

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

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TOWANDA:

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(For the Bradford Reporter.)

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

BY E. MASON.

Ah, little gold dollar, republican name,
Let peace be thy motto, and freedom thy fame;
May all use thee kindly and not hide thy face
Like misers and bankers in some lonely place,
But gain thee by freely or calling that's just,
And part with thee freely whenever they must;
Let labor's adore thee as both kind and civil,
Though bankers may make thee the root of all evil.

'Twas labor that could thee to leave the gold mine
'Twas labor that made thee in splendor to shine.
'Twas labor that could thee and fashion'd the mold
To shape thee as nicely as a dollar of gold.
Since dollars and labor are nearly allied
In payment for labor they should be applied;
And all who will labor six days out of seven,
Gold dollars in payment should always be given.

'Tis cheating of labor when misers do hold
And store up so useless those dollars of gold.
'Tis knavery that bankers should keep the bags,
And substitute for thee a vile trash of rags;
A bill made of paper, pure gold to alloy,
To hold up the rich and the poor to destroy.
Unknown to our fathers who fought for our freedom,
Forbid it ye younger who now doth succeed them.

Arise thou freeman, use liberty's hand
And drive this vile paper from liberty's land,
And let the gold dollar be coin for the poor
And circulate freely to every man's door.
Awake up to freedom and be not controlled,
Submit not to bankers to pocket your gold.
Put down the whole system of legalized knavery,
And down with the brokers who now live by shaving.

Now look about the county and see those that think
Too idle to labor, to leazy to work,
Bank bills are their hobby, they live at their ease,
And make a new issue whenever they please;
They sport on the inter-ior of bills they have lent,
Whose capital value is not worth a cent.
When cheating so common, the nicest inspector
Is forced to keep by him a bank note detector.

Then freemen use wisdom, be free when you can,
Drive all the small paper from liberty's land,
Send back to the bankers all notes under ten,
And draw back the specie to make you amend;
And henceforth refusing this paper disgrace,
Gold dollars and silver will soon take their place.
Our country will stand on a footing more civil,
And freemen rejoice at the dawn fall of evil.

THE MELANCHOLY NIGHT.

The Evacuation of the City of Mexico by Cortez.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the canal in the causeway. This was given in command to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition, if the freight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and the time was short.

At midnight, the troops were under arms and in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by father Omedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of a night. The gates were thrown open and, on the 1st of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage. The night was clouded, and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, aided the obscurity. The great square before the palace deserted, as it indeed had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlacopan, which had so lately resounded to the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been the hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of polished lustre through the obscurity of the night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shrouded forms of the foe lurking in ambush, and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of horses, and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage wagons. At length a lighter space between the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway.—They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were prepared to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, raising their countrymen by their cries. The Spaniards keeping their night watch on the summit of Teocalli, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shields, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war god sent forth those solemn tones, which is only heard in seasons of calamity, vibrated every corner of the capital. The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its strength, and riding across, was followed by the little body of cavalry, his infantry and allies who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortez and his squadrons with the baggage, ammunition wagons and a part of the artillery.

But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark wa-

ters of the lake was heard a splashing noise as of many oars. Then came a low rumble, and a striking at random among the hurrying troops.—They felt every moment faster and faster; till they thickened into a terrible tempest, while the very heavens were rent with the yell and wail of cries of myriads of men and lake.

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet, through the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self preservation.—The cavaliers spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants, and rode over their prostrate bodies, while the men on foot with their good swords, or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men marching, probably, on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time, and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage, smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge. At length the last of the army crossed, and Magarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous frame work. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve.—The weight of so many men and horses, and above all, of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timber so firmly in the stones, and earth, that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amid a torrent of missiles, until many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man, and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended, than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat was now cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness; each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward he trampled the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it was friend or foe. The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the Gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz and the cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across, others failed, and some who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong down by the ear of the Aztecs, while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes to be reserved for sacrifice in the great temple.

The carnage raged fearfully along the causeway. Its shalowy bulk, in the thick darkness, presented a mark sufficiently distinct for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes along side with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christian, until both come rolling down the causeway together.

But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faintly through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with imprecations of the saints and blessed Virgin.

