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WISHING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Of all amusements of the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There is'at one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish indeed—
My purse was somewhat fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

A wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion—
That scorn, and jealousy, and hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
So different from preaching.

I wish that modern worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that men their vows would mind,
That women never were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers.

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come erewhile throughout the earth,
To be the glorious real,
Till God shall every creature bless
With his supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness
And wishing be possessing.

[From the N. Y. Dispatch.]

The Cherokee Flower Girl.

BY CHARLES SUMMERFIELD.

A dozen years ago there stood a small Indian hut two miles north of Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee nation. Everything around it presented the tokens of extreme and savage poverty, with the exception of the little garden filled with the rarest flowers, in the centre of which the cabin was placed, like a dark speck on the surface of a jewell.

With the first gleam of the golden daybreak, one cloudless morning in June, a young maiden emerged from the hut of the hunter, and commenced gathering the finest flowers, interweaving them with tasteful skill into splendid boquets, with which she soon replenished her spacious cane basket. Her task being completed, like some ethereal creature of the elements, as if she moved on wings rather than on mortal feet, she glided away over the prairier towards the south, singing as she went a wild air of love and sadness, in the silver accents of the American tongue. Her voice was clear and sweet, like the warbled variations of a bird, inspired by nature with the soul-melting music that human art knows not how to teach.

In a short time she gained an elevated peak in the prairie, a naked hill-top, crowned with a single titanic tree; and here she paused to enjoy the delicious poetry of the landscape, the glorious bridal of the green and demi-bespangled earth with the great joyous heavens. In the east, the lord of light came flashing up from the red horizon, magnificent as a god rising out of a sea of fire, embracing the world like a lover, bringing a wealth a brilliants to every emerald leaf, and turning the most common sands to grains of sparkling gold. To the north and west lay an unmeasureable expanse of prairie, dotted, here and there, with isles of "timber," tipped with the morning's flame; while to the south, might be seen the Arkansas river winding afar like the shining folds of some monster of a serpent seeking to hide amongst its woods. And there, too, on the nearest bank, was Fort Gibson, with its flag of the immortal stars drooping in the windless atmosphere, and with its numerous chimneys just beginning to stream with wreaths of curling smoke. It was on the last point that the young girl finally fixed her gaze, with a long-drawn sigh of mingled pleasure and melancholy.

Yet, why should she be sad? For never did human vision rest on a fairer scene, and no single feature of the scene, not all the beautiful perspective of the morning, was half so beautiful as she. That tall, yet slender form, with the fascinating fulness of its virgin bosom; that face of the faultless oval, with tempting complexion of the brunette slightly tinged with the golden orange, which betrays the blood of the Indian quadroon; those eyes of the darkest light, mystic as the radiance of heavenly dreams; that hair, of the raven's rickest color, flowing in artless ringlets, like the spontaneous festoons of a vine, each ringlet baptized with the dewy gems of the dawn; the delicate feet, slippered in the gorgeously-beaded moccasins; the exquisite arms, bare to the elbows; and all the limbs, half manifest through the loose drapery of a calico gown—formed together a picture of mortal loveliness, such as the immortal queen of starry smiles herself might have envied. But all words are ineffectual to represent the charms of that forest-child; for the whole was illumined with a grace of the sweetest chastity—so pure, spiritual and unearthly, that one might have imagined her surrounded by the aroma of an angel's breath—the invincible angel that keeps watch over innocent souls.

Long and earnestly she gazed on the fort by the river, and ever as she gazed the sadness deepened on her brow, until, at length, she exclaimed, in a tender outburst of tears:

"He used to meet me here, but now he has become cold and weary of the suit.—He thinks I am indifferent or devoted to another; yet, oh! my poor heart, how wildly, how wickedly, it still loves him!"

An insupportable cry of joy pealed on the air, and a proud, handsome man leaped from behind the great tree, and clasped the astonished girl to his bosom. Pale, powerless, unresisting, she quivered in his arms, like a reed before the wind, while he impetuously covered her fear-parted lips with a ceaseless rain of kisses.

But, all in a moment, she recovered her presence of mind, and, with preternatural strength, breaking from his embrace, she said, in a voice of considerable firmness:

"Colonel, this treatment is unpardonable."

"Why so, dearest Lily?" he returned, with a look of fire. "Did you not tell the secret unconsciously, just now? You love me, and, therefore, you are—you must be mine."

