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TOWANDA:

Wednesdan Morning, December 6, 1818.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

BT MARY A. LAWSON.

Llove these gray and most grown walls, This ivied porch, this trelliced vine, The lattice with its narrow pane, A relic of the olden time;
The willow with its waving leaves,
Through which the low winds murmuring glide, The gurgling ripple of the stream, That whispers softly at its side.

The spring-house in its shady nook, Like lady's bower shadowed o'er With clustering trees and creeping plants, That cling around the rustic door— The rough hewn steps, that lend their aid To reach the shady, cool recess, Where humble-duty spreads a scene That hourly comfort learns to bless.

Upland and meadows lie around,
Fair smiling in the sun's last beam; Beneath you solitary tree
The lazy cattle idly dream. After the reaper's stroke desends, While faintly on the-listening ear The teamster's careless whistle floats, Or distant song or call I hear.

And learning on a broken stile. With woods behind and fields before, I watch the bee who homeward wends With-laden wing-his labors o'er; The happy birds are warbling round Or nestle in the rustling trees,
'Mid which the blue sky glimmers down, When parted by the passing breeze.

And slowly winding up the road, The wain has reached the old barn floor Where plenty's hand has firmly heaped The golden grain in richest store. This, 'mid the dream-land of my thoughts, With smilling lip, I own is real Yet fancy's fairest visions blend With all I see and all I feel.

Then tell me not of worldly pride And wild ambition's hopes of fame, Or brilliant halls of wealth and pride, Where genius sighs to win a name; Give me this farm-house quaint and old, These fields of grain, the birds and flowers, With calm contentment peace and health, And memories of my earlier hours.

(From the Philadelphia Enquirer.) THE INDIAN LOVERS: A Legend of Niagara.

To the country—to the country with me, dear realer. Out into the grev old woods, where twilight sleeps forever on beds of golden mose, shaded the tall trees, whose limbs are love-laced with ive! Out under the wild green arches where the surgisht creeps through the tangled vines, mournfully subdued as if afraid of its own brightness; where all around and above, nothing meets the eve but an ocean of clustering leaves, rising billow upon billow, up to the very skies. Here let must have lived beneath its sheltering arms before the white man broke in upon its solitude, and desecrated a beautiful place reared by the Almighty! Away up amongst the cliffs that form a boundary between the States and Canada, in the centre of a wilderness, whose tall trees fling their shadows over the wild, huge rocks, like a death pall over the tomb of the past, the silver bosom of the lake beams out in all its purity, as if some bewildered fairy had been 'lured into the forest, and lulled to eternal slumber by the voluptuous breath of the wild thyme and honeysuckle! All around her bed, a chain of weeping willows bend their long branches to kiss her bosom, and ever as some stray zephyr hits them from their sweet resting place, tears glisten within their folding leaves-a tribute perhaps to the young, impassioned hearts who lived and loved, and withered, beneath their shadows.

Let us follow this worn path leading down the slope, round the velvet border of the lake and ou! through yonder vista that opens, like an arching door leading from the portals of the forest. Hark! Do you not already hear the awful voice of Niagara come crashing down the huge rocks, like some fearful monster of the antediluvian world, struggling in his agony for freedom? See how he writhes and foams in his giant strength, and tosses the white spray, till it hangs like wreaths of snowy flowers up in the very skies! There is a legend about this wild, magnificent spot, that come back upon my memory, linked with all the dreaminess and deep and holy, that it beamed the first star u on the midnight of an uncultivated heart-not the less wild, intense, and fearful in its despair, that that heart had learned its capability of happiness and endurance in the great free school of nature.-Down upon the very verge of the lake, where the wild flowers were the thickest, once rose the princely lodge of Palamate, the great warrior of the Wampanogs. Long lines of lesser tents were ranged around, some lost in the dense foilage, and only recognizable by smoke struggling through the branches, others looking out upon the waters of the cataract that came tumbling down the rocks in full view of the encampment,

It was an hour of strange, wild beauty, (so ran the legend) The setting sun poured out its parting gifts most lavishly, and the tall trees waved to and fro in the rich light, like emerald islands drifting in a sea of gold. Wild, fantastic creatures dark eyed maidens flinging aside thei: basket stuffs sought the lake side to make toilet by its mirror, and with woman's pardonable vanity, admire for a moment, the laughing faces that shone upon its surface.