The opening of the causeway, in the meanwhile was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it, ammunition wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots and bodies of men and horses, till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were able to clamber on to the opposite side. Cortez, it is said, found a place that was fordable, where halting, with the water up to his saddle girth, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar, and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed with a few trusty cavaliers, who remained near his person, to the van.

The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to tails and manes of the struggling animals. Those farthest best, as the general had predicted, who travelled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches, who weighed down by the fatal gold, which they loved so well, were buried with it in the waters of the lake. The rumor now reached them that the rear guard would be overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; and the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger, when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses bridle they galloped back to the scene of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thickest of the fight on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene, which had been shrouded in the obscurity of the night. The dark masses of the combatants, stretched along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the causeway, on which they stood seemed to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake, while the boom of the lake as far as the eye could reach was darkened with canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and blades gleamed in morning light.

The artillery in the early part of the engagement had not been idle, and iron showers, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assaults by

hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the press, and pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The cavaliers were speedily borne down by the returning flood. Cortez and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake, though all did not escape. Alvarado waded on the bank for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhomed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety.

Had he had a second thought he was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which arrested the bottom of the lake, he sprang forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap! Aztecs and Tascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming as they beheld the incredible feat, "this is truly the Tzotzil, the child of the sun!" and the name of the *Sello de Alvarado*, given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivalled those of the demi-gods of Grecian fable.

Cortez and his companions now rode forward to the front, and in a loose disorderly manner were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs were diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle field; fortunately for the Spaniards, who had their enemy continued the fight with their previous ferocity, would, in their crippled condition, have been cut off, probably to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village or suburbs, it might be called, of Potalco.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed, and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty, their shattered mail and tattered garments with salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery, all in short, that constitutes the pride and pomp of glorious war, forever lost.

Cortez, as he looked wishfully on their thinned and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears, which trickled down, revealed the anguish of his soul.

On the side of the Spaniards there had fallen four hundred; on the side of the Mexicans, four thousand. But this same routed band of Christians would in a few months return to demolish the proud city and annihilate the inhabitants.

PLAYING THE DEVIL.—We were a good deal amused at an anecdote we heard the other day, of a certain preacher whose calling confined him within the limits of old Kentucky. He had preached in his parish many years, and of course run short of the eloquence so much needed to keep his hearers awake and astonished. Let him preach ever so well now it made no difference, they had got used to sleeping; and sleep they would to his great annoyance. At last he hit upon an expedient to bring 'em upstanding, as the saying is. He procured a small tin whistle, which he took with him into the pulpit, and after taking his text and "blazing away" until his lungs were sore and his hearers all comfortably dozing and nodding approval to each other, he suddenly drew it forth and gave a shrill toot-a-toot. In an instant the whole congregation was awake and upon their feet, waring at the minister, or each other, and wondering what in the name of pickles and humanity, as Sam Slick says, was to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, ain't you?" said the divine whistler, as he slowly gazed around on his astonished assemblage. "When I preach the Gospel to you, you all go the sleep; but the moment I go to playing the devil you're all wide awake, up and coming like a rash of horsetails with a pole in their nest!"—*Worcester Telegraph.*

SMOKING POTATOES FOR THE ROY.—I have been informed by gentleman of my acquaintance, that he had stopped his potatoes from rotting by smoking them. After the potatoes were dug and placed in the cellar, (an outdoor cellar,) he built a smoke and continued it eight or ten days, when the affected part dried up and the rest of the potatoes remained sound and good through the winter. The remedy was discovered by placing fire in an unfinished cellar, to prevent vegetables from freezing—immediately after which it was found that the potatoes had stopped rotting. He says he has tried the experiment for two or three years past, and has never known it to fail of arresting the disease immediately.—*Correspondent of the Albany Cultivator.*

BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS YOU MUST.—A physician called on a sick boy, and not finding writing utensils handy wrote with a chalk a prescription on the door, and said: "Here, madam, when your son wakes, give him this." The ignorant woman looked at the doctor in amazement, but trusting to his great skill, said nothing. As soon as the boy opened his eyes, she took the door from his hinges, & carrying it to the bed side, said: "Here, my son, you must swallow this; the doctor left it for you." "But mother, I can't." "Well, I don't see how you can either, but you must try, for he says you must, and he knows!" "This is a very stormy night husband." "O, no, very, my dear, you have said but little." Against diseases here, the strongest fence is the defensive virtue—abstinence.