"I will not deny my words," she answered with a flitting blush; "but the eternal bar still remains betwixt our love and the path of duty."

"The silly prattle of the missionary school, where you were educated, has deceived you," he sneered, almost imperceptibly; "for why would the God of nature inspire our mutual souls with this ardent love, unless he intended us for each other?"

"God has spoken othewise in his holy Word, and I dare not disobey him," was the mournful reply.

"Who says that God has thus spoken?—None but the juggling priests of all times and countries; while every one gives the version of a different revelation. Here, it is Jesus; there, Mahomet, and yonder Moses. If the Creator of all wished to show us his will, could he not speak to our own ears? Would he select knaves or fools for his go-betweens? Is the Lord of all the heavens dumb without an interpreter?"

Her fine face kindled with a glow of rapturous enthusiasm, as she said, or rather sang, for her tones flowed like celestial music: "And does he not speak always—in the low whispers of the evening wind, in the song of the bright birds, in the murmur of rills and rivers, in the roar of the trumpet of thunder? Is not the sunlight a smile of God—is not the perfume of these flowers of the prairie an odor from the breath of the Highest? Are not these dewy crystals on every leaf and the least blade of glittering grass, perhaps tears of pleasure or of pity shed by the angels of the night?"

"That may be all true," rejoined the other, with a glance of burning passion; "but it needs no whining preacher to tell us such visible truth; we see it with our own perception, we experience it in our own hearts. And yet do we not feel something deeper, mightier, far more intense than all the rest—this yearning, unconquerable love, which absorbs our every thought, which dims the very light of day, and peoples our dreams with images of bliss and beauty divine as those they know in heaven? If the everlasting Maker has produced these splendors of earth and sky, the glories of the diamond down, the vivid tints of star and rainbow, then has he not infused into our human bosoms this love, more beautiful than any vision that ever beamed in the azure vault?—Therefore, why should this be sinful? Is it sinful for the bee to kiss its blossom—for the bird to hover about the nest of its mate?"

"Alas! I am a poor ignorant child that cannot guess the mysteries of God!" she faltered, with a countenance of grievous perplexity. The point of the subtle arrow had pierced the centre of her soul's faith, through the golden veins of its poetry.

The tempter saw how she wavered, and pressed the advantage with words of mingle flame:

"I have loved you since the hour we first met by mere accent beneath the branches of this very tree. Since that day I have urged Heaven incessantly with a single prayer, that I might call you wholly and only mine. For two years of suffering and unrequitted love I have woed you as man never before woed woman. But now, when I am sure of your affection, I must be happy in those bewildering arms to die!" And he clasped her with phrensied vehemence to his heart.

She shuddered as it about to fall, gasping with white lips:

"Oh! my God! he belongs to another!"

"Not so," he answered with immoderate caresses; "that wife has left my home for years, and you, dearest shall henceforth be its mistress. Be mine now, and mine forever!" And his lips grew burning on the sweet mouth they would have poluted with irreversible shame.

Again she tore herself from his embrace, crying, with eyes darting jets of passionate light:

"I will tear open my own veins with my teeth—I will perish by any death sooner than be dishonored!"

"Do you call love dishonor?" he asked, in amazement.

"Away!" she said, with a mournful wafture of the hand; "away, you love me not."

He threw himself on the earth, and clasping her knees, implored:

"I will prove my love; I will cast off this uniform of a high office in the army; we will fly to some foreign country, where you can be my happy bride. Say, shall it not be so, or will you kill me with more cruelty?"

She sobbed through a storm of tears:—"Ah, me! you can never be mine, for go wherever we might, everywhere you would be still bound to another!"

He sprang to his feet, exclaiming, "She is dead—I swear before God she is dead!"

"You told me the same tale once before," she sighed, with an air of incredulity.

"Here, then, read the fact for yourself," he answered, producing a letter.

She snatched the paper from his hand, devoured the contents with wild eyes, uttered an inarticulate cry, and fell fainting into his arms.

As soon as she returned to perfect consciousness, the Colonel inquired: "My adored Lily, are you not now mine, as you will be mine forever?"

"When we are married," she murmured, with gleaming cherks and throbbing bosom.

"Pitless one, you do not love me," replied the other, with a painful aspect of blended licentiousness and irritation.

She bowed on her knees before him, and prayed, with streaming eyes: "For the love of Christ, spare me from the curse of a life of shame—from the thought that will sting the soul until the death of memory, both here and hereafter!"

