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TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, August 30, 1818.

Letter from California.

SAN JOSE, LOWER CALIFORNIA, MAY 28th, 1818.

I am now at the lowest point of Lower California, and the heat is intense. The country is a barren waste, excepting only where it can be irrigated by a sluggish stream, but water is scarce, and the soil is the most astonishing fertility. Here you will find three crops of corn in one year, and fruits and vegetables of the most excellent kinds, but rarely all different from ours. The whole sandy waste of country is covered with a large 15 angled cactus or species of prickly pear, that grows to the height of 20 to 30 feet in height, and which presents the most singular appearance—covered as every bush that grows is covered, with the most poisonous thorns, that pierce with much force and being bearded always break off in the flesh, leaving the part within to fester before it can be extracted. These trees bear a most delicious fruit, which is known here by the name of the *Petate*, and continues during four months. It is so nutritious that during the time it is ripe the lower classes—and that includes five-sixth of the people—live entirely upon it. Besides this, there are the orange, lemon, lion, citron, cocoanut, grape, guava, banana, plantain, date, fig and many others of which I do not know what to call them.

The cattle here are small and poor. The green fish in abundance. The oyster on the other side. Fish in abundance, and millions of the sardine. Will come not a great deal—with all we can live well. The greatest objection is on account of the climate. The soil is barren to be sure, and I would not give my farm for the whole of Lower California and be compelled to live here. The Pearl Fisheries are valuable, and to our government the ports at La Paz and one or two others along on the side of the Gulf would, in a commercial point of view, be invaluable. They are talking much of peace. The friends of the United States, who at the suggestion of Commodore Shubrick (through his mediation) were assured they would be annexed to the United States, and are now dreadfully alarmed because the Mexicans are now already threatening their throats for betraying the United States.

I am back to Upper California and endeavor to secure employment as soon as I am admitted. I find wherever I have been, excellent hospitality, especially among the women, who, notwithstanding their sons or husbands, were being held by our hands or the hands of our countrymen, could appreciate a maternal duty, and respect a private feeling—with these have I always had a number of a sisters kind desire to such an affection, and no sympathies were forgotten by whom I could know that I was betrayed. Even here, and it is but one month since I have assumed the command, I have found a kind, friendly disposition. These people have, known so little of our government, so little kind, from its officers, that they are, even by the commonest civilities.

They are exceedingly ignorant, and inobedient, and the little labor is absolutely necessary, and they do no more. They are naturally very graceful, rather pretty, and if they know any education, would be polite. They are very slow in their appearance, and exceedingly dirty in their houses, and every thing connected with living. The dress of the women is the Chinese covered only by a pocket of red flannel, calico, muslin de Laine, or other material. The upper part of the body being covered only by the "Raboso" which is nothing but a light thin silk shawl which is about fifteen inches wide by some five or six feet long, of various colors, and which they learn to wear over the shoulders and upper part of the body and head in the greatest variety of modes. They never wear any other dress. The bonnet, cloak or shawl, being entirely unknown to them. The shawl is down at the heels, excepting when dressed for some extraordinary occasion they never wear a stocking. The climate being very warm they come soon to tan, and you may find many women with children which are but 13 years of age.

The priests fees for marriage are very high, and the state of morals very low, many consider it entirely necessary to go through the forms of the church, but live together by mutual consent. There is a very friendly, excellent feeling always existing between relatives, and they are always very careful to use their title of relationship—and the ordinary ones not being sufficient, they introduce a great many through their systems of sponsors, such as through the God-fathers and God-mothers for children, baptisms, &c. married.

They are exceedingly proud of all kinds of distinctions, and but for the fact that the church was burned down, and the Padre taken prisoner and sent out of the country, there would be feasts days almost every day of the week.

I amuse myself in visiting all the senoritas, who, with all their ignorance and their many faults, are very interesting people, and find many ways of entertaining their visitors. They are exceedingly fond of dancing, and are never tired of it.

