

REC E I P E S.

TO CURE WOUNDS IN HORSES, &c.—As there are many useful receipes hidden from the public, for sake of speculation in a small way, by many who would be thought something of in the world, I am induced to lay before the public a receipe for making King of Oil, so called, which, perhaps, exceeds any other for the cure of Wounds in Horses, Cattle, &c., and which has long been kept by a few in the dark. 1 oz. green coperas, 2 ozs. white vitriol, 2 ozs. common salt, 2 ozs. linseed oil, and 8 ozs. West India molasses. Boil over a slow fire for fifteen minutes in a pint of urine. When almost cold, add 1 oz. of oil of vitriol, and 4 ozs. of spirits of turpentine. Apply it to the wound with a feather, which will immediately set the sore to running, and perform a perfect cure.

A SIMPLE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Bathe the parts affected for half an hour with the water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as it can be borne, immediately before going to bed. Try it; for some of the most obstinate rheumatic pains have been lately cured by one application of this novel and simple remedy.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—The wise woman to whom I am about to allude walks to Boston, from a distance of twenty-five miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently foots it back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of threads and patches, coarse in the extreme. "Why don't you come down in a waggon," said I, when I observed she was soon about to become a mother, and was evidently wearied with her long journey. "We haven't got any horse," replied she; "the neighbours are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one as all my thread will come to." "You have a husband, don't he do anything for you?" "He's a good man, he does all he can," said she, "but he's a cripple and aa invalid. He reels