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TOWANDA:

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ORIGIN OF TOWANDA.

The following was written from an Indian tradition which I had many years ago, from a gentleman who died a few years since, at a very advanced age; having resided on the banks of the Towanda, for more than sixty years. In the early part of his life was well acquainted with the Indians, could speak and understand their language. He often repeated to me the word Towanda with a strong emphasis on the last syllable, at the same time imitating a low moan, which he said the Indians often did in speaking the word Towanda.

Messina, Pa. E. MASON.
Towanda, both noble and ancient by name, Thus sprang from a red man, entitled to fame, A Chief of his tribe, with a most lively mien Once liv'd on the banks of that lovely stream, Accustomed to govern, so mild was his sway His subjects were happy and lov'd to obey. His guests in his wig-wam, his venison shared; And when they were weary, the bear-skin prepared. As other tribes wander'd in sight of the plain, He had the misfortune to limp in his walk. And thus in the language the Indians possess'd, Towanda most clearly this limping express'd. This word often spoken when tir'd of the chase, We'll back to Towanda, our Chief to embrace. As other tribes wander'd in sight of the plain, There lives the Towanda, would often exclaim. This name was familiar to each neighboring tribe, And thus the same name to the creek was apply'd.

Since red men have wander'd, and left us alone, Those mountains and valleys to claim as our own, Forget not the Indian, the cause of the name—His virtues enroll on the records of fame, 'Tis by choice the red men the forests do roam, As civilization a more darling home. Then away with your pride, away with disdain, Remember the fountain from whence we claim. While we in our mansions so cheerfully dwell, Then let not the former our virtues excel, As long as Towanda continues to flow, May each on its borders its bounty bestow. On all that are needy, as did the red Chief, That no one may hunger for the want of relief, Thus prove ourselves worthy so noble a name, And civilization still raise it in fame.

THE AGATE.

It was nearly midnight when the Marquis and his faithful servant Guerdan entered the subterranean passage which they had just discovered; and the heat of the day had been overpowering, and the humid vapor of the place formed a striking contrast with the temperature without. The torch which lighted their way permitted them to examine it. It was a species of long and narrow conduit, the vault of which was slightly elevated and the soil uneven; it led in a direct line to the neighboring villa, occupied by M. de Bapaume. The water dripped from between the stones, brambles grew here and there, and their vigorous growth bore witness to the fertility of a soil which its inhabitants leave at the present day without culture, and which formerly nourished the masters of the world. The Marquis' sole fear was that he would find the door closed by the he who had betrayed the betrayer of his wife. They soon reached it and his fears were well founded; this door was in truth, closed, but the wood of which it was made was so old and worm-eaten, that at the first effort of the Marquis it yielded noiselessly, and fell from its rusted hinges. He now found himself in the vestibule of the house, and opposite the very matting on which, a few hours before, he had seen Catanea asleep; a fact which convinced him that the woman was the confidant of the Chevalier's secrets, and that she usually watched in the vestibule to guard against all indiscreet and prying visitors. Followed by Guerdan, the Marquis ascended at once to Bapaume's sleeping apartment. The latter had not entered it this evening probably for the bed was undisturbed. "Master," said Guerdan, "the Chevalier must be in the court."

At Messina, the inhabitants whose houses are not provided with inner courts, sleep, in the summer, upon terraces, while in the villas around the city they prefer, and with reason, to pass the night in the courts, where the murmuring and coolness of the water invite them to repose. M. de Bapaume followed the usage adopted in Sicily.

"Ah! he is in the court! So much the better!" said the Marquis.

And he bent his steps towards the spot where accident had revealed to him the crime which he was about to punish.

Remain at the door, Guerdan, and watch Catanea surprise us; if she should chance to appear, keep her away, and above all, see that she does not utter a cry."

The Chevalier was lying upon a divan near the fountain. Above his head, suspended from a wooden frame, a curtain of purple stuff fell to the foot of the divan, thus preventing the dampness from reaching M. de Bapaume, who was sunk in profound slumber. The moon was high in the heavens, lighting up the handsome face of the young Chevalier; its beams seemed to repose upon his lips, which were parted with a smile. The Marquis seated himself upon the edge of the divan, and gazed for some time at this man, whom he had so warmly loved, and for whom but yesterday, he would have given his fortune and his life; the Chevalier made a movement, and murmured a name, at which the injured husband started as if bitten by a viper. The latter then touched him gently with his hand. The Chevalier awoke calm as an infant, and said, without the slightest emotion—

"Ah, is it you, Marquis—what brings you here so late?"