H. M. N.

Mr. Slingerland, member of the Federal House from New York, has introduced a bill to confine the sale of the public lands to actual settlers, in small quantities, at fifty cents for the acre. For this truly patriotic movement he has already been denounced as an Anti-renter by some of the journals controlled by money-jobbers and land-jobbers; and during the progress of the bill, he will be denounced in all the vituperative epithets of our language, as guilty of every crime in or out of the decalogue. But we cordially wish success for his bill. May it become the law of the land, and be followed by State legislation in every variety of opposition to landed monopoly. Perhaps his price of fifty cents is too low. Perhaps not. But this is a mere detail. The grand principle involved is the prevention of landed aristocracy, and the creation of landed Democracy.

Public Lands.

We have long since "taken up our testimony," as the Roundhead republican preachers used to say in Cromwell's days, against the facilities granted by Congress to landed monopolies. As labor creates all the wealth in the world, in the field, the mine, the work-shop, or on the water, we never could see any justice in allowing a capitalist in a city, who has never created a cent, but has amassed millions by exchanging the creations of others, to sit in his counting-house or bank parlor, and with a stroke of his pen, make additional millions out of the hard-labored pioneers who cut down the trees and make the land productive. Yet our Democratic Republican legislators at Washington, who prate about Democracy and equal rights and the dear people, and all that, especially when they fish for the dear people's votes from the stump, have always been ready to create landed monopolies, and to profit by them, too. In the new slave States, public lands have always been sold in large tracts, as if for the very purpose of encouraging the "peculiar institution" which cannot exist long on landed subdivision. In the new free States, lands have always been sold in large tracts to rich merchants and trading politicians, as if to condemn the great masses of real cultivators to poverty, by compelling them to pay quadruple prices to speculators.

For thousands of years Europe has passed thro' every species of disorder and misery, flowing from landed monopolies; and now, with its hundreds of landed aristocrats and its millions of landless paupers, it is stumbling on volcanoes. The Roman republic was in continual commotion through landed monopolies. The Roman Empire was in continual disorder through landed monopolies. When it was overtaken by the barbarians, the land passed from the Roman to the invading aristocracies, and continued for ages under the night of the Feudal system. That system was swept from France by the French Revolution, and has been extinguished in Prussia by reforming Governments, beginning with that of her nobility, Frederick the Great, in Austria, in Russia, in many of the German States, this Feudal monopoly of land is still maintained, with its hundreds of princes and millions of paupers. In England a portion of the Feudal system still remains, aided by the accumulating power of money, and its lands are divided between hereditary nobles and money-jobbers, and the masses of its people are landless. We might suppose that history furnished warnings enough to American legislators. But enlightened souls! They are too partial to deal with any thing but the present, and leave the past to bookworms, and the future to posterity. In history they merely see that John Bull succeeded James and Richard succeeded John. But the rise, progress, fall and consequences of institutions are quite beyond the scope of our National or State legislators. Such things are considered only by philosophers. But without going to Europe, we might suppose that warnings enough were furnished by the manner difficulties in the State of New York. There the history of landed monopoly is written in blood.

But if our legislators are ignorant of the past as a guide to the future, perhaps they can open their eyes wide enough to see the future through the present. The capitalists of Europe, trembling at its unstable condition, are turning their eyes to our Democratic country for safe investments; and as our National and State stocks are not permanent, for they will be redeemed, permanent as well as safe investments will be sought in lands. This is no new element. Years ago, European companies invested large sums in lands in several of the States, especially in New York, and still hold them under lease. The great "Holland purchase" in the interior of New York is among them, and has had, and is destined to have, no slight share in the Anti-Rent troubles. And since Texas established its independence, several German princes have purchased and colonized large tracts in that State, the germ of future Anti-Rent troubles. But now, when the great money-jobbers of Europe are losing confidence in European stability, they will transfer their millions to our country, and monopolize millions and millions of our public lands, part of which they will hold for higher prices, retaining the rest to be settled by tenants. The curse that prevents the growth of Detroit is the monopoly of land by three or four old French families, who have held their domains on lease for more than two centuries. And this too is the curse of French Lower Canada. Let Congress, if it can see anything but the next Presidency, carefully consider this element of mischief, soon to be exercised with awful power. The Legislature of New York have lately enacted a wise law, forbidding the sale of a homestead on execution. Let other States follow the example, and add the ancient Jewish law, limiting the amount of land to owners. In our cities, how few own the houses which they inhabit! In Massachusetts, how few own the farms which they cultivate! Republican Rome and Feudal Russia, with their landed monopolies, are coming, and rapidly too.—Public Ledger.