It was the bridal night of their beautiful princess Natameeta, who had been proffered by her father to the Narraganset King as a peace offering, to lay upon the tomb of the tomahawk, which was to he buried torever in the ground. The fairest and wisest of his own and neighboring tribes,

waving them over the bridal bed of his beautiful child, while she the envied bride, was pining alnost to death with bitter heart-sickness. It was a strange blending of determination and fear, of strong intellect uprooted by passion, and made more fearful from its wasting energies, that glared from the eyes, and seemed burning their way to the brain of the princess! Prostrate upon a mat of costly furs, in the full splendor of her bridal dress, she looked the very image of despair. For a moment a state- still more closely around the yielding form of the ly figure darkened the entrance of her lodge a heasubdue, sounded in the wigwam, and Polamato stood gazing upon the heart-broken girl: but every trace of anguish had vanished, and her face had as- side, under the shadow of the willows," and he sumed the rigidity of expression which is said to be characteristic of the Indian race.

"The bowers are hung with wild thyme and sweet tem," said the warrior. "the torches are blazing upon the hills, and yet the daughter of Polamato tarries from the side of her betrothed. Arouse from thine eyes, the roses from they cheeks, and smiles, not tears, should be the greeting of a King."

" Smiles," exclarmed the young creature, suddenly forgetting the part she had assumed and springing to her leet, "smiles when the heart is breaklation! I tell you, father, I must weep, for my heart is swollen like the waters of the great fountain when the Manito is angry with them. I am sold," said she, drawing up her queenly form to its full height, "bartered for new hunting grounds very heart was becoming. far away over the blue hills; and when another I shall not be there to welcome them."

A smile full of scomful meaning stole over the stern features of Polamato as he bent closely to her with the mist of the enchanted fountain, and was bosom, as the boat trembled upon the verge of the ear, and whispered one word, which gathered the written among the stars. I have sworn by my mo- fall, her last words came floating back:—"To rich blood like a sunset cloud over her face, neck, ther's grave—ay, last night, when they told me I night Natameeta must be wedded!" Louder and and bosom.

"I hate the Narraganset," he muttered, "out I cannot shut my eyes. We are weak and feeble, and the scalps of our brave warriors are already in I might lay my head upon her bosom and weep in tinted arches, as the foam wreaths burst their clasps the wigwams, while the trees of the forest are not | She heard me, Oneeta, for even while I knelt, a more numerous than the chieftains of that accursed bright star came slowly trailing from the spirit land tribe," and he unwound the beautiful moulded arms and rested in the flowers upon her grave. Then that had stolen his neck with a look of moody firm-ness, that told how great a victory self interest liad the smile of my mother." achieved over his letter nature.

" It is not because this land is more fair, or these lowers more bright, that the Natameeta would mato's eye is keen, and searches deeply, and it tree against which they leaned. saw thy weak heart leaving its old home to follow then Natameeta must be wedded to the Narraganset!" He has gone! Chillingly the echo of his footsteps threading the dim forest aisles, fell upon the heart of the princes. "To night," she mnrmured, "to-night." What a world of misery was crowded into those to syllables! It is a bitter les son to the young heart when it first learns that sorrow lives in the bright and beautiful world, and lurks forever in the shadow of hanniness. "Tonight. Natameeta will be wedded, but not to the Narraganset King, for then her soul would wither like the spring flowers, and not die. Methinks there is a strange charm in the enchanted fountain to-night," said she, as she looped up the heavy furs. and stood half poised in the embrazure, gazing upon the cataract, which, in the warm rich light seemed an immense sheet of burnished silver.

