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# The Globe.


WILLIAM LEWIS, —PERSEVERE.— Editor and Proprietor.

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## Select Poetry.

### THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams
When evening shadows round us fall;
And from the lattice far it gleams,
To love, and rest, and comfort call,
When wearied with the toils of day,
And strife for glory, gold or fame,
How sweet to seek the quiet way,
Where loving lips will lisp our name
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,
The wayward wanderer homeward hies,
How cheering is that twinkling light,
Which through the forest gloom he spies;
It is the light at home; he feels
That loving hearts will greet him there,
And softly through his bosom steals
The joy and love that banish care,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! whene'er at last
It greets the seamen through the storm,
He feels no more the chilling blast
That beats upon his manly form.
Long years upon the sea have fled,
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,
But the sad tears which she then shed,
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet
It peeps from yonder cottage door—
The weary laborer to greet—
When the rough toils of day are o'er,
Sad is the soul that does not know
The blessings that its beams impart,
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
And lighten up the heaviest heart
Around the light at home.

## A Select Story.

### THE DOCTOR'S BRIDE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"We doctors sometimes meet with strange adventures," once said to me a distinguished physician, with whom I was on terms of intimacy.

"I have often thought," I replied, "that the secret history of some of your profession, if written out in detail, would make a work of thrilling interest."

"I do not know that I exactly agree with you in regard to details," rejoined my friend; "for we medical men, like every one else, meet with a great deal that is common in its place, and therefore not worthy of being recorded; but grant us the privilege of you novelists, to select our characters and scenes and work them into a kind of a plot, with a striking *denouement*, and I doubt not many of us could give you a romance in real life, comprising only what we had seen, which would equal, if not surpass, anything you ever met with in the way of fiction. By the by, I believe I never told you of the most romantic adventure in my life!"

"You never told me of any of your adventures, Doctor," I replied, "but if you have a story to tell, you will find me an eager listener."

"Very well, then, as I have a few minutes to spare, I will tell you one more wildly romantic, more incredibly remarkable, if I may so speak, than you probably ever found in a work of fiction.

"Twenty-five years ago," pursued the Dr., "I entered the medical college at F———, as a student. I was then young, inexperienced, and inclined to be timid and sentimental; and well do I remember the horror I experienced when one of the senior students, under pretence of showing me the beauties of the institution, suddenly thrust me into a dissecting room, among several dead bodies, and closed the door upon me; nor do I forget how the screeches of terror, and prayers for release from that awful place made me the laughing stock of my old companions.

Ridicule is a hard thing to bear; the coward becomes brave to escape it, and the brave man fears it more than a belching cannon.—I suffered it till I could bear it no more; and wrought up to a fit of desperation, I demanded to know what I could do to redeem my character, and gain an honorable footing among my fellow students.

"I will tell you," said one, his eyes sparkling with mischief, "if you will go at the midnight hour, and dig up a subject, and take it to your room and remain alone with it till morning, we will let you off, and never say another word about your womanly fright."

I shuddered; it was a fearful alternative, but it seemed less terrible to suffer all the horrors that might be concentrated into a single night, than to bear day after day the jeers of my companions.

"Where shall I go? and when?" was my timid inquiry, and the very thought of such an adventure made my blood run cold.

"To the Eastern Cemetery to-night at 12 o'clock," replied my tormentor, fixing his keen black eyes upon me, and allowing his thin lip to curl with a smile of contempt. "But what is the use of asking such a coward as you to perform such a manly feat," he added deridingly.

His words stung me to the quick; and without further reflection, and scarcely aware of what I was saying, rejoined boldly:

"I am no coward, sir, as I will prove to you by performing what you call a manly feat."

"You will go?" he asked quickly.

"I will."

"Bravely said, my lad!" he rejoined in a tone of approval, and exchanging his expression of contempt for one of surprise and admiration. "Do this, Morris, and the first man that insults you afterwards, makes an enemy of me."