"Charles," replied M. de Fosselet, "what evil have I done you during my whole life? what injury? when has my friendship ever failed you? If you do not already possess half my fortune, is it not because you have refused it? Your daughter, Augustine, is she not mine? Have I not solemnly promised that if heaven gave me no children she should be my only heiress, and that, in any case, I would endow her richly? Did I not come here for your sake? Have I not been your guest? Have I not placed my wife in your arms, as I would have

placed her in the arms of a brother? Well, then, look at this agate, this ring, that my faithless wife has given you, after you have both betrayed me—Look at these letters, in which she boasts that she loves and my credulity, in which she boasts that she has never felt affection for me, and that she has given you a first love—a true and undivided love to you, and you alone."

The Chevalier would have risen, but the hand of the Marquis held him motionless upon his couch; he tried to extricate himself from his grasp; he opened his lips to call for aid; but the Marquis dropped the ring which he held in his right hand, grasped his poignard, and plunged it to the hilt in the bosom of the unhappy Chevalier, whose blood spouted forth in large jets and mingled with the water of the fountain. M. de Bapaume had been struck by a sure hand: he fell back upon his divan, and expired without uttering a word.

"Guerdan," said the Marquis, "approach; it is finished; I am avenged; a moment later, and my strength would have failed me."

He collected the blood-stained letters, which were strewn upon the couch of his unhappy victim, and directed Guerdan to go and fetch a spade. Guerdan obeyed; they raised some of the marble slabs with which the court was paved, dug up the light and friable earth beneath them, and deposited the body of the Chevalier in the pit; then they replaced the stones; and washed in the water of the fountain, the bloody clothes which Guerdan afterwards cast into a drain, the grating of which opened upon the court.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" cried the Marquis, "my agate! I have lost my agate, Guerdan!"

The domestic observed to his master, that the agate had probably been covered by the loose earth which they had just removed, and that it was, doubtless, buried in the tomb of the Chevalier.

"May it ever remain there, accursed talisman of shame and woe!" said the Marquis. "Now, Guerdan, I must take away Augustine. How shall we contrive to convey the child to my house, and to elude the vigilance of Catanea?"

"The Sicilian, probably, is not with the child," replied Guerdan. "We are not in a country where young women know not how to profit by the night, to repair to an amorous rendezvous."

They ascended to the chamber occupied by Augustine. Catanea was indeed absent; the Marquis gently wrapped the child in the bed-clothes and raised her in his arms. The murderer and his accomplice then retook the secret path which had led them to their victim; and reached the villa where Augustine was laid upon a couch, still in a deep sleep.

"Hasten now to Messina," said the Marquis to Guerdan, "and hire a vessel, that we may leave Sicily before break of day."

When he was left alone, the Marquis asked himself what he had yet to do; he still held in his hand the bloody poignard, and one of the two culprits yet remained to be punished; but a scene of murder calms anger and blunts hatred. When one has dipped his hand in the blood of a friend, he has no longer strength to soil it anew with the blood of a woman; the Marquis resolved to leave Messina with his god daughter, and to abandon his wife to her remorse, and to the chances of fortune. The only witness of his crime was his accomplice, and whatever suspicions the Marchioness might entertain, he was not probable that she would ever accuse him. Besides, after a deed like that committed by the Marquis, something must necessarily be left to chance; he had resolved, therefore, to leave his wife without seeing her, when a chambermaid entered the apartment bathed in tears.

"Madame is dying," she cried, "and before breathing her last sigh, she wished to see you once more."

Agathe, the Marchioness de Fosselet, was, in truth, at the point of death.

"You know all," she said to her injured husband, "and already you are half avenged—in a few moments you will be so entirely. The fatal passion to which M. de Bapaume and myself have yielded, could terminate but in three ways: flight—this course has been out of our power; your death—unstable as we were this partial thought never entered our minds; or, indeed, that which happened to day; for we have never believed that our guilt could long remain secret. Adieu, sir!—In whatever manner you have discovered my guilt, I die without regret, since I am relieved from the torment of deceiving you."

