PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. S. GOODRICH & SON.

SACIZATION

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1845.

PRESENTMENT BY THE GRAND JURY .- The following presentment was made by the Grand Jury of this county, at our last court. It was accompanied by a petition to The evils spoken of, demand a speedy and complete ad-

The Grand Inquest of the county of Bradford now sit ung and enquiring for the the body of said county, fee constrained to consider the great multiplicity of suits with which our Court of Quarter Sessions is crowded, a great public grievance; while the people are borne down with taxes, imposed to sustain the credit of the Commonwealth, and which are absolutely necessary to prevent the horrible dectrine of Repudiation from being sanctioned at least by practice. The great grievance of percesed taxation to pay the costs of Assault and Batteries, Tippling houses, Petit Larcenies, and other crimes of kke grades, added to the delay caused thereby to the necessary business of the courts, renders the burthen intokrable. The said Inquest therefore after due deliberation, expresses its opinion that if a law were passed authorising the trial of all suits of the character expressed, to be tried before one or more of the Justice's of the peace, and by a jury of the vicinage, the costs in all cases to be paid by the prosecution in case of failure to convict, and by the defendants, in case of conviction, the courts would be relieved from much vexation, the necessary business of the courts would proceed with share of the now burthensome taxes; besides which a and language prosecutors; and we recommend the publicaconsideration of the next Legislature of this Common-

Unanimously approved by this Inquest, Sep. 5, 1845.
CHARLES STEVENS, Foreman.

[For the Bradford Reporter.] WHEN Autumn winds disturb the dying leaves.

And every limb in concert with the breeze, They all united sang the funeral Hymn. Or fading Nature's solemn requiem. On such a day as this, I careless strayed along, Tid all unconscious, from the busy throng, I found myself reclining in the shade Of lofty trees, whereon the squirrel played; . And passing breezes took the lifeless leaves, Like snowy flakes when sable winter's freeze. As thus I lay, reclining on the grass, I raised my eyes, and saw a river pass, And hastening then upon its banks I stood, And gazed with admiration on the flood; While thus I spoke-or to myself expressed-For I by disappointment was oppressed; I'd lood like others but it was in vain. And for affection only met disdain. All other passions I had rather war. In any way that Fate may roll the car, Thin live, when mutual love is not returned For then we feed the flames whereby we're burned. I thought perhaps I stood upon the banks Where once the chieftain and his brave phalant Periared herce war against offending tribe, And taught his men to fight without a bribe: Toxi o'er the vict'ries which their sires had won And stood the field from dawn to setting sum. And how the vanquished met with tortures dire And bravely perished by the faggot's fire. And by these rivulets the Indian maid Has dressed her tresses of the raven shade, And met her lover in the rude attire Of native modesty, with all the fire Which kindles generous feelings in the heart Of virgin loge-that never doth depart. And here they met, and here the lurking fear Of absent lovers vanished, like the tear Which off is seen upon the mother's eve When true affection propagates the sigh For absent offspring, when she looks and fears, But finds them nigh, and smiling, dries her tears, And of, perhaps, they launched the light cance, With buyyant hearts they sped the waters through; And when the summer sun had sunk from sight, And modest Cynthia spread her silver light, The flighted lovers to you islesswould go, And tale the waves that rocked them to and fro. How changed the scene;—but still it flows as free; Yes ' levely over, thou art still the same As when your banks were nature's nursery. And on you hills the Indran shot the game. Oa' raced race, annihilated quite; Sweet of by pestilence, out down by fight; ित है के विश्वासिक who sought your shore ! And from a home, your boarths were drenched with gore. Ans. Incumule! can this be true !

it is flown it; and they still pursue The scattered remnants of this lonely race All in crocks a New would disgrace. No crase their vengrance, till their victim falls, Availing oct, though he for mercy calls; He lie they want, and scarrely pleased with this, They leave his body in the wilderness, I prey to wolves, while he who laid him low . hal with a demon's grasp dealt out the blow, Will sleep bepeath the column or the pile. A nation's aid for a bule while. In the be run like bloodbound on the scentin death a dog may leave a monument. On Frencia I called the can attest, "What I essent, and she can do it heat

iFor the Bradford Reporter.1 Vresze Epirone.-As Javenis preserves n digmired - temes as he (i. e. Benerole.) may suppose."

and the interty of stealing or braining false witness.

