The Democratic Watchman.

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The Watchman.

EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

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Do. 23d—THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,
Do. 24th—JOHN KEATLY,
Do. 25th—VINCENT PHELPS.

THE CONTRAST.

THE FREMONT PLATFORM.

"I look forward to the day when there shall be a *servile insurrection* in the South; when the black man, armed with *British bayonets* and led on by *British officers*, shall assert his freedom, and wage a war of extermination against his master; when the *torch of the incendiary shall light up the towns and cities of the South*, and blot out the last vestige of slavery; and though I may not mock at their calamity, nor laugh when their fear cometh, yet I will hail it as the dawn of a political millennium."—*Joshua R. Giddings.*

"There is a higher law than the constitution which regulates our authority over the domain. * It (slavery) can be and must be abolished, *and you and I must do it.* * Correct your own error that slavery has any constitutional guarantees which may not be released, and ought not to be relinquished. * You will soon bring the parties of the country into an EFFECTIVE AGGRESSION UPON SLAVERY."

[*William H. Seward.*

"The whig party is not only *dead, but stinks.*"

[*Benjamin F. Wade.*

"I am willing in a certain state of circumstances TO LET THE UNION SLIDE."—*Nat. P. Banks.*

"In the case of the alternative being presented of the continuance of slavery or a dissolution of the Union, *I am for a dissolution, and I care not how quick it comes.*"

[*Rufus P. Spalding.*

"On the action of this convention depends the fate of the country. *If the Republicans fail at the ballot-box*, WE WILL BE FORCED TO DRIVE BACK THE SLAVEOCRACY WITH FIRE AND SWORD."—*James Watson Webb.*

"The times demand and we must have an ANTI-SLAVERY CONSTITUTION, AN ANTI-SLAVERY BIBLE, AN ANTI-SLAVERY GOD." *Anson Burlingame.*

"I have no doubt that the free and slave states ought to be seperate."—J. S. P.," *of the N. Y. Tribune.*

"It is the duty of the North, in case they fail in electing a President and Congress that will restore freedom to Kansas, to revolutionize the government."—*Resolution of a black republican meeting in Wisconsin.*

"I pray daily that this accursed Union may be disolved, even if blood have to be spilt.—*Black republican clergyman at Poughkeepsie.*

"We earnestly request Congress, at its present session, to take such initiatory measures for the speedy, peaceful, and equitable dissolution of the existing Union as the exigencies of the case may require."—*Black republican petition to Congress.*

"The Union is not worth supporting in connexion with the South."—*Horace Greeley.*

"The constitution is a reproach and a league with Tophet."—*William Loyd Garrison.*

THE BUCHANAN PLATFORM.

"The federal Union—it must be preserved."—*Andrew Jackson.*

"*Disunion is a word which ought not to be breathed amongst us, even in a wisper. The word ought to be considered one of dreadful omen, and our children should be taught that it is sacrilege to pronounce it.*"—*James Buchanan.*

A SUDDEN DISCOVERY.—The Buffalo *Commercial* asks why "Fremont was never thought of before the presidency," and adds: "He has added nothing to his reputation for the last ten years; and we repeat, it is a most extraordinary circumstance that, with his exploits so long before the country, not a man among the twenty millions of inhabitants should have had the sagacity to discover, until within the last four months, *that these* exploits disclosed a character which would adorn the highest office in the country."

Written for the Democratic Watchman.

FIRMNESS.

BY FRANK M.

I love the man that scorns to yield
To vile oppressions power,
Who wears honor for his safer shield
To battle its trials o'er.
To such an one the victory's sure,
Since he fights for justice true and pure;
Which gives no wound without a cure,
Or grief without a balm.

I love the man that scorns to soar,
To realms beyond his worth,
Who loathes to frown upon the poor
Or those of humble birth.
How often do the wealthy great,
Look down upon the lowly state,
With proud derision, scorn and hate,
When its worth is infinitely above them.

I love the man that scorns to bend
His judgment to another's wrong,
Who ne'er deserts his early friend,
When adverse trials come on.
How many now whose withering curse,
Is to weigh friendship by the glittering purse,
And intrinsic worth by external gloss
Just for gold's opinion.