With these words, the Marchioness sank back upon her bed, and expired without pain—she had taken poison! But how had she been made acquainted with an event which had occurred almost at that very moment! This the Marquis was unable to discover; he questioned the chambermaid, who slept in an adjoining cabinet; the girl said that a slight noise had awakened her, and that as she hastened into the Marchioness' chamber, she saw a dark shadow leaving it. It was some moments after this that Madame de Fosselet had sent for her husband. The only way that the Marquis could explain the matter was, that this dark shadow was no one else than Catanea. It was necessary, therefore, that she should quit Messina on the instant—Guerdan's return put an end to his anxiety, for he brought word that a vessel was about to raise anchor and set sail for Genoa. The harbor was only about a half a league distant. M. de Fosselet took Augustine in his arms, and the vessel which favored his escape had left the port, had even lost sight of the historic shores of Messina, before the young girl had unclasped her eyes.

From Genoa it was easy for the Marquis to re-enter France, and once in Provence, where he landed, he found no difficulty in reaching Paris. A child of five years is easily deceived, but it is necessary to deceive her skilfully, for at this age her remembrances are enduring. M. de Fosselet studied to compose a simple and natural fable, which might explain to Augustine his sudden departure from Sicily, the disappearance of her father, and the Marchioness. The orphan asked after Catanea, and often regretted that engraved stone, that

agate, which she possessed but for a moment. To banish her remembrances, M. de Fosselet confided her to a respectable dame who was entrusted with the care of several children, and afterwards placed her in one of the best boarding schools in Paris. Nothing was spared that could embellish the life of this child; Augustine had the best masters, the most enlarged apparel; the Marquis lavished gold upon his god-daughter's education, while he himself lived in obscurity, not in the Marais, a quarter which he no longer ventured to visit, but in a little house in the Faubourg du Roule.

In the meanwhile government had succeeded government, the Directory had given place to the Consulate, the Consulate to the Empire. It was towards the close of the year 1806—Augustine was sixteen. She had become a beautiful and fascinating maiden; her youth fulfilled all the promises of her childhood. Tall, well formed, with regular and intelligent features, she charmed every glance, and formed the sole joy and pride of her god-father. The latter now left his obscure dwelling, hired a superb hotel, furnished it magnificently, and gave festival after festival for the maiden whom he loved even more than if she had been his own child. When the chances of conversation led them to speak of Sicily, he was very careful not to deny his residence in that country; he spoke briefly of it, as a place fatal to his happiness, where he had lost a wife whom he loved, and his best friend, the Chevalier Charles de Bapaume, the father of his god-daughter; he acknowledged that he was rich; although young, he declared that he forever renounced marriage; and asserted openly that, with the exception of a legacy to his faithful servant Guerdan, he intended to leave all his wealth to Mademoiselle Augustine de Bapaume. Sailors presented themselves in abundance; a beautiful girl and a rich dowry, are two things which were as attractive under the Empire as they are at the present day—M. de Fosselet wished to give his god-daughter in marriage to a man who loved her, and, above all, to one whom she loved also; this condition was indispensable.

"I wish," he said, "to give her all the happiness that is in my power." "Women," he added, "are more constant than men; a genuine passion suffices their life. Augustine will be subjected to many tests in the world; I would neither have her swerve from her duty, nor curse the hour of her marriage."

He refused some very advantageous offers, merely because he perceived, as he thought, that they flattered the maiden's pride, rather than satisfied her heart. At last, a young man presented himself, handsome, well made, intelligent, who had the good fortune to interest Augustine. He was accepted. Then commenced the preparations for a magnificent wedding present. Mademoiselle de Bapaume rode out every day, in M. de Fosselet's carriage to visit the shops. In the evening her intended spouse came to discourse of happy dreams of the future with the chosen of his heart. The rich god-father listened with a smile, and then spoke of his own joys.

"When you are married, fear Augustine," he said, "for when your happiness is rendered as secure as happiness can be rendered to this world, I shall enter the army."

"How! the army, my god-father?"

