BY S. B. ROW.

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## ORIGINAL.

Fair are the dreams of other years, But, ah! as fleet as fair; A meteor's transitory gleam Not sooner melts in air. So, when the bright, brief flame is quenched,

A deeper darkness falls; So, of those dreams, the waking hour Saddens, if not appals.

While yet the spring of buoyant life.

Is bounding on the breast,
And hope and faith too credulous, In their wild dreams are blest. A magic spell, a wizard charm, Seems o'er all nature cast, Ever the brighter that they are,

oo beautiful to last

They rise, they shine, they fade, they die, And leave no trace behind; Is there no power to seize the joy, To chain it to the mind? The flowret droops, the sweet song ends, The sunshine leaves the lea:

But the' the present charm is gone, It lives in memory. O'er pleasant fields, through noble woods, Our earlier footsteps stray; Perchance the path we tread but leads

To deeper shades the way.
Forward we look, the searching eye
No gleam of light can find,
Happy 'tis then to pause and turn
A lingering look behind. So with those dreams of other days, They do not all depart: Unsullied, pure and bright is left

Their image on the heart ; And often when the lurid sky But breathes of woe and wrath, These, unregarded, shrink before The power dear memory hath. Deeply I've known her gentle power,

To soothe when hope is gone;. For solace from the darkest hours, Hath her enchantment drawn. Me hath she often help'd, dear -From bitter thoughts to flee. To dream again long vanished dreams Of hope, of love, of thee.

For the "Raftsman's Journal." SUNSHINE. BY MISS ELLA H.

The merry, sparkling sunbeams, who does not love to behold them? They alike render attractive the quiet woodland paths, the golden harvest fields, the clovery meadows, the silent mossy dells, the romantic hills, the billowy ocean, the placid lakes, the murmuring rivulet's pebbly bed, the snowy mountain's thawless steep, the humble cottage of the poor and the elegant massion of the wealthy, the retired rural home and the bustling abode of town-imprisoned men. Sunshine, glorious, grand and gay, beautifying all the earth! it almost breathes into our spirits its own cheering influence and makes them as light and free.

The sunshine of the heart, who has not felt its cheering gleams, been enlivened by its mellow light? Its mild rays beam more sweetly after the chilling winds of sorrow's dreary winter than the flery King's do on smiling Nature in the joyoua spring-time. A gentle manner, a kind word, a smile of kindness or of mirth upon the human countenance tell of sunshine in the heart, and lend a noble impetus to brighten the sunlight of kindred spirits.

Oh! the merry, gladsome sunshine, Is a pleasant sight to me, When the fragile flowers are blooming. And wavelets sparkling merrily; When the buds to leaves are swelling,

And flowers bloom on field and tree;

When o'er all earth, sir and ocean, Nature holds her jubilee. But the sunshine of the heart, When all truth and love impart, Each one breathes affections kiss;

When every deed of truthful love, Is a bright and sparkling gem. And will be wreathed, by angel hands, In our heavenly diadem. Fleming, Centre Co., Pa.

PURE AIR AND SLEEP.

Dr. Arnott, in his Physics, states that a canary bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead where persons are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning, from the effects of carbonic acid gas generated in sleeping apartments, and a sweeping argument against the old fashioned high-curtained bedstuads. A healthy man respires about twenty times in a minute, and inhales in that period about seven hundred cubic inches of air; this he exhales again in the form of carbonic acid gas and water, which vitiates the atmosphere. Three and one-half per cent, of carbonic acid cas in the air renders it unfit for the support of life; this shows how necessary it is to provide a supply of pure air for the support of respiration-

There are also certain facts which go to prove that more danger exists-that there is a greater proneness to disease-during sleep than in the waksng state. In Turkey and Hindostan, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, over which the wind is blowing towards him, he is liable to "sleep the sleep which knows no waking." The peasants of Italy who fall asleep in the neighborhood of the Pontine marshes are invariably smitten with fever. Even travelers who pass the night in the Compagna du Roma inevitably become more or less affected with the noxious air, while those who pass through without stopping escape the marsh fever. Those who have traveled in tropical climes, and who have been attacked with bilious fevers, uniformly ascribe the cause of their sufferings to night

exposure in the open air. An English traveler in Abyssynia has asserted that he could live ir health in that sickly climate, by a proper selection of the situation where he slept every night. There is abundant evidence, it would appear, which goes to prove that by proper attention to the place where, and the circumstances under which persons sleep, many diseases may be avoided. THE LAWYER'S BRIDE.

