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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, February 12, 1853.

Selected Poetry.

THE SABBETH BELL.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Peal on! peal on—I love to hear
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!
The welcome sounds are doubly blest
With future hope and earthly rest,
Yet were no lulling changes found
To spread their cheering echoes round.
There's not a place where man may dwell
But he can hear a Sabbath bell.

Go to the woods, when winter's song.
Howls like a famished wolf along,
Or when the south winds scarcely turn
The light leaves of the trembling fern—
Although no cloister chimes ring there,
The heart is called to faith and prayer;
For all Creation's voices tell
The tidings of the Sabbath bell.

Go to the billows, let them pour
In gentle balm or headlong roar;
Let the vast ocean be thy home,
Thou'lt find a God upon the foam;
In rippling swell or stormy roll,
The crystal waves shall wake thy soul,
And thou shalt feel the hallowed spell,
That a thrown around the Sabbath bell.

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,
The bee within the wild-thyme's bloom,
The owl amid the cypress gloom,
All sing in every varied tone,
A vesper to the great Unknown;
Above—below—one chorus swells
Of God's unnumbered Sabbath bells.

Select Tale.

THE TWO MOTTOES.

In the coach-office at Cernay stood two young men who had just taken their places for Kayserberg. They were of the same age—each about [illegible], but there were remarkable differences in their physiognomy and general appearance. The shorter of the two was dark, pale, and quick in his movements, and of an impatient vivacity of manner which betrayed, at a first glance, a southern origin. His companion, on the contrary, tall, fair and ruddy, was a perfect type of that northern race, in which French expansiveness is happily blended with German good humor. [illegible] at their feet were two small portmanteaus, upon which cards of address were fastened with sealing wax. On one of these cards was written:

HENRY FORTIN, Marseilles;

in the corners, a seal had impressed upon the wax the motto "Mon Droit."

On the other card was written:

JOSEPH MULZEN, Strasburg;

the motto of the seal was "Caritas."

The office keeper had entered the names in his book, and added the words "with the two portmanteaus" when Henry demanded that these should be weighed. They would be weighed at Kayserberg, the office keeper replied. The young man said it would be inconvenient to be delayed by that ceremony upon the moment of their arrival. It was [illegible], he maintained, to have them weighed at once. The office-keeper, thus hard pressed, grew obstinate in his turn. In vain did Joseph interfere, and remind Henry that they had barely time to dine before departure. In virtue of his motto, the Marseillese never gave way when he thought he was in the right, and he always thought that. At last the office-keeper, weary of the dispute, beat a retreat and escaped into his dwelling-house. Henry would have continued the discussion with the porters, but fortunately the porter spoke nothing but German. So he was fain to accompany his friend to the inn, venting upon him by the way, the superfluidance of his ill humor.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were in the street, "you would make a saint swear. What! you would not back me against that obstinate fellow?"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, with a smile, "that it was rather he who was in want of a backer: you brought forward as formidable an array of arguments as if your fortune or your honor had been at stake."

"In your opinion, then, I should have done better to defend my right?"

"When the right is not worth defending."

"Ah, how like you!" interrupted Henry warmly, "you are always ready to yield; one must be walking over your body before you think of defending yourself. Instead of considering the world a battle-field, you take it to be a drawing-room, for the interchange of courtesies."

"Not so," replied Joseph, "but a great ship, all the passengers of which owe each other reciprocal friendliness and toleration. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"For my part I consider every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend," replied the Marseillese. "It is a prudent system, which I have always found answer, and I advise you to adopt it at Kayserberg. There we shall find ourselves face to face with our uncle's other heirs, who will be full to appropriate all they can of the inheritance. For my part I am determined to concede nothing to them."

Thus conversing the cousins reached the White Horse inn and entered the public dining-room, which was unoccupied, save by the hostess, who was laying for three persons only, a large table at the end of the apartment. Henry ordered two more knives and forks, to be laid for himself and Joseph.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, "but you cannot dine here."

"Why so?" inquired the young man.

"Because the three persons for whom we have laid, do take desire to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room then," replied Henry abruptly. "This is the public room and the public table; here every traveller has a right to enter and dine."

"What matter," said Joseph, "whether we dine here or in an other room?"

"And what does it matter to those three persons whether we dine here or not?" retorted Henry.

"They came before you, sir," objected the hostess.