"Yes; I am still young, I am scarcely forty-five; I am strong, vigorous; I wish to serve my country, to enter the army of our great Emperor, and distinguish myself, if I can, by some glorious deeds."

"You would leave us?" said Augustine, with tears in her eyes.

"If I fall upon the field of honor, where so many brave soldiers have expired, you will remember your old friend; if I return wounded, mutilated, I shall have the cross, and you will welcome with respect the disabled soldier."

Thus this man who, in his youth, busied himself only with his personal passion now sought to shed honor upon his life, by rendering it useful to his country. It was a thought prompted by a wish to expiate his past crime.

One day Augustine crossed the Place du Carrousel to repair to the Rue du Bac, to the house of Madame Bertin, when her carriage was stopped near the gate of the Tuilleries by a crowd of equipages; a poor woman, who was seated upon the curb stone, thrust her hand into the door of the carriage, the window of which was lowered. The dark eyes of the medicant were fastened, for a moment, upon the fair face of the young girl, and, at the same moment, a double cry escaped these two persons, between whom it seemed impossible that there could be any relation.

"Augustine! Augustine carissima!"

"Catanea! Catanea! Coachman, stop! Jean, Jean, descend! open the door! let this woman enter!"

In a moment the door was opened, the mendicant seated upon the silken cushions of the carriage and the coachman directed to drive slowly along the main avenue of the Champs Elyses, that Mademoiselle de Bapaume might converse freely with the singular personage whom she had just encountered. One of the most remarkable traits of the people of the south, is that nothing diverts them from their passions, neither time nor outward circumstances; they march straight to their aim, and when it is once attained, they burst out, as if the spark which had been smouldering in their bosoms were kindled there but that very moment—Catanea clasped Augustine in her arms, as she did eleven years before, in the villa of the Chevalier de Bapaume.

"At last I have found thee, my dear child!" said the Sicilian. "They haven't killed thee, then as they killed thy father, the handsome Frenchman! Alas, thou art beautiful, like him! May God and Saint Rosalie preserve thee! It was his beauty that destroyed him!"

"His beauty!" replied Augustine, with tears in her eyes recalled by the sight of Catanea to a confused remembrance of her father—"his beauty!"

M. de Fosselet had recounted the death of the Chevalier de Bapaume as brought about by circumstances which the beauty of the noble emigrant had had no concern.

"And where do you live now, my child?" how did you escape the assassin! who has adopted and enriched you?"

The Sicilian comprehended perfectly the vengeance which the Marquis had executed against him who had beguiled his wife, but with the savage and vindictive manners of her country, she took it for granted that the hatred of the injured husband had embraced the entire family of the offender, and supposed that M. de Fosselet must have avenged himself upon the child as well as upon the father.

"Who has adopted me?" said Augustine; "who has made me rich and happy? Why, it is the friend of my father; it is a man who loves me more than my father would love me, perhaps; it is M. de Fosselet."

On hearing this name Catanea uttered a piercing cry, and cast herself back in the carriage.

"M. de Fosselet!" she cried, "your father's assassin! he whom I saw plunge his poignard into the bosom of the unhappy Chevalier!"

"What say you, Catanea, what say you? M. de Fosselet, the friend of M. de Bapaume, his companion, he who has devoted his entire life to educate and enrich me?"

The Sicilian then related the love of the Chevalier and the Marchioness, of which she had been the confidant and go-between; she described the scene of the murder, with which the reader is already acquainted; she had seen it all; it was she who, when the crime had been perpetrated, had hastened to the Marchioness to warn her that all was discovered, and to give her the poison which put an end to her existence. When she had returned the villa of M. de Bapaume, she had looked in vain for Augustine, and was not a little reassured as to her fate, on learning that the Marquis and his domestic had left Messina in a Genoese vessel, taking with them a young child.

"From that moment," continued the Sicilian, gazing steadfastly at Augustine, "I have been seeking for you, and God knows how many lands I have traversed! I wished to learn if the assassin after having murdered the father, had made way with the daughter also; had this been so, all was at an end; if, on the contrary, you still lived, if heaven had snatched you from the Marquis's fury, or had softened his heart, then I wished to see you to tell you the truth, to point out the man whom you should strike to avenge your father's death! How good is God!" she added; "how great is Saint Rosalie! I find you by a miracle to-day, and crime will be punished!"

