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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 13, 1859.

### Selected Poetry.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial Battle Ship.]  
A DIRGE FOR THE SUMMER.

BY SYBIL PARK.

Yesterday the bright-winged Summer  
Bowed her fair young head and died,  
And the flower-bells tolling murmur  
Faded dirges by her side.  
This calm morn our dear departed  
Lies cold upon her bier,  
Royal dahlia crimson-hearted,  
Were the first sad mourners here.

Asters many-hued, and glowing,  
Pansies, and sweet mignonette,  
Each are on the dead bestowing  
Some last token of regret.

Like an Eastern queen she sleeth,  
Decked with gems and blossoms rare;  
Faithfully each true heart keepeth  
Vigils for the young and fair.

All day long the woe-sighing  
Of her breath so faint and low,  
Told us that our love was dying,  
And our eyelids filled with woe,  
When from out the azure heaven,  
One by one the pale stars shone;  
Then her last farewell was given,  
Then the summer time was flown.

Tears are falling, sadly falling,  
Like the dropping of the rain,  
Through the earth a voice is calling,  
For the dead to wake again;  
All our paths with gloom are shaded,  
And our songs are dirge-like now,  
Since the golden mist has faded  
From the Summer's royal bow.

Yet again, O sweet-voiced maiden,  
Our sad lips must breathe farewell,  
White thy presence, blossom-laden,  
Lingers over wood and dell,  
Then we'll smooth the shining tresses  
From thy gentle bow of snow,  
And with tears and kind caresses  
We will leave thee sleeping low.

### Selected Tale.

#### A SPIRITUAL SUBPENA.

Some dozen years ago, I passed a couple of early summer months in Devonshire, fishing—changing one picturesque scene of sport for another, always disbelieving that I should find so fair a place as that last quitted, and always having pleasantly to acknowledge myself wrong. There is indeed an almost inexhaustible treasure of delicious nooks in that fertile county, which comprehends every element of landscape beauty—coast and inland, hill and valley, moor and woodland—and excels in nothing more than in its curved rivers. What cliff-like and full-foliated banks about their sources, and what rich meadows, sprinkled with unrivaled kine, as they broaden toward the sea! At the close of my tour, I was lodging in a farm-house near a branch of the Exe, rather regretful at the thought of so soon having to shoulder my knapsack and return to native Dorset, near a certain provincial town of which county, and in a neighborhood without a tree in sight, or a stream within sound, it was my lot to dwell. We had lately thrown out a bow-window to the drawing-room, there, but why I cannot tell, for there was certainly nothing to see from it. What a difference between such a spot and my then abode, from the windows of which a score of miles of undulating and varied landscape could be discerned with the old cathedral towers of the capital city standing grandly against the southern sky!

It is not true that persons who live in picturesque places do not appreciate them, but only that they require to be made to understand their good fortune. Michael Courtney, the good man of the farm, and, like all his class, a thorough stay-at-home, could not discover what I found in that look-out from his house to make such a fuss about; but his wife, who had once paid a visit to her son when in business at Birmingham, knew perfectly well. Concerning which son Robert, by the way, there was a sad tale. He was the only child of the good pair, and one who should have been there at Cowless, the right hand of his father and the comfort of his loving mother; but the young man had decided otherwise. He had never taken to farming, but had grieved his father hugely by a hankering after mechanical studies, which the old agriculturist associated almost with the black art itself. Thinking himself to have a gift for the practical sciences, Robert was apprenticed in Birmingham, and for a time bade fair to acquit himself well. But it had not been farming to which he was in reality averse, so much as to be a restraint of any kind; and finding, after a little, that he could not be his own master at the lathe, any more than at the plow, he forsook his second calling likewise. This had justly angered Michael, and drawn from him, on the return of the lad, certain expressions which his young spirit undisturbedly resented. There was a violent scene in that peaceful homestead of Cowless one day; and on the next morning, when the house was astir, it was found that Robert had gone away in the night-time, nor had he since either returned home or written of his whereabouts.