This is not Carinde the Indial

"Liberty! The true liberty of a man, you would say, fulfilling His word, mountains, and all hills, Shoots downstard, glittering through the pure serene onsists in his finding out, or being forced to find out," (as I would persuade Juvenis to find) "the right path, and to walk therein. To learn or to be taught what work he actually is able for, and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing the same! That is his true blessedness, honor, liberty, and the Legislature of this State, which we have omitted, maximum of well-being; if liberty be not that, I for one, have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; you violate his liberty, you that are wise;" (will Juvenis think of this!) "and keep him were it" in a straight waistcoat, away from precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman: his true liberty were that any wiser man, in any milder or sharper way, should lay hold of him when he is going wrong, and compel him to go a little more right. O, if thou really art my senior, Signeur, my elder, Presbyter, Priest-if thou art in very deed my wiser, may a beneficient instinct lead and impel thee to to "conquer" me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good right. I conjure thee, in the name of God, force me to do it; were it by never such brass collars, whips, and hand- O jagged streams, downward with thunder-noise! cuffs, leave me not to walk over-precipices!" That I have been called by all the news papers a "free man" will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. Oh that the newspapers had called me slave. cooward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life! Liberty requires new definitions."

Yes, indeed, for most men it does; and I can think of none more fit than that implied in those infallible words: " Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you much less delay, and the people relieved from a large free." "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." Here is a much neglected, but state of the new damages and the second seco thing : but "liberties," such as men often take, are not non of these views and that they be urged upon the so good—they are very commonly bad. Liberty is good; but liberty from what! Not from wholesome lawsnot from wise restraints upon our passions.

In a word, to put this matter in another form, your Fero's and Caligulas are slaves—our Leightons and St. Pauls' free men. Choose the good, avoid the evil-this gives liberty, and

secures from chains. BENEVOLE.

[For the Bradford Reporter.] Massas Ens.-If any of your readers have been per, plexed with an expression in my last article, viz :-Wheels are left out a year," please inform them, it should read "wheels are left out of gear." If the faults, to which I refer, were for only a year, the evil would be more tolerable than it is. C. S. A.

The Vale of Chamouny.

There was a time during the Middle Ages, when Chamouny was inhabited by monks,-The reigning lord of the country made a present of the whole valley to a convent of Benedictine Friars, in the eleventh century. Two On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc! English travelers, Messers. Pococke and Wind- The Arve and Arveiron at thy base ham, drew attention to its wonderful scenery Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form in 1742, and now it is a grand high-way of summer travel, visited annually by three or How silently! Around thee and above, four thousand people. A visit to Mont Blanc Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black; has become a pilgrimage of fashion. Fashion does some good things in her day; and it is a great thing to have the steps of men directed into this grand temple of nature, who would otherwise be dawdling the summer perhaps at immoral watering places. A man can hardly | O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee, pass through the Vale of Chamouny, before Till thou, still present to the bodily sense, the awful face of Mont Blanc, and not feel Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in that he is an immortal being. The great moun- I worshipped the Invisible alone. tain looks with an eye, and speaks with a voice that does something to wake the soul out of its

The sublime hymn by Coleridge, in the Vale Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thou before sunrise, is the concentrated expression. Yes, with my Life, and Life's own secret joy, of all the inspiring and heaven-directing influ- Till the dilating Soul, enrare, transfered ences of the scenery. The poemie as remarka- Into the mighty vision passing, -there, bly distinguished above the whole range of As in her natural firm, swelled vast to heaven! poetry in our language, for its sublimity as the mountain itself among all the great ranges of the Alps. I am determined to quote it in full, for that and the Tour of Mont Bianc ought | Mate thanks and secret ecestary! Awake, to go together; and will present along with it Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart swake! the German original of the poem in twenty. Green vales and ity cliffs, all join my hymn. lines. nearly as translated by Coloridge's ad. Thou first and chief, sole Sovereign of the Vale! miting and affectionate relative. I am not C, struggling with the darkness all night long, aware that Coleridge himself ever visited the And all night visited by troops of stars, Vale of Chamouny; and if not, then that won- Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink; derful Hymn to Mont Blane was the work of imagination solely, building on the basis of the Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn original lines in German. This was a grand Coberll, water of water and unan name and noble foundation, it is true; but the Hymn by Coleridge was a perfect transfiguration of the piece, an inspiration of it with a higher soul, and an investiture of it with garments that shine like the sun. It was the greatest! And you ye are wild torrents, hercely glad! work of the Poet's great and powerful imagination, combined with the deep worshipping From dark and for carens called you forth, sense of spiritual things in his soul.