It was a beautiful picture, that tall, dark girl standing in the door of her rude dwelling. One small foot encased in an exquisitly embroidered moecasin, rested upon the sill of the lodge, and the other stole timidly forth upon the rough stone steps, as if half tempted to go cut amongs the flowers that nodded upon the verge of the cataract, yet fearing to t ust herself alone in a spot whose wildness so harmonized with the half formed purpose of her heart. A robe of feathers, tastefully plaited together with beads and silver loops, composed her dress, gatuered up around her right shoulder, and confined at the waist with a girdle of shells, leaving her arm bare to the wrist, around which circled a bracelet of childhood. A legend of love-not the less strong of small silver bells, whose low sweet chime gave out an echo to every movement of her graceful form. Her dark hair fell like a rich scarf around a bust of faultless symmetry, and her eyes looked out from their long lashes, like stars through a cloud at midnight. "To-night," fell almost mechanically from her lips, like some deep wait of woe from the repulchre of buried hopes. "To-night, and the meon is even now smiling in the eastern sky."

A slight crackling in the bushes, arrested her attention and with a startled look, she stepped forth

and bent down in a listening attitude, till her face nearly touched the ground. "They are coming," she exclaimed after a brief pause. "I hear their footsteps issuing from the encampment-their voices echo from the hills-their torches glimmer through the trees-nearer-nearer, they come-and now." "Natameeta," whispered a voice at her side, and a dark, toil worn figure crept from the shadows of the lodge. A dress grouped together around the rude tents, while the of coarse bark rudely woven together, and ragged and torn with long journeying through the forest, hung loosely upon a frame that seemed to have shrunken by some sudden blow, from its usual proportions. A broken bow and a hunting knife were slung to his waist by a coil of twisted bark, and a the bosom of her bethrothed, beneath the waters joys of social kindness has not begun to live. few useless arrows released themselves from the of the enchanted fountain." quiver and fell to the ground, as he emerged from his concealment. He were no ornaments except a the Narraganset- see where they bend over himbracelet of rare shells woven together with long and now they are on our path—one effort more black hair, and linked with bells of similar workmanship with those of the young princess. His laugh, which told anything but sterror chimed in hair, wild, and disordered, was matted with burrs, with the deep bass of the catalacts, while the tior to witness the consummation of his pledge; and drawn back from the forehead, where the

their sockets, a glimmering of fearful insanity. A shudder thrilled through the veins of the princess as she gazed upon his seeming specter, till her eye in their flight. fell upon the embroidered bracelet, and then with her face radiant with joy, she sprang forward and lay upon his bosom, motionless, as if excess of happiness had deprived her of existence.

"They told me you would wed the Narraganse King," said the Lenape, winding his brawny arms beautiful girl. "They told me you would wed the y footstep, which even the rich matting could not Narraganset King, and fourteen suns have seen me toiling through the forest and over the prairies to restore the pledge you gave me here, by the lake the swift waters of the cataract as far as the eye raised her head from its throbbing pillow, and gaz- ingly in the warm light, or gliding onward and oned into her eyes with an expression of earnest solici ude, as if he would there search out the truth till upon the very verge of the fall, becoming sud which he longed yet so dreaded to learn. "They denly aware of its danger, it seemed for a moment told me truly, Natameeta," said he, as her eyes to resist the tide, then dashing madly over the preciquailed beneath his anguished look. "You love pice to be lost in the gulf below. The moon flung thee, girl, so much weeping has stolen the lustre the Narraganset, and who should find it out so soon as I! I give you back your heart-mine I cannot, I would recall, for the blood is freezing in bows. Living diamonds sparkled through the every pore, and I will die when another calls you brilliant coloring, and, in the mist of rainbows and wife. I will die praying the Manito for blessings diamonds, as if the angels had built for them an on your head-for light over your pathway-for arch of glory, the fairy bark of the lovers came gliing. Smiles like the talse light which plays and happiness around the hearthstone of your wigwam. ding down the lake, like some beautiful spirit floatdances on the black cloud when all within is deso- I will die beneath its weight of love, while you in your happiness, will forget that it ever lived." And his voice grew tremulous with emotion, and he g'oom-no semblance of fear upon their faces-no strove to unclasp his hands from the grasp of the terror in their hearts! Onward and onward glided princess, before she could see how womanly his this little bark, with its freight of loving spirits amid

moon comes creeping up the sky, its beams will I-am yours, heart and soul, in life or death! I have the brow of the princess, for her car had caught play with the flowers upon my mother's grave, but sworn it in the hush of twilight, when the wind had amid the chaos, the wild cry of her father, but bitlocked the old woods to sleep. I have sworn it in ter memories crep into her heart, and gathering the deep sileuce of the night, and the oath went up the fainting form of her lover more closely to her should wed another. I crept down there by her eide, heart-worn and weary, and prayed that she as they closed over this strange scene of love and would come back to me only for one minute, that death; and brighter and more glorious grew the

