

CURES FOR CROUP.

This is a distressing affection, often sudden in its attack, and unless promptly and vigorously resisted, fatal. Some children are predisposed to it and in such cases they should sleep in a room with their parents, or a nurse, easily aroused. Remedies should always be at hand; it may be too late to wait the arrival of a physician. The following are recommended. We can affirm the efficacy of the "cold water" cure from our own experience:—

"For croup, take one teaspoonful of Ipecac, one wine glass full of vinegar, and a little honey or molasses. Simmer the whole together, and give the child till it produces vomiting. The dose to be repeated till a cure is effected. Any quantity may be prepared at a time, and kept on hand for use at a moment's warning.

"The above is a common remedy. Severe attacks of the croup may also be relieved by simply giving goose oil and molasses.

"A physician says he was called to a child, thought to be dying of croup. He administered Ipecac in a little warm water, till it produced vomiting and continued the course, bathing the feet in warm water, &c. until the third day, when recovery was complete.

"A standard medical author says—"I have saved life in the last extremity, when the breath was almost totally stopped, with rattlesnake's oil; four or five drops given on sugar, is sufficient for a child of two years old at a dose. This cuts up the phlegm, and frees the passage almost instantly."

"A correspondent of the *C. Gentleman* says:—"I would recommend to the enquirer after a cure for croup in children, to procure some work on hydrophathy or water cure—the most sure and efficient cure for croup or any other curable disease that flesh is heir to. A cloth, 4 to 6 folds of linen or cotton, wet in cold or tepid water, and held on chest and throat by the hand, for 5 or 10 minutes, has been all that we have used for the last seven years. We ask no better.

CURIOSITY OF CHILDREN.—The curiosity of the child is the philosophy of the man, or at least, to abate somewhat of so sweeping a generality, the one very frequently grows into the other. The former is a sort of balloon, a little thing, to be sure, but a critical one, nevertheless, and pretty surely indicative of the heights, as well as the direction, to be taken by the more fully expanded mind. Point out to me a boy of original, or what would generally be called eccentric habits, fond of rambling about, a hunter of the wood side and river bank, prone to collect what he can search out, and then, on his return, to shut himself up in his room, and make experiments upon his gatherings, to enquire into the natural history of each, according to its kind—point such a one out to me, and I should have no difficulty in pronouncing him, without the aid of physiognomy, to be a far better and happier augury than his fellow who does but pore over his books, never dreaming that there can be any knowledge beyond them. Of such stuff as this, were all our philosophical geniuses, from Newton to Davy, and so, from the nature of things, they must generally be. And no wonder. The spirit that is powerful enough to choose, aye, and to take its own course, instead of resigning itself to the tide, must be a very powerful spirit indeed—a spirit of right excellent promise.—*Kidd's London Journal.*

DIAMOND DUST.

[From *Eliza Cook's Journal*]

The man who does not know how to leave off, will make accuracy frivolous and vexatious.

Everybody likes occasionally to take refuge in a gentle shade of misanthropy, and to feel ill-used when there is nothing to amuse him.

We sometimes think we have no romance left, but some of us do still look at things and people as they are, and that alone produces romance enough.

In most cases it is not contempt, but conventionality, that induces us to pass by and ignore what it is not consistent with good taste to know anything about.

A critic *should* be a pair of snuffers. He is often an extinguisher, and not seldom a thief.

Poetry is to Philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

We may keep the devil without the swine, but not the swine without the devil.

We have little moral faith in those who have never been imposed upon.

Excessive indulgence to children, by parents, is only self-indulgence under an *alias*.

A YOUNG FARMER'S reply to the young damsel who has determined that "A Farmer's Wife she'll be":—

I love that laughing girl, however wild she be,
Though she's full of fun and frolic, she's none too
much for me,

I hate your sad and gloomy girls—a merry life
for me:

"If e'er I marry in my life," that girl my wife
shall be.

I too love a country life, and love the joyous
breezes,
I love to hear the singing-birds, among the leafy
trees;

The lowing herds and bleating flocks make music
sweet for me:

"If e'er I marry in my life," that girl my wife
shall be.

I love her pretty face, and I love her open mind,
I feel convinced that lively girl is also true and
kind,

Her sparkling eyes, her curling lip, are lovely
gems to me:

"If e'er I marry in my life," that girl my wife
shall be.

Let other lads who love them best, court ladies of
the towns,

But give me this dear country girl, I'll laugh at
fortune's frowns.

With sunny smile and happy view, Oh! would she
say to me,

"If e'er I marry in my life, my boy your wife I'll
be."

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PRESERVATION OF PLANTS.—Plants may be completely protected from the depredations of insects, by washing them with a solution of bitter aloes; and the use of this wash does not injure the health of these plants in the slightest degree; and wherever the solution has been used insects have not been observed to attack the plants again.