Again I felt a cold shudder run through my frame at the thought of what was before me, but I had accepted his challenge in the presence of many witnesses—for this conversation had occurred as we were leaving the hall after listening to an evening lecture—and I was resolved to make my word good, should it even cost my life; in fact, I knew I could not do otherwise now, without being in disgrace from the college.

I should here observe that there were no professional resurrectionists, and as it was absolutely necessary to have subjects for dissection, the unpleasant business of procuring them devolved upon the students, who in consequence, watched every funeral eagerly, and calculated the chances of cheating the sexton of its charge, and the grave of its victim.

There had been a funeral that day of a poor orphan girl, who had been followed to the grave by a very few friends, and this was considered a favorable chance for the party whose turn it was to procure the next subject, as the graves of the poor and friendless were never watched with the same keen vigilance as those of the rich and influential.—Still it was no trifling risk to attempt to exume the bodies of the poorest and the humblest—for not unfrequently persons were on the watch even over these; and only a year before, one student, while at his midnight work, had been mortally wounded by a pistol ball, and another a month or two subsequently, had been rendered a cripple for life in the same way.

All this was explained to me by a party of six or eight, who accompanied me to my room—which was in a building belonging to the college, and rented to such of the students as preferred bachelor's hall to regular boarding—and they took care to add several terrifying stories of ghosts and hob goblins, by way of calming my excited nerves, but, as I have before observed, old women stand round a feverish patient, and croak out their experience in seeing awful sufferings and fatal terminations of just such maladies as the one with which their helpless victim was then afflicted.

"Is it expected that I should go alone?" I enquired in a tone that trembled in spite of me, and my knees almost knocked together, and I felt as if my very lips were white.

"Well, no," replied Benson, my most dreaded tormentor, "it would be hardly fair to send you alone, for one individual would hardly succeed in getting the body from the grave quick enough, and you a mere youth without experience, would be sure to fail altogether. No, we will go with you, some three or four of us, and help you to dig up the corpse; but then you must take it on your back, bring it up to your room here, and spend the night alone with it."

It was some relief to me to find I was to have company during the first part of my awful undertakings; but still I felt far from agreeable, I assure you, and chancing to look into a mirror, as the time drew near for setting out, I fairly started at beholding the ghastly object reflected therein.

"Come, boys," said Benson, who was always by general consent the leader of whatever frolic, expedition or undertaking he was to have a hand in. "Come boys, it is time to be on the move. A glorious night for us," he added, throwing up the window and letting in a gust of wind and rain; "the devil himself would hardly venture out in such a storm."

He lit a dark lantern, then threw on his long heavy cloak, took up a spade, and led the way down; the rest of us, three beside myself, threw on our cloaks, also, took each a spade and followed him.

We took a roundabout course, to avoid being seen by any citizens that might chance to be stirring, and in something less than half an hour we reached the cemetery, scaled the wall without difficulty, and stealthily searched for the grave till we found it in the pitchy darkness—the wind and rain sweeping past us with dismal howls and moans, that to me, trembling with terror, seemed to be the unearthly wailings of the spirits of the damned.

"Here we are," whispered Benson to me, as we at length stopped at a mound of fresh earth, over which one of the party stumbled. "Come, feel round, Morris, and strike in your spade, and let us see if you will make as good hand at exhuming a dead body as you will some day at killing a living one with physic."

I did as directed, trembling in every limb, but the first spadeful I threw up, I started back with a yell of horror, that on any other than a howling, stormy night, would have betrayed us. It appeared to me as if I had thrust my spade into a buried lake of fire—for the first dirt was all a glow with living coals; and as I had fancied the moaning of the storm the wailings of tormented spirits, I now fancied that I had uncovered a small portion of the bottomless pit itself.