It was a year ago and more by this time, during which period Mrs. Courtney had grown older than in the half-dozen years before, while the old man himself, said the farm-people, had altered to the full as much as she, although, for his part, he had never owned to it. It was not he who told me of the matter, but the good wife, who was found of me—as my vanity was obliged to confess—mainly because I was of the age of her lost lad, and so reminded her of him. I slept in the very room which had been her Robert's, and a very comfortable little room it was.

Here it was, very early one May morning, before even the earliest risers of the farm were

up, that I was awakened by these three words, pronounced close by me in the distinct tones, "The ferryman waits."

So perfectly conscious was I of having been really addressed, that I sat up in my bed at once, and replied: "Well, and what is that to me?" before the absurdity of the intimation had time to strike me. The snow-white curtains of the little bed were completely undrawn, so that no person could have been hidden behind them. Although it was not broad daylight, every object was clearly discernable, and through the half-opened window came the cool, delicious summer air, with quickening fragrance. I heard the dog rattle his chain in the yard as he came out of his kennel and shook himself, and then returned to it lazily, as though it was not time to be up yet. A cock crew, but very unsatisfactorily, leaving off in the middle of his performance, as though he had been mistaken in the hour. My watch, a more reliable chronicler, informed me that it wanted a quarter of four o'clock. I was not accustomed to be awakened at such a time as that, and turned myself somewhat indignantly on the pillow, regretful that I had eaten clotted cream for supper the preceding evening— I lay perfectly still, with my eyes shut, endeavoring, since I could not get to sleep again, to account for the peculiar nature of my late nightmare, as I had made up my mind to consider it, until the cuckoo clock on the oaken chair outside struck four. The last note of the mechanical bird had scarcely died away, when again, close to the pillow, I heard uttered, not only with distinctness, but with a most unmistakable earnestness the same piece of information which had once so startled me already, "The ferryman waits."

Then I got up and looked under the little bed, and behind it, into the small cupboard where my one change of boots was kept, and where there was room scarcely for anything else. I sounded the wall nearest my bed's head, and found it solid enough; it was also an outside wall; nor from any of the more remote ones could so distinct a summons have come. Then I pushed the window casement fully back, and thrust my head and bare neck into the morning air. If I was still asleep, I was determined to wake myself, and then, if I should hear the mysterious voice again, I was determined to obey it. I was not alarmed, nor even disturbed in my mind, although greatly interested. The circumstances of my position precluded any supernatural terror. The animals in the farm-yard were lying in the tumbled straw close by, and near enough to be startled at a shout of mine; some pigeons were already circling round the dove-cot, or pacing, sentinel-like, the little platform before their domiciles; and the sound of the lasher, by whose circling eddies I had so often watched for trout, came cheerily and with inviting tone across the dewy meadows. The whole landscape seemed instinct with new-born life; and to have thoroughly shaken off the solemnity of dreary night. Its surpassing beauty and freshness so entirely took possession of me indeed, that in its contemplation I absolutely forgot the inexplicable occurrence which had brought me to the window. I was wrapped in the endeavor to make out whether those tapering lines, supporting, as it appeared, a mass of Southern clouds, were indeed the pinnacles of the cathedral, when close by my ear, close by, as though the speaker had his face at the casement likewise, the words were a third time uttered, "The ferryman waits."

There was a deeper seriousness in its tone on this occasion, an appeal which seemed to have a touch of pathos as well as gloom; but it was the same voice, and one which I shall never forget. I did not hesitate another moment, but dressed myself as quickly as I could, and, descending the stairs, took down the vast oaken door-bar, and let myself out, as I had been wont to do when I went betimes a fishing. Then I strode southward along the footpath leading through the fields to where the river ferry was, some three miles off, now doubting no believing, that the ferryman *did* wait there at such an unusual hour, and for me. I made such good use of my legs that it was not five o'clock when I reached the last meadow that lay between me and the stream; it was higher ground than its neighbor land, and every step I took I was looking eagerly to come in sight of the ferry-house, which was on the opposite bank, and by no means within hailing distance. At last I did so, and observed, to my astonishment, that the boat was not at its usual moorings. It must needs, therefore, have been already brought over upon my own side. A few steps further brought me into view of it, with the ferryman standing up in the stern leaning on his punt-pole, and looking intently in my direction. He gave a great "halloo" when he recognized me, and I returned it, for we were old acquaintances.