"Then, in your inn, it is the first comers who lay down the law?" cried Henry.

"Besides that, they are persons whom we know."

"And you care more for them than you do for us?"

"You understand, sir, that when customers are in the case—"

"All other travellers must submit to their caprices."

"Your dinner shall be laid elsewhere."

"Yes, with broken meats from your favorite's table, I suppose."

The hostess was hurt by this imputation upon her establishment.

"If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns at Cernay," said she.

"I was just thinking so," replied Henry quickly, taking up his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who tried to detain him, he darted out of the room, and disappeared.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best plan, in cases like the present, was to let his cousin's ill humor burn itself out, and that any attempt to reason served only to aggravate his pugnacity. He resolved, therefore, to let him seek his dinner elsewhere, and ordered his own to be served up in an adjoining apartment. But just as he was about adjourning to it, the three expected guests entered the public room. These were an old lady and her niece, and a gentleman about fifty years of age. The hostess, who was telling them what had just occurred, stopped short at sight of Joseph, who bowed, and was withdrawing, when the gentleman detained him. "I am grieved, sir," said he, urbanely, "to learn the dispute that has occurred. In desiring to dine alone, our object was to avoid the society of persons whose conversation and manners might have shocked these ladies. But, certainly, we were far from desiring to drive away customers from the White Horse, as your friend perhaps believed; and in proof of what I say, I beg you to do us the favor of sitting down to dinner with us."

Joseph would have refused, declaring himself in no way offended by a precaution which he found quite natural; but Mr. Rosman (it was thus the two ladies called their companion) pressed his invitation in so cordial and friendly a manner, that he ended by accepting.

The old lady, who seemed little accustomed to travel, sat down opposite to him, with her niece, and heaved a sigh.

"You are tired, Charlotte," said Mr. Rosman.

"Tired indeed!" replied the old woman; "as well I may be, after being shaken up for a whole day in that crazy coach, getting my meals irregularly, and running all manner of dangers; for I know not how we escaped being upset twenty times, the diligence was always leaning to one side or the other! I would give a year of my life that our journey were at an end."

"Fortunately the bargain is impossible!" cried the young girl, smiling and kissing her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at my troubles," said Miss Charlotte, in a half grumbling, half affectionate tone; "young girls, now-a-days, fear nothing!—They travel by railway and steamboat—they would travel by balloons, if they could get places. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before that, the bravest amongst them traveled only in carts, or on ass back, and even then, only when they had pressing business. I have heard my poor mother say that she never would travel in any other way than on foot."

"Yes," observed Mr. Rosman, "and therefore, her farthest journey was only to the chief town of her canton."

"That did not prevent her being a worthy and happy woman," replied Miss Charlotte. "When the bird has built his nest he stays there. The present custom of passing one's time upon the high road, impairs one's love of home and family; people get a habit of being at home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society at large, but it renders individuals less good and less happy."

"Come, come, Charlotte," said Mr. Rosman, gaily, "your late jolting has set you against all journeys, but I hope your discontent will disappear before this excellent soup. I appeal to your impartiality whether a better can be got, even at Fontaine."

The dialogue continued in this strain of affectionate familiarity. Joseph at first maintained a discreet silence, but Mr. Rosman spoke to him several times, and the conversation had become general, when the waiter came to say that the diligence was about starting. They paid for their dinner, and hastened to the coach-office.

On arriving there, Joseph saw his cousin hurrying up. Whilst Mulzen had dined, Henry had run from one tavern to another, finding nothing ready at any of them, and at last, pressed for time, he had been fain to buy a roll and some fruit, which he ate as he ran.

As may be imagined, the frugal repast had done little to sweeten his temper. Joseph abstained from questioning him. Indeed he had no time, for the way bill was already being called over, and the travellers were about to take their places, when the office keeper discovered that he had made a mistake, had booked two persons too many, and that the coach was full without Mulzen and Fortin.

"Full!" cried Henry; "but I paid you my fare!"

"I will return it to you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," answered the young man. "Having once taken my money, there is a contract between us. I have a right to a place, and a place I will have."

And so saying, he grasped a strap and ascended the imperial, where was a place as yet unfilled.—The traveller to whom it belonged protested against this usurpation; but Henry persisted, declaring that none had a right to make him get down, and that if any attempt it, he would repel violence by violence. Joseph in vain endeavored to compromise the matter; the Marseilles, whose humor had been by no means mended by his bad dinner, persisted in his resolution.