Suddenly, she sprung up, shrieking:—"Fly! fly! there is death in the tree!"—But as the astonished man stirred not, she clasped him closely in her arms, as if to cover his body from some unknown danger.

"What is it? Are you mad?" he ejaculated, as she continued to scream: "Fly! fly! There is death in the tree!"

All in a moment, a rifle roared in the branches above their heads. The bullet cut off a lock of the officer's hair, and penetrated deeply into the poor girls bosom.

"Fly!" she still gasped, as she sunk down on the velvet greensward of the prairie, which immediately grew crimson from the streams of her vergin blood.

A curse, horrible enough to appal the very demons of the wilderness, seemed to shake every bough of that old oak, as Lily's half-breed father, the desperate Jack West, was seen descending from his concealment among the leafy limbs. And fearfully would it have fared with the stupied, gilt-stricken colonel, if a company of early hunters from the fort had not, at that instant, galloped up to the scene.

Then the murderer fled, howling dreadful imprecations across the prairie, while the officer, to avoid the scandal of the terrible story, forbade every one to follow the wretched father.

They laid the blighted beauty of the forest in a grave beneath the giant tree, where her young life had flowed away in the sacrificial offering of an infinite love. There let her sleep in the stainless purity of a quiet that knows no blushes in the perturbation of its spirit-dreams, all too profound for conscious thought; and when God wakes his beloved sleepers with the trumpet's call of the last morning, will a single angel of them all rise in raiment of more unsullied and sinless white than hers? For those are not the true saints that have never proved the ordeal of fiery passion; but they who have fiercely struggled, and have proved themselves stronger than the tempter!

From the Rochester Union.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF NEEDLE MANIA.

Three Hundred and Eighty-three Needles Extracted from the Flesh of a Lady and she Still Survives.—This subject was a young lady, nineteen years of age, of nervous temperament, very healthy, and the daughter of a respectable farmer in Butternutts, Otsego county, N. Y. She first came to my office April 28th, 1853, to have a needle extracted from her left arm, which she said "got in accidently as she was moving a bundle of carpet rags." This, a medium-sized sewing needle, was soon found and extracted from the anterior side of the fore arm, about midway between the wrist and the elbow. In less than a week she called again, saying she had not her needle in her arm. I examined and found deep in the bend of the arm, a hard substance, which proved to be a needle similar to the first and accounted for in a similar manner. One week after this the arm wasvery much swollen, painful and presented the appearance of malignant erysipleas, which continued about six days.

After the inflammation and swelling had subsided, six needles were found, deep in the flesh, about three inches from the elbow. May 29th, fourteen were taken out higher and more on the posterior side of the arm, 30th, seventeen were taken from the arm and shoulders. Some of these were superficial, lying just under the skin, but most of them lay deep in the flesh, and a number entirely under the biceps muscle. One, of large size, lay with two thirds its length imbedded in the brachial artery. One large darning needle was found lying directly on the bone, at the intersecting of the deltoid muscle; this caused some inflammation, and supperation, which led to its detection.—June 4th twelve werere moved from the left, arm and one from the breast. The whole number extracted during the month of June, was eighty-seven. September 10; October twenty-eight, mostly from the left breast and left of the abdomen.

About the last of November, 1853, she was attacked with violent spasms. These continued about three weeks, and subsequently a large number of needles were found in all parts of her side, from the shoulder to the knee. When apparently asleep she would converse with her mother, and tell her where the needles might be found, but when awake she could seldom be induced to speak of them. Also when in this sleeping or somnambulic state, she was entirely unconscious of pain. While cutting through deep muscles, or in the most sensitive parts, we never could perceive a motion indicative of feeling, (a number were extracted in this sleeping state,) on the contrary, when awake, she experienced acute pain, even from the least incision.

From January, 1854, no needles were found until the middle of the following Summer, when she resorted to pins, cutting off the heads and thrusting them into the flesh. Subsequently she used hair-pins, either straightened and put in whole or broken halves. These were found deep in the large muscles of the thigh. Several pieces of wire, and parts of the largest size of knitting needles nearly five inches in length, were found lying directly on the bone of the thigh on the anterior side.—These were put in two or three inches above the knee, pushed upward under the flesh, and detected by the discharge of a little matter at the point of insertion. A few needles and pins were found at intervals till December 15th, 1855, when I extracted six needles and three pins—all of which had lain in flesh a long time; some of them more than a year. These were the last found, and it is hoped by her friends that there will be no recurrence of so strange a mania.