I love the man that scorns to lie,
For friendship's gain or money's worth,
Who measures not man's greatness by
His title, rank or birth.
That man who sells his word for gold,
Commits the deed of devils bold,
And sells a gem that's sadly sold,
Forever and forever.

I love the man that dares to stand,
Unnerved through excitement's blast,
Who loathes to wear the traitor's brand,
For noted honors of official caste.
That man who'll stretch his conscience clear,
To gain opinion cheap or dear,
Is a blot most foul 'pon this mundane sphere,
And deserving of the blackest scorn.

Nittany, Pa.

For the Democratic Watchman.

THE

Great West and Sunny South.

BY FRANK M. STREAMER.

CHAPTER XV.

The "Devil's Bake Oven"—Grand Tower—Fog on the River—Cairo—Wood Yards—"Sounding"—Remarkable Towns, etc

But few public places worthy of note are *to be seen* from the time you leave St. Louis until you arrive at Cairo, the distance from the former place to the latter being one hundred and *seventy-four miles.* The principal towns along the banks of the river are Cahokia, in Illinois, Jefferson Barracks, in Missouri, Herculaneum, St. Genevieve and Cape Girardeau in the same State, and Chester and Fort Chartres in Illinois. These are all flourishing places, well situated and containing populations from one hundred to two thousand.

The Devil's Bake Oven, Grand Tower and the Cornice Rocks are the principal objects of curiosity on the Upper Mississippi. They are twenty-nine miles below Chester, Ill. The Devil's *Bake Oven* is a large rounded mass of rocks, fifty to sixty feet in height, situated on the extreme point of a ridge which is thrown out like a bold promontory into the stream. The formation of these rocks resemble an oven, hence the name. "As the current sweeps abruptly around this cape, another promontory is seen jutting out from the opposite shore. Against this the whole force of the current beats with fearful velocity, and, by its attrition has worn it away, until a large fragment has been separated and left standing in solitary grandeur. This is called "Grand Tower." Its height may be fifty feet and *diameter* about the same." "In our early history this was a noted spot. The river boats, which before the application of steam, were propelled up the stream by the difficulty of human labor, were unable to ascend this rapid pass with oars or poles. Not only was the current too strong for this operation, but the danger of being dashed against the rocks was imminent. To effect this object it was necessary for a portion of the crew to land, and an opportunity was offered to the Indians to attack them, when the prospect of resistance or of flight was equally hopeless. Here, then, they formed their ambuscades, and many a crew was slain at this spot, to gratify the savage lust for plunder and revenge, while many boats were wrecked by the violence of the waves." The Devil's Tea Table and other appurtenances of the dominion of his Satanic Majesty, are found in this neighborhood.

The Cornice Rocks are great curiosities. Their perpendicular sides have been so worn by the water, so as to resemble cornice work and other architectural devices.

The first two nights our boat was compelled to tie up on account of fog and the inability of the pilot to find the channel over some of the bars. We generally tied up at some wood yard, and by so doing, take on a sufficient quantity of wood to last all the next day. It requires from twenty to forty cords of wood per day to supply a "steamer," and the prices range from two and a half to four dollars per cord, depending on the quality. Wood yards are numerous all along the Mississippi, and we have no doubts but what most of them do a lucrative business. Steamboats going down the river stop at these yards for wood, which is carried on by the thirty "boat hands," whose employment is to load and reload goods, &c. Their wages are twenty dollars per month, and their avocation is one of the most niggardly as well as one of the most dangerous.

Steamboats coming up the river, stop at these wood landings just long enough to fasten two wood flats, one at the "lar board," and one at the "star board" side of the vessel, and then proceed slowly up the river, until the wood has been unloaded, when the "flats" are made loose and float down the current, guided by their owners to their proper places.

Boats in passing over a bar, in order to be sure of the channel, the water is "sounded." One tap of the bell is the signal for to sound on the "larboard" side; two taps of the bell for the "starboard," &c. The "leaden line" is *thirty* feet in length, and the person who generally "swings it" to the water, sings out its depth in a very protracted and sometimes laughable tone.—Different colors of ribbons and different fastenings tied upon the line tell of the various depths. Their style of counting is original with them, but generally they sing out the different depths in the following words: "mark twain," meaning two fathoms or *twelve feet.* "Mark three," three fathoms. "Deep four," full four fathoms or twenty-five feet. "Scant nine," eight and a half feet, &c., &c.