On visiting the scene, one is apt to feel as if he could not have written it in the Vale itself; the details of the picture would have been somewhat different; and, comined by the relality, one may doubt if even Colendge's genius could have gained that lofty ideal point of observation and conception, from which he drew Here let the billows stiffen and have rest! the rast and glorious imagery that rose before him. Not because the poem is more glorious than the reality, for that is impossible; but because, in painting from the reality, the torce and sublimity of his general conceptions would have been weakened by the attempt at faithtulness in the detail, and nothing like the impression of the ærial grandeur of the scene, its despotic unity in the imagination, notwithstand. Citthe you with rainbows! Who, with fiving for

Yet there are parts of it which at sunrise or Answer! and let the ice-plans echo, Goo! Name, and as silence is said to give consent, I shallpre sunset either, the poet might have written from Gon! sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice! some that he intends to yield to the brief arguments are the very windows of his bed-room, if he had! Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! vair employed. There is however one sentence more been there in the dawn and evenings of days. And they, too have a voice, you piles of most, the communication, which I think proper to notice. of such extraordinary brilliancy and glory, as , And in their periods fell shall thunder, Goo! He says. "Young men are not so realy to give uptheir marked and filled the atmosphere, during our sejonen in that biessed region. A glorious But young men ought, at least, to compiler what lib. region it is, much nearer heaven than our comthe are worth beeping, before they refore to give up any mon world, and earrying a sensetive, rightly. Ye exples, playmates of the mountain-storm! discription of the decided and gates of heaven, towards God, whose glory is Te signs and worden of the element! His Javens daly conserved what Ebeny is, i. a such the light of herven, and of whose power and Utter forth Gen! and ill the hills with praise! majesty the mountains, ice-fields and glaciers, as a wise man would desire to have. Let me quote a whether beneath the sun, moon, or stars, are tref exposition from Thus Cartyk's Past and Present a dim, though grand and glittering symbol.— "Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind By Frederica Brea-

fruitsul trees and all cedars praise the Lord .-He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; He Thou, too, again, stopendous mountain! thou,

toucheth the hills, and they smoke." The following is the original German bymn, n what the translator denominates a very bald English translation, to be compared as a curiosity with its glorification in Coleridge. It occupies but five stanzas of four lines, and is entitled "Chamouny at Sunrise. To Klopstock." I have here put it into the metrical form of the original:

Out of the deep shade of the silent fir-grove. Trembling I survey thee, mountain-head of eternity, Dazzling (blinding) summit, from whose vast height My dimly-perceiving spirit floats into the Everlasting

Who sank the pillar deep in the lap of earth Which, for past centuries, fast props thy mass up ! Who uptowered, high in the vault of ether, Mighty and bold, thy beaming countenance

Who poured you from on high, out of eternal Winter And who bade aloud, with the Almighty Voice,

"Here shall rest the stiffening billows? Who marks out there the path for the Morning Star ! Who wreathes with blossoms the skirt of eternal Frost ! To whom, wild Arveiron, in terrible harmonies, Rolls up the sound of thy tumult of billows !

Jehovah! Jehovah! crashes in the bursting ice! Avalanche-thunders roll it in the cleft downward: Jehovah! it rustles in the bright tree-tope; It whispers murmuring in the purling silver-brooks.

This is very grand. Who, but a mighty Poet. one seeing with "the Vision and the Faculty divine."-what, but a transfusing, allconquering imagination,-would have dared the attempt to compose another poem on the same subject, or to carry this to a greater height of sublimity, by melting it down anew. so to speak, and pouring it out into a raster, more glorious mould? The more one thinks of it, the more he will see in the poem so produced, a proof most remarkable, of the spontaneous, deep-seated, easily exerted, and almost exhaustless power and originality of Coleridge's genius. Now let us peruse, "with mute thanks and secret ecstacy," his own solemn and supendous lines :-

Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny. Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blane, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and, within a few paces of the glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star In his steep course! so long he seems to pause Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines, An elon mass : methinks thou piercest it As with a wedge! But when I look again, It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, Thy habitation from Eternity!

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,

Awake my Soul! not only passive praise Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, Companion of the Morning Star at dawn. Coherald: wake, O wake, and utter praise! Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth! Who filled the countenance with rosy light! Who made thee Parent of perpetual atreams?