"To every one his right," cried he, "that is my motto; yours is charity. Be as charitable as you please; for my part I am satisfied with justice. I have paid for this place; it belongs to me. I shall keep it."

The traveller whose place he filled, objected his priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. There was a sharp interchange of violent explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Miss Charlotte, who had heard everything from her place in the coupe, groaned and sighed her alarm, and recommenced her diatribes against travelling in general, and public vehicles in particular. At last, Joseph perceiving the dispute became more and more envenomed, proposed to the office-keeper to have a horse put to a cabriolet which stood in the yard, and in which he and the dispossessed traveller would continue their journey. The expedient was adopted by the parties concerned, and the diligence set off.

It was in the month of November; the air, damp and chilly at the moment of departure, grew colder still as night approached. Henry Fortin, accustomed to the sun of Provence, was anything but comfortable in his exposed place upon the top of the diligence. In vain did he button his great coat to the very chin; he shivered like a leaf in the frigid evening fog. His lips were blue, his teeth chattered! Soon a small icy rain, driven full in his face by the wind, penetrated his clothes. His neighbor protected by an ample blanket cloak, might easily have spared him a portion of it, and been no worse off himself; but the neighbor was a corpulent shopkeeper, very tender of his own person and extremely careless of the comfort of others. When Fortin refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession, the fat man applauded, declaring that "every one travelled for his own account and should look after his own interests;" principles which the young man then found perfectly reasonable, and from whose application he now suffered. About the middle of the journey he stent traveller put his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbor, and said—

"You seem very cold, sir!"

"I am wet to the skin," replied Fortin, who could hardly speak.

The fat man shook himself in his huge wrapper, as if enjoying the warmth and dryness it secured him.

"It is very bad for the health to get wet," said he philosophically. "Another time I advise you to bring a cloak like mine: it is very warm and not dear."

Having given this sensible advice, he withdrew his comfortable countenance within his snug garment, and relapsed into a luxurious doze.

It was long after nightfall when the diligence arrived at Kayserberg. Half dead with cold, Fortin scrambled down from the roof, and sought refuge in the inn kitchen, where a large fire blazed. On entering, he found a group of travellers already assembled round the cheerful hearth, and amongst them, to his surprise, were his cousin and the traveller whom he had deprived of his place. The cabriolet had taken them by a cross road, which was a short cut, and they had been an hour at the inn.

On remarking his cousin's deplorable plight, Mulzen at once gave up his chair to him; as for the traveller whom Fortin had dispossessed at Cernary, he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

"Upon my word," he cried, "I must thank this gentleman for having driven me from the imperial of the diligence: for, had he not done so, I should now be wet and half frozen as he is, instead of being warm and comfortable as I am."

Fortin's position was altogether too bad to admit of a retort; he sat down before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he was a little revived, he asked for a room and a bed; but the Kayserburg fair was only just over, and the inn was full of persons who were to leave next morning. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before the diligence, had found but one small bed vacant, which the former had generously given up to the latter. However, after much inquiry and investigation, it came out that there was another bed disengaged but this stood in a room with four others, occupied by four pedlars, who refused to admit a stranger into the apartment.

"Did they engage the room for themselves alone?" inquired Fortin.

"By no means," replied the innkeeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the unoccupied bed."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit a fifth person into the room?"

"No reason at all, but they are four rough looking fellows, and nobody cared to have a quarrel with them.

Fortin rose quickly from his seat.

"That is weakness," cried he. 'For my part, I certainly will not sleep upon a chair, because four strangers think proper to monopolize five beds Show me to their room. They must be made to hear reason."

"Have a care, Henry," said Mulzen. "They are brutal, ill conditioned fellows."

"Does their brutality entitle them to make us sit up all night?" sharply demanded the native of Marseilles. "No *pardieu*! I will go to bed in spite of them."

He put on his traveling cap, and leaving the room in company with the innkeeper, when Mr. Rosman who, whilst seeking a man to carry his baggage, had overheard the conversation, and approached the two cousins.

"I preceive, gentleman," said he, with his friendly, smiling air, 'that you have difficulty in finding beds for to-night."

"I shall not be long without one," replied Henry, passing on.

"One moment," said Mr. Rosman. "Those men will perhaps reply to your reasons with insults, and you may have difficulty in getting them to admit your right. Had you not better accept beds at my house, gentlemen? I live but a few yards off, and shall have great pleasure in receiving you."