"Fool!" hissed Benson, grasping my arm with the grip of a vice, as I stood leaning on my spade for support, my very teeth chattering with terror, "another yell like that, and I'll make a subject of you! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be scared out of your wits, if you ever had any, by a little phosphorescent earth? Don't you know that it is often found in graveyards?"

His explanation re-assured me, though I was too weak from my late fright to be of any assistance to the party, who all fell to with a will, secretly laughing at me, and soon reached the coffin. Splitting the lid with a hatchet which had been brought for the purpose, they quickly lifted out the corpse, and then Benson and another of the party taking hold of it, one at the head and another at the feet, they hurried away, bidding me to follow, and leaving the others to fill up the grave, that it might not be suspected that the body had been exhumed.

Having got the corpse safely over the walls of the cemetery, Benson now called upon me to perform my part of the horrible business.

"Here, you quaking simpleton," he said, "I want you to take this on your back and make the best of your way to your room, and remain with it all night. If you do this bravely, we will claim you as one of us to-morrow, and the first man that dares to say a word against your courage after that, shall make a foe of me. But hark you! if you make any blunder on the way, and lose our prize, it will be better for you to quit this place before I set my eyes on you again. Do you understand me?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes," I stammered with chattering teeth.

"Are you ready?"

"Ye-ye-yes," I gasped.

"Well come here—where are you?"

At this time it was so dark that I could not see anything but a faint line of white, which I knew to be the shroud of the corpse, but I felt carefully around till I got hold of Benson, who told me to take off my cloak; and then rearing the cold dead body against my back, he began fixing its cold arms about my neck—bidding me to take hold of them and draw them well over, and keep them concealed, and be sure not to let go of them, on any consideration whatever, as I valued my life.

Ah! the torturing horror I experienced as I mechanically followed his directions; tongue could not describe it!

At length having adjusted the corpse so that I might bear it off with comparative ease, he threw my long cloak over it and my arms, and fastened it with a cord about my neck, and then inquired:

"Now Morris, do you think that you can find your way to your room?"

"I-I-do-do-don't know," I gasped, feeling as if I should sink to the earth at the first step.

"Well, you cannot lose your way if you go straight ahead," he replied, "keep in the middle of the road and it will take you to College Green, and then you are all right.—Come, push on before your burden grows too heavy; the distance is only a half mile."

I set forward with trembling nerves, expecting to sink to the ground at every step; but gradually my terror, instead of weakening, gave me strength, and I was soon on the run—splashing through mud and water—with the storm howling about me in fury, and the cold corpse, as I fancied, clinging to me like a hideous viper.

How I reached my room, I do not know—but probably by a sort of instinct; for I only remember of my brain being in a wild, feverish whirl, with ghostly phantoms all about me, as one sees them in a dyspeptic dream; reach my room I did, with my dead burden on my back; and I was afterwards told that I made wonderful time; for Benson and his fellow students, fearing the loss of their subject—which, on account of the difficulty of procuring bodies, was very valuable—followed close behind me, and were obliged to run at the top of their speed to keep within hailing distance.

The first I remember distinctly after getting to my room, was finding myself awake in bed, with a dim consciousness of something horrible having happened—though what, for some minutes, I could not for the life of me recollect. Gradually, however, the truth dawned upon me; and then I felt a cold perspiration start from every pore, at the thought that perhaps I was occupying a room alone with a corpse. The room was not dark; there were a few embers in the grate which threw out a ruddy light; and fearfully raising my head, I glanced timidly and quickly around.

And there—there on the floor, against the right hand wall, but a few feet from me—there sure enough, lay the cold, still corpse, robed in its white shroud, with a gleam of fire light resting on its ghastly face, which to my excited fancy seemed to move. Did it move? I was gazing upon it, thrilled and fascinated with an indescribable terror, when, as sure as I see you now, I saw the lids of its eyes unclose, saw its breast heave, and heard a low, stifled moan.

"Great God!" I shrieked, and fell back into a swoon.

