THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1847.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

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GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
Editor and Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 49—WHOLE NO. 2430. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1875. NEW SERIES—VOL. 16, NO. 29.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
e25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [*jy18'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr5,'67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my23:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
3-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS.
9:1'72 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
je11'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je19'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

REMOVAL.
REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Have removed to 187 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [jy31'72

JAMES H. LYTLE,
No. 4 Pie's Opera House, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
apr14'75-tf

JAMES E. WATSON & CO.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Houses and Offices to let, Collections promptly made, and first-class Coal and Fire-Clay Lands and Town property for sale. Office in Western Hotel Building (2d floor), Second St. [my13'74y

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop next door to Weaver & Betts' store, Second street.
July 14, 75-y

HARRY SNYDER,
(Formerly with Lew Schuler.)
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House. A clean towel for every customer. may 19,'75.

KRATZER & LYTLE,
AGENTS IN CLEARFIELD COUNTY FOR
LORILLARD'S
Celebrated Brands of
Smoking & Chewing Tobaccos.
We are enabled to wholesale to dealers throughout the county at city prices.
KRATZER & LYTLE,
je3'74-tf Clearfield, Pa.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned are now fully prepared to carry on the business of
UNDERTAKING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
And respectfully solicit the patronage of those needing such services.
JOHN TROUTMAN,
JAMES L. LEAVY.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 18, 1874.

LIME! LIME!
The undersigned is now prepared to furnish the public with an excellent quality of
Bellefonte Wood-Burned Lime,
for plastering purposes, by the large or small quantity. Can be found for the present at Pie's new building, on Market street.
oct1-tf L. K. McCULLOUGH.

MITCHELL WAGONS.
The Best is the Cheapest!
Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—largest small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr8'74 THOMAS REILLY.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon acerly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 10-'75.

G. S. FLEGAL,
Ironsides Store,
PHILLIPSBURG, PA.
DEALER IN
HARDWARE, STOVES, HEATERS, RANGES, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE.
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPERWARE.
Presquisle Street,
Phillipsburg, Centre Co., Pa.
May 26, 1875.

Cards.

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
9:30'74 CLEARFIELD, PA.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'72

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGHT.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor, april 1-'68

JOSEPH E. M'NEALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan:1:74

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. jel1'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec1-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11:1:73. Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,'66.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 5. Jan. 3, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28:68:tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. 7:pd

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug18'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 3 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13-tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-72

G. W. WEAVER & CO.,
DRUGGISTS & APOTHECARIES,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.
Dealers in all kinds of Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods and Druggists' Sundries.
Curwensville, March 17, 1875.

GEORGE M. FERGUSON,
WITH
W. V. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
dealers in
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
3:17 521 Market Street, Philadelphia. 79-tf

A. H. MITTON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vacuum, Frank Miller's and Neatsfoot Oils.
Agent for Bailey and Wilson's Buggies.
Orders and repairing promptly attended to. Shop on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., in room formerly occupied by Jas. Alexander. [4:14'75

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

THE SHAWNEE INDIAN'S FAREWELL TO THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BY ARTHUR T. LEE.

Farewell Susquehanna! Farewell noble stream,
Where the brown maiden sang—once the loftiest theme,
I hear the waves dash at the grey pebbled shore,
But the leaves whisper o'er me thou will hear them no more.

We have fought strong and hard, but the struggle is o'er,
And the bow-string shall twang at these waters no more;
The scalp of the Sachem is torn from his brow,
And the black way of death is his canopy now.

I go—the pale faces have bade me depart,
They have scattered the blood of my sire's heart,
The bones of a thousand lay white on the plain,
But their loud whoops of war they'll ne'er mingle again.

Roll on Susquehanna! as proud art thou yet,
As when my young eyes thy glory first met;
As when with light heart o'er thy surface so blue,
I steer'd round thy green isles my light bark canoe.

Farewell! ere the rays that now silver thy breast
Point up from the far purpled hills of the West;
The Red child shall wander, in spirits subdued,
Through the dark pathless depths of that pine solitude.

There yet is a land to the wild hunter dear,
Where the Miami rolls through the wilderness clear;
And there the lone child of the forest will go
And hunt by the broad lakes the brown buffalo.