Fortin and Mulzen bowed, and returned their thanks for this hospitable invitation—but in very different tones. That of Mulzen was grateful and joyous; that of his companion constrained, although polite. Henry had not yet forgotten that Mr. Rosman was the primary cause of the meagreness of his dinner at Cernay.

"You are too obliging, sir," said he, softening his voice; "but I would not on any account occasion you so much trouble. It is well, besides, to give a lesson to these people, and to teach them to respect the rights of travellers."

Having thus spoken, he again bowed, and betook himself to the apartment occupied by the pedlars. Mulzen fearing a quarrel, followed him; but whether it was that the hawkers did not care much about the matter, or that they were daunted by the Provencal's resolute mien, they contented themselves with a little grumbling, in spite of which Henry installed himself in the fifth bed. His cousin relieved of his apprehensions, then redescended the stairs and joined Mr. Rosman, who had been so obliging as to wait for him.

Miss Charlotte and her niece Louisa were preparing the tea table before a crackling fire of fir-cones. Mulzen's guide spoke a few words in a low voice to the two ladies, who received the young man with courteous kindness. They made him sit down at the table, and Louisa filled the cups. As to Miss Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey; seated in her arm chair, she fancied she still felt the jolts of the diligence, and heard the rattle of the wheels in the singing of the kettles. She did not forget, however, to inquire what had become of her young man who had carried the imperial of the diligence by assault at Cernay, and Mr. Rosman related what had just occurred at the inn.

"Bless me," cried Miss Charlotte, "he possesses his life in search of quarrels and litigation!—He is a man to be avoided like a pestilence."

"It is impossible to have a better heart or more upright character," replied Mulzen; "but he makes a point of acting up to his motto: To every one his right!"

"Whereas your motto is Charity," rejoined the old lady with a smile. "Oh! I overheard all that passed at Cernay."

"You travel together?" inquired Mr. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Mulzen, "and we have come to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Miss Charlotte, in a tone of surprise.

"The will of our uncle, Doctor Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman looked at each other.

"Ah! you are the doctor's relatives!" said Mr. Rosman, gazing at the young man with a certain degree of interest. Chance could hardly have directed you better, sir, for I was his oldest and most intimate friend."

This sort of mutual recognition led the conversation to the subject of the deceased doctor. Mulzen had never seen him, but he felt for him that sort of respectful regard which instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor; listened with great interest to details of his life and of his last moments; and at last after one of these intimate conversations in which heart and mind throw off disguise, and display themselves as they really are, he retired to bed, delighted with his hosts, who, on their par were equally pleased with him.

Tired with his journey, it was late when he awoke next morning. He hastened to dress himself, in order to seek his cousin, whom he was to accompany to the notary with whom the will was deposited. But, on going down into the breakfast room he found the notary there, with Mr. Rosman and with Fortin, for whom a messenger had been sent. Miss Charlotte and Louisa soon appeared. When all were assembled, Mr. Rosman turned to the two young men and said, with a smile:

"All here present are interested in the matter which brings you here to Kysersberg, gentlemen: for my sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Revel, and my neice, Miss Louisa Armand, whose guardian I am, have come hither, like yourselves, to witness the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr. Harver.

The two young men bowed to Miss Charlotte and Miss Louisa, who returned their salutation.

"Since accident has brought together all the parties concerned," continued Mr. Rosman, "I thought the doctor's last wishes, might be made public here as well as at the notary's office."

Fortin made a sign of assent. Everybody sat down, and the notary was about to break the seal of the will when he checked himself.

"This will," said he, "is of old date, and, during the latter months of his life, Dr. Harver told me several times that it was his intention to destroy it, so that each of his heirs might receive the share regulated by law. The non-execution of his intention I can explain only by the suddenness of his death. I deem it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the interested persons here present whether they are disposed to fulfil the doctor's expressed intention, and to cancel the will with one consent, before any know whom the document enriches."

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause of some moment's duration. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

"As far as I am concerned," said he modestly, "having no particular claim upon the good will of the deceased, I cannot consider that I make a sacrifice in agreeing to an equal division of the property, and I am quite willing to consent to it."

"For my part," said Miss Charlotte, "I make no objections whatever."

"In the name of my ward," said Mr. Rosman, "I give my consent."