GO TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

BY JOHN S. LITTLE.

Slaves of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here,
How can I love to see thee here?
So bright, when I have heard of thee?
The test rope's snapping loose I hear.
For twilight converse, arm in arm,
The jett's shriek burst on my ear,
When earth and music vied to charm.

By Chert's dark wandering stream
Where caverns shadowy all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt thy waking dream
Of Tevil loved while still a child.
Of castled rocks stupendous piled,
Where Eden's classic wave
Where love of youth and friendship smiled
Unscared by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams, sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revises no more in after time;
Far from my sacred natal clime
I haste to an untimely grave.

The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.
Slaves of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were gazing stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee—for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I roamed to climes unknown and new,
The cold wind of the stranger blew,
Chill on my withered heart—the grave,
Dark and antient met my view—
And all for thee vile yellow slave!

Ha! earnest thou now as late to me!
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays' tip with death has borne!
From love, from friendship, country torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

John Jay.

This distinguished Statesman was born in 1754, and graduated at King's (now Columbia) College, in New York, in 1774. He was admitted to the bar in 1768. Was a delegate from N. Y. to the first continental Congress in 1774. He was the writer of the eloquent address of that body to the people of Great Britain. In 1776, he was called from Congress, to assist in forming the Republican government of New York. He was a member of the Provincial Assembly when it met at Poughkeepsie. He was the writer of the eloquent address of the Convention to the Chief Justice of New York, dated Fishkill, Dec. 23, 1776. He was Chief Justice of New York from May, 1777, to August, 1779.—He then resigned the office, having been appointed President of Congress. In 1779, he was appointed Minister to Spain. He was one of the Ministers appointed to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain; and he signed the definitive treaty of peace, at Paris, Sept. 3, 1783. Returned to America in 1784, and entered upon his duties here as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was favorable to the Constitution of the United States, and was associated with Madison and Hamilton in writing "The Federalist." He was appointed Chief Justice of the United States, by Washington, in 1789; and was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, in 1794. He was Governor of the State of New York, from 1795 to 1801. After that, he dwelt in retirement from public life, and died upon his estate in Westchester County, N. Y., 1829.

OLD PALM TONES.—To forward the favorable reception of such tunes, two facts to their original intention must be practically born in mind. They were sung faster than we usually sing them, and what is better, by a far greater number of voices. It is a great mistake to suppose that old tunes should be sung in a heavy drawing style. Our forefathers in the church were cheerful Christians. A psalm of a dozen verses was but short to them. Hence as well as from other circumstances, it is clear that they sang in a quicker and livelier manner than is commonly conjectured. The old broadhead tune is made a dirge in our days, but in their it was a joyous and animating canticle. "All people that on earth do dwell, sing to the Lord with cheerful voice!" In like manner, York time, which is shunned among the dull and obsolete, was little more than a century ago the liveliest and most popular tune of the entire kingdom. But to bear old tunes to advantage, they must be sung in old style. Not only must they be sung with decent gravity and sanctity, but by masses of people, by a multitude of voices, "by all the people together, as the original directions state: 'Six thousand voices were wont to be heard at St. Paul's Church; three or four thousand singing at a time in a church in this city is but a trifle,'" said the excellent Roger Ansham, in a letter from Amberg, dated the 14th of May 1784.—*English Nationalist.*

HENRY LITTLE.—"You teach," said the Emperor's Tutor to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is everywhere, and that he resides among you; I should like to see him."

"God's presence is indeed everywhere," the Rabbi replied, "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon his splendor."

The Emperor had the obtuseness of power, and persisted in his demand.

"Well," answered the Rabbi, suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze of one of his emperors.—Trajan ascended; and the Rabbi, leaning him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him look to the sun then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The Emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it.

THEE WIFE'S FATE.

BY JAMES BASS.