Who called you forth from night and otter death, Down those precipitous, black, jugged rocks, Forever shattered, and the same forever! Who gave you your invulnerable life. Four strength, your speed, your fury and your joy, Uncessing thunder and eternal foam! And who commanded (and the sience came)

Ye ice-falls ! we that from the mountain's brow, Adown enormous ravines slope amain-Torrents, methinks that beard a mighty Voice. And stopped at once, amids their maddest plunge! Mationless terrents! silent cataracts! Who emole you charlous as the Gaies of Heaven Beneath the keen full Moon! Who hade the Sur ing its variety, would have been conveyed to : Of lovebest blue, spread garlands at your feet ! Goo! let the torrents, fike a short of nations,

> Te firing fowers, that skirt the eternal front ! Te will gives sporting mond the earlie's nest!

Thou, too, bear Mount, with thy sky-pointing peal Of from whose fest, the Avalanche, unboard,

Into the depths of clouds, that veil the breast That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low In adoration, upward from thy base Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears, Solemnly seemest, like a tapory cloud. To rise before me .- Rise, O ever rise! Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth! Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills, Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to Heaven, Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent aky, And tell the stars, and tell you rising sun, Earth, with her thousand voices, praise God!

Thanks to thee, thou noble Poet, for giving this glorious voice to Alpine nature-for so be fitting and not unworthy an interpretation of nature's own voice, in words of our own mother-tongue. Thanks to God for his grace before the mount supreme of glory, where all the empyrean rings with angelic hallelujals!

The fences on this property were in a Him amidst the infinite host of flaming saraphs. The creation of such a mind as Coleridge's, is only outdone by its redemption through the blood of the Lamb. O, who can tell the rap- | fence. On the ridges, red sand rocks, from to such a mighty burst of praise to God in this world, when its powers, uplifted in eternity, and dilated with absorbing, unmingled, unutterable love, shall pour themselves forth in the Anthem of Redemption, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain !- Rer. Dr. Cheever's Wanderings.

Content.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy, No chemist art can counterfeit; It makes men rich in the greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet music's strain: Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent, That much in little : all in naught-Convent.

Parmer's Creed.

We believe in small farms, and thorough ltivation.

We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought to be manured. We believe in large crops which leaves land better than they found it, making both the far-

mer and the farm rich at once. We believe in going to the bottom of things -and, therefore, in deep ploughing, and enough of it. All the better if with a subsoil

plough. We believe that the best fertilizer of any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence-without this, lime and gypsum bone and green manure, marl and guano, will by of

We believe in good fences, good barns, good farm houses, good stock, and good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife it it, a spinning piano, a clean cupboard, a clean

We disbelieve in farmers that will not improve-in farms that grow poorer every yearfarmer's boys turning into clerks and merchants in farmer's daughters unwilling to work, and in all farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whiskey till honest men are ashamed of them.

Moreover we believe in taking a newspaper are worth at least a year's pay.

FATTENING SWINE .- The celebrated farmer. Arthur Young, said, " The best method of feed. then moved the fences, grubbed the head lands, father and mother agin, and show them he was ing all kinds of grain to hoge, is to grind it to chopped level with the ground every tree not meal, and mix it with water, in the proportion of useful for fruit, shade or ornament; collected he was dead or not, never havin heard of or five bushels of meal to an hundred gallons of water; the mess to be well stitred several heaps of briars or brush reduced them to cin- he arrived at the old house, daylight was down times a day until it has fermented and become ders, applied this as top dressing to poor spots and the lights lit, and he passed the keepin' slightly acid, when it will be ready for use .-In this way two or three vessels must be kept slacked time to every acre of arable land, and Squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight for fermentation in succession; and the profit about one half has a second dressing of the years afore, when he ordered the backlog, and will pay the expense." Change of diet makes same amount applied; have taken up, split gave him such an onmerciful whippin. fat swine. The unripe ears of corn should be and carried to convenient places for building what does Gocum do, but stops at the wood pile given them before they become shrivelled and wall, every rock in the way of farming; hav- and picks up a most hagaceous log. (for he'd mouldy. Hard corn should not be dealt to ing enclosed the lands and divided the fields grow'd to be a most a thunderin' big feller then,) swine without soaking boiling or grinding .- with substantial fencing, and planted about two and openin' the door he marches in and lays it Indian meal will be better for boiling, or at least scalding; and every kind of food, proper for ly, but not least in importance, I made during will be greatly improved by cooking.—

the last year upwards of two bundred two upwards struck up all of a heap; Your swine will fatten the faster if they can horse loads of good manure. have free access at will, to charcoal, which will give them in appetite for food and prevent them from having a certain genteel disorder, called dyspepsia.

