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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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Marriages and Deaths, Religious, Political and other Notices of a public nature, free.

POETICAL.

From the Nashville Times.

MONODY

On the Death of Abraham Lincoln.

BY S. C. MERCER.

Soft breathe the vernal winds, the sky is fair,
And April's fragrance scents the dewy air,
Yon heaven looks down on earth with eyes as mild
As a young mother's on her sleeping child,
Jealous least aught should break her infant's calm,
And lulling its soft slumbers with a psalm.
So soft, so holy, come the forest hymn,
From yon far hill-tops, misty, blue and dim,
While war's discordant tumult seems to cease
Save the sweet music of returning peace.

Yet where the fount of joy in crystal springs,
Some venomed asp its rankling poison flings,
And where the violets shed their fragrant breath
The night-shade pours the blistering dews of death.

What bloody phantom with a brow of wrath
Stalks in the van of our triumphal path,
And o'er our banners fling a funeral veil,
Till heaven grows black and mortal cheeks grow pale?
'Twas in the halls of mirth, a gala night,
Bright rose the joyous thousands shed their light,
The nation's Father sat amid the throng,
Relaxed his brow and heard the festal song;
He dreams not of conspiracy, nor sees
Above his head the sword of Damocles;
Wide opes the sepulchre its marble jaws,
All nature seems to make a breathless pause;
The deadly aim is made—the death-shot flies,
And Freedom's martyr passes to the skies.

Oh, Statesman, Hero, Patriot, Friend and Sire,
Now the pale tenant of a funeral pyre,
Whose red right hand four years has held the rod,
The minister of Freedom and of God,
Yet with the rod the blooming olive held,
While the dark deluge of rebellion swelled
And thundered round our ark—an Argosy
More precious than the jewels of the sea,
And still with out-stretched arms essayed to save
The ship wrecked seamen from the yawning wave—
Thy love was strong as woman's—who like thee
Their interceding angel now shall be?

A genial wit, a homely native sense,
Closest to truth than studied eloquence,
A quiet courage to defend the right,
And leave to heaven the issue of the fight;
A will of adamant, which seemed to be
The very flower of maiden modesty,
A conscience, holding truth of greater worth
Than all the crowns and treasure of the earth;
A love, whose strong affections seemed to bind,
In one, the happiness of all mankind,
These, like the jewels whose celestial flame,
Shall live with quenchless glow round Lincoln's name,
The virtues which shall make his memory dear
While Justice reigns in you eternal sphere.

And millions shall lament, with honest grief,
The People's friend, and Freedom's fallen chief,
The huntsman shall forget the eager chase,
And pause to wipe his weather-beaten face,
The daring sailor on the distant sea,
Shall shed a tear drop to his memory,
The widow's tears shall quench her cottage-fire,
The soldier's orphan mourns his second sire.
There needs no glittering trappings of the tomb,
No martial dirge, nor hearse with nodding plume,
To tell their grief—but words devoid of art,
Show how this stroke has pierced the Nation's heart.

Precious the tears shall be, the Nation weeps,
And sacred be the soil where Lincoln sleeps.
His fame shall be the jewel of the West,
Like a rich pearl on Beauty's throbbing breast.
Mourn, O, ye Mountains!—altars of the sky—
Fit monuments of him who cannot die;
Mourn, loud Atlantic! let thy thunder-dirge,
Chant the sad requiem with Pacific's surge,
Mourn, O, New England! on thy granite base,
Mourn, Illinois, thy desolate dwelling place;
Kentucky mourn! thy second God-like son
Sleeps in the dust, life's duty nobly done;
Mourn, Tennessee! the Hero of the Age
Sleeps with the Lion of the Hermitage;
Chanted the melancholy song shall be,
Roll thy streams which hasten to the sea,
While Nashville's echoing wall of cedared hills,
With mournful cadence all the valley fills.

Miscellaneous.

Can't Take Care of Himself.

In a recent speech, ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, said:

"As to the cant about the negro's ability to take care of himself, he had there facts to relate, and he would do so without comment: In 1862 the Rebel Legislature of South Carolina issued a committee to inquire into the expediency of enslaving the 5,000 free negroes of Charleston. The committee reported against it, and stated that these 5,000 free negroes paid into the treasury of Charleston annually $25,000, and that their property amounted to $1,500,000. Out of that amount of property $300,000 worth of it was composed of slaves. That the 9,000 free negroes of New Orleans in 1860 were worth as much per capita as the white people of Louisiana; that these free negroes had their own schools, their own benevolent societies, &c. These facts he contended, proved that the free negro was capable of taking care of himself. He also stated that a lady who owned 500 negroes in 1860 told him that she had lost them all but 200 by the beginning of 1864. That year she made a contract with them to cultivate her farm on the shares, and that last year, under such a system, where the negro was working for himself as well as for his mistress, the 200 made her more money than 500 had done in slavery.