JUDGE REMESON'S FIRST CLIENT. I had waited a considerable time for a client. The way I came to get it was this:

the girl was beautiful, and Wesley and his wife generally detested. People said that Helen had been shamefully treated by her mistress, for theft.

The subsequent trial of a gang of horsethieves and counterfeiters had so absorbed public attention, that the case of Helen Montressor was forgotten, and no one seemed to care for her fate. But when she was placed in the prisoner's box, her beauty riveted every eye, and when the Judge asked her who was her counsel and she modestly replied that she had no money to pay a lawyer, there was not a member of the bar who would not have willingly undertook her case. The Judge after looking round for a moment, fixed his eye upon me, and said, "Mr.Remeson, will you please act as this lady's counsel." I started as tho' I had been shot. Luckily a juror had been taken ill, and the Court adjourned until next morning, or I am afraid I should have made sad work with my client's case.

As I left the Court room I looked at my watch; it was eleven, so I had but twenty-three hours to prepare. I called upon the District Attorney and asked to see the indictment and the evidence taken before the Justice of the Peace. As he tumbled over a pile of docu-Judge must have a spite against you, Remea green hand. No, offense," he added, as he carriage and drove to Bedford. observed the rising color of my cheek-"no It was two when I reached the village. I led Miss Boyce back, saying I had forgotten a fill the community with horror. I saw that offense; I simply mean that you are inexpericourt to-morrow morning. You will see that your client has not a chance."

I was annoyed at this light reference to my client, for whom I already entertained deep respect and believed innocent; but I said nothing. Hastening to my office I locked myself in and commenced the analysis of my case .-The evidence consisted of the testimony of James and Eunice Wesley, Sarah Brown a seamstress. Charlotte Bovce, a domestic, and Thomas Hannegan a man of all work employed by the Wesley's. Hannegan's evidence seemed straight-forward and truthful, and so did the servant girl's. I made up my mind that they were not unfriendly to my client, and that I would seek an interview with them, although it would necessitate a journey to Bedford. In Miss Brown's evidence I at once detected intense malice, and determined to harrass her unmercifully in cross-examination .-Wesley's evidence was similar in style and matter to that of Hannegan; but Mrs. Wesley's was full, discursive and acrimonioussuch as, that, "She had always believed Helen was a viper, but her husband upheld the trollop." To my mind the case seemed clear; Mrs. Wesley herself put those things in Helen's trunk.

I next went to the Court house, and requested Mr. Mace, the Sheriff, who lived in the wing of the building, to introduce me to the prisoner. He conducted me to her cell. Alrespiration. He set forth this as a fact, to though the bolts clanged heavily as they sprang show the necessity of breathing pure air in from locks, our entrance did not seem to attract her attention. She was standing with clasped hands before her grated window, gazing at the sky. The Sheriff touched her arm, and said, "Miss Montressor, Mr. Remeson is the lawyer who is to manage your case, and he wants to see you." She started, turned quickly around and made an inclination of her head, to indicate her readiness to listen, but she said not a word. The Sheriff left the cell and we were alone. Conscious that every moment

was precious, I said : "Miss Montressor, we must throw aside ceremony, and communicate frankly upon this painful business. I.believe you are innocent. The thing is to prove you so. This promises to be difficult, but I am not without hope. If you tell me frankly what your experience has been with the Wesley's my task may be light-

I then put a series of questions, and learned that she was fifteen years old; that she had lived with Mrs. Wesley, who had been married about eight years; that she had lived with a kind old gentleman named Gregory, who had taught her to call him grandpa; that Mrs. Wesley, who was then called Miss Naesmith, lived with Mr. Gregory, also that he seemed afraid of Miss Naesmith; that Miss Naesmith inherited all his property, and married Mr. Wesley | bered now the name of Eunice Gregory-the about a month after he died; that she told her never to call her grandpa any more, for he wasn't any relation to her; that the day on jeweller a warning glance, I hastened to my which old Gregory died he gave her a sealed carriage and drove furiously home, shut mypackage, and told her not to leave Eunice see self in my room, and determined to pass the it, but to give it to a certain lawyer when he entire night, if necessary, in preparing for the returned to town, for it would make her a rich | contest. I wished to clear my client on the | ment," he replied.