It is an extraordinary fact, that when people come to what is called high words, they generally use low language.

"Dupont's Best."

One cold morning, last February, the snow lying some ten inches deep on the ground, a circle of half frozen town's people had griddled the fire in Mr. M's bar room. They had put in requisition every newspaper in the room, and as the number, was considerable and each was anxious to get as near as possible to the source of comfort, the closely-wedged circle of chair-backs formed a sort of conlon sanitaire, since, without some one should move, all ingress to the fire would be cut off, as though it were under quarantine. And the semi-circular row of legs and feet turning inwards towards the hearth, looked like the spokes of an enormous wagon-wheel. Even the landlord was excluded, and with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M. was industriously promaning his bar room, endeavoring to look as good-natured and as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

In this state of things, Dr. Z., of our town energetically, rubbing his hands, and pronounced energetically several mono-syllabic words in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather. But in vain did he, with blue nose and lacerating look, walk round the semicircle of kind-hearted neighbors to get access to the fire: not a soul moved.

"By the laws it's cold!" at length exclaimed the doctor, by way of drawing attention to his forlorn condition.

"Hey! could did you say?" answered one, carelessly; "yes, I should think likely it is, out in the street;" and he coolly gave his chair a hitch, in the unsuccessful effort to get it a half inch nearer the fire.

Now Dr. R., though one of the best hearted men in the world, is exceedingly irritable, and while as loud of a joke as Curran was, is known as a perfect Joke-devil, capable of anything. After a moment's waiting he left the room muttering something expressive of his private opinion as to the state of civilization in that town. Crossing the street to a store, he put neatly up a bundle some four inches by two in size, in one corner of which he put about a spoonful of "Dupont's Best."

Re-entering the bar-room, he tipped the landlord a sly wink, and then, by a personal appeal, prevailed upon the most good natured man of the group to move his chair momentarily, so as to admit Z. within the circle: a movement which the rest viewed with some jealousy, by looking daggers and circles at the good natured man.

Doctor Z., however, quietly turned his back to the fire, pulling his coat-tails aside, American fashion, whistling Yankee Doodle.

At length some one chanced to remark—"Must be a good morning for rabbit hunting."

"Yes," said the doctor, catching eagerly at the very hint he had been waiting for, "yes, I should think so. I'm going my self, directly. Just bought a pound or two of first rate powder over the way here. Finest article, I've seen in town."

And coolly taking up the package, he took off a corner, as if at random and pouring into his hand about a spoonful of the apparatus, contents, threw it upon the fire.

The explosion elevated some dozen of the circle (who had not noticed what he was doing), two or three inches from their chairs, and loud remonstrances followed against the repetition of any chemical experiments of that sort, while the landlord, who had not his cue remarked.

"By George you'd had better blow a man's house up, hadn't you?"

"If you say much, I will," rejoined Z. in great apparent heat.

"I'd just as soon pitch the whole two pounds into the fire as not."

"I'd like to see you," replied M., confidently.

"Do you dare me to do it?" shouted Z.

"Yes, I do," doggedly answered the landlord.

No sooner said than done. With a muttering remark about "taking a dare from any man," Z. dashed the bundle among the blazing brands and sprang towards the door, followed by the landlord.