"Here, here, yet stay; do not say that it came from me. I give it to her, but yet I care." And with this speech, "I care," with passion, vehemence, the parlor door of one of the noblest mansions in London.—The individual who stood without, was a stout man; about 40 years of age, of a dark complexion, and shabbily clothed. He gazed about him, in the splendid hall, as though he had suddenly dropped into some enchanted temple; and was only awakened from his stupor by the livid man, politely requesting him to "clear."

The poor man, left the house, but tightly clutching his treasure, till the light from a neighboring gas lamp allowed him to count the amount. "I wronged him," said he, "I wronged him." Five guineas! "I will last a long time, if the relief be not too late; if that poor sufferer's spirit has not winged its flight to heaven, 'twill make her passage easier, though never bring her back to life!" So on he strode through the streets of the metropolis. He passed up the Strand and Fleet street.—There was the busy throng, the living tide of human life pressing on, thoughtless and careless.—There was business in all its activity, everything to attract or delay, but the wayfarer thought of but one and that was—

In the eastern suburbs of the city, in an upper room of one of that neighborhood, on an humble yet neat bed, lay a young and beautiful female.—She could scarcely be twenty-two years of age, yet death had pressed a clear stamp upon her lovely features. She lay apparently near expiration, while every thing around the room gave the appearance of desolate poverty.

There was an apology for a fire on a cheerless hearth, where a few sticks of wood sent forth at once light and a slight warmth. An old lady was kneeling by the bed, and her eyes never wandered from the pale features of the dying girl. Every motion of the patient's lip was noticed, with an anxiety and care that, if aught human, could do it, would have blunted to the dying one the sharp sorrows of that hour.

"Is he returned?" she asked in a faint, tremulous voice. "Not yet," was the reply. "God forgive me," said the patient, "for wishing to linger in this cold and cruel world; but oh! if I could bear with me his forgiveness. 'Tis hard to be estranged from those we love; but," she added, a soft smile stole over her face "there's no sorrow there."

At this moment the sound of ascending footsteps were heard, and the stranger we have noticed at the commencement of our tale, entered. New life seemed to have entered the sick girl, for she started from her couch and gazed fixedly and wildly at the stranger whom the old lady welcomed as Robert.

"You have seen him—you have!" shrieked she. "For the great God's sake tell me have you seen him?" Both entered her to be calm, and from his pocket Robert drew the money he had received. "I have seen him," said he "and here are the fruits."

"He bade me not let him know that it came from him."

"Kind! kind!" said the poor girl weeping; "he would not let me feel the favor. My poor father and I shall bear thy blessing and thy pardon to the grave."

But, beholding the serious aspect of Robert, she still pressed him for the story of the interview.—"Go on! he gave it to you, told you to keep the author unknown, and sent me—his blessing!"

"His curses!" said Robert, and he burst into tears.

A wild and almost superhuman shriek rang thro' that shattered dwelling, and that humble bed bore a corpse.—That last cruelly has broken the feeble threads of life.

Yes, died as thousands die, unnoticed, we had almost said unknown; thousand, whose life's morning dawned amid smiles and caresses, and the bright airy dreams of life, 'mid the joyous welcome of relatives and the fond flattery of the interested. Who shall envy the high estate of the rich? It is a lofty precipice, and the fall will be more deadly and dangerous.

The name of the girl who thus closed a bitter life of desolation and sorrow, was Lucy, once the admired, and almost idolized daughter of Sir Ralph Fisher. When she had of lovely youth burst into womanhood, she was "the admired of admirers." Thousands knelt in the shrine of her beauty. Among them was one, unknown to the piously thought. He had met her at the ball, he won her attention; and for weeks he visited her, not indeed in his own, but an assumed character. She dared to love him, and knowing her disposition to marry him.

After their union, Sir Ralph Fisher was made acquainted with the circumstances. His pride was roused—his proud ambitious schemes were laid in the dust; and in the bitterness of his heart, Lee-like, he brushed out carps upon his daughter.

"Sooner would I cast my fortune to the beggar or boy in the ocean, than one farthing should grace that girl!" said he, and he shut his heart up from all compassion.

The result was as might be expected. The husband of Lucy was one who "lived by his wit," a heartless, soulless villain, who was content to live on the sufferings, and losses of others. The gambling table, and every haunt of vice was his favorite resort, and there he revelled and apported in the pollution of his soul. Oh! then did the delicate hopes that had buoyed up that young girl's mind, fade away one by one! Her husband left her—she died; desolate and broken hearted, she turned her footsteps to her father's house, only to be repulsed with scorn and hatred; and then, to her wail and distress, she was "at her father's door."

