

EARTH'S NOBLEMAN.

Thee of that land that all the land.
And this, from earth her voice,
Right have I had; is this the time we speak,
Whiles we do?—is it passing over,
Many there are in riches;—
Surpassing this man's power,
While other parasites eat up his substance;
Yet often passing much worse,
We envy not the aristocrat's lot,
Withal claiming for his class,
Nor his that holds for play's rights,
At some elevated place,
Nor ours, till temperance
All we possess without redress,
While laboring at the helm,
The fruitful fields its bounties yield,
A rich reward for toil,
Be ours the bridle to plow the ground,
And deeply plough the soil,
We'll sow, we'll reap our carpeted,
And converts like our rest,
Whose value rise to meet the skies,
A tribute paid and due,
To all we give the means to live,
As brother shares with brother,
And thus fulfill the holy will
That here we love each other,
O life secure from gulls, and pars,
To them thy love abides ever;
With all its might and soul delight,
To change from them, no, never!

Hints for Dealers in Hay, Cont'd. &c.

Perhaps in no one thing is the "arithmetical" of farmers put to a severer test than in ascertaining the value—perhaps with cold fingers—of a given number of pounds of hay at a given price. To these I would recommend the following rule of Adams, as easy, practicable and infallible:

Rule.—Multiply the number of pounds of hay, or coal, by one half the price per ton, pointing off three figures from the right hand. The remaining figures will be the price of the hay or coal (or any other articles by the ton) in cents and mills, which can easily be reduced to dollars.

Example.—What will be the cost of 658 pounds of hay, at \$7.50 per ton?

Solution.—\$7.50 divided by two, equals \$3.75—the same as in interest—dividing the price by two, gives us 3290 the price of half a ton or 1000 4800 lbs.; and pointing off the three 174 figures to the right is dividing by 1000—the same as in interest. \$2.46(750)

The result above we have found to be \$2.46, which is correct. And now brother farmer, get your pencil and see if you can find the above rule in fault. If you do, report.

FATTENING TURKEYS, ETC.

MR. EDITOR:—Much has been published late in our agricultural journals in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted, that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritive grains. I have recently made an experiment, and must say that the result surprised me, as I had always been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meat, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others, of the same breed, were also, at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their mixed meal and potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

Germantown Telegraph.

HEAVES IN HORSES.

Messrs. Editors:—If you or any of your subscribers, know a cure or preventative for heaves in horses, please state so in some number.

D. STEWART, Strabane, C. W.

Heaves (broken wind of English.) is a disease caused by poor, inimurious and dusty or musty food, working hard on a full stomach, irregular feeding and working, &c., superadded to a hereditary disposition. The preventative, is good and nourishing food, plenty of oats regularly given, water in moderate quantities at a time, green food and especially carrots, and avoiding hard work with a distended stomach.

There is no cure for the heaves. But its symptoms may be mitigated, and the disease in a great measure suspended, by the same treatment as for its prevention, just stated, and especially by always cutting the animal's fodder and giving it wet, moist, and never more than a small pail of water at a time; at the same time taking care that he cannot eat his bedding by giving him a short halter. Giving ginger only affords temporary relief.

Albany Cultivator.

PRESERVING BUTTER.

The farmers of Aberdeen, Scotland, are said to practice the following method of curing their butter, which gives it a great superiority over that of their neighbors:

"Take two quarts of the common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of common saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter, work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich marrow consistency and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness nor tastes salty." Dr. Anderson says: I have eaten butter cured with the above composition that had been kept for three years, and it was as sweet as at first. It must be noted, that butter thus cured required to stand three weeks or a month before it is used.

If it is sooner opened the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coarseness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards."

"A pretty girl six feet high gives one a good idea of 'linked sweetness long drawn out.'

(By Request.)

A HINT ON TOBACCO USERS.

Years old and young and free recall
How many millions smoke daily,
With how many thousands more,
That for tobacco they hold dear
Their health becomes unten-

der; always smoking smokers,
And how many know when they smoke,
Though not so much than those who have
Not so much smoke though every year,
A little in the smoking union.

They clean their pipe stems with a wire,
They fill the bowl and put it in,
And smoke until it does expire,
Nor do they ever seem to die
In this laborious union.

And the fumes and smoke will rise
Like morning mist toward the skies;
Then woe to him who has weak eyes
Unless he takes his leave and flies
Away from such a union.