Heaven and earth what a scattering! No one stopped to shove back his chair—every thing turned a complete somers-et; and gathering themselves up as soon as they could disentangle arms and legs from the confused mass, everybody shot for the doors and windows without stopping and looking behind him.

One man whose pluck had been tried on ordinary occasions, vanished through the back door, jumped a five foot fence without breaking his top, and was last seen streaking it down a back street, yelling murder at the top of his voice, and once in a while looking up backward, to dodge the falling timbers.

Another long-legged individual, who is built up like a pair of tongs, made but three strides across a sixty foot tree, and headed up a lane, leaning forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, putting down his long spurs like the buckets of a steamboat wheel with his coat tails streaming behind him like the tails of a comet.

One courageous citizen, perceiving both doors and windows hopelessly wedged, scrambled behind a door and commenced praying most devoutly; but being rather more familiar with any other sort of composition than the Lord's Prayer, he was heard vociferating in tones of most energetic devotion—

"Now I lay me down to sleep, &c."

To this day, if you talk of rabbit hunting to any of those concerned, he will take off his coat in two minutes.

POSITION OF FLOWER BEDS.—It often happens that two different flower beds may be equally well managed, and flourish alike, yet one may be a mass of brilliancy, while the other exhibits little or no beauty.

There are many flowers which always face the light or sun; consequently the beds should be so placed, that the spectator in the walk or windows should look them full in the face. That is, the strongest light and the position of the spectator should always be on the same side of the bed.

Burial Place of Governor Shunk.

There is a pleasant little village called the Trappe, situated in a most delightful part of our State, about 23 miles from Philadelphia, on the main road leading to Reading. Its rural beauty, the salubrity of the air, its vicinity to the romantic Schuylkill, the intelligence of its inhabitants, all unite in making it as lovely a spot as the heart of man could desire. Not long since a question arose as to the origin of its name, and many were the strange interpretations given to its etymology, and genealogy. Some have asserted, and roundly too, that it took its name from a house of doubtful character, into which strangers were entraped, murdered and robbed. To this version some cogent arguments have been adduced, and if it were not for proof in our possession of the real origin, this one could be sustained by many facts in relation to such a house. Another version is given of an old settler being lost in the snow, and afterwards found in one of the ravines trapped by underwood, &c., &c.

As the true origin is somewhat curious, we send it to you for publication. Upwards of a hundred years ago there stood a small house at the foot of the hill, which runs back from the newman road, kept by an old man, an intimate acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, who located, or rather was in the habit of preaching there to the few inhabitants, as well as to the settlers in various parts of the State. He made this little hotel his resting place, and it is stated by old people, residents of the place, that letters were received from the old country to his address, post marked, "At the Trappe, Providence, America." This house was built upon a little rising ground, some few feet above the level of the road, leading to which were three steps; had neither sign nor signal, but was universally called the house of steps, and the Germans, perhaps Mr. Muhlenberg himself, gave it the name of the "Trepp," meaning steps. In progress of time the harsh sound of Trepp was softened down to Trappe, and by which name it has been called and known ever since. It is invariably written Trapp, and thirty years ago it had been spelled or written Trappe, one-half of the people in that section of the country would not have known its locality. Hence it is that merchants and others have fallen gradually into the custom, and we find it written even to the present day, not has the old German termination sound been heard since the days of old Parrich Muhlenberg.

There is one other curious fact connected with this place worth relating. The private seal of our worthy Governor, Francis R. Shunk, had on it the impress of three steps, with the motto, "Eich Erste Trepp," raise yourself up, and when we take into consideration that he was born at the Trappe, the true origin of its name cannot be doubted, nor will we be surprised if it has any other until

"You can't read the seal from off my head," which is here annexed in proof of our position.