"Die-dog of the Lenape," shouted a fierce voice by the side of the lovers, and a tomahawk came whizzing by, cutting the moon-beams in its have the war fires lit again on the hills, for Pola- progress, and burying itself up to the handle in the

The Narraganset, wily as he was, had missed his the Lenape Hunter, to his scanty lodge over the aim, and exasperated at his failure, with the ferocieastern prairies. To-night," said he, as he lifted ty of hungry tiger, he sprang at the throat of his victhe heavy skins from the door, "to-night, when tim. The contest was short but terrible. The toilthe moon comes out in her council, and the torches worn Lenape was no equal for the savage. It was of the braves are lit upon the hills of the spirit land, but the work of a moment to crush to the ground and plant his knee upon the hunter's breast. Stronger and stronger grew the death grasp around his victim's throat, while his own became livid with the contending passions of malice and revenge, presenting an awful contrast to the purple visage of the strangling man.

Another minute and the victory would have been complete, but the quiet eye of Natameeta had deected the hunting knife in her lover's girdle and with the boldness of determination which never deserts a woman in peril, she sprang forward, seized the knife, and was upon the point of strikdanger, gave one loud, shrill cry that arrested her arm, and sent the blood rushing like fire upon her Journal. brain. Fearfully the war whoop mingled with the scornful laugh of the Indian, and rolled through the dim aisles of the forest, and fearfully was i echoed by a thousand savages, who required but the thought of blood to arouse all the revolting passions of their nature. Onward and onward pressed the flood of human beings, like the waves of the sea, agitated by some dreadful storm. Half naked forms, hideous in their gloating madness, were seen through the cracking bushes. Torches woke up the sleeping shadows, and illuminated the woods with an awful brilliancy, What was to be done? The next moment would usher in a death-song for the hunter-a marriage channt for the maiden! The thought was too horrible tor endurance. Die she might, and that too, without a fear, as befitting her daring race, but to wed the murderer of her lover, even with the body of that lover lying chastly and pale before her-never .-It was a desperate resolve-an awful resolve for a woman's hand, that rushed upon her brain with its maddening influence. She had calculated upon the chances of an injury sufficient to prevent his pursuit, but not on the death of the Narraganset .--Now this was her only hope of escape, so grathering up her strength for one desperate trial, she managed by a wily movement to throw the Indian off his guard and before he could recover himself, the knife was buried in his heart, and without a groan he fell dead at her feet. "Up, up, Oneeta," said she as the Indaia's hand loosened in his death struggle from around the hunter's throat. "Up to the great fountain. We will die as we have lived with our hearts braided together! up to the charmed shall be our marriage bed of flowers. The Glori-

"Hark, Onceta, they have scented the blood of and we are free, Onceta, free !" and a light silvery the old forest had yielded its brightest treasures of chords and viens were swollen with hideousness, Learn and nearer; but the lovers heeded them not his judgment is weak.

wild roses and other flowers, and busy hands were giving to the large eyes, almost protruding from for they were far up the rocks, by the bed of the waters, launching a fairy canoe of birch bark, which the princess had seized and bome along with them

> It was a glorious night. A night that death would choose for the eternal spirit-union of young hearts. A night to fill the soul of intellect with vague longings to plant the flower of immortal. No wonder then, that those vague logings should so fill the hearts of these simple forest children. Beauty and sublimity combined to fling a halo of glory around the wilderness of the scene. Even the fierce war riors, bent on blood, became silent and subdued, as they rested on the rocks and looked out upon could reach, a lake of flowing silver, resting dreamward, almost impreceptibly nearing the fatal abyes. her beams among the mist that circled above the waters, and wove into a thousand gorgeous raining in the moonlight.

