GAME FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

HUNTSMAN.—This game is one of the liveliest evening's pastimes that can be imagined. It may be played by any number of persons, from four. One of the players is styled "the huntsman," and the others must be called the different parts of the dress or accoutrements of a sportsman: thus, one is the coat, another the hat, whilst the shot, shot belt, powder, powder-flask, dog, and gun, and every other appurtenance belonging to a huntsman, has its representative. As many chairs as there are players, excluding the Huntsman, should next be ranged in two rows, back to back, and all the players must then seat themselves; and being thus prepared, the Huntsman walks round the sitters, and calls out the assumed name of one of them; for instance, "Gun!" when that player immediately gets up, and takes hold of the coat skirts of the Huntsman who continues his walk, and calls out all the others one by one; each must take hold of the skirts of the player before him, and when they are all summoned, the Huntsman sets off running round the chairs as fast as he can, the other players holding on and running after him. When he has run round two or three times, he shouts out "Bang!" and immediately sits down on one of the chairs, leaving his followers to scramble to the other seats as they best can. Of course, one must be left standing, there being one chair less than the number of players, and the player so left must pay a forfeit. The game is continued until all have paid three forfeits, when they are cried, and the punishments or penances declared. The Huntsman is not changed throughout the game, unless he gets tired of his post.

(For the Standard.)

[illegible]

[illegible] east, his golden gates hath ope'd,
And forth he goes, to ignited and to bless,
A world, where, but that sin hath entered it,
No pain or death had ever found a home.
As he approach, foul shame itself conceals,
And crime and deeds of darkness, seek to hide
From every piercing ray, their hideous forms.
The honest laborer goes forth refresh'd,
For toil has rendered sweet his night of rest.
The thriving merchant, too, his couch has left,
And quick, with nimble feet, on velvet soft,
With beating heart has sought the topmost view,
Of his palatial home.

And lo, a sail,
Far off in the horizon. Can it be,
The long expected ship, on its return?
With anxious heart, with quick and throbbing pulse,
The glass, with practiced hand, is made to help
The straining vision.

"On, in pride, she comes.
[illegible] And now the signals,
[illegible] the news of her approach
[illegible] behind, in thousand human hearts
The varied emotions.

And what if we,
Alone, in sympathy shall turn to those,
From whom the tender charities of home
Have been for years shut out.

Lone exiles they
On ocean's gray and melancholy waste.
And now, how doth each ardent nature long
For human sympathy and love.

Perchance
The old Commander, who hath faced the storms,
And trod the deck, on many a wintry night,
[illegible] fearfully awaits
Tidings from wife and children, well beloved.
[illegible] hearts are there, whose mother's last embrace,
[illegible] earnest, loving counsel, ne'er forgot,
[illegible] tho' oceans roll'd between;
[illegible] long to know how time hath dealt with her.
[illegible] there are, who in their inmost souls,
Have one sweet image cherished, sacredly,
[illegible] vision fair, of future untold bliss;
Who now are all impatient at delay,
[illegible] there may be—who (in many a year
[illegible] neither none, nor kith or kindred known.
[illegible] cless hearts, it may be, wild and free,
[illegible] seen on whose breast the [illegible]
[illegible] would that *contrite hearts*, and *hoping souls*
[illegible] and sacred influence—might be all
[illegible] would the homeless find, indeed, a home;
[illegible] warm and noble motives might be led,
High and noble purposes and deeds.

[illegible] we once again to these our shores,
[illegible] hearts that occasions warm, each human breast
[illegible] in expectant, waiting at approaching ship.

[illegible] forth,
[illegible] from whose ample store
[illegible] some months ago were found;
[illegible] seek, with eager anxious haste, to know
[illegible] loss or gain, by this return.

[illegible] there, whose crying boy,
[illegible] fight from, on the deeps
[illegible] overflowing hearts, no sighs,
[illegible] relief?

[illegible] there those
[illegible] deeper
[illegible] down
[illegible] for gleanings?

And can [illegible]
[illegible] angel stand
[illegible] gray,
[illegible] and free,
[illegible] with [illegible] eye,
[illegible] on the [illegible]

[illegible] been disappointment

We give the following for what it is worth. We recommend in all cases, ask your doctor first:—

NEURALGIA.—We saw a gentleman, says the Pacific Echo, relieved from an attack of this painful disease in the face, by the application of a spoonful or two of salt dissolved in colone water. The concoction was made in the hand, and inhaled through the nose, and the relief was immediate.