AN EXHAUSTIVE DOCUMENT.

KYLERTOWN, July 18, 1875.

MR. EDITOR:—Having a few spare moments this evening, I thought I would improve them by scribbling a few lines to inform you of times and things in this corner of the world. I have noticed that, correspondents usually try to "write up" their own neighborhood, and generally have something to boast of peculiar to their locality. Now, I presume this is all right and proper, and not wishing to appear odd I want to brag a little myself. Though we have some good farms down here, and also good farmers (the two are generally found together, if you notice), and though we raise some tall corn, large pumpkins, heavy potatoes, and all "sich," yet these are not the things of which I would at present speak. But our chief production, and that in which we most pride just now, is big School Directors.

Now, Mr. Editor, perhaps you may begin to say, "Oh, I know all about School Directors, I've seen them lots of times."

But hold on a little. You may, it is true, have seen the average specimen—mere commonplace men, such as you may meet almost anywhere—but you never saw our Directors, at least the two I am going to tell you about; and when I say big School Directors, do not understand me to mean over-grown men physically—men whose avoirdupois exceeds that of ordinary mortals—but men of great minds, of giant intellect and herculean mental power—men, who by their own inherent strength of character and individual exertions have not only secured places of honor and trust from their admiring fellow-citizens, but have by a few bold dashes brought their names from comparative obscurity prominently before the public—at least in this section.

Some one last winter, under the name of "Economist," gave your readers an incident in the public career of the then acting Director at "Hickory Bottom," and it was thought by some that he was the "coming man," but he has been so far outstripped in his feeble efforts and so completely eclipsed by the grand deeds of his successor in office, that his name is no longer mentioned in that connection. It has been said that a century produces but one great man; but this must be a mistake, because here we have at least two in Morris township—one at Kylertown and one at Hickory Bottom—and one is as great as the other, and I believe greater. But I will endeavor now to give you a short account of some of the achievements of these heroic men recently, and you can judge for yourself whether my remarks concerning them have been too eulogistic.

Last winter the good people of Kylertown determined to have a singing school. They accordingly secured a competent teacher and proceeded after, of course, getting the privilege of the school house. All passed off smoothly until the closing of the school recently, when they were a little surprized by a claim of the vigilant Director at that place for the use of the house, and he succeeded in getting the sum of two dollars on that plea. Commend me to a vigilant public officer. Now, some envious folks might say that there was nothing very great about that; that any *or—nary* Director could do as much. But I don't believe an ordinary man would have thought of it all, and I think he showed a sagacity possessed by but few and a disposition to do his whole duty, which those who would detract from his well-earned reputation might envy. If he did nothing great, it was only because he lacked opportunity. It also happened that the poor souls down in Hickory Bottom must needs learn to sing too, and, as under these circumstances, they considered a singing school the correct thing, they proceeded accordingly. One of the rules of these schools required the payment of an admission fee of ten cents by those who were not members of either class. Now, this rule worked all right at Kylertown, from the fact that (as everybody knows) they are a kind of an ignorant set generally in this town and hardly seem to know when their rights are infringed upon, or if they do, have not the courage to resent the imposition. But not so with the more intelligent, sturdy yeomanry of Hickory Bottom, among whom is the noble Director of that place. Here you can "behold men who know their rights and dare maintain them;" and so it was that a spirit of opposition to this iniquitous measure was engendered among the better informed classes, and many instances of sublime heroism aside from that of our beloved Director might be cited. The prowess of one young man in particular deserves special mention. The boast of his father, the hope of his mother, and the pride of all his relations, he possessed in an eminent degree all the qualifications of a man, and would be considered good looking were it not for a certain *Dingy* hue in his general appearance. But pardon this digression. I will not now stop to relate his wonderful exploits, and as I only wish at this time to write of *great* men, will leave him for the subject of a future chapter, or for those who have amunition to waste on small game.

Another feature of these schools, and one which plainly showed the outrageous nature of their proceedings, was that all children under the age of twelve were permitted to attend free. Now, sir, I ask should such things be allowed? Why, the children might learn to sing better than the grown folks, and who would like to be mortified in that way? And just let me say in this connection, that Mr. Gregory, when down here last winter, made a fatal mistake. He attended singing one night, and being called on for a little speech, he commended this very thing and spoke in high terms of the advantages of singing schools, and should he be a candidate for re-election three years hence he will certainly lose at least two votes from this district; because it cannot be supposed that men of brains could support for office a man who would advocate such doctrine.