☞Seven thirties were sold on Wednesday to the amount of $7,261,300.

Eloquent Tribute

The following characteristic, pointed, and eloquent remarks of Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster, at the meeting of the members of the Philadelphia Bar, at the United States Court Room, on the Monday after the murder of the President, are well worthy of preservation:

"Mr. B. H. Brewster was the next speaker. We can do no justice to the remarks of Mr. Brewster, which were characterized by deep feeling in their conception, and were delivered with the elegant impressiveness which marks this gentleman's manner of speaking. He observed that the Bar of Philadelphia had long been an eminent one; distinguished in the history of civilized law; distinguished as a body for loyalty, for support of law, of order, of Government and the Constitution. He pointed to the tablet of Bushrod Washington, who so long occupied the seat now occupied by the honorable chairman, and alluded to his virtues, 'worthy of his august name.' It was appropriate that this Bar, while joining all public professions, and private individuals in expressing their horror for the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, should pay a special tribute to one who was himself a member of their own profession; a lawyer, a good lawyer, a lawyer read deeply in the principles of constitutional jurisprudence; one who had sealed with his blood his devotion to its sacred obligations. From no public body could a tribute come so feelingly as from the ministers of justice; the order of the State's collected will. Mr. Lincoln had begun life a poor boy, a very poor boy, until his eighteenth year gaining his living by employments in the rougher and more coarse departments of life. He then began the study of law, and by his clear, simple, straightforward cast of mind and character, soon came to be respected in a profession of which integrity is the element of success; a profession in which men ambitious of doing good can always be respectable. "In May, 1861," said Mr. Brewster, "being then somewhat known in connection with a political party in Pennsylvania, I was invited to Washington. I understood—though I do not remember that the invitation so declared—that a conference was wished with me about the views of that great party; in was desired to know, so far as I could speak, what was the temper of men in the North belonging to it. The invitation coming from an official source, I went. I expected to see in Mr. Lincoln a rough, harsh, ill-mannered, and repulsive man. The force of party associations led me to such an expectation. Never was I more gratefully disappointed. I found, not indeed a person marked by those adventitious refinements of manner characteristic of a gentleman born and bred in opulent circles of our Eastern cities, but I found a man kind, benevolent, modest, gracious, unpretending, humble; considerate of others more than of himself. An intelligent man of course, he was, and he was a well-informed one. As a lawyer he spoke to me of law, and of the jurisprudence of my own State, specially. I found that he had a perfectly good conception of that singular system mixed of law and equity which belongs to Pennsylvania only, and which few men out of Pennsylvania can comprehend at all. He referred to a leading case on this subject in the fifth volume of Mr Binney's Reports, *Calhoun vs. Snyder*, and spoke particularly of the opinion of one of our judges. I had more than one interview with him. I left him with a profound conviction not only of his possession of the whole line of manly virtues, but that the gentler graces of humanity and good will adorned and crowned them all.—It was quite a long time after this, when in a foreign land—where I had gone, for the perfect re-establishment of my health, temporarily interrupted by a severe illness—on coming to my hotel one day the servant handed me a letter. I know its superscription. I opened it with pride, but not without some tremor of anxiety. It was a letter from the President, sent to me in Paris, thanking me for some information which it had been in my humble power to send the Government at home, and made more touching from the interest he expressed in my own health and my perfect restoration to it. *That was Mr. Lincoln.*"—Mr. Brewster, appealing to the Hon. Mr. Thayer, as having common knowledge with him, went on to narrate one or two incidents personally known to him of the President's most excellent heart, and did it in a way which moistened every eye. What, then, shall we say of this calamity? This calamity do I call it? This disgrace—this disgrace to our nation—disgrace rather to the human race itself. The history of the world records nothing like it. The head of a great nation, modestly seated beside his wife, unattended, as it was his preference to be, by guards or state of any kind, enjoying with a grateful people an innocent amusement, is shot down by the fire of an assassin who thus vindicates a rebel's politics! "Then you, and I, and all of us, fell down while bloody treason flourished over us."—Mr. Lincoln was no tyrant. He represented no nobles, no favored class. He sought to establish no hierarchy. He was not 'ambitious.' He was a man of the people; a man who was seeking to maintain and perpetuate the equal Government for all which our fathers gave us; a modest man, accessible to all, ever gracious, humane, benevolent, and beneficent. What language can express the baseness of this act? The assassination of Cæsar may have had excuse. Ravaillac was stimulated by religious fury. Hatfield was a madman. Yet such is party feeling that it will falsify history. It will perpetuate a lie. This we may of course expect. The silver chord is indeed loosed, and the golden bowl is broken. The doors are shut in the streets; the mourners go about; the daughters of music are brought low; the dust of our departed friend and father shall return to earth, but his spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Lloyd Garrison at Charleston