With impudence they presume
To vex all persons in the room,
Who smoke tobacco—
And they must bear this wracked down,
Or leave the smoking union.

Some keep their money from the poor,
And send the hungry from the door,
And have away to some one's store
And spend it for a longer score,
To turn in smoking union.

Those who in utter darkness lie,
May in their error live and die,
And those persons ever will try,
Them with the gospel to supply;
And then let them honestly union.

I wonder how much talk can say
They have religion every day,
And love the Lord and love to pray,
When they have money make many
In guilty conscience union.

There are some who connoisseurs,
And though it often makes them spew,
And makes them drunk as Bacchus, too;
The practice they will still pursue,
At the expense of social union.

Somesthings within their neighbor's door
They'll eat their quits some three or four,
And spit an earnest, heart or floor,
Somesthings a gift or even more,
And talk of social union.

On times within the church you'll view,
That persons there will sit and shew,
And spit upon the floor or pews,
Until it spreads a nest or two,
And sing the heavenly union.

The gold is oft so large within,
The jellies runs out and stains the chin,
And then I always have to grin,
And think thereof no little sin
In this tobacco union.

Some young clerical gentleman relates the following anecdote of one of his Dutch brethren. The old fellow was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening when to his being a little near-sighted was added the dim light of the church. After clearing his throat to give out the hymn he prefaced it with the following apology:—

The light is bad, mine eyes is dim,
I scarce can see to read dish hymn.

The Clark supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of common metre.

The old fellow taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected this mistake by saying:

I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,

I only meant mine eye is dim.

The clerk still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.

The old man at this waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

J. T. don't be devil's in you all.

Dot wash my hymn to sing at all.

A Yankee ODEON.—A Yankee and Frenchman owned a pig in partnership. When the killing time came, they wished to divide the carcass. The Yankee was anxious to divide as he should get both hind-quarters, and paraded the Frenchman that the proper way to divide was to cut it across the back. The Frenchman agreed it on condition that the Yankee would turn his back and take choice of the pieces after it was cut in two. The Yankee turned his back, and the Frenchman asked:—

"Vich piece will you have? a piece will go fall on him, or a piece will not go fall on him?"

"The piece with the tail!" shouted the Yankee instantly.

"Den, by gar, you take him, and I take no other," said the Frenchman.

Upon turning round, the Yankee found that the Frenchman had cut off the tail and stuck it in the biman. The tail was the Yankee's.

An exchange in speaking of the wondrous workings of the Nebraska bill says:

This wondrous Nebraska bill has wrought:

A miracle that never was seen or thought;

Three thousand priests of pure New England breed,

(Who never in one point of faith agreed,

And never will agree that I'll be sure—

Till the last leaf from time's old book is torn.)

Have tuned their throats to one harmonious strain,

And draw together both by bit and rein.

Believin' never could find them in one tether,

But politics has brought these saints together.

Some young ladies, feeling aggravated by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, etc., went to their pastor to learn his opinion.

"You think," said they, "there is any impro-

riety in wearing these things?"

"By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is well enough to hang out a sign."

The following lines, says an exchange, are posted up in one of our church pews:

"Ye chewers of that noxious weed,

Which grows on earth and cursed soil,

Please to clean your dirty mouths

Outside the sacred House of God,

Throw out your plug and 'cavendish,'

Your 'piratical' twist and 'honey-dew,'

And never cease to spit upon

The publick nips, or in the pew."

The St. Louis *Republican* says that a few days ago a man and his wife, in that city, were engaged in arranging a separation. The principal difficulty was the wife, who, while the woman tenanted a room in the same building with the husband, begged to be allowed to keep, while the man angrily refused. At length, the wife almost threw the children into the husband's arms, and exclaiming: "Take it, I can soon have another!"

At a debating society in Schenectady, the other day, the subject was for discussion was to which was the most beautiful production, a girl or a strawberry? After continuing the argument two nights, the meeting adjourned without coming to a conclusion—the old members going for the strawberries and the young ones for the girls.

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"Samuel R. DILLER,

Merchant and Produce Dealer, Lumber,

Second street, Clearfield, Pa.

April 12, 1854.

DAVID JOHNSON,

Blacksmith, Look to your interests.

David Johnson, to the citizens of

Clearfield, Pa.

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