Old Judge Remeson was fond of telling his she fell asleep with the packet in her lap, and wronged and pillaged orphan. early experience at the bar. My first case, he when she awoke it was gone, and she never would say, came upon me unexpectedly, after | dared to ask any questions about it; that Mrs. A young girl, Helen Montressor, was to be herself, she was so miserable; that Mr. Wes- a newspaper, the name of which I could not tried at our County Court for stealing a breast. ley said improper things to her; that he was remember. I could not prove that the Wespin, valued at four dollars, and twenty dollars a bad man, but weak and under his wife's con- leys were the same parties; and should I menin gold, from the trunk of her employer, James | trol; that on the day on which her trunk was | tion my suspicions in court the District Attor-Wesley, merchant in the town of Bedford .- searched, she was sent on an errand to the ney would scout at them as ridiculous and ma-The theft, which was detected five weeks be- ministers; was gone about an hour and a half, licious inventions of my own, and the Judge fore, occasioned quite a talk at the time, as and on her return was taken up stairs to see would charge the jury to pay no heed to them. her trunk opened, before she had pulled off I must sap the characters of the Wesleys in Eurice were anything but that, besides being her bonnet and shawl; then she was sure Mrs. my cross-examinations of their witnessesses who was jealous of her; and it was even hint- | bauled it that morning, and they were not in | against Helen, and crush James Wesley on the ed that there was foul play in the prosecution | it then; but whether Mr. Wesley knew about | witness stand. And I wove my meshes for the thought he did, because he looked guilty when through my windows. his wife was opening her trunk.

promised to do and I hastened to my office .young lady-its mysterious disappearance?- possibility. Was old Mr. Gregory really Helen's grandfa ther? Was the packet the last will and testathat she might clutch the property by virtue of a former will which had been forced from could understand the reason for Ennice Wesments in search of the papers, he said: "The ley's hatred of Helen, and her desire to blast then she seemed astonished." On dismissing son, to put you in such a tight place, and you half hour in arranging my plans, I ordered a with stern faces, as though resolved that noth-

wished first to see Hannegan, Wesley's serving enced. There are the documents take them | man. By making a few cautious inquiries at home with you-only be sure to bring them to the tavern, and disbursing a half dollar to the hostler, Hannegan was soon in my room. He was pleased to find that I was Helen's friend, tated and stammered, and finally said she was. and on my promising him never to let what he said go to Mrs. Wesley's car, he told me that she had treated the poor girl like a dog; that he had seen her strike Helen, and heard her threaten to kill her and ruin her reputation; and that he believed the breastpin and money had been put into the trank by the old cata-

He stated what Helen's behavior was when cribed the breastpin and money. The latter consisting of four half eagles, one of which had a hole in it, that had been made by Murch the Jeweler so Mrs. Wesley could string on a ribbon for a birthday present for the minister's little boy, and that was one way Mrs. Wesley knew the money was hers. He also gave me a letter signed "Ennice Gregory," he had found was in Mrs. Wesley's hand-writing. That had made him suspect that her name wasn't Naesmith before she was married to Wesley; he thought that she might have been so tion to old Mr. Gregory, who died, and there must have been something bad to make her change her name.

This information had a deep impression on had told me; besides the name of Eunice Gregory seemed floating in my memory as though had faded from recollection and was dimly

I dismissed Hannegan, and paid a visit to Mr. Murch the jeweler told him who I was, and for what I called. He remembered the half eagle business-in fact it was on his record .-He turned to see on what day the hole was made in the half eagle. It was Wednesday the 17th of March-the very day Helens trunk was searched. I asked at what hour the coin was delivered to Mrs. Wesley. He replied that she called for it about 11 in the forencon. and that Miss Montressor's trunk was searched about 1 in the afternoon of the same day.

"That looks strange," said I. "Would you have any objections to attend the trial to-morrow, with your book, and testify?"