The time drew near which was to prove that our chivalrous Director was "the right man in the right place." But permit me to explain that previous to his inauguration (I believe School Directors are inaugurated, ain't they? Oh yes, of course they are, how else would they know when to begin to do things?) he, like a skillful general, in order to become acquainted with the weak points of the enemy, attended singing a couple of nights, and by pure sharpness I shall call it (though there are some people mean enough to insinuate that that is not the English of it), succeeded in retaining his cherished ten cents. The eventful evening of June 16th at length arrived, and a small but determined band of *tried* men might have been seen stealthily forming in line in front of the school house at Hickory Bottom, inside of which all unconscious of impending danger, a few misguided though well-meaning persons of both sexes were making night hideous with their desperate, but, of course, fruitless attempts to sing.—Meanwhile the party outside, under the skillful leadership of our now thoroughly aroused Director, were maturing their plans, and on the door being opened to admit a scholar, they, by a preconcerted arrangement, made a rush forward, and overpowering the door-keeper, gained the interior of the building, where a scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The teacher had the audacity to request these sovereigns to comply with the rules of the class. But this they very properly refused to do, while the terrified class refused to sing a note as long as these intruders, as they styled them, remained. When things had reached this stage, our manly Director arose, and in a voice which went through his terror-stricken audience like a corn-cutter going through a rotten pumpkin, he demanded security. Security for the house was what he wanted, or the singing would have to stop. Some short-sighted persons ridiculed the idea of security being necessary; but without it, I would like to know what was to hinder the rascally teacher from taking the house with him at the close of the school. His demand not being complied with, our sagacious Director secured the key, as it had fallen from the door, and, as the demoralized school withdrew, he locked the door, doubtless forever, against all such pernicious practices. Unfortunately, the trustees of M. E. Church, at Sylvan Grove, in a moment of weakness, gave the school permission to finish out the term in the Church, and accordingly they, unsubdued, meet there once a week.

Now, I ask, has he not in this crowning act covered himself with glory? Where is Ethan Allen with his little Ticonderoga affair of a little over one hundred years ago? Where are the bright deeds of Washington and Jefferson? They are nowhere in comparison; and even Benedict Arnold, in the most celebrated act of his life, did nothing but what our devoted Director would have done, if similar situated. Stern in his devotion to principle, he performed feats which few would care to imitate, and marched boldly forward in the face of almost certain d—isgrace. A good many are jealous of his reputation and consequently speak in disparaging terms of his achievements, and even among his relatives can those be found who would thus seek to pluck the laurels from his brow.

But it is a Bible truth, that a man need not expect honor due in his own country and among his own people, and, therefore, I am determined to spread his fame to other lands; and as your valuable paper is circulated almost everywhere, I beg the privilege of a small space in its columns, and in some far off, but civilized country, like India or Africa, I can, in imagination, behold some dusky chieftain in his native jungle, eagerly scanning the well-filled columns of the Clearfield REPUBLICAN, in search of news from this benighted region; and his eye rests upon these lines, methinks I see his face light up with unwonted brilliancy, and he rejoices to become acquainted through the medium of the press with one, who though differing perhaps in outward appearance, yet in principle is a man after his own heart, and in this incomplete description of one of our great men will doubtless recognize a kindred spirit. But it is chiefly for the encouragement of the young that I would write, and if I can but stimulate a single youth to acts of bravery, similar to those described, my object will be accomplished. Boys of Clearfield county, take courage! The way is marked out, and the example is before you. Read, reflect and act. You can all be he-ro(wdy)s, if you but think so and try.

I take leave of this subject with a painful feeling of having signally failed in doing these two men justice, but I hope that our Agricultural Society, at Clearfield, will not be backward in the performance of duty this coming fall. Let two leather medals be prepared and some appropriate device thereon, to the end that these illustrious men may be suitably rewarded.