Benevolence.

A youthful pair by virtuous love male one. Two fend hearts yoked by that sweet unseen chain That doubles every jey-divides each pain. Doth the sun look a lowfier eight upon ! Aye, let them land love's holiness as they will, Its infelt thrill to beavenly bliss elfied In the wrapt visious of poetry purified;

It is earth-born, cold, selfish, sensual still. Oh, it is in the wide benevolent field, The fimitless expanse of beart, embracing Within its undistinguishing circle all, From the insect to the fellow pilgrim, chasing Each lovely affection from the beart, we steal Of heavenly love some faint memorial.

Food for Brasts .- Of food raised on a farm. the best for fattening beasts, is parsnips, next if exposed to the influence of the atmosphere profitable. it becomes either musty or too dry; and in that state caule neither relish nor thrive on it so well.

keep them till apples are again in season.

Improvement of an Old Farm.

The following is part of a letter from a farmer in Chester county, Pa., to the editor of the Cultivator :

Seven years ago, my wife and I came into possession of about seventy acres of land. The soil naturally would rank as second quality in this part of Pennsylvania, but was much reduced in fertility, and sadly out of order, by bad farming, continued during a series of years. and the last fourteen in the hands of yearly tenants, the last of whom paid one hundred dollars a year, and frequently claimed an abatement of that. The soil generally inclines to a vellow or reddish clay, with occasional stony ridges of sandy loam, the whole based upon subsoil of impermeable red clay. In wet wea ther this soil becomes saturated with water, and during the winter and early spring, when vouchsafed to thee, so that now thou praisest and day thaws alternate with freezing nights, clover and other toprooted plants are thrown

The fences on this property were in a decayed state; not one good panel could be found but briars, elder, sassafras, cherry, noxious weeds and stones, occupied both sides of every the size of a store to a bake oven, were obstructions to farming, and in spots small stones were so numerous as to throw the plough out when in the best hands. Briers, garlie, St. Johnswort, yarrow, wild carrot, and every other noxious weed in this part of the country, abounded in the fields, and to add to the evils of this bad system of farming, the water from the public road and the adjacent higher ground ran through the doing yard, leaching the manure of its fertilizing principles, and carrying its best substance to waste in the nearest mil dam, leaving fifty or sixty loads of light straw substance to supply the exhaustion of the crop ped soil. Ten bushels of wheat, twelve of rye fifteen of corn, and one ton of rough field hay, per acre, may be set down as its produce in favorable season.

The experienced reader will believe this picture too highly colored, until I mention one encouraging feature on this farm, which alone enabled its occupant to pay any rent at all.—About eight acres formed a valley, thro' which ran a small but contant stream of water. Half a century ago artificial channels were dug as the proper level along both sides of its banks for this stream to flow in, enclosing about that quantity of ground, which could be watered at pleasure, and with due attention could be made to produce two tons or more of hay to the acre, making the most valuable kind of provender for mulch cows. On taking possession of this land, my part-

ner aforementioned and I sat down to calculate the cost of making the necessary improvement to bring this land into a profitable condition. We borrowed five hundred dollars and commenced working. We enlarged our garden to an ample size, and enclosed it with a good picket sence. I enlarged my hog pens to contain thirty or forty two-horse loads of manure had many loads of small stones hauled from the fields into the roads, and breaks made across fields, and open ditches or covered drains to and bring in a proper backlog." carry the exceess off; plowed the road down next cleared the meadow of all obstruction of a word, but instead of sward; applied thirty or forty bushels of the last year upwards of two bundred two ... Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap;

system of farming-book farming, if you choose | couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call to call it so ! Last summer, fattened six steers | him father ; and a man from the grave wouldn't on grass, (that led the previous year on straw | have surprised him more,-onfakilized, and beand corn-fodder.) and sold them to the butch- dumbed for a minute. But he came too right er in hay making ; fattened and sold forty-three off, and was iced down to a freezin' point in no sheep, one-third of them my own raising ; sold | time. one fresh cow, also my own raising; sold four : "What did you say?" sais he. hundred pounds of chickens, besides a lot of other poultry; sold seven barrels of vinegar; sir, you sent the our for. butchered four hundred and fifty pounds of and fifty pounds of pork, also my own raising. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go sold fifty bushes of potatoes, and sell about to bed." eight pounds of butter weekly the year round: coit; made the last season, though a dry one, and no mistake!" one ton and a half of clover, and two tons of clear timothy hay to the acre, and raised twenty bushels of wheat, thirty-eight bushels of legitimately under the head of science: oats, an Libiriy three bushels of com per sere, each.

