

have fallen sacrifices to the blind staggers, but assures us the cure for this disease is so simple that every body can have access to it. It is nothing more than to pass a shoe maker's awl through the grizzle of the nose that separates the nostrils. This he says, is a certain cure. Our informant adds that there is no danger of the horses in the city taking this disease, as it is confined to those noble animals in and about the salt marshes and meadows.

Cure for the Ague and Fever.—A writer in the Charleston Mercury recommends the following prescription for the cure of Ague: Take a gill of very strong coffee mixed with an equal quantity of lime juice, the dose to be taken just before the ague is expected. A single dose had cured an acquaintance of the writer, who had nearly forgotten it when he came across a review of Dr. Pouqueville's Travels in the Morea," which contained the following paragraph:

"I have often seen intermitting fevers subdued entirely by a mixture of Coffee and lemon juice, which is the general remedy for them, all over the country. The proportions are three quarters of an ounce of coffee ground very fine, two ounces of lemon juice, and three of water. The mixture to be drunk warm, and fasting."

SPRING.

"Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy Sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring,
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd "
(Mrs. Barbauld.)

Away! away! unto me bring
Fresh water from Castalia's spring,
And wake my lyre chords into day
To tune them for a rural lay.

I sing the joys of rustic life,
And business of the Farmer's wife;
Of Shepherds bright Pandean reeds—
Of rivers, coppices, and meads.

Now comes the sweet enchanting Spring;
Bidding the feather'd race to sing,
And hail the season of delight
When Flora captivates the sight—
And lo! before the sun is seen,
Nancy treads the dewy green,
O'er which the humble daisies spread,
And many a cowslip hangs its head;