She had opened the rags which covered her bosom, and drew out a ribbon of threadbare velvet, to which was suspended a bag of scarlet cloth; this bag contained the Marquis's engraved agate, still stained with the Chevalier's blood. Catanea placed it in Augustine's hands.

"It is your father's blood," she said to her; "he wore this jewel, doubtless, about his neck; when he was struck; I found it in the grass which grows around the fountain."

"The fountain?" cried Augustine, "this agate?"

"Yes, this agate," continued the Sicilian, "which was a gift from the Marchioness to the Chevalier. But one thing I have never been able to learn; I have never been able to learn the way in which the Marquis succeeded in discovering an intrigue conducted with so much mystery."

"Oh, my God! it was I!" said Augustine, "it was I who told him all!"

And, past events returning to her memory, she related to Catanea the story of the key found on the stairs, of the agate lost in the fountain, and of the sudden appearance of the Marquis in the court of the villa.

"Coachman, to the hotel!" she cried, a moment after.

They returned to the hotel in silence; the young girl, with her head concealed in her hands, seemed sunk in a profound reverie.

"Where is M. de Fosselet?" asked Mademoiselle de Bapaume of the domestic who was waiting in the ante chamber.

"The Marquis is in the saloon, Mademoiselle." Augustine, dragging the Sicilian with her, rushed, rather than entered, into the saloon. M. de Fosselet was alone, standing near the chimney.

"Here is your ring, sir," said Mademoiselle de Bapaume to her god-father, reaching him the agate; "look at the blood with which it is stained—you know whose blood, and who spilled it. Do you remember Catanea?"

It seemed that M. de Fosselet had long since formed his resolution, in case of such a discovery. The only thing that he had to fear was that which had happened; he bowed to the maiden and said—

"It is well, Mademoiselle de Bapaume!" Without adding a word, he entered his cabinet, and a moment after the report of a pistol announced the fatal resolve which the murderer of the Chevalier had put into execution, not doubtless, from remorse for his past crime, but because he could not endure the thought of being hated by the young girl whom he so tenderly loved. M. de Fosselet had made a will which constituted Mademoiselle de Bapaume his sole heiress. The latter broke off the marriage which she was about to conclude, returned to Messina, where she took the veil, and gave all her wealth to the convent of Saint Rosalie. The agate, the possession of which had been so fatal to three persons, forms, at the present day, a part of the treasures of the convent.

The glory of a good man is the testimony of a good Conscience: have that, and thou wilt have in ward peace in the midst of troubles.

What one is in his youth, he is apt to be in his mature years, in his old age, on his deathbed, and forever.

Slender is often owing to the want of mental culture, and hardly anything produces greater misery where it extensively prevails.

Work for November.

ACCUMULATION OF MANURE.—Among all the labors of the farm, this should stand first; for say what we may to the contrary, no farmer can cultivate his farm to profit, who is negligent in supplying his corn, root, and truck crops, generally, with manure. Let us cultivate such crops as we may, devote to them as much labor as we may, unless we find them with a liberal measure, their products will be meagre and unrequiring; so also will be the crops that are to follow them in successive rotations, as the ground-work of their feed is generally laid in the preparation of the ground for corn and other hoe crops. As to the sources whence the materials are to be drawn to make manure, we have so often specified them, that it is almost useless to repeat them here, and we will only speak of them in general terms—*poet, marsh mud, scrapings of the lanes, roads and yards, mould and lea from the woods, the mould from head-lanes, fence corners and fence-sides, weeds and grass from the marshes and elsewhere, corn-stalks, offal of every kind susceptible of being rotted*—each and all of these form materials for making compost, and if gathered and formed into heaps to decompose, will make excellent manure by next spring. The best disposition that could be made of them, would be to spread them over your cow yards and hog pens. Placed there through the fall and winter, they would, by spring time form a body of the most enriching manure, and be worth, pound for pound, fully as much, if not more than so much stable manure. Perhaps there are farmers who, after reading this, will say, we have no time for such employment—no hands to be thus employed! To such we would say, that your interest would be very sensibly promoted by appropriating two hands and a team for six weeks in such work—then the force thus employed, during the period named, would enable you to make three bushels of corn for every one you will make if you neglect our advice. To cultivate corn without manure, is killing to man and beast, while it actually robs the farmer's pocket, finally drives him to sell his homestead and go among strangers, to encounter, in his age, the hardships of a frontier life. No farmer ought to consider that he has fulfilled his duty, who does not, in the course of the year, make five double-horse loads of manure for every cleared acre of land on his place—that will give him 20 loads to the acre for his corn, besides a supply for his potatoes, turnips, and truck, generally.