"Not at all," he replied. I turned to depart. At that moment Wesley entered the shop and was accosted by the jeweler, who gave me a wink to indicate who he was. We had never before met, so I regarded him at my leisure. He was an evil looking man. Over his left eye was a queer shaped scar, which ran crookedly across his forehead. The instant I saw the scar I felt as tho' the whole thing was clear. The scar, the description of which I so well remembered, bro't the whole thing treshly to my mind. I rememchild murderess-and there stood her accomplice under an assumed name. Giving the

young lady; and then he cried that he had | charge made against her, expose the Wesley's, | left Eunice have her own way too much; that and oblige them to make restitution to the

I ransacked my memory to find something tangible concerning the past career of Eunice Wesley hated her and beat her like a slave, Gregory and her accomplice, but found nothand that she sometimes thought of drowning ing. I had read the story many years ago in of last March. Wesley had put the things in her trunk while and thus try to effect a breech sufficient to insshe was out, because she (Helen) had over- tify a direct assault, on a charge of conspiracy it or not she could not say, although she rather | victim until the morning sun rays streamed

The court was opened, a jury impannelled, Telling the poor girl to cheer up, I went to the case called, Helen Montressor placed in the Sheriff's sitting room, where I found Mrs. | the prisoner's box, and the District Attorney's Mace. I at once informed, her that in my o- | telling, merciless opening of the case complepinion Miss Moutressor was a persecuted girl, ted, in what seemed to be but a few moments and hoped she would cheer her up, so that she of time. Helen seemed to look more innocould enter the Court room with a good heart, | cent than ever, and I resolved that full justice on the morrow; this the kind hearted woman should be done her, if my resources could compass such a result. It is in such an hour My brain was in a whirl. Gregory-grandpa that a lawyer feels the honor and dignity of -the packet which was to make her a rich his position-it is then that he feels his res- Hannegan retired Mrs. Wesley whispered to

The first witness was Charlotte Boyce. She had been called by her mistress to go up and ment, bequeathing his property to her? And see Helen's trunk searched; and she went up the case. had Eunice stole it from the child as she slept and saw the breastpin and money found in it -tucked away in one corner. By my crossexamination I elicited the fact that Helen had the old man? "He cried and said he left Eu- Just come from an errand, (on which she nice have her own way too much !" Her own had been sent more than an hour,) when her way about what? I felt certain that I had got | trunk was searched, and had on her bonnet and on the track of great villiany, and thought I shawl; that "she looked quite innocent and unconcerned until the things were found, and the poor girl's character. After spending a the witness I gazed at the jury, but they sat very important point. This excited some at tention, and when I asked her if Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of ill treating the prisoner, everybody picked up their ears. The girl hesi-"And why do you think so ?" I asked.

> "Because Mrs. Wesley beat her once with a large club, and threatened to kill her and was scolding her. But don't ask me any more questions," she suddenly exclaimed, "or I shall lose my place !"

I glanced at Mrs. Wesley, and saw that she was regarding her servant with a look of intense malignity, and to annoy her I appealed the articles were found in her trunk, and des- to the Court to protect the witness against the threatening looks of her mistress.

This brought all eyes to a focus on Mrs Wesley's ugly countenance, and she turned fairly white with indignation. The Judge told the witness to speak without fear, and if she lost her place by telling the truth, she would find plenty of better ones. Being satisfied with the impression made, I told the witness she in the yard that day, and which he maintained | might go, and the District Attorney permitted her to pass without questioning.

The next witness was Miss Sarah Brown the seamstress-a rat-eyed, hatchet-faced, dapper little creature. She was at work for Mrs. Wesley at the time the theft was discovered. She met Helen the day before the trunk was searched, coming out of her mistress's room, and she looked so guilty she suspected she had ny mind, taken in connection with what Helen | been doing wrong. The same day Mrs. Wesley spoke to her about the things being gone and she told her suspicions. Thereupon she had seen it connected with some event which | thought it would be a good plan to search Helen's trunk; proposed to do it at once, but Mrs. Wesley preferred to wait. When the trunk was opened, the things were found in it, just as she expected they would be."

When the witness was passed over to me I asked in a careless tone, how she knew the money was in Mrs. Wesley's room the day she had met Helen coming thence.

. She knew it, because Mrs. Wesley had told her. Couldn't be mistaken, for Mrs. Wesley had spoken about the half eagle with a hole in it, which she was going to present to the Minister's boy."

This I made her say over and over again, until there could be no mistake about it, and then asked if she knew who made the hole in

"Yes; Mr. Murch, the jeweler, made it." "Is he in the room ?" I asked.

"Yes, there he is," said she, pointing. I told Miss Brown she could go, and the DistrictAttorney requested that Mr. Murch should be sworn. The Attorney handed Murch the identical half eagle and asked if he recognized it. He said he did; that the magistrate who committed the prisoner had made a mark

"That's all; the witness is yours, Mr- Rem-

"Do you remember, Mr. Murch, on what day of the month you made the hole in the half eagle ?" I asked.