In presenting this statement of improvement in exhausted land. I claim no particular merit : carrous; then come cabbages, potstoes and it has been done by application of the principeriative, burst." turnips. If a farmer has a due provision of ples again and again laid down in your valuathese plants with good hay for cutting into paper; and I doubt not that, in the hands of chaff with straw, he will not had corn and oil an experienced fatmer, greater improvements; cake profitable, unless beef promises to be would have been made. Enough, however, very high and corn and cake very cheap.— is done to justify me to present it to your rea-Straw given to stock should be constantly made ders, as proof of what may may be done to poor of his neighborhood. It would be well use of as soon after threshing as possible; for renovate the impoverished soil, and make it if this law was in force among Christains.

Jenge Nor .- The young mathematician knows that one point is insufficient to determine a straight line, much less any thing so curve APPLES .- Gather winter apples by hand in like as the character even of the most simple the middle of fair days, and by putting them and upright of mankind. If you are obliged down in well dried rand, it is said you may to judge from a single action, let it not be a as produced two or more ears taking the best surking one.

" Go forth into the Country."

From Poetical Remains of the late Mrs James Gray in the Dublin University Magazine.

Go forth into the country. From a world of care and guile; Go forth to the untainted air, And to the sunshine's open smile. It shall clear thy clouded brow-It shall loose the worldly coil That binds thy heart too closely up,

Go forth into the country, Where gladsome sights and sounds Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap With fresher, quicker bounds. They shall wake fresh life within The mind's enchanted bower; Go, student of the midnight tamp,

Thou man of care and toil !

And try their magic power! Go forth into the country, With its songs of happy birds, Its fertile vales, its grassy hills, Alive with flocks and herds. Against the power of sadness Is its magic all arrayed-Go forth, and dream no idle dreams Oh, visionary maid!

Go forth into the tountry, Where the nut's rich clusters grow, Where the strawberry nestles 'mid the furze, And the whortleberries grow. Each season bath its treasures, Like the air all free and wild-Who would keep thee from the country, Thou happy, artless child !

Go forth into the country, It hath many a solemn grove, And many an alter on its hills, Sacred to peace and love. And whilst with grateful fervor Thine eyes its glories scan, Worship the God who made it all, Oh; holy Christian man!

Coolness

"Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well, the old squire and all of his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep their temper and be as cool as cucumbers. One night, old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog, for the ire. A backlog, you know, Squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick you can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

· Well as soon as Gueom goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it and stands by ready to lift it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg. and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a'most an awful whippin.' He tanned his hide properthe road, with inlets for the water into the sod by for him you may depend. " Now, go, sir,

"Gocum was clear grit as well as the old below the barn, and filled up around the dung man, for he was a chip of the block, and no misyard, so as to turn the water off the manure; take; so out he goes without so much as sayin' wood, stone, or unsightly heaps of earth, har- walks off altogether, and staid away eight years. in paying for it, and reading it. Such hints rowed the surface with a sharp and loaded har- till be was one-anti-twenty, and his own masrow, sowed timothy seed, opened the ditches ter. Well, as soon as he was a man grown, on the sides and the middle of the meadow, and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into and spread the water evenly over its surface; his head one day he'd go home and see his old alive and kickin', for they didn't know whether the bones of animals, and ovster shells, and on from him one blessed word all that time. When room winder, he looked in, and there was old

> he couldn't believe his eyes that that great six-Now, what is the result in figures of this footer was the boy he had cow-hided, and he

> > ". That I have brought you in that backley.

"Weil, then, you've been a thundering long corn-fed beet, and one thousand nine hundred time a fetchin' it. sais he; 'that's all I can say,

" Now, that's a fact, Squire : I know the parraised one two year old and a three year old ties myself,-and that's what I do call coolness

Scientific .- The three following items come

"Bobby what is steam!" " Boiling water."

"That's right compare it." " Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; so-

A HEATHEN LAW .- Among the ancient Romans there was a law which was kept inviolably, that no man should make a public feast, except that he had before provided for all the

Five Facts .- A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty policy; and temperance the best medicine.

SEED CORN.-Select your seed corn from the field, calling fine, fair ears from such stalks of the two.