"Well, Master Philip," cried he, as I drew near, "you are not here so very much betimes, after all; I have been waiting for you night upon half an hour."

"Waiting for me?" echoed I; "I don't know how that can be, since nobody knew that I was coming; and, indeed, I didn't know it myself till—"

"And there I stopped myself upon the very verge of confessing myself to have been fooled by a voice. Perhaps the ferryman himself may be concerned in the trick, thought I, and is now taken across out of hours."

"Well, sir," returned the genius of the river turning his peckless cap hid before, which was his fashion when puzzled, and certainly a much more polite one than that common to the brethren of the land, of scratching their heads, "all I can say is as I was roused at half past three or so by a friend of yours, saying as though you would be waiting me in a little on the north bank."

"What friend was that?" inquired I.

"Nay, sir, for that matter I can't say, since I didn't see him, but I heard him well enough at all events, and as plain as I now hear you. I was asleep when he first called me outside yonder, and could scarcely make any sense of it; but the second time I was wide awake, and the third time, as I was undoing the window, there could be no mistake about it. 'Be ready for Philip Beaton on the north bank,' he said."

"And how was it you missed seeing my friend?" inquired I carelessly as I could.

"He was in such a hurry to be gone I reckon that as soon as he heard my window open, and knew he had roused me, he set off. His voice came round the east corner of the cottage as though he went Exeter way. I wouldn't have got up at such a time, and at such a summons, for many other folks but you, I do assure you, Master Philip."

"Thank you," said I, though by no means quite convinced; "you're a good fellow, and here's five shillings for you. And now put me across, and show me the nearest way by which I can get to the city."

Now, if by some inscrutable means the ferryman—who had become the leading figure in my mind because of the mysterious warning—or any accomplice of his had played me a trick, or trumped up a story for my further bewilderment, they had not, I flattered myself very much cause for boasting. I had evinced but slight curiosity about the unknown gentleman who had heralded my approach at daylight, and I had a real object in my early rising—that of reaching the capital city, at least ten miles away. But my own brain was, for all that, a prey to the most conflicting suggestions, not one of which was of final service toward an explanation of the events of the morning.

There was I, a little after five A. M., with walk before me of ten, and a walk behind of three good Devon miles, breakfastless, without the least desire to reach the place he was bound for—and all because of a couple of *voix-à-propos*—*voix-à-propos*, voices without a body between them. I consumed the way in mentally reviewing all the circumstances of the case again and again, and by no means in a credulous spirit; but when I at length arrived at the city upon the hill, I was as far from the solution of the matter as when I started. That the ferryman himself, a simple countryman, should be concerned in any practical joke upon me, a mere fly-fishing acquaintance of a couple of weeks standing, or that such persons as the Courtneys should have permitted the playing of it upon a guest at Cowless, was only less astounding than the perfection of the trick itself—if trick it really was. But neither my feelings of anger, when I looked on the matter in that light, nor those of mystery, when I took the more supernatural view of it, in anywise interfered with the gradual growth of my appetite, and when I turned into a private room at the Bishop's Head in the High Street, the leading idea in my mind, after all my cogitations, was breakfast. If seven and forty mysterious voices had informed me that the ferryman was waiting *then*, I should have responded: "Then let him wait—at all events, till I eat my breakfast and sundries."

Although Exeter is as picturesque and venerable a city as any haven could desire to dwell in, it is not a lively town by any means, in a general way. A quiet, saintly, solemn spot, indeed, it is; excellently adapted for a sinner to pass his last days in—although he would probably find them among the longest in his life—and peculiarly adapted to that end in its very great benefit of (Episcopal) clergy; but for a hale young gentleman of nineteen to find himself therein at nine o'clock on a fine summer morning, with nothing to do, and all the day to do it in, was an embarrassing circumstance.