On Saturday, the 15th ult., General Saxton called a mass meeting of the freedmen and women of Charleston. By eleven o'clock fully ten thousand assembled upon Citadel Square and in Zion's Curch.

I walked to the square with William Lloyd Garrison. Think of the great pioneer Abolitionist of Boston in the streets of Charleston! As Mr. Garrison entered the square he was introduced to about two thousand slave children by Mr. James Redpath, Superintendent of Public Instruction. When the children were told who Mr. Garrison was they surrounded him, threw up their hats or caps, caught hold of him, fell down and over each other, and sent up shout after shout of such welcome and greeting as I may safely say were never before witnessed on the soil of South Carolina. The enthusiasm of the children was fully shared by the thousands of assembled adults. We worked our way to Zion's Church, where the main meeting was held. It was estimated that four thousand people were within the building, and that three-fourths were formerly slaves.

Gen. Saxton presided, assisted by Major M. R. Delany (colored.) Gen. Saxton was very warmly greeted by the colored people. He was presented by William Dickerson, through the hands of his daughters, with two very beautiful boquets of flowers. Mr. Dickerson was a slave under the new dispensation, also his two daughters who had been sold from him, but now, through the primary instrumentality of Mr. Garrison, he believed had been restored to him with freedom for all. The presentation was accompanied by a brief address, which surprised and astonished every Northerner who heard it. For accuracy, ability and eloquence it could not have been excelled by any graduate of Harvard. Of such material have the chivalry made slaves—a man of whom Judge Kelly, of Philadelphia, fitly ranked in original ability as a compeer of Calhoun. Mr. Dickerson, it seems, has been hitherto distinguished as a slave among slaves for his power and eloquence as a speaker.

Mr. Garrison spoke briefly. His reception by the immence meeting of freed-people was marked by an almost intense cordiality of feeling, and presented such a scene as will not be forgotten. There stood the liberator, who began his work more than thirty years ago, and before him were thousands of the liberated. Mr Garrison alluded to his past labors, to then and now; but said unto God be all the praise for the good results achieved. He addressed excellent words of counsel to the freed people, exhorting them to show their appreciation of freedom by industry, frugality, and in striving for education for themselves and their children.—*Charleston Cor. N. Y. Trib.*

The Vindication of Justice.

Is justice revenge? Is the punishment of crime essential, or obligatory? Has law any attribute of permanence of sanctity, of supremacy over generations and rulers? Or is it but the sliding scale of the impulse of the hour? Is impartial equity the essential element of preventative as well as retributive justice, or is that majesty which man trembles at as a vicegerent of Deity in the soul, to wilt like the effrontery of a bully, before gigantic crime? In short, is the law of crime ours, or God's? By what authority dare we take, by what authority dare we forbear to take, life for life.

Questions like these press upon the mind, when false conscienceless philanthrophy sets up the catch-words "no more bloodshed," as murderers soaked to the marrow with innocent blood are falling within reach of tardy justice. They are the questions which are to have an answer from the men of this nation now.

The plea of "no more bloodshed" is touching and potent, yet who thinks of appealing to it when we see the murderer on the drop, overwhelmed with the anguish of his fate? No one wishes to see his excution. Every righthearted man would fain see justice reconciled with mercy to him here, if possiple, and gladly finds the least grounds for hope in sovereign mercy for him hereafter. But we are made the sad submissive ministers of a certain measure of justice here with a fatal penalty upon ourselves if we neglect it. There are high reasons for this, but highest of all is the necessity of keeping the soul of society alive to the sense of justice, without which disorganization is sure.

