," and whose home ain't a thousand miles from the Pine-tree State, was a great favorite with the late Judge Cranch.—Once visiting the Judge, the latter invited him to walk over his premises. Among other places, they visited the barn yard, and the Squire was struck with admiration as he gazed upon the noble herd of cows, which had just been driven up for milking. He talked as elaborately of their different good points, as would a first rate stock breeder, when the fact was, he knew next to nothing about stock, and some of the good points he spoke of, caused the Judge a hearty laugh in his sleeve.

"Well Squire," said the Judge, "which of the cows will you take."

"Which will I take' your honor?" said the Squire, not knowing the Judges' meaning.

"Yes, which will you take? I am going to make you a present of one of them—which shall it be?"

"Really, your honor, this is unexpected—I will not object to the present, but had rather your honor would make the selection, as receivers should not be choosers."

"If you accept this present you must make the selection. Being a good judge of stock, you will not be likely to cheat yourself," and the eccentric Judge smiled to himself.

The Squire rubbed his gold bowed spectacles, and began to view the cows with a critic's precision. After much scrutinizing he said:

"I apprehend your honor would not like to part with that very fat, short horned, thick-necked cow?"

"I have no choice, make your selection," said the Judge, his risibles hardly controlable.

"I don't want to rob you of your favorite cow, but if you have no choice, I should prefer the very fat one, she has many good points."

"No favorite—no robbery at all—the fat cow is yours. My servant will drive her to your house before milking."

The delighted Squire hastened home to inform his wife. In about an hour he saw the "fattest and best pointed cow in the village," as he styled her, driven into his yard; and dispatched a sable daughter of Africa to milk her. In a few minutes in come ebony, giggling and laughing. Squire Wick knew that something was to pay, and what he could not conjecture. There stood Dinah, "round up" with laughter, the empty pail dangling by her side.

"What on earth is to pay, Dinah?" inquired the Squire.

"O, massa, for nuffin, only—ki, ki, ki, i i i, he, he, e e e!"

The Squire looked at his wife—she at him—then both at Dinah, who had "conniptioned" with laughter, and settled down by the door, her face covered with her apron, and her laughing machinery shaking her sides at a tremendous rate.

The Squire's mad "riz."

"Dinah," said he, at the top of his voice, "tell me what's to pay, or I'll throw you out of the house."

Dinah rose and mastered herself long enough to say:

"O, lor, massa nuffin only dat cow ob yourn be—a *gemman!*" and then fell into another fit of laughter.

If you know how a chop fallen man looks, a portrait of Squire Wick's countenance would be superflous. The way that "very fat, short horned, thick-necked cow," walked back to the yard of Judge Cranch, wasn't slow, and the way the Judge shook his sides was a caution to stock critics.

Statistics of Population.

The directors of the Statistical Bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement:

The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1 288,000,000—namely: Europe, 272.000,000; Asia 755,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 59,000,000; and Australia, 2.000,000. The population of Europe is thus subdivided: Russia contains 62 000,000; the Austrian states, 26,398,620; France, 36,039,364; Great Britan and Ireland, 27.488,853; Prussia, 17,089,406: Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 15,518,000; the Two Sicilies, 8.616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,820; Sardinia, 4,976,034: Belgium, 4,607,066; Bavaria, 4,547,239; the Netherlands, 3,487,617; Portugal, 3,471,199; the Papal States, 3,100,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,468. In Asia, the Chinese Empire contains 400,000,000: the East Indies, 171,000,000; the Indian Archipelago, 80,000 000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindoostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000. In America, the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7.687,800; Mexico, 7,661,520.

In the several nations of the earth there are 335.000,000 christians; of whom 170,000,000 are Papists 89,000,000 Protestants; and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek church. The number of Jews amount to 5.900,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe—namely 1,250,000 in European Russia, 853,304 in Austria, 234,248 in Prussia, 192,176 in other parts of Germany, 62,470 in the Netherlands, 33,953 in Italy, 73,995 in France, 26,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600 000,000, Mahommedans at 160,000,000, and "Heathens," (the Gentiles proper) at 200,000,000.

LARGE FIRE IN CUBA—SIX THOUSAND HOGSHEADS OF SUGAR BURNT.—A telegraphic despatch received at Havana on the 19th from Cientucgos, states that a large fire at that place had destroyed the storehouses of Aviles & Leblanc, and Thomas Ferry, with 6,000 hogsheads of Muscovado sugar.