The whole number extracted was, of sewing needles, 297—and these were of all sizes—pins, 67; darning needles, 4; hair pins, 5, knitting needles and wire each, 5—total, 383. Great efforts were made on the part of the family to detect her in the act of inserting the needles, but in vain. It was ascertained by comparison that most of them were taken from a box of needles which had lain the house for a long time.—This was removed, but she continued to use the same kind, evidently from a supply secreted about the premises. Almost every means has been resorted to, to find the reason for so strange a fancy; but nothing has yet developed it. She is firm in her denial of knowing when, how, or why she did it; simply saying, "it must be that I do it, for I know no one else does." She is perfectly sane on every other subject, although the effect upon her general health has been bad, yet during a great share of these years of suffering, she has performed her accustomed portion of household duties.

Although these needles have been exhibited to the professors of several medical colleges, with full details of the case, as well as to a large number of physicians in this State, yet a suitable name has hardly been given for a disease producing such effects. And when so many "doctors disagree." I shall go no farther than to term it a remarkable case of monomania. The whole case has been one of greater interest, anxity and mystery than often comes under the notice of the physician.

CHARLES SUMNER, M. D.

For the Easton Gazette.

ON THE NATURAL AND MORAL EVIDENCE OF A FUTURE STATE.

The ancients were employed in justifying the ways of Providence, and spreading abroad the most honorable notions of men and gods, which they could, from the fainter lights of their times investigate; but these, their pretended admirers, too often traduce both the one and the other; and instead of thinking it necessary to suppose a former state, in order to account for the inequalities and sufferings of this, deny all but the present: as if it were possible to conceive the entire completion of man's existence in this world, when so much of it is consumed in infancy, in sleep, in the varieties of his pursuits, in sickness, and in the decline of life; so little left for activity and happiness and in active life so little yet of truly national enjoyment. When he is disquieted with perpetual apprehensions of an unknown world, and yet so dissatisfied with this, that he would now wish for the renovation of youth, and the repetition of his former days, if they must be passed exactly in the same manner again; or, if he should accept of a renewal upon those terms would nevertheless think them severe, and find himself the same dissatisfied being in the end, as at first. What ideas must we have of any being not to take the name of God in vain, who could create such numbers of men as have and will exist, and all to be dissatisfied upon the whole of thine existence, if it is to terminate with this life. And if the end of all, is misery to all, whatever gleams of happiness may have darted in upon us in former scenes of this short tragedy of the life and death of man, we must conclude, that we were created to be finally miserable; which is not to be reconciled to any just ideas we can form of God or goodness.

How can we imagine it possible, that the author of nature should furnish us with capacicities for discovering his existence, and our dependence upon him; with views of another state, and powers to contemplate the laws of many other orbs than this we inhabit, to roam through the boundless regions of space, with a mind that is never satisfied with less than infinite, if it is to be extinguished by death? No, if it had not been designed for another fate, the apprehensions and influences of it would never have been made necessary to the good government of men; eternity would never have been an object either of our hopes, or fears. If our existence were to finish with this world, we might, like other animals, perform all the offices of supporting ourselves, and continuing our species, without any views or expectations of another, so that, upon the whole I do not think it possble to reconcile the creation and condition of man, with the acknowledged attributes of God, without the consideration and allowance of a future state. P.

BAY SIDE, Feb. 23, 1857.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, being poisoned by his physician, at the age of thirty-two, Nouraddin, the Saracen emperor, with a magnanimity that would have done honor to the most civilized nations, refused to derive any advantages from his death: "Let us rather bear a part" said he, "in the general grief for the loss of a Prince, who has left no equal behind him."

Of John de Witt, surnamed Vandyen, a German author, who left several works very heavily written, it is recorded, that he slept on his Virgil, lest a softer pillow should tempt him to lay too long in bed to the neglect of his literary pursuits. But it is a more amiable trait of his character, that, in the course of his studies, he gave frequent lectures, in order to save money for the support of his father.

In a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want in which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed, and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth and abate the fervour of sincerity

A LIVING SKELETON.—The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror says that there is now on exhibition in that city a man thirty-five years old, six feet three inches high, who weighs only 88½ pounds. When he was 18 years old he weighed 180. He is a mere frame-work, skin and bones and a great curiosity.

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1857.