How long I remained unconscious, I do not know, but when I came to myself again, it is a marvel to me that in my excited state I did not lose my senses altogether, and become the tenant of a mad house; for there—right before me—standing up in its white shroud—with its eyes wide open and staring upon me, and its features thin, hollow and death hued, was the corpse I had brought from the cemetery.

"In God's name avaunt!" I gasped. "Go back to your grave and rest in peace. I will never disturb you again."

The large, hollow eyes looked more wildly upon me—the head moved—the lips parted—and a voice in a somewhat sepulchral tone said:

"Where am I? Who am I? Who are you? Which world am I in? Am I living or dead?"

"You were dead," I gasped, sitting up in bed and feeling as if my brains would burst in a pressure of unspeakable horror; "you were dead and buried, and I was one of the guilty wretches who disturbed you in your peaceful rest. But go back, poor ghost, and no mortal power shall ever induce me to come near you again!"

"Oh, I feel faint!" said the corpse, gradually sinking down upon the floor with a groan.

"Great God!" I shouted, as the startling truth suddenly flashed upon me, "perhaps this poor girl was buried alive, and is now living!"

I bounded from the bed and grasped a hand of the prostrate body. It was not warm—it was not cold. I put my trembling fingers upon the pulse. Did it beat, or was it the pulse in my fingers? I thrust my hand upon the heart. It was warm—there was life there. The breast heaved; she breathed; but the eyes were now closed, and the features had the look of death. Still it was a living body—or I myself was insane.

I sprang to the door, tore it open and shouted for help.

"Quick! quick!" cried I; "the dead is alive! the dead is alive!"

Several of the students sleeping in adjoining rooms came hurrying to mine, thinking I had gone mad with terror, as some of them had heard my voice before, and knew to what a fearful ordeal I had been subjected.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed one in a tone of sympathy; "I predicted this."

"It is too bad," said another; "it was too much for his nervous system."

"I am not mad," said I, comprehending their suspicions; "but the corpse is alive! hasten and see it!"

They hurried into the room, one after another, and the foremost stooped down to what he thought was a corpse, put his hand upon it and instantly exclaimed:

"Quick! a light and some brandy! she lives, she lives!"

All was now bustle, confusion and excitement, one proposing one thing, and another something else, and all speaking together.—They placed her on the bed, and gave her some brandy, when she again revived. I ran for a physician, one of the faculty, who came and attended upon her through the night, and by sunrise the next morning she was reported to be in a fair way of recovery.

"Now what do you think of my story thus far?" queried the doctor with a quiet smile.

"Very remarkable!" I replied; "very remarkable, indeed! But tell me, did the girl finally recover?"

"She did, and turned out to be a beautiful creature, and only sweet sixteen."

"And I suppose she blest the resurrectionists all the rest of her life," I rejoined with a laugh.

"She certainly held one of them in kind remembrance," replied the doctor with a sigh.

"What became of her, doctor!"

"What should have become of her, according to the well known rules of poetic justice of all you novel writers?" returned my friend with a peculiar smile.

"Why," said I, laughing, "she turned out an heiress and married you."

"And that is exactly what she did," rejoined the Doctor.

"Good Heaven! are you jesting!"

"No, no, my friend," replied the doctor in a faltering voice; "that night of horror only preceded the dawn of my happiness; for that girl—sweet, lovely Helen Leroy—in time became my wife, and the mother of two boys. She sleeps now in death beneath the cold sod," added the doctor in a tremulous tone, and brushing a tear from his eye, "no human resurrectionists shall ever raise her to life again."