TO REMOVE FILMS FROM THE EYES OF CATTLE.—I have not found a surer remedy than finely pulverized earth, occasionally blown into the eye through a quill.

What Democrats have Done for the South.

As the pseu-do Democracy have always claimed to be *par excellence*; the devoted friends of the South, willing to risk all they have, are, and hope for, for the rights, honor and interests of the South—we think it would be well to glance at the record, and see of what advage its friendship has been.

Nearly all the new *Free States* in the confederacy were made such under Democratic rule.

JAS. G. BRINEY, the Abolition candidate for the Presidency in 1840 and 1844, was a Democrat.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, the *anti-slavery* candidate for the Presidency in 1848, was a Democrat.

JNO. P. HALE, the Abolition candidate for the Presidency in 1852, was a Democratic U. S. Senator.

Jno. C. Fremont, the *anti-slavery* candidate for the Presidency in 1856, was a Democrat.

David Wilmot, author of the celebrated *anti-slavery* Wilmot Proviso, was a Democrat.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS, the Champion of the *anti-slavery* measure, "Squatter-Sovereignty," and the most probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1860, is a Democrat.

N. P. BANKS, the first *anti-slavery* Speaker of the House of Representatives, was a Democrat, and elected by them.

GERRIT SMITH, late *anti-slavery* candidate for the Governorship of New York, was a Democrat.

SALMON P. CHASE, *anti-slavery* Governor of Ohio, was a Democrat.

And so with many other prominent men in the anti-slavery party of the present day—they were raised and nurtured in the Democratic party.

The democratic governor elect of Virginia is an ex-abolitonist, and the result of his election has been more detrimental to the cherished institution of Slavery than the Seward's and Garrison's have ever proven themselves to be.

The late Democratic representative from the eighth district of Virginia, is an ex-abolitionist of 1832 notoriety. He pronounced Slavery the bitterest drop from the chalice of the destroying angel.

But we might continue this enumeration almost *ad-infinitum*, but it would be a work of supererogation, as these are entirely sufficient to show what sort of stuff Democracy is made of.

To have once entertained emancipation sentiments is regarded by the Democracy as an unpardonable political sin in their opponents, but in Locofocos, it seems marvelously proper. Thus it appears through Democratic optics.

A Southern Confederacy.

The Columbus *South Carolinian* talks to the fire-eaters about a Southern confedracy in the following reconciliatory spirit:—

The Camden *Journal*, in noticing our comments concerning the democratic party, hopes that when we despair of a triumph of the party we will go for a Southern confedracy. Now we must say to our contemporary that we believe the North has just as little idea of doing anything that would drive the South out of the Union as the South has of going out of it from past grievances. We, therefore, do not at this time contemplate any such thing, and do not shape our policy with reference to it. It is true our politicians now and then declaim about it, but we have long since ceased to be agitated by their alarm sounds. We look over the Confedracy and see none of that violent political motion which presages convulsion and revolution. We see parties struggleing for power and politicians scrambling for place, bamboozling the people with imaginary issues, and depicting war clouds in the distance always; but we see no signs of such a revolution as the dissolution of the Union, and therefore do not believe that the overthrow of democracy is going to be the overthrow of the Union.—But the government will still be controlled by some party. We then inquire, what kind of a party is it likely to be? Will it be an extreme Southern party? Will it go for the slave trade, for a Congressional Territorial slavery code, and for unrestricted filibusterism? Not likely to; for these very issues are the source of the infirmities of the democratic party. Will it be an anti-slavery party? No: for then it would get no Southern support. It must look for support to the Central States, both slaveholding and non-slaveholding, and looking for support there, it will not be difficult to determine what will be its platform of principles. The democratic party may fall back and pre-occupy the ground which such a new party with an old name. It is true Mr. Boyce and Mr. Bonham see gloomy times ahead. We see nothing but the signs of party reformation.

DICK BACKS "THE FAVORITE" AND WINS.—A pedagogue had two pupils, Dick and Tom. To one he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that both were late, and were called to account for it.

"You must have heard the bell, boys—why did you not come?"

"Please sir," said his favorite, "I was dreaming I was going to Margate, and I thought that the school bell was the bell of the steamboat I was going in."

"Very well sir," said the pedagogue, (glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite) "and now sir," (turning to the other,) "what have you to say?"

"Please, sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I was waiting to see Tom off."