Jeff Davis and the other original conspirators have committed the most monstrous crime, and in its consequences, the most terrible ever witnessed. If justice made a claim on earth, it claims these men for punishment. Of course the blow would be terrible and no humane man could help a degree of commiseration. What then? Shall we therefore spare ourselves? Which is the nobler the necessary sacrifice—justice to feeling, or feeling to justice.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE PLAGUE AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A special telegram to the London *Times*, dated Berlin, April 6, says: "The plague continues at St. Petersburg. The total number of cases is 10,000, and deaths 2,000. There are 100 cases a day. Forty physicians are dead. The Ismalloff barracks are converted into a hospital. Precautionary measures are taken in Moscow, where the food and lodgings of the laboring class are inspected by the police. It is not cholera, but plague, with dilated pupils, carbuncles and pestilential bubo." Dr. Murchison, of the London Fever Hospital, in a letter to the *Times*, says the public need be under little apprehensions as to the importation of the Russian epidemic into England. The more formidable of the two diseases composing it is there already. During the last three years true typhus has been prevailing among the poor of London to an extent rarely, if ever before known. The British Government having telegraphed to its officials in Russia for information relative to the epidemic in that country, the Ambassador at St. Petersburg, in a telegram dated the 5th inst., says: "The fever is contagious, and in England is called the relapsing or famine fever, also the remittant or bilious typhoid fever. It was unknown in Russia, until eight months ago."

☞Some of the Virginia rebels, after having been beaten in the field, propose to come back and obey the laws of the land, if West Virginia is reconnected to the East and matters restored to the old *status*. They might as well make a condition precedent to their submission to the national authority, some such natural impossibility as the leveling of their own Alleghenies, and the turning back to the sources the currents of their own rivers. West Virginia is held by her loyal population, and East Virginia will be held by the Federal Government until its politicians and its people see that their truest interest is in obedience to the Constitution and the laws. Let them see the reward for obedience in the submission and prosperity of Maryland.—*Wash. Chronicle.*

The Marriage of Priests.

A Turin correspondent says: "A great victory has been achieved in the Senate. The law on civil marriages has been voted by a large majority in spite of the efforts of a minority which spared no means to obtain its rejection, or at least to delay its coming into operation. The most remarkable feature of this long discussion was the attitude of Mgr. di Giacomo, Bishop of Alifa, who opposed all the amendments moved by the minority, thus implicitly adopting the substitution of civil for religious marriage.—One most important amendment, tending to declare all persons in holy orders incapable of contracting marriage, was rejected by a large majority, and Mgr. di Giacomo was one of its most eager opponents. The question of the marriage of priests, which has given rise to so many contrary interpretations in France, seems to be decided in Italy in the affirmative by the rejection of the amendment tending to declare them incapable of marriage. Our Italian jurisconsults seem all to agree on this point. In France the tribunals have nearly all declared priests incapable of marriage, because, by an article in the concordat, the registrars of marriages are bound to observe the ecclesiastical laws which forbid marriage to persons engaged in the higher orders of the priesthood. Here there is nothing of the kind. All the concordats have been annulled by the overthrow of the dynasties which resigned in Italy before 1859; besides, our concordats could not provide for the present case, as hitherto everything relating to marriage has been subject to the exclusive jurisdiction of the church. The vote made a profound impression on the Senate—never before has such agitation prevailed in that grave assembly."

BALSAM OF WEDLOCK.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceeding for divorce. When married people seek a separation the Cadi orders them to live for some time with a discreet one austere man of the tribe, that the latter man examine their life and see on which side the blame lies. The elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better mothod of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife put thus upon their good behavior, resume the manners of court-days. Each strive to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's faults if the honeymoon changed its quarter Old love is awakened and the pair that went to the approved mad's tent snarling like cat and dog, return home cooing like doves.

☞DICK TURNER, the note turnkey of Libby prison, is securely locked up in the most dismal, subterranean dungeon of that place of torture. There is no pity felt for him in Richmond. A correspondent who saw the cruel hearted man, describes him pale as leprosy, his beard whitening, his deficient teeth ajar, and his eyes full of terror He is now as mean and cringing in his behaviour, as, in power, he was insolent and cruel. When turnkey, he shot men dead with a revolver, who came to the window for air and light, kicked and knocked others, and took delight in augmenting the untold miseries of the poor prisoners under his charge. He has heard, in his lothsome cell, that the soldiers have decreed his death, so soon as they are fully assured of his identity, and his pleading for mercy are presented to all who come near him; but he pleads to hearts of stone.—*Cin. Com.*

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.—Col Browning, who for the last four or five years has been the confidential secretary of President Johnson, is still acting as his private Secretary.