Well, times are hard and money scarce in this "neck-o-woods." With the panic, Grant's administration, and the potato bugs, the farmers are having a severe time of it. However, I think we'll get through. Industry and economy will cure the times, Paris green is a dead-shot for the bugs, and ballots will do the business for Grant next year. I don't suppose he could be induced to take Paris green—at least, not in water as the bugs do. They say he is shy of water. Yours, truly,

FAIR PLAY.

NO ROSE WITHOUT THORNS.—Things are pretty well matched in this world, so far as taking comfort goes, and we begin to believe that high and low, all have their tribulations. Fishes are hooked, worms are trodden on, birds are fired at, and worry is everywhere. Poor men's wives worry because the bread won't rise, or the pane of glass is mended with putty, or they can't afford to hire help. Rich men's wives worry because the preserve dish is not of the latest pattern, or because somebody finds out how a party dress is trimmed before the party happens or some grandee's wife overlooks them, or because their help sauces 'em, breaks up tea sets, spoils dinners, gets drunk, and cuts up sheets into underclothes. Causes vary, but worry averages the same. The scale of miles is different on different maps, but places remain just so far apart and so do humanity and content.

To grow up to the skies we must be planted low in the dust.

BELGIAN HUSBANDRY.

In Eastern Flanders, of a hundred acres of land, seventy-two are sown with cereals and plants used in manufactures; twenty-eight with roots and forage; but to this must be added thirty-one acres of after-crop, which gives sixty-nine as affording excellent food for cattle, superior to common meadows, and which explains how poor land can pay a rent of five pounds an acre. The second sowing consists of turnips and spergula after colza, flax, and early potatoes; and the carrot, which is sown in spring with the preceding crops, and carefully hoed after they have been taken away. The clovers have occupied the ground during the winter, leaving it clear for April sowing; and the giant cabbage develops during the cold season, making a stem six feet high, and giving abundant and excellent leaves for milch cows. Culture thus pushed to the extreme necessarily requires some capital, and it is reckoned that, through a system of rigorous parsimony and saving, double the sum per acre is used in Belgium to that employed in England, and two-thirds more in the best farms. In this way the most dense population in Europe can subsist on a soil so little favored by nature.

Turning to one of the most fertile parts of Belgium, all, as has been said, is charming—every road is bordered with trees; not a rise in the ground is seen; all is calm, uniform, and presents an image of quiet comfort and peace. Each house is detached, and surrounded with large apple-orchards, hedged in by box, holly, or hawthorn, where the cows are brought to feed every morning and evening. It is of one story only, and that shed, containing four rooms—the first for meals, the second for the dairy and preparing the food for cattle, the others for sleeping-rooms. The old-fashioned oak furniture is a model of brightness; tin and copper utensils shine on the walls, which are whitewashed. The garden is gay with wall flowers, dahlias, and hydrangeas, and the florists' flowers which are to be shown at Ghent.

Outside, everything is in its place; nothing spoils the greensward; the ditch and manure heap are banished; the latter is always under the roof of the stable or cow-shed. In this stand five or six large cows, the constant care of the farmer's wife, who gives them abundance of green meat in summer with straw, hay, and a kind of warm soup, mixed with carrots, turnips, or, rye in winter. Thanks to this nourishment, and the constant rest they enjoy, the animals give from fifteen to twenty-five quarts of milk daily. The tools are simple, but of first-rate construction; the plow is light, drawn by one horse, and with ease, rapidity, and regularity. The harrows are of various kinds, triangular, rectangular, or a parallelogram; but the special tool with which the Fleming has fertilized sands, dried up marshes, and forced back the sea, is the spade. The proverb on the banks of the Scheldt is, "The spade is a gold mine to the peasant;" and different kinds are made for light or heavy soil.

The fields are mostly square, and rarely contain more than an acre; the ground is curved symmetrically, the centre being the highest, so that the water drains down equally in all directions. Round the field, and a foot lower, extends a strip of grass, three or four yards wide; still lower a hedge of elders is planted, which is cut every seven years; and finally, the plot is surrounded by a ditch, bordered with trees of large growth. Thus, each piece furnishes rich grass, firewood every seven years, and timber for building every thirty years. The plow is generally used; but every seven years the sub-soil is turned to the top by the spade, and thus it acquires a depth unknown to all but the gardeners; the principal object being to produce flax and butter, not cereals. The best farmers never sell their corn, but allow their cattle to consume it.