After being a little over two days on board of the steamboat Virginia, we had the pleasure of "hoving in site" of Cairo, and as we have in another chapter of this narrative gave a description of that place, we shall not stop to give it much notice. Suffice it to say, that no sooner had the boat landed at the wharf upon the hurricane decks, and all those that could sing, sang, and those that could not, whistled and hummed [illegible] song—

"I hear my true lub weep—I hear my true lub sigh,
Way down to Cairo this darky's gwine to die."

A few yards below the city site is where the "Old Ohio" rolls its waters into the lap of the Mississippi. Here the passenger can view at one sight three of the great Western States, viz: Illinois, Missouri and Kentucky. The channel or the bed of the Mississippi is about as wide here as it is at any place along its course. It is a singular fact, that the father down you get upon this mighty river, the narrower and more shallow it becomes.

Now, at its mouth it is not near as wide as it is at Cairo, nor is it as deep. There appears to be immense sand bars at its mouth and the reaction of the waters of the Gulf forces the water back to the distance of many *miles.*

The distance from Cairo to Memphis, Tennessee, is two hundred and eighty four miles, Columbus, Hickman or Mill's Point in Kentucky, and New Madrid in Missouri, Osceola and Greenoch in Arkansas and Randolph in Tennessee are the principal towns [illegible] ranges from four hundred to two thousand. The banks of the *river* and the country back is principally covered with bodies of heavy timber. New Madrid, the county seat of New Madrid county, Missouri, is situated on a high alleviat bank, which the river is fast washing away. The population about seven hundred. This point is quite famous, from the ravages made by the great earthquake of 1811.

New Madrid which stood upon a bluff bank, fifteen or twenty feet above the summer floods, from the effects of this disastrous earthquake, sunk so low that the next rise covered it to the depth of five feet. The bottoms of the several fine lakes in the vicinity, were so elevated that they have become dry land and are now planted with corn. Slight *oscilliations* and shocks continued to be felt for years, along this region and even now occasionally experienced.

Osceola in Mississippi county Arkansas is a small place at the head of Plum Bank Bars which are noted as being the most difficult and dangerous part of the Mississippi river. Many steamboats have been sunk at these bars and there is scarcely a season passes bo, without accidents of some kind happening.

Randolph is a dilapidated town in Tipton county, Tennessee, at the head of Chickasaw bluffs, and at the mouth of Hatches river.

Large quantities of cotton are shipped from this place. Immediately opposite is seen the first cotton plantation in descending the river.

There are several other places we might speak of, but as there is nothing particularly interesting either in their history or location, we shall pass them by for the present, and in our next chapter take a view of 'things' general and particular "aboard of the craft."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PASTURAGE FOR DRY WEATHER.

At the risk of complaints of repetition, we cannot let this paper go to press without saying SOW CORN FOR FODDER! and if not corn, then sow millet. Evidence accumulating an hundred fold every summer, testifies to the great advantages of sowing, drilling, or planting from half an acre to ten acres or more of corn, to be cut up during the latter part of *summer,* when the pastures are dried up. Besides a regular large plot put in smaller ones here and there around the farm, in this corner, among the potatoes, on the summer fallow, &c., and then during the warm days of August and September, cut up and feed daily to each pastured animal a few handsful of the greed succulent stalks. This will keep them all—whether milkers, workers, or growers—in good heart, and it will pay ten-fold the cost. Try it, ALL. Sow or plant a little now, some more next week, and a little the week after.—*Monthly Ledger.*

THE CRISIS.—We have received the first number of a very neatly printed and ably conducted campaign paper, bearing the above title, by Messrs. HOPKINS & BROWN, of the Harrisburg *Patriot & Union.*

An Interesting [illegible]

A CAPTAIN'S [illegible]

On my last voyage to Bristol the owners of the ship took passage with me. The whole cargo belonged to them, and they not only wished to do some business in England, but they also had a desire to travel some. Besides the three owners, I had four passengers in the cabin. The passage from New *York to England on that occasion* was the most severe and stormy I ever made. I have experienced heavier storms but never *such continued hard weather.* The old ship was on a strain the whole of the time, and though I run her into Avon without losing a life or an important spar, yet she had received much damage. Her main-mast was sprung, her timbers strained, and for the last week the pumps had to be kept going *all the time, owners,* passengers, officers and all doing their share of work at the breaks.