CURE FOR HORN-AIL, OR HOLLOW HORN. If the hair of the end of the tail is in rolls curls, cut off one inch of the tail. Then turn the animal's head on one side; and pour boiling water upon the lower horn till he dodges, and then take the other horn.—By this time the animal will sweat, and three or four ounces of mustard seed ground should be given in some kind of feed.

Washing the Head.

Dr. Bissell, one of the Quarantine Physicians at Staten Island, is of the opinion that 'if a person's hair be washed and combed every day, he is not liable to disease.'—The Norfolk Herald supports the opinion with an instance:

'So important a result,' says that paper, 'from so simple a cause may seem incredible to many, but not to us. There is not a more effectual preventative of a disease than the immersion of the head in cold water the year round. We know an old gentleman, now rising of seventy, who says that until he was thirty years old he was of a weakly constitution, and particulary liable to attacks of bilious fever, violent colds and headache, but having heard that the best preventative of headache was to wash the head in cold water every morning, immediately after rising, he then commenced the practice, and has continued it to the present time, and during the interval of forty years has never had the bilious fever, hardly knows what the headache is, and though sometimes taking cold, has never had a cold that hindered him from attending to his ordinary affairs; add to this that he passed unscathed through the terrible epidemic of 1855.'

RUSSIA AGAINST PROTESTANTISM.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Constantinople, after detailing various facts in relation to the jealousy of Russia toward all Protestants, and its opposition to Protestant missionaries, says:

"Thus we see what would be the policy of Russia towards Protestant missions in Turky, should she succeed in getting possession of this country. Every Protestant missionary would be removed by a gradual but sure process, and such restrictions would be placed upon the existing Protestant congregations as would effectually prevent any enlargement from without. How kind the providence that thwarted the design of Russia in the late war, and left the Protestant missionary free to carry the Bible to every town and hamlet throughout Turky, and to preach without the least obstruction on the part of the government, 'repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"True, Protestant are still persecuted in various parts of Turky, but the law is against all persecution; and if it is not always faithfully carried out, it is because of the weakness of the government, the corruption of the local authorities, and the great difficulty, under existing circumstances, of proving at Constantinople violations of the law that occur in the remote provinces of that empire.

"I am happy to report that during the past year, there has been a manifest increase of the true Evangelical principles in this land."

The Stolen Pig.

"Patrick, the widow Maloney tells me that you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?"

"Yis, yer honor."

"What have you done with it?"

"Killed it, and ate it, yir honor."

"Oh, Patrick, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig, on the Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your riverence?"

"To be sure I did."

"Well, thin, yer riverence, I'll say Mrs. Maloney, here's your pig."

Every one who desires to make a good crop of turnips should make his arrangements so as to be able to sow them about the 25th of this month. By sowing thus early, should the plants be cut off by flies, or flees, there will be time enough left to resow. The general practice has been to sow turnips on the 10th of August—a period too late in the event of the plants being destroyed by insects to allow of resowing, a contingency that every culturist should guard against.

Swine are troubled with a disease denominated by veterinarians, the "kidney worm." Corn soaked in very strong lye, made of wood ashes, is said to be an infallible remedy. Salt and brimstone, in small quantities, is a preventive, and, indeed, the only one known. Comfortable quarters and good food are of really more importance in the successful management of these animals than many are inclined to suppose, and should never on any account be neglected.

CURE FOR FISTULA OR POOL EVIL.—Procure a handful of poke roots, put in one gallon of water, and boil till the strength is out—after which, boil down the liquid to one quart. Then add half pint spirits turpentine, and half pint of oil of spike, and simmer away to a quart.

Add four ounces blue vitrol, and it is ready for use. Wash the sore with soap suds and when dry, apply the liniment once a day.—*Country Gentlemen.*

WASH FOR WOUNDS, CORKS OR COLLAR GALLS.—One ounce white vitrol, one ounce copperas, one table-spoonful gunpowder, one quart soft water. After washing the parts with hot soft water, and wiping dry, apply the above wash with a sponge or cloth.

If your horse seems inclined to rub the hair from his mane and tail, take a brush and wash the parts rubbed—first with strong soap suds, and then with salt and water.—It will kill the humor, and he will rub no more.

TO SCATTER SWELLINGS IN CATTLE.—Take a half a gallon of spirits, warm it, and add to it a pint of soft soap. When cool, bottle, and add one ounce of camphor.—Apply frequently to the affected part.

THE principles which your reason and judgement approve, avow boldly and adhere to steadfastly; and do not let any false notions of honor, or pitiful ambition of shining, ever tempt you to forsake them.

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