"Nothing going on, as usual, I suppose?" inquired I, with a yawn at the waiter, when I had finished a vast reflection.

"Going on sir? Yes sir. City very gay in deed, sir I just now. Assizes, sir, now sitting. Murder case—very interesting for a young gentleman like yourself, indeed, sir."

"How do you know what is interesting?" retorted I, with the indignation of hobbledehoyhood at having its manhood called in question.

"Young gentleman, indeed! I am a man, sir. But what about this murder? Is the prisoner convicted?"

"Convicted, sir? No, sir; not yet, sir. We hope he will be convicted this morning, sir. It's a very bad case, indeed, sir. A journeyman carpenter, one Robert Moles, have been murdered a tall keeper—killed him in the dead of night, with a hatchet; and his wife's the witness against him."

"That's very horrible," remarked I. "I didn't know a wife could give evidence."

"No, sir; not *his* wife, sir; it's the tall-keeper's wife, sir. She swears to this Moles, although it happened two months ago or more, sir. Murder will out, they say; and how true it is! He'll be hung in front of the jail, sir, in a hopen place upon an 'ill, so as almost every body will be able to see it, bless ye!"

"I should like to hear the end of the trial—very much indeed, waiter."

"Should you, sir?" fondling his chin. "It couldn't be done, sir—it could not be done; the court is crowded into a mawh already. To be sure, I've got a— But no, sir; it could not be done."

"I suppose it's merely a question of 'How much?' said I, taking out my purse. "Didn't you say you had a—?"

"A cousin as a javelin man, yes, sir. Well I don't know but what it might be done, sir, if you'll just wait till I've cleared away. There they're at already!"

While he spoke, fanfaronde of trumpets without proclaimed that the judges were about to take their seats; and in a few minutes the waiter and I were among the crowd. The javelin-man turning out to be amenable to reason and to the ties of relationship, as well as not averse to a small pecuniary recompense, I soon found standing room for myself in the court house, where every seat has been engaged for hours before. As I had been informed, the proceedings were all but concluded, save some unimportant indirect evidence, and the speech of the prisoner's counsel. This gentleman had been assigned to the accused as counsel by the court, since he had not provided himself with any advocate, nor attempted to meet the tremendous charge laid against him, except by a simple denial. All that had been elicited from him since his apprehension, it seemed, was this: That the tall-keeper's wife was mistaken in his identity, but that he had led a wandering life of late, and could not pro-

duce a person to prove an *alibi*; that he was in Dorsetshire when the murder was done, miles away from the scene of its commission; but at what place on the particular day in question—the 5th of March—he could not recall to mind. This, taken in connection with strong condemnatory evidence, it was clear, would go sadly against him with the jury, as a lame defence indeed; although, as it struck me, who had only glanced this much from a bystander, nothing was more natural than that a journeyman carpenter, who was not likely to have kept a diary, should not recollect what place he had tramped through upon any particular date.

Why, where had I myself been on the 5th of March? thought I. It took me several minutes to remember, and I only did so by recollecting that I had left Dorsetshire on the day following, partly in consequence of some alterations going on at home. Dorsetshire, by the way, did the prisoner say? Why, surely, I have seen that face somewhere before, which was now turned anxiously and hurriedly around the court, and now, as if ashamed of meeting so many eyes, concealed in his tremulous hands. Robert Moles! No, I certainly never heard that name, and yet I began to watch the poor fellow with singular interest, begot ten of the increasing conviction that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

The evidence went on and concluded; the council for the prisoner did his best, but his speech was, of necessity, an appeal of mercy rather than to justice. All that had been confided to him by his client was this: that the young man was a vagabond, who had deserted his parents, and run away from his indentures, and was, so far, deserving of little pity; that he had, however, only been vicious, and not criminal; as for the murder with which he was now charged, the commission of such a hideous outrage had never entered his brain. "Did the lad look like a murderer? Or did he rather resemble the Prodigal Son, penitent for his misdeeds, indeed, but not weighed down by the blood of a fellow-creature?"