Unhappily the farm-laborer there, as elsewhere, does not enjoy much comfort; working harder than the most men, he is the worst fed. Rye bread, potatoes, beans, buttermilk, without meat or bacon, is the usual fare.—Chicory the constant drink; beer reserved for Sundays and fair-days. His wages vary from tenpence to a shilling, and he could never live upon it did not all the members of his family work without ceasing. When the day's work is ended, often by moonlight, the father cultivates his small field; his wife and daughters take up the poorly paid lace-work, instead of the old spinning wheel, which steam has superseded; and his sons, when their field-work is done, bring up rabbits for the London market. Their little hands pick up ever tuft of herbage on the roadside, and open up a large trade of exportation not to be despised. From Ostend alone there come to us 1,200,000 rabbits every year; these are skinned and cleaned in Belgium, where the skin is used for the making of hats. Yet, though their life is hard, the towns do not attract the rural population.—Habit and family traditions bind them to the plow; while every nine years, at the renewal of their lease, the raising of the rent fills them with anxiety and poisons their existence. It makes them distrust all those who are making inquiry on the state of agriculture, and dissimulate as to the fertility of their land, and the produce they obtain from it.

Western Flanders is crossed by a strip of land which is particularly difficult of cultivation; until lately it was scarcely inhabited, and covered with low brushwood and marshy heath.—The reindeer moss enveloped the trees with a layer as of white ashes; abundance of ferns and moss grew, and the sickly appearance of other plants gave the country a sterile appearance. But by means of the pine trees this land has also become valuable. About 30,000 young trees are planted on an acre; at the end of seven years these are thinned and sold for firewood; this is repeated every two years until the trees are twenty years old, when they begin to cut them into poles for the hop; at twenty-five years they produce props for mines; at thirty, wood for buildings, and at forty the acre will still have a thousand trees, worth three or four shillings each, the whole paying very fairly for the expenses.

A few families settle on the spot to carry on the work; they take a lease of a corner of land at a very low rent, and husband and wife set to work and build a cabin which they can call their own. The next savings are spent on a goat and a few rabbits, then they bring up a calf on the grass which grows in the wood; when at last they possess a cow, they are saved from poverty.—The milk is made into butter; the manure enriches their land; a little capital accumulates, and in a few years the laborer becomes a small farmer; by degrees the small population increases, the land is conquered by cultivation, the owner has spent little besides the wages. The laborer is assured of his plot for thirty years, and willingly spends his time upon it.—Here doubtless, under adverse circumstances, a living is made by a family; but what kind of living? Not what any ordinary English artisan, realizing the comforts procurable by a wage of a pound to thirty shillings a week, would be inclined to put up with.

The two products which grow the best on poor land are rye and potatoes, and they form the food of most of the rural classes in Belgium. It has been remarked that the Germanic races have a predilection for rye, and it bears a better crop than wheat and the straw is much used for roofing the cabins. Barley gives also a larger return than in England; and potatoes, though so uncertain, owing to the disease, are the favorite food of the Flemings; buckwheat is also a precious plant, because it requires little tillage; and when the potatoes fail at the end of July, it can be immediately sown, and coming up as leaves die, stifles the weeds and gives a good second crop. Flax is more cultivated than ever, as France and England buy all the finest quality ready spun. Each farmer also grows the tobacco for his own use; while near Commines and Wervicq it is cultivated on a large scale, and acquires a powerful flavor much appreciated in America.—*Chambers' Journal.*

EXCITEMENT A DISEASE OF SOCIETY.

In a recent conversation with a German friend upon the state of modern society, he made the following very forcible remark: "Excitement is disease. Man does not need it. He ought not to have it. What a healthy mind must crave is placidity; to do its work in perfect calm, without any stimulus except that afforded by perfect bodily health. Mind and body healthy each will give all the stimulus the other needs without resort to artificial means." There is so much meaning in this that it will bear considerable amplification. Mental dissipation and physical debauchery, are alike disastrous in their effects; alike breed a fierce appetite for more, an appetite that will not be appeased except by deeper and deeper draughts, which finally ruin body, mind, and soul.