We are being thawed out with a vengeance. A while ago we were locked up so tight that we could not stir hand or foot; now the fountains of waters are broken up and everything is lying around loose. In the beginning of the week the thaw commenced, and the relieved earth began to breath forth a cloud of heavy mist which grew into a dense, dark, driving fog, so thick that one needed to take a candle in the day time like Diogines, to find a man. The sun would get through the gray veil about mid-day in dint of great effort, but invariably retired after a couple of hour's faint attempt at shining. Thursday was delightfully warm and produced an instantaneous effect on the mercantile, moral and social aspect of the community. People have lost their appetite for murders and all other morbid dishes, though we have an abundant stock of that sort of thing still on hand. Mrs. Cunningham, Eckel, Snodgrass and Augusta Cunningham are waiting, in prison, the action of the Graud Jury. Meanwhile the tide of public sympathy is beginning to turn towards them in some degree, and Eckel, particularly, finds many defenders. This frank, calm and manly bearing toward his numerous visitors has generally interested them in his favor. Some confession from Snodgrass is eagerly looked for as the youth is said to have intimated that he knew more than he had previously revealed. However, this is very probably an idle rumor.

Business is reviving decidedly under the influence of the fairer weather. The transportation lines are open to a great extent. Yesterday the first boat left to go through the sound, which is now open to the great joy of all Eastern mannfacturers and their agents here. A great many Southern and Western buyers ars in town and all the places of amusement are doing a good business. There are very few of the theatres, however, which can really be said to pay their way. Matilda Heron is still the star in the theatrical firmament. Thalberg's concerts which have the novel feature of poetical readings introduced are the most profitable and popular of any of the musical enterprises now presented to the public.

The Irish war, at Bergin Hill, was quite a noticeable feature of the week's business. There is a very excessive tunnel in process of excavation there which employs some 1200 Irish laborers, of whom 600 are off work in the daytime. Of this 600 it seems, half are "Corkonians" and the other half "Far Downers," and therefore the parties considered it their patrotic duty and priviledge to pitch in at the first opportunity.—The number of Irishmen, bruised, broken, arrested, and otherwise damaged was immense. RIVINGTON.

February 27, 1857.

We have enjoyed one week of wonderful quiet. There has been nothing marvellous enough in the criminal court operations for any reasonable person to get excited about, and everybody has gone about minding his own business. Garroting has come to be an old dodge, and there has been no pretense whatever on which the dailies could issue their flaming extras since the parties accused of the murder of Dr. Burdell were locked up for trial. The "confession of snodgrass" was a popular idea with the newsboys for awhile, but that was played out long ago. The Burdell investigation was a great source of profit to the newspaper craft here while it lasted.—Probably 30,000 additional copies per diem were printed of all the dailies during the inquest. About $10,000 of extra receipts may therefore be credited by the city press to "the Burdell tragedy." Its an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Trade is rather backward among our commission merchants, more so than was expected, as the importations of dry goods have been made much earlier in the season than usual. The Southern and Western buyers have made the bulk of their purchases at rates fully equal to those of last season. Silk goods are scarce here, and ladies must make up their minds either to pay higher prices or take in sail to some extent. We hear from Paris that there is likely to be a collapse in crinoline, and if this expensive fashion be abolished, we may look for a decreased consumption of costly dress fabrics. The hoops, however, have wound themselves into the affections of feminine America to such a degree, that it may be doubted whether even the imperial mandate of Paris, Queen of Taste, could totally remove them from our streets. Vive la crinoline! say we. Let it expand until there shall be no more room left for unhappy maledom in cars or churches, stages or steamboats; nay even until broadway becomes impassable for wagons and four-footed beasts, and is filled through all its length and breadth, with a sea of flounces and fire-belows! Woman is Queen, let her have her own sweet will.

Some very large sales of real estate have been made this week, chiefly in the business parts of the city. The figures obtained were extravagantly high, as the purchases were generally made by speculators, on very long credits. The real value of real estate here is naturally on the decline.—Rents promise to be lower on the first of May than last year. RIVINGTON.

SIMPLE MANNERS.—The trial of George Knight for the murder of his wife, which is going on in a rural village in Maine, excites so much interest that a daily paper has been started for the purpose of reporting it. The court room has been crowded, chiefly by ladies, who, both young and old, bring knitting, crochet and sewing work with them, so that the hall presents (aside from the trial) quite a busy appearance.

Late intelligence from Utah announce the death of J. M. Grant, one of the leading "saints" of the Mormon hierarchy.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

JUDGING OF HORSES' AGE BY THE TEETH.