CREW LIST OF VESSELS SAILED

Bark Cicero, Capt. Edward Penniman, sailed from this port May 9th, 1874, for the Atlantic Ocean. The following persons compose her crew:

William H. Heath, of New Bedford, first mate; Jeremiah Bumpus, of Rochester, second mate; Joseph King, of New Bedford, third mate; Joseph Antone Damer, of do., fourth mate; Thomas McGarrigle, New York, cooper; Joe Silva, New Bedford, John Dougherty, do., Antone Peter, do., and Joe Stephens, boatsteerers; James E. Weaver, New Bedford, steward; Joseph Rose, do., cook; Joze Antonio Silva, do., Manuel Pedro, do., Manuel Enos, do., Albert Young, do., Quintilian De Barrow, do., Jockin DeBarrow, do., Joao Thiago Gomes, do., Lechandro Gonsolves, do., Francisco Vesra, do., Willie Jenney, Fairhaven, Ansel W. Reed, Westport, Joseph Barrow, Bravo, Sublin Albin, do., Joe Lombard, do., Kitan Duart, do., and Frederick W. Papenbaum, New York, seamen.

Hearse Cloth — 1868
Cost 50 a 18
Cost 50 a 18

HOW TO MAKE GOOD WHITEWASH.—Take of good unslaked lime half a bushel, slake with warm water (rain-water is convenient) in a forty-gallon barrel. Keep covered while slaking. Use just enough water to slake dry. Let the lime stand four or five hours to insure its being well slaked. If it is desirable to have a good smooth wash, the slaked lime should be sifted through a moderately fine sieve; it to be used on barns, outbuildings, and places it is not material about sifting. To the lime thus prepared, add enough water to ball fill the barrel, then add two gallons of flour starch, hot, one quarter of grease to make it run smoothly, four pounds of ground rosin, hot, to make it stick. The flour starch will also have the same effect. Some use salt in their whitewash. We would not, as salt in damp weather causes the wash to crack and scale off. After preparing the white wash as above, fill your barrel with water, cold or hot, and you will have a wash that will stand quite as well for ten years. To color dark, or slate, use lamp-black; for yellow, use yellow ocher; for blue, indigo; for different shades of color vary to suit. If the wash gets too thick, make thin with water. The older the above whitewash becomes, the better it will be, if it is covered with water, and not allowed to become hard.

Again we look. In yonder peaceful home,
Where none but God can hear, the widow prays:
Her anxious heart has almost ceas'd to beat;
Her quicken'd fluttering pulse is almost still,
For oh, how long, how sad and anxiously,
Has she for that dear, only son, kept watch,
And [illegible] each footfall, each fleet foot that treads,
Beneath her quiet window, how doth she
In almost breathless expectancy, expect
The well-known step of him she so much loves.
But oh, he comes not, she she knows full well,
That other hearts and homes are full of joy,
Joy at the blest return of those they love,
Who ventured forth with him her all on earth.

Why comes the man of God with slacken'd step,
With downcast look and sad and soothing words?
Full well she knows, the mother's heart divines
Ere he can utter them, the words he bears.

Ay, summer's sweet and winter's storm and cold,
Again and again have passed and visited
Her lonely peaceful home, since he was laid
With careful hands, and honest sailor hearts
Far down in his dark watery resting place.
How shall such tidings break upon the ear
Of that poor lonely, weary listener?
But see, the christian thro' the *mourner* shines.
She says, "'tis well, he will not come to me,
But I, oh blissful thought, shall go to him."

New Bedford, Sept. 20, 1800. J. H. S.

Tread softly by this long, close-curtained room!
Within, reposing on her stateliest bed,
Lies one embowered in the velvet gloom!
A creature—dead!
Lately how lovely, how beloved, how young!
Around her beauteous mouth, sweet eyes, and golden hair
(Making the fair thrice fair),
A poet's first and tenderest verse was flung.
Now she lies ghastly pale, stone cold, quite hid
From balmy April and the fragrant air,
Upon the dark, green, silken coverlid;
Her limbs laid out to suit the coffin's shape;
Her palms upon her breast—
At rest!
What cries escape—
What sounds come moaning from the chamber near?
Small voices, as of children, smite the ear
With pity: and grave notes of deeper grief
And sobs, that bring relief.
To hearts which else might break with too much woe—
With thoughts of long ago,
Loss of all earthly joy, and sweet love's overthrow!

Here is a rule for getting rid of stumps, which if reliable is good: In the fall bore an inch hole eighteen inches deep into the center of the stump and put in an ounce of saltpeter, filling up with water, and plugging the hole up. In the spring take out the plug, put in half a gill of kerosene and set fire to it. It will burn the stump out to its farthest root.

A CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—Please give your readers the benefit of this, for two have already died with erysipelas [illegible] Take the common [illegible] soaps or grate it fine, and apply as a poultice [illegible] The same soap-root is a sure cure for the itch. Mothers, cut this out to keep.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

We copy the following receipts from the *Sunday Despatch*, of this city. We do not, as a general thing, publish medical receipts, nor do we advise any one to try them without first consulting their physician; but if anything will benefit the ailments of mankind, we are willing to print it, only adding, consult your doctor first. The extract is from a letter dated at Sharon Springs.

"It is lamentable to see so many rheumatics passing you on their way to the bathing-house. Some jog along with the aid of crutches, a stick, or the support of their wife, daughter, son, or servant; while others have to be carried there. Some years ago, in Philadelphia, there was an old Irishman who made a great many cures of rheumatism by the following process:—

"'Make a poultice of strong mustard, mixed with garlic, vinegar, and a few crumbs of bread or meal. Go to bed, have plenty of clothes placed over you to induce perspiration, and have this poultice placed, about a quarter of an inch thick, close to the hollow of your feet (no cloth between your feet and the skin); keep it on for ten or fifteen hours, then take off the poultice, and the cure is complete.'

"This is a simple cure, and if it does not benefit, it can do no injury. Several gentlemen at Philadelphia have informed me that they were cured by the process I have just described, among others, Mr. Knight, hardware merchant, who resides in Germantown; Mr. Tabor, of the firm of Tabor & Herbert. Mr. Granville Stokes, merchant tailor, in Chestnut Street above Sixth, was also cured by a similar process, after being confined to his bed for weeks. It is a remedy that can do no injury to the constitution, very simple, easily prepared, and quick in its effects.

"I met at the Springs Mr. William Boswell, a gentleman of Louisville, Kentucky, who has kindly furnished me with the following receipt, which he used under the following circumstances. He was afflicted with rheumatism for years—a cripple, in fact. He had the best medical advice, visited pretty much all the springs in the country, North and South, but received no benefit whatever. Luckily he met with a celebrated Paris physician, who gave him the following receipt, which effected an entire cure. It has been years since he has had an attack. He is now as hearty a gentleman as you would meet in a day's walk.

"'Get one ounce of the Iodide of Potassa, put it in a quart bottle of soft water, and take for a dose two-thirds of a common-sized stem wineglass three times a day, a half hour before meals. Avoid strong drink and gross diet. Should the glands of your neck get sore, you must reduce the dose. You must take regular rest, and take four bottles of the medicine before you stop, and then quit it for two weeks. Then take two bottles more, which will, in all probability, complete the cure. You must keep your bowels open.'

"I would advise all rheumatics to try the poultice first, and if it fails to effect a cure, then to try the receipt which cured Mr. Boswell, of Louisville, Kentucky, a gentleman well known and highly respected in that city."

A Quick Vomit.
Tea Spoon of Mustard

DYSENTERY.—An old friend says the Middleton Republican, handed us the following simple recipe for the dysentery, for publication. It has been practiced in his family for many years, with uniform success, even in the most alarming stages of the complaint: Take Indian corn, roasted and ground in the manner of coffee—or coarse meal browned—and boiled in a sufficient quantity of water to produce a strong liquid like coffee, and drink a teacup full, warm, two or three times a day. One day's practice, it is said, will ordinarily effect a cure.

A REMEDY FOR THE DIARRHŒA.—The following valuable and speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhœa, &c., is communicated to the public by Mr. A. W. Davis of Marshfield, Tioga Co., Pa. Take of smartweed, two parts; tansy, one part; ginseng, one part; make into a strong tea and drink every hour or half hour, about one-third or half a teacupful at a time. If taken in larger doses it does no injury, and never fails to cure recent attacks. He says his father has used it with good effect for forty years, and among all to whom he has recommended it has never known it to fail, and hopes that it may be especially beneficial to our soldiers.

THE USE OF BORAX IN WASHING.—In Belgium and Holland linen is prepared beautifully, because the washerwomen use refined borax, instead of soda, as a washing powder. One large handful of borax is used to every ten gallons of boiling water, and the saving in soap is said to be one-half. For laces and cambrics an extra quantity is used. Borax does not injure the linen, and it softens the hardest water. A teaspoonful of borax added to an ordinary sized kettle of hard water, in which it is allowed to boil, will effectually soften the water.

Furniture Polish,

Beeswax, and soft soap.
One half of the quantity of beeswax is enough soap, then melt together, polish and rub with a soft rag.

To preserve a bouquet.—A teaspoonful of charcoal put on the water.