The taste for mental excitement now prevalent, through all classes of society, is strongly evinced in the theatrical performances, the prominent literature of the times, the morbid taste of sensational displays, involving danger to human life, the detailed accounts of crimes and executions demanded of the press by the public, and the general personal uneasiness to be observed when people having nothing in particular to do. Few people, comparatively, can sit down and content themselves in quiet thought. A philosophical work would reduce them to the last stages of mental exhaustion. A discussion upon any solid topic is ineffably wearying. Their mental notions are, so to speak, shaky and uncertain till they have had their intellectual grog.

This state of things is so wide spread that we are justified in calling it a disease of modern society. Its symptoms are exotic suicides, speculative manias, gambling, embezzlement, and crimes of a more heinous type. What is the remedy? That is a question easily asked, but terribly hard to answer.—Religion, legislative enactments, social philosophy—all seem powerless to effect a cure. We are sometimes disposed to think that the only way is to let the disease run its course, like smallpox, producing its unsightly eruption, until the poison eliminates itself from the body politic. Society, as at present organized, may die of the disease, or peradventure it may survive to enjoy better health afterwards.

The social science conventions do not seem to get at the root of the matter at all. They persist in isolating single symptoms, and looking upon them as the disease itself. One member will tell you that the inordinate love of wealth is the matter, taking for a text the familiar but utterly false maxim, "The love of money is the root of all evil," and propose to enact laws that shall prohibit the accumulation of giant fortunes. Another assigns the evils of society to drunkenness, and so on. These things are results, not causes.

We do not profess ability to prescribe a cure for the universal malady of the age. It will require the sober study of philosophers for years to come; but of one thing we feel very certain, namely: that all systems of ethics which place faith in the emotional nature of mankind, only substitute one form of excitement for another, without even approximating a cure.—*Pen and Plow.*

JEFFERSON'S MARRIAGE LICENSE BOND.—The clerk of Charles County, Virginia, has recently forwarded the marriage license bond of Thomas Jefferson to the Virginia State Library for safe-keeping. It reads thus:

Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Jefferson and Francis Eppes, are held and firmly bound unto our sovereign lord, the King, his heirs, and successors, in the sum of £20 current money of Virginia, to the paiment of which, well and truly to be made, we bind ourselves jointly and severally our joint and several heirs, executors, and administrators. In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands and seal this twenty-third day of December, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one.

The condition of the above obligation is such that if there be no lawful cause to obstruct a marriage intended to be had and solemnized between the above bound Thomas Jefferson and Martha Skelton, of the County of Charles City, widow, for which a license is desired, then this obligation is to be null and void; otherwise to remain in full force.

THOMAS JEFFERSON,
FRANCIS EPPES.

Indorsed on back: "Jefferson to the King.—Bond of Marriage License."

MORE ARDENS.—In 1849 Harmon Jones, with fifteen or twenty citizens of New Orleans, started for California in search of gold. The vessel they sailed in has never been heard from. Recently, however, Mrs. Jones's attention was called to an account in an English paper of the discovery of an unknown island in the Pacific. In the list of persons found there was the name of Harmon Jones, from New Orleans. The men refused to leave the island, saying that the old family ties were probably broken, and they did not propose to furnish a whole boat load of new Enoch Ardens.

Bear and blame not what you cannot change.

Marshal Bazaine is living in London.

TOMATOES AS A FARM CROP.

Within the memory of many, tomatoes were almost unknown. A few were grown in gardens as an ornament under the name of "love apples," but scarcely anybody thought the fruit fit to eat. Almost everybody has had their time learning to like tomatoes, but the vegetable has fairly fought its way to popular favor, as is seen in the fact that a majority of young children of the present day like tomatoes the first time of eating them. Now thousands of acres are grown for market around all our large cities, and a few plants are found in most farmer's gardens. Large establishments are engaged for weeks canning tomatoes for winter use. The price paid by these establishments is usually low; but they take the surplus of the crop after prices for the earliest have declined. Take it altogether the crop is generally profitable, even on high priced lands near cities where it is usually grown. It will bear transportation some distance with careful handling, and is a crop which many farmers might profitably cultivate on a small scale. It does not demand very rich ground, nor as a field crop any better care than should be given to corn or potatoes. A larger average yield can be got in tomatoes than in potatoes, and the average price is generally higher. The richer the ground the larger the crop; but it is also a little later and the price lower. A two-year-old clover sod, well plowed under in May, is rich enough for a field crop, if a little well rotted stable manure is put under each hill at planting time. There is no need of greater expense in after culture than for potatoes, excepting for harvesting and marketing. Tomatoes are taken to market in baskets instead of in bulk, and hence less can be carried in a wagon load than of potatoes.