"It was on the 17th of March," said he. "Why, that was the very day the prisoner's trunk was searched, was it not?" said I, turn-

"That is the day mentioned in the indict-

Turning again to the witness, I said, "Mr. | and when I met Wesley, and observed the pethat Mrs. Wesley told her that the identical bold push to expose them, and not only de-

"Yes," said Murch, "I heard her swear to and at 1 that afternoon it was found in Miss Montressor's trunk."

of the true facts of the case; and Judge and | fortune. jury seemed to be of the same mind. I felt certain, then, of a verdict in my client's favor; but how was I to crush the Wesleys, and how win back her estate? I decided on my course. Hannegan was called next, and I showed by him that Mrs. Wesley had persecuted the prisoner in the most outrageous manner-beating her, and threatening to kill her, and ruin her reputation, and treating her shamefully. His testimony excited so much indignation against the couple that I longed for the moment when James Wesley should take the stand. When her husband, and he whispered to the Attorney. The latter seemed surprised, but announced that the prosecution would there rest

Everybody was surprised that the Wesleys were not called, and my plans were all disarranged. I divined at once that Mrs. Wesley had suggested this course to shield her husband and herself from cross-examination .--Had the instinct of self preservation told her what was coming? I rose to open my case for the defence, and I began by stating that I had incontestible evidence that a conspiracy had been entered in to blast the character of my client, to enable the parties in the conspiracy ing could make them clear the culprit. I cal- to perfect certain secret plans, which would everybody was prepared to believe almost everything, and determined to waste no time in words. So I requested that James Wesley might be sworn, and desired the Judge to have Eunice Wesley removed while her husband was being examined. She was taken out by the Sheriff and I turned to question James

"James Wesley," said I, sternly, "how came that scar on your forehead?"

As the villain turned ghastly pale, staggered, and clutched at the railing of the witness box for support, I felt sure of my man.

"Answer me, Bob Harmon; how came that

sear on your forehead ?" At the mention of the name "Bob Harmon," the wretch fell back upon the seat and groaned "Oh don't-don't bring that agin me!"

"I shall bring that up, and more too, unless you answer me truly about this pretended theft. Now, tell me-did not Eunice Gregory put these things in Miss Montressor's trunk ?" "Oh my God! how did you know about Eunice Gregory ? Do not bring that up now, it's gone by years ago," groaned the wretched most fattening productions of the earth; no

"Answer me, then; did not your wife put these things in Miss Montressor's trunk?" "Yes she did; let the girl go, and don't ask me any more questions."

The excitement had now become overwhelming, and the witness began to fear his bodily safety-a fact I determined to use as an additional screw.

"I shall ask for little more," I replied, "as I do not wish to expose you to the rage of this audience, if you'll answer promptly. Where is the will that old Mr. Gregory executed, in which he made his grandchild, Helen Montressor, his heir, and which he gave her to give to his lawyer when he returned-the will your wife stole from the child as she lay sleeping ?"? "Oh, Lord! it's come at last! just as I told her it would."

"Where is the will?" I thundered.

"It is burnt," he exclaimed, "but Helen is his only surviving relation, and the will by which my wife got the property is a forged one."

Having achieved everything, and not caring to prolong the painful scene, I asked the District Attorney if it would not be best to dismiss the case. He cheerfully assented, and Miss Montressor, who in her flush of agitation er, was released from the custody of Mr. Mace and placed in charge of his wife, while Wesley and his wife slunk away from public indigna-

The excitement was so great the Court was

not adjourned till 6 p. m., and I was obliged to state for the gratification of the crowd how I had managed to get on the track of the Wesleys. I told them that many years before I had read an account of the murder of a child and proprietors of the stone church," in a city by its aunt, Eunice Gregory, assisted by her lover, one Bob Harmon, for the purpose of ding up and down the broad aisle of the same. possessing her niece's estate. In that account on Sunday last, in search of a seat, unmolesit was stated that Harmon, at the time of the murder, had fallen down an area and gashed his forehead terribly, which afterwards healed and left a peculiar scar. The hints I received from Helen's story, and the letter signed Eunice Gragory, had set my memory at work, New Hampshire, and Butler, of S. Carolina.