As soon as we could get the cargo out, the ship was hauled into the dock for repairs, and we found, upon examination, that it would be a week before she would be fit for sea, and if she had all the repairs which *she absolutely needed,* it would take her near two weeks. A contract was made for the job and one of the owners agreed to stay [illegible] liberty and I began to look [illegible] for some place to visit. I had heard much of Salisbury Plain. The famous Stone-hego was there, and so were there other relics of Roman and British antiquities. Accordingly *to Sallsbury Plain I resolved to go.* When I wenton board the ship to make arrangements with the owner who had remained there, I found one of the passengers just leaving. His name was Nathan Leeman. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, and I supposed him, *from his features* and idiom, to be an Englishman. I told him I was going to Slisbury, and he informed me he was going the same way.

Leeman had been intending to take the stage to Devizes, and thence take some of the cross coaches; but I had resolved to take a horse and travel where, and how, and when I pleased, and he liked the plan so well that he went and bought him a good horse and saddle.

It was the middle of the forenoon when we set out, and I found that Leeman intended to visit the curiosities with me, and then keep on towards London, by the way of Andover [illegible] gage on ahead to Salisbury by the great mail route, which *ran many* miles out of the way. I found my companion excellent company, and on the way he told me some passages from his own life. He was born in England, but this was the first time he had been in the Kingdom since he was *fourteen years* of age, and I was led to infer that he had ran away from his parents. During the last six years of his residence in the United States he had been engaged in Western land speculations, and he was now independently rich.

We dinned at Bradford, a large manufacturing town six miles southeast of Bath, and as soon as our horses *were rested* we set out again. Towards the middle of the afternoon the sky began to grow overcast, and we had promise of a storm. By five o'clock the great black clouds were piled up in heavy masses, and it began to thunder. At Westminster we had taken the direct road for Amesbury, a distance of fourteen miles, and when the storm closed upon us we were about half way between the two places. I was in no particular *hurry,* and as I had no desire to get wet, I proposed *that* we should stop at the first place we came to. In a few moments more we came to a point where a small cross road *turned off* to the right, and where a guide board said it was five miles to Deptford Inn.

I proposed that we should *turn into* this by-way and make for Deptford Inn as fast as possible, and my companion readily consented. We had gone a mile when the great drops of rain began to fall; but as good fortune would have it, we spied a small cottage, not more than a furlong ahead, through a clump of poplars. We made *for this place* and reached it before we got wet. There was a good barn on the premises, and a long sheep-shed connected it with the house. Beneath this shed we drove, and just as we alighted, an old man came out. We told him that we had got caught in a storm, and asked him if he could *accommodate* us over night. He told us that we should have the best his humble place could afford, and that if we would put up with that we should be welcome.

As soon as the horses were taken care of, we followed the old man into the house. He was a grey headed man, certainly on the down hill side of three score, and his form was beat by hard work. His countenance was naturally kind and benevolent, but there were other marks upon his brow than those of old age. The moment I saw him I knew he had seen much of suffering. It was a neat room to which we were led, a little room, but yet free from dirt and litter. An old woman was just building a fire for the supper, and *as* we entered she arose from her work.

'Some travellers, wife, caught in a shower,' said the old man.

'Surely, surely, gentlemen, you're welcome,' the woman said, in a tone so mild and free, that I knew she spoke only the feelings of her soul. 'It's a poor fare we can give you, but the heart of the giver must make up for that.'

[illegible] the good people, and told them that I would pay them well for all they did for [illegible]

'Speak not of pay,' [illegible] taking her tea kettle *from* the hob, and hanging it on the crane.

'Stop wife,' uttered the old man tremulously. 'Let not yer heart run away with ye. If the good gentleman have to spare out o' their abundance, it becomes not such *sufferers as we to refuse the bounty.*'

I saw the woman place her apron to her eyes, but she made no reply. The door close by the fire-place stood partly open, and I saw in the room beyond a bed, and I was sure there was some one on it. I asked the old man if he had sickness.