All this was powerfully enough expressed, but it was no evidence; and the jury, without retiring from their box, pronounced the young man "guilty," amid a silence which seemed to corroborate the verdict. Then the judge put on the terrible black cap, and solemnly inquired for the last time whether Robert Moles had any reason to urge why sentence should not be passed upon him.

"My lord," replied the lad, in a singular low, soft voice, which recalled the utterer to my recollection on the instant, "I am wholly innocent of this dreadful crime of which I am accused, although I confess I see in the doom that is about to be passed upon me a fit recompense for my wickedness and disobedience. I was, however, until informed of it by the officer who took me into custody, as ignorant of this poor man's existence as of his death."

"My lord," I cried, speaking with an energy and distinctness that astonished myself, "this young man has spoken the truth, as I can testify."

There was a tremendous sensation in the court at this announcement, and it was some minutes before I was allowed to take my place in the witness box. The council of the crown objected to my becoming evidence at that stage of the proceedings at all, and threw himself into the legal question with all the indignation which he had previously exhibited against the practice of midnight murder; but eventually the court overruled him, and I was sworn.

I stated that I did not know the prisoner by name, but that I could swear to his identity. I described how, upon the 5th of March last, the local builder, being in want of hands, had hired the accused to assist in the construction of a bow-window in the drawing-room of our house in Dorsetshire.

The council for the prosecution, affecting to disbelieve my sudden recollection of the prisoner, here requested to know whether any particular circumstance had recalled him to my mind, or whether I had only a vague and general recollection of him.

"I had only that," I confessed, "until the prisoner spoke; his voice is peculiar, and I remember very distinctly to have heard him upon the occasion I spoke of; he had the misfortune to tread upon his foot-rod and break it, while at work upon the window, and I overheard him lamenting that occurrence."

Here the counsel for the accused reminded the court that a broken foot-rod had been found upon the prisoner's person at the time of his apprehension.

Within some five minutes, in short, the feelings of judge, jury and spectators entirely changed; and the poor young fellow at the bar instead of having sentence of death passed upon him found himself, through my means, set very soon at liberty. He came over to me at the inn to express his sense of my prompt interference, and to beg to know he might show his gratitude.

"I am not so mean a fellow as I seem," said he; "and I hope, by God's blessing, to be a credit to the parents to whom I have behaved so ill."

"What is your real name?" inquired I, struck by a sudden impulse.

"My real name," replied the young man, blushing deeply, "is Courtney, and my home where I hope to be to-night, is at Cowless Farm, across the Exe."

And so I had not been called so mysteriously at four o'clock in the morning, without a good and sufficient reason, after all.

It is well for the soul to have some aim, some object, to which to direct its energies; it brings out their hidden strength, and we can battle life's severest storms if that aim ever be ours, in pursuit of its attainment.

I never knew but one person who interfered between man and wife in their broils with success (said a philosopher) and that was the person who turned to and thrashed them both soundly.

We would educate the whole man—the body, the head, the heart; the body to act, the head to think, and the heart to feel.

### Draining Slops from Houses.

I shall, without attempting to disparage the judgment or the practice of others, proceed to describe the plan which I have adopted in order to avoid, on the one hand, the unsightly and inconvenient accumulation of ice near the kitchen door in the winter and on the other, the still more offensive effluvia from the sink gutter in the summer. The water is conducted from the wash-trough into a drain beneath, through a two-inch lead pipe some two and a half feet long and so curved to allow a portion of it always to stand full of water which is, of course, displaced by each successive deposit; thus forbidding the ingress of cold air or the return of noxious gases from the cess-pool below. It will be observed that to secure the advantages of this arrangement, the drain must be carefully closed around the insertion of the pipe. The drain is made of brick with the fall of nearly an inch to the foot, and sufficiently deep under ground to render it secure from freezing; it terminates, at a suitable distance from the house, in a pit four by six feet, and five feet deep, walled up to the surface of the ground and securely covered. As there is considerable amount of waste water from the wash house and kitchen, where there are several in family, this depository will occasionally require to be pumped out. I have therefore provided it with a cheap pump, so primitive and simple in its construction as to have cost less than two dollars; and yet so efficacious in its performance as to discharge, with ease to the operator, a boghead of water per minute. It is made of pine boards about five inches square, with a stationary valve near the bottom, and a movable one attached to the piston rod, as in the common pump—the piston is worked without a lever.