## Interesting Miscellany.

### A Short Story with a Good Moral.

We must work. Many who have been fortunate in business, and having early acquired wealth, have retired from the active pursuits of life to find what they call ease, have found instead an accumulation of evils, which they never supposed to be connected with a life of idleness. There, for instance, is our old friend Coffee, for many years one of the firm of Coffee, Rice, & Co., wholesale grocers, in South street. Coffee commenced business in early life, and being enterprising and energetic, and as "busy as a bee," the business prospered, and the firm became widely known for its successful trading.—After Coffee had been in business about twenty years, he concluded that he would retire from active life and spend the rest of his days (he was only forty-five) in some secluded spot, where the fluctuations of the flour market, or the rise and fall of pork and molasses would disturb his quiet no longer. He would not be an anchorite, no, not he. He loved good living and good society too well for that. He would build him a mansion in the country, far from the noisy sound and noisome smell of South street. He would provide ample accomodations for friends who might come to partake of his good cheer, and he would lead a pleasant, easy life. Such were his plans. But, alas! poor Coffee, while thou wast acquainted with all the ins and outs of trade, thou wast ignorant of thine own self.

The partnership was dissolved, the site for a house selected, and in due time a splendid mansion was built. It was the most elegant mansion in all those parts. The honest rustics gazed with astonishment at the evidences of wealth it displayed, the country storekeeper congratulated himself on the probable acquisition of a customer, the village doctor calculated on an additional patient, while the poor parson rejoiced in his heart, that there was some probability of having his small salary increased by the liberality of a retired merchant. For the first few months everything went on admirably. Coffee had enough to keep him at work in arranging matters around the place, and getting in proper order everything for permanent use.

But when all this was done, time hung heavily on his hands. There was nothing to keep him employed, for all the work on his place was done by hired hands; and as he was determined to be free from all care, he even employed a man as overseer of the whole. The sum total of Coffee's daily occupation was eating, drinking and sleeping, with a little reading and an occasional ride. It was not long before symptoms of dyspepsy and gout appeared, and after suffering months of untold agony, he left his splendid mansion for "the narow house appointed for all the living." He died because he had nothing else to do.

Then there was neighbor Lapstone, who tried hard to keep souls in the bodies of himself, wife and eight children, by daily plying his honest trade of shoemaking. Lapstone's humble house was almost under the shadow of the great mansion, and he often sighed as he looked up from his leather seat and saw the rich Coffee whirled by in his splendid coach, and was so often tempted to break the tenth commandment, and wish himself away from his wax-ends and his awls, and in possession of some of his neighbor's riches. True, Lapstone was in comfortable circumstances, though he was a poor man. He had a little garden patch where he could labor an hour or two every day, and while providing for his table, be preparing, by outdoor exercise, for the in-door confinement of his trade. Then his wife was a perfect model of a woman, frugal and industrious, while the eight young Lapstones were hearty and robust, and some of them able to work in the shop. But Lapstone had fancied, as he saw the wealth and show of his neighbor, that it was a fine thing to be rich and take the world easy. Therefore he sighed when his neighbor rode lazily along in his carriage, while he sat for ten hours a day hammering sole leather. But when at length he saw the funeral train which conveyed the rich idler to his long home, he came to the conclusion that health was better than wealth, and contentment more to be desired than great riches. All that's the moral of this story.

☞ The lady whose sleep was broken, has had it mended.

### Dying Rich.

An active business man is a rational man, and a great blessing to the community. He keeps in exercise the talents confided to him, making them a blessing to himself, and a source of good to those by whom he is daily surrounded. He furnishes employment to the industrious, which is far better than bestowing alms upon the unemployed. Herein are the legitimate and rational results of active business pursuits and wealth-getting—the employment of the gratification of the active powers, and the reward of industry.—But the slavish toil of accumulation merely for the sake of possession—the lust of cupidity—the remorseless desire of growing rich solely or principally to die rich, is one of the most foolish and debasing intentions which find lodgment in the heart of man.