'Yes' he said, with a shake of the head. My poor boy has been sick a long while. He's the only child I have—the only helper on the little farm—and he's been sick now all the spring and summer. I've taken care of the sheep, but I couldn't despair. My good wife—God bless her—shares the *trial with me,* and I think she takes the biggest share.'

'No, no, John don't say so,' uttered the wife 'No woman can do the work you do'

'I don't mean to tell to much; Margaret, only you know you've kept me up.'

A call from the sick room took the wife away, and the old man then began to tell peculiarities of the *great* Plain, for we were on it now; and I found him well informed and intelligent. At length the table was set out, the clean white cloth spread and we were invited to sit up. We had excellent white bread, sweet *butter, some fine stewed damsons,* and a capital cup of tea. There were no excuse, no apologies—only the food was before us and we were urged to help ourselves.

While we were eating the rain ceased falling, but the weather was by no means clear though just as we moved *from* the table a gleam of golden light shot through the window from the setting sun.

It may have been an hour after this—it was not more than that—when a wagon drove up to the door, in which were two men. The old man had just come in from the barn, and it was not so dark but we *could see the faces* of the men in the waggon. They were middle aged men, one of them habited in a sort of jockey hunting garb, and the other dressed in black clothes, with that peculiar style of hat and cravat which marks the officer. I turned towards our host for [illegible] comers, and I saw he was very pale and trembling. A low deep groan escaped him, and he arose from his chair. He in the jockey coat came first, and his eyes rested upon Leeman and myself.

'Only some travellers, Mr. Vaughan,' said our host.

So Mr. Vaughan turned his gaze elsewhere about the room, and *at length* it was upon the old man.

'Well,' said he, 'what about the rent?'

'We haven't a penny of it *yet, sir,*' answered *the host,* trembling.

'Not a penny! Then how'll will you pay me twenty pounds?'

'Twenty pounds!' murmured the old man, painfully. 'Alas I cannot pay it. You know Walter has long been sick, and every penny I could earn has been paid the doctor—You know he was to have earned the rent if he had been well.'

'I don't know anything about it,' returned the landlord doggedly—for Mr. Vaughan owned the little farm, it afterwards appeared. 'All I know is, that you have had the house and land, and that for two *whole years you* havent paid me a penny. You know I told you a month ago that you should have one more to pay me. That month was up last night *Can you pay me?*'

'No! no!—God knows I can't.'

'Then you must leave the house.'

'What?'

'*To-night*'

'You do not mean that. You will not turn us out so quickly as——'

'Out upon your prating! What do you mean by that? You had notice a month ago. How long a notice do you suppose I give? If you havn't had time in a month to move, then you must look out for the consequences. To-night you move! If you want a shelter yor may go into the *old house* at the horse pond,'

'But there is not a window in it,'

'Beggars shouldn't be choosers,' remarked Mr. Vaughan. 'If it hadn't been for hunting up the officer I should have been here this morning. But 'tisn't my fault. Now I can have a good tenant right off, and he wants the house to-morrow. So there is not a word to be said. I shall take your two cows and your sheep, and if they go for more than twenty pounds after taking out the expenses you shall have the ballance back.'

The poor peasant gazed for a moment, half wildly, into the landlord's face, and then sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands.

'My cows! my *sheep!*' he groaned spasmodically. 'O, kill me and have done with it!'

'In God's name Mr. Vaughan,' cried the wife, 'spare us them. We will leave the cot, and we will work with all our might until we pay you every farthing, but do not take away our very *means* of life. My poor boy will die! O, you are rich and we are poor!'

'Nonsense!' uttered the unfeeling man, 'I'm used to stuff. I make a living by renting my farms, and this farm is one of the best I have. A good [illegible] lay for more than ten pounds a year here.'

'But we have been sick.' [illegible]

'That isn't my fault. If you are paupers you know where to go to and get taken care of. Now I don't want another word. Out you go, to-night, unless you pay me the twenty pounds and your cows and sheep go too.'