Apart from the curious coincidence of the three steps being engraved upon the seal of Gov. Shunk, there is a voice in the "Eich Erste Trepp," which his high station makes almost prophetic. It may, for aught we know, be the same insignia

And probably possesses a charm which will serve as an amulet against

"The gnat of both desert and malice"

The Dew.—The dew celebrated through all times and in every tongue for its sweet influence, presents the most beautiful and striking illustration of agency on the economy of nature, and exhibits one of those wise and bountiful adaptations, by which the whole system of things, animate and inanimate, is fitted and bound together. All bodies on the surface of the earth radiate or throw out rays of heat, in straight lines—every warmer body to every colder; and the entire surface is itself continually sending rays upwards through the clear air into free space. Thus on the earth's surface all bodies strive, as it were, after an equal temperature, (an equilibrium of heat,) while the surface, as a whole, tends generally towards a cooler state. But while the sun shines, this cooling will not take place, for the earth then receives in general more heat than it gives off, and if a clear sky be shut out by a canopy of clouds, these will arrest and again throw back a portion of the heat, and prevent it from being speedily dissipated. At night then when the sun is absent, the earth will cool the most; on clear nights, also, more than when it is cloudy; and when the clouds only partially obscure the sky, those parts will become coolest which look towards the clear-est portions of the heavens—Now when the surface cools, the air in contact must cool also; and then the wild currents of the mountain side, must forsake a portion of the watery vapor it has hitherto retained. The water like the floating mists on the hills, descend in particles almost minute. These collect on every leaflet and suspend themselves from every blade of grass, in drops of "pearly dew." And mark here a beautiful adaptation. Different degrees of rapidity; and those substances which, in the air, become cool first, also attract first, and most abundantly the particles of falling dew. Thus, in the cool of a summer's evening, the grassplot is wet while the gravel walk is dry, and the thirsty peasant and every green leaf are drinking in the descending moisture, while the naked land and barren high way are still unconscious of its fall.—Professor Johnston on Agricultural Chemistry.

To EXTRACT OIL FROM BORDERS OR STONE.—Make a strong ley of pearlash, to which add as much unslacked lime as it will take up; mix it well, let it settle, and then bottle it for use. When you use it weaken it with water and scour the board or stone which should always be done quickly, or it will take out the color from the boards.

He who fears no man necessarily to disoblige others, will never be sure of doing his duty. He would unnecessarily disoblige, will often have to do without the aid of others, when he most needs it. He who inconveniences others without cause, purchases for himself a poor satisfaction; if the injury is not returned, hatred; if it is, contempt.

Miscellaneous.

PRIORITY OF THE CHINESE IN THE DISCOVERY OF NUMEROUS BRANCHES OF ART AND OF MANUFACTURE.—M. Stanislaus Julien has recently delivered several lectures on this subject before the Institute in Paris, and in his closing address makes the following singular statement:

"It is proved by authentic documents already published or of easy access, that two thousand years before Christ the Chinese had discovered the art of raising the silk worm; one thousand years before, the mariner's compass; four hundred years before, ink and writing-paper; gun-powder one century before Christ, according to the Pere Turgot; after Christ, printing with wooden type between 581 and 593; with engraved stone plates in 901; with movable type in 1011 and 1019; porcelain in the 8th century; artesian wells, the art of lighting and straming with inflammable gas, collected from the depths of the earth, and conducted to great distances, suspension bridges hung on bamboo, or iron chains, fire-engines, playing cards, A. D. 1120; paper money between 1260 and 1311. In medicine they treat successfully a great number of diseases hitherto deemed incurable in Europe. They have been able to dye and transform, by means of medicaments and a particular diet, the coloring liquid of the whole pilous system, so as to give pale and red hair a black tint which it retains throughout its growth, even to old age. M. Imbert, who is now a bishop in China, and to whom Europe is indebted for the description of the artesian wells of the Chinese, offers according to the testimony of the Abbé Voisin (one of the present directors of Foreign Missions) a living proof of this internal coloring of his hair. It is thus that the Chinese, correcting from time to time the freaks of nature, have been able to call themselves, from remote antiquity, the people with black hair. In matters of rural and agricultural economy, they obtain, by means of manuring and irrigation, and a multitude of other methods peculiar to themselves, constant and regular results, which, unless inundations or violent storms occur, to disappoint the calculations of the cultivator, suffice to nourish a population of three hundred and sixty millions.