☞The records of Libby Prison, from its commencement to its close, have been secured by Gen. Weitzel, and will be preserved for future reference. They show the date and home of every man who entered there, and the date of his death or removal. The letter-books of the rebel treasury department have also been secured and will be sent to Washington.

☞Hilton R. Helper, author of the "Impending Crisis," has returned to his home in North Carolina, from which he was banished by order of Hon. Edward Stanley, the Military Governor.

Religious.

—We find in a Presbyterian paper an essay entitled "Truth Reconciled," in which the doctrines of the great schools of Protestant Christianity, Calvanistic and Arminian, are stated in a concise form. Without entering into the arguments pro. and con., we simply give the doctrines as we find them: The writer says as tried by the original teachings, it is a very remarkable and a very hopeful fact, that there is no prominent evangelical Church which holds exclusively the doctrine of Calvin or Arminius. The Westminster Assembly adopted essentially the Canons of the Synod of Dort (1618.) These Canons are in five chapters and relate to five points: first, particular and unconditional election; second, particular redemption, or the limitation of the saving effects of Christ's death to the elect only; third, total depravity and total moral inability of man as a fallen creature; fourth, the irresistibility of divine grace; fifth, the final perseverence of the saints. The followers of Arminius deny these teachings in whole or in part, as drawn in the following formula of belief: First, Election consists simply in the foreknowledge of God, and is not absolute and unconditional. Second, Christ died for all men, and His atonement is sufficient for all men. Third, Every individual is invited to partake of His grace. Fourth, Divine grace is offered to make the will comply with the invitation of mercy; but this grace may be resisted and rendered ineffectual by the sinner's perversity. Fifth, Saints may fall from the state of grace in which they are placed by the operations of the Holy Spirit.

—It seems incredible that Rationalism exists to such an extent as it does in this country, and yet we find in an able religious journal the fact established that a minister of a Congregational Church in one of the cities of New Hampshire, recently inveighed against "water baptism" as he called it, declaring that it was not properly a Christian ordinance, but a relic of Judaism and other symbolic faiths. In the same sermon, he spoke against the custom of "saying grace" at the table. And it is affirmed he preached a discourse highly eulogistic of Tom Paine on the last anniversary birth-day of that infidel.

—It is rarely the case that we have an opportunity to note instances like the following: Last Sunday, the Rev. Dr. Adams, of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York city, preached in the pulpit of the Episcopal Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, by invitation of the Rector, Rev. John Cotton Smith, D. D. The Rector and the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg participated in the services.

—Colenso is still a Bishop. When he promulgated his infidel sentiments, the Bishop of Capetown, South Africa, assuming to be his Metropolitan, had him arraigned and tried for heresy, of which he was found guilty, and for which he was deposed. Colenso appealed to Queen Victoria, as the head of the Church of England, and the Privy Council have decided that the sentence was null and void, and that Colenso is still a Bishop.

—The avowal of the late Unitarian Convention that we have "no Mediator," has awakened intense feeling in the evangelical denominations of this country. Even secular papers speak of these avowals as more cold-blooded and disgusting than the ravings of professed infidelity.

—In the sermon of Dr Freeman Clarke, of Boston, before the late Unitarian Convention, Henry Ward Beecher received a very equivocal compliment, that "he was doing more than fifty ordinary men for the spread of vital *liberal* Christianity.

—The General Assembly of the O. S. Presbyterian Church will hold its next meeting in the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, on the 18th of May, and will be opened with a sermon by the Rev. James Wood, D. D., Moderator of the last Assembly.

—Quite an extensive revival has occurred in the Presbyterian church at Clarkesville, Mercer county, Pa. Upwards of ninety presented themselves for prayers, of these, about seventy have expressed a hope in Christ.

—It was grtifying to note that the first Protestant Church at Naples was inaugurated recently. The ground was given by Garibaldi to the Protestant residents in that city.

—Hon. Amos Kendall, for so many years a distinguished politican, was babtized on a recent Sabbath in the fellowship of the Cavary Baptist Church, in Washington City.