I was just on the point of turning to my companion to ask him if he would help make up the sum, for I was determined that the poor folks should not be turned out thus. The woman had sunk down, and she too had covered her face with her hands. At that moment Leeman sprang to his feet. His *face was very pale,* and for the first time I saw that tears had been running down his cheeks.

'Look ye, *sir,*' said he to Vaughan, 'how much do these people owe you?'

'Twenty pounds,' returned he, regarding his interlocutor sharply.

'And when did this amount come due in the year?'

'It was just due a month ago. The rent is twelve pounds but I allowed him four pounds for building a bridge over the river.'

'Show me the bill.'

The man pulling out a large leather pocket. Leeman took out his purse and counted out twenty *gold sovereigns,* He handed them to the landlord and took the bill.

'I believe that settles the matter, sir,' my companion said, exerting all his power to appear calm. 'Yes sir,' he repeated 'This makes it all right.'

'Then I suppose we can remain here now, undisturbed.'

'But I have no surety of any pay for the future. A month has already run on an unpaid term.'

'It is right you should have your pay, surely. Come to-morrow and I will arrange it with you—only *leave us now.*'

Mr. Vaughan cast one glance around the rooms but without speaking further he left, and the officer had to follow him, without having done *anything to earn* a fee. As soon as they were gone the old man started to his feet.

'Sir,' he uttered, *turning toward* Leeman 'what means this? Do you think I can ever pay you back again?'

'Sometime you can,' returned my companion. [illegible] *time we will surely pay him.*

'Alas! when?'

'Any time within a month will answer,' said Leeman.

Both the people looked aghast.

'Oh! you have only planted more misery for us, kind sir,' cried the old man. 'We could have borne to be *stripped* of our goods by the landlord; better than we can bear to rob a noble friend. You must take our stock—our *cows and sheep.*'

'But not yet,' resumed Leeman, 'I have another way. Listen. Once you had a boy—a wild, rekless, wayward child.'

'Yes murmered the old man.

'And what become of him?'

For some moments the father was silent, but at length he said:

'Alas' he fled from home long years ago. One night—we lived then far off in Northamptonshire—my boy joined with a lot of other youths, most of them older than himself, and went into the park of Sir Thomas Boyle and carried away two deer. *He was detected,* and to escape punishment, he fled—and I have not seen him since. But Sir Thomas would not have punished him, for he *told me so afterwards.*'

'And tell me, John Leeman, did you ever hear from that boy?'

'Never!' answered the old man.

As soon as I heard my companion pronounce the old man's name the truth flashed upon me in an instant; and I was not alone in this conviction. The quick heart of the mother had caught the spark of hope and love. At that moment the fire on the hearth blazed up, and as the light poured out into the room my companion's face was fully revealed. The woman arose and walked towards him. She laid her *hand* upon his head, and tremblingly she wispered:

'For the love of Heaven don't deceive me. But speak to me—*let me* call you—Nathan—Leeman.'

'And I shall answer for that is my name?' spoke the man, starting up.

'And what would you call me,' the woman gasped.

'My mother!'

The fire gleamed more brightly upon the hearth and I saw that aged woman upon the bosom of her long lost boy, and when I saw the father totter up and join them, and heard muttered words of blessings and joy, I arose and slipped out of the room and went to the barn.

It was an hour before I returned, and then I found all calm and serene, save that the mother was still weeping, for the head of a returned boy was resting upon her shoulders, and her arm was about his neck. Nathan arose as I entered, and with a smile he bade me be seated.'

'You all know as well as I can tell you,' said he. 'When you first stopped here I had no hope of finding my parents here, for when I went away sixteen years ago I left them in King's thrope upon the Ken. I knew them of course, but I wished to see if they would know me. But from fourteen to thirty is a changing *period.* I think God sent me here,' he added in a lower tone, 'to only think what circumstances [illegible] combined to bring me [illegible]. On the following morning [illegible] which I did in eight days, and spent a night there.

Nathan Leeman told me that he had over a hundred thousand dollars, and that he he should take his parents and brother to some luxurious home when he could find one to his taste. That was some years ago, I have received some letters from Leeman since, and he is settled down in suburbs of Bradford on the banks of the lower Avon, where he has bought a large share in several of the celebrated cloth factories in that place and I am under a solem promise to visit him if I ever land in England again.