The plants should be started early in a hot bed and transplant at least once, twice would be better, before putting into open ground. This transplanting is important to secure a stocky growth, and induces early fruitfulness. The transplanting also causes numerous fine roots, which save the plant from injury at the time when set into the open field, and when rapid, vigorous growth is most important. A footed "stubby" plant, twice transplanted, is well worth a dozen that has grown up without moving in the seed bed. If no better way is feasible, clip the tops and shorten the roots, as they grow, by passing a knife between the rows. this will serve nearly as good a purpose as the first transplanting, which must be done very carefully to avoid loss. It is not worth while to set in the open field until the ground has become quite warm—in this latitude from the 5th to the 15th of June.

Hathaway's Excelsior and Early Smooth Red are reliable sorts for field cultivation. For very early, Hubbard's Curled Leaf is best, but it is a light cropper, and the very early market is soon filled. Any one attempting to grow tomatoes by the acre will be likely to get fancy prices for only a very few as extra early. There is generally a better later market—toward the last of the season, and for this there is no superior to the Trophy. It is smooth, fine fleshed and productive. Both the Trophy and Hathaway's Excelsior require richer soil than the Smooth Red, and they are also more productive. Grown as a field crop, tomatoes, with fair cultivation, will yield from 300 to 600 bushels per acre. The price varies so widely that no reliable estimate can be made of the product, but any one knowing the usual prices in this vicinity, can readily judge whether it would prove a paying one. I know that generally market gardeners have made much larger profits from tomatoes than most farmers are forced to be content with for their usual farm crops.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

ARCTIC MOSQUITOES.

In a work recently published in London—"The Land of the North Wind; or, Travels among the Laplanders and the Samoyedes"—the author, Edward Roe, gives the following account of the Arctic mosquitoes, which almost makes us content with our own:

"The one bitter drop in our cup of joy was the monstrous but inseparable curse of Arctic summer life—the mosquito. He abounded, flourished, luxuriated, surpassed himself, out-mosquitoed himself, on the Kuloi river. We were at his mercy; our veils, gauntlets, handkerchiefs, flapper, all were a vanity and vexation. To kill was wanton, for to destroy sufficient was impossible. We had foreseen all this, and had even thought of taking, among other things, a woodpecker from home with us to protect our faces while we slept; but one woodpecker would have been a solemn mockery; we should have wanted a fresh woodpecker every five minutes. I suppose these were the historical flies sent to punish the disobedient, obstinate Egyptians; they came forth in order, and after three grievous plagues—the corruption of the waters, the multitude of frogs, and the swarms of lice—had entirely failed.

"We are becoming connoisseurs in mosquitoes; we watched them traverse our veils like figures on slides in a magic lantern. There is the yellow striped vampire mosquito, with a triple fang to his proboscis; there is the brown, hump-back or camel mosquito, with legs of gossamer, who appears to our vindictive eyes to be from two to three inches in length; finally, there is the scorpion-mosquito, very searching and business-like. We dislike him greatly, for he wastes no time. We know now that leather is a hollow delusion, and armor-plate gauntlets are alone of avail.

"Sometimes a mosquito comes and kills himself by squeezing between our finger and thumb, sometimes by flying against my flapper. There are moments, but so rare and delicious that I almost tremble to describe them, when we find a mosquito who has anchored himself by the proboscis in our gloves—and we watched the expression of baffled hatred in his countenance with which he watches the approach of the avenging finger. O the peaceful, blissful enjoyment of that moment. Sometimes we watch him, in his anxious, hurried efforts to pierce the glove—he knows that time is all he needs—standing upon his fore-legs flourishing in the air, while he bores away diligently through the thick leather in his wicked thirst for blood. Sometimes in our frenzy we ensnare a mosquito and get up and trample on his head. We ask ourselves in hours past endurance why the law of nature should be reversed, and Man, the lord of creation