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "there is only this gentleman."

Fortin seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Like my cousin," he at last said, "I have no ground to expect that the will favors me, but that is the very reason why I should be guarded in my decision. Whatever may have been the doctor's intentions, his will alone can now be considered to express them; to neutralize beforehand his testamentary dispositions, is to infringe both on the rights of the will, and on those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us say no more about it," interrupted the notary. "Prompt and perfect unanimity could alone make legitimate my proposition. Let us remain in the strict limits of legal rights—as you, sir, propose; and now please to listen.

With these words he tore open the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

"Of the four persons who can lay claim to my inheritance, I know but two:—my sister Charlotte Reed, and my niece, Louisa Armand. But these two, long united by the strictest affection, have but one common interest, and may be considered in fact, to constitute but one person; with respect to them, therefore, I have only Louisa to consider.—My first intention was to bequeath to her all I possess, but it afterwards occurred to me that one of my two nephews might be equally worthy of my regard. The sole difficulty is to find out which of the two it is.

"Unable to investigate this point myself, and well knowing the intelligence and right mindedness of my niece, Louisa, I refer to her judgment; and I constitute my sole heir that one of the two cousins whom she shall select for her husband.

"HARVER."

When the notary paused, after completing the perusal of the will of the eccentric but well-meaning doctor, a silence of some duration ensued—The two young men looked embarrassed, and Louisa held down her head.

"Mon Dieu!" cried Miss Charlotte at last, "the doctor has bequeathed a very difficult task to my niece."

"Less difficult than you think, sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have long been well acquainted with the contents of Harver's will, and I made inquiries in consequence. The result of those inquiries convinced me that, whatever her choice, there was nothing to fear for Louisa."

"Then let Miss Armand decide" said the notary, laughing. "Since there is safety in either case, she has but to consult her inspirations."

"I will beg my aunt to decide for me," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into Miss Charlotte's arms.

"I decide," cried the old lady;—"it is very perplexing, my dear, and really I do not know."

But, whilst uttering these words with an air of indecision, Miss Charlotte's first glance was at Mulzen. Fortin perceived this.

"Ah, Madam, cried he quickly, "I see that your choice is made, and whatever my regrets, I cannot but approve it. Mademoiselle," he continued, taking Mulzen's hand and leading him to Louisa, "your aunt has seen and judged rightly, my cousin is more deserving than I am."

"Your present conduct proves the contrary," said Miss Charlotte, touched by his generosity; "but we already know Mr. Mulzen a little, and then—in short, you deserve to hear the whole truth——"

"Tell it me," interrupted Fortin.

"Well, then, his motto encourages, whilst yours deters me; he promises indulgence and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but men have need of charity."

"You are perhaps right, madam," said Henry Fortin, thoughtfully: "yesterday and to-day everything seems to combine to give me a lesson—The rigid defence of my right has always turned against me, while my cousin's benevolence has in every instance profited him. Mulzen was in the right; his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say "To every one his rights; but rather, "Love your neighbor as yourself."

GOT HIS HEAD IN THE BASKET.—There is hardly a more laughable sight than that of a horse with his head in the basket. Absorbed in oats, the common routine of life may go on and it is all unnoticed. What in his moments of leisure might have startled our steedship from his equilibrium, or at least caused him to turn his head, now passes under his very feet, and disturbs him not. Look where he may, he sees nothing but oats; and he crounches on entirely satisfied with himself and the world at large.

A few reflections might be drawn from this sight—as, for instance, when a man is perfectly satisfied that he has made money enough to keep himself comfortable, and benefit only himself and his thro' life, he has got his head in the basket.

When a college youth thinks that he has acquired just sufficient knowledge, and it would be impossible to teach him anything further, he has got his head in the basket.

When a young lady imagines that she has nothing more to do in life than to catch a husband, settle down and be at ease, she has got her head in the basket.

When a Christian sums up his religion in going to just so many meetings, and saying so many prayers, confident that he is good enough, he has got his head in the basket.

When a minister learns that all his parishoners, to the number of a thousand, expect him to call on them once a week, he will find his head in the basket, and a pretty tight one, too.

When a father whips a child for breaking a cup, and allows him to break the commandments without reproof, he has then got his head in the basket.

Finally dear readers, as there is not one perfect person in all the world, and we, each ride our own hobby, let us come to the conclusion that until we have eaten the oats of folly, we have all got our heads in the basket.—*Olive Branch.*

Rotation of Crops.