Firm and erect the, stood amidst the gathering the dealening yell of the terrified savages. Once " Forget you?" said she, "never, never Oneeta, and once only, a shade of sadness deepened upon more melodious swelled the chorus of the waters, from the brow of the Niagara, and scattered their white flowers over the marriage be I of the Indian

THE LEARNED FISHES .- A friend who was in Hingham yesterday, took occasion to visit the little girl, who, it is said had succeeded in taming the fishes in a pond at that place, so they would eat out of her hand. He found that the stories which had been related in relation to these fishes had not been exaggerated. The little girl who has thus acquired a control over the otherwise, usually shy inmates of the water, is about seven years old .-She is small of her age, and a very interesting and intelligent girl. She goes to the edge of the pond with a piece of bread in her hands, and calls her pets, in her childish, though musical voice, 4 pouty, pouty." The fish in the pond, principally horn-pouts with some pickerel, and other fish, immediately flock to the rock on which she stands, and receive from her hand the food which she has provided. They seem not to be in the least afraid of the little girl but suffer her to handle them without moving. One large pout, in particular seemed considerably pleased at being patted and stroked on the back. With a view of testing the tameness of the fish, the mother of the little girl took a piece of bread, and went to the water's edge. The fish came towards the bread, ing : but the Narraganset, becoming aware of his but probably discovering that it was offered by stranger, immediately darted away.-Boston

> SPIRIT OF RELIGION.—Christ re-established unity of human nature. He taught us the principles' of homan justice, and the grand secret of all happiness and harmony on earth and in heaven-love. Till we arrive at this point of his system, we are anacquainted with Christianity, and ignorant of our nature and destinies.

> The dogmas and mysteries that even the very highest disciples have wrapped around this glorious sun of the Christian system-this all-embracing sentiment of universal love-have only obscured its light from us, and screened from us its vital warmth. The gospel does not consist in doctrines and ceremonies but love.

But to love we must know who are worthy o love; and here again the revelation of Christ embraced the infinite: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

And then came the question-" Who is my neighbor ?" And the answer, expressed in an immortal story

was " Every one who needs thy help." Social Love.-How sweet is social affection !-When the world is dark without we have light within. When cares disturb the breast, when sorcircle we love! We forget the world with all its animosities, while blessed with social kindness. That man cannot be unhappy, who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own, who is cheered by the smiles of aflection and the voice of tender and animosity of bad men gather about him in the completed the article for market and for transporwaters—see how they glide over the rocks like a place of business—but when he enters the ark of tation to any part of the world. shower of stars from the spirit land. Those stars love, his own cherished circle, he forgets all these and the cloud passes from his brow and the sorrow one stokes that circle in the mist above them, shall from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife bend over our pathway as we sail on the home of and children dispel every shadow and he feels a the braves. Remember-Natameets must be marri- thrill of joy in his bosom which words are not

> WITHOUT religion the highest endowments of intellect can only render the possessor more dangerous if he be ill-disposed; if well-disposed only more unbappy .- Southey.

Cold Hearts.—The man who will abandon a friend for an error, knows but little of the human

Butter Making in Holland.

EDITO IS CULTIVATOR .- As I had some dairy-far ming experience in Holland, and was for a humber of years manager of an extensive farm where butter was made, in the Northern part of that country, where the best article for market is produced I thought it not unfit to give your readers a descrip- perfectly sweet and fresh. tion of the way the "Hollanders" make butter,

which often keeps one year or more. We milk from 10 to 60 cows, of a breed called Lakeveldsche," after their originator. This breed of cattle was obtained like the Bakewell sheen. by highest point of perfection for the dairy was obtained. They are invariably white, with a black, cloth-like spot on the back, and down the sides; cows, to receive the solid and liquid excrements, their size is equal to the Durham cows I have which by their own gravity, and finally by sweepeen in America. The milk of these cows is generally rich, although one animal will differ some, sell commonly for 80 guilders, (332) each. I have

and well kept in all seasons, they are constantly drawn off. poor while they are milked; this is one of their best qualities, as they turn every thing into milk. We took from 18 to 8 quarts of milk a day of level land, measuring from 20 to 4 miles square, broughout the year, according to seasons; the and not unfrequently 20 or 30 feet below the adhighest point, and the best milk is obtained in joining river, which glides in rapid mation along April and the begining of May, when the cattle get the embankments that protect the land forcibly the new clover and grass. At that period, the but- against the intrusi m of its boisterous waters. These

ers of spring.