In horticulture they can change the color of flowers while young, hasten the flowering and the fructification of trees, &c.

We may suppose that the genius of the Europeans will enable them to discover, after a long-continued course of efforts and attempts, a multitude of useful and beneficial inventions which the Chinese have discovered before them, but which he hidden in their books, and will remain there unknown, unless a liberal and enlightened government shall undertake the translation of these works, into such scientific and industrial methods, applicable to our social state and needs, are described and buried."

ORIGIN OF "THE MARSEILLAISE."—A Correspondent of the Post gives the following account of the origin of this celebrated song: The "Marseillaise Hymn," as it is erroneously called, the war song of the army of the Rhine, is the production of Rouget de Lisle, a French officer of Engineers, who was quartermaster at Strasbourg in the year 1761, when Marshal Luckner commanded the army, at that time entirely composed of young conscripts. The Marshal was to march the following morning at a certain day, and late in that evening (previous, he inquired if there were any men of a musical or poetical genius in the army who could compose a soul-inspiring song, to animate his young soldiers. Some unmentioned Captain Rouget de Lisle, who was immediately ordered into the presence of the Marshal, to receive his commands on the subject, which having been given, and a promise made by De Lisle that a song would be ready the following morning, he went to his quarters, and during the night he not only wrote the song in question, but absolutely set it to music, and next morning the army marched to its tune, and carried every thing before it with an enthusiasm only to be equalled by absolute frenzy. The song got the name of the "Marseillaise Hymn" from a body of troops once being marched from Marseilles, and entered the city of Paris playing that tune, at a time that it was little known in that capital. Captain du Lilly appears to have been a man of great poetical genius. At the French Revolution of 1829, he was living in great obscurity in a garret at Paris, and the first act of Louis Philippe, on his accession to the throne, was to direct inquiries to be made for Captain de Lisle, upon whom a tolerably handsome pension was settled during his life. He died at Paris four years since, and his manuscript poems and songs were sold, or rather were intended to have been sold, by auction. The writer of this was desirous of purchasing the original of the "Marseillaise," which was beautifully written and had but few corrections in it; but that and the whole of the manuscript were bought in by Louis Philippe, in whose possession they now are.

NEW METHOD OF CURING CLOVER HAY.—It is usual among most farmers to sprinkle salt with clover when it is packed in the mow; above a peck of fine salt to the ton is judged to be a suitable quantity. But two gentlemen stated, at a meeting of the Farmer's Club of the American Institute, in New York, recently, that they had discovered by experiment another method equally useful; that is to pack a layer of clover about a foot in thickness in a mow, and then a layer of dry rye or wheat straw, an inch or two in thickness, and so on alternately through the mow. It cures and keeps the clover in great sweetness and perfection, and the straw itself imbibes the juices and flavor of the clover to such a degree that it becomes as good a fodder as the clover, and will be eaten as heartily.—This is an idea worth the attention of farmers.

TOLERANCE.—I would never separate myself from any man upon a difference of an opinion; or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which, perhaps, in a few days, I should drink out my ell.—Sir T. Brown.

Sugar Curing of Butter.

Persons who put up butter for their own use, or for a distant market, usually salt their butter very high. This high salting necessarily detracts from its quality, injures its ready sale, and reduces its price. If we can modify this excess of salt, by using more palatable substances, of equal efficacy as preservatives, it will be an improvement.—Chemists tell us that sugar is one of these substances; and experience gives us the same information. Who is not familiar with "sugar-cured hams"? If pork can be cured with sugar, why may not butter of so preserved also? is a common sense inquiry. Experience has shown that it may. Dr. JAMES ANDERSON, the celebrated Agriculturist, whose treatise "On the Management of the Dairy particularly with respect to the making and curing of Butter," is still our highest and best authority on the subject found from some years trial of it, that the following named composition—the properties of which we believe were discovered by his amiable lady—was far preferable to salt alone; as it not only preserves the butter more effectually from all taint of rancidity, but makes it also look better and taste sweeter, richer, and more marvellous, than portions of the same butter cured with common salt.