—During the past year the Methodist Episcopal churches in the Boston district have discharged not less than $108,000 of debts.

—The Augsburg *Gazette* says that in the Holy City 800,000 f. are spent annually in masses, while the budget of public instruction amounts to only 214,000 f.

—The Committee (U. P. Church) appointed to prepare a new version of the Psalms have so far progressed as to be able to publish a good part of their work.

—The New York *Observer* learns that there are twice as many Jews in the city of New York as in all Palestine.

Agricultural.

Sorghum for Fodder.

I have seen several articles lately in your paper on the culture of corn for fodder, and I have been surprised that no one has tried sorghum for the same purpose. In the Patent Office report, there is an account from the south of France, which states that forty-eight and a half tons (green, of course) have been raised on one acre of ground. How much it will lose in drying I have no idea; but this much I do know, that, sown broadcast at the rate of two bushels to the acre, it will yield more feed than anything I have ever tried in the way of grass. I have tried it for two years, and have found the yield truly surprising—I should think more than two tons of dry feed, but, never having weighed it, I cannot speak positively, though I am perfectly satisfied that it is far superior to anything I have ever tried, not even excepting Hungarian grass, so much lauded some years ago.

Sow it in good corn ground, as early as it can be put in good order; harrow smooth, the finer the better; and when the seed is sown, go over it with a bush; it must not be covered deeply, and if the seed is good, it needs no soaking. Let those who think so favorably of corn fodder try the sorghum, and I do not think they will bother with corn.

My horses and cows prefer it to any kind of feed I can give them. I have tried them repeatedly, and they will leave the best timothy for the sorghum, and eat it up clean. The blades we pull from the cane we grow for syrup are preferred by the stock to corn blades, and they will devour it with the greatest avidity. By sowing early, it can be cut with a strong cradle at the best time for curing properly. After being cut a few days, I have it tied up in bundles and cocked the same as wheat or oats. A large quantity of seed sown to the acre prevents the stalks growing too thick, which renders it easy to cure.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Milking Cows.

Cows should always be treated kindly, and as far as possible have the same milker. A fractious man should not be allowed to handle a spirited cow. Kindness and gentleness are always best— beating and pounding should not be tolerated. If a cow or heifer persists in kicking under kind treatment, take a small rope and quietly fasten it around the opposite fore foot, and thence bring it over her back so as to hang by the milker. When she kicks again, without saying a word, draw her foot up to her body. You can now handle her as you please. She will struggle to release her foot but to no purpose, and will soon crouch to the floor. Then let her get up again, and pet her a little. If she kicks again, repeat the operation as often, and you will soon find she will not move a foot while you are milking unless there is some irritating cause like sore teats or sharp finger nails.

Disposition of the Soil.

Soil has constant tendency to mellow and improve itself. Winter aids it in this respect. So does the heat of summer. The particles are the more finely divided by the aid of those two. Water has also an effect. Manure has a still farther effect; mechanically it helps the soil. But the plow and cultivator help more to divide the soil than any other source, or all the sources combined. The plow, the harrow, the cultivator, as well as the spade and the hoe, are the grand implements to divide and mellow your soil—in other words, dissolve it.—The deeper you work it the better. But work it not too wet; neither too dry; but when it falls most apart, without packing. To grease your ground is to kill it. Aid nature, then, in mellowing your soil.

Killing Thistles.

A correspondent of the Canadian Farmer, who has failed in destroying thistles either by mowing or ordinary summer fallowing, has succeeded by repeated plowings. He says:

"Four years ago I plowed four acres eight times, and have not seen one thistle on that piece of ground since, excepting where they branch out from the fence. The year following I plowed a field six times over, and a few old ones come up the year after. Last summer I plowed nine acres three times, and cultivated it several times with a wide-pointed cultivator. The last plowing was done about the end of September. I have walked over it since, and have not seen one thistle make its appearance.

IF you use special fertilizers—and it will be for your interest to do so when you can obtain them—use them so as to enable you to make accurately the results. Guano, poudrette, sulphate of lime, nitrate of soda and super phosphate of lime are yet but imperfectly understood. They are doubtless valuable, but require to be more carefully studied in their results

A LATE English writer says that a sheep, to be in high order for the palate of the epicure, should not be killed earlier that five years old, at which age the mutton will be rich and succulent, of a dark color and full of the richest gravy; whereas, if only two years old, it is flabby, pale and flavorless.