for 50 and 40 cents (American currency,) the pound. The average price North Holland butter commands, from wholesale dealers, throughout the year, is 15 cents, per pound, American curren

Our cows were always fed in the stable, and urned out in open yard twice a day, for exercise, and to cleanse their places by a liberal application of water and broom rubbing, of which last two articles, the Dutch dairyman is most lavish, no filth nor litter being ever allowed to remain in the stable at the time of milking. The whole secret of making such superior, and

long keeping high-flavored butter, is according to my observation, only to be found in the most minute cleanliness in the manipulation generally, and n the utmost nicety in the keeping of the milk, cream vessels and apartments, joined to plenty of white (Dutch) clover, and the use of salt, obtained by evaporation of sea water.

Every morning before sunrise, the cows were fed and turned out, the dung and all filth removed, and the doors and windows opened. After airing the stable, they were placed back again, and milked, the milk, taken to the dairy-maid, was placed in shallow earthen pans (glazed inside) which before every milking. In the course of the day she dipped off the cream, by the aid of a flat hollow wooden dish, as often as it rose to the surface of the milk, which in no case is suffered to get sour before the cream is taken off. The cream was poured into large tube, in the form of a Dutch chum, and stirred several times in the day. I should have stated that the night's milk was put in the pans in the same way, and skimmed off b∈fore the morning's milk was brought in; the cream of the last being added to that of the first, the whole was suffered to get sour together. If the cream did not turn sour by itself, it was caused to do so by adding some acid cream to the contents of the tubs.

Churning was performed by horse-power, sometimes once a day and sometimes every other day, according to the fitness of the cream : the churn apparatus was so arranged that a regular motion of he dasher could be adapted to the seasons of the year. After the butter was separated it was taken out by a strainer made of silver wire, and put in a brass tray, in which it was left to harden for a few hours, in the reservoir alluded to above. When hard enough to knead well, the buttermilk was all pressed out, not a particle visible to the eye being left, after which the dry butter was salted and the salt worked in. The hand, often dipped in icecold water, has hitherto performed the expulsion of the buttermilk. After the salt was added, only a wooden ladle, perfectly sweet, touched the but ter, and the milk-like brine which is expressed under the operation of salting, is dried off by press ing clean linen towels on the butter.

The next operation is putting the butter, down in the firkin; this is made of white oak (slightly different from the American white oak, it being closer-grained,) and when destined for a sea voyage or long keeping, only old firkins, which we col lect for the purpose, were used, after the same were made sweet by scalding brine. The bottom row broods about the heart, what joy gathers in the of the vessel was sprinkled and the sides rubbed with pulverised salt, and the butter packed in such taking off the bandage continually and examining a manner that no cavities nor brine ever remained the depth of the wound, and making it to fesin or between the soccessive lavers: the firkin be ing filled, a layer of salt was rubbed on the surface and a clean sheet of white paper placed over the ness. Let the world be dark and cold, let the hate | salt, while the nailing on of a hollow wooden dish, | Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon lit-

It is incredible to any body who has not made close observations on the subject, how easily milk er look at it again. is changed by the temperature, and above all how easily it is affected by the vessels wherein it is kept, as also, how much, almost magical influence, ed tonight, and so she will, and her head pillowed on | adequate to express. He who is a stranger to the | the personal cleanliness of the dairy maid has, on the article of batter produced. Dairymen who have the same herbage, will not produce the same

quality of butter, nor get the same price in market. because the production of the one in distinguished by a pleasant, yellow, inviting color and admirable flavor, while that of the other is depreciated by a whitish, cheesy-like appearance, indifferent taste, and sometimes flabby texture. Some people, owmake butter that will keep for a long time.

It is a rule with the dairy women of my country, never to put milk, cream or butter, twice in the same vessel, without scalding, airing, and if possible syming.