Murch please to recollect with precision; you culiar scar on his forehead, the whole thing. heard the witness who preceded you, swear flashed upon me, and I determined to make a half eagle with the hole then made in it, was fond Helen against the charge of larceny, but in her husband's trunk on or before the 16th wrench from her unnatural aunt the patrimony that had been with-held from her.

My explanation was received with applause, that, and was astonished, for Mrs. Wesley | and a movement set on foot to have the Wesbrought me the coin in the afternoon of the leys indicted for perjury; but it was never 16th and told me I must have it fixed by noon | carried out, as they disappeared from that part next day; at 11 on the 17th she came for it, of the country, and we all thought it best not to bring them back for any purposes whatever.

Helen secured her estate, and I secured Helen; and if you will go home with me you shall The District Attorney turned sharp round and gave the Wesleys a piercing look. Mrs. have an introduction to her and the children. Wesley, was immovable; but Wesley turned | That first case did the business for me all round pale and fairly cowered beneath the gaze of as by it, I secured a great reputation, plenty the Attorney, who, I saw, was now convinced of practice, a handsome wife and a large

## AGRICULTURAL. DEEP Prowing .- Spring is again upon us.

The farmer is making preparations for his forthcoming crops. The season, it is true, isadvanced, but we ask all our farming friends to remember and plow deep. Here lies the secret of having good crops. Be satisfied with nothing less than ten or twelve inches in depth. And after the plowing has been well done, and the ground properly pulverized by repeated harrowing, do not forget to put plenty of seed in the ground. In sowing oats, put in three bushels of seed to the acre; and your countless sheaves, when harvest comes, will bring you your reward. Those who cultivate spring wheat should use two bushels of seed to the acre. One of the best plows for the farmer's use is the double Michigan plow. To work it, however, successfully, three good horses are required. - Deep plowing has, perhaps, a more beneficial effect upon winter grain, as it prevents in great measure "freezing out," as it is called. It has been ascertained that the roots of wheat have penetrated through over eighteen inches of soil, and when examined by the microscope, were found to have flattened out against the clay at the bottom. In a soil of this depth, the thawing and freezing towards spring would have but little effect upon the grain, whereas in soil but from three to six inches deep the freezing would readily penetrate to the roots' extremities, and in the alternations of thawing and freezing their vitality will soon be injured, if not destroyed.

Boxes as a Manure. - A late number of the Country Gentleman has an elaborate article by Levi Bartlett, of New Hampshire, on bone manure. He concludes that there is no other manure whose effects are so lasting as an application of ground bones. Besides the increase of crops he says it supplies phosphate, which the grasses generally lack, on old and long grazed fields in New England, and the want of which causes what is called "bone disease" in cattle. Mr. B. recommends that the bones be pounded, and thus broken to pieces, boiled or ground, and then spread evenly over the soil, and mixed with it. He has a field that was thus dressed years ago, and the effect is yet very perceptible on clover.

SHEEP should not be kept too long in a small field. A Woodstock, Canada, farmer says sheep have a great relish for the sweetest and animal has a greater dislike to coarse rank grass, consequently they run over and tread it down in search of the best and sweetest food. This, bowever, is not all; sheep are a strong scented animal, and wherever they are huddled together for any great length of time, they spoil the grass, and do not thrive, which plainly shows that they require plenty of room. If the fields are small change them often.

PEACH TREE BORER .- The editor of the Newberry, S. C., Sun says: "We saw it stated two years ago in an agricultural journal that these pests could be driven from peach trees by tansy. We planted it at the roots of some ten ov twelve trees, and not one of them have been disturbed, whilst others are injured. This spring we intend planting it around all.

THE WHEAT CHOP .- InTennesses the wheat crop is in a very flourishing condition, and will be twenty five per cent. larger than the great yield of last year. The present crop will be ready for harvesting in about a month, and in a month more some of it may be in the hands of the merchants. Notwithstanding the croaking, the crop of the United States, it is said, will be a very good one this year. There is a large breadth of land sown with wheat, and and thankfulness looked more levely than ev- even if a part of it is winter killed, and still more is damaged by the backward spring and other causes, there will still be left a yield above the average of past years.

DFA newspaper writer, imitating the prevalent practice among some editors of putting everybody who has shown them the commonest civility, "for their courteous and gentlemanly conduct," returns his thanks to "the parson he had visited, "for the privilege of promena-

Gen. Sam Houston has taken the stump as a candidate for Governor in Texas.

Two U. S. Senators died last week-Bell, of