

Agricultural

WORK

BY CHARLES BROWN.

Attend, oh Man,
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advance the ministry of man;
The mountain height is free to climb,
Toll on—MAN's heritage is TIME!

Toll on!

Work on and win—
Life without work is misery—
The happiest are the best employed!—
Work moves and moulds the highest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!

Work on!

Work sows the seeds;
Even the rock may yield its flower,—
No so hard, but man power,
Exerted to one end, will gain.
May conquest fate, and capture fame!
Press on!

Press on!

Press onward still;
In Nature's centre lies the fire
That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through sands deep of mud and clay,
Press on!

Press on!

It Nature then,
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?
Thus Man, through granite Fate, must find
The path—the upward path—of Mud!

Work on!

Press on fear not;
Press on, responding, serve thy view,—
Whatever thou'lt will thy Will may do!
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and let it shaft ascend!

Toll on!

Be free of heart,
By fusion of numberless parts,
A Godlike force, via hosts tons'd,
A drop its child, though flat will waver,
Toll on, and Nature's conquest share!

Toll on!

Within thy self,
Bright moon, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, factor, passing down, an ideal
Harmonies beauty prompts thy breast;—
Thou'rt angel's bower; all God had to do!

Work on!

Work on, I say!
Start lig'nt in Nature's depths as we,
As I do, when I can grasp the shore,
Sit down with Fate, and thy rail!
Now—ward! Let the Truth prevail!

Work on!

Facts and Speculations about CORN.

There are advantages derived from planting different varieties of corn together, particularly in kinds that have a period of ripening of not a great difference than twelve or three days.

Indian corn is a grain crop, having its points and stamens on different organs. The rows of filaments of the male organ, or female organ, are crossed at the base of the stamens or male organ. Hence, if most favorable, and the grain more impregnated by the pollen of the stamens, the grain will be turned. Every said that this impregnation by pollen, or being cast off by grasshoppers or other insects, makes the grain turn.

Cobs often set so late in the day, seasons in itself is dried up, and incapable of shedding any pollen to perfect Indian corn. A late day variety would be a suitable variety that duty a carry out the requirements of Indian corn. The desire of the cobs was for the same purpose—which some varieties judiciously pick away, unless the grain is most favorable, and the grain more impregnated by the pollen of the stamens, the grain will be turned. Every said that this impregnation by pollen, or being cast off by grasshoppers or other insects, makes the grain turn.

In cold, backward, and wet seasons, corn had better be out of the ground than in, in all cases first week in June. If it does not ripen, comes up a double, yellow, sickly plant, which no other culture can easily overcome; but planted after cold weather has fully commenced, and its course suspended toward—sober, healthy, and luxuriant. One of the best crops of corn we have ever seen in Western New York, was planted on new ground on the 15th of June; and last season that which was planted the first week in June was decidedly better than that planted in May.

It is a curious fact that in several instances during the greatest prevalence of the potato rot, that when they were planted on mounding hills of corn, they invariably escaped the disease. Was it the soil, or some other mysterious influence that protected them?

We are great stalkers for planting on ridges, and making no hills, or if any, large and eminence, or lowest at the center, to direct the water to rather than from the roots.

Almost all the great premium crops of corn are made from planting in hills, running both and south for the benefit of the mid-day sun, and usually planted at three and a half feet apart, and sets two in a place, at about twelve inches distance.

It is objectionable to permit a plow to be used among corn at the second hoeing; it does not cut off a great many of the fine roots, as is evident by its drooping and wilting out directly after that operation. The roots of corn extend to a greater distance than most persons imagine. We once saw a field of corn on high land, that was washed up by the breaking of the canal, and the stalks were left with every trace of the root attached to them, and it had the appearance of a great mass of hair, eighteen or twenty inches long—from which it is a safe conclusion to arrive at, that the culmiferous variety prefers the plow.

When ashes are used as a top dressing for corn, apply it as soon as the plant is up, so as to cover it at the first hoeing. It plaster alone immediately after; or sow it broad cast; if not, it will only use one half more quantity. It is a good process to mix plaster and ashes for top dressing—especially for those who doubt the efficacy of broad cast sowing.—Read New York.

To REMOVE STOMPS—it they are dry, set them on fire; if not, clean an upright lever, from eight to ten feet in length, to them, and hitch a yoke to each to the upper end of the lever. If the lever is a good one, and firmly clinched, the stump will be overcom very easily. Stumps dig easiest if cut high, as they then hold most water.

Sprouting—attend to this work during this month. Gather the sprouts in piles, and when dry lay them, and sow the ashes on your meadows as far as they will go, or mix them in your compost heaps.

Never trim the hair from the ear of your horse; it is placed there by nature to protect the outline and drum of the ears from insects, dirt, and sudden changes of weather.

TOWANDA ACADEMY

WORK

BY CHARLES BROWN.

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No so hard, but man power,
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May conquer fate, and capture fame!

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That slow, though sure, doth yet aspire;
Through sands deep of mud and clay,
Press on!

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It Nature then,
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth?
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The path—the upward path—of Mud!

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Bright moon, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, factor, passing down, an ideal
Harmonies beauty prompts thy breast;—
Thou'rt angel's bower; all God had to do!

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Work on, I say!
Start lig'nt in Nature's depths as we,
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Sit down with Fate, and thy rail!

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GOLD IN WISCONSIN

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SOVEREIGN BALM

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SWANSON'S SOVEREIGN EXTRACT

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DR. GUY'S SODA & SAPONARY

WORK

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