An old farmer once observed to us, one stormy evening in winter, as he sat by his comfortable kitchen fire. "If I can't cultivate my land just now, I can think about it." So it'll be too late in the season to actually cultivate the crops just now, we can think about them, and talk about them, and perhaps the discussion will lead to some ideas which will be in value when the right season comes to practise them.

The subject of a judicious rotation of crops has been one of importance, and is yet one which should engross the attention of farmers.

It has been more or less discussed since the days of Virgil. Before the potato rot and the grain worm visited Maine, and deranged all the previous plans and customs of our farmers, rotation of crops began to be practiced extensively among them. The potato, wheat, and grass, entered pretty generally into their system, because these three articles were very sure crops, and very profitable. The almost certain destruction of two of these crops (potatoes and wheat) which afterwards ensued, seemed to unhinge all the systems and calculations to which they were becoming attached, and left them to pursue a sort of hap-hazard course.

As the rot and the grain worm have become not quite so prevalent, it may be well to again turn our attention to a more systematic course of culture, in which the potato and wheat may once more have a place in the shift. We are aware that the same rotation will not be profitable on every kind of soil, or near every market, and yet, there are general principles which may serve to guide all.

Potatoes, grass, and grain, are all necessary, and therefore profitable crops, and should be cultivated as extensively as is compatible with the means that the farmer has at command, and the market where he trades. A very simple rotation and a very good one, used to be—

1. Sward land broken up and planted to potatoes.

2d year, ploughed, and manured highly for Indian corn.

3d year, ploughed and sowed to spring wheat and grass seed.

4th year, grass.

5th year grass.

Next year, break up and plant to potatoes again. This makes five years shift, or rotation.

In winter wheat shall ultimately become an established crop among us, a somewhat different change of rotation may become necessary in some parts of Maine.

If wheat is desired to be the main article of production, the oftener it can be made a crop in the shift for a short term of years, the more satisfactory it may be to the farmer.

A german by the name of Sheimer, was reported, some years since, to have adopted the following scheme of operations on his farm in Northampton County, Pa., by which, from his successful crops and sale of wheat, he became wealthy. He is represented to have followed it for thirty-five years, with constant improvement in the quality of his land. His farm consisted of one hundred acres, which he divided as nearly as possible into eight fields of twelve and a half acres each of which was carried through an eight years rotation.

Commencing with a fallow field—

1st year—manured, limed, ploughed three times, May, June and August, harrowed, and seeded with one bushel and three pecks per acre of wheat, which was ploughed under.

2d year—clover sown on the wheat in the spring, six quarts to the acre, which was pastured after harvest.

3d year—plastered the clover in the spring, one bushel per acre; cut the clover early and ploughed under the after crop and seeded again to wheat.

4th year—wheat, same as No. 2.

5th year—pastured early in the season, ploughed under second crop in August, and sowed wheat.

6th year—wheat again, and rye sowed on stubble.

7th year—sowed clover seed on spring rye.

8th year—ploughed under clover sod and planted corn, and next season re commenced.

It will be seen that in this way he had, every year, three fields into wheat, one with rye, one with corn, two with clover, and one fallow. In one year he raised fourteen hundred bushels of wheat six hundred bushels of corn, and three hundred bushels of rye.

He had, you will perceive, three fields of twelve and a half acres, or thirty-seven and one half acres, every year into wheat, and he must cut thirty-eight and a fraction of bushels to the acre, in the year that he raised fourteen hundred bushels.

His method, however, appears to be a very good one, and worthy the consideration of every farmer, and can be followed out in a corresponding scale, whether a farmer has a small farm or a large one. —*Maine Farmer.*

JUST SO.—We heard a good joke lately of a Yankee lad, who had concluded to take a few lessons in the Art of Dancing, so that he might astonish the "galls," when he returned home. So he applied to one of the celebrated French dancing masters of the city.

"How much do you ax a lessin?" asked he of the teacher.

"Ze first will be only four dollar, ze second two dollars, and ze fird one dollar," was the answer.

"Just so," said he, "well, I goes I'll commence with the third, as I can't stay in town long."

☞ A Philadelphia critic, speaking of Sontag's vocalism, says: "We hang upon every note."—This says the Dispatch is a proof of the lady's remarkable powers of execution.