Composition.—Take of sugar, one part; of nitre one part; add of the best Spanish great salt (or rock salt) two parts. Beat the whole into fine powder, mix them well together, and put them by for use. The Doctor continues:

"On this composition one ounce should be put to every sixteen ounces of butter; mix this salt thoroughly with the butter as soon as it has been freed from milk, and put it, without loss of time, down into the vessel prepared to receive it, pressing it so close as to leave no air holes, or any kind of cavities within it. Smooth the surface, and if you expect that it will be allowed a day or two before you can add more, cover it up, with a piece of clean linen, and above that a piece of vented parchment, or, for want of that, fine linen dipped in melted butter, that is exactly fitted to the edges of the vessel all round, so as to exclude the air; if possible without the assistance of any water brine; when more butter is to be added, the coverings are to be taken off, and the butter applied close about the former; pressing it down and smoothing it as before, and so on till the vessel be full. When it is quite full, let the two covers be spread over it with the greatest care, and let a little melted butter be poured all round the edges, so as to fill up every crevice, and effectually exclude the air. A little salt may be then strewed over the whole, and the cover be firmly fixed down to remain close shut till it be opened for use. If all this be carefully done, the butter may be kept perfectly sound in this climate for many years. How many years I cannot tell; but I have seen it two years old, and in every respect as sweet and sound as when it was only a month old.

It deserves to be remarked, that butter cured in this manner does not taste well till it has stood at least a fortnight after salted; but after that period is elapsed, it eats with a rich, marvellous taste that no other butter ever acquires; and it tastes so little of salt, that a person who has been accustomed to eat butter cured with common salt only, would not imagine it had got one fourth part of the salt that would be necessary to preserve it."

It is to be hoped some of our farmers, on reading the above will follow its commendations. The composition mentioned is, we have understood, much used in Gosben, Orange county, New York, a place famous for its superb butter. Great care should be taken to get the purest salt and sugar. That known through the country as the "ground alum" is the best salt. The sugar should be of the purest white—either the loaf or "fallen loaf." Those excellent butter makers in the Glades of the Alleghenies, would do well to make some experiments for themselves in this matter.

MENTAL FREEDOM.—After ten minutes' conversation, an intelligent blind man would be able to discover whether his colloquist were in his non-age, middle age, dotage or senile age;—for our minds, in spite of ourselves, are the most faithful of birth registers. Nay, they betray the century to which we belong as well as our individual date. Could I summon up a spirit at hazard from the darkness of the past, a dozen questions and answers would suffice to fix, or to make a close approximation towards his chronological position. Every generation has some mode of thinking different from all that preceded and all that is to follow it. It may be said that there is but one truth. Granted; but every era may repeat the question of Plato—What is truth?

He who gives utterance to what he sincerely believes, is a true man, even though his faith may be erroneous; while he who, without inquiry, professes any particular creed, because it had been established by act of parliament, and he finds conformity pleasant and profitable, is no true believer though his doctrine be irrefutable. Thank heaven! in all these changes of opinion, we still make some though slow advance towards toleration. Sentiments which we may now publish with impunity would have been visited, a century ago, with anathemas and fulmination, and honest convictions which we are now obliged to suppress, if we would avoid obloquy and persecution, may doubtless be promulgated, a century hence, without exciting a single animadversion. Sincere inquires may displease men but they are little likely to offend heaven for in searching for truth we must always be approaching the Deity, who is the fountain of all truth.

If men knew what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous poor man, how sound he sleeps, how quiet his rest, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his position, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart; they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions and violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the heart of the ambitious.