The contents of the cesspool are made to subsere a valuable purpose, both as a renovator of the soil and also for irrigation. In the latter relation it is exceedingly useful to the garden; for in a few minutes a man will throw up enough water to thoroughly irrigate every part of it—thus carrying both moisture and nourishment to the plants at a time when they most need it.

I have been thus explicit, because I believe this arrangement has many palpable advantages over every plan of conducting the drainage away on the surface; and because I have thought that a lack of perspicuity in a communication on so very commonplace a place a subject would detract from the little merit it might otherwise possess. C., West Grove, Chester county, Pennsylvania.—Country Gentleman.

To CURE HARD PULLING HORSES.—A writer in the *London Field* thus prescribes a remedy for hard pulling horses: "Put the curb chain inside the month, from hook to hook, instead of out. How or why it acts with such considerable effect I know not, but at times it utterly puts an end to over-pulling. To stop a runaway horse, or reuder the most pulling brute quiet and playful with his bit, get a double plain snaffle, rather thick and heavy, the joints rather open, cut an old curb chain in half and let it hang down from the bottom snaffle joint. When he offers to pull or bolt, instantly merely drop your hand; of course the curb chain will drop between his front teeth, and should the beast savage it—if any of your correspondents wish to try the effect on themselves, they have only to place a nut between their front teeth and try to crack it—they will soon understand the vast difference between pleasure and pain. So does the horse, and in a short time he will play with the very thing he before tried to savage, and in the end become from a vicious brute, a playful, good mouthed animal."

The eccentricities of John Randolph of Roanoke, were proverbial. Among the greatest geniuses and ablest statesmen of the age in which he lived, he was peculiarly distinguished for his practical common sense and plainness of manner and dress. On a certain occasion he was a stage passenger in Virginia, and reclining on a lounge at a hotel, waiting for a change of teams. A dandy dressed young man appeared before a mirror, in the same room, and after some time spent in fixing his curly hair, and adjusting the frizziness of his wardrobe, Mr. Randolph partly raised himself, and inquired of him, "is your stage ready sir?" "Blast the stage," retorted the dandy, "I have nothing to do with the stage!" "Oh, I thought you was the driver," coolly apologized the interrogator.

How to SPEAK IN PUBLIC.—Somebody gives this advice to new beginners. When you mount the stand be puzzled where to put your hat. Look round, as though you were quite cool and collected, and suddenly put your hat upon the floor. Turn to the audience, pass your fingers through your hair, and say, "Fellow citizens;" extend your right hand, put your left on your vest, on whichever side in your private opinion your heart lies, swell out your chest as though all the goddesses of liberty in the world had left their respective countries, and had taken board and lodging in your expansive bosom, and were now struggling to find their way out. Repress their generous efforts for a moment, and then burst right out, leading off with a brief eulogy on the American eagle. The effect will be tremendous.

ANTS AND FRUIT TREES.—Many really suppose that ants are injurious to fruit trees. This is not so. Those acquainted with their habits know that they visit fruit trees infested with plant lice, both roots and branches. They are attended by ants, which seem to use them as their milk kine. They are sought by the ants because of a sweet fluid furnished by these lice which supplies the ants with nutrition. This accounts for their being about fruit trees. Take warning, then, when you see the ants busily ascending and descending in regular succession young fruit trees, or others, and immediately apply ashes or lime to them when the dew is on; also applying one or both about the roots of the trees infested by them.