There are no certain marks by which we can judge truly of the age of a horse but his teeth; and these only for a certain time; after that time, there is no method to be depended upon, but we may form a good guess by the front teeth of his upper jaw, until he is about twelve or thirteen; especially if we take into consideration the countenance of the horse, with some other marks, which we shall point out. A horse has forty teeth, twenty-three called *grinders*, from which we learn nothing of his age; then six above and as many below, in the fore part of his mouth, called *gatherers* or *cutting* teeth, and it is from these we know his age: then four tushes, two above and two below, sometimes named *bit teeth*, making in all forty. Mares generally have no tusks—their teeth are, therefore, only thirty-six. When a colt is foaled, he has no teeth in the front of his mouth. In a few days, two above and two below make their appearance. Soon after these, four others appear; after those, it is usually three or four months before the corner teeth make their appearance. These twelve colt's teeth in the front of the mouth continue without alteration till the colt is two years or two years and a half old. He then begins to lose his colt's teeth for permanent ones sooner or later, according to the manner in which he has been fed.

As it is from the front teeth of the *lower* jaw a horse's age is known, until he is in his eighth year, it is to those only we shall confine our attention. At about two years and a-half old, he sheds the two middle teeth of the six: (as these first appear in the colt's mouth, so are they first to disappear;) these are succeeded by two permanent or horse teeth, stronger, of a deeper color, and grooved or fluted from top to bottom, with a black cavity in the centre. He is now rising three.

His mouth continues thus till some time in the latter part of the fourth year, when the same process taken place with the teeth on each side of the two in the centre; so that at four years old, he becomes possessed of four horse teeth in the middle, with their natural black marks in the centre, and one colt's tooth only on each side.

The next he sheds are the two remaining, or corner teeth. When he has got the successors to these, his mouth is full. He is then called a horse, five years old; he has the black mark now in all the six front teeth.

During the course of this year, the *tusks*, situated beyond the corner teeth upon the bars, appear; he is now five years old, off; and through the whole of the year is "rising six;"—we say, "he will be six years old next grass." Some time in the last six months of the sixth year, the black cavities of the two middle teeth are gradually filled up; and when he is *turned* six years old, they are nearly or quite smooth upon the surface. In the latter part of the seventh year, when the horse is termed "six off," six past, or rising seven, the teeth on each side of the two centre ones become gradually possessed of the same appearance; and when he is seven years old, the two outside or corner teeth only are marked with the black cavity.

After this period, the horse is said to be aged; and from this time to the completion of his eighth year, the mark in the corner teeth continue gradually to disappear, till it is quite gone, when the age by the teeth is no longer known. He is now "past the mark of the mouth."

After this period, you may judge of the age by the marks or cavities in the *upper* teeth. At about ten, the two front teeth have lost their marks; the two next them have but little left, but in the corner teeth these marks may be readily seen; these gradually wear out, and during the twelfth year are quite erased. The tushes, like the teeth, are gradually changing their appearance; they are small, sharp, and shell like at first, and are grooved on their inner surface; they gradually become larger and larger; the concavities or grooves on their insides also lesson; and at about eight, they are nearly lost. At about eleven and a-half or twelve, the inside of the tush begins to approach towards a round form, and after becomes quite round: they are then blunt at the top, and of a yellowish brown color. The teeth of horses, as they advance in years, appear longer; from the gums shrinking from them they got more oblique in their position; they also acquire a much darker color. Horse dealers are said to practice numerous artifices in order to deceive their customers with respect to their horses' ages; one of these is termed *bishoping*, that is, making artificial marks in the teeth, when the natural ones are worn out; but there is always a want of resemblance between the natural and artificial mark. You may likewise compare them with the state of the tushes. They also knock out the corner teeth of four years olds, to make them appear five; for when these are removed, they are soon succeeded by horses' teeth.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

PRODUCT OF AN ACRE.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, writing from Plainfield, Mass., says that he has raised on his farm forty bushels of good sound corn, an hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes, seven large cart-loads of pumpkins, fifteen bushels of carrots, twenty bushels of turnips, three bushels of onions, forty cabbage heads, one bushel of beans; after using all he needed for his family, a lot of peas and fifteen bushels of sugar beets—all on one acre in one year.

Never, within the history of settled Wisconsin, was the havoc so great among the deer as the present winter. The snow is so deep—with a slight crust over it—that the hunter has only to don his snow shoes, and with an axe, overtake and slaughter the helpless animal that is unable to run with any degree of speed.

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