What can praise, if praise it be, have to do with "the dull, cold ear of death?"—What can it profit one, when he is lower and more insensible than the sod, to have it sounded above him, "How rich he died?"—Experience has fully and emphatically taught the lesson, that much wealth left to heirs is, in eight times out of ten, not a blessing, but rather a curse. Its expectation beguiles and spoils the manly powers; its possession leads to misjudgement, to excess, and finally to exhaustion and ruin. Wealth is dangerous to all men, but especially to those who acquire it by inheritance, and consequently without having sustained the toil or secured the maturity of character that was necessary for its acquisition. The time will yet come when men of wealth will be wise enough to make a gradual distribution of their property while living—not prospective, but operative—thereby having an eye to the use that is made of it, and a participation in the greatest enjoyment its possession is capable of giving, that of seeing it do good to others. They will dismiss the foolish aspiration—foolish, especially in this country, where there are neither laws of primogeniture or entail, by which a succession of family millionaires may be kept up—of dying rich, with the certain reflection that the heirs will sooner or later die poor. To use borrowed but energetic language on this subject:—"After hypocrites, the greatest dupes the devil has, are those who exhaust an anxious existence in the vexations and disappointments of business, and live meanly and miserly only to die magnificent and rich."

For, like the hypocrite, the only disinterested motive these men can accuse themselves of, is that of serving the devil without receiving his wages; for the assumed morality of the one, is not a more effectual bar to enjoyment than the real avarice of the other. He who stands every day at the ledger till he drops into the grave, may negotiate many profitable bargains; but he has made a single bad one, indeed, that more than counterbalances all the rest; for the empty foolery of dying rich, he has laid down his health, his happiness, and his integrity; since, as a very old author observes, "mortar sticketh between buying and selling." Enterprise and activity in business, and a passion for honest money-getting are good things in the world, and he who uses his talents and capital in this way is a benefactor to his race—but he who does all this for the sake of dying rich, is a———not a wise man in any way.

### Avoid Slang Words.

There is no wit, says the author of the Behaviour Book, in a lady to say "snooze" instead of nap; in calling pantaloons "pants" or gentlemen "gents;" in saying of a man whose dress is bad that he looks "seedy;" and in alluding to an amusing anecdote or diverting incident, to say that it is "rich." All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as "polking" when she tells of her having engaged in a certain dance, too fashionable not long since, but happily now is going out and banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence.

We have little tolerance for young ladies who having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence, not to say impudence, and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by talking slang. Where do they pick it up? From low newspapers or from vulgar books? Surely not from low companions! We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say it was pinned on drunk, also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked, on her head. When disconcerted, she was "floored." When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, she was brought to the "scratch?" Sometimes she "did things on the sly." She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, who boasted of having lived in good society.

☞ To cure a pain in the breast, procure a well-made woollen dress—with an equally well constructed woman inside of it, and press closely to the part affected. Repeat the application till the pain ceases. This receipt, when the directions are carefully observed, has rarely been known to fail in effecting a cure. The medicine is found in almost every household, and may probably cost a trifle.

☞ It is said that inflammatory rheumatism can be cured by the following simple method, which we extract from a medical publication:—Half an ounce of pulverized saltpetre put in half a pint of sweet oil. Bathe parts affected, and a sound cure will immediately follow.

☞ Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments; only to enlarge the prospects of eternity before us.

☞ Joseph's brethren cast him into the pit, because they thought it a good opening for the young man.

### Air Castles.

Of all acts of folly, that expressed by the phrase, "building castles in the air," is most consummate. There are thousands who employ their thoughts in this species of architecture. They are not contented with their night dreams, but they encourage day dreams also—and thus they dream, dream, dream, to their sorrow! They build castles in imagination, which fall as soon as erected. Like the house of the silly man mentioned in the Scriptural allegory, they build on an unstable foundation. But they are even more silly. He built his house on the "sand." The wind and flood were required to demolish it. They build on "air," and the first breath of experience brings their castles tumbling and crashing about their ears. A little forecast, as the dictate of common sense, would have prevented the sorrowful catastrophe. As it is, they must pay the penalty, and suffer.