How to LIVE LONG.—More people die annually from a want of sufficient brain-work than from the excess of it. Good health of body and mind depends on each having its full share of exercise and work, and it would seem from history that we can better afford the body to be in a state of lassitude than allow the intellectual powers to lie dormant. There may be physical cause for this, from the fact that much thought induces a temperate life; but the exceptions to such a rule would be found so enormous as to show that it was not the only secret. We are rather inclined to think that the most general rule and the one capable of the broadest application, by which to attain to that great desideratum, "a green old age," is to give the mind full play—to expand the powers of thought by reading and observation and to banish the fear of death, resulting from an exhausted "knowledge-box." We have shown to what ages the old philosophers lived, and many modern ones have been equally long-lived. Galileo and Roger Bacon both lived to 84, Buffon died at 81, Galileo and West were 82, Franklin and Herschel lived to 84, and Newton and Voltaire did not finish their labors until 85. The astronomer Halley was 93, Michel Angelo and Titian, the great masters of art, lived to 96. These, surely, are instances enough to stimulate the individual who wishes to live long, not to forget to cultivate the intellectual faculties and imagination, while he is attending to the physical aids of exercise, cleanliness and temperance. We all think too much of the body and neglect the higher and diviner part within us; we cleanse the temple and adorn its pillars, but we forget that the dweller therein also requires attention and care.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.—One of the surest methods of attaching a boy to the farm, is to let him have something upon it *for his own*. Give him a small plot of ground to cultivate, allowing him the proceeds for his own use. Let him have his steers to break, or his sheep to care for. The ownership of even a fruit tree, planted, pruned, and brought to bearing by his own hands, will inspire him with an interest that no mere reward or wages can give. In addition to the cultivation of a taste for farm life, which such a course will cultivate, the practical knowledge gained by the boy will be of the highest value. Being interested, he will be more observant, and will thoroughly learn whatever is necessary for his success. Another and equally important advantage will be the accustoming him early to feel responsibility. Many young men, though well acquainted with all the manual operations of the farm fail utterly when entrusted with the management of an estate, from want of experience in planning for themselves. It is much better that responsibility should be gradually assumed, than that a young man should be first thrown upon himself on attaining his majority.

SPEAK WELL OF OTHERS.—If the disposition to speak well of others were universally prevalent, the world would become a comparative paradise. The opposite disposition is the Pandora-box, which, when opened, fills every house with pain and sorrow. How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from this source! How much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy and the malignant spirit of evil when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fends, to blast the reputation and peace of others. Every one has his imperfections; and in the conduct of the best there will be occasional faults which might seem to justify animadversion. It is a good rule however, when there is occasion for fault finding, to do it privately to the erring one. This may prove salutary. It is a proof of interest in the individual which will generally be taken kindly, if the manner of doing it is not offensive. The common and unchristian rule, on the contrary, is to proclaim the failings of others to all but themselves. This is unchristian, and shows a despicable heart.

FEEDING HORSES.—The practice of regulating the food of horses by the amount of work they are required to perform, is a good one, if properly followed. For example, a horse when lying comparatively idle, as in winter, should have less solid food than amid the hard work of spring and summer. Again, if a horse is about to be put to a work of extra labor it is well to fortify him for it with a little extra feeding beforehand. But the mistake we refer to is the practice of over feeding him an hour or so before putting him to work. If an extra service is required of a horse on any particular day, and an extra feed is to be given him, let him have it the evening before, rather than in the morning an hour or two before being put to work. Why so? Because, if he is put to work so soon after eating, his food does not become digested, and he is obliged to carry about with him a large mass of undigested food which is rather a burden than a help to him. If he is well fed in the evening before the food is assimilated—changed to flesh and blood—and sends health and vigor through the system. As a general rule, a working horse should be fed regularly, both as to time and amount.

LIGHTNING RODS.—As we have inquired almost every week about putting up lightning-rods, we will therefore give a general answer to all who are in pursuit of such information. In putting up a rod, care must be observed to have all the joints perfectly connected; for it has frequently happened that the lightning has passed from ill-jointed rods into buildings. The rod should be clamped to the building with brackets of varnished dry wood or glass insulators, and its lower end should always be carried down into damp soil. Care must be exercised that no masses of metal in the building be situated near the conductor, because if such a mass be greater than that of the rod, the lightning is liable to pass from the latter to the former. The point of the conductor should be carried about four or five feet above the highest chimney, and if it is of iron, it should be one-half an inch in diameter for a building 40 feet high.