LIME.—If your land has been long in culture without having been limed, you may conclude that it requires a dose of lime. If it be very poor, 15, 20, or 25 bushels to the acre will be enough for a first application. Indeed, ten bushels to the acre will be of essential benefit. If you design the field for spring culture, the lime should be spread as soon as you can conveniently spare the time to do so.

If you have a fall, you may spread on such land as we have described, about 75 bushels to the acre. **COMPOST FOR LIGHT SANDY LAND.**—Ten double carts loads of clay and ten of barnyard manure, will do more permanent good than 20 loads of manure, without the clay.—The clay and manure should be shovelled well over so as to incorporate the one with the other.

CORN FOR MILK COWS.—As these contain a very scanty portion of nutritive matter besides other substances of value, you should grind them into cobmeal for your milk cows. To increase their value, add to every peck of cobs a quart of meal or half gallon of bran to each measure of cobs, which should be either boiled or steamed into slop for your cows.—The proportions we herein named, with the addition of cut hay or straw, say a half bushel at each meal, will not only keep a cow in good condition, but if she be in milk will increase its quantity. A cow, besides these slop messes, should be night and morning served with long food, as hay, fodder, or straw in suitable quantities, say 1 lb. at each meal. If such course of treatment were to be observed towards these generous creatures there would be less falling off in their milking properties through the winter. As to *faul* in short milking, we have never laid it to the cow, but to the neglect of her owner, for we have ever laid it down as a self-evident proposition, that he who expects a cow to give any considerable quantity of milk in winter, must provide her generously with succulent food, as no cow can secrete milk unless she receive such materials as will enable her to form the delicious fluid which so delights the human palate and contributes so largely to human sustenance.

CORN FOR MILK COWS.—These, if cut and mixed with cow slops, will be found an excellent food in winter, and should be preserved for such purpose.

CORN STRAW.—These when cut into inch pieces and mixed with meal or bran, and boiled or steamed, make not only a strong, but excellent food for milk cows. They should, therefore, be early cut, hauled in, and preserved from the weather. A ton of stalks thus fed will be found equally as good as a ton of ordinary hay.

ROOTS OF ALL KINDS.—If these are not already stored away, they should be taken up before being injured by the frost, and put away beyond the reach of that element. As few cellars keep roots well, it may, perhaps, be best to bury them in the open air, in piles of, say 50 bushels each. The spot selected should be a dry one—and should be strewn between each layer, and when raised a few feet high, say four, the pile should be covered with earth from nine to ten inches thick, in a cone-like form, so as to cast off the water. Around each pile of roots, drains should be formed, so as to prevent the water from settling around them.

MILK COWS.—As we have already treated of these animals, in connection with corn cobs, we will content ourselves with a general remark or two. Milk cows should be moderately warmly housed, and bedded, be regularly supplied with good succulent food three a day, receive fresh water as often, be carried daily, and salted at least twice a week. A mixture of equal parts of lime, finely sif-

ted ashes and salt will answer a better purpose than salt alone,—and, as it is cheaper, should be preferred.—As the pastures have doubtless become scant, the cows should be fed twice a day, high and morning, with such quantities of hay as will make up for the deficiency of the pastures, it being very important that they be carried into their winter quarters in good condition. All that we have said in connection with cows giving milk, will hold good with regard to itself cows and heifers.

YOUNG STOCK OF ALL KINDS.—These should be housed under good warm sheds open to the south or east, and if bedded so much the better—they should receive three feeds of good hay or fodder and a small one of grain, a day—have access to a yard, be watered before each meal, and salted twice a week. The yarrow or a whip of straw, if daily applied would add much cleanliness, health and comfort.

WORKING HORSES, MULES AND OXEN.—These animals, as they contribute so largely towards the comforts and pleasures of the homestead, should receive kind treatment from their masters. They should be provided with comfortable stabling, well bedded stalls, be carried and rubbed down at least twice a day—have proper allowances of hay and grain, morning, noon, and night, be watered just before each meal, and have each an ounce of salt three times a week, or an equal quantity of a mixture of salt, finely sifted hickoryshakes and lime—oyster shell lime best.

It sometimes happens that working horses and mules have difficulty in urinating. When this occurs, if 2ozs. of dried yarrow be mixed in their feed two or three times in succession, a cure will generally be effected. Should the yarrow not, however, effect a cure, give the animal a bolus composed of 1 oz. of castile soap and 2 drachms of saltpetre, two mornings in succession, fasting.

As a matter of economy, all grain fed to horses and other stock, should be chopp'd—it goes faster by 25 per cent.—is more acceptable to the animals, induces them to take on fat better, is more conducive to the preservation of health.

SHEEP.—No one should undertake to keep a flock of sheep who does not provide them with good bedding for their winter quarters—straw for bedding, 2lbs. good hay, each, per day, or its equivalent in other food. The sheep should be allowed the use of a yard, be watered thrice a day, and have recourse to salt daily—pine boughs should be provided for them to browse upon weekly—in the absence of these mix it with their stall.

FATTENING HOGS.—When the mast and nuts of your woods shall have been consumed, pen up your hogs to fatten; provide them good dry warm apartments in the pen to sleep in, separate from the part you feed them in. When you first take them up, give each hog a tea spoonful of flour of sulphur in a mess of meal, daily, for a week. If you design to commence feeding with pumpkins, apples or roots, let them be cooked—they go faster and are better for the hogs. Thrice a day give them fresh water, and once a week give them soap suds during the first three weeks of their being penned up. Each pen should be provided with a rubbing post. Rotten wood, charcoal and ashes should be generally in the pen in a trough where the hogs could eat of it at pleasure.

While you are engaged in fattening your hogs do not omit to furnish them with plenty of mould, leaves and weeds to work up into manure for you, for of a truth, they are among the best of the manufactures of that article known. Twenty well sized hogs would collect half that number of loads of earth or mould into good fertilizing manure every ten days and in that time mix it up more accurately than the best hand on your farm, and especially well would they perform that service, if you were to strew grains of corn over the surface daily to induce them to use their snouts.

As true economy consists in attending to small as well as large matters, no prudent farmer should omit to attend to these hints, and the best and surest way to ensure their being attended to, is to personally see that they are done, as the master's presence is a great stimulator of fidelity.

PICKING AND PRESERVING APPLES.—Pick your apples by hand. When gathered deposit them in an airy room to sweat. When they have gone through this process, wipe them with cloth, carefully pack them away in barrels, head them up, and place them in a dry cellar.

DRAINING AND DITCHING.—If you have any marshy or wet grounds that you wish to render fit for tillage, you should improve the present moment to make your ditches and drains.

CIDER-MAKING.—Get through with your cider-making as speedily as possible, as the apples yield more juice now than they will a few weeks hence, and consequently will make more cider. See that your casks and barrels are thoroughly washed, and fumigated with a cloth dipped in melted brimstone.

APPLE BUTTER MAKING.—As apple butter is a very agreeable sauce for the table, as well as an article of sale, attend to having a supply made for both purposes. Small as the income from its sales may be, it will still be worth attending to; for, as the world is the aggregation of small particles, so are fortunes to be realized only by those who attend to little as well as large sources of wealth.

THRASHING OUT GRAIN.—Having first had your granary thoroughly cleaned out, by being scoured with hot ley, and dried and aired, go to work and have all your grain thrashed out and stored away. At a period like this, when prices are up one week and down the next, every farmer should consider it to be his duty, to place himself in a position to avail himself of every rise in the price of his great staple product.

FALL PLOUGHING.—As stiff clays are improved by being exposed to the action of frost, all such lands should have the advantage of fall and winter ploughing but they never should be ploughed while in a wet state. The furrow-slice should be lapped.

The Tallest Trees are Weakest in their tops, and envy always aims at the highest.