FARMERS' DEPARTMENT

READ THIS.

Crows and blackbirds, despite the opinion to the contrary, do more good than harm, since they destroy more insects than grain, and single insects of some kinds, do more harm in a season by their increase, than a flock of crows could effect. Beyond all question, the great increase of late years, of all sorts of destructive insects, is owing to [illegible] any birds which are not insectiverous.

Swallows are the natural enemies of the swarming insects, living almost entirely upon them, taking their food upon the wing. The moral of this is that the husbandman should cultivate the society of swallows about his land and buildings.

Sparrows and wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage and flowers of plants. The wrens are pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry tree will soon be appropriated by them and they will drive away other birds that feed upon the fruit, a hint that all cherry growers should remember and act upon.

The shee, blue birds, jays and crows prey upon grasshoppers, crickets, locusts, and the larger beetles. A family of jays, will consume twenty thousand of these in a season of three months.

The woodpeckers are armed with a stout long bill, to penetrate the wood of trees, where the borers deposit their larvæ. They live almost entirely upon those worms.

For the insects that come abroad during the night, nature has provided a check in [illegible] upon the wing.

HARVEST DRINK.—Ten gallons of cold water, 1 gallon of molasses, 1 quart of vinegar, and ½ pound of ground ginger, well stirred together, makes a healthful and refreshing drink for the harvesters, with which they should be supplied at short intervals of time.

While upon this subject we will crave leave to be indulged with the remark, that harvest hands should be *generously fed:* and that, while at work, *singing* should be *encouraged,* and talking *discountenanced;* men work better under the influence of song but invariably waste time while talking.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—No. 1.

I AM COMPOSED OF 15 LETTERS.

My 1 7 9 8 is a river in Africa.
My 2 3 5 9 12 is a county in Mississippi.
My 3 8 13 15 12 15 is a parish in Louisiana.
My 4 7 9 9 is a town in New Hampshire.
My 5 3 4 7 13 15 is a town in Maine.
My 6 2 10 12 is a county in California.
My 7 15 10 2 4 6 is a city in Persia.
My 8 9 9 7 15 is a county in Texas
My 9 7 15 9 8 is a city in France.
My 10 8 15 12 is a city in Tuscany.
My 11 8 13 7 6 is a city in Guinea.
My 12 13 6 is a cape on the coast of Maine.
My 13 12 6 3 8 15 is a city in France.
My 14 8 6 3 is a county in Iowa.
My 15 8 7 6 8 is a river in Europe.
My whole is a candidate for the Presidency who will certainly be defeated. [illegible]
Jersey Shore, Pa., 1856.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—No. 2.

I AM COMPOSED OF 11 LETTERS.

My 1 10 8 9 10 is a county in Ohio.
My 2 11 8 7 is a cape in [illegible]
My 3 2 9 8 6 is a town in China.
My 4 10 3 2 is a department in France.
My 5 8 3 7 6 is a division in Granada.
My 6 9 4 8 is a town in Guatimala.
My 7 11 6 3 is a county in New Mexico.
My 8 3 10 8 is one of the grand divisions of the Globe.
My 9 6 3 is a town in Norway.
My 10 3 7 8 is a town in Tripoli.
My 11 9 10 7 2 is a county in Mississippi.
My whole comprises part of Turkey in Asia.
Milroy, Pa., 1856. CHARLES.

ENIGMA.

I AM COMPOSED OF 11 LETTERS.

My 1 2 3 4 5 is welcome to the [illegible]
My 6 7, is a preposition.
My 8 9 10 11 is sometimes [illegible]
My total is a beautiful bird,
Whose song is oft with pleasure heard.
Centre Hill, Pa., 1856. W. R. M.

Answers next week.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma No. 1 of week before last, JAMES BUCHANAN, [illegible] The Solutions are:—[illegible] Ostrich, Music, [illegible] rambles, Logic, Jim, [illegible] Hope, President, Stern, [illegible] or, A Railroad, [illegible] Machine, The Telegraph.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma No. 2.—THE FIELDS OF GRAIN. The Solutions are:—[illegible] Hold, Ella, Friends, [illegible] Life, Dragon, [illegible] Goll, Rea, A, Indigo, [illegible]