

31. The sediment of the fecula mixed with the powder of charcoal may be made into little bullets or bricks either for building or burning.

All those uses are independent of the application of the apples or fruit of the potato, the water of which when immature might probably be used as in 27, 28, and 29, and when ripe like the tomato. Then tender tops may be used as spinach.

Charcoal Dust—A writer in the Gardener's Magazine asserts that six years' experience has convinced him that charcoal dust is a remedy for the grub and mouldiness in onions; and he has repeatedly proved, that it effectually prevents the clubbing in the roots of cabbages and cauliflowers.

FROM THE WILKESBARRE GLEANER.

Pray take my advice, if a fortune you'd get,

Pay off what you owe and then keep out of debt.

This may be bad poetry, but depend upon it, is excellent sense. It is an old saying that 'the debtor is a slave to the creditor.' If so half the world enter into voluntary servitude. The universal rage to buy on credit, is a serious evil to this country. Many a valuable man is ruined by it.

There was Titus Thornbury, who was an industrious man. He had as good a farm as lay in the north parish of Appledbury. But unfortunately he gave way to the prevailing fashion of getting in debt, and a sad life he led of it.—At 29, he died 200*l*. His farm yielded about that sum. He would not live without purchasing some things and as all the money he could raise went to pay principle and interest on his debt, he had everything to buy on credit. So at the year's end, with interest and cost, and loss of time, and extra prices charged for things, because he did not make ready pay, he was as deeply involved in debt as before. Thus harassed, dunned and tormented, was poor Thornbury, for 20 years.

Not so it was with his cousin, Ned Forest. He vowed he'd *own no man*. The produce of his farm was about the same as that of Thornbury's; but as he was not forced by duns, or executions to sell it out of season, he got the high price; as he paid for things when he bought them, he got his necessities 2 per cent cheaper. As he paid neither interest nor cost, and lost no time in running to borrow money or to see his creditors, he laid up 90*l*. a year, lived quite as well as his cousin, and infinitely happier.

When poor Thornbury saw a man piling up his fancy, his anxious look told him as plain as look could tell, 'plague on that fellow, he is come to dun me.' When a sudden rap at the door announced a visitor, no matter how lately he had been, he turned pale, and looked sorrowfully anxious, until the visitor was known.

Many a man goes into a store for a single article. Looking round, twenty things strike his fancy, he has no money, but buys on credit. 'Foolish man! Pay day must come and ten chances to one, like day death, it find you unprepared to meet it. Tell me, ye who have experienced it, did the pleasure of possessing articles, bear any proportion to the pain of being called on to pay for them, when you had it not in your power?

Good people, bark ye: A few rules well kept will contribute much to your happiness and independence. Never buy what you do not really want. Never purchase on credit what you can possibly do without. Take pride in being able to say, *I owe no man*. Wives

are sometimes thoughtless, daughters now and then extravagant. Many a time when neither the wife nor the daughter would willingly give a single pang to a fond father's bosom, they urge and tease him to get articles, pleasant enough to be sure, to possess, but difficult for him to buy; he purchases on credit—is dunned—sued; and many an hour made wretched by their folly and imprudence. Old Robert presents his compliments to the ladies, and begs they would have the goodness to read the last ten lines once a month till they get them by heart, and then act as their own excellent disposition shall direct.

Above all things good people, never go in debt to a tavern. To grog—to today—to sling—to bitters! Oh horrid! what a fill! Never owe your shoemaker, your tailor, your printer, your black-smith or labourer. Besides the bad policy of incurring in debt, it is downright injustice to those whose labor you have received all the benefit of.

How happy's the farmer who owes not a pound
But lays up his fifty each year that comes round,
He fears neither constable, sheriff nor dun;

To bank or to justice has never to run,
His cellar well filled, and his pantry well stored,
He lives far more blest than a prince or a lord,
Then take my advice, if a fortune you'd get;
Pay off that you owe—and then keep out of debt!

EXTRAORDINARY UTILITY OF THE NETTLE.

In the weekly newspaper of the Barvian Agricultural Society, the nettle is said to have the following properties: 1. Eaten in salad it cures consumption; 2. It fattens horned cattle whether eaten green or dried; 3. Experience has shown that it not only fattens calves but improves their breed; 4. It is an antidote to most maladies; 5. Sheep which eat it brings forth healthy vigorous lambs; 6. It promotes the laying of eggs in hens; 7. It improves the fat of pigs; 8. The seeds mixed with oats are excellent for horses; 9. It grows all the year round even in the coldest weather; 10. The fibres of the stem makes an excellent hemp.

It is certain the nettle is much valued in Holland, where its young shoots are used as a pot herb like our stinging yellow, where the horse dealers give the seed to horsemen to make them brisk and give them a fine skin, and where considerable portions of fields are planted with it, and mown five or six times a year as green food.

A TRUE SKETCH.

The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating wars, the death of their victims in more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from the parent trunk, and stretching abroad its populous limb like a flowering tree, covered with a green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in the unopened bud, whilst their victims in more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from the parent trunk, and stretching abroad its populous limb like a flowering tree, covered with a green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf, and gnawing like a worm in the unopened bud, whilst their victims in more terrible array than exterminating drunkenness. I too, pledged them in the social wine cup, and rejoiced with them round the hospitable hearth; and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future; while the good old man warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the

tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy. I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief, and he was happy. A parents' love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, but give intensity and strength to that passion before which all others but dissolve and melt away. Another year elapsed. The board was spread. But the guests came not. The old man cried, "Where are my children?" And echoed answered, *where?* His heart broke—for they were not. Could not heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims of his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young ones' shame. They are all dead.—*N. Y. Am.*

Drunkenness—Drunkenness is the occasion of nine tenths of the grief and guilt that aggravate the inevitable distresses of the poor. Dry up that horrid thirst, and the hearts of the wretched would sing aloud for joy. In their sober senses, it seldom happens that men in a Christian country, are such savages. But all cursed passions latent in the heart, and seemingly at least, dead, or non-existent, while that heart beats heartily in sober industry, leap up fierce and full grown, in the power of drunkenness, making the man at once a mimic, or rather at once converting him into a fiend.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

A Serious Repartee.—The Irish are very happy in their conversational tact, and the art of repartee. When an Irishman makes a blunder, he generally makes a good joke, and recompenses the error by the sly humor it conveys. Their satire, however, is superior to their mirth. French may be the language of love, was once truly observed English is of business, but Irish is the language of expression. There is no other language, German not excepted, that expresses so much meaning in a few words. The Irish endeavour to translate this capacity into English, and to supply with dramatic effect the deficiency of expression. A Galway gentleman lately entered a coffee house, and called for 'bring up the brogue and the attention of a scented civilian in an opposite box, who, relying upon his superior accent, resolved to have a jest at the expense of the stranger. The civilian called for tea too; the Irishman called for muffins, so did the civilian; toast, milk, sugar, &c. were severally called for by the Irishman, and as severally echoed by the fop, who enjoyed in his corner the suppers of ambassadors, for this cause, the rich are often in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competence.

Artificial Wants are more numerous and lead to more expense than natural wants, for this cause, the rich are often in greater want of money than those who have but a bare competence.

Injults and Injuries—Injuries are much more easily attoned for and forgiven than insults. The latter degrade the mind in its own esteem, and too frequently induce it to attempt to recover its level by revenge.

Biblical Lore.—At a recent discussion on some points in biblical history, it happened to