To the young there is no mental habit more unfortunate than this of building air castles—unless, indeed, it be a degree of intellectual laziness which would prevent their thinking at all. Such airy speculations would, perhaps, be better than none. But, in a state of society like the present, there is really no excuse for the building of air castles under any supposable circumstances. The age is full of enterprise, and of material for useful thought. It may do for the spider, of whose gossamer castles the old ditty sings—

"And, when she sees
'Tis broke by the breeze,
She weaves the bright tissue again."

But it is unworthy of men and women, who should be leading lives with more rational motives and better results!

For the habit of air-castle building, we know of no better remedy than the following words, attributed to a learned Brahmin:

"In all thy desires, let reason go before thee, and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability. So shall success attend thy undertaking, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointment."

### Good Society.

It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found.—It has broken down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar—where the ribald song was inculcated—and the indecent story, to excite laughter and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more virtuous than himself. If you wish to be wise and respected—if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for mental excellence and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of the retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

☞ Why is a muffin like a chrysalis? Because it is a kind of grub that makes the butter-fly.

☞ Somebody says it is better to die poor than to live upon the hard earnings of the unsuspecting.

☞ The man who was so forgetful, that he forgot his honest debts, we learn, had his memory jogged by a "Justice of the Peace."

## Agricultural.

### A Lancaster County Farmer's Method of Planting Corn.

MR. EDITOR:—I give you herewith an account of the plan which I always pursue, and after an experience of nearly forty-eight years, have found under all circumstances to produce the best crops. Many years' observation has satisfied me of the fact, that my system will answer as well as any other, in favorable seasons, and far better during such a one as that just passed.

I always make it a point, when practicable, to put corn on sod ground, which *may* be plowed in the fall, and with excellent effect, but which *should* be, at the earliest possible period in the spring. I always plow eight inches in depth, then score out my ground very deep, leaving the distance between the furrows three feet. The corn is then dropped, single grains, twelve inches apart.—Where the ground is strong, the distance may be less. My ten-toothed harrow is next brought into play, being fashioned as follows: fourteen inches in width in front, and eight inches behind. This is carefully drawn through the furrow, thinly covering the corn, and the field permitted to lie in this condition for six or seven days, when, with my twelve-toothed harrow I go over the whole, most thoroughly, covering the corn. The effect of this last harrowing is to retard somewhat the first appearance of the corn, (which, by the way, is not an objection,) and to keep down the weeds and grass. When about four inches high, I go through the furrows lengthwise with a shovel harrow, which is another death-blow to the weeds and grass, and when it has reached the height of twelve inches, I give it another and final dressing with one of Harnley's corn plows. This last dressing effectually destroys the weeds, and leaves the ground in a fine mellow condition.

The advantages I claim for this method are these: First, the deep plowing gives the roots of the corn a fine chance to penetrate the soil to a considerable depth, in search of suitable food. The depth which they reach, secures them in a great measure against the effects usually produced by drought. A second good result of the deep plowing is, that in very wet seasons, the over-moisture will effect the young corn less than where the plowing is shallow, because, not being obstructed at a depth of four or five inches by the hard pan beneath, it has a chance to sink several inches lower.

Secondly, The heavy harrowing, after the corn has been six or eight days planted, completely exposes to the sun and air, the seeds of weed and grass which have commenced germinating, and either kills them completely, or so injures them, that their future growth and vigor is retarded so much as to place them completely at the mercy of the shovel harrow and corn plow, with which the after dressings are given. Again, the last dressing with the corn plow keeps the mellow earth around the stalk, and in most cases the result is, a second set of roots which give increased vigor to the growing stalk and ear.

By the plan above detailed I have rarely, if ever, failed to have an average crop, even in the most unfavorable seasons, and when the seasons have been good, I have been led to think the yield to be fully equal to any of my neighbors. CHRISTIAN STOUFFER.

*Pine Farm, Lancaster county.*