STIRRING THE SOIL.

In frequently stirring the earth, there are several and important advantages. It loosens the soil, and makes it permeable to the most copious rains. It finely pulverizes the soil, reducing the sods and clods, and mixes the different kinds or layers of soil turned up by the plow together, and mixes the manure finely with the soil. We have plowed greenward for immediate sowing with fine seeds, and by tilling, and the frequent use of the harrow and cultivator, we have made it of fine tilth, and well adapted to tender plants, like old mellow soil.

By stirring the soil often, so as to prevent new surfaces to air, it becomes enriched by elements imbibed from the atmosphere. But if the earth is allowed to rest, a crust is formed at the top, and no improvement of consequence takes place in this way. Hence, in plowing or cultivating, land often in order to kill which or rough grass, coral, or other noxious plants, the soil becomes improved by the means used to eradicate the whole weeds with which it is infested; so that the whole labor is not spent merely to destroy the combers of "the ground." The soil that is turned up in deep plowing, or that works up moderately in sub-soil plowing, becomes greatly improved on exposure to the atmosphere, and frequent stirring.

By stirring the soil, the weeds are destroyed in their tender age, before they become large, to rob the plants of nutriment, or require a great deal of labor to destroy them. If the farmer can keep ahead of his work so as to stir his tillage lands often, just as the weeds have started, he will save a great deal of labor, besides gaining all the advantage in having his land in the best condition in other respects for a good crop. Some writers say in regard to manuring, "Feed your crop and your crop will feed you," and it may with equal propriety be said protect your crop against the weeds, and your crop will protect you against want.

Frequent stirring the soil is the cheapest and most effectual protection of crops against drought. The soil that is often stirred, in a dry time is moist almost to the surface, while that which is neglected, or lands in grass or small grains, which do not admit of this operation, are dry to a great depth; and this is one reason why wheat sown in drills and cultivated as other crops soiled in this way, yields more than that which is sown broadcast. At another time, we may make further remarks on this subject.

Every good cultivator is aware of the important advantages in stirring the soil often, and he practices on this principle with excellent success. Let those who have any doubts on the subject, select a part of a lot, give it extra culture, and make the result.—*N. E. Farmer.*

EXEMPLARY ECONOMY.—It is now generally admitted that almost all the poverty among us is occasioned by want of economy in some way or other; and to show how much can be done by good management, I could name a widow still living in this parish, (Stobo,) whose husband was a plowman, with an income of only about £22 a year, upon which brought up a delicate family of six children, living as comfortably as his neighbors, and all their accounts, and he left her at his death £200, of which, though she has been a widow many years she scarcely spent a shilling; while others, with not half the number of a family, and perhaps double their income, are continually in poverty, and are always ill clothed, and never have a comfortable meal. Surely there must be something wrong here.—*Pekesha Advertiser.*

CREAM AND BUTTER.—From microscopic observation it has been found that cream consists of the globules of the milk, which rise to the surface from their lightness, and which contain the butter; in the form of pulp, enveloped in a white, thin, and elastic pellicle. The action of the churn is nothing more than the rupture of this pellicle, the fragments whereof witness the liquid called buttermilk. The acidity of buttermilk arises at the instant when butter is formed, from the immediate contact of the butter with acid principles of the milk.

SAGACITY OF SHEEP.—I have often been amused by the perfect knowledge which they have of the boundaries of the farm to which they belong. From being frequently driven back when found wandering, they soon learn the exact boundary lines within which they are left in peace both by the shepherd and his dog.—*St. John's Note Book.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—"If you ever marry," said a Roman Consul to his son, "let it be to a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to wash her face before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

FARTY GOOD.—A story is told of the remains of a political opponent in Indiana, who, having the stand to make a political speech, commenced with "Fellow citizens, notwithstanding my youthful appearance, I am the father of two children."

WHY DON'T THEY.—A little child being at a sermon, and observing the minister very vehement in his words, and bodily gesture, and the people why don't they let the man out on his box?