I have eaten butter of our own in ke, that had been sent among ship stores, passed the equator to the island of Java, and was brought back again

The cows, by the construction of the stable, were dicided on beta sides of a floor, 26 feet wide, with large doors for a wagon loaded with green herbage or hay to drive through; before and maler the head of the cattle, were troughs built of brick, for their eropolously breeding the best animals, till the drink and food, with a pump so place I that the water, let in the troughs, could be drained off at the opposite end Gutters were provided behind the ing and cleaning, were conveyed to a cistern, where compost was formed by admixture of saud times largely from another in this respect. They out of the bottom of ditches, which in Holland divided the meadows and take the place of fonces. often paid as high as 150 guilders for an extra This compost was carried out and scattered over the meadows in the spring, as soon as the water Although these animals are always highly fed of which I shall have occa ion to speak directly is

Meadows and pastures in Holland, are situated on what is called "Polders;" a polder is a surface ter is of the finest possible flavor and sells, 'made embankments called "dykes," are kept in good reup in lancy figures and adorned with the first flow- pair by the joint contributions of the different owners of the pokler. Rain-water is worked out by stationary windmills, also the joint property of the owners, (called "Ingelanders;") in fall and winter the rain-water is suffered to accumulate and inundate the lands, which then frequently present the appearance of a large lake. This is done in order to kill noxious weeds, and give the soil the benefit of irrigation. In March or February the wa tear is pumped off, and the manure put on as before described. In this manner land is made to produce an abundance of fresh herbage, consisting principally of white clover, from April till September, or the same is cut twice, and made into excellent hay for winter forage, without even breaking the sod or using a plow.

The Dutch dairyman never produces grain, not even for his own consumption; his whole attention is undividedly applied to making, in the best possible style, the article for which he is so instly

If my countryman could be made to believe that America has such an extensive command of cheap land, adapted for the dairy business, joined to an unlimited home market for the article, they certainly would escape from the feudal vexations under which they now suffer, and like me, seek refuge in the land where Liberty holds the sceptre, and where every one can enjoy the reward of his honest labor, without being compelled, as they are to give up one half of their hard earnings to a reck-

less, profligate and squandering government. I would add, that the land on which I am located is well adapted for dairy-farming, the closer and grass springing up spontaneously, after clearing; the climate is, by the elevation, (1,000 feet above the Tennessee river.) temperate: my thermometer last summer never rose above 940 in the sun, while that instrument generally ranged beween 60° and 70° in the shade. The facilities by which butter can be sent to the southern markets, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, &c., secure a ready sale to any body who wants to undertake the making of it in this region.

Land can be bought here for \$1.25 an acre. I bought mine from Nicholas Haight of New-York, who I suppose would give all necessary information about the same. ALB. C. RICHARD. Walden's Ridge, Hamilton Co, Tenn., June 26.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER-We never could see the virtue of the boast which is so often made by paners and magazines, that so large a portion of their pages is original. Such originality is often maintained at the expense of the worth. The best exchanges of our acquaintances are by no means those which have the greatest amount of original matter.-There is more of editorial tact and talent required to make proper and practical selections, than is put in requisition by the production of the vaunting original papers who seem to regard originality as the only requisite for a good periodical. A good newspaper is always dependant upon other resources than its own. And the boast of a periodical that is entirely original is too often like the boast of a library if it should claim to have the production of only one author.-Lynn News.

Making Wounds Worse.-A man strikes me with a sword and inflicts a wound. Suppose intead of binding up the wound. I am showing at to every body; and after it has been bound up, I am ter till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially effected; is there a person in the world who would not call me a fool ?tle injuries or insults or provocations, causes them o agate and inflame the mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound and nev-

POETRY.-How many ought to feel, understand, and enjoy poetry, that are quite insensible to it!-How many ought not to attempt to create it, who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It is a sickly fly that has no plate for honey! it must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

MANEIND.-We look with wonder at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us of thousands of worlds, and systems of worlds, weaving together their harmonious movements in one great whole; but the view of the hearts of men furnished by